NUMBER 185

Toys Awful Cheap in Our BASEMENT.

Dolls Wonderfully Cheap in Our BASEMENT.

502, 504, 506, 508 and 510 SOUTH 13TH STREET.

We Proclaim to the Masses of the People, WE ARE YOUR STORE AND WE CATER FOR YOUR TRADE.

Uptown stores ask, in many instances, twice as much for fancy articles as we do. Unequalled attractions, unexcelled in the matter of prices at which we sell our goods

1000 DOZEN SILK MUFFLERS

AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

Just received by express from the great auction sale of Messrs-Field, Chapman & Fenner, 364, 366 Broadway, New York City This was the largest sale of Silk Muffers that has ever taken place in New York, and our buyer secured some very choice goods at very low prices. These goods go on sale Monday and Tuesday.

BROCA DED MUFFLERS. 15c Worth 50c Phis is an elegant Brocaded Muffler, an exact imitation of filk, in cream and white only. We have always sold for 50s LOT 2: COLORED SATEEN MUFFLERS

This is in very showy colors, in all bright colors, full size, and a real bargain. ALL SILK MUFFLERS.

75c This lot includes over 50 different styles of Mufflers, plain white, brocaded and all colors. LOT 4: IMPORTED SILK MUFFLERS. 99c In this lot are some of the finest Mufflers we ever car-ried: in endless variety.

VERY FINEST MUFFLERS. In this lot are Mufflers that would be a bargain at \$3.50 if bought in the regular way. We offer them at \$1.49.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS. This is a nice large All Silk Handkerchief, plain and brocaded, in dozens of different styles.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS. This lot comprises over 20 different styles or very fine and choice Handkerchiefs. 25c 49c

1.49 orth up to \$3.50

BRANDEIS & SONS, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510 SOUTH 13TH STREET

HERE ARE OUR PRICES ON

OUR \$50.00 SEAL PRICESH NEW MARKETS, \$25.50

LET 'ER GO, SANTA CLAUS SALE!

HAIS, 5c 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 81 chen; nothing but the newest and intest shapes.

FANCY FEATHERS, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, 81; all clean, new goods, all shades.

PATTERN HATS and BONNETS, 81,50 to 86; 25 per cent less than cost of making. Rock bottom prices for everything in millinery. OPEN EVERY EVENING INTIL 9 O'CLOCK.

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS

502, 504, 506, 508, 510 SOUTH 13TH STREET.

Dress

Linings and Buttons at Half Price To-morrow

Silk Finish Henrietta,

A Full Dress Pattern,

Containing 16 yards Very Wide Genuine Regatta

75 Full Dress Patterns of 45 Dress Patterns Best 35 Dress Patterns Double Fold Fancy Paulity In French Imported Tricot and Twilled Suitings, English Henrietta

English Broadcloth,

Genuine Cornet Brand-Black Gros Grain Silk.

Gros Grain Silk GUINET SILK

L. BRANDEIS & SONS,

Closing Out Sale **Blankets**

Comforters!

75c Pair.

Very fine White or Shiver Gray BLAN-\$1.25 Pair. Wool White BLANKETS.

\$1.69 Pair. Very finest lamb's wool White ELAN-KE18.

\$3.25. 11-4 all wool California BLANKETS, \$5.00 Pair.

COMFORTERS \$.60 COMFORTERS \$.75 COMFORTERS \$1.35 COMFORTERS \$1,95

Sateen COMFORTERS \$2.50 Each.

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS

502, 504, 506, 508, 510 S. 18th St.

THE POURING OF LIBATIONS.

How Christmas Was Spont in Omaha by Early Citizens.

SOME OUTSTANDING ACCOUNTS.

Frobably the First Turkey Which Ever Graced the Table of an Omaha Man and Its Gost.

They Were All Young.

OME of the staid old grifty may not remember in a few wocks the pleasures that the

an isot, 'said Constable William Showden. 'I' Ind a house which was used as
a boarding house down on Tenth street,
just opposite Metz hall. I used to have
a half-interest in \$50 acres of land lying
east of Twentreth street, and taking in
what is now Hascall's park. I remember I said forty acres of it just before
Christmas in 1854, and was right in line
for a time with the boys. There was a
general store on Twelfth and Jackson
streets that carried everything. Two
naticles they carried I remember, and
they were whisky of a vary poor quality
and some garden seed that acver had a
fair chance to exert itself. Well, on
Christmas, lu 1854, the beys got on a surce
and drank up all the whisky and planted
the garden seeds in the snow. Whom
do I mean by the boys? I won't
tell you. Many of them are
here tow in high places, and
never drink anything cheaper
than champagne, and they wouldn't
care to have their names mentioned in
the little festivities in which we usedto indulge. What did i have for dircare to have their names mentioned in the little festivities in which we used to indulge. What did I have for dur-ner in '54? That I don't remember, ex-cept that we didn't have turke? We, had to get all our luxuries from lown in those days, and they came high too high for us most of the time.? Mr. Snowden's house was the scene of the first religious services hold in Omaha, in August 185t. Rev. Mr. Cooper, a Council Bluffs minister, also

"with my brother Augustus and a widowed sister, in a little log cabin out on
Tenth street where my present home
now stands. The day before Christmas
a man came in here from some place in
lows, with a wagou load of turkeys for
the Christmas trade. I paid 85 for one,
they were luxuries in those days, and
we had a turkey dinner for Christmas
and thought we were living high."

Fred Drexel same to Omaha in 1836
and located on a farm of 350 acres
where the South Omaha stockyards are
now located. He spent his first Christmas in Nebraska in hauling wood to
Omaha.

Toun Swift came to Omaha in 1856 and
recalls the first Christmas he spent in
this section of, the country. "I slept
that night in an old log but in Madison
county, Salisbury was running a mill
in those days and I was hauling stuff to
the men. I tell you it was lonely in
that cabin that night. It was the first
Christmas I had spent newsy from home.
It was cold—O golly! There was enow
four feet deep all around ma."

"I was here on Christmas in 1856,"

said Mr. James Creighton, "and remember very distinctly that it kept me very husy getting fuel enough to keep my family from freezing. I lived at that time in a frame shanty at the corner of Fourteenth and Davenport streets, where I now live. Turkev? Why turkey that Christman was taken from the side of a hog."

Mr. Joseph Barker lived at Webster and Twenty-second streets in 1856 and remembers his Christmas of that year because they had no potatoes in the house. "Potatoes were scarce then," he said, "and were worth \$4 a bushel. We had venison, I remember that Christmas, and onions and a plum pudding."

George Medlock lived at Florence in 1856, and had been huse all fall digging.

ding."

George Medlock lived at Florence in 1855, and had been busy all fall digging wells. He had a stake at Christmas and blew at in for a quarter of beef, a \$12 barrel of floor, three pounds of butter at 75 cents a bound, three bushels of potatoes at \$1 a bushel and a gallon of whiskey for \$2.

VICTIMS OF THIRST-MADNESS.

The Modern Medical Theory of Dipsomants.—An Unjust Law.
The periodical desire for strong drink which sometimes besets individuals otherwise moral and exemplary is a species of paroxysmal mania beyond the control of the patient. It is quite certain that there are thousands of cases of remittent drunkenness which present the specific symptoms of disease.

The periodical drunkard is not a habitual dram drinker. But at particular times he appears to be attacked with a thirst madness which deprives him of the power of volition, and hurries him into the most terrible excesss. During the interval during the paroxysms he may be a perfectly sober man. For

the interval during the paroxyams ne may be a perfectly sober man. For many weeks or even months, he may have steadily refused to taste a drop of liquer; may, indeed, have felt a oinclination for it, but on the contrary regarded it with disgust. And yet, when the fit comes on, the raging thirst for alcohol utterly paralyzes his consciouce and his will.

uttorly paralyzes his conscience and nis will.

A man in this condition is a monomaniae and should be treated as one, according to a writer in an English magazine. If put under proper restraint at the commencement of this furor, the dipsomaniae, in nine cases out of tee, might be tided over his difficulty in the course of a week and a perseverance in the course of a week and a perseverance in the course of a week and a perseverance in the course at the recurrence of the hallucination would probably eventuate in a complete cure.

It is not easy to persuade the world that all drunkeaness is not voluntary. The law does not recognize dipsomania. It treats all inchrintes alike. This seems to be unjust, although it is hard to say where the line should be drawn between free-will excess and that which precedes from an uncontrolisble mania.

The foneral of Dr. H. H. Tucker, an cunnent Baptist divine, which took place at Atlanta a few days ago, was unique in many respects. Dr. Tucker loft a letter giving instructions concerning his funeral. He directed that he be buried in a wood coffin, so that it might rot. He instructed that prayers be offored for anybody connected by affinity or consanguinity with his family; for anybody who had ever done a favor or good turn for him or his family; for everybody who had ever done a favor or growth of the funeral in any way. There was to be no address of any kind at the funeral, and no favor kind at the funeral, and no

GOT-THE JOKE ON MR. BLAINE

Why Evarts Opposed the Removal of a Cousul.

HE COULDN'T FIND THE DOOR

Then Sunset Cox Set up the Drinks Himself-Sothern and the Boor -Lucky Baldwin's Costly Slumber.

Current Anecdotes.

When Mr. Blains was secretary of state under Garfield one theory of his, and a not unpopular one, was in favor of limited tenures and rotation in office, says the Washington Post. If a consul had slumbered through three adminis-trations at some far-away post, in a dolco far niente of lotus-eating and salary-drawing existence, the keen secretary astounded him by inviting a return to the shores of America and the appoint-

ment of his successor.

Mr. Blaine sat in his private office one day discussing affairs of state with his immediate predecessor.ex-Secretary William Maximum Evarts.

"Now, here," said he, "is a case to point. This man has been consul at Un Hung for for twenty years. He went there during the war, and has remained there ever since. It is time he returned home to be nequainted with his country before he grows a queue. If he stays there much longer he will have a Chinese bias in his sight. It shall remove him at once."

"I wouldn't remove him. Mr. Secreture."

him at once."
"I wouldn't remove him, Mr. Secretary," replied Mr. Evarts.
"Why not?"
"I am afraid it would be an unpleasant thing to do. To be sulgar, I fear it would make a stink."
"My mind is made up," replied Mr. Blaine; "as soon as I ran find a good, live man to take his place, I shall remove him."
"But I think you will have a grave difficulty in fluding a good, live man who would be willing to take his place."
"I anticipate no such difficulty. But will you explain to me, Mr. Evarts, why you think there will be any difficulty, and—I confess I fall to understand—why it will, to use your expression, make a stink?"
"Because this man has been dead and barled these six months, Mr. Secretary."

Socretary Bayard occe took part in the ceremony of unveiling a statute in a park near the house occupied by Sunset Cox, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. Mr. Coxteox an interest in the affair, and had a pusch-bowl in his house, around which he assembled some of his particular friends, among them Mr. Bayard. Mr. Bayard was among the last to appear at the brink of the bowl, and was the last guest in the house.

house.

All the others being gone the two wore quite sociabile, and were disposed to extend their sociability to broader fields. "Let's go take a glass with Sonator Blank; he's my next door neighbor," proposed the lit is New Yorker. The Belaware statesman was pleased with the suggestion, so away they went. They climbed the front steps ext door and rang the belt. "Is Senator Blank

vant replied, "Senator Blank lives next door on the other side."
"Why, to be sure; to be sure," said Mr. Cox, taking Bayard's hand; "I turned the wrong way. It is next door on the other side. Right here; right next door," and he led the way up a few stone steps and rang the bell. He was bound to be right this time. "Does Senator Blank live here?" he asked. "Fo the Lo'd, no, Mr. Cox; you lives here yo'self," answered the darkey at the door. "O; to be sure; to ce sure. I guess we won't call on the senator today. Come in, Bayard, come in; we'll have a glass of punch," and again the two friends walked up to the bowl together.

They are telling a story about E. H.

two friends walked up to the bowl togother.

They are telling a story about E. H.
Sothern, says the New York Sun. He
was coming up town in a car, and upon
entering found the car full, though one
man took more than his share by
stratching his feet out along the seat.
Sothern held on to the strap and bore
this for a while, but when two ladies
entered and were obliged to stand his
patience gave out. Leaning over the
diffused man he said in a clear, load
voice, but with elaborate courtesy, and
with his most honest and innocent Dundreary stammer: "E-excuse m-me sir,
for a-addressing you, b-but I'm very
anxious to l-learn w-what nerve tonic
you take?" A grin spread over the
laces of the passengers, the man got red,
opened and shut his mouth two or three
times, and then bounced up and left the
car, upon which the actor and the two
ladies sat down and Sothern gazed pensively out of the window.

Congressman Stahlencker told me a
new story about the late S. S. Cox the
other day, says the New York Star.

Among the latter's friends in the house
was Congressman Lovejoy, a burly six
footer with a big valee.

other day, says the New York Star. Among the latter's friends in the house was Congressman Lovejoy, a burly six footer with a big voice. The two got into an eltercation about some petty matter in a debate, and Lovejoy applied the epithet, of which the word "little" was a part, that angored the wit. When he got a chance to reply, he said. "I hope that when my friend and fellow momber passes from this mortal spare to a beautiful hereafter, the people of the district which he represents will build a monument over him, to which they can point with pride and say: "There lies our congressman, Lovejoy, and that I may be permitted to write an epitanh on one side of it. There, with the permission of the house, will be the words: "Beesatt this marble stone good old Love-"

the parameter words:
"Hencath this marble stone good old Lovejoy lies:
Little in everything except his size.
But the his barty body fills the hole,
Yet through hell's keyhole crept his little
soul."

Yet through hell's keyhole crept his little soul."

Of course, with his millions of wealth derived from his electrical machines, nobody would be fool enough to offer to pay laventer Edison for amusing her guests, but a certain Fifth avenue matron undertook to accomplish it by diplomacy. She was going to give a reception, and through a mutual friend she invited Mr. Edison to be present, lie devotes no time or attention to society of any sort, says the New York Star, but he allowed himself to be persuaded to become a guest on this occasion.

He has become accustomed to fame and the attention of scientists, but it is nossible that he felt just a little flattered by the countenance of New York sweldom. Anyhow, he committed himself to the reception. On the day pre-

in?" Mr. Cox asked when the servant appeared. "Why, Mr. Cox," the sorvant replied, "Senator Blank lives next want replied, "Senator Blank lives next was for him, and he kept clear of it by door on the other side." why, to be sure; to be sure," said "Why, to be sure; to be sure," said "Are Cox," taking, Rayand'a hand. "It

PARIS ROBES

\$5.95

A Full Dress Pattern

Containing 16 yards Very Wide

Elegant Cashmere

It does not seem easy to realize how cheaply you live in California until you have tried some of the eastern hotels, says the San Francisco Chronicle. E. J. Baldwin went to a hotel in New York for a rest. He was only going to stay a few hours in town. It was about 3 o'clock when he registered, and he wanted to take a little sleep before he was called at 10. The gentlemanly clerk recognized the name and the man, and looked pleased to have a whack at the long pures of the California millionaire. Baldwin had his several hours' sleep, and was called at 10 o'clock as ordered. He went to the office and asked for his bill. It was handed to him—\$30. Mr. Baldwin looked at it:

"I am very much obliged to you for waking me at 10 o'clock."

"Why?"

"If I had slept a few hours more it would have bosted me."

Colonel Thomas, at one time member of

would have busted me."

Colonel Thomas, at one time member of coogress, was in the city this week, and among tales of the old days told the following about Thaddeus Stevens, says the New York Tribune:

"Thaddeus Stevens was sitting in his office one day with a few friends when in walked an old lady, wearing a poke bonnet, blue goggles, and carrying a green alpaca umbrella. She looked around the room as if in search of some due, and then said solemnly:

"Can you tell me where to find Thaddeus Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty?"

"Old Thad blushed.

"I'm Thaddeus Stevens, he replied shortly."

"'I'm Thaddeus Stevens,' he replied shortly.
"'Are you Thade-e-us Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty?"
"'I recken I am, ma'am.'
"The old lady dropped her parasol, made a rush toward Stevens to kiss him, and when he held her off, she said:
"'I came from Bucks county to see Thad-e-us Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty, and to take home with me a lock of his hair.'
"The Apostle of Liberty took off his

or his hair.'
"The Apostle of Liberty took off his red wig, handed it to her, and said:
"There it is, ma'am. Take as much as you want."

Here is one of the stories that A. M Here is one of the stories that A. M. Palmer brought back from his summer trip to Europe, says the New York Sun. He overheard an animated discussion in the Victoria hotel, London, between an Englishman and a "Yankee," as all citizens of the United States are called on the other side. The dispute, of course, was relative to the merits of the disputants' respective countries. It happened that the American was a bit the readier with his tongue, and maintained his ground so stubbornly that the Briton at last gave it up with the remark:

remark:
"Well, you Yaukees are getting so bumptious that we shall have to send over an army pretty soon to take some of the conceit out of you."
The American's reply was one word:
"Aain?"

The American's reply was one work
"Anio?"

An old woman walking along a Brooklyn street with a bundle of sticks on her
shoulder was accosted by a gang of rude
boys who gave her a push and sent the
wood flying in every direction, says the
Rochester Herald. An elegantly dressed
gentleman came along, and learning the
cause of her distress, hastened to bick
up her load without stopping to remove
his new tan-colored gloves. He piled

the sticks in the tattered apron, gave the ancient dame words of sympathy and some small change, helped to place the bundle on her head, and raising his hat with instinctive politeness, passed on, removing as he did so his glaves, which were ruined beyond redemption by the mid. It was then that he was resignized by a reporter as ex-tongressman Timothy L. Woodruff.

Walter Gale, the Happy Jack of "The Old Homestend," tells a good story of Roland Reed and the theatrical pass fiend, says the New York Times, It was at one of Reed's engagements at the Grand opera house, Chicago, Every sent was sold nightly, and "standing room" was a coveted boon. He was an old acquaintance, who had gone from the stage into trade and found better success. Here is the dialogue of the scene:

success. Here is the distingue of the scene:
"Roland, can't you let me have two sents for tonight?"
"Sorry, but the only way I can give you two seats is to buy thom."
"O, pshaw! See if you can't squeeze me out two seats?"
"I tell you I can only do it by baying them."
"Anywhere will do. Can't you is me."

"I tell you I can only do it by baying them."

"Anywhere will do. Can't you fix me in the balcony?"

"If you must persist, come with me to the box office, and I'll show you what I can do."

They go to the box office, and Reed passes in 55 with the remark, "Give me two seats."

"Is that right, Roland?"

"Why, of course it is; don't you see my money there?"

"Woll, if you have got to pay for them you might as well make it three. My wife's sister would like to go."

This was too much for the comedian, who walked away, forgetting his change, and mumbling upon the abysmal depths of human depravity."

A young lady of Mississippi was vist-

mai depths of human depravity."

A young lady of Mississippi was visiting the blue grass region of Kentucky, and was entertained at a dunner party at the governor's mansion, says the San Francisco Argonaut. During the course of the dinner a degenerate san of the governor talked loosely about things in googral, and among them of a visit in Mississippi, remarking that he had not seen a pretty woman in his tour through the state. The girl from Mississippi awaited her opportunity, and during a luil in the conversation turned and saked the governor if what she had heard of the gontlemed of Kentucky were true. The governor wanted to know what it was, and the attention of the whole company was directed to the lady's remarks: "Woll," said she, "I heard that Kentucky gentlemen educate their horses and turn their sons out to grass."

Gererai Joe Hooker, a member of

cate their horses and turn their sons out to grass."

General Joe Hooker, a member of congress from the Seventh Mississippi district, was one of the herces of the late war against the union. He carries an empty sleeve as a relie of his experiences on the field. Major Powell, the chief of the geological survey, was in the union army and he also carries an empty sleeve. General Hooker's lost arm is on his right side and Major Powell's on the loft. Their remaining hands are of the same proportions, and they have a mutual agreement under which which they purchase gloves in common. Major Powell using all of the "rights" and General Hooker the "lelfa." No difficulty ever occurs between them about the selection of these gloves for they pay little attention to the percential change in the modes and fashions.