LAST WEEK OF

$100,000 Fire Sale

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies.

Commencing Monday, September 26th, an additional discount of 25 per cent will be allowed on all goods remaining unsold during this week ending Saturday, October 1st, 1892.

There are still many choice bargains in each department, included in this sale, which at the present reduced prices will be sold for less than one half their value.

All damaged goods have been repaired and refinished, and are practically as good as before the fire.

The only restriction we make in selling goods at these prices are, they cannot be exchanged or returned, the identical articles purchased will in every instance be delivered, and we guarantee nothing as regards quality.

We offer special values in silk and chenille Curtains, China Silk Tapestry and Furniture Covers, to close.

Our entire stock included in this sale, without reserve.

Charles Shiverick & Co.,

1204, 1206, 1208, 1210 Farnam St.

A WOMAN WITH A HISTORY

Personality and Home Life of Jessie Benton Fremont.

DELIGHTFUL CALM AFTER MANY STORMS

Mrs. Peary's Arctic Experiences—Expert Opinion on Carpets—Visionary Ideals—Fall Fashions—A Variety of Feminine Gossip.

"Enoch Knight," believed by many to be the nom de plume of an Omaha lady sojourning in Southern California, writes to a syndicate of eastern papers an entertaining description of the autumn life of Jessie Benton Fremont and her home amid the enthralling hills of Los Angeles. The gifted daughter of Thomas Hart Benton, one of the most notable names in our political history, having the best of such a birthright, the association of the great men and women of the land, could hardly have been less than famous in her own right. And when we add to this the career carved out for her from the memorable events of which her husband's life was made up, and her own part in it, it is hardly more than the simple truth to say that Jessie Benton Fremont is the most picturesque and distinguished woman in the land. If her life has not at all points made history or been history, it has at least at every point stood for the romance of history.

Mrs. Fremont is only two years under 70, but her step has the firmness of middle age, and every faculty is surprisingly alert and responsive. I do not know a conversationalist whose manner of speech is a more perfect match for the matter of it. She has traveled much, read widely, and of the best of books, and has a knack of expression so pleasing as it is uncommon. Her whole bearing, while it is the very perfection of simplicity and natural dignity, yet has an indefinable air that makes it distinguished. This appears to come both of her impressive personality by nature and an old-fashioned gentility of demeanor that is very charming.

Mrs. Fremont has been long engaged in completing the general's memoirs, in which labor her son, Lieutenant F. P. Fremont, has been a valuable and enthusiastic coworker. It will be really a new life of her husband instead of a mere supplement to what was completed and published in his lifetime, and will contain much new matter as well as show a style of treatment somewhat different from what would have been natural or possible before. The book, understand, is not only as a tribute of love and affection, but according to what would have been the desire both of her husband, her long been in the publisher's hands and will soon be given to the public. Besides this formidable literary labor Mrs. Fremont has done her through these later years not a little in the way of contributing to periodical literature. This, with her large personal correspondence, has naturally made her a busy woman. While thoroughly interested in the affairs of society and the world about her, she has kept herself free from partisanship or the advocacy of especial causes. Though alive to the needs of society and a sympathizer with all just reform, she has not championed her influence by lending her labors or her name to every possible woman's or other "movement" that may have been urged upon her, but held to what she believes to be cardinal duties and in the doing of these she has been content.

Mrs. Fremont's little home, mainly the gift of a few Call'fornia friends, is in the new part of the charming city of Los Angeles, and in the very neighborhood where she has lived with her unmarried daughter, ever since her residence in Southern California. Though living in a quiet and quite secluded way these later years, especially since the general's death in New York, whither he went to attend to some pressing personal business, she is nevertheless easily accessible to a large circle of friends and neighbors. On the occasion of the recent visit of the editors of the country to Los Angeles she held an informal open air reception and shook hands with several hundreds. It was a pretty and touching sight. It is not likely that there is one other woman in the whole land whose dowager could have been at once so dignified and gracious, and awakened in that large and represents tive company so much real sentiment and interest.

All her children are left to her, the daughter, Miss Elizabeth Benton Fremont, who is all things to her, and these two together keep, equal step in the reading of the new as well as the good old books, the stepping of a just and reasonable interest in public affairs and the intercourse with pleasant friends.

The elder son, John Charles Fremont, is in the navy, lieutenant on board of the Philadelphia, now on a cruise, and the younger, Frank Preston Fremont, is a lieutenant in the Third infantry stationed at Fort Niagara. Both have charming families and both are fulfilling honorable and promising careers.

∴

Housebolders in furnishing would do well to remember, says the London Lancet, that the ordinary practice of covering a floor with carpet is not without its disadvantages, even its dangers. The particles which give substance to the pure search light of a sunbeam as it penetrates the window pane are of the most varied character. Harmless as are very many of them, there are also many more possessed of true morbific energy and capable of almost unlimited multiplication. Anyone can see therefore how, when sheltered in dusty woolen hangings, chair upholstery and carpets, they render these articles veritable hotbeds of disease. The less we have of such the better, especially in bedrooms. Some practical deductions naturally suggest themselves. As to curtains and carpets, it is but rational that they should, as a rule, consist of the smoother and harder fabrics which will bear thorough and frequent brushing. If thicker fabrics and rugs be used, they should be sent in size and arrangement that they can be readily taken to and beaten. It is but part of the same argument to say that as much of the floor as possible should be either varnished or laid with oilcloth, so as to allow of frequent cleaning. Cane and leather, for a like reason, are incomparably superior to the richest upholstery when we come to speak of general furniture. Some, perhaps, may imagine that in making these observations we treat this matter too much as a hobby. Only one circumstance, however, is required, in order to convince any such of their real and practical significance, and that is the actual presence of infectious disease. When this appears all forms of corrosive comfort in the apartment must give place, perforce, to a freer and simpler arrangement, but even to have, smilit and dirt dessication.

∴

Mrs. Robert E. Peary, the plucky wife of Lieutenant Peary, and the only woman who has ever braved the rigors of the Arctic winter, writes entertainingly of her experience in the frozen north. Among other things she says:

"The winter, although we had a hundred days of darkness, with temperature ranging from 30° to 80° below zero, passed pleasantly. Every day we took long walks on snow shoes, and often I indulged in a sledge ride, and yet cannot boast of a single frost bite.

"On April 16, there being constant starlight, Mr. Peary took me with him on a tour of Whale sound and Inglefield gulf. We traveled by night and slept by day. Our sledges, sixteen and fifteen feet long, were drawn by thirteen fine Esquimaux dogs. We slept without shelter and our bed was the snow; after pulling ourselves into a deerskin bag, which was fastened tightly about the neck.

"Mr. Peary left on May 3, and on July 24 the Kite arrived with Prof. Heilprin and his party. On August 4 I again went to the head of the bay, this time on the Kite. At 3 o'clock in the morning of August 6, while lying in my bunk, I heard shouts, and in a few minutes a quick, firm step on the deck, which I recognized as my husband's.

"The next instant he was before me. I then felt God had indeed been good to me. Good news from home and Mr. Peary's return in health and safety after an absence of ninety-three days, during which time he traveled over 1,300 miles over this inland ice. So far every thing had gone just as we had hoped."

∴

Long coats are to be worn this fall. An odd garment of homespun is a mixture of sage green, tan and dark red. There are three English capes and a deep collar, each cape being outlined with a narrow band of tan leather. The cape falls below the waist line and the garment is fastened together in front by two straps of the material stitched and edged with the tan leather.

Another stylish garment is entirely new in design. It is of light weight, bluish-gray-faced cloth. The upper part of the garment is tight fitting, with two-pointed, odd-shaped collar. From the waist down there are two box plaits directly in the front, coming from a leather belt which is fastened with a buckle. The foundations sleeve is plain; the novelty is shown in the cape. There is no suggestion of a cape over the waist proper, but in the back it hangs down long and straight. The cape collar and edge of this garment is finished with a narrow band of mauve leather, and the cape is lined with the same shade of silk. With this coat is worn a skirt, formed of deep flounces, each flounce finished with a leather band.

∴

The ideal woman, of every man is the "womanly woman." The ideal man of every woman is the "manly man." And the expression, "a womanly woman," means pretty much the same to every man who uses it, just as the "manly man" of one woman expresses a certain combination of qualities well known to every other woman, says Harper's Bazar.

The man's "womanly woman" is gentle, amiable, quiet and domestic. She loves to sit down a low chair and sew things, with the lamplight falling over her hair. It is unnecessary to say that although in theory this is the sort of a woman a man prefers, in practice he may choose one entirely her opposite. She does not exist in large quantities, which is lucky, as she might prove dreadfully insipid if she did.

The woman's "manly man" means a man strong, brave and daring. He must perform easily bold deeds which she dare not attempt. She likes that—in dreams. In actual life she may find that a man soldier darling nor bold has satisfactory and endearing qualities which make him more after her heart than the ideal of her dreams could ever be.

We are not all alike, thank heaven! but various. And the spark of originality which is implanted in each of us all is the thing to cherish and develop, and not distort ourselves into ideal forms.

∴

They stopped on the steps are they went to the play.

And she suddenly started and cried, "Oh, say!

The key of the house, my dear, is above,
Go run up and fetch it, now there's a love.

Go look in the closet, just off from the stair,
It lies in my grenadine pocket up there."

And so with step that was joyous and light
She bounded upstairs in the gathering night.

And the door of the closet he opened quite wide,
And he sailed to himself as he stepped inside.

And he clutched with a chuckle the old grenadine,
And he felt for a place where a pocket he'd seen.

Then he thought that the garment was inside out,
So with teeth set together he turned it about.

And felt with a feverish hand in vain
For a slit, and he swore with his might and main.

Then he turned the thing up and he turned it down,
And jumped on the cursed old grenadine gown.

Until, as he lay with the dress on the floor,
His better half came up and opened the door.

And she took up the gown and she put in her hand,
And she pulled out the key with a smile that was bland,

And she said as she stamped on the floor: "I declare,
That is just like a man. Why, the key was right there."

—Tom Masson in Cloak Review.

∴

Did you ever receive a present that was given in such a begrudging fashion or with so little grace that you would have liked to hand it back to the donor if your innate politeness had not held you in check? Gifts thus received have no value in them, even though they be of surpassing worth in the eyes of the world. A single rose presented with a little graceful air of compliment and pleasure in the act is more appreciated than a string of priceless pearls that are doled out with sneers or in a manner that speaks more loudly than words of the unkindness sentiments of the giver. The season is coming on now when an interchange of offerings will be the order of the day, and let us all, just for once, see if the true spirit of Christmas cannot enter into the giving of our gifts whether they be great or small. Let love and good will prompt whatever we may see fit to bestow and let no thought of the return change the cost, or the quality of our own offering. To be a cheerful giver is a quality that is most desirable. True generosity does not lie in the largeness of the donation, but in the sweet spirit that dominates and permeates it whether it be great or small.

∴

How many American women are aware that the colossal institution in Paris known as the Bon Marche was founded by a remarkable woman, Mme. Boucicaut, aided by Parisians the "Lady of the Bon Marche." Philip Hamerton says of her that she exhibited good as well as great, it were to accomplishment. Managing the affairs of the great enterprise which she had founded with economy and unfailing prosperity, she associated with her as stockholders the chiefs of the various departments who had given her faithful service, that they might share in the profits of the house, included as many of her employes as possible in the business by ceding her own shares to the common fund, subject to their purchase and at her death distributed by will the shares that still remained in her possession among the stockholders. The pension fund, which Mme. Boucicaut created with a gift of $1,000,000 from her own private fortune, is used in the support of employes forced to retire through age or illness. In all her great wealth and commercial power, the Lady of the Bon Marche remained to the day of her death a plain, unpretentious woman, with a kind, motherly manner and genial expression.

∴

Fatigue should not be treated as a light matter. Women often say, "I am perfectly well, only I get tired easily." Then you are not perfectly well. You need rest, care and possibly medical treatment. Try the rest first and set your mind free from worries and restraints. With the rest take nourishing food, not tonics of necessity, but instead of waiting till luncheon take a cup of beef tea during the forenoon; between luncheon and dinner an egg lemonade or a glass of milk and a cracker. Do not exert from yourself work within you do not feel equal to. Make it a rule to lie down two hours each afternoon and go to bed early. Keep up this treatment for three months, with all the out-of-door life that you feel equal to, and you will realize what rest can do. The tired feeling means that you need rest. It is as sure an indication as that a clock needs winding when it runs down.

∴

Much interest is shown by the women of today in the lectures of Miss Mabel Jeannes, sister of Mrs. Jeannes Miller, the famous dress improvement advocate. At her lectures on physical culture Miss Jeannes usually appears before her audience in gowns of great beauty, and many ideas for new gowns for the season are carrying away by fair listeners, and soon carried into effect at an early day. Miss Jeannes has a graceful figure, which is clothed in a most artistic fabric on on every occasion. Her lectures are widely attended by those women who are anxious to follow her methods of dress improvement and those of her famous sister.

∴

An "ideal husband" is described as a temperate, moral, intellectual, truthful, energetic, affectionate, thoughtful, forgiving, Christian man who chooses a wife for her mind and heart rather than face, and waits until he is sure he has found the right one. Who neither scolds nor laughs at his wife and never contradicts her in public. Who loves home and children and can obtain means for making an honest, comfortable living. Who is economical, but not stingy. And unless wealthy keeps his wife insured. He understands that women have nerves, need money, enjoy pretty things and are happier for being petted.

∴

Worth, the famous milliner, who has made dresses which rich-toned aristocracy claims to be the only dresses worth wearing, is a short, stout and retiring gentleman, who looks as if he wouldn't have courage to talk back to one of his models, and would shrink from putting his judgment against the opinion of a strong-minded woman client.

∴

All of nature's richest and most brilliant colorings are finding a place among autumn dress fabrics. There are the superb cream brocade, the vivid scarlets of the pomegranate, the green of the bracken, dull browns, and dark, handsome purples. Truly there is diversity enough to suit the most fastidious of womankind.

DENIED THEMSELVES BREAD

History of the Second Infantry Band and the Evolution of Its Excellence.

RESOURCES OF OUR REGIMENTAL BANDS

Some Facts Not Generally Known—Historical Happenings at Home and Abroad—Musical Mama.—Personal Pointers Concerning Playwrights and Players.

Omaha people have had frequent opportunity to enjoy the music of the Second infantry band, but how many know aught of its history or the difficulties under which the organization has been maintained and its excellence achieved? The average man is apt to look upon the army and everything attached to it as Ferus in clover, the pampered favorites of Uncle Sam, but the truth is that the regimental bands have been maintained only by self-denial and enthusiastic perseverance.

Away back in 1869 there was a post band stationed at Atlanta, Ga., with a leader by the name of Wecemeyer. When an order came establishing the post band and consolidating another regiment with the Second infantry Leader Wecemeyer and his musicians became members of the consolidated regiment and were continued as a regimental band. The regulations permitted the colonel of a regiment to detail twenty men from his command to act as musicians, but they made no provision for furnishing instruments, uniforms or music.

For many years the Second infantry band raised funds for these outlays through the self-denial of members of the regiment, who cut down their allowance of bread and contributed the amount thus saved to the use of the band. This arrangement continued for many years, but in 1890 the War department issued an order permitting army bands to draw on the quartermaster for certain instruments, but even now, if other instruments are wanted, they have to be paid for out of the regimental fund. Some time ago the bread fund was discontinued, but now 10 per cent of the profits of the canteen go to the support of the band and one-fourth of the money earned by the band by outside engagements also goes into this fund.

The first leader of the band continued in that position until 1870, and his son, A. Wedemeyer, has been its conductor for the past eight years. The latter is a young man and a fine leader. As a small boy, he long ago in 1881, he played with the band, and in fact, at the age of 14, he enlisted in the army in order to be a member in full standing. One brother, now at Atlanta, enlisted for band service at the age of 13, and another at 15. Both trained as principal musicians, and the present leader of Omaha's favorite military band seems to have come by his musical ability rightfully.

The Second infantry came to Omaha six years ago. For some time before that it was stationed at Fort Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, now known as Fort Sherman. During Indian troubles in that country the band did service as a sort of home guard to protect the women and children at the post while the troops were in the field, and most of the drudgery of camp life fell to their lot.

Many people have an idea that these musicians have a distinct rank, but such is not the case. They are soldiers of musical ability who are detailed from the ranks for band service. They are liable to be returned to the ranks at the option of the colonel, and this happens occasionally to musicians who need disciplining. Members of regimental bands have little army service outside those organizations and they come in for a share of their earnings, which makes their berth much more desirable than that of the ordinary private. The members of the Second's band earn nearly as much on the side as their army pay amounts to, and those who are also members of the stringed band which plays for hops and other social functions make nearly half as much more from that service. Some of these musicians re-enlist as fast as their terms expire. One or two members of the Second's band have been with it for twenty-three years, and quite a number of them have a service extending over twelve years or more.

This long continued service accounts in part for the excellence of this organization, and Mr. Wedemeyer gives it careful drilling on the best class of music. It has a rehearsal every morning but Saturday and Sunday, and its members put in much of their spare time in practicing at their convenience. At 8 in the morning they play for drill and at 10:30, when the weather will permit, for guard mount. Then there is the dress parade in the evening and the subsequent concert, serenades for distinguished visitors to the post and the outside engagements so that there is no mystery about the superiority of this magnificent organization.

The band is composed of twenty-two members, as follows: A. Wedemeyer, leader; Bocock, Jacob Mayer, solo B flat clarionet, Rudolph Blatz, first B flat clarionet, Elvin Gettys, second B flat clarionet, William Strasser, solo B flat cornet and principal musician, Leon Trubisch, first B flat cornet, James J. Clark, second B flat cornet, Timothy Crowley, third B flat cornet, Henry Anderson, solo E flat alto, Albert Siebenteth, first alto, Theodore Grote, second alto, George Beissler, third alto, Henry E. Matheson, first trombone, William Brinsmaid, second trombone and principal musician, John Klinkenborg, third trombone, John Allen, first bass, Alexander Zorn, second bass, Albert Schaible, snare drum, Henry E. Anderson, bass drum, Joseph R. Leach, cymbals, Carl Williams. The stringed band has nine members as a rule, but is sometimes increased to fourteen.

THE THEATERS.

The comedy, "Nioble," will be seen at Boyd's new theater for three nights, commencing tomorrow evening. Those who have never witnessed this excellent play should not let this opportunity slip. The fun and fame of "Niobe" are in the air, so to speak, and its reputation has preceded it here long ago. It is one of the attractions that attract, and the business done elsewhere is an assurance of liberal patronage here. The following is a brief synopsis of "Niobe:" A statute to Niobe, belonging to an art connoisseur, Tompkins, and which he believes to be the veritable petrifaction of the one-time wife of Amphion and queen of Thebes, is insured by him in a company, of which the president is one Peter Amos Dunn, who for better safe keeping removes the marble goddess to his home. Electric lights have just been put in the house and the wires crossing the feet of the statute, the current brings Niobe to life, much to the astonishment of Peter Amos Dunn. His family is at the theater and he is at a loss to explain the presence of this beautiful creature on their return. But he remembers that a governess, who has sent her trunks in advance, is expected in a day or two, and he hits upon the idea of dressing up Niobe as the governess and introducing her as such. Here the complications begin. Niobe, who is "all tears, breaks down and weeps on the breast of Peter Amos, whom she calls Peterkin, on the slightest provocation, and the discovery of her in that attitude awakens the jealousy of his wife, who is seized on by her last older sister, Miss Griffin, who is the head of the household. Much is made of the humor to be drawn from the contrast of the manners and customs of 3,000 years ago and now. Every effort of Peterkin to get himself out of the original presentations put him further into the mire, and after a series of varied complications he tells the truth at last, and the art enthusiast is glad to take back the living Niobe in place of the statue. With this main story is interwoven that of the governess whom Niobe represents, and who comes to claim from Cornelius Griffin the love letters of her sister. Cornelius mistakes Niobe for Madeline Milton, the governess, and hence a new set of complications, reaching a climax when Miss Milton really appears.

One of the most popular of the rising young stars in the theatrical firmament is Mr. A. W. Fremont, who will appear at the Farnam street theater four nights, commencing this afternoon. Local exchanges speak in the highest praise of Mr. Fremont as an actor. He is said to possess uncommon dramatic ability united with a strong voice and a handsome stage presence. His play "1-2-3" is spoken of as a highly interesting and amusing production. It is not a sensational farce comedy, nor a wild, improbable sensation, but a drama of the first class, calling forth a few tears and much laughter, with a number of pleasing specialties appropriately introduced.

∴

The Jessie Winston opera company begins a week's engagement at the Farnam street Sunday, October 2. This admirable company will appear in Offenbach's beautiful comic opera, "La Perichole," with Miss Jessie Winston in her great performance of Phyllis, the street singer.

The professional labors of this operatic star and her company have for several seasons been confined to the eastern states, this being their first tour west of Pittsburg as an organized body.

For the past five years they have performed in Baltimore and Washington, 100 nights in each city each year during the five years.

Miss Winston's company is made up of some of the best operatic talent procurable, while the chorus is said to be the best now traveling.

Miss Alice Johnson may be pleasantly remembered by many who heard her while in her certitude, as a member of the McCaull opera company. Since that she has been in Europe under the teachings of the great fellow-masters of the continent. Charles Kostrick is the tenor, who was for several seasons with Aronson's Casino company, New York. Miss Katherine MacNeill, a handsome and stately brunette, contralto; Miss Nettie Black, second soprano; Mr. Arthur Bell, burly character comedian, is well known in his connection for many years with other noted opera companies; Charles A. Tyrrell, comedian; Harry Eastenbury, baritone and character comedian; J. Donnell Bable, basso profundo, and a powerful chorus complete a most attractive and perfect aggregation.

∴

This will be a banner week at the Bijou theater, opening as it does this afternoon with that superb drama, "The Lancashire Lass, or Old Pals," rehabilitated for the occasion with new scenery, new accessories and an excellent cast of characters. Miss Jennie Dunah, as Ruth Kirby, is always a card, while Gypsy Barlow, Georgia Caine and Dot Hunter are versatile, piquant and pretty. The story of the play is a most interesting and healthy one, replete with exciting situations, plentifully interspersed with pathos and humor. Wonderland will also be found better filled with wonders than ever. The intrepid Sisters Edgerton in their marvelous aerial convolutions and extravaganza of gymnastics, the charming little Zella Kessler in incredible feats of contortion; the singing and dancing Charlton children; Miss Frankie Dumon, a veritable Lottie Collins, in her late songs; Clark and Hanson in their irresistible darkey combination; the grotesque gymnasts, the Bolossie Brothers, and numberless other attractions will all combine in making this a big week at this popular amusement resort. The curio halls, fairly ablaze with new charms, new horrors, new marvels, are always open after the theatrical program is over.

∴

Alexander Salvini, son of an illustrious father, has been a much talked of person of late years. He will not begat much recognition at first, for the public was prone to think that he was doing much as other sons have done, simply making capital of a name. It has watched him closely, however, and has recognized in short order that the Salvini mouthpiece is taking on a brighter polish instead of being dulled by its stage-ardship. Although Italian by birth, he is an American actor by training. His professional scholarship he obtained in Mr. Palmer's stock company, where he also learned to speak English. Proof that time cuts now, to the only smeared the rules placed before him by others, but with each successive part he has undertaken, he has increased the distance from his predecessor in the character.

His admirers here will have an opportunity, in his forthcoming engagement at the New Boyd, of judging if the improvement he has made since the last visit. They will not see him in a new role. It has been arranged for him to present the dramatic version of "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the matinee on Saturday.

∴

Mrs. L. R. Paxton, Rockford, Ill., writes: "From personal experience I can recommend DeWitt's Sarsaparilla, a cure for impure blood and general debility."