

1310-1312 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska

RECOGNIZING the fact that the Holiday trade will soon demand great quantities of goods in our line, being heavily overstocked and wishing to give our customers the benefit of low prices at a time of the year when our goods are most in demand, we have concluded to CUT PRICES all to pieces, without regard to cost of articles mentioned. The goods offered at cut prices are the same quality and purity that we have always sold, and we guarantee their purity. We handle no imitation goods of any description. A glance at the prices given below will convince customers that we have done as we said, viz: CUT PRICES ALL TO PIECES.

WE QUOTE

Wines

Pure California Sweet Wines

Port, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Sherry, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Angelic, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Muscatel, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Madeira, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Tokay, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Sweet Catawba, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Blackberry Wine, 75c per quart, 90c gallon

California Dry Wines

Claret, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Zinfandel, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
Riesling, 75c per quart, 90c gallon

California Brandies

California Brandy, 75c per quart, 90c gallon
California Brandy, 75c per quart, 90c gallon

BEER

Anthony & Kuhn's St. Louis Export Beer, 12 1/2 c qt. or \$2.25 per case of 24 qts. delivered to any part of city.

Imported Wines

Barton & Gustier Claret

St. Julien, 1884, \$7.00
Margaux, 1884, \$7.00
Pontet Canot, 1884, \$10.00
Chateau La Rose, 1884, \$10.00
Chateau Lafite, 1884, \$15.00

White Wine

Sauternes, 1884, \$7.00
Haut Sauternes, 1884, \$8.00

Frederick Krote's Calfen Rhine and Moselle Wines

Krote's Zellinger, \$9 per case
Krote's Laubenhelm, \$9 per case
Krote's Konigsbach, \$9 per case

Nuyens & Co's Bordeaux

Marschlin, \$1.40 per qt.
Cream Deminthe, \$1.40 per qt.
Caracoa, Injugs, \$1.50 per qt.

Imported Cordials

Marischlin, \$1.40 per qt.
Cream Deminthe, \$1.40 per qt.
Caracoa, Injugs, \$1.50 per qt.

Imported Cordials

Anisette, Superfine, \$1.50 per quart, \$17.00 per case.
Cherry, Marischlin, \$1.50 per quart, \$17.00 per case.
Absinthe, \$1.50 per quart, \$17.00 per case.
Benedictine, \$2.00 per quart, \$22.00 per case.
Chartreuse, \$2.00 per quart, \$22.00 per case.

Bitters, Angostora

Sugar's Angostora Bitters, \$1.40 per quart, \$17.00 per dozen.
Abbott's Angostora Bitters, \$1.20 per quart, \$14.00 per dozen.
E. L. Arr's Pepsin Bitters, \$1.25 per quart, \$14.00 per case.
Kennedy's East India Bitters, 60c per quart, \$6.00 per case.
Asparagus Bitters, 75c per quart, \$6.00 per case.

Imported Port and Sherry

V. O. P. Port, \$1.00 per quart
Taragona Port, 75c per quart
Royal, 75c per quart
Amontillado, \$1.00 per quart

Domestic Champagnes

Sellery Moutis, \$1.00 quart; 60c pint
Case, 10 Quarts, \$9.00; pints, \$10.00

Urbana Wine Company

Golden Seal, Quarts, \$1.80; pints \$1

Imported Champagnes

Ackerman Laurence Sparkling Saumur Lary Royal
Quarts, \$2.00; pints, 50c; half pints, 30c; quarter pints, 15c.
Irish, \$2.00 per quart, 90c
Scotch, \$2.00 per quart, 90c
Gibson Pure Rye, 50c per quart, \$1.75 per gallon.

Gin

Geneva Gin, \$1.00 per quart
Old Tom, 75c per quart

Whiskies

Whiskies

John Jameson & Son's Dublin Whiskey, \$1.25 quart, \$13.50 case.

Aubrey Distillery Iday, Scotland

Quarts, \$1.25; per case, \$13.50

Montreal Club Canadian Rye

Quarts, \$1.00; pints, 50c; half pints, 30c; quarter pints, 15c.

Irish, \$2.00 per quart, 90c
Scotch, \$2.00 per quart, 90c
Gibson Pure Rye, 50c per quart, \$1.75 per gallon.

Maryland Pure Rye, 60c per quart, \$2.00 per gallon.

Whiskies

Whiskies

Greenleaf Pure Rye, \$2.25
Greenbrier, \$2.50
Shenandoah Rye, \$2.40
Private Stock, \$2.00
Hermitage, 75c per quart, \$2.75 per gallon.

Old Crow, 75c per quart, \$2.75 per gallon.

Oscar Pepper, 75c per quart, \$2.75 per gallon.

James E. Pepper, 75c per quart, \$2.75 per gallon.

W. H. McBrayer, 75c per quart, \$2.75 per gallon.

O. F. C. Taylor, 75c per quart, \$2.75 per gallon.

Whiskies

Whiskies

We have in United States Bonded Warehouse:
Guckenheimer Rye, spring '01.
Green brier Sour Mash, spring '01, '92 and '93.
J. H. McBrayer, spring '01.

Prices Quoted on Application

We have in bond, Port of Omaha, Ramsey's Scotch Whiskies and Wemy's Irish Whiskies, also Jamaica Rum.

Prices Quoted on Application

We have in bond, Port of Omaha, Ramsey's Scotch Whiskies and Wemy's Irish Whiskies, also Jamaica Rum.

INSTRUCTIONS TO OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS:

We assort Bottle Goods, putting in just such an assortment as you may wish. We do a strictly cash business—do not send in an order without money remittance, as goods will not be shipped until the money is received. In sending money to us, remit by postoffice order or bank draft; personal checks will not be accepted. Express companies will not receive Wines or Liquors for shipment C. O. D., so, to avoid delay send money with order. We make the following charges for packing: Each package of one dozen bottles, or one gallon jug, 15c extra over quoted prices.

IMPORTANT--From now on until the 1st of January our out-of-town orders are very numerous, and while we try to pack goods and ship promptly, we are sometimes so crowded that orders are delayed hence we desire customers who contemplate ordering from us to order a few days ahead, so that goods will be sure to arrive when wanted. No attention paid to orders unless money is remitted.

Open Evenings till 9.

1310-1312 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Open Saturday Eve. till 10.

TWO GOOD STORIES OF LINCOLN

How He Spent a Day Trying to Get a Hearing in the Pension Office.

KINDLY ACT FOR A SOLDIER'S WIDOW

A Minister Whom Lincoln Had Known for Years Saved from Execution

Anecdotes by General Hamilton and Senator Voorhees.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by S. S. McClure, Limited.)

Stories of Lincoln's gentle, generous deeds are countless, but the following incidents, related by persons who were parties to them, especially merit preservation. The first is told by General Schuyler Hamilton.

It was a blistering day in the hot mid-summer of 1861, a fortnight before the first shock of arms at Bull Run. The Washington streets, ankle-deep in dust, resounded with tramp of arriving regiments and batteries hurried forward by the loyal governors for the coming conflict, and over all hung a palpable, ominous foreboding, felt nowhere more keenly than at the headquarters of the army, where I then held the position of military secretary to General Scott, with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the day in question the doorway was darkened by the shadow of a tall, gaunt form, and President Lincoln entered the office of the general-in-chief. He wore a long linen duster, soiled by dust and stained with sweat, his face with a huge handkerchief handkerchief about his long, angular legs, and a thick coating of dust covered his shoes. All in all, he looked the very picture of weariness and disrepair. Without a word he stepped to rise to welcome him, he sank wearily into the first chair to which he came, and, taking off his battered slouch hat, began wiping his face with a huge handkerchief.

General Scott, meanwhile, had gained his feet and bowed courteously to the chief magistrate, but his old face showed plainly his surprise, if not dismay, at the president's unexpected appearance.

"Sit down, General, sit down," said President Lincoln kindly as he wiped the dust and moisture from his face. "It is too hot to stand on ceremony. I have only dropped in to tell you that I have learned something new today."

"What is that, Mr. President?" asked General Scott, his composure gradually returning.

"LINCOLN REFUSED AN AUDIENCE." "That it is a great thing to be an office-holder," President Lincoln went on. "Since 9 o'clock this morning I have been trying my best to get an audience with some clerk in the pension office, but without success. I have been waiting for General Scott, from the ground floor to the attic half a dozen times, and I am completely fagged out."

"Pardon me, Mr. President," General Scott broke in with a gentle wave of the hand, "but it is rather an uncommon thing for the president of the United States to become a petitioner of ministers. When you have any business of that kind demanding attention send it to me, and Colonel Hamilton here will be glad to attend to it without delay."

"I am sure that the claim is a just one," the president continued, without noticing the general's interruption. "For I have gone over the papers in the case with care. Here I have a bulky package of papers from one of my pockets and adjusting his steel rimmed spectacles over them one by one.

"You see, general, the applicant is the widow of a corporal of infantry, who was killed by the Indians some twenty-five years ago. She would have had her money long ago, but nobody seemed to have taken any interest in the case. She has been haunting the white house almost daily for weeks, until, between you and me, I am afraid that Mrs. Lincoln is getting a trifle jealous. I am resolved to wind the matter up one way or another today, and I have promised the poor woman an answer at 4 o'clock. She is waiting over another 400,000,000. Between the two spectacles she had turned up home without

having finished the job," and the president's eyes twinkled merrily.

"I had been an interested listener to this conversation, and when General Scott called 'Colonel Hamilton' I was instantly at his elbow.

"How long do you think it would take you, colonial, to get the case through the pension office soon, for the officials and clerks were cleaning up their desks and preparing to quit work for the day. The commissioner politely asked what he could do for me.

"Did you see that dark complexioned gentleman here today?" I answered. "He wore a linen duster and slouch hat, and was interested in the pension of a woman who had lost her husband in the Seminoles."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "He looked like a lawyer from the west and had been bothering 'Well,' said I dryly, 'you have got yourself into a pretty fix. That man is President Lincoln and I have just promised him that I would bring him an answer from you inside of half an hour. He is waiting for it now in General Scott's office.'

The change worked in the pension office in that brief announcement was nothing less than marvelous. Bells were rung, heads of divisions sent for and desks hastily unlocked, while clerks and messengers ran here and there at the peril of life and limb. A dozen times, while giving orders to his subordinates, the commissioner passed to apologize for the shabby treatment the president had received and to beg me to explain to him that it was all a mistake. Within twenty minutes all the statements and affidavits had been verified and I had placed the final papers in the hands of the president. He looked them over carefully to make sure that they were right and then, while a quizzical smile spread over his face, asked, 'What time is it now?'

"The president laughed heartily, put the papers in his pocket and turning to General Scott said: 'I am told, general, that is one of your standing rates, that when the president or a member of the cabinet comes to see you a member of your staff shall keep him company on his return home. I should be glad to have Colonel Hamilton go back with me today.'

Accordingly, I walked with the president to the white house, and on the portico we found an old Irish woman waiting for Mr. Lincoln. She went up to her and, handing her the papers, said: 'Here you are, my good woman. Your pension is all right, and all you need to do is to go tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock and take the money. But from my own experience today I would advise you not to go before 10 o'clock. If you do you won't find the officers there.'

The poor creature caught the president's hand and covered it with kisses, at the same time showering a thousand blessings on her benefactor's head.

"Don't thank me," he answered, kindly, as he gently freed himself from her grasp. "This young man deserves all the thanks."

And he stopped aside and seemed to keenly enjoy the fervency with which the old woman poured her store of benedictions upon me. Then remarking that he must go and tell Mrs. Lincoln that it was all right, he bade me good day and hurried away.

SAVES THE LIFE OF AN OLD FRIEND. The second story is told by Senator Daniel W. Voorhees:

One gloomy afternoon in the winter of 1862 I was writing at my desk in the house of representatives at Washington, when a card was brought to me by a page. It bore the name of a gentleman named Bullitt, a son of the late General Bullitt, and the name whom I had long been on friendly terms and whose hospitality I had often enjoyed.

Something told me that he was in trouble and when I went to the ante room I found my worst fears were confirmed. His wife was with him and the faces of both gave evidence of the keenest distress. Their appearance showed they had just come from a long journey and had been for some time without sleep or rest. I escorted them to a committee room, and there Mr. Bullitt, with frequent and eager interruptions from his wife, made known to me the cause of their hurried visit to Washington.

The father of Mrs. Bullitt was Henry M. Luckett, an aged Methodist minister who at different times had been in charge of churches in Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri and other western states. When the war opened he was the resident of St. Charles, Mo., and the possessor of a moderate fortune, but sudden reverses had swept everything away and left him almost penniless. To a man of his years—he was then past 70—the blow was a heavy one, and he had sadly upon his health and spirits. The gloomy conviction that he would become a pauper and die public charge took possession of him, and though combated by his family and friends, gained strength and force as time went on.

While this depressed he paid a visit to a niece at Memphis, then in possession of the federal forces under command of General Harbitt. Here he had fallen in with certain shrewd and successful business men, members of the federal secret service, who taking their cue from his constant and often unguarded lamentations over his losses, told him that the southern forces stood in pressing need of quinine and of percussion caps and would pay handsomely for the same; that it was his duty to supply the troops with the lines and that if he would undertake to supply these wants he could speedily and with comparative safety repair his sudden losses. The poor man had fallen an easy victim to his temptors, but had been arrested with the contraband articles in his possession, being by the military court condemned to death. "He is to be shot day after tomorrow," Mr. Bullitt concluded, "and we have come to you, knowing you will help us. We do not want to appeal to Secretary Stanton for a mitigation of the sentence, which would be worse than useless. President Lincoln was our only hope. Fortunately I know him well. We had often met in the courts, and both as lawyer and president he had always treated me with unflinching kindness and consideration. Still, I was in doubt as to the best method of approaching him. The offense committed by the aged minister was of the gravest character, and I was persuaded that the president would not interfere unless manifest and proper reasons for clemency were shown him. Henry S. Lane and Thomas A. Hendricks, the represented Indiana in the senate, and I resolved to enlist their aid in Mr. Luckett's behalf. I had studied law in the office of Colonel Lane, who had been my law partner for many years. I therefore hastened to call upon him at his hotel. When I made known my errand, however, he interrupted me with much warmth, and said that if Mr. Luckett had been supplying the rebels with ammunition and quinine under no circumstance would he interpose to save his life. Knowing argument would be useless, I bade him good evening, and once sought out Mr. Hendricks. I had intended to ask the latter to go with Colonel Lane to the president, but was now forced to retreat him in my own hands. Mr. Hendricks listened to my story, and at its conclusion promptly affirmed his willingness to accompany me to the president on our errand of mercy. It was quickly arranged that I should call for him the next morning, after which I made my way to the lodgings of Colonel William B. Morrison, then a member of the house from Illinois. Though a democrat, I knew that Colonel Morrison was held in high regard by the president. He responded promptly and without the slightest hesitation to my appeal.

The evening was now far advanced, and, believing that I had done all that could be done until the morning, I turned my steps homeward. Some errand, the nature of which I have now forgotten, caused me to pass by my usual room in the Metropolitan hotel, and here, to my surprise, I again came face to face with Colonel Lane. He drew me aside and said that he wished to see me for some time, and had mentioned the Luckett case to his wife at dinner, and had been thinking of it since. "I do not feel satisfied," said he, "and if you could come to my room, we will talk the matter over." When we reached his room he carefully examined the papers Mr. Bullitt had given me, and declared with emphasis that he would hold him in an appeal to the president for clemency.

Two carriages containing our party of six drove up to the white house entrance at 10 o'clock the next morning. Senators Lane and Hendricks and Colonel Morrison were in one carriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Bullitt and myself in the other. The president received us without delay. Senator Lane, who had been selected as spokesman of the party, briefly but feelingly explained the occasion of our call. When he had finished almost penniless in the room, he said then Mrs. Bullitt, addressing the president as "Mr. Lincoln," broke in with an earnest and moving appeal for her father's life. Until this time the president had listened patiently, but without apparent feeling, to our appeals. Now, however, he turned quickly to Senator Lane and inquired: "What is the name of that man's name was?"

"Luckett," replied the senator. "Not Henry M. Luckett?" asked the president. "Yes," Mrs. Bullitt broke in. "My father's name is Henry M. Luckett."

"Didn't he preach in Springfield years ago?" asked Mr. Lincoln, with the keenest interest now animating his sad and rugged face.

"Yes, my father once preached in Springfield," Mrs. Bullitt replied. "Well, this is wonderful," Mr. Lincoln went on. "I knew this man well and have often seen him. He is a good man, and like I am, and I have been mistaken for him on the street. And he is to be shot day after tomorrow? No, not there will be no shooting or hanging in this case. I do not know that more I can do for him, but you can rest assured, my child," turning to Mrs. Bullitt, "that your father's life is safe."

He touched a bell on the table and a telegram clerk immediately brought an attached dispatch to General Harbitt, directing him to suspend the execution of Henry M. Luckett and await further orders in the case. As we thanked him and took our leave, Mr. Bullitt sobbing and laughing by turns and the others with tears in their eyes, the president repeated, as if to himself: "RUFUS WILSON."

Free Pills. Send your address to H. E. Buckles & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size, 50c per box, sold by Kuhn & Co., druggists.

A consolator in cats, living at Westfield, Mo., favored with a visit in his house. One he values at \$1,000.

VERY NEAR THE DIAMOND

New and Valuable Product Turned Out of an Electric Furnace.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CARBORUNDUM

Artificial Precious Stones from a Combination of Sand, Coke and Sawdust--Details of the Process.

The current supplied from the great power house at Niagara Falls has been turned on one of the new furnaces of the Carborundum company, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun. The current comes into the factory at a pressure of 2,000 volts, and goes into the largest transformer in the world, which supplies to the furnace the enormous current of 7,000 amperes at a pressure of 185 volts. When this current was first turned on to all appearances nothing happened in the furnace room. After some time a curious smell, caused by the escaping gases, filled the room. A lighted match was then applied to the furnace, and the gas ignited with an explosion. After the current had been on for a couple of hours the furnace presented a beautiful sight. Luminous flames played all around the walls, and along the top of the furnace waves of blue flame traveled. A slight explosion took place every now and then, which suggested the idea that the furnace was a miniature fort, which continual volleys were being fired.

Carborundum was discovered in 1891 by Edward G. Acheson, who is now president of the Carborundum company. For several years prior to 1870 Mr. Acheson had been on the lookout for something that would suggest means of synthesizing carbon, or, in other words, forming diamonds by artificial means. It was not till he became connected with an electric light company in Monongahela, Pa., that he had an opportunity to conduct the experiments which he had previously thought out. In his first experiment he used an iron bowl filled with carbon and a mixture of carbon and clay. Into the center of this mixture a carbon rod was introduced, and to it one of the wires of refractory bricks was substituted. Its interior dimensions were ten inches long, four inches wide and four inches high. Into either end of this little furnace carbon rods were introduced. An alternating current of from 100 to 200 amperes was supplied to them. Though Mr. Acheson had hoped to obtain crystalline carbon by this process, it soon became evident to him that the crystals were not carbon only. They were blue in color and of such hardness that they could abrade a diamond, which, up to this time, could not be abraded by its own dust. Owing to the color of the crystals and their general form, it was believed that they were some compound of carbon and aluminum, and thus it was that the new material was called carborundum, by combining the words carbon and corundum. Later it was found by chemical analysis that carborundum is a compound of silicon, so that it really is a carbide of silicon.

The materials used in the manufacture of carborundum are sawdust, sand, salt, coke and sawdust. The sand comes from Ohio, the salt from the salt works of New York state, the coke from the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania, and the sawdust from the mills of Tonawanda. When the visitor goes to the furnace building, his first feeling is of surprise. The furnaces are of brick, built up into four walls, forming a kind of rough brick box, no molar or cement of any kind being employed. Provision is made for five of these

curious furnaces, each of which measures about fifteen feet long, seven feet wide, and six feet high. In the center of each end wall of the furnace is a large bronze plate, to which are attached four large copper cables. These cables serve to convey the current, which is supplied from the transformer room to the furnace building by massive copper bars laid beneath the floor. Connected with the inner surface of each of the large plates are sixty carbon rods, each of which is about six feet long and one inch in diameter. The rods project through the walls of the furnace and form the terminals. When the furnace has been built up in this way the mixture is introduced into it, about ten tons constituting a charge. Through the center of the mixture a core formed of small grains of coke is built, and serves to make a continuous electrical connection between the two terminals. When the current is turned on it traverses this core and presently raises it to an enormous temperature, at which the chemical change that produces carborundum takes place. The current is kept on for about twenty-four hours and then the furnace is allowed to cool down.

When the furnace is opened it presents a very beautiful appearance. Round the core is a ring of beautiful crystals varying in color from yellow to violet. These crystals are carborundum. It is also observed that the coke core has changed in appearance, for it now has a somewhat metallic lustre, and if a piece be pressed between the fingers it will be found to make a continuous electrical connection between the two terminals. When the current is turned on it traverses this core and presently raises it to an enormous temperature, at which the chemical change that produces carborundum takes place.

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and if successful I would have to pay nothing, while if unsuccessful, diamond powder was to be substituted for the carborundum and I would have to pay \$5 for the work. The lap to which are attached four large copper cables,