

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871.

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1896—SIXTEEN PAGES.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

21c Worth 20c 22yd.

10 cases of the finest plain and fancy colored

OUTING FLANNEL and FRENCH FLANNEL

Worth up to 20c yard, slightly damaged on edge, go at 23c yard.

GREAT FIRE SALE

700 CASES OF DRY GOODS, SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BY

FIRE -- SMOKE -- WATER

Sold by Underwriter's Salvage Co., of New York.

Worth 5c 25c

10 cases extra heavy warp

GUINEA FLANNEL FRENCH FLANNEL OUTING FLANNEL SANITARY FLANNEL ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

Worth Up to 25c Yard, Go at 5c Yard.

BOSTON STORE N. W. Corner 16th and Douglas, OMAHA.

This immense purchase added to our own immense stock and the four great bankrupt stocks now on sale, namely: The Morse Dry Goods Co's stock of crockery, glassware and housefurnishing goods. The bankrupt stock of jewelry, watches, clocks and silverware, from the Chicago Department store. The immense stock of men's shirts, bought from a bankrupt jobbing house; and the shoes replevined from the Council Bluffs shoe stock of E. E. Adams, 417 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

ENABLE US TO OFFER the MOST UNHEARD OF BARGAINS RIGHT NOW

16,000 Yards Drapery Silk 2c

Taffeta Silks 2c

5,000 yards 6 inch ALL SILK FANCY MILLINERY RIBBON 7c

Fancy Velvet, Velveteen, Plushes, worth up to a dollar yd. 10c

10,000 pairs all kinds KID GLOVES, dressed and undressed, black and all colors. They are damaged. 5c

Ladies' Untrimmed Hats, Every one this fall's style, worth dollar and a half, go on sale in millinery dept. 5c

25c Is the price tomorrow for MEN'S DOLLAR QUALITY WHITE LAUNDERED SHIRTS. Any size you want. Slightly soiled.

3 cases finest white all wool California BLANKETS, worth \$10.00 a pair, slightly damaged. \$2.00

5 cases white cotton \$1.25 BLANKETS. 39c

1 case of all kinds of plain and hemstitched fancy bordered HANKERCHIEFS, for ladies and gentlemen, worth 25c, go at. 5c

5,000 ladies' and children's Lace and embroidered COLLARS, worth up to 35c. 3c

5,000 Plain and Fancy WINDSOR TIES, all colors. 1c

1,000 pieces all kinds VEILING. 1c

500 dozen ladies', misses' and child's all wool HAND-KNIT MITTENS, worth 25c 9c

2 cases ladies all pure wool seamless plain and RIBBED HOSE worth up to 35c 15c

25,000 yards wide and narrow EMBROIDERY worth up to 20c yard 3c

500 hand knit German, Saxony and Chenille Fascinators worth up to 40c each 10c

1 lot Ladies' Ribbed Underwear 5c

500 Children's Natural and Camel's Hair Underwear 5c

50 doz. Ladies Natural wool and Camel's Hair UNDERWEAR 15c

100 dozen Ladies' fleecy lined DERBY RIB UNDERWEAR in white and natural, worth 75c. 25c

100 pieces of strictly All Wool Dress Goods, in chevrons and novelty mixtures, actually worth 30c per yard, on bargain square at, 15c yard. 19c

Extra wide double width IMPORTED HENRIETTAS, navy blue and carnation, slightly worn, actually worth \$1.00 a yard, also SILK AND WOOL MIXTURES, ALEXANDRIA, SUITS, JACKETS, CHECKS AND PLAIDS ALL WOOL, STORIED, SERGES, ALL WOOL, NOVELTY, MIXTURES, FRENCH SERGES, on account of damage on sale, value all go at 25c yard. 29c

\$1.50 BROADCLOTH, black and navy blue, 1 1/2 yards wide, actually worth \$1.00 a yard, also TONED COLORINGS, IMPROVED COLORED, IMPROVED BLACK CHEERONS, FANCY BLACKS IN BLACK GOODS, all these worth up to \$1.50 a yd, on bargain square. 49c

50 all wool heavy DOUBLE CAPEES, in black chevrons, extra large sweep, worth \$2.00, on sale for \$2.00 in Cloak Department. \$2.98

LADIES' CLOAKS and JACKETS, gray meltons, this season's style, large sleeves, all sizes, worth \$5.00, on sale in Cloak Department. 59c

THE ENTIRE LINE OF SHOES REPLEVINED BY THE CREDITOR FROM THE COUNCIL BLUFFS SHOE STOCK

E. E. ADAMS 417 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

\$23,000.00 WORTH FIRST CLASS CUSTOM MADE SHOES

For men, ladies, boys and children at 40c, 50c and 60c on the dollar on sale tomorrow at

BOSTON STORE.

In addition to the above we will sell in the basement:

1 lot of Ladies' Shoes and Oxford Ties, worth up to \$3.00, go at. 75c

75c white cotton Blankets 39c

Extra Heavy Gray Cotton Blankets 59c

Fancy striped Blankets 75c

Extra large size very soft tan Blankets 98c

SPECIAL BARGAIN. Strictly all wool 11-4 White California Blankets \$2.50

Worth up to \$10.00. Slightly soiled. \$2.98

1 case strictly all wool Gray, western made \$5 Blankets \$2.98

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE

Diamonds, Jeweled and Plain Rings, Pins, Studs, Brooches, Toilet Sets, Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., of a Chicago

State St. Dept. Store Sold by the Sheriff to BOSTON STORE

On sale tomorrow at exactly 1/2-half the price they sold at

All former prices marked in plain figures—cut that price square in half and that's what it will cost you now. In addition to this we include our own entire stock of

JEWELRY of every description, and sell it all ONE-HALF FORMER PRICES.

In addition to these we offer for the opening of this sale: Genuine Diamond Rings, solid gold setting, fine cut diamond, for. \$2.50

FOR SICK DOLLS. A Fine Hospital for Treating the Maimed and the Crippled.

There are no private wards in the hospital. All the patients share the same accommodations and take turns to be treated in the most impartial fashion. Occasionally one utters a cry of complaint, but only under great provocation. Ranged in a long row on the table up against the wall they sit, in calm impassiveness, staring into space, waiting to be made whole. Some of them who cannot stare, whose eyes have been punched out, have the blessed assurance that new eyes will soon be given them. The personage who combines the office of trained nurse, surgeon, head physician and staff of assistants to the hospital looks not unlike a popular type of her patients, with the round, rose cheeks, blonde hair, smiling eyes, light print gown and expansive apron. She is young and her speech betokens German extraction. "Will you choose the French eyes?" she asked, holding out a box of brown and blue orbs for a lady's inspection. The customer adjusts her glasses. "Let me see. She had blue eyes before, so I guess we must have blue again." Ellen nearly cried her own eyes out when Buster blinded her child. "This Buster was a boy?" asks the surgeon interestedly. "Yes; a big, blundering fellow, who did it for mischief. He was sorry when he found Ellen took it so hard and brought her candy and tried to make friends with her. He got me to promise to have Mabel mended. I am 'sant' to both of them." "What is the advantage of French eyes?" she asked. "Oh, they're handsome. The ball of the eye is fuller, and they have a better expression. Then we will have French eyes," said Ellen's aunt. "They are 50 cents," explains the surgeon. "The ordinary eyes are 25 cents. And would

there, and I thought one would do well in this country. I can't afford to advertise much, but different people whom I have worked for tell their friends about me, and I get along. You see sometimes a doll that cost eight, or ten, or twelve dollars can be made as good as new for \$3, and, with a new suit and hat, the child that the doll belongs to likes it just as well. This big book is filled with the orders I have taken, and they have been satisfactory. "My husband helps fix the bodies. He is going to get a help and make some dolls

A doll's hospital



bodies out and out, soon, for himself. He learned how in Germany. "Where do you get your materials?" "I go to the big shops and buy the damaged doll. I can get them cheap. I break them up and use the odd pieces to mend with. Then, too, I buy children's cast off dolls, or broken dolls that they can't use any more. I get wigs and eyes at wholesale." O. F. GUNBY.

AN ARTIST'S HERO.

Thorsvalden, the Dane, and His Noble Battle with Evil Fortune. In Copenhagen, Denmark, over a century ago, lived a poor wood carver and his family, struggling to get food and clothes. His boys, knowing no other way of earning a living, were to carve wood like himself, and he poor all their days. Thinking that his little son Bertel would be more skillful than he, he sent Bertel to the Free Royal Academy of Fine Arts. At the end of four years the boy took a prize, and was promoted to the first rank. Two years later he won another prize, but was obliged to stay at home half the time, to help support the large family. He worked from early morning till late at night, and was rarely seen to smile, so constant was his work and so disheartening his surroundings. He gave lessons in drawing, and taught modelling to wealthy boys. He went to the publishers and got books to illustrate. Finally he resolved to try for the gold medal given by the academy for the best work, and if he could gain this, he could go

to Italy and study art for three years, and receive \$120 each year. He tried, and to his great delight, he won the medal. IN ITALY. Now, perhaps, the wood carver's son would be able to win renown for himself and his parents, and money also. He had boyish visions of greatness, but he hated to leave the poor, plain home. At last he said good-by to the parents, when he was never to see again, and taking his beloved pet dog, little Hector, he started for Italy. When he reached that country he was so

answer, though there was no hope in the tone, "It is not enough; you should ask 800 sequins," said the generous man, and at once ordered it.

Young Thorsvalden was dazed with his good fortune. The timely act changed a whole life and gave to Copenhagen one of the world's famous artists. The young man soon received other commissions. A leading count ordered four marble statues—Bacchus, Ganymede, Apollo and Venus. Florence made him a professor in her Royal academy. The Academy of Copenhagen sent him \$500 in token of its appreciation of him. The Danish king urged him to return, but Rome could not spare him. His exquisite bas-reliefs, "Night and a goddess carrying in her arms two children, Sleep and Death, and "Morning," a goddess flying through the air scattering flowers with both hands, won him great praise.

When he was 46 years old he finished his Venus, after making thirty models of the figure. Three years he spent in completing the second. Three statues were made, one of them now at Chatsworth, the elegant home of the prince who was the accepany escorted him with bands of music, cannon were fired and beautiful songs were sung in his honor. But for the encouragement of Thomas Thorvalden, his Jason when he was despairing all this would never have happened.

The first person whom Thorsvalden met at the palace was an old man who served as a model for the boys when he was at school. Remembering the poverty of those early days, he sent him a gold watch, and the man's neck and embraced him with much feeling.

After doing some admirable work at Copenhagen, Thorsvalden went to Russia, making a bust of Alexander, who gave the artist a diamond ring, and then returned to Rome. He was made president of the Academy of Fine Arts, a position held by Canova, when he was alive, and was considered the greatest living sculptor. Mendelssohn was his warm friend, and used to play to him as he worked in his studio.

When Thorsvalden was 68 years old he went back to Denmark to live among his own people. He was met when he landed with a "royal ovation." The crowd took the horses from the carriage and drew it through the streets to the palace. There were torch-light processions and no end of festivities.

The next great lady fortune which he received was the work of her gifted son, and in the inner court Thorsvalden had his grave prepared under his own supervision. While he lived he was the same modest, unassuming person as in his boyhood. He was devoted to his work. So busy was he that he sometimes refused even to dine with the king.

When he died the city was as one house of mourning. His body lay in state in the royal palace. Bells were tolled in the churches, and flowers were thrown from the windows before the forty artists who carried the coffin. The king and his son received the body in person at the Friis Kirke, where are some of the sculptor's best statues. Thousands go every year to see the great works of the Danish artist at Copenhagen and stand by the low ivy covered grave with the name on the granite coping. Bertel Thorsvalden. A head set saved him—it might have been any other.

UNDER THE SNOW.

The Warm Winter Homes of Meadow Mice and Woodchucks. What is going on there under the deep snow where everything seems so deathlike and still? Several things are going on; the death is only apparent. In the first place the snow is slowly drawing the frost out of the

ground; or, more accurately, it is checking the action of the great earth warmth, which rises toward the surface and expels the frost; the angle worms work upward with it, and the sap in the roots of the trees and grasses circulates freely. Then here and there there are warm jets of life that shoot and play beneath the cold white expanse.

There are the field mice that now come out of their dens in the ground or beneath the stones and lead a free, active life under the snow. The snow is their friend. It keeps off the cold and it shields their movements from the eyes of their enemies, the owls, hawks and foxes. Now they can venture abroad from their retreats without fear. They make little tunnels and roadways everywhere over the surface of the ground. They build mounds and highways running and winding in every direction and connecting the nests of dry grass which stand for the cities and towns on the maps. These runways are made very well without any square feet upon, as well as in the snowless seasons and without exposure to their enemies.

fancy they have great times there beneath the snow. They have their parties and holidays and as we have ours in summer. When the drifts disappear in spring they may often see where they have had their little encampments; a few square yards of the pasture or meadow bottom will look as if a map had been traced upon it; the winter stores of nuts and seed are scattered all about, and the birds find them in every direction and connecting the nests of dry grass which stand for the cities and towns on the maps. These runways are made very well without any square feet upon, as well as in the snowless seasons and without exposure to their enemies.

I think it is only the meadow field mouse that does this kind of thing. One winter day in the woods the least mouse and the white-footed mouse are more or less active all winter. They have their tunnels and runways, and they have their parties and holidays and as we have ours in summer. When the drifts disappear in spring they may often see where they have had their little encampments; a few square yards of the pasture or meadow bottom will look as if a map had been traced upon it; the winter stores of nuts and seed are scattered all about, and the birds find them in every direction and connecting the nests of dry grass which stand for the cities and towns on the maps. These runways are made very well without any square feet upon, as well as in the snowless seasons and without exposure to their enemies.

Another creature that is alive, there beneath the snowbanks, though wrapped in a deep and long slumber, is the woodchuck at the bottom of his burrow. He retired from the world probably in October and he gets along very well without any favors from any one.

The white-footed mouse usually has its nest in the cavity of a tree, where it lays up its winter stores of nuts. One winter day in my youth my brothers in cutting wood for the sugar bush cut down a beech tree that had four quarts of beech nuts, nicely packed away in a cavity at its top. They were clean and dry and inviting to mice or boys.

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PRATTLE OF THE BURROUGHS.

A prominent Sunday school teacher, wishing to impress upon his pupil that shame comes of sin, put the question: "My dear boy, why were Adam and Eve not ashamed to be so scantily clad in the garden?" The boy replied, promptly: "Because there wasn't anybody to look at 'em, sir."

There is a little anecdote of Longfellow which illustrates his love for children and how he won their affection. It was one of his poems that he wrote in particular was fond of spending his time in the great poet's library. One day, after a long and patient perusal of some titles he had great and cumbersome works that lined the shelves, the little chap walked up to Longfellow and asked in a grrieved sort of way: "Have you got a Jack the Giant Killer?" Longfellow regretted to say that in all his immense library he did not have a copy.

The little chap looked at him in a pitying way and silently left the room. The next morning he walked in with a couple of pennies tightly clasped in his chubby fist, and, laying them down, told the poet he would now buy a "Jack the Giant Killer" of his own.

WINTER REVERIE OF A HUNTER.

SPORTS ABLE. I sit before the pile of blazing logs; The smoke curls up, and I breathe warmth. From fragrant weed, among the sleeping dogs In dreams repeat the chase o'er hill and heath.

And softly voice the music of their thoughts, Above the mantel hang the antlers proud Of lordly buck. Monarch, indeed, of all That gleam before me, Jack the Giant Killer! That noble head, the swiftly spearing tail Alone the conqueror was that laid him low. The walls are hung with trophies rich and rare to me.

In memories that they bring of long ago, Of sports abroad; of life wild and free, As ocean's sweeping waves or winds that blow Where'er they list, with none to question why. The driving storm without, the cheer within, The swaying branches tapping on the pane Conduce to retrospective thought of camp and field.

Yes, I remember, true, with vain regret That winter's silvery snows, now come our way, Chase fast upon the heels of autumn's flight. As nature, in the season's swift decay, Reminds us oft, so plain, that not again Shall these once sturdy limbs pursue the stag.

Through wooded glen, o'er hill and rugged crag. No, to the aged hounds upon the hearth and me These sports shall but a pleasant memory be, And so I sit and dream, and smoke and dream.

A Gold Medal for Bravery.

For the heroism displayed at the time of the Indian outbreak at the Pine Ridge agency, in 1890, Miss Emma C. Siskela has been awarded the gold medal of La Savateur society of France. La Savateur's medal is only awarded to persons who distinguish themselves by conspicuous deeds of courage. Miss Siskela is the first American woman upon whom this medal has been conferred. She was superintendent of the Indian school at the agency when, by her tact and dignified manner, she prevented a conflict between General Miles and the Indians, who were all ready for an outbreak at the time.