

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871.

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1896—TWENTY PAGES.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

NOTHING LIKE THIS SALE EVER HAPPENED IN OMAHA BEFORE. WE'VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO GROW

BE ON HAND TOMORROW—EARLY—OFTEN—LATE—ANY TIME—SO YOU'VE SURE TO COME TO

30c LADIES' WHITE LINEN COLLARS (for shirt waists) WORTH 15 CENTS

Half Dollar SUMMER CORSETS, 29c

30c CORSETS that were made to sell at \$1.00

16th and Douglas, OMAHA. FOR THE SECOND WEEK OF THE GRAND SUPREME GIGANTIC ENVIABLE CHALLENGE SALE

Straw Matting, 10c

Dollar Grade SUMMER CORSETS, 49c

CHALLENGE SALE JEWELRY DRESS GOODS BOYS' SUITS LADIES' READY MADE DRESSES

If ever there was the slightest shadow of a doubt of the Boston Store's ability to sell goods for much less money than any other store—that doubt was removed most surely and quickly Saturday. The nicest kind of people—almost fought for places at the counters. Everybody was wild with excitement—and yet Saturday was only the beginning of Boston Store's first great Challenge Sale. What the end will be, no one knows—Tomorrow's bargains are even better—as fast as one advertised bargain is sold out—it will be replaced by a bigger one—Every promise we make we fulfill to the end.

CHALLENGE SALE JEWELRY

THE NEW BELT HOLDER, 5c

New Haven ALARM CLOCKS, 49c

ROGERS' SOLID SILVER KNIVES AND FORKS, \$1.85

Sterling Silver SHIRT WAIST SETS, 35c

LADIES' WRAPPERS, 75c

Boys' Brownie Overalls, 15c

CHALLENGE SALE DRESS GOODS

A Challenge Dress Goods Sensation for Tomorrow.

75c ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS AT 15c

\$1.00 DRESS GOODS FOR 25c

Challenge Silk Sensation.

Print Taffetas, 39c

CHALLENGE SALE BOYS' SUITS

BOYS' BLUE FLANNEL SUITS, 49c

CHALLENGE SALE—MEN'S UNDERWEAR, 25c

CHALLENGE SALE—MEN'S SUMMER SHIRTS, 29c

CHALLENGE SALE—MEN'S SWEATERS, 29c

\$20,000 STOCK (ALL SUMMER STYLES) LADIES' READY MADE DRESSES

ON SALE TOMORROW AT ONE-THIRD ITS VALUE.

\$10.00 SUITS FOR \$3.98

\$25.00 SUITS AT \$7.50

\$45.00 SUITS FOR \$14.98

\$100.00 SUITS AT \$5.98

\$10.00 SUMMER DRESSES FOR \$2.98

\$15 Lined Crede = Homespun Suits \$4.98

Challenge Sale In Basement

Full Standard Prints, 2c

Fine Dimity Remnants, 2c

Finest Dimities, 5c

Ladies' Alligator Traveling Bags, 39c

Hump Hooks and Eyes, 1c

Stocks Dress Shields, 5c

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RECOLLECTIONS OF WHITTIER

A Chapter from the Unpublished Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

LAST MEETING WITH LONGFELLOW

A Glimpse of Oliver Wendell Holmes

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I remember one dull, cold day—it was a Sunday—when, being entertained at the home of Governor and Mrs. Claflin, where Mr. Whittier was also a guest, the suggestion arose that we should drive out to see Mr. Longfellow.

Mr. Longfellow, this we drove to Mr. Whittier, Mrs. Whittier, and Mr. Whittier.

It was a very bright and sunny day in Cambridge, full of good stories, and good appreciation of them: more than usually cheerful, and inclined to talk happily.

We drove to Longfellow's door; there seemed an unusual silence about the calm and gentle place. Mr. Whittier went on alone and rang the bell.

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story of a sense of having had a good time; he never darkened the door of my window.

With what boyish delight he absorbed a fresh anecdote, if it had the right ring to it, and how tenderly he economized the best of the old ones!

Most of the more amusing incidents of his life, but I venture, I have been long ago published by the friends with whom he used to share them.

Perhaps the story about Lucy Larcom is the one which has vividly stayed in me.

A caller, one of "the innumerable throng that moved to and fro in the distinguished, to indicate the weak curiosity of an ignorance too pitiable to be angry with made himself troublesome one day in the parlor at Amherst.

"I have come, sir," he said, pompously, "to take you by the hand, I have long wished to know the author of 'Hannah Bishop's Story'."

Now Lucy Larcom happened to be sitting in her serene fashion, silently by the window at that time, and Mr. Whittier turned toward her with the courtesy bow into which the Quaker poet's simple manner could bend so readily when he chose.

"I am happy," replied Mr. Whittier, waving his hand toward the lady in the window, "to have the opportunity to present thee to the author of that admirable poem—'Lucy Larcom'."

It was one of Mr. Whittier's admirable reminiscences of anti-slavery days, when he was a free soil candidate for congress, that he was charged by political enemies with "ill-treating his wife."

For so gentle a man Mr. Whittier was a very keen lance in argument, and on being a disbeliever in Christianity once outraged his views on Mr. Whittier in a blunt manner, enforcing the assertion that there was no truth in the doctrine of immortality, because he knew that he had himself no soul.

"Friend," replied the poet, with rippling eyes, "these are undoubtably right, but I agree with you. I am ready to admit that there has no soul. But speak for thyself, friend, speak for thyself!"

As I knew Mr. Whittier in his later years, my impressions of his life are those of his most lonely period. With heartache for which there are no words, I used to come away sometimes from glimpses of his deep inward desolation. Friends in full measure he had, and everything possible was done in his declining years by those who had the nearest right to minister to him, to give him comfort. But his solitude went too deep for the surface relations of life to fathom. Illness and deafness and the imperfect use of his eyes increased it heavily. He could read but very little and could write less.

His home at Danvers was a pleasant one, but the New England winter pressed heavily about it.

"How do you spend the days?" I asked once, a bitter afternoon, when I had gone over from Andover to see him for an hour. He glanced over my head into the snow storm. His face was more than one-third white, and in the deepening solitude of old age, yet nothing could stir the roots which had grown into the soil of his native Vermont.

age in Florida at his disposal one winter, he replied: "I thank thee for thy kind offer of the Florida coast; but I must live if I can, and die if I cannot."

Whittier suffered from physical disabilities—only those who knew him well ever suspected how much, or how seriously these affected the exercise of his great powers. He was but a wretched sleeper; usually his biographer tells us, awake before dawn, and accustomed to sleep with his curtains raised, that he might watch the movement of the stars.

He was not a dreamer, but he was a poet, and he would have been touched by the thought of the stars, and he would have been touched by the thought of the stars, and he would have been touched by the thought of the stars.

"I am glad to be permitted once more to see the miracle of spring."

His love of nature was always something exquisite and as fresh as a leaf in his last hour. I find his letters to me full of such touches as these:

"These November days of Indian summer make me happy that I have lived to see them."

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BOSTON'S TRIBUTE TO A POET

Description of the Monument to the Memory of John Boyle O'Reilly.

BLENDING OF PATRIOTISM AND POESY

Sketch of a Career Notable in Two Hemispheres—Banishment, Escape, Struggles and Triumphs as a Journalist.

On Saturday, the 20th inst., there is to be unveiled in Boston a notable specimen of the sculptor's art as a memorial to a remarkable man, the late lamented poet and journalist, John Boyle O'Reilly.

The attending ceremonies will be in charge of General Francis A. Walker, and Rev. Dr. Elmer H. Capen, president of Tufts college, will deliver the eulogy.

Shortly after the death of Mr. O'Reilly in August, 1890, steps were taken to erect an enduring monument to his memory—to rear in the city where he labored a testimonial of the friendship and admiration of associates, acquaintances and admirers. In a remarkably short time \$20,000 was raised. Daniel Chester French, the eminent sculptor, was commissioned to execute the memorial.

The sculptor's monument is pronounced by competent critics to be a rare work of art, and is a marked departure from the bronze statues which adorn public parks in our cities. It is a masterpiece in design and character, and surpasses many of the most admirable "Minute Men" that stand beside the Concord bridge, or the statue of "John Bull" in the harbor.

Like other statues of his high caste, his chief happiness was in his friendships. Of these he had many among the great spirits of his time, and his remarkable fidelity. I sometimes used to think that he found it almost too hard to criticize any of his friends, or to give us friendly blame, but if so, it is atoned for by the stimulating, northwesterly courage which he was sure to have in store for us always giving us faith in ourselves, and in our own work.

And indeed, he could smile like the angel of exile when he would. Of this we need no other witness than his famous poem on "Johnnie Webster," "I should like to see you just to say that I heard him during the last years of his life, and if he did not quite repeat that poem."

"I am afraid I was too severe," he would say. "Do these things I was so fond of."

In memorable contrast to that of our great hermit ran the life of the Beacon street poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It was the dumbest lunch at which I ever sat. I found it impossible to talk, for my speech seemed a piece of intrusion on the society of larger planets, or a higher race than ours. To listen to those two was one of the privileges of a lifetime.

They interchanged their souls—now like boys—and not like poets; merrily or gravely. Whittier shining at his happiest, and Holmes scintillating steadily.

O'Reilly's nature. This figure is designated Patriotism, and is represented as contributing a handful of soil to Eric.

All the faces and outlines are of marked grace and fidelity of expression, in keeping with the sentiments they set forth.

The monument stands on a three-corner plot of ground in the Back Bay park at the head of Boylston street. The immediate surroundings have been harmonized with the monument by the landscape gardeners of the park.

Altogether, the monument is a worthy and admirable tribute to an honored and beloved citizen, who was also an American of the Americans.

SKETCH OF THE POET'S LIFE

Mr. O'Reilly's life was marked with that ardent love of liberty which has caused the improvement of Ireland and the enrichment of the countries with the brain and brain of the sea-level. Youthful enthusiasm at home, followed by banishment to Britain's penal colonies, his thrilling escape to America, his early struggles and his power of interesting himself in every biography more entertaining and edifying than reads of fiction.

O'Reilly was born June 25, 1844, in South Castle, one of the hamlets of the historic Boyne near Drogheda. His family is one of the most ancient and clearly historic of old Gaelic families, and no Irishman could have a more definite interest in the history of his country and its traditions than O'Reilly. He was proud of it and had a right to be. It was a lineage of patriots, in the rank of princes in the early feudal days, later in all positions, but always of representative Irishmen. In the ardent biography of James Jeffrey Roche, published five years ago, there is a modest space given to this ancestry, and a very full and interesting account of the life of John Boyle O'Reilly. As English soldier, as Fenian conspirator, as convict in Australia, as a brilliant and faithful member of the United States revenue, as a truth and grace the remarkable and in part romantic character of the poet's life. It is of course as poet that O'Reilly must live, but his life and his work are the best of his life and his work.

DEPORTED FOR TREASON

His deportation to a penal colony in the bush country of West Australia occurred in 1864. For a year he worked in convict garb with the road gang. But he was always dreaming of escape. At length the opportunity came through the friendly offices of a priest. He made his way to the desolate part of the sandy coast of West Australia to await the blessed sight of the mail steamer.

He was towed out to sea, passing days and nights on the water trying to haul a whaler, but the ship that was to be his salvation sailed past without discovering the little speck on the water. Another effort for his escape was made by his friends, which proved successful. The "Hawthorn" of New Bedford, Captain David Gifford, answered the signal of the little boat and took O'Reilly and another convict aboard.

Escape was only then begun. Death and detection seemed ever hovering near. Going out in a whaling boat he was captured and was saved only by the bravery of the mate, Henry Hathaway. This staunch friend again saved O'Reilly from seizure at a British port where the fugitive was employed to drop a mine for a vessel.

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gifts. This was before he was 15. At that age he went with his uncle, shipmaster, to Preston, England. Becoming an apprentice to a bookbinder, he soon rose to be a reporter.

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was to present himself before the United States district court and take out his papers of naturalization.

OLIVER WHITTIER AND POET

Although cordially received by the Fenians in Philadelphia and New York, they were able to do nothing for him in the way of a substantial opening.

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