THE GREAT SAHARA DESERT

A Summer Visit to the Wastes of Sand and Rock.

PANORAMA OF ARID DESOLATION

Various Aspects of the Great Desert—Summer Temperature and Vegetation—The Dead Lake and the Perpetual Mirage.

As the iron horse hurries through the final break in the Atlas mountains, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, all eyes are instinctively turned in the direction of the desert. The poetry of travel is now presumably to be turned into prose, the soft and smiling picture of nature into that hard ruggedness which speaks of a landscape not yet finished. And yet the first view of the desert is that of one of its oases, and of one which is very nearly the fairest of them all, for it receives the coolness of the north as well as the heat from the south, and the stream that carries the luxury of growth into its deeper recesses has not yet been sapped of its vitality by a continuous summer heat.

Long before we reach the fine gardens of Mount Kantara we are in the desert. Giant rocks, burned brown and red under the glow of the southern sun, stand out in wild pinnacles from the gently undulating surface, their ragged sides buried deep in the sand which they themselves have made. This is not the desert that is ordinarily pictured in the mind—that flat, endless expanse which fades off unmoved and unbroken to the limits of vision—but it is the desert, nevertheless, just as much as the mountain snows of the far north are a part of the great Arctic "sea of ice." Beyond, however, is the great plain itself, its swelling undulations hardly relieving to the eye the appearance of absolute flatness which the picture presents.

The truth is that the Sahara has a double aspect, that of the flat and sandy plains and that of the rocky ridge or mountain, the so-called Hammada. It is the latter that is more particularly dreaded by the caravans, for among their wind-swept crags there are no, or but few, oases, and only the blowing sands and a relentless sun are the companions of the footsore pilgrim. In the flat desert, at least, where the sand is not too deep, traveling is moderately easy, for over long distances the surface has become coated into a hard, calcareous crust—a solid basement rock, one may call it. We saw no sand dunes of any magnitude, those along the southern face of the great Chott Melghigh, about twenty feet in height, being the highest. But I was informed by competent authority at Biskra that beyond Tuggurt, on our route, they rise to the prodigious height of 1,200 to 1,400 feet. This is certainly an imposing monument to the power of the wind—one that speaks far more eloquently even than the wind-swept sands of coral islands.

It has become custom in certain book quarters of late to say that the Sahara is not as flat as it is commonly assumed to be, and that it is almost everywhere torn into ridges and rents. That is, however, an imperfect statement of the truth. The flat desert is almost interminably flat for days or weeks of travel, with hardly a rise of more than a few feet for mile after mile of perspective. All around is the same expanse; in vain the eye searches for some special object to give it relief; it does not exist, unless it be the far-off tufts of an approaching oasis.

I am not sure that these endless sands are truly imposing. Sometimes they certainly are, but they present most exquisite pictures in the varying lights of the morning and evening sun. It is then that they seem to constitute a world of their own, speaking in color that belongs to them alone. We were not to any extent troubled by their presence, either as impediments to travel or as freely floating discomforts in the atmosphere. Only as we approached Mreir, at the close of a hard day's journey of sixty-four miles, did we come in disagreeable conflict with them. Our horses had more than their share in the second half of the day's work; for the better part of four miles we had been dragged through deep sand, and finally the courage of the poor animals had spent itself. We were stuck fast in the Sahara sands at a point some seventy feet below sea level. Coaxing and urging had little effect, and it was not until we ourselves took a long hand in pushing and pulling that we succeeded in extricating ourselves.

Let it not for a moment be assumed that the Sahara, even in the parts that do not belong to the region of the oases, is everywhere destitute of growing vegetation. Far from this is really the case. Along the entire length of our journey a generous supply of terebinth bushes, one to two or three feet in height, covered most of the sand elevations, and with them was a form of sickly green salcolaecious plant, the exact nature of which I was unable to discover. And if we can fully believe a war illustration that has recently appeared from the pencil of a staff correspondent, the same feature must be a characteristic of the Sahara about Timbuctoo as well. There are, indeed, a number of spots where the vegetation is even more luxuriant—if a scattering of plants can in any sense be called luxuriant—comprising a number of dry herbs, such as the rose of Jericho, which hardly rises a few inches above the surface, and again there are large areas where the vegetation has been completely stamped out, or where it has been buried deep beneath its canopy of sand.

It is the oasis that is the redeeming pearl of the desert. No poetic temperament is needed to prepare one for the enjoyments of its coming. From miles of distance the eye fastens itself upon the treetops; the dark green is a break in the landscape, and, like the black shadow of clouds, it seems to go and come, the gentle undulations of the desert throwing it now and again out of sight. We had penetrated but a moderate distance into the desert, but the coming of the oasis was a relief that can hardly be described—those dense groves of date palms and the circulating streams of water. What must, indeed, the oasis be to those who have wearily plodded its sands for weeks at a time. When we returned to Biskra after our southerly journey the sun had just set behind the palm forest, illuminating the sky with that soft African yellow, which has been matched only by the brush of Edward Frere. The tall tree trunks rose against this in specter shadows of brown, silent monoliths, rising as if from a silent grave. An Arab group appeared here and there, the flowing waters and the mosque asking each to his special devotions.

The heat of the desert is an unquestionable reality; and yet, perhaps, in the month of our travel, the hottest of the North African months, it was not so dreadful as might have been assumed. It is true that the mercury, whether by night or by day, felt little disposed to leave the region of the ninety-eights, unless it was in the direction of an upward journey. During the hours of midday it stubbornly clung to the division line of 110 degrees, passing even beyond it slightly (although perhaps not in the most perfect shade); at Biskra, during our brief absence, it stood at 116 degrees. In traveling, however, we were subjected to even a much higher temperature, as, at rapidly recurring intervals, the heated reflections from the burning sands were, as it seemed, blown bodily into us. It was then that we remarked: "This is like an oven." And in truth it was very much so.

I was surprised to find that there was a difference of only 20 degrees between the heat of the open sun (132 degrees) and that of the shade; the temperature of the sunny sands was at its highest 123 degrees. The excessive dryness made the heat perhaps on the whole more bearable than if the atmosphere had been in a measure charged with humidity, at least such is a general belief, and I am not sure but it is well founded. Certain it is that excessive perspiration has been largely reduced thereby. On the other hand, this extremely dry heat brings to many a partly suffocating feeling—a feeling as though the atmosphere was lacking in the proper amount or quality of oxygen.

The parched palate asks for a moistener and for repeated lotions in decreasing periods of time. Still the whole is both bearable and supportable, and the foreigners who have located at Biskra seem to have acclimated themselves in a comparatively short space of time.

It would be doing the Sahara an injustice to allow it to pass without referring to its great salt lake, the Chott Melghigh. When we first saw it from a distance of a few miles it broke upon the landscape with a dazzling whiteness. The salt was on the surface, and the eye failed to distinguish the presence of water. It was like a vast field of immaculate ice thrown into the sands, over which hung the images that were thrust into the sky by the rarely failing mirage. This is the largest saltpan of the Sahara, and it occupies a position depressed considerably below the level of the sea. It is here that the gifted Roudaire had hoped to bring the waters of the Mediterranean to give back to the sea that which once belonged to it.

The unprecedented sale of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup provokes competition; but the people cling to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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In our west show windows we exhibit samples from a special lot of Kulahs that go on sale Saturday morning. These prices are special for the one day.

Philadelphia Kulah rugs, 2 feet 6 inches by 3 feet, $1.25.

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It's decidedly the best rug opportunity this season—Saturday, remember.

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The Associated Charities are having very large and urgent demands upon them at this time and cannot meet them on account of an empty clothing room and exhausted treasury.

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BIRD IN STOLEN FEATHERS.

How a Corpulent Thief Shrunk on Examination.

The Yonkers police recently captured 250 pounds of burglar which netted them 150 pounds of prisoner, relates the New York Herald. The extra hundred was stolen feminine attire and miscellaneous dry goods, in which the thief had so swathed his person that he could not escape when pursued. He's shrinking now in the gloom of a prison cell.

John Foster, the gardener of Meadow Brook, the home of David Sicher, at No. 1040 North Broadway, Yonkers, saw a bulky shape waddle out of his employer's house at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. It seemed to be that of a man weighing at least 250 pounds. Over the ample girth was perched so small a head and so scrawny a neck that the gardener opened his eyes in surprise. The fat man walked with a crutch and over his shoulder was a great bundle, which bounced to and fro against his back.

The gardener cried: "Hi, there!" and pursued. The bulky shape dropped the crutch, hitched up its trousers and broke into an elephantine stride. The burglar tried to run, but his swaddled legs refused to do his bidding. The gardener pursued and hit the fleeing man a vicious blow in the back. His fist rebounded as though he had struck a punching bag. The man yelled, stumbled over himself, fell prone upon the earth and revolved twice on his waistband before the impetus of his fall was stayed.

The gardener bound the man hard and fast and telephoned to the Yonkers' police station that he had captured the biggest burglar that he had ever seen.

"Better send half a dozen men," he said. "This fellow's as big as a feather bed."

A patrol wagon, manned by a large portion of the Yonkers police force, arrived half an hour later, and the burglar was pitched into it.

At the station the sergeant ordered the man to take off his coat and vest.

Layer after layer of clothing was removed, and, when it was all done, there stood before them a person weighing about 150 pounds. These are some of the things in which he was clothed:

Three pairs of corsets.
Two corset waists.
A woman's night robe.
A balloon sleeve pink waist.
A black merino skirt.
Two white vests.
A red plush wrapper.
One pair of black stockings.
One breakfast gown.

The bottom parts of the gowns were stuffed into his trousers, which gave him the appearance of great corpulency. Stuffed in his bosom was a feather fan and a piece of duchess lace.

"You're a howling swell, aren't you?" remarked Captain Mangin.

"Not at present," said the sergeant. "He's in reduced circumstances."

In the bundle which he carried were several hundred miscellaneous articles, some of which were valuable. There were clothing, shoes, hats, caps, pipes, pocketbooks, jewelry, silverware, two watches and a small handbag containing money.

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MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
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LIGHT THROWN UPON HISTORY

Thrilling Story of Prof. Hilprecht's Excavations in Old Nippur.

CIVILIZATION OLDER THAN CLAIMED

Wonderful Discoveries Made by American Explorers in the Babylonian Mounds—Ancient Cities and Temples.

The remarkable archaeological discoveries of a commission that the University of Pennsylvania sent to make excavations on the site of the old Nippur, the oldest city of the world, were detailed by the New York Herald last August. This commission, of which Rev. John P. Peters, D. D., was the first director, and Prof. Herman V. Hilprecht the permanent assyriologist, discovered the unexpected and scientifically sensational fact that the ancient Babylonian mound contained not only the old cities known collectively as Nippur, but also a still more ancient city in which were found cuneiform inscriptions dating back to the year (estimated) 5250 B. C.

This showed with conclusiveness that civilization is centuries older than we believed, for the beginning of the world has, until these discoveries, been placed at 4004 B. C., and this date appears in all our modern editions of the bible.

But greater things have developed since. Prof. Hilprecht has returned fresh from the scene with further information of a most interesting nature, which is published by the Herald. He now declares that his knowledge of the development of cuneiform writing justifies him in saying that the earliest writing found could not have been developed in less than 3,000 years.

Prof. Hilprecht is one of the half dozen men in the world who have so mastered all the developments of cuneiform inscriptions that he can at a glance determine the age of the writing. It was he who three years ago enunciated the principle of the development of the cuneiform writings from pictures and of their gradual change from the semblance of the the pictured things to the signs of the later forms. The truth of his theory is admitted now by all students of archaeology. It forms an important part in the proof that he brings to support his announcement.

The discoveries were made in the university's excavations at Nippur. Eight years ago, when it was decided to send out an expedition for Babylonian research, Prof. Hilprecht and Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, then professor of archaeology at the university, decided upon Nippur as the spot that offered promise of the most ancient finds.

They were not mistaken. The English, German and French scientists at work in Babylon and Tello have little chance of finding anything nearly so ancient as the bits of vases that the American excavators dug up under the Temple of Bel.

THEORY OF THE EXPEDITION.

From the beginning of religion in the east there has been a firm belief, which thousands of years have not been able to shake, that nothing about a temple must ever be destroyed. The vases on which were written the temple archives were kept for thousands of years, and were broken only by accident. The worshipers believed that never could any temple prosper or bring peace and happiness to its people that did not stand on the outlines of the first temple that had been built there. If the old temple was in ruins they did not remove the fallen walls, but built upon them.

The same practice is still adhered to in Constantinople and other modern cities, which are continually rising on their old walls. The spectacle of a house being torn down and taken away is seldom offered in the east.

In days when Noah built his ark the kings and high priests of Babylonia had the same belief, and some of them in making alterations in the temple left such inscriptions on clay as this:

"But previous kings have not kept the boundary of the temple; they have not searched out its foundation stone, and gathered their architects to lay out the lines on the true places of the former temple; and the gods were not in favor, and did not look kindly on the people."

And so they built their own temples with a care and precision that they thought would meet with the approval of their deities.

All this may not seem at first to have very much to do with the work of the Pennsylvania expedition, but it has. If it had not been for this belief of the worshipers of Bel there would have been no such rich veins of the strata of civilization as the scientist unearthed there, uncovering their finds with more pride and joy than they would have had in discovering a gold mine. From 7,000 years before Christ the inscriptions of the world's history, scratched in clay and baked to a hardness against which time and weather have had no effect, had been placed here, as if a treasure were being slowly deposited by the human race for the enlightenment of races that should come afterward.

It was this spot which, of all the other places in the world, promised the richest return for the enthusiasts' money and labor, that the two archaeologists of the University of Pennsylvania decided upon in their council before the first party was sent out, eight years ago. Fortune placed the enterprise in the right place and Hilprecht and his sturdy assistants saw the work done properly. They fell to and began to pick and pull the temple to pieces in one place and another to see how it was built, and who had built it. They had guessed pretty definitely that they would unearth "strata of civilization," and they found the idea truer than they had hoped.

And here enters the reasoning on which Hilprecht's claim that there were civilized men 7,000 years B. C. must stand or fall.

High outer and inner walls surrounded the temple, and, in parts, are still standing. The hilltop, over the tower, is ninety-seven feet above the desert level and fifty feet above the surrounding debris. The Arabs call the hill "Daughter of the Prince."

On the exterior the temple gives little indication of its real antiquity. The walls, as they were found at first, seemed to have been built by Kadashman-Durgu, who lived only 1,200 years before Christ.

It took very little work, however, to show that the bricks bearing his name formed only a thick veneer, or extra wall, on the real body of the temple. They were put there by the pious king to prevent the wearing effects of wind and rain and sand, as were also the canals that carried the water away, and the bitumen, a foot thick, that kept it from getting through and wearing away the lower end of the wall and the foundations.

The temple "proper" had been built, they found, by King Ur-Gur, who flourished 2,800 B. C. over that part of Kengi—"the land of canals and bulrushes"—later called Babylonia, for a younger but greater city than Nippur.

SARGON'S EXISTENCE PROVED.

The Pennsylvanians dug away until they had reached Ur-Gur's foundation, and he had made it well. It was of baked brick, like the walls, and eight feet thick. Directly under it was Sargon's platform—two courses of immense baked bricks of a size and shape like nothing ever before found in Babylonia or anywhere else in the world, a foot and a half square and four inches thick. Each had a convex top, being shaped like a loaf of bread half risen from the pan. In addition to King Sargon's name in cuneiform figures, the brick bore the deliberate imprint of the thumb of the slave who made it.

The scientists were dumfounded. Sargon, archaeologists had taught, was a myth, for there had never been anything found in the east to corroborate the biblical mention of his name. Naramsin, they said, by the most liberal count, was the oldest in the line of known monarchs. History could trace the succession no further.

But here in hard brick were the works of both Sargon and of Naramsin, the son of Sargon. The truth of the list of kings was settled beyond question, and, by it, the date of the building of the platform, for the scientists knew from their unbroken line of kings that if Sargon lived at all it was thirty-eight hundred years before Christ.

They had reached the latest remains that they could have expected, but they went still lower.

Under the two courses of great brick laid by Sargon they found strata about thirty feet thick, containing vases and inscribed fragments that had gradually been deposited there by centuries of inhabitants. As they went further down, proving with each spadeful the history of a kingdom and a people that had for thousands of years been wrapped in impenetrable darkness, they found broken pieces of the tablets or vases on which temple records had been kept.

The cuneiform inscription grew more primitive at every foot.

Hilprecht, who knew that at one time the cuneiform writing had had its origin in pictures, felt sure that before the bottom of the vein was reached the pictures would be found. The pits, two of them side by side, and having a total area of about one hundred square yards, were sunk until they were thirty feet below the platform which formed such an important milepost in computing the passage of ages. The broken clay came to an end and all traces of human life disappeared.

The excavators were now cutting into the virgin clay of Babylonia, and carrying out earth that since the creation of the world had lain undisturbed by man. They had not yet unearthed writing in which the pictures were whole, nor even the form in which round objects were pictured in curved lines, a stage that must have preceded the time when the straight strokes were used for all characters.

They found that the present desert level was not the one that had existed in the early days of Nippur. There was an older desert thirty feet or so below the present line, and on this plain Nippur had been founded.

But they found that the oldest of these fragments, those taken from the bottom of the pit, were scratched with cuneiform characters, dating 6,000 years before Christ. Prof. Hilprecht has no hesitation in stating this, and adds that it is based on a very conservative calculation. Sargon lived 3800 B. C., and high above his platform of bricks the gradual action of the busy life of Nippur, the industry of the inhabitants, the accidents of building changes, and the annual sand storms had heaped forty feet of dirt and debris before the opening of the Christian era. Four thousand years, the professor counts, was required to pile those forty feet of earth. On that computation he thinks it fair to suppose that the thirty feet of gradual deposit found under the platform was 3,000 years in piling itself from the original soil. Nippur was not always as busy and as great as she was in Sargon's day and in the days of his successors. Her beginning may have been small, and the process of the deposit thus much slower than it was in later years.

CONFIRMED BY EXPERTS.

So Hilprecht satisfies himself with stating that the lower layers of the strata were thrown there 2,000 years before Sargon, and nearly 6,000 years before Christ. It may have been very much earlier than that. It certainly was not later.

The world was not an infant even in those days. The earliest of the writings found represent a development that could not have been reached in less than 3,000 years. How long men lived without writing may never be known, but there is proof enough in the results of the expedition to show that the worshipers of Bel wrote on clay 9,000 years before Christ. Prof. Hilprecht makes the statement advisedly. It is based on his knowledge of cuneiform development, and as there are barely half a dozen men in the world today who can compare with him in that science, there will be few to dispute his announcement.

He stated his belief in this computation a few days ago, and it is published now for the first time.

Hilprecht believed it firmly when he wrote the first volumes of the report, but he held it back until, after another year's study, his belief became a positive certainty.

The deciphering of the inscriptions and the piecing of the fragmentary text will be the work of years. After poring over thousands of fragments of vases, marked by him as the product of a single century, the professor became convinced that each vase had borne the same inscription—a temple history—and he set about restoring it.

The text, when completed, was formed of eighty-seven fragments, and had 132 lines of cuneiform writing. Its translation occupied nearly a year.

"Hilprecht may well be proud," said Prof. Sayce of Oxford, "of the magnificent results he has achieved," and the other European archaeologist, who, with Sayce, is considered a leader in the science, Hummel of Munich, added that "No other living Assyriologist could equal such a contribution to science."

As it is, Hilprecht has added to history about thirty new kings, previously unknown to us, and has cleared up by his reconstruction of Babylonian history the exact relations of the early Semitic dynasties to the old Sumerian kings of Babylonia.

CUNEIFORMS OF VAST VALUE.

Prof. Hilprecht's summer work for the last three years has been the cataloguing and organization of the Semitic and Hittite sections of the Imperial Ottoman museum, as an officer of the Turkish government. The result of his work has been of incalculable advantage to the University of Pennsylvania. The Turkish law now forbids the removal of any archaeological material from the country, all antiquities being deposited in the museum in Constantinople, but in recognition of his work the sultan presented him with more than sixty boxes of the antiquities that he chose as most valuable in the expedition's find.

The university now has three times as many cuneiform writings as all other European museums put together. None of the tablets are from the latest expedition, the results of which have not yet reached Constantinople, being now en route from Bassorah by way of Arabia and the Red sea. These in turn will have to be arranged and catalogued, like all the other pieces in the museum, in two languages, French and Turkish.

Hilprecht has found time to hunt through the east for many other antiquities, and has brought home with him objects which are worth thousands, and which were bones of contention between the earnest representatives of the greatest universities in Europe. Some came by devious ways, as Turks are ever devious in matters of trade, and the most valuable pieces, therefore must not be photographed for fear of the jealous measures that the German and French collectors might take. One of the finds, among the most important, is a marble vase, the only vase in existence dated in the time of Artaxerxes. It is valued at $3,000, and is inscribed in Median, in Babylonian cuneiform and in Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was in private possession, and thrifty German buyers had for two years been leisurely trying to lower its price.

Prof. Hilprecht also bought for a song comparatively the oldest cuneiform tablet in existence, bearing the name Enkhegal, one of the oldest kings of the city and land of Tello. Six rivals were working for the same tablet, and the utmost delicacy had to be used. It is worth at least $5,000.

For six years Prof. Hilprecht's special secret aim has been to find out the exact spot in Asia Minor where the famous Cappadocian tablets came from. To find the place he made a special tour in Asia Minor, using the two branches of railroad as far as they went, some 800 miles. Baron von Kuehlman, chief of the railroad, gave him a special car and placed every facility of the road at his disposal. By this means he was able to examine carefully all places from Scutari to Kutahia and Koniah, and at last found where the tablets came from.

The Turkish government has given him permission to excavate there for four weeks in order to identify the ancient city buried there. Prof. Hilprecht means to avail himself of this permission on his next visit to Asia Minor.

He has fixed the date of the Cappadocian tablets definitely as 2400 B. C. No other scientist knows where the tablets are to be found.

Prof. Hilprecht, while at work in Constantinople, was an officer of the Turkish government. Before he left Constantinople he was banqueted by Turkish officers, diplomatic friends and scientists. He wears in his scarfpin a garnet carved with the pledge:

"We are true to you while you are true to us."

The gem was given to him by the sultan.

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Ladies' heavy fleeced natural ribbed vests, long sleeves with gussets, drawers to match, 35c, 3 for $1.00.

We have placed on the counter for Saturday two odd lines of ladies' wool underwear, slightly soiled, broken sizes, regular $1.00 and $1.50 garments, closing the entire lot out at 35c and 50c each.

AT 50 CENTS.

Ladies' heavy ribbed fleeced union suits, the Florence patent, in silver grey, Saturday 50c suit.

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Ladies' extra fine quality natural ribbed vests and drawers, these are finished with wool fleece, non-shrinkable, without imitation, a value seldom offered, Saturday 85c each.

AT $1.00 A VEST.

Ladies' white and natural wool ribbed vests and drawers, made from firm twisted yarn, full sizes and length, a soft, warm garment, non-shrinking, Saturday $1.00 each.

AT $1.00 A SUIT.

Ladies' heavy black ribbed wool tights, open or closed, ankle length, Saturday $1.00 each.

AT $1.50 A SUIT.

Ladies' fine black wool tights, knee or ankle lengths, full fashioned and long fibre wool, many are sold at $2.00 that are no better value, Saturday $1.50.

AT $2.00 A SUIT.

Ladies' fine fast black saxony ribbed union suits, silk finished, elastic seams, all full sizes, a very good value, Saturday $2.00 each.

AT 25C FOR BOYS.

Heavy natural fleeced shirts and drawers, all sizes, 24 to 34, Saturday, 25c each.

OUR CHILDREN'S UNIONS.

Just received, another lot of the celebrated Florence patent Union suits for misses' and children, silver gray, wool ribbed, non-shrinking, size 2, 3, 85c suit; 4, 5 and 6, at $1.00 suit; 7, 8, at $1.25 suit.

AT 29 CENTS.

We have reduced a line of misses' Union suits, for our Saturday's sale, broken sizes, heavy natural ribbed, close out the balance at 29c a suit.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER BARGAINS IN HOSIERY.

AT 25 CENTS.

Ladies' black cashmere hose, merino heel and toe, full length and size, Saturday, 25c a pair.

AT 35 CENTS.

Ladies' silk fleeced, fast black hose, maco sole, high spliced heel and toe, Saturday, 35c, 3 pair for $1.00.

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Children's 1-1 ribbed black wool hose, all sizes, exceptional value, Saturday, 25c pair.

AT 35 CENTS.

Children's extra heavy ribbed black wool hose, double knee, heel and toe, special weight for winter wear, all sizes, 5 to 10 inches, Saturday, 35c, 3 pair for $1.00.

AT 50 CENTS.

Boys' double twisted black Saxony wool hose, extra double knee, heel and toe, a real bargain for cold weather and hard wear, all sizes, 7 to 10 inches, Saturday, 50c a pair.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO.,
Cor. Farnam and 15th Sts.

New Time Card.

On and after Sunday, November 15, the Missouri Pacific fast train for St. Louis leaves Webster street depot at 3:00 p. m. instead of 3:30 p. m., as heretofore.

A NEW YOSEMITE.

Magnificent Scenery in the Northwestern Part of Montana.

"We have discovered a second and greater Yosemite valley, and a grander National park than the Yellowstone," said Prof. L. W. Chaney of Carleton college, Minneapolis, in telling a correspondent of the New York Sun about his recent visit to Avalanche Basin, which he discovered last year in the northwestern corner of Montana.

A year ago Prof. Chaney and some other scientists, one of them a lecturer on the natural scenery of the west, found in the western part of Montana a country which had seldom been seen by man—red or white. They heard vague rumors of a glacier valley, and cut their way from the then newly found Lake McDonald through the forests that crowd the mountains.

They were told by the original settler in the vicinity of this lake that a year before, in following up the slopes of Brown peak, north of Lake McDonald, with the idea that glaciers were to be found, he had seen not only a glacier, but also a beautiful valley and a lake new to the world.

The scientists found the basin and lake, and, by reason of the constant roar of avalanches, they named the valley Avalanche Basin, and spent as long a time as their provisions would allow in searching the beauties of the spot. They had no instruments, and were unable to get any measurements.

They determined to return at the earliest opportunity. This they have now done, armed with all the needed instruments, to make a thorough investigation. In the meantime others have been to Avalanche Basin, and the trail from Kalispel has been so chopped out that a woman—Mrs. J. H. Edwards of that place—has within the last week made the perilous trip.

Some of the dozen of more men who have seen the basis have been world-wide travelers, and declare that there is nothing in the Swiss mountains or in the most famed resorts of Europe that can compare with it. The valley is a scenic gem set in a frame of cloud-touching peaks, and is unrivaled in brilliancy and in natural interest, but owing to the purity of the atmosphere and the consequent impossibility of getting distance in the view it is impossible to make a photograph that will show adequately the beauties of the region.

Lake McDonald is located in the northwestern portion of Montana, about thirty-five miles from the little mountain town of Kalispel. It is sixteen miles in length, four or five miles wide, at an altitude of about 3000 feet, and as clear as crystal.

Its mirroring effect is more sharply defined than is that of the famous Mirror Lake of California, and it reflects the forests of the surrounding mountain slopes so clearly that the narrow, sharply defined beach of smoothly polished gravel is the only indication of where the reflections begin and the forest ends. From Lake McDonald the trail through the mountains extends to the northward about fifteen miles, up the rocky steeps, and at the last cuts through a gorge of crimson jasper quartzite, in which are many deep cascades.

Suddenly, and without warning, one emerges on the shores of Avalanche Lake and into a valley of the most sublime and impressive grandeur. The way has been hard and the climbing difficult, but the end repays it all.

The basin is more than 800 feet higher than Lake McDonald, and the surrounding rocks tower in almost a perpendicular wall for from 3,000 to 6,000 feet higher. Rising here and there above the general level of the wall of rock are various peaks. The discoverers have named one the Matterhorn and its altitude is 4,000 feet above the level of the lake; another has been called the Cathedral Dome, from its resemblance to the dome of St. Peter's, as seen from the Campagni, and it rises about 4,500 feet; a third has been called the Sphinx, and a fourth the Castle. The last rises to a height of over 10,000 feet above the sea. Down the sides of these walls cascades fall, at heights varying from thousands to about 400 feet, breaking in foam on the lake below, and filling the valley with the roar of a Niagara.

The basin is nearly two miles long and nearly the same in width. In its center is Avalanche Lake, three-fourths of a mile in length and half a mile wide. Its waters, when seen from the shore, are of a turquoise blue, but when looked down upon they are as clear as crystal, even more so than those of Lake Superior, and the rainbow and mountain trout lying in their depths can readily be seen.

The upper end of the basin is about two miles east of the entrance, and plunging down the precipitous rocks are some dozen mountain streams, forming a series of beautiful cascades and cataracts. All are fed from the snows of the mountains, and they are large and small according as the sun has had an opportunity to melt the snows. Avalanches have cut their way down the slopes and have left their gashes on the surrounding cliffs.

North from Avalanche basin to the British line the scenery is of the grandest. It rivals, if it does not surpass, that to be found in the Selkirks and in the Canadian Rockies. Glaciers abound, and about thirty miles north of Avalanche is one of the greatest to be found in America.

GREAT SELF-FIRING GUN.

It Can Discharge Four Hundred Rifle Balls a Minute.

The Navy department at Washington has just ordered fifty of the most remarkable guns in the world. Each of them is able to discharge 400 rifle bullets a minute, and continues at that rate until the marksman wants to stop. More than that, it fires itself, only requiring to be aimed. It is the Colt automatic gun.

This wonderful gun weighs only forty pounds, says the New York Journal. It is a magazine rifle, with one barrel, the caliber of which is the same as that of the improved rifle newly adopted by the navy, a little less than a quarter of an inch. This means that the bullet, which is of lead, with a steel jacket, is much less in diameter than an ordinary lead pencil. The bullet is about an inch long, almost cylindrical in shape, tapering somewhat and rounded at the front end. The gun discharges seven of these projectiles each second, and they leave the muzzle of the weapon with a velocity of nearly half a mile a second.

The rapidity of discharge is so tremendous that there seems to be a continuous stream of bullets flying from the muzzle of the gun. So great is their velocity, however, that there is actually an interval of 300 feet between each two. Cartridges are fed to the weapon automatically by the feed belts, which are coiled in boxes and readily attachable to the breech. The boxes hold from 100 to 500 cartridges. All the marksman has to do is to pull the trigger once and the gun goes on firing of its own accord as long as the cartridges are supplied. In short, the instrument is a repeating rifle with an inexhaustible magazine and a rapidity of fire that is almost inconceivable. It uses the same bullet as the new navy rifle, and they are discharged with the same velocity, but the discharge is automatic, the firing mechanism being operated by powder gas.

The weapon may be carried comfortably in a "boot" at the side of a trooper's horse. Ordinarily, on land, it is designed to be mounted for action upon a light tripod. It is provided with a pivot, set into a socket on the tripod or into a socket on the rail of a vessel. All the ships of the navy will soon be provided with these guns. One of these weapons at a distance of a mile might mow down an entire regiment within two minutes, so that hardly a man would be left unwounded. The Colt gun is sighted ordinarily for 2,000 yards, which is a little over a mile, but it is as effective at twice that distance. However, it is not practicable to fire at individuals beyond 2,000 yards.

The marksman uses both hands in aiming the gun, whether it is set on a tripod or on the rail of a vessel. It responds so readily to adjustment that he is able to write his name with bullets upon a good-sized target, and to do it with considerable rapidity. If the weapon is mounted on a tripod, he seats himself on a saddle that looks like a bicycle saddle, attached to the leg of the tripod, which projects toward the rear. The saddle is so adjusted that his eye is brought directly in line with the sight of the weapon. Pulling the trigger once, he simply holds it back as long as he desires the gun to keep on firing, varying the aim just as a person directing a garden hose would do.

The United States army is also going to have guns of the Colt type. The War department has ordered a trial of them.

Guns of this pattern are comparatively cheap. They can be made in quantities for a selling price of about $300. The cartridges cost only $25 per 1,000—2½ cents each.

High Tides Affect Wells.

The high-water marks of several extraordinarily high tides have been kept at Easton Point, St. Michael's and Oxford, says the Baltimore Sun. What is known as the "centennial tide" of September, 1876, has held the record of the water mark, and still holds it although the tide of October 1 was within an inch of the centennial mark. The recent flood had a singular effect on the flow of the artesian wells on Tilghman's Island. These wells average 400 feet in depth, and many of them have a surface overflow, which increased fully double in velocity and more in volume when the tide was at its highest. It has been noticed before that any unusual high tide is perceptible in the effect it has on the flow of the wells.

Bee, Nov. 20

GREAT

PURSE OPENING SALE

AT THE NEBRASKA.

Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock sharp, The Nebraska's doors will open on a sale of transcendant importance to every man, woman and child in Omaha who has money to spend for anything in our line. Never before in the history of Saturday selling have such bounteous values been laid before an expectant crowd of buyers, and never again, in all human probability, will purses be opened with such cheerfulness and alacrity as they will, on the occasion of this—our Eleventh Annual Third-Saturday-in-November-Purse-Opening-Sale. Every item that we will have to offer you Saturday will be of such extraordinary worth, such real value, sterling merit, and will be spread with such big and bountiful bargain flavor, that all other "sales" must pale into pitiable insignificance alongside of the offerings which none but The Nebraska can show. There will be men's long Shetland Ulsters, with shawl capes, silk frogs, lined with double warp Italienne cloth and worth in the average Omaha "sales" from $20.00 to $25.00—these we will sell at **$10.50** each. There will be men's high grade dress Kersey and Melton Overcoats, with satin linings at $9.50, $12.00 and $13.50 each. There will be magnificent Irish Frieze Ulsters at $10.00 each. There will be genuine "Vermont Grey" Ulsters at $3.75 each, and there will be a hundred or so elegant all wool Kersey Dress Overcoats at $4.50 each. There will be men's suits at $3.75, men's suits at $4.00, men's suits at $5.00, $6.00, $7.50 and up, that are equal to the suits in ordinary hair-lifting sales marked $6.00 to $15.00 each. There will be magnificent cashmere all wool underwear, Shirts and Drawers, at 75c each, fleece lined mottled dollar underwear at 50c each and heavy derby ribbed shirts and drawers at 25c each. There will be so many bargains and so good bargains that you must see them to believe them, and if there is too much of a crowd Saturday you can make your mind easy, for the same goods will be on sale every day while they last. Come Saturday. Come early. Come to The Nebraska. Come with your purse.

Nebraska Clothing Co
OMAHA.

FURNITURE.

The Low Prices—

WHITE IRON BEDS—

At $2.50, $