

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871.

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1897—SIXTEEN PAGES.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

A Remarkable Purchase OF FINE DRESS GOODS at about 33c ON THE DOLLAR

50 pieces of Chamelon Empress Cloth, including strictly all wool figured Cashmeres—all dark colorings, worth wholesale 35c yard—on sale at 15c yard. Worth 35c.

200 pieces of plaid and check all wool Ladies' Cloth, imported, changeable Valourette, dark colorings, including 4,000 yards Zibeline Suitings, full range of colorings, former wholesale price 40c; on sale in bargain square at 25c yard. Worth 40c.

Tomorrow We Place on Sale the Greatest Purchase Made in Years—Fourteen Thousand Garments. 14,000 Ladies' Misses' Children's CLOAKS, CAPES, JACKETS

All New, Perfect, Latest—This Year's Styles—Every Garment made up Within the Last Sixty Days AT LESS THAN 33 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

This is the Entire BANKRUPT STOCK OF A NEW YORK CLOAK HOUSE

Sold to Us by the Sheriff—These are all Fine Goods Such as New York's Finest Trade Demands, BOSTON STORE 16th and Douglas OMAHA.

On Sale Tomorrow—An immense lot of Fine Dress Goods Bought at about 33c ON THE DOLLAR

From one of the biggest western wholesale dry goods concerns. On front bargain square, 500 pieces of the most elegant of this season's dress fabrics, many of them pure silk and wool, 50-inch Rough Effect Novelties, including 14 yard wide Storm Serges, wholesale price for many of these \$1.00 yard, on sale at 39c yard. Worth \$1.00 yard.

BLACK GOODS—150 pieces of pure wool and Mohair Fancy Black Novelties, large assortment of this season's dress fabrics, also 50 pieces of Sebastopol, in narrow and medium stripes. This quality has never been sold previously at less than \$1.25 yard—on sale in our Black Goods Department at 49c yard. Worth \$1.25 yard.

Advertisement for various clothing items with illustrations of women in coats and dresses. Items include: Former wholesale price \$5.00, now on sale at \$1.98; Former wholesale price \$10.00, now on sale at \$3.50; Wholesale price \$12.50, now on sale at \$4.98; Former wholesale price up to \$20.00, now on sale at \$7.50.

Advertisement for long cloaks and capes with illustrations of women in long coats. Items include: 1000 Children's and Misses' Long Cloaks, \$2.50 to \$3.98; Extra long black fur Capes, \$2.98; 100 assorted wool and electric seal fur Capes, \$5.00; 500 children's and misses' new style jackets, \$1.50 and \$2.50.

Table listing various household goods and their prices: Lonsdale and Fruit, 5c yard; All our Silkline, 6 1/2c yd; 20c boxed writing paper, 6c box; 10c boxed writing paper, 3 1/2c box; 25c Turkish Towels, 12 1/2c ea; Velvet, 50c YARD; 2 yards wide bleached and unbleached sheeting, 11 1/2c; All the 15c Turkish Cotton and Linen Huck Towels, 7 1/2c Each; Body Brussels, 49c Each; Full size hemmed bed spreads, 39c Each; 2 cases of heavy twilled wrapper cloth, 4 3/4c Yd; One big table of all kinds of dress buttons, 1 1/2c A doz; Extra large size Pillow Slips, 8 1/2c ea; Double flannel bleached Shaker nap, 3 3/4c Yd.

QUIET DAY IN CREEDE CAMP

Uncommonly Short Outpost of Events to Jar the Monotony.

BUT ONE SHOOTING IN 24 HOURS

Chronicle of Incidents Before and After the Killing of Bob Ford—The Tragedy, the Services, the Funeral.

It was a quiet day in Creede camp, in the morning of the summer of '92. Most of the miners were away in the hills; many of the gamblers and others of the night-shift were still sleeping though it was now 4 p. m. A string of burros, laden with heavy loads of boards, which they were about to drag away up to the Last Chance, stood dreaming in St. Louis avenue and having their pictures taken by the writer. Some fishermen with long cane poles thrown over their shoulders were trailing out at the lower end of the town in the direction of the Rio Grande. A string of heavy ore wagons was coming down the mountain from the Amethyst mine. The break on the forward wagon gave way when the team was nearly down to the foot of the hill, and instantly the heavy load shot forward and the poor animals—there were six of them—bounded away in a mad effort to keep out of the way of the heavy load. The wheel horses appeared to understand that they were expected to hold the wagon back and they did what they could; but the force of the great wagon threw them off their feet, and when they fell, slid along the rocky road, crushing their legs under the wheels, and when the wagon finally stopped they were both dead. All this happened just above and in full view of the town, so that many of the people saw it, and heard the poor animals cry, almost as a human being would cry for help, while they were being run down and killed by the ore wagon. A moment later the crowd which had collected to view the wreck had its attention diverted by a baby burro that now came reeling down the principal street with a well-developed "jag" and a gait on Riley's "Wabbsley" calf. Some hoodlums had given the burro beer, and he, as drunk as a man.

she feared that the stranger might do violence, reluctant as she was to believe that a man in a refined mining center would resort to the use of so clumsy, not to say unconventional, a shooting iron as a shotgun. "Hello, Bob!" called the man with the gun, and as the keeper of the dance hall turned he raised the weapon and let go, both barrels. The shot, without scattering, entered the throat of the victim and carried his gold collar button out through the back of his neck.

THE CAMP AROUSED. The report of the shotgun started the whole camp, and as the Leadville was directly opposite my hotel, I rushed over and was almost the first man in the place. One man had preceded me, and as I entered he came out and shouted: "Bob Ford's dead."

At the moment I entered the only person in the room was the insignificant-looking woman in the little office. She was weeping, she knew me as the editor of the morning paper, and at once began to pour out the story of Bob's virtues. "He had planned," she said, "to do much good." "Yes," said I, "it is reported that he intended to kill off the entire Creede crew, including the editor."

ANTICIPATED HIS FATE. I had known Ford. He was the first man to whom I was introduced upon my visit to the camp. He had been our guide, and had shown Judge Rooker and me the camp by candlelight. It was upon

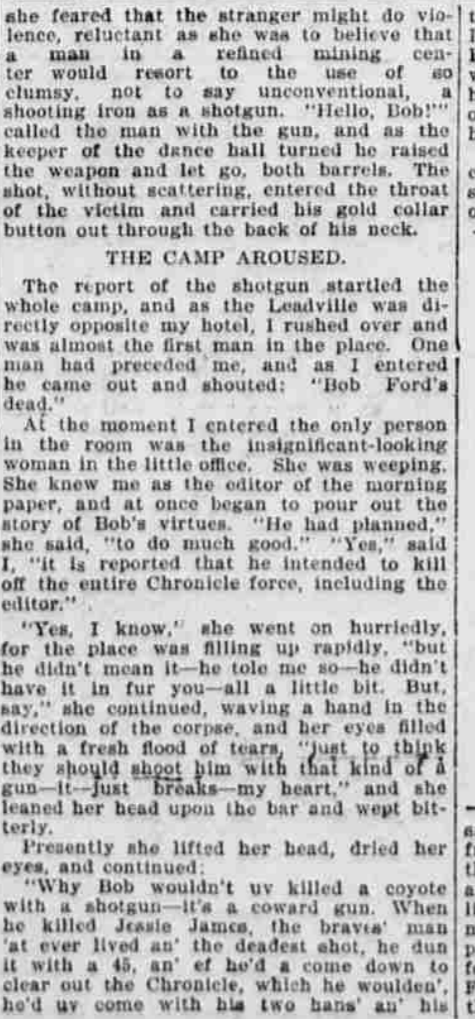
to believe that if he killed James whose friend and messenger he had been, he would force her could by raised a ban. "Well," said I, glancing toward the rear of the room to make sure he was still there. "Bob's all right. He's a good fellow—now."

THE CRIME CONDEMNED. However, Kelly was wrong. He was condemned even by Ford's enemies for his cowardly act. The article had disappeared the murder of Jesse James. All agreed that the removal of Jesse would facilitate the movement of trains in Missouri and that Ford's absence would add much to the peace and quiet of Creede Camp; but no man admires a coward. So Kelly was arrested, and later, when he ran up against Judge (now Congressman) Bell's equity mill, he was surprised to receive a life sentence in the pen.

buried the day Ford died; where all about were new made graves; where gambler Joe Simmons and "Slaughtering Annie" slept side by side.

REVEREND. Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth today.

A SMILE. Written for The Bee. A child smiled up at me that dreary, rainy day. As dozed in the muddy street I went my lonely way.



DEATH OF BOB FORD. This occasion that I noticed his nervousness. If a man came in and left the door open, Ford would slip back and shut it. If there was a mirror over the bar, he always kept his eyes on it; not to see himself, but to observe those who passed to and fro behind him.

On the morning of the day following the killing a half hundred people assembled in a store room where religious services were held. They brought Ford's coffin, and placed it upon a bench, and then the preacher got up and preached a funeral sermon. He was not very enthusiastic, I thought; but he had

ST. LOUIS AVENUE, CREEDE. A tough client and a hard case. He took for his text, if he could be said to have taken anything, the line which Ford had written upon the white paper: "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and made the most of it.

PERMITS TO SELL LIQUOR. Details Connected with Securing a Saloon License.

MANY OBSTACLES THROWN IN THE WAY.

Records Show that the Large Brewing Establishments Are Gradually Securing Control of the Drinking Places in the City. After the meeting of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners which occurs toward the close of each year, the morning papers announce a certain number of licenses granted and the casual reader draws the inference that the board is the proprietor of some sort of a machine that grinds out saloon licenses with no particular effort on the part of the members. But the reality is far different.

ing property owners are able to show that the existence of a saloon at the location proposed would be a menace to the safety or order of the neighborhood or a detriment to adjacent property. The existence of a church or school in the immediate neighborhood of the proposed saloon is almost certain to result in the refusal of the license and several applications are turned down on this account every year.

When the licenses were under the control of the excise board these considerations were less material than at present. The board consisted of the mayor, city clerk and president of the council, and naturally the securing of a license was largely a matter of politics. Some of the toughest joints that ever existed in the city were able to secure a license without a particle of trouble and the abuses that grew out of the system finally led to the abolition of the excise board and adding the duties to those of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners, which had then been in existence for about two years.