

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871.

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SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

To close out all our High Grade

MEN'S Neckwear

That we have been selling for 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25, we give you your choice, all for

29c

GRAND CLEARING SALE OF ALL WINTER GOODS AT HALF AND QUARTER THEIR FORMER PRICES!

BOSTON STORE

16th and Douglas OMAHA.

To Close Out All Our

Men's and Boys' Wool Sweaters

That have been selling for \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$1.75, they go at

39c 49c 75c

EXTRAORDINARY SACRIFICE of HIGH GRADE DRESS GOODS

Greatest Bargains Ever Offered. Clearing Sale of Dress Goods. Imported 75c Dress Goods for 15c Yd.

16,000 yards of black and all colors French Serges, imported Henriettas, 40 inches wide, and 75c quality at 15c per yard.

15c

Grand Clearing Sale Ladies' Capes and Jackets Children's Garments Ladies' Ready-Made Dresses at One-Half and One-Fourth Their Former Price. A Grand Opportunity to Save Money.

Ladies' black and brown Jackets, lined throughout, new style, which early in the season sold for \$5.00, now \$2.50.

Ladies' fine Fur Capes, Electric Seal and Wool Seal which early in the season sold for \$15, now \$7.50.

Ladies' Dress Skirts in all wool serge and mixed suitings, lined throughout, early in the season were \$5.00, THURSDAY, now \$2.50.

Ladies' Ready Made Suits, new styles, skirts and waists, plain serges and mixed suitings, that were \$15.00 and \$20.00, now \$7.50 and \$10.00.

1,000 A Thousand Men's Strictly All Wool SUITS

Worth \$7.50 and \$10. In all sizes, 34 to 42, and 700 Young Men's all wool Cassimere and Worsted SUITS in all sizes from 15 to 19 years, that sold for \$7.50, \$10 and \$12.50.

\$3.50

Any suit in the whole lot above.

TOMORROW, you can take your pick of the HIGHEST GRADES OF MEN'S SUITS. In our entire stock that have been selling at from \$12.50 to \$25 for

\$4.98, \$7.50 and \$9.98

Tomorrow your choice from

Men's Ulsters or Men's Overcoats

that we have been selling for \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50 and \$15

Many of these are saaten lined. Take your choice of the lot for \$5.

Your choice of any

BOYS' SUIT \$1.59

sizes 5 to 15 yrs. that we have been selling at \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4 your choice of lot,

Clearing Sale Blankets

AT 25c PAIR—All the Cotton Pile Blankets, all the extra heavy extra large and heavy extra large white or gray that have been selling up to \$1.25 pair, your choice Monday for 25c pair.

AT 98c PAIR—Every pair of blankets we have in stock that sold up to \$2.00 a pair, nothing but the best, everything goes in one big lot at 98c pair.

AT \$2.49 PAIR—All our Missouri and Ohio Heavy Wool Blankets that sold from \$3.00 to \$4.00 pair, Monday for \$2.49 pair.

AT \$2.98 PAIR—All the fine California Blankets, all wool, full size, in scarlet, gray, tan or blue, that sold for \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50, Monday for \$2.98 pair.

Special Sale on Comforts. AT \$1.25—All the fine Comforts in the Satine and Silkette covers, full size, pure white cotton, that sold for \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00, Monday for \$1.25 each.

EXTRAORDINARY SALE 12,000 PAIRS Misses' AND Child's SHOES

NEW STYLE

made by one of the best makers in America, and made to sell at \$2.25 for misses' sizes and \$1.85 for child's sizes, go at

\$1.25 \$1.59

for the child's sizes, 8 to 10 1/2 and

For the misses' sizes, 11 to 2.

These are in BUTTON and LACE, IN COIN TOE, RAZOR TOE and SQUARE TOE, in patent tip and stock tip.

We warrant every pair

This sale has never been equaled before. These are all fresh, new shoes, made within the last sixty days. It is a genuine Boston Store bargain.

2,000 yards of colored Zebrile Suitings, In an assortment of different colorings, usual price 49c yard, to close 10c yard.

10c

38 and 40 inch Bourrette Mixtures, Large assortment of 42-inch rough effects in large collections of choice colorings, now on sale at 25c yard.

25c

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500 Children's and Misses' Long Cloaks mixed material, which early in the season sold for \$5.00 and \$7.50, now \$1.98 and \$2.50.

Children's and Misses' Recker Jackets, which early in the season sold for \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$12.50, now

1.50 2.50 4.98

36-inch Rustic Tartan Skirt Linings, 2 1/2 yds. worth 10c.

Heavy quilted satine finished Skirts, 8 1/2 yds. worth 10c.

Book fold Crinoline, all colors, plain or cross bar, 3 1/2 yds. worth 10c.

Best quality Sheet Wadding, drab or white, 2 1/2 yds. a sheet.

2 1/2 inch wide velvet Skirt Binding, 5c bolt.

All colors in best quality of Corduroy Skirt Binding, 5c bolt.

All linen grass cloth, black, white and natural, 6 1/2 yds. worth 12 1/2c.

50 pieces of new all wool Black Goods, fine all wool cashmeres, serges, mummy cloth, Bedford, canvases, granite cloth, mohair, fancy Lansdowne's pure silk and wool, Boule, Sebastopol, all of them worth up to \$1.25 yard, on sale in Black Goods Department—49c yard.

49c

\$1.00 Quality of Storm Serges at 39c.

50-inch all wool navy blue Storm Serge, excellent value, very desirable material for all kinds of wear, 39c per yard.

39c

\$1.50 QUALITY FRENCH NOVELTY 40C All of our Silk and Wool and All Wool two-toned French novelties in handsome varieties of exclusive colorings, such as green and black, brown and black, plum and black, bar and black, etc., now on sale in Dress Goods Department at 49c yard.

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The Last Week for Closing Grockery Dept—Only six days more—Dinner Sets continue at \$2.89. And all the others at slaughter prices, remember we must close out.

SURE CROPS FROM DRY LAND

Revolution in Farming Methods in the Subhumid Belt of the West.

CHANGE IN MANNER OF CULTIVATION

A Simple Inexpensive Means of Preventing the Destruction of Crops by Drouth.—The Campbell Method.

One is quite apt, judging from the utterances of the political press, to imagine the railways and farmers already arrayed against each other in a stern battle for supremacy. That this is not always the case is evidenced by the remarkable work in agricultural education which is being prosecuted by several of the great railway lines which traverse the subhumid belt, in which is situated large portions of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and several other states. In this semi-arid region the rainfall is so scanty as to make farming by ordinary methods a most precarious business, crop failures as often as seven years in ten being the record in some localities. These failures result, not from any defect in the fertility of the soil, but from drouth. During the early 80's a succession of moist seasons gave these prairies the reputation of the farmers' paradise. The railway trains groaned under the loads of outgoing produce and incoming immigrants. The towns were "booming" and real estate and loan agents flourished apace. Millions of dollars from Europe and our own eastern states were invested here in the belief that in these new commonwealths the history of Iowa and Illinois was to be repeated.

Just one thing prevented the fruition of these hopes—the climate. After a few years of tillage the soil became less fitted to retain moisture. This fact, coupled with a rather drier type of weather, brought ruin to the subhumid belt. The railways gradually came to run light, infrequent and unprofitable trains; the farmers left the country in great numbers, and those who remained maintained a losing fight against the odds of scanty rainfall and hot winds. It seemed that the country was doomed to sterility, and the state of a sparsely settled region, exclusively devoted to stock raising.

But now come these western railway lines with the great grain companies of Minneapolis and Chicago, and joining hands with the drouth-stricken settler enter upon a crusade against the drouth under the leadership of a philosopher named W. Campbell, a resident of Sioux City, Ia. For a year or so past the papers have contained references to the "Campbell method" of farming in the dry belt, and the model farms operated under it. Recently popular interest has been revived from the announcement that the newspapers of Minneapolis and Chicago had established a chain of model farms extending from Hastings, Neb., to Oberlin, Kan., to be operated under the Campbell method next year. A sketch of the Campbell method cannot fail to interest the general reader, and especially that numerous class of land agents, hotel keepers and farmers, and in all of these occupations suffered from the drouth, as did

Every resident of the territory. Others said: "When the country gets older we shall get more rain," or "It is always so in a new country; just look at the history of the states farther east." But though possessed of his full share of western optimism, Mr. Campbell mixed with it a good share of saving common sense. He studied climatic conditions and became convinced that the country he had settled in always has been, is now, and ever will be a region of scanty precipitation, and that climatic conditions in the main do not change. In short, he acknowledged the fact that the conditions were such as to make ordinary farming a failure.

But he went further. He calculated that, with an annual precipitation of not far from twenty inches of water, crops ought to be successfully grown every year unless the water is used up in some way aside from the growth of plants. An inch of water weighs in excess of 100 tons an acre, and twenty inches more than 2,000 tons. A growing plant does not need, during its period of growth, more than 300 times its dry weight. It is a very good crop indeed, which, dried, weighs more than thirty tons an acre. Therefore, to be successful in growing crops, the soil must be able to hold enough of the actual use of any crop. The reader sees, as Mr. Campbell saw, that even after growing a good crop 100 tons of water ought to be left over, unless somehow the water had slipped away and played truant.

It took him a very short time indeed to discover the paramount which the old 1,100 tons of water-cloped, impelled by the ardors of the Dakota summer. It is that prairie breeze, "so fresh, so free," which blows from the west, and in the spring the semi-arid belt blossoms as the rose, under the influence of the vernal rains. But June, July and August bring hot winds which lick up the moisture, sap the vitals of the growing plant and cause the evil effects of drouth. How to carry crops over this period was the problem to which he addressed himself.

For ten years he observed, studied and experimented. At last after enduring all the trials which usually fall to the lot of the re-

from beneath and to prevent the escape of moisture by evaporation from the surface. The prairie soils have lain for centuries in the same position, and are filled with channels washed out by the downward flowing rains which prevent the lateral movement of moisture by capillarity. This old structure is broken up by deep plowing—not subsiding, but ordinary plowing from seven to nine inches deep. But any sort of plowing leaves cavities in the ground. The furrow-slice is loosened up as it turns, and some treatment is necessary to give the soil that homogeneous firmness necessary to the retention of a large quantity of moisture. Mr. Campbell tried the roller. It would not do. It packed the surface, but unless enormously heavy, it left the bottom cavities unaffected. So he invented a subsurface packing, the one new thing he has given to agriculture. He invented a tool which firmly packs the subsurface and leaves the upper four inches loose. He gives his audience directions for doing this work with the ordinary tools of the farm, but no doubt the surface soils will always be used where large fields are to be economically packed. This packing is done only once a year and costs only 29 cents per acre for labor.

The ground is subjected to frequent shallow cultivation to prevent the evaporation of moisture. Every farmer knows that a layer of straw over a garden bed will keep the ground beneath moist. Mulching around the roots of trees does the same thing. This is done by checking evaporation. Almost every farmer knows that this can be done to stand the dry weather longer if frequently cultivated or hoed. The blanket of dust, or loose dry earth keeps the moisture from coming to the surface where the winds can suck it up. The Campbell method requires the cultivation to be done with some fine-toothed cultivator, or harrow set to run not more than two inches deep, and to be repeated once in from five to seven days throughout the growing season. Should the season be hot or dry, the stirring of this

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CULTIVATION OF SMALL GRAIN.

I said that surface packing is the one new thing which Mr. Campbell has given to agriculture. There is another thing new to American agriculture, although old to the agriculturists of Europe. I refer to the "small grain" during the growing season. The dust mulch is just as essential to these crops as to corn or potatoes. Therefore the Campbell method requires all such crops to be sown in drills far enough apart to permit of constant cultivation. The best results have been obtained by plowing the drills from eighteen to twenty-two inches apart. Cultivators are used which enable husbandmen

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Court Record Against the Reliability of His Own Testimony.

The late Allen G. Thurman used to tell many an amusing story of his early practice, relates the Legal News. He went everywhere he was called, and tried every case that was presented to him. He related an anecdote of one case which was pending before a justice of the peace in the neighborhood of twelve miles from Chillicothe, and had a distinctly bad reputation. Thurman, when retained, told his client—who, by the way, was the defendant—that he would be beaten.

"All we can do," said Thurman, "is to drive out and hear what the other side has in the way of evidence. This old Dutch rascal is bound to beat you; he'll give a judgment against you, and we'll put in an appeal and take it to a higher court. There we will get a fair trial, and, from what you say, we will win the case."

"On the day of the hearing," said Thurman afterward when relating the story, "my client and I drove over to the scene of the trial. The court room was crowded with farmers and people of the neighborhood, and there were three or four witnesses. The plaintiff put on three or four witnesses, but one after another, as they testified, it was plain and clear that they knew nothing of this very case. The plaintiff's testimony in no sense established the case, and the old Dutch justice was desperate. The plaintiff had no lawyer, and the Dutch justice conducted the trial of the case pretty much himself. But what question he might of the plaintiff and his witnesses, he couldn't bring out the testimony necessary to find the case. After the plaintiff's testimony was practically all in the old Dutch justice looked at me and remarked, as if experimenting to see if I would make any objections: 'I'll be sworn in a case which sends before it. I know a good deal about this controversy myself. If there is no objection by the defendant, I will swear myself and give my verdict.'"

"I made no objection, as I was curious to see what the old Dutch rascal would do. Inferring comment from my silence, our judge gravely arose, and holding up his right hand, at his own hoarse command, he administered the usual oath to tell the truth, in the case then and there being tried. After this very considerable arrangement he sat down and proceeded to relate a story which entirely picked up all of the plaintiff's dropped stitches, and made, indeed, a perfect case against my client. While the justice was glibly giving his evidence a farmer who stood just behind my chair whispered to me: 'Just hear that old rascal lie, and the beauty of it all is there isn't a man in the town who'd believe him under oath.'"

"This gave me an idea, and I thought I might as well have a little fun out of the situation while drifting to a judgment against my client. I asked the farmer in a whisper if he were willing to take the stand and testify that the old Dutch justice's reputation for truth and veracity was bad. He said that he would, and that a dozen more in the room would be perfectly willing to do the same."

"To make it short, I got half a dozen witnesses who believed, as did my farmer friend, that truth had long departed the old Dutchman's mouth as a dwelling place, and when that percentage had completed his testimony I started to put them on the stand."

"I won't interpose any regular defense, your honor," I said, "but I have several witnesses here to the character of one of the men who gave evidence for the plaintiff."

"Ferry well," remarked his honor, "produce your witnesses."

"One after the other six gentlemen whose names I called arose and were sworn. One after the other they got up on the stand and

testified that they had long known the Dutch justice, giving his name; that they knew his reputation for truth and veracity in the community where he resided; that it was bad, and that under that reputation they would not believe him under oath. At this point I rested, and the judge said that I had nothing further to present. Throughout the testimony impeaching him of untruth he had preserved an air of mild indifference. One would never have known by looking at him that he was the party under discussion at all. When I told him that my evidence was all in he braced up to decide the case. "The plaintiff, with his first four witnesses, vitch includes himself," said his honor, "has done nothing out of his side of the case. 'Tas dat all his testimony dis court must give judgment for the defendant, but dera was one odder witness who makes of himself a volunteer, and who gits his testimony, vitch completely covers up the testimony of all his bairns. Upon his testimony—if it were uncontradicted and unimpeached, I could give judgment for the plaintiff. But the testimony of this vitch-naming himself—is not contradicted, yet now comes six reputable witnesses already, who climb one after de other to the witness chair and says dat dey know this man—naming himself—not to be a liar where he lives, dat his testimony is lies, and dat his vord is not good. Dis is what I call de case. Dis is impeaching a witness. Generally it is a mighty hard thing to do, but in dis case I must say dat I regard de witness as very successfully impeached. Therefore, as to dis case, I give judgment for de plaintiff, but vitch de evidence in dis case makes of him dat I must go by. I throw out dis witness' testimony altogether. He de court is left 222 mit nothing but plaintiff and dose under people who swore, vitch, as I have already said, know nothing of dis business. Under such circumstances de court can make no findings for him; vitch de court must find for de defendant, mit judgment against de plaintiff for costs."

"It was the best thing," concluded Thurman, "that de court ever did. It established his reputation as an honest man far and near, and from that time until his death, if anybody had made an effort to impeach his evidence given in a case, he would have failed. The whole neighborhood looked on him as a second Daniel from that time forward."

THE CHAPERON.

By the late Henry C. Banner.

I take my chaperon to the play—She thinks she's taking me—And the gilded youth who owns the box—A proud young man he is—But how would his young heart be hurt if he could only know—That not for his sweet sake I go, Nor yet to see the trifling show, But to see my chaperon first.

Her eyes beneath her snowy hair—They sparkle like the stars in heaven—There's scarce a wrinkle in her hand—So delicate and fine—And when my chaperon is seen—They come from everywhere—The dear old boys with ivory hair—With old-time grace and old-time air—To greet their old-time queen.

They bow as my young Midas here—And never learn to bow—They sparkle like the stars in heaven—That gracious reverence now—With waltz quavering just a bit—They play their old parts through—They talk of folk who used to woo, Or hearts that broke in fifty-two—Now none the worse for it.

And as these aged crickets chirp—I watch my chaperon's face—And see the drowsy features take A new and tender grace—And in her happy eyes I see—Her youth awakening bright—With all its hope, desires, delight—Ah, me! I wish that I were quite As young—as young as she!

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"Ferry well," remarked his honor, "produce your witnesses."

"One after the other six gentlemen whose names I called arose and were sworn. One after the other they got up on the stand and

testified that they had long known the Dutch justice, giving his name; that they knew his reputation for truth and veracity in the community where he resided; that it was bad, and that under that reputation they would not believe him under oath. At this point I rested, and the judge said that I had nothing further to present. Throughout the testimony impeaching him of untruth he had preserved an air of mild indifference. One would never have known by looking at him that he was the party under discussion at all. When I told him that my evidence was all in he braced up to decide the case. "The plaintiff, with his first four witnesses, vitch includes himself," said his honor, "has done nothing out of his side of the case. 'Tas dat all his testimony dis court must give judgment for the defendant, but dera was one odder witness who makes of himself a volunteer, and who gits his testimony, vitch completely covers up the testimony of all his bairns. Upon his testimony—if it were uncontradicted and unimpeached, I could give judgment for the plaintiff. But the testimony of this vitch-naming himself—is not contradicted, yet now comes six reputable witnesses already, who climb one after de other to the witness chair and says dat dey know this man—naming himself—not to be a liar where he lives, dat his testimony is lies, and dat his vord is not good. Dis is what I call de case. Dis is impeaching a witness. Generally it is a mighty hard thing to do, but in dis case I must say dat I regard de witness as very successfully impeached. Therefore, as to dis case, I give judgment for de plaintiff, but vitch de evidence in dis case makes of him dat I must go by. I throw out dis witness' testimony altogether. He de court is left 222 mit nothing but plaintiff and dose under people who swore, vitch, as I have already said, know nothing of dis business. Under such circumstances de court can make no findings for him; vitch de court must find for de defendant, mit judgment against de plaintiff for costs."

"It was the best thing," concluded Thurman, "that de court ever did. It established his reputation as an honest man far and near, and from that time until his death, if anybody had made an effort to impeach his evidence given in a case, he would have failed. The whole neighborhood looked on him as a second Daniel from that time forward."

THE CHAPERON.

By the late Henry C. Banner.

I take my chaperon to the play—She thinks she's taking me—And the gilded youth who owns the box—A proud young man he is—But how would his young heart be hurt if he could only know—That not for his sweet sake I go, Nor yet to see the trifling show, But to see my chaperon first.

Her eyes beneath her snowy hair—They sparkle like the stars in heaven—There's scarce a wrinkle in her hand—So delicate and fine—And when my chaperon is seen—They come from everywhere—The dear old boys with ivory hair—With old-time grace and old-time air—To greet their old-time queen.

They bow as my young Midas here—And never learn to bow—They sparkle like the stars in heaven—That gracious reverence now—With waltz quavering just a bit—They play their old parts through—They talk of folk who used to woo, Or hearts that broke in fifty-two—Now none the worse for it.

And as these aged crickets chirp—I watch my chaperon's face—And see the drowsy features take A new and tender grace—And in her happy eyes I see—Her youth awakening bright—With all its hope, desires, delight—Ah, me! I wish that I were quite As young—as young as she!

Every resident of the territory. Others said: "When the country gets older we shall get more rain," or "It is always so in a new country; just look at the history of the states farther east." But though possessed of his full share of western optimism, Mr. Campbell mixed with it a good share of saving common sense. He studied climatic conditions and became convinced that the country he had settled in always has been, is now, and ever will be a region of scanty precipitation, and that climatic conditions in the main do not change. In short, he acknowledged the fact that the conditions were such as to make ordinary farming a failure.

But he went further. He calculated that, with an annual precipitation of not far from twenty inches of water, crops ought to be successfully grown every year unless the water is used up in some way aside from the growth of plants. An inch of water weighs in excess of 100 tons an acre, and twenty inches more than 2,000 tons. A growing plant does not need, during its period of growth, more than 300 times its dry weight. It is a very good crop indeed, which, dried, weighs more than thirty tons an acre. Therefore, to be successful in growing crops, the soil must be able to hold enough of the actual use of any crop. The reader sees, as Mr. Campbell saw, that even after growing a good crop 100 tons of water ought to be left over, unless somehow the water had slipped away and played truant.

It took him a very short time indeed to discover the paramount which the old 1,100 tons of water-cloped, impelled by the ardors of the Dakota summer. It is that prairie breeze, "so fresh, so free," which blows from the west, and in the spring the semi-arid belt blossoms as the rose, under the influence of the vernal rains. But June, July and August bring hot winds which lick up the moisture, sap the vitals of the growing plant and cause the evil effects of drouth. How to carry crops over this period was the problem to which he addressed himself.

For ten years he observed, studied and experimented. At last after enduring all the trials which usually fall to the lot of the re-

