

35c Wool Fascinators 5c
 Ladies' Fascinators and
 shows made of the finest
 wool, German and
 wool, in pink, black and
 zany colors, worth 35c to 50c
 each.

5c

\$1 and \$1.50 Kid Gloves 25c
 One large bargain square with thousands
 of pairs all kinds of gloves, in black, white
 and all colors, some with silk
 in perfect condition, regular
 price up to
 \$1.50—all
 go at 25c.

25c

20c Dress Linings 2c
 Clearing sale of all the odds and ends
 of Dress Linings, including
 Silena, taffeta skirt lining,
 linen grass cloth, and
 ermine, worth up
 to 20c yard, all go at 2c yard.

2 1/2c

**\$1.25 Men's
 Laundered Shirts 25c**
 Tomorrow in our grand clearing sale we
 will give you the choice of all small lots
 and broken lots of all sizes and
 styles of shirts.

25c

25c each
 Tomorrow we will close out in our great
 clearing sale all the odds and ends, small
 lots and broken lots of Men's and Boys'
 Lined and Unlined Leather Gloves and Mit-
 tens at 5c pair. This is the grandest bar-
 gain we have ever offered since we were
 in business.

5c pair

5c pair
 Selling all the odd and end lots of Cor-
 sets, including some of the very best, well
 known brands, in all the different styles,
 regular price up to \$2.00, go in two lots—
 at 25c and 75c each.

29c and 75c

5c pair
 Selling all the odd and end lots of Cor-
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BOSTON OMAHA STORE

J.L. BRANDEIS & SONS.
 161 DOUGLAS

Crowded to the Very Doors

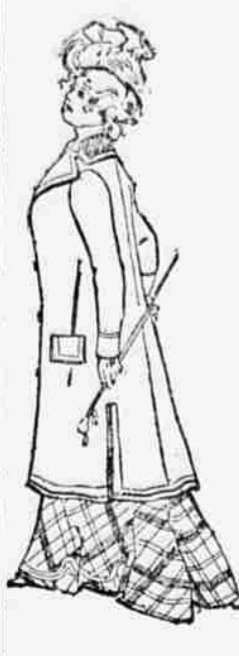
The greatest Bargain event of the age is now in full blast—offering values never before known or dreamed of in all the history of local retailing. The entire city electrified by our

GRAND CLEARING SALE

Extraordinary Reductions in Suits, Jackets, Capes and Skirts

The values offered here tomorrow in Ladies' fine suits, coats, jackets, capes and skirts will be extraordinary. The selling of last week reduced a great many lines to such an extent that we decided to class them all as broken lines. Of course that means that the selling price has again been reduced. Every special lot has been replenished with garments from the higher priced tables, insuring better values. We are determined that tomorrow will eclipse in sales any previous day of this remarkable sale.

\$1.85 for \$4.00 and \$6.00 Beaver jackets.
2.50 for fine Kersey, Boucle and Cheviot jackets.
3.98 for \$8.50 and \$10.00 fancy mixture and kersey jackets, silk lined throughout.
5.00 for \$12.50 and \$14 jackets, big values.
5.98 for \$15.00 and \$25.00 fine velour and plush jackets.
7.50 for \$17.50 and \$15 fine Washington mills kersey jackets, some with fur collars.
9.98 for \$20 and \$22.50 finest kersey jackets, black and colored.
2.50 for \$5.00 to \$7.50 plush capes.
3.98 for \$7.50 and \$10 handsomely trimmed plush capes.
3.98 for \$5.00 and \$7.50 heavy Boucle capes.
2.50 for \$5 and \$7.50 fine kersey capes, edges with fur, a big bargain.
5.00 for \$10.00 and \$15.00 golf capes.



\$7.50 for \$15 and \$17.50 box coats, the latest thing out.
5.00 for \$10 all wool ladies' tailor-made suits.
10.00 for \$20 silk lined tailor-made suits.
7.50 for \$12.50 and \$15 tailor-made suits—a great value.
15.00 for \$22.50 and \$29 tailor-made suits.
17.50 for \$22.50 and \$35 silk lined tailor-made suits, tight fitting.
20.00 for the best silk lined tailor-made suit in the house.
25.00 for \$75.00 fine costumes.
35.00 for \$100.00 finest costumes made.
4.98 for \$10.00 walking skirt.
7.50 for \$15.00 walking skirt.
9.98 for \$17.50 silk lined wool and crepon skirts.



CLEARING SALE EMBROIDERIES

Greatest sale and biggest lots of embroidery that were ever offered in any one store in the West.

Thousands of yards of colored embroidery, odd and end pieces, that sell up to 25c—go at 10c.

Large bargain table with embroidery, including and insertion, neat patterns, 20 at 25c yard.

Many thousand yards of medium embroidery and insertion, worth regular up to 15c—go at 6c yard.

All the very fine embroidery and insertion, including Swiss, crewel, brook, jaquet and rambie, in medium and extra wide widths, up to 25c yard, in two lots—5c yard—go at 10c and 15c yard.

Clearing Sale Laces

Large bargain tables with all kinds of narrow toychon lace and insertion to match, from the very finest to the extra wide, worth up to 25c yard, in two lots—5c and 10c yard.

10,000 yards all colors and black brush binding for skirt facing—the very best quality made—worth up to 3c yard—go at 2c yard.

All the silk finished velvet and skirt binding—all go at 1c yard.

Large bargain table ribbed high with Ladies' fast black, full seam—fine gauge—worth up to 10c—go at 6c.

Boys' and girls' extra heavy ribbed Bicycle and School Hose—worth up to 10c pair—go at 5c pair.

Children's fast black, Derby ribbed—worth up to 2c—go at 1c.

\$2.00 Ladies' Neckwear 25c and 50c

Clearing sale of Ladies' High Class Neckwear, made of the highest grade silk, satin and chiffon, regular price up to \$2.00 each—go in two lots at 25c and 50c.

25c and 50c

50 pieces Shirting Prints—worth 2c each—go at 1c.

10,000 yards 35-inch wide percale, all new sorting designs—worth 12c—go at 5c.

10c Piece Back Wrapper Flannel, go as long as they last.

500 yards 35-inch wide Seersucker (Gingham), worth 10c—go at 5c.

All grades of Bleached Muslin and Cambric in full pieces and in remnants—go at 5c yard.

50 pieces All Linen Crash Toweling, worth 15c—go at 5c.

25c Cotton Toweling, 1c yard.

25c Knotted Fringe Damask Towels—go as long as they last.

60 dozen Spaetel Dresser Scarfs, go at 35c—worth \$1.00.

10c Turkish Towels—5c each.

Tomorrow 5c

15c Checked Glass Towels—large size—5c each.

One big lot of slightly soiled Bed Spreads, with and without fringe, worth up to \$1.25, go at 50c each.

10-4 heavy Marcelline pattern Crochet Bed Spreads for 60c each.

12-4 heavy Crochet Fringed Bed Spreads, \$1.50 quality, go at 80c each.

Grand Clearing Sale Dress Goods

Dress goods Monday at one-third less than manufacturers' cost. Never before such values—never before such a vast and varied collection of high grade dress goods at such remarkable bargains.

<p>\$2.50 Dress Goods 98c Sensational half price sale of Dress Goods. 54-inch Fancy Satin Faced Meltons. 54-inch French Venetians and Broad-cloths. 54-inch Heavy Double Warp Cheviots. 54-inch extra heavy Zibeline Plaids. 56-inch all wool habit Cloth Mixtures. In every stylish color and combination. The finest and most desirable goods shown this season; worth up to \$2.50 yard—on special sale Monday in our dress goods department—98c yard.</p> <p>98c yd</p>	<p>\$1.50 Dress Goods 75c 200 pieces Fine Imported Tailor Suitings, including two-toned French granites, English vigoureux and homespuns, French herring bone suitings, all wool heather Scotch plaids, English cashmeres and Zibeline fabrics, in all the most popular shades. These goods are all extremely wide, have the proper weight and have never been sold for less than \$1.50 yard—go on special sale Monday at 75c yard.</p> <p>75c yd</p>	<p>\$1.25 Dress Goods 25c A grand clearing sale of stylish Dress Goods, comprising silk and wool novelties, English wools, storm serges, pebble suitings, covert cloths, silk and wool plaids, Scotch mixtures, fancy brillantines, homespuns and henriettes, in every conceivable color. These goods range in value up to \$1.25 yard. The entire line on special sale on bargain square Monday at 25c yard.</p> <p>25c</p>
<p>\$1.50 Black Dress Goods 69c—Black dress goods including 54-in. steam finished cheviot, 50-in. novelty satin berber, 58-in. heavy mohair sicilian armure suitings, poplins, henriettes, French and German silexian jacquards, all go on special sale in Goods Department Monday at 69c yard.</p> <p>69c</p>	<p>\$3 Black Crepons \$1.39 Black Mattelasse crepons in rich blister effects, worth up to \$3.00—on sale Monday \$1.39 each.</p>	

Grand Clearing Sale of Silks

\$1 SILKS 25c
 Over 3,000 yards of plain and fancy tafeta, printed foulards, 27-inch plain and colored Japanese silk, for entire dresses and waists, black brocades, and a lot of black grenadines, worth up to \$1.00, go at 25c yd.

\$1.25 SILKS 49c
 Another big lot of silk, consisting of high grade dress silk, waist silk, fine rustling tafeta for linings, imported foulards, grenadines, black and colored duchesse, poplins and bengalines, in evening shades—at 49c yd.

25c yd. **49c yd.** **79c yd.**

GRAND SPECIAL SALE OF LINENS

10-4 and 12-4 Fringed Table Cloths 40c each—worth \$1.00.
 8-4 Hemstitched Table Cloths at \$1.10—worth \$2.00.
 60-inch Past Color Turkey Red Damask—worth 50c—go at 25c yard.
 60-inch Genuine Indigo Blue and White Damask, warranted fast color—42c value—at 25c yard.

60-inch Extra Heavy Cream Scotch All Linen Damask—the 50c kind—at 25c yard.
 60-inch German Silver Bleached All Linen Table Damask—the kind that usually sells for 75c—now 25c yard.
 72-inch All Linen Full Bleached Table Damask—new and attractive patterns—clearing sale price 28c yard.
 Our very heavy, fine double Satin Damask, full bleached and two yards wide—the \$1.25 and \$1.50 quality—clearing sale price 85c yard.

Full Bleached Union Napkins—30c dozen.
 Large size All Linen German Napkins, bleached—the \$1.00 kind—clearing sale price 65c dozen.
 Extra large Silver Bleached German Damask Napkins and Full Bleached Satin Damask Napkins—\$1.25—go at \$1.19 dozen.
 Our 3-4 Full Bleached Satin Damask Napkins—regular \$2.50 goods—go at \$1.49 dozen.

CY WARMAN ON YUKON RIVER

Thrilling Incidents in a Steamboat Voyage to Dawson City.

EXCITING DASH PAST "FIVE FINGERS"

A Captain's Skill in the Swirling Waters of the River—Whole Towns of "Good Indians"—Rivalry of Boat Owners.

(Copyright, 1900, by Cy Warner.)
 A stout steel cable, made fast to the stump of a tree, holds a big river steamer's nose up stream while she loads.
 When she lets go, backs out into the river, turns and heads for the north, we fix our eyes for a 450 mile river ride, in which we are prepared to be interested, because it begins at White Horse Rapids and ends at Dawson. Twenty-five miles below White Horse we enter Lake Labarge, the last of the chain of beautiful little inland seas through which you pass on the way down from Alaska. Labarge, thirty-three miles long, tumbles her surplus energy into a deep, swift stream, really the Yukon, but here identically called "Thirty Mile River." After that it is all down hill to Dawson.
 When we are about half way across Lake Labarge the whistle begins to blow wildly, the stewards tumble out and up the narrow stair. A man grasps a coil of hose near the pilot house, gives it a roll and it races along the level of the boat and lies, a hundred feet away, at the feet of a man who at that moment arrives with a nozzle. In about a minute from the first blast two or three streams of water are spouting from as many nozzles. The passengers who have rushed out, pale and frightened, since a fire in the middle of a lake would be disastrous, look

foolish at one another now, for there is no fire; only a fire drill to train the men to use the apparatus should it become necessary.

Every thirty miles we come to a station of the northwest mounted police and at all these stations we stop and register, take and leave mail. They are dreary little camps for the most part, but here and there, in a picturesque spot, the homes of the faithful, patient soldiers are very pretty. The post at Selkirk you will remember and Tagish house you will never forget. The latter stands on the shore of Lake Marsh, in the midst of a pretty grove of pine, or spruce; the former is at the mouth of the Selkirk river and is remembered sadly by many a disappointed stamper.

Thirty miles below Labarge the Hootalinqua flows into the Yukon. Here, for some unaccountable reason, they begin calling it the Lewis river, but it is the Yukon, as plain as your nose is your nose below its bridge.

Shooting Five Fingers.
 About noon on the second day the captain said we were turning into Five Fingers. Here, on a previous trip, this very boat had six feet sliced from her upper deck, a stairway and the captain's cabin carried away by the sharp rock that rises sheer out of the middle of the river.

It seems that one time a natural bridge spanned the river here and that these great rocks are only the remnants thereof. Naturally you begin to guess which "finger" the boat will take. Now she drifts toward the middle channel, but veers off. The water seems to eddy and whirl, the boat trembles, quivers, as a horse will when crossing a strange bridge—or is it my nerve? Now she seems to be going straight for the middle chute. The captain stands with feet wide apart, gripping the lever that works the steam steering gear. I am glad of this steam steering gear and glad to learn that this same Captain Turner is the inventor, for with a hand grip in water like this the pilot goes over the wheel and out through the side of the pilot house every little while. When this happens the boat is at the mercy of the waters and goes floundering down stream like a wounded duck.
 The captain has stopped talking. He does not even reply to my questions. He is all business now. There go the bells. The engines stop, reverse and the wheel begins revolving backward. He "puts her over," as they do a locomotive on a hill. Cautiously he points her nose into the narrow stream, holds her for a moment and then the swift water sucks her through so suddenly that you catch your breath.

It seems that we are going to touch the rocks on the starboard side, though when I glance across I think the port will catch it. But we clear and go sailing merrily on—rushing it down to Dawson.

Scenery and Other Matters.

There is a certain sameness about this Yukon scenery, and yet if you are observing you will note that no two sandbars are the same, no two hills alike. The log rafts break differently on the different bars, though the unfortunate rafters, standing amid the ruin, make the same pathetic cry. But we are deaf to their appeals. Perhaps they are left on a little island that

is only big and high enough to hold their broken raft, the wide river sweeping by on either side. But they usually have plenty to eat, and any amount of good water, so we steam past them, leaving them to take their raft to pieces, log by log, and rebuild it.

All along the Yukon are scattered small tribes of Indians, and here and there, high and dry, are the little cities of the dead. "There," the worldly expatriate remarks, "are some of those silent burials." "There is a whole town of good Indians."

Here in a sheltered nook is a fleet of scows loaded with lumber and cedar shingles. They are waiting in a little harbor, for the river is crooked and very swift here, and a strong wind is blowing up stream. Two men are standing on a scow, made fast to the shore. One hauls up

craft floating down the river. It costs nothing to float. A man takes a scow at the head of Lake Bennett, builds a little house for shelter in one corner, puts in a sheet-iron stove, loads his household effects, chickens and children, and lets the current carry him down to the mouth of the Klondike, where he can find a fortune or fail. Many scows are loaded with horses. How meek and small and helpless they look from the boat! They seem to be standing still as we steam past them.

High Rates and Low Rates.

There is a small passenger rate-war on the river just now. Today a sister boat, the Columbian, spoke to us. She had a goodly number of passengers and while she lay to, visiting with the Victorian, a smart-looking little craft steamed past, carrying people from Dawson to White Horse, 450



IT SEEMED AS THOUGH WE WERE GOING TO STRIKE THE ROCKS ON ONE SIDE AND THEN ON THE OTHER.

miles, and feeding them from four to five days, for \$10.
 It seems strange that all their people on the Columbian should be willing to pay \$20 for the same trip. But these eat three square meals a day—the \$10 fellows get dog feed, and not very good dog feed at that. Only the other night the passengers on one of these cheap boats rebelled. The captain, who owned the boat, talked back, the passengers mutinied, landed and put the master ashore. He is still "at large." His boat in the meantime is steaming up toward White Horse, run by the passengers, who now have 5 o'clock tea and pie for breakfast.
 When one stops to consider the expense of a Yukon steamer, for fuel alone, it is easy to see the absurdity of attempting to take people up the river for \$10. Wood

costs \$5 a cord. It is spruce and it must be dry or it will not make steam. One of these big boats, such as the Canadian and the Columbian, or the Victorian, will burn a cord an hour—100 cords up river and fifty down. Sometimes it costs \$1,000 to "wood-up" from Dawson to the rapids. We have on board the Victorian about thirty passengers and 200 tons of freight. It is wonderful to see all this traffic when we are told that only a little over a year ago Captain Ritchie, who is now superintendent of this line, brought the first boat through Miles Canyon. Returning with a load of passengers, the people were so delighted that, upon reaching White Horse rapids, they made up a purse of \$1,000 for the gallant captain.

Nov. 450 miles in four days and a half

actly what the third-class passenger did here. He had not only to muck the dogs, but sometimes to take the place of a dog; if necessary, to eat dog food and enjoy it.

So, looking back to the old days and the old ways, it is not surprising that the first passengers to ride out on a first-class river boat, with three hot meals a day and a good clean bunk to sleep in at night, were overjoyed to the amount of a \$1000.

In the Yukon Woods.

Wood camps are seen almost constantly. At one of the camps a pale, intelligent-looking man asked me if I had anything to read. He had been ill. I got a New York paper that had cost me 50 cents at White Horse, begged an old "Life" from one of the lady passengers and took them ashore. I soon learned that this man was only camping with the wood-choppers. He was there gathering specimens for the Canadian government to be taken to the Paris exposition. He walked in the woods and he picked wild gooseberries and took other native berries and made me eat of them.

"He not afraid," he said, "there is not a poisonous weed or vine in this whole Klondike country."

The woods were full of ferns and wild roses and carpeted with a thick moss of a deep green color. Instead of being damp and sticky, the moss made the bed and was perfectly dry. Our feet sank deep into the surface as we walked over it, but left no track. The moss would spring back to place as a dry sponge when squeezed. I the left hand and the moss made the bed and was perfectly dry. Our feet sank deep into the surface as we walked over it, but left no track. The moss would spring back to place as a dry sponge when squeezed. I

The moss, of which I have just spoken, is not very thick and below there is a rich sandy soil that ought to produce two or three crops of alfalfa in a season. As far up as the mouth of the Hootalinqua we saw vegetables growing in little gardens that had been cleared near the river. Some of the passengers who were constantly shivering because we were floating down toward the Arctic circle, refused to believe their own eyes—saw the garden, I saw on board with lettuce and radishes for sale. At Fort Selkirk strawberries ripen and good potatoes have been grown below the Arctic circle, as I was told by Mr. Bowker, who was eight years in the country before the boom—seven years without a potato and five years without a "high ball."

Across the sky that has been perfectly clear since we left the Rockies, some fleecy clouds are floating. The weather is absolutely perfect. By day we seek the shady side of the boat; at evening, if we sit out, we want a light overcoat and at night we need blankets.

The sun sinks behind a bank of clouds and the captain begins to hint that we may have to sit up. We had expected to see the sunset tonight. A half dozen women had hoped to meet their husbands, whom they had not seen for a year or two, but it is raining straight down, so it rains in Astoria,

was not flying, but it was swift and dirt cheap, compared with former rates and facilities. The first travelers to engage passage from Dawson to Stogway were confronted with the following general rates and regulations:

For \$1,000 you could go first-class, run along behind the sled by day and eat and sleep with the captain of the sled at night. Seven hundred and fifty dollars would secure second-class accommodation—board and a snowdrift to bunk in—but you were expected to help pack and unpack and muck the dogs.

A third-class ticket cost only \$500. Not much went out to the third-class passenger. He was expected to sleep frozen and make himself generally useful. In any other country the freighter's man-servant would do ex-

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