

# HAYDEN BROS.' PIANO SALE HAS AROUSED THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY



SINCE placing on sale the entire stock of the Omaha Piano Player Co., of 1518-1520 Harney St., The American Talking Machine Co., of 515 S. 16th St., and our own large stock of Pianos and Musical Instruments, we have not only surprised the buying public, but have stifled all competition. While some of the smaller dealers are offering to pay Ak-Sar-Ben visitors' railroad fare to Omaha, should they purchase, we will not only save them railroad fare, but their entire expense while here, and leaving them a snug sum to enable them to pay us a return visit. The critical buyer is the one we welcome. If you are looking for a piano that embodies all the essential points at a great saving, NOW is your opportunity. For tone, perfect touch, for beauty and for durability to stand wear and tear, without getting out of tune, at a low price and on easy terms.

Make our new enlarged piano room your headquarters, where you can be in daily touch with carnival visitors and enjoy the beautiful music from our high grade instruments.

All the latest hits in Sheet Music will be included in this sale. Talking Machines and Records at One-Half Price. For want of space we are compelled to mention only a few of the numerous bargains that will certainly go in this sale.

## PIANOS

One new Chickering & Sons, mahogany case.....	\$287
One new Henry & S. G. Linderman, walnut case.....	\$158
One new Davenport & Tracy, mahogany case.....	\$145
One new Muller, oak case.....	\$125
One Price & Teeple, used five months.....	\$187
One Estey, rented short time.....	\$157
One Vose, burl walnut.....	\$145
One Emerson, mahogany.....	\$158
One Schaeffer, used fourteen months.....	\$135
One Fischer, slightly used.....	\$175
One Arion, oak case.....	\$98
One Wegman, walnut case.....	\$125
One Root, ebony case.....	\$59
One Chickering & Sons, rosewood.....	\$75
Square Pianos, up from.....	\$5
Organs, up from.....	\$3

## PIANO PLAYERS

There are still remaining several Cecilian and Lyraphone Piano Players that are positive bargains at \$150, \$165, \$180 and \$195, including \$50 worth of music free with each player.

The Cecilian Pianos with interior player at \$385 won't last long. \$50 worth of music free.

We have just three Ideal Pianos with interior players left, \$295. \$50 worth of music free.

There are two Playans left, \$100 each, including \$50 worth of music free.

There are still nearly 3,000 rolls Piano Player Music, suitable for nearly all makes of piano players.

This sale continues until every instrument is sold. If not ready to buy, why not rent a Piano Player?

## Talking Machines

Don't forget that we handle the celebrated Victor Machines and Records. Our stock is complete and fresh from the factory, including the latest improved model machines.

Send for free sample Mellowtone Needle, the greatest needle made. Mail orders receive prompt attention. Send for catalogue and full information.

The half price sale on Talking Machines and Records continues until all the present stock of Talk-o-Phone Machines are disposed of.

\$25.00 Machines.....	\$12.50	Leeds' 50c Records.....	20c
\$30.00 Machines.....	\$15.00	International 50c Records.....	20c
\$35.00 Machines.....	\$17.50	Zonophone 50c Records.....	20c
\$40.00 Machines.....	\$20.00	Zonophone 35c Records.....	15c

# HAYDEN BROS., Omaha's Busy Piano House

## Waning Season's Run of Fish Stories Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

**Struggle with a Salmon.**  
THE taking of a record breaking landlocked salmon, weighing fourteen pounds and thirteen ounces, by Edward Hyde of Bath, Me., was the feature of a week of excellent fishing, relates the New York Sun.

The fish was not only a record breaker for the lake, but the largest ever taken in northern Maine inland waters. Rangle's best is a fourteen pounder, taken about 1887, and a thirteen and a half pounder, secured two years ago.

Mr. Hyde started out at 4 a. m. to do a little trolling and to whet his appetite for the breakfast which he proposed to catch. He paddled off opposite his private camp alone in a canoe. He had barely got the trolling line out its length when the strike came, and it was not many seconds before it was apparent that there was a big fish at the other end.

A few minutes later the big fish went into the air, fifty yards away, and for a full hour from that time Mr. Hyde simply held on. Time and again the salmon left the water in savage, determined leaps, but the tackle held fast and a taut line kept the fish moving.

Then the pace began to tell and twenty minutes later the salmon was brought near enough to the canoe to give the angler heart palpitation. He was prepared to see a big fish, but not the monster that was fighting thirty feet away. Ten minutes more of battle and the task of landing began.

At first Mr. Hyde thought of the landing net, but he soon saw that this would be useless. Then the possibility of shooting the fish presented itself, but was discarded, and finally, as a last resort, Mr. Hyde tired the fish by forced rushes and then made for the sloping, sandy shore, grasped the line, dropped the rod, dragged the fish into the shallow water of the beach and fell upon it bodily.

Two hours had elapsed since the strike and the final victory and the struggle had also called for about all the strength the angler possessed. The salmon was thirty-four inches long and was seen by a number

of visitors as it hung in state on the cabin door, where, unfortunately, it was allowed to remain too long before steps were taken for its permanent preservation.

**Swimmer Attacked by Sturgeon.**  
A wild panic was created among a crowd of boys who were swimming in the Allegheny river, off the Patterson coal fleet, at the Pittsburgh end of the Sixth street bridge, by the appearance among them of an immense fish, which was afterward discovered to be a sturgeon. There was a mad scramble among the lads for places of safety, but the fish was in a slating humor and refused to allow them to escape.

All of the boys finally succeeded in getting back on the coal float with the exception of William Wiedersheim, aged 10 years of Allegheny.

Just as he was about to pull himself on to the coal float the big fish sank its teeth into the calf of the lad's right leg. The boy was rapidly being dragged down under the water again when his screams brought Jacob Miller, the watchman of the coal fleet. Miller seized the boy's arm and then picked up a base ball bat which was lying on the floor. With the bat he beat the fish over the head, but even after life was extinct in the body of the big fish it still hung on to the boy's leg. Its jaws had to be pried apart before the boy was released.

The lad was taken home, where a physician was called to dress the wound.

The fish measured almost six feet in length and weighed ninety-eight pounds.

**Devil Fish Steals a Boat.**  
Captain John A. Brackenridge of Austin, Texas, spent a month fishing at Tarpon and tells a fish story which he says can be vouched for.

"Al Leach, a railroad engineer on the International & Great Northern," he said, "was sitting in his boat which was anchored near the Tarpon jetties, fishing for mackerel. I and a number of others occupied the same launch possibly ten yards away from Mr. Leach's rowboat.

"Suddenly we heard a cry of alarm, and looking up, we saw Mr. Leach and his boat moving slowly out to sea. As we watched the speed of the boat seemed to increase and we started the launches, three of them, in pursuit of the rowboat, which continued to move rapidly. We put on all the power of which the launches were capable, but could not gain on the boat.

"We pursued the rowboat for possibly half an hour, barely holding our own during the entire chase. All of a sudden a cry came from the rear launch, and turning we saw a sight the like of which never greeted my eyes before. A huge devilfish swam slowly to the surface; his long arms and huge body seemed to cover a space the size of a house. The monster only allowed himself to be seen for a moment, and soon disappeared under the water.

"Finally with a splash it came to the surface. It was the biggest thing I ever saw in the nature of a sea monster. It was a huge devilfish and had the anchor of Mr. Leach's boat in its mouth.

"One of the men in the launch had a harpoon, which he threw, with all his strength at the devilfish and struck it in the back. The pain from the harpoon caused it to release the anchor. A quick flit of the body, the harpoon snapped and the fish disappeared beneath the surface.

**Motorman's Tussle with Alligator.**  
H. C. Easterling, a motorman on the interurban electric line connecting St. Petersburg and Veteran City, Fla., had an exciting experience while en route to Veteran City, says the Allentown Constitution. Easterling saw an alligator about ten feet long lying in a puddle by the side of the track and stopped the car to see if he could not catch the big saurian. Easterling is fresh from a long term in the United States army in Alaska, and did not know much about gators, so he walked right up to the gator and took hold of him around the neck. The people on the car then had a spectacle of a regular catch-as-catch-can wrestling match between a monster reptile and an athletic young man. The mud flew in all directions and the two rolled about in the water, the gator snapping his huge jaws, but the young man managed to hold them away from him.

Finally they separated and the gator started to make away for the woods, but

Easterling's blood was up and he was determined to catch the prize. He grasped an empty barrel lying near and succeeded in getting the monster's head in it, and ropes were then speedily fastened about him and he was hoisted aboard the car and brought to town and placed in a local zoo. He did not seem to like his surroundings, however, and started to commit suicide by eating himself up, beginning on his tail, but he was prevented from doing himself any injury and now is a star feature of the zoo. Easterling declares that he got enough of wrestling with such an antagonist and does not want any more of it.

**Angler and Human Fish.**  
Two remarkable angling stories come from Durrus, in Cork county, Ireland, vouched for by the Cork County Eagle, one relating to the attempt made to land a police constable by means of a salmon fishing rod, and the other to the strange experience which befell Dr. Orr, a Huddesfield surgeon, in the same place.

Dr. Lewis, the medical officer of Durrus, undertook to land any swimmer in the river in fifteen minutes, and Constable Kennedy, a noted swimming champion, consented to act the "fish." A belt was fastened across the constable's shoulders and to this was attached a strong salmon hook. A lancewood rod and the ordinary salmon fishing line were used. The human fish took the water at high tide and with a bold stroke swam in the direction of the progress Dr. Lewis checked the constable's progress, and then the fish dived and turned on his back, but without avail.

For two minutes it was an even contest between the angler and fish, then the constable swam away for twenty yards, when he was again brought up. He dived and wriggled like an eel, but not another inch could he add to his advantage. After eleven minutes' struggle the angler was gaining ground, but Constable Kennedy gathered strength, and diving, made away with a powerful stroke. At the fourteenth minute, when only one minute remained, the salmon line snapped and the fish was declared the victor.

More remarkable still was the incident which followed. Dr. Orr of Huddesfield was fly-fishing in the river when the pony which brought him from Dumbarton broke loose from where it was tied and fell into deep water with the trap attached. The pony made frantic efforts to swim ashore, but was hampered by the weight of the trap.

Dr. Orr, the narrative goes on, was fishing at the opposite side of the stream and he saw his line toward the pony. By a fortunate chance the fishing hook caught the pony in the ear and held fast. The angler pulled his line and the pony responded, with the result that both pony and trap were safely landed on the shore.

**Beyond Him.**  
THE staging of one of his earlier plays, Joseph Jefferson, accompanied by a friend, attended a rehearsal, at which a lively disagreement arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the center of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil upon the troubled waters Jefferson sat carelessly swinging his feet from the rail of an adjoining box. The friend could stand it no longer.

"Good Lord, Jefferson," he exclaimed, "this will ruin your play. Why don't you settle matters? You could if you only would."

Jefferson shook his head gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "No, George," he replied: "The Lord only made one man who could ever manage the sun and moon, and you remember even he let the stars alone."

—Harper's Weekly.

**Overcaution.**  
"You can't do any good work in the world without offending somebody," said Congressman Longworth in an address.

"The man who makes no enemies is the man who does no good."

"Some men but for this fear of making enemies might accomplish something. As it is, they remind me of the dying man who was too cautious even to make his peace with Providence."

"Do you renounce the devil and all his works?" the minister said to this man.

"And the dying man replied in a weak, hesitating voice:

"Please don't ask me that. I'm going to a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies."

—Professor on Profanity.

Prof. Felton of Harvard was a very impulsive man, though of great dignity and propriety in his general bearing. He had some theories of his own about correct English, and was very much disgusted if anybody transgressed them.

His brother, John Felton, of the class of '88, afterward the foremost lawyer on the Pacific coast, was altogether the most brilliant scholar in his class. He was reported to the faculty just before his graduation for the offense of swearing in the college yard, an offense which was punished by what was called a public admonition. The faculty, in consideration of his excellent scholarship, instead of the ordinary punishment, directed that Prof. Felton should admonish his brother in private.

The professor was some eighteen or twenty years the elder, and was respected by his brother rather as a father than as a brother. He called John to his study and told him the nature of the complaint and proceeded:

"I cannot tell you how mortified I am that my brother, in whose character and scholarship I had taken so much pride, man."

—Why She is Called Miss.

A teacher in one of the Indian schools relates the following incident of an Indian boy's quick thought. He had asked the meaning of the word "miss."

"To miss," it told him, "is the same as to fail. You shoot at a bird or at a mark, and do not hit it—you miss it. You go to a tailor for a coat, and your coat fits badly—it is a miss. You hope to enter the middle class next year, but you cannot pass the examinations, and so you miss the promotion."

His face wore a puzzled air and he shook his head.

"Then," said I, "there is another meaning of 'miss.' We called a married woman 'madam,' but an unmarried woman 'miss.' His face brightened. Then he smiled and nodded:

"Ah, I see!" said he. "She miss the man."

**Peg Top Trousers**

when cut right are the best looking and comfortable Trousers a Gentleman can wear.

**Molony Cuts Them**

..also those..

**ROOMY SUITS.**

**Trees Worth Growing**

As ornamental trees the beeches attract attention primarily on account of their dignity of form and peculiarly "clean" appearance; they give simple and spreading shade; the leaves are remarkably free from the insect pests, and they can, generally, be readily transplanted. They thrive best in a rich, deep, sandy loam, but will grow well in any ordinary soil. The tree attains a height of eighty to 100 feet. In the different seasons the beech presents totally different pictures: In summer it is a broad dome of grateful shade; in winter a glory of dazzling gray; in spring it floats out its soft velvety gold-green leaves; and in autumn it is a rich and mellow tingling of subdued yellow-browns and grays—Gardening Magazine.

**"Pleasant and Enjoyable"**

is in the hot summer months to spend a few weeks where the ocean breezes blow, particularly if the regular comforts and amenities of civilized life, including a really good malt beer like

**Gund's Peerless Beer**

are to be had. This famous beer, brewed with sterling honesty, foams with life, sparkles with strength and the very taste of it is a pure delight. Every bottle is warranted to stand any climate, being fully aged and mature. Its aromatic tang and delicious mellow fragrance makes "Peerless" particularly grateful in hot weather. "Peerless" does not create thirst but quenches it, because it is brewed by the "Grand Eastern Process" from the best hops and barley in the world. It stimulates the gastric juices, aids digestion, and doctors declare that it is not only "a ripping good medicine" for those who are weak and run down, but is also of substantial food value when solid foods are inadvisable. It contains but 1/10th of alcohol and is thus really a temperance beverage. For 50 years it has surpassed all the competitors and represents in most literal sense "the survival of the fittest." Bottled at La Crosse only. Sold everywhere by reputable dealers. The home and family trade a specialty. Try a case delivered—a case of "Peerless"—the beer that makes you glad. Always the same—good and pure. Write or phone or call if you want for years hence the best bottled beer that is to be had.

**JOHN GUND BREWING CO., La Crosse, Wis.**

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