Omaha's Fur Emporium

Fur Specials for Saturday

LOT 1—Beautiful sets of Russian lynx, large rug muff and Russian shawl to match; worth $15.00—price for Saturday, only **$7.50**

LOT 2—Canadian marten sets, rug muff and large neck pieces; worth $15.00—our price **$10.00**

LOT 3—Marmot sets, rug muff, animal shape, five heads and tails, Russian pelerine neck piece; regular price $20.00—Saturday **$12.50**

LOT 4—Beautiful black Canadian marten set, new shapes, collar with six tails on back, wide shoulder, large open rug muff, 12 tails, shirred lining; worth $25.00—price for one day **$17.50**

LOT 5—Black Japanese lynx sets; worth $35.00 and $40.00—in one lot Saturday **$25.00**

LOT 6—500 Jap mink sets; all specially priced at bargain prices.

This is the great opportunity to buy Christmas presents. Make a small payment and we will keep them until called for.

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CHINESE TONGS RED HOT

Romance with Atmosphere of Classic Tragedy Starts Trouble in San Francisco.

The tong war now being waged in San Francisco is a Chinese version of the old tale of the Montagues and Capulets. Two clans in our Oriental quarter, "both alike in dignity," the Yees and On Yicks, had treated each other with something of high disdain; but in the heart of a maiden of the Yees there was a tender sentiment for a young clansman of the On Yicks, and this being reciprocal, the two fled together, while the families stayed behind to shed each other's blood. All the yellow Tybalts and Mercutios, Benvolios and Parises are out of their dark alleys and, as in old Verona, there are wounds given and received which, though not as "wide as church doors" or "deep as wells," are indeed "enough!" Today the Yees are falling; tomorrow the On Yicks are gathered to their fathers. Will the slant-eyed Romeo and the little-footed Juliet continue the tragedy to the accepted end and bring on a family reconciliation over their common tomb? Or will the war not cease until all the long-queued Montagues and Capulets are passed from nature to eternity or held in durance vile.

It is an ancient tale that is being enacted here, as in the Verona of the play. Its plot may have been old to the Romans; it may have been familiar to the Phoenicians and its skeins may have been entangled with the romances of the Nile. The feud of rival families, the loves that should have softened it, the anger and the clash and the catastrophe—these have been the setting of tragedies as old as the human race itself.—San Francisco Chronicle.

If you have anything to sell or trade and want quick action, advertise it in The Bee Want Ad. Columns.

Waltham Watches

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A mail order house in Chicago or some other city may be able to sell you anything from a paper of pins to a house and lot, simply by referring you to their catalogues, but they can't sell you a good watch that way. Watches are very delicate machines that may be put out of order in a dozen ways after leaving the factory. A jeweler knows how to put the watch into shape, and he won't sell one without doing it. Mail order houses do not want to bother with that, and, as a matter of fact, they cannot if they would. Waltham Watches are the best in the world, but whether you buy a Waltham or some other kind, go to a jeweler, tell him what you want, and he will sell you a watch in good running order. Do not make the mistake of trying to buy by mail from any catalogue; you won't know what you are getting if you do.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

N. B.—When buying a watch always ask your jeweler for a Waltham adjusted to temperature and position.

IOWA'S PIONEER LAWYER

Recollections of Judge James Grant, "A Model American."

HAWKEYE FOR HALF CENTURY

Participant in the Making of Territory and State—Distinguished as Lawyer and Railroad President.

"James Grant, a model American," a pioneer of the legal profession in Iowa, "one of the most sterling, worthy, helpful, interesting and delightful characters that ever ornamented the profession of law, or blessed any commonwealth by his work and labors."

These glowing, appreciative words introduces a character sketch of Judge Grant in a late issue of the Green Bag. Judge John F. Dillon supplied the inspiration for the sketch of his old-time but departed friend, to whom he paid this hearty tribute in the dedication of his second volume of "Circuit Court Raports;" "For five and thirty years we have lived in the same town, and during the latter half of that period much of my time was spent in your library. It gives me pleasure to avail myself of a graceful usage to record my high regard for you as a lawyer and a citizen, and my sincere attachment to you as a friend."

The formative period of the west brought to the front the best qualities of men of every vocation. Courage, backed by brain and brawn, was a prime requisite for the primitive conditions of pioneer days. Professions were incidental of winning a living from the soil. When settlements spring up and towns took shape, men of professional training, tested in the crucible of hardship and privation, were by character and training, fitted to give direction to pioneer ideas and shape the destinies of cities and states. Judge Grant, according to his biographer, loomed large in this class of men. A pioneer of Iowa when settlements west of the Mississippi river were mighty scarce, he saw the region organized into a territory, participated in the making of its laws, assisted in its development into a state, helped to draft the constitution, served six years as judge in the days of judicial circuit riding, was one of the early presidents of the Rock Island railroad, and left a record as a lawyer second to none in the galaxy of distinguished pioneers of the Hawkeye state.

Bound for the Northwest.

Judge Grant was a North Carolinian, born December 12, 1812. He graduated from the University of Chapel Hill, high up in the class of 1831, and especially distinguished in mathematics and the classics. At 21, delicate health and an aversion for slavery, caused him to set out on horseback for the northwest, with Chicago in his mind's eye. Here he landed at the end of eighty days and was licensed to practice law in a community of 500 inhabitants and a future. That was in 1834. The "justly celebrated" lake breeze was doing business in those early days and playing havoc with delicate constitutions. Young Grant was obliged to move back into the high lands and dry lands, crossing the Mississippi in 1838, and settled down as a farmer near what is now Davenport. Shortly afterward Davenport was born, and Grant moved into the young town that was destined to be the scene of his labors for the next half century.

It was part of his plan of life, says the biographer, to possess all the implements of his profession and to have them easily at hand. He seemed to realize that truth of Sharswood's maxim, that the lawyer's difficulty "is not so much to know the law as where to find it." Therefore he commenced to accumulate law books and in the course of time possessed the largest and most satisfactory library in the state of Iowa. It was indeed the largest law library in the northwest and contained more than 6,000 volumes, which were accumulated at an expense, since most of the volumes were extremely rare, of something like $50,000. This library was offered to the practising attorneys of its owner's acquaintance, and many of them freely consulted his books when working up cases against him. Concerning this library, Judge Dillon relates the following interesting fact:

"When the legislature required a term of the supreme court of the state to be held twice a year at Davenport, it was made a condition that it should be without cost to the state, a species of economy, by the way, which has nothing to recommend it. The better to accommodate the court and the bar, Judge Grant fitted up a room for the use of the court above his library, and set it apart for them for several years, neither receiving nor expecting compensation. The judges and bar of the state cannot but feel how much they are indebted to him for access to a library which was until recently the only one in the state at all complete."

Worker and Helper.

He was a great and systematic worker. It was his habit to rise early, sometimes as early as 4 o'clock, and he was often found, by members of his household, delving into books by candle light. The wonder is that he had time to study so many things and become thorough in them. It is surely a great task for any man to master the profession of law, but he became, as we shall presently see, a master of railroading and mining and smelting also. He was not and experimenter in anything, but he was a schooled and graduated expert in law, metallurgy and railroading.

One would think that his time was all devoted to work, but it was not so. Under the roof of his Davenport home, after the war, he had a household such as has seldom been seen in this or any other country. The following account of it was given by his nephew, Hon. Witaker M. Grant: "When I went to his house in 1868, the family consisted of himself and wife, his mother-in-law, three of his wife's nephews and nieces and two of his own; I made three. Within a year he had three more of his own and one of his wife's and besides these he had three more of his own off at school, who some part of that time were at the house." All of these nephews and nieces were under age, and the eldest was 17. Judge Grant had surely assumed a great task in undertaking to care for and educate these children. He had, to be exact, twenty-four nephews and nieces in the south, and his offer was to each and every one of them that he would transplant them at his own expense and provide for them amply if they would emigrate to the west. Twelve of them accepted his offer. He was not a rich man at that time, and his fortune did not exceed $75,000 when he undertook this prodigious work of kinship and humanity. He threw himself, however, with his accustomed zeal and thoroughness into the duties of pater familias for all his nephews and nieces who had accepted his offer to come to the golden west and grow up with it. He laid down certain hard and fast rules by which they were to be governed, and he would tolerate no departure from those rules. One of those rules was that the children were all to be in bed at 10 o'clock at night; another more important one was that they were to render an account to him of the expenditures of all the money he advanced to them. He had no patience with deception or duplicity of any kind. It is highly profitable to note that his demand upon himself was for the truth on all occasions, enabling him to become an expert in detecting an error or falsehood in other people. That is one of the secrets of a great lawyer.

Quaint Notions.

It was one of his ideas in hygiene that fruit should not be eaten after nightfall, and therefore he commanded the occupants of his household to observe this rule. The idea provoked a great deal of merriment among the youngsters, who thereupon took delight in concealing apples in their beds and eating them immediately before going to sleep. On one occasion, the judge had his suspicions aroused that his orders were not being obeyed in this particular and he unexpectedly burst into the room while several of the children were about to go to sleep. They gasped at his appearance and tried to conceal among the bedclothes the apples they were eating. They were fairly caught, but the judge suppressed a broad grin, and left the room immediately, saying, "I advise you to keep the rest of them until breakfast."

In all essential things he was adamant; in things desirable, but not vital he had the softness and sweetness of a rose.

A Student at Sixty.

Of three nephews bearing his name, the favorite was James B. Grant, one of the governors of Colorado, and founder of the Grant Smelting company, which in years past controlled the Omaha smelting plant. The judge educated this nephew as a mining engineer at Cornell and Freiburg, Germany, staked him in several mining prospects that failed, and furnished the capital, some $40,000, with which James opened the first smelter in Leadville and made a fortune for both. An extraordinary circumstance in his life was that when he was past the age of sixty years he went to the Boston Institute of Technology and took a course in metallurgy, placing himself on an equal footing with the other students and reciting with them. This required, of course, several months. Afterward, when one of his friends inquired why he did this extraordinary thing, he stated that in the course of his dealings with his nephew, James B. Grant, while they were operating a smelting property at or near Leadville that gentleman politely informed him that he knew little or nothing about that business and that it would be to their joint interests if he would return to Davenport and devote himself to his chosen occupation of practicing law. He said he could not stand to have any nephew of his say that he did not know all about any business in which he was engaged.

Public Activities.

In 1841, after he had removed to Iowa, he was elected a member of the house of representatives of the Fourth Iowa territorial legislative assembly, and in 1844 he was elected delegate for Scott county to the first constitutional convention, and in 1864 he was the sole representative of that county to the second constitutional convention of the territory, and it is hardly necessary to say that in both conventions he rendered noteworthy services. He was appointed by Governor Chambers of Iowa, against his protest, prosecuting attorney, and in the year 1847, after the adoption of the constitution under which Iowa was admitted into the union, he was elected a judge of the district court of Iowa and served during his term of five years, declining a re-election. His last appearance upon the stage of life as a legislator was in 1852, when he was speaker of the Iowa legislature. He had now tasted all the sweets of official position, and being full of the expanding energy of his day and generation, and realizing the great demands of the time in the great west, he set himself to do a much greater and more enduring work as a map. He returned to the practice of his profession, giving special attention to railroad cases. He also became personally and financially interested in railroad enterprises, and was the first president of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad company.

From that date, during some twenty odd years, he devoted himself with unremitting energy to his professional and business matters, and had at one time the largest practice of any man in the United States, perhaps, befo e the supreme court at Washington. He made at one time in a railroad case a fee exceeding $100,000.

Wise Saws and Sayings.

No record of Judge Grant's career would be reliable or honest which did not take account of some of the infirmities of his character. The very celerity of his mental operations made him sometimes intolerant of dullness or sloth in others. He was full of wise saws and sayings and tried to confine his life to them, but temptation often beset him. One of his main maxims was that "civility and politeness cost nothing, and pass current in all the markets of the world," which he often quoted in his office and at home. Another one of his firm beliefs was that cheerfulness and good humor should always go with a good appetite to the family table. He insisted that there should be good humor and merriment always in his family at meal times. Nevertheless, he could not always control his temper, and on one occasion, when his nephew, Whit M. Grant, was found by him having a hot altercation with a man, he called the young man aside after the affair was over and said: "Son, a soft answer turneth away wrath. You should not have scolded that man, but let him think he was having his own way." A few days after that the man with whom the nephew had had the altercation came back and had an angry dispute with the judge about the same subject-matter. Judge Grant lost his temper completely and knocked him down, whereupon the nephew, who could not resist the temptation to have a laugh at his uncle's expense, approached him and said, "Uncle, why didn't you try the soft answer on him?" The judge immediately regained his composure and laughed, saying, "Yes, yes, I should have done so." He was a constant reader of the Bible and often quoted it, but, like most other men, he was not quite able to live up to its precepts.

In the year 1880, realizing the commencement of the decline of his powers, Judge Grant moved to California, taking up residence in Oakland, where he passed away, March 14, 1891, in his seventy-eighth year.

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SHARKS ATTACK ONLY DEAD

Sea Tragedy at Singapore Pronounced an Exaggeration.

The destruction of the steamship La Seyne near Singapore last week calls up in the mind speculation as to the ability of anyone to prove, to actually demonstrate by first-hand evidence, that a shark was ever known to force the fighting, so to speak, and attack a living man in the water. There is a good deal to say on both sides.

The disaster to La Seyne, in whatever light it is viewed, can be contemplated only with a sensation of horror. The picture in the mind is vividly dreadful. On one hand we have the Frenchman steering to the northward, bound into Singapore from some port south of the line, on or near which the accident occurred.

It was one of the units of the great Massageries Maritimes de France, perhaps the most important of all the ocean lines under the tricolor. It was in the Straits of Rhio, in the archipelago of that name. The hour was 4 in the morning, which, on the equator, would indicate the darkness of midnight.

All suddenly, out of the blackness, arose the iron hull of the British steamship Onda, which, having left Singapore at midnight, was hugging the Bintang shore, thundering on into the south; and in the dark it stepped on the Seyene as a man would step on a mouse that ran athwart him. That was all there was to the tragedy, for in two minutes the Frenchman filled and foundered, leaving its human cargo battling with death on the surface. That is, those who were not sucked down into the warm whirlpool that spun and wriggled above the sinking ship.

Then came the tales of the sea monsters that were cruising about, with a weather eye lifted for dainties of any description; here was a feast ready prepared, and from all the cardinal points came the sharks, in seas that are famous for their ferocious citizens. We are told that in the attack men fought furiously in defense of the women, fought till they themselves vanished in the lambent fires of phosphorus that sleep in the tropical sea, the lithe bodies of their murderers twisting and darting among their victims.

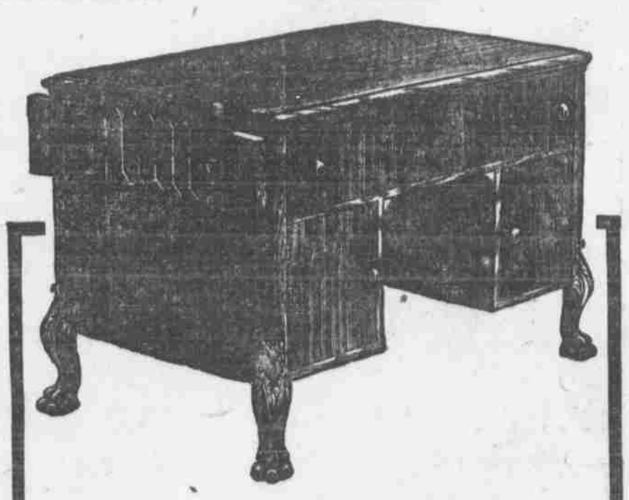
Reports arrived that nearly 100 persons lost their lives through the sharks, which, if true, would summon visions of the horrors of foundering slave ships in the West Indies a century ago. But, looked at coldly, who is it that has actually seen a shark bite a living man? Plenty of examples of dead bodies being consumed by sharks may be cited. But the shark, in spite of his reputation and the sinister sound of his very name, is somewhat of a coward, like his distant land relative, the grizzly bear.

The late Hermann Oelrichs of New York, probably one of the best amateur swimmers in the world, made a standing offer of a large sum of money that would be paid to anyone who could testify and substantiate his statement that he had seen a shark bite a living, struggling man. Mr. Oelrichs always insisted that sharks had never been seen to attack a swimming person or one still alive; and his reward for the man who could prove he had witnessed such a spectacle held good in any part of the world. This reward was never paid, for the reason that no one could prove that he had seen the incident. On investigation the claimant for the reward invariably fell back on the statement of some one else when it narrowed down to proof. "I was told so by an eyewitness," was the customary conclusion.

Of course this does not prove that no shark has ever attacked a living man. On the contrary, where the most wolfish of the tribe most do congregate, it is much more than probable that proofs could be obtained by eye witnesses, if sufficient trouble were taken. Otherwise why is it that diving for shillings at Suez and Port Said should have been forbidden? Port Said, Port Jackson, at Sydney, Australia, and the waters around Singapore are probably the most dangerous localities for sharks. When steamships passing through the Suez canal reached Port Said in the past young Arabs would come up over the side and offer to dive overboard for silver coins, or to swim under the ship and come up on the other side, which was a much more perilous undertaking.

Nassau, in the Bahamas, is another spot which, while not comparable with the other localities in its baneful repute, is yet looked upon, especially by the local population, with every manifestation of dread. The sponge fishermen and others who do business in the adjacent water are always willing to talk about the "harbormaster," the giant shark, usually a hammerhead, that guards the bar and never sleeps. And in truth you can frequently see down in the transparent water the broad back of some one of the tribe sauntering sullenly about just above the floor of the harbor. No authentic case has ever been run down in the Bahamas, however, in which a man lost his life or even any blood through the medium of a shark's teeth.—New York Herald.

Novelties—FRENZER—15th and Dodge.



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