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A Glimpse of the Great Preacher in Private Life.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE AT HOME

ALL ABOUT HIS BROOKLYN HOME.

The Room Where He Works-The Pastor's Daily Life and Habits-LLove of Out-Door Exercise -Some Characteristics.

Written for the Sunday Bee-Copyrighted, To know and understand T. De Witt Talmage one must see and meet him in his home surrounded by his family. In the pulpit or on the lecture platform he is the preacher or speaker, conscious that his words are transmitted to the farthest ends of the world, but when at home he is without restraint, and you see only the man as he is.

The Talmage house is located in one of the most desirable and fashionable parts of Brooklyn-a large, four-story brown stone front, with a cupola that is often the resort of the famous pastor. The parlors and other rooms are luxuriously furnished, costly bric-a-brac and souvenirs of foreign travel filling every conceivable spot on mantel, floor, and tables. Two large drawing rooms occupy the first story, and in the rear room casual visitors are admitted. A bust of the preacher accosts you as you enter, and directly opposite this is a large crayon throwing forth the face so familiar to thousands in every part of the land. The sitting-room, where Dr. Talmage often spends a quiet hour with his family, is in the rear of the second story. This is practically Mrs. Ta.mage's room, which she uses almost

THE PREACHER'S STUDY. The most interesting room, however, is the preacher's study, where all his literary work is done, and where the sermons that are printed all over the world find their birth. It is a com-fortably-sized apartment—the rear room on the fourth story of the house An ordinary office desk, a sofa, considerably worn, a dictionary stand, and three chairs, constitute the furniture of the room. With Talmage this is a sacred room, and rarely does he allow any one to enter it. Not even the servants are expected to cross its threshold, and such dusting as is necessary is done with a feather duster in the hands of the preacher's wife. Library shelves are ranged on each side of the room, and between the doors. It is not a showy array of books that are arrayed on these shelves; ancient-looking works often handled predominate, and, in every sense, is it a library for use, and one that is doubtless frequently referred to. Talmage's library consists, probably, of between two and three thousand volumes. His favorite author is Ruskin, and he has probably read twice and three times over everything the great English critic has written. On the chairs, and in the corners of the room are piles of newspapers and printed pamphlets. On one chair is a heap of manuscript, sermons, and lectures—not remarkable for their appearance, for the great preacher is not great as a penman. The room has three windows, the one on the side of the house looking out upon a beautiful park being the favorite one, at which the pas-tor often sits and reads. An ink-stand

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### the clotted ink upon its surface removed, scraps of paper, a few ink-bespattered penholders, small pieces of blotting-paper, rest on the desk, while banked up on either side are mountains of letters and papers. Books of referwas really ence lie on open drawers and on the floor. Every drawer is stuffed full with papers, as if they were tossed in hurriedly.yet in all their chaos every paper has its place. Tidiness does not pre-vail; everything is placed where its owner can readily find it. It is, withal, typical literary den, characteristic of the occupant.

DAILY LIFE AND HABITS. Four days of the week the great

preacher is away from home on lecturing tours or professional duties. When at home he is an early riser, and generally is the first astir. Six o'clock generally finds Dr. Talmage around and about. He goes directly downstairs, and glances over the morning newspapers. He scans over the principal headings, reading what is most eventful, and skips all minor news. The cable dispatches are always read first, editorials next, and then domestic news. If leisure allows, general articles are read Talmage is a hearty eater, but his breakfast is light, and generally consists of some farinaceous dish, milk, toast, and fruit. Tea and coffee he strictly avoids. After breakfast he goes through his mail. More often, however, this is looked over by Mrs. mage, and such letters as she thinks will interest him are handed over. Meanwhile, the preacher goes through his newspaper mail. The principal pa-pers of every city are sent him, and the first morning mail always brings fifty or more. In these he finds keen interest, and no public man is better informed of the names and character of the newspapers all over the country than Dr. Talmage. Every other paper received during the first of the week has his printed sermon. The preacher has grown accustomed to newspaper criticism, yet he reads all articles that coneern him or his work with care and attention. Caricatures of himself amuses him, and a hearty laugh greets each as he meets them in the papers. He is rarely offended, and he harbors not the slightest ill-feeling toward paragraphers who continually poke fun at him. That fellow has written some very witty things about my mouth," he exclaimed one morning to me as he encountered a paragraphic shaft on the "largeness of Talmage's mouth." "He is really clever at it," said the preacher, and the thought of offence apparently never entered his mind. Part of the morning is taken up with his correspondence, and then the famous pastor goes forth either for a walk or on business matters, often not to return until late at night. He is a great believer in

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE,

and his powers as a pedestrian are remarkable. He thinks nothing, for example, of walking from the Grand Central depot to the Brooklyn bridge, across the bridge, and to his house—a distance of some eight or nine miles. "Let us go for a short walk," was his proposition to me one sultry summer evening, when he was staying over a day in town. I agreed, and we started. Feeling interested in a special conversation we were having, I did not notice the distance we had gone out into the suburbs, until my limbs told me we must be on the outskirts of Flatbush, and had walked some seven miles. But the doctor evidently never felt it, and, of course, I said nothing. After we had walked another mile, I began to speculate whether he intended we should walk home. Another half mile and we came to a fence in the middle of the tor often sits and reads. An ink-stand road into which we had wandered. that looks as if it would fall apart were "Guess we can't go much farther,"

walk! I wondered what his idea extended pedestrian trip. On the beach-sand, he has started on an easy run until I was compelled not only to stop, but to he, a mere speck in the distance was running yet. And he a man of fifty-five

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rietta French Lamb's wool Serge, Russian Diagonal Cloth, etc., with trimmings in silk plush and velvet to match.

Latest Novelty,

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of brilliant lustre, exquisite colors and designs, 27 inches wide,

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Dress Trimmings.

In Silk Cord Braid Crochet and Tinsel, to match all colors and shades. Only large

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

while I am thirty years his junior, and generally considered a tolerably good walker and runner. Dr. Taimage often walks out into the suburbs and when he reaches an unfrequented spot will break into a half mile ron, perfectly refreshed at the finish. It is this love for exercise that is the secret of this wonderful man's robust health, and his capacity

for work. SOME CHARACTERISTICS. No man enjoys sleeping more than does Talmage. I have known him to refuse a most lucrative piece of work,

for the simple reason, as he explained, because it would deprive me of my napping time." He will snatch the briefest space of time between his engagements for a nap. On the cars he sleeps nearly all the time, wrapped up in a huge manket. "There is nothing that refreshes me so much as a short sleep," he says, apologetically, and off he is with his head on his breast. He sleeps soundly, and wakes easily. Tal-mage is exceedingly careless in his dress, and it requires the constant eye of his careful wife to see that his exterior appearance is at all presentable. He cares absolutely nothing for his outward looks, would wear the same collar for two weeks if he could not find a clean one after a moment's search. His cravats are models of economy, and only a short time ago I encountered him on a New York thoroughfare purchasing two black bows from a street vender, hat has seen wear,', said a friend to him one day while out walking. "Do you think I need a new one?" he asked, taking it off and examining it. "Well, let us step in this store," as he spied a hat-ter's. In a moment he had tried one on, paid for it, and was out of the store leaving his old one in the hands of the dealer, who evidently thought him the easiest customer he ever had. As a tonsorial artist. Talmage is ludicrous. I watched him in his room one day with his razor. He had allowed himself but five minutes for shaving. In a twinkling he had his coat off, and a towel stuck between his collar and throat. I afterward examined his razor, and did not wonder he succeeded only in removing a quarter of the growth of hair on his face. It was so dull that I could scarcely determine which edge was intended for use. After searching a few moments for his strop, and not finding it, he reached for a book in his library, bound in sheep, and to my astonishment, sharpened his razor on the cover of the volume. My laughter surprised him, and as I passed it over, presume to this day he cannot imagine what provoked my merriment. Nothing

was done more naturally or in a more utterly matter-of-fact way.

RESTLESS AS A OHILD. It would be difficult to find a minu more restless in nature than the famous Brooklyn preacher. He can scarcely remain quiet or in one position for a moment. Of a thoroughly active mind that knows no rest, the man must be kept busy or he is unhappy. He is hap-piest when "on the go," with his hands full of work, and his brain full of ideas. In this respect he is not very compan-ionable. Finding ourselves at Manhattan beach one evening two summers ago, I suggested going in the music against disc amphithertre where Gilmore was playing. He acquieseed, but only one piece had been finished when he rose and the system.

ejaculated Talmage. "Well, perhaps we'd better walk home slowly. Sorry." he added, "because I have thoroughly enjoyed this little walk." Little self at the first convenient table and began ordering a complete re-past. We had barely begun when an unfortunate railroad official cried out, "Train for Brooklyn." Talmage acted as if he were shot, seized his sink on the sand from exhaustion, while | light overcoat and walking stick with one hand, and throwing a bill of large denomination on the table, rushed for the gates. I hastily followed, nearly choking with my mouth full of food. Reaching the train he threw himself in a parlor chair, and breathlessly exclaimed something about "nearly miss-ing the last train." I discovered afterward he had understood it to be the last

train for Brooklyn, when it was scarcely 9 o'clock, and at least a score more trains would leave the beach that evening. He will frequently stop the street car in which he is riding and walk to his destination because of the slowness of the horses' gait. INCOME AND EXPENSES.

Talmage's income is large, and he has probably turned his income into larger substantial gain than any public man of the day. His salary as pastor of the tabernacle is \$12,000 per year, while his lecturing receipts are twice that amount. As he is the most popular lecturer in the country his services are everywhere sought, and he can afford to ask high prices. For the exclusive control of his sermons, in advance of the regular publication as reported upon their delivery, he receives from a New York firm yearly amount nearly as large as his salary. As editor of a popular monthly he receives \$5,000, while his marriage fees run as high as \$250 for a single ceremony. His Friday evening are also syndicated large number of papers, and for this he gets a regular stipend. Then he has a royalty on his published books, and receives very large sums for doing odd literary work whenever he has the Offers of this kind come to him by every mail. Only recently he de-clined an offer of \$150 per week for a regular newspaper letter on current topics. Talmage's expenses are, of course, large. His family live and dress well; he has a son at college, and a daughter of a marriageable age, and must meet many of the thousand and one demands that are made upon a public man. He carries an insurance on his life of over seventy-five thousand dollars, and the premiums on these alone is a considerable item. Nevertheless, having a shrewd and careful wife, he is enabled to lay by several thousands of dollars each year, and were Talmage to die to-day, his family would be more than comfortably fixed for the rest of their lives. He is thoroughly devoted to his family, and it is mainly for them and their future ease and happiness in this world that he is working

so industriously.

Talmage may be full of eccentricities; he may be misjudged by thousands, but of the sincerity of his motives there is no doubt in the minds of those who are privileged to see him in his private life, and who thus know him as he is. He is generous to the extreme, openhearted, and always ready to do a kind act for a friend. His utterances and actions may be criticised, and at times this may be undeserved, but of his private life nothing can be said other than to his credit and in his praise. Whatever T. De Witt Talmage may be as a preacher, that he is a man, loyal, sin-cere, and true, admits of no question.

EDWARD IRVING. NATURE usually makes a gallant fight against disease, and when helped by Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will eradicate it from

Bustles made of curled hair, 25c. Folding Spring Bustles, 45c, 50c & 60c. Long Bustles, 98c, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Novelties in Reed Skirts for summer

Corded Corsets, with double front and side steels, 45c and 65c. French Woven Corsets, 90c, \$1.15 and

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Superior quality Lisle Hose, black, brown, blue, solid colors and stripes, 60 and 65 Cents.

20 different styles and qualities of SILK HOSE,



New York Journal: "There's a queer templating the elegant painting critically. "Would you care to hear it, Wearton?"

"I should, indeed," said the friend.

"Well, rather, but you shall judge for yourself. During his wanderings some years ago an artist fell in love with a very beautiful girl, the most beautiful woman he ever met. They were betrothed and there seemed to be nothing in the way of their being married.

"One day the lover was called away to

instrument there, if, indeed, in the buildpeated, yet not a wire was within sight. He went down stairs and inquiry proved there was none within, passing over or near the building. Returning to his room he endeavored to dismiss the strange fancy from his mind, rather than to account for it, when the ringing quivered upon the air still more loudly, prolonged and impatiently."
"Was your friend a believer in any of the forms of spiritualism?" questioned

Wharton.
"Not in the least. He was not given to theosophical speculation, to psychological philosophy, had never even seen an experiment in phreno-magnet-The lady of his love had been his art, the shrine at which be worshiped fame to the exclusion of all other

tered them?" "Tell me first if there is any difficulty or uncertainty in deciding with regard to a familiar voice when listening to a telephone?

Impossible under the conditions you have described. 'So argued the startled listener, and fancied he must be going mad. Subsequent events, however, proved to the contrary."
"Yet he must have been keenly sensi-

appointment "Untroubled because unthinking of the strange episode of the day, he pre-pared himself for slumber, turned out story."

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the gas, and retired. Scarcely, how-ever had his head touched the pillow LEMOINE'S LOVE.

Lemoine, puffing on his pipe and con-

'Is it dramatic?"

a distant city. You may have noticed a spot near the river in the picture, a dark, damp nook. Well, the night be-fore he went away they sat down on a log on that spot to exchange a few words of farewell. They were there two hours. for the night was glorious, and they were loath to say good-by. Her heart was almost broken at the parting in the morning.
Two days subsequently to his removal

in the city, as he was sitting in a room alone, thinking of her he loved, he was suddenly startled by the ringing of a telephone bell. He knew there was no He listened and the sound was re-

"You are certain he was not asleep and dreaming?" "I have ample reason to know that he was as fully awake as you are. The third ringing was followed by a message, short, but clearly voiced, as if he had held a receiver to his ear."

"Are you attempting to practice upon my credulity?"? "If the picture you saw was reality, and not a myth of the imagination, then what I am telling is equally so. "What were the words, and who ut-

"Not in the least." "And there was not then. The voice was that of Ethel Scott, and the words were, 'Love, I am dying; come

tive to all that followed. "And nervously alert had not friends called, changed the current of his dreams, and left him a few hours later in the best of spirits. "Well?" questioned Wharton in dis-

before his unclosed eyes were dazed by peculiarly bright light. It was diffused over the room at first, then assumed shape, distinct letters, distinct

words." "And they were?" interrupted Wharton, with nervous anxiety. "These: 'Love, why don't you come? I am freezing, dying,"" "Nearly the same as before."

"Yes, and the instant he had repeated them aloud they disappeared."
"And you—the man? I should indeed

"He arose, lighted the gas and carefully noted the hour and minute, as I should have told you he had done when he received the spiritual telegram---I can call it by no other term. He saw that by haste he could catch the train, did so, and in the gray of the morning stood at the door of his beloved. It was open and the house in confusion. He met the distracted mother, the agonized father, the affrighted and useless servants. From their incoperent stories he learned that Ethel had been very sick, delirious, had escaped during a temporary absence of her mother, and thus far search had een in vain."

"And he?" questioned Wharton carried out of himself by the intensity of his interest.

"Waited to hear no more, but ran with all his possible speed to the trysting place by the sheltered stream. "Why there?"

"Something-it was as intangible as his other warnings-told him that there she would be found." "And was?"

"Yes, and just as painted. Beneath the lily pads and bending, swaying reeds she lay in the shallow water, with her arms thrown backward and her hands clasped beneath her head. Her pale face was toward the sky, the wet nightdress clinging to the glorious form, but so torn and washed aside as to reveal much of limbs and arms and bust whiter than marble, and shaming the work of any chisel. But I need not describe further. The painting does better than words can, especially the hair that float-ed in waves of shining gold around." Dead?" gasped Wharton.

"No," answered Lemoine, reverently. God be thanked, not dead, and to rescue and carry her home was brief labor. "Yes, and is alive to-day"-

"Thanks to the loving care of the truest, warmest and best hearts on earth," came in soft whispers to their ears—came as if floating out of space.

Wharton sprang to his feet in astonishment, in terror, saw a reality, not a spiritual shadow, that had stolen into the room unseen, unheard, and ex-

"Great heaven! The lady of the picture. "And my dear wife," answered friend as he drew her tenderly to his

"Then the story you have told me

"Of ourselves, and every incident is true. As I learned upon the recovery of my darling, she had called me at the time I fancied I heard the telephone, and her last recollection when in the water was for help and from

'And you painted the picture?" "Yes. It was indeed a labor of and inspired by love." "One thing more. How do you

count for the mysterious summonings?" "I attempt no explanations-am content to simply state the facts, with my "Whom you worship, as the world

Cooper's Hairbreadth Escapes. Albany, Ga., Special to the New York World: Joseph W. Cooper, who st died here, led an adventurous life. When fifteen years old he ran away from school and joined the confederate army. He fought around At-lanta and with the Dougherty Grays in Virginia. At the conclusion of the war he went to Pittsburg, Pa., where he fell in with some young sharpers who tried to rob him. He drew his pistol and ran them off.

He then joined the regular army and was sent to Fort Rice, Dak., then in the wild west. They nearly perished with thirst while on the way to Devil's lake. Returning, they narrowly missed death, being surrounded by 1,000 Indians. He, with a comrade, went to the Black Hills. They were seen and pursued by eight Indians who were on the warpath, and narrowly escaped. Under a trapper's advice, who provided him with a find horse and a sixteen-shooter and a hand-ful of assafortida, which he put in hig boots, he took his stand to attract and kill wolves. The animals came by hundreds and attacked him and his horse. He narrowly escaped with his life. He became an expert shot and buffalo hun-

He was once captured, tied to a pole

and would have been killed but that his bonds were cut by a friendly Indian. He was closely pursued in August, 1868. A large body of Indians made a raid drove back the guard and captured several head of beef cattle. Lieut, Cusick called for volunteers to capture them. Cooper and five others responded. They were led into ambush on a small hill, encom passed by a deep ditch, and surrounded. There was only one outlet, which was known to Coaper. He led them out and all his comrades were killed, except the lieutenant, who stood by him, though utterly disabled. Cooper was knocked from his horse and seven Indians disnounted to dispalch him with thein knives. As he was well armed, he kept them at bay and managed to escape with his officer, falling near the fort in sight of help. In this engagement Cooper was terribly wounded. An arrow entered his right side went clear through his body and emerged through the right breast. And other penetrated his left hip and the head was imbedded there, and it was three months before it could be will drawn. Cooper was cut in the head and otherwise beaten and bruised with clubs and guns. It was nine months before he recovered sufficiently to resume In 1869 he rescued a little Indian girl

Yetlow Flower, who had been wounded in the side, scalped and left for dead. She recovered, was sent to school by him and is now the wife of a respected business man in St. Paul. After several years, tiring of this wild life, he returned to Dougherty county. About four years ago he had an altercation with a young farmer, Robert Johnson, and was shot down and given up as hopeless, but recovered. His brother, who, unarmed, went to separate the contestants, was killed. Johnson died before his trial was over. Cooper then became constable, and afterwards police officer, and was juiler here for several years.

John A. Robinson, a wealthy gentle-man of Norwich, Conn., who died recently, left a remarkable provision in his will. This document directed that his remains should be kept for three days before they were placed in the grave, where the lid to the coffin was to be removed and the grave so closed that a person could readily get out. It also provided that food and water be placed in the coffin. A hammer, too, was to be near his right hand, while a lamp was to burn in his sepulcher for three days and three nights. Every one of the provisions was rigidly enforced.