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Largest Cloak, Suit and Fur House in the West.

GLOAKS.

We show the latest styles and colors in Newmarkets, Ulsters and Wraps, Jackets and Blouses, Plush Cloaks, Plush Jackets; a Newmarket at the lowest possible prices.

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We offer great intucements in this department, of latest styles and material.
Our \$18 Dresses now \$12.75.
Our \$25 Dresses now \$17.75.
Our \$32 Dresses now \$22.50.
Our \$50 Dresses now \$32.50.
We guarantee perfect fit on each Dress free of charge.

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Seal skin cloaks fur lined circulars, fur Collars, cuffs, Muffs, Boas, Robes. Seal skin Hats, Caps for ladies and gentlemen.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Sealskins have advanced 45 per cent. We made large purchases before the advance and offer the best garments at the former low prices. Full stock on hand. Seal garments repaired at short notice.

DRESS GOODS

THIS WEEK ONLY.
We shall sell our 48-inch colored Henrietta Cloth at \$1; regular, \$1.20; finest goods made. About 50 different colors in stock.
48-inch Black Henrietta, 3 different qualities, all worth \$1.25, all at 85c.

Kid Gloves.

A full line of 4-button extra fine Kid Gloves, in all colors and sizes, at 65c, worth \$1.50.
Silk and fur trimmed Kid Mittens for ladies and children.

HOSIERY.

Ladies' all-wool, full regular Cashmere Hose, in black and colors, 25c.
Children's all-wool Ribbed Hose, 53c.
We offer an extra fine, Ladies' Cashmere Hose at 65c.
Full line Silk Hose.

Handkerchiefs.

Hemstitched embroidered linen Handkerchiefs, white and colored, 2 for 35c.
Silk 22-inch square hemstitched Initial Handkerchiefs, 65c, worth \$1.00.
Pure linen Handkerchiefs, 15x15, 2 for 25c.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Mufflers.

HEYMAN & DEICHES.

GLEN VEAGH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

The Wildest, Sweetest, Wordiest Spot in Nature's Realm.

DAY DAWN IN FAIR ENNISKILLEN.

A Wonderful Pen Picture of the Beauties of Sight and Sound in Ireland's Most Romantic Nooks.

Afoot in Ireland.

ENNISKILLEN, Ireland, Nov. 6.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—There is a sovereignty of elation and exaltation in wandering alone among the scenic glories of any land. A good staff or stick, a stout pair of legs, a receptive mind, and above all a cheery heart, whatever one's luck, are the regal companions for such sojournings. Thus one is in true habitation and spirit for nature's open-handed companionship. She appears at her myriad doors and windows which are shut to noisy crowds, with radiant welcomes. You may be saty and even god with her for the day; and no one can ever sing as she will sing to you, and you will sing in and from your soul to her, to the marvel of yourself, where before you know no harmonious chord.

It was with some such reflection as these, that on the last morning of October I had left the little hamlet of Kilmacrenna before daybreak, and came with and without the sun over the Glendowan mountains to see the rising of the mists from the great valley of Glen Veagh, and feast upon the wondrous charms of burn and mountain lough and glen, cascade and cliff, if good fortune should bring with advancing day a clear sky above. And what a wondrous morning it was! Scarcely could your hand be seen before you for the fog. There was your road, centuries old and as hard as Irish landlordism, beneath your feet. You could not mistake that. But what was to the right or the left, or before, only fancy, quickened by the morning's awakening life, intensified by near and far mysterious sounds, could locate and divine. Tramp, tramp, tramp, bravely as you might, these grew into the consciousness as so imperative of recognition, that, despite yourself, ever and again you would stop to listen. Drip, drip, drip from the leaves of the hedges into water-basins of rock, the great drops striking the water like silver pellets upon glass; until the very chimneys of the fairies were rang in your ears beside road. Not a rod away, but invisible, rivulets of the night's making wimpled from rocks to pools, from the staccato of tenor trills to the low baritone minors of stately psalms. Just at my side, as if snapping with its long neck from behind the curtaining mist, a goose would hiss, or quack quack, at door of unseen cabin. Beyond or behind, a chained dog, making a dismal howl of kennel door and chain-leaped out and in baying to his peasant-master of untimely footsteps. Over my head the restless abrasion of boughs whispered that the leaves, from their very weight of fog-cups, sighed and moaned as if im-

patient of their sunless prisoning. Hedge branches cracked from water weight as in the frost battles of approaching winter. Here and there as the heavy breezes moved a trifle, would come the hesitant pipe of stirring bird, the patter of wild hares' feet upon the slippery leaves, the half-caught, hoarse resonance of hidden waterfall; while faint and far and distractingly muffled, the notes of distant church bell pushed in through the fleecy folds of the fog. Learning these and countless more by heart, then it was tramp, tramp, tramp, again, as if pushing every step through impalpable banks of snow! And then—
Ah, yes, here were the brave old Donegal questioners again, no, no, came between two towering bare-headed, bare-footed figures standing across the way in front of their own invisible roadside farm-house, gazing and stretching, and "getting a taste o' the moon." But no inquisition this time. Just two pleasant-faced Irishmen, father and son; ready for a friendly argument upon anything; wondering at the stranger and his brave sojourn through the fog; and whom no diplomacy could escape until a breakfast of their simple fare was had with them. Then, as the harvests were well in, the son must be my guide through Glen Veagh, whether or no; and, by this and by that, a pledge must be given that, when the day is done, I would become one of those who from the country roundabout were to make the thistles of that very farm-house ring with the innocent hilarities of an Irish All Hallow Eve.

If your fancy be a glowing one, put it to its most fervent test in picturing the most, sweetest, wildest and most gloriously beautiful spot within its powers of creation, and you have not then got even a glimpse of the magical fascinations of Glen Veagh. From where we stood until the mists had vanished, at the mouth of the pass through Glendowan mountains, half way between mountain top and valley level, the whole mighty series of resplendent panoramas stretched away to the north, lending into surpassing purples above the stately blue of Veagh Lough. To the east and our right rose the lough and gracefully outlined heights of Glendowan. Behind and to the south, uplands dipped and rolled into matchless valley descents, shaping the approach to the noblest depths of Glen Veagh. To the far west from south to north, and forming the remoter valley rim, swept the Derryveer ranges; while through their highest opening were discovered the glittering gray of Lona Errigal, of all Donegal the monarch height. Glendowan soared above the mists; Muckish lifted its huge, long back, monster-like even in the sunshine; and the lofty Doonish set a dainty wall to the west, straight up from the edge of the glen, for 1,200 of its 2,200 feet in height. Through all the valley between island, crags and cope, poured burns with endless melodies. From the Doonish side the Calaber river bounded over its rocky bed into scores of cascades, separated, forming a dreamful island, and its branches reunited, stole into the peaceful bosom of the Owenacrow. Reaching Lough Veagh itself, you find it penned between walls nearly a thousand feet high on either side, their escarpments hidden by masses of copests in which mingle the ash, beach and alder, forming a velvety sward over which one could seemingly safely tread. The burn of Glendack tumbles 600 feet within a mile from the lough; and opposite the torrent of Derrybeg is hurled over a precipice of 1,900 feet to reach the still waters in this mystic Valley of the Deer. Beyond this the lough winds as but a

thread of silver between the denser shadows of Mullangore, and, through gorge and glen, between cliff and mountain, then creeps silently upon its lither river way to the mighty northern sea. If the mere outlining of this enchanted spot so inadequately fails all power of description, what inspired pen could paint its ever-changing formings, seemings and hues? A myriad tiny vendure-clad slanders repose along the valley. Glittering peak, blanched cliff and threatening precipice burst through the heather and sea-green sod. Away among the heights the golden eagle wheels above the gorges, or calls to the echoing peaks for companionship in its solitudes. Tumbling burns quiver and flash, or show cascades like fair flocks of lace, from within the shadows. And over all the sound of rivolet, burn and river, over covert and cope and glen, over leat, bog and tarn, floods the October sunshine, painting in unfound dyes; where the silences are as broken by human voice as in the vaulted skies above. Grand Glen Veagh! Noblest of all Erin's wondrous valleys, because grandest one fashioned by hand of the infinite Artificer, and as yet unsmirched by the defiling hand of man.

The entire day passed as an hour in Glen Veagh, and it was nightfall ere we reached the farm house, where quite a number of country folk were already awaiting our arrival. The house itself was somewhat larger than the average Irish cabin. It contained two very large square rooms, above these were fairly spacious lofts, rather close against the thatches, where most of the scanty stores were placed, and where the entire family were disposed of at night in bunks, not unlike sailors in a vessel's fore-cabin. But across the road stood a mortar-walled barn as large again as the house; and this, swept clean and set to rights, was also ready for the hospital service. Both house and barn were lighted brilliantly, and there with the latter fact—splintered, or long sliver of bog-wood coated with tallow. With those already there, and with those constantly arriving, came mysterious little bundles which were secretly edged into the peasant-mother's hands, or dropped with great effort at nonchalance in some odd corner; making it easy enough to see that whatever might be the bounty of the night, each one had been mindful of the farmer's small purse and the assemblage's concrete mighty deeds—all much after the manner of our American countryside "donation party." Within, everything to home possessed, shone as brightly as the faces of all who came. The housewife seemed swelling and bursting with cheery flurry and heat over pots and kettles at the great fireplace of the greater room; and sunny savory odors promised much for a later hour. The kitchen had been given over to the youngsters, who were already deep in their Halloween charms and games; and becoming one of them, like the good old man who "caared not for the fall," in Willis' "Saturday Afternoon," I soon won place and honor.

Of all brief periods of Irish pleasure, Halloween yields the sweetest, because the most harmless and innocent, delights. It is the night of unbounded mirth, witching charm and sinless dream. It is then that the tenderest of all superstition's eerie broods, the kindly Irish fairies, mingle with human moods and wish, and weave their friendly spells through all the warp and woof of thought, emotion, dream and desire. And his is an insensate heart that will not grow younger and tenderer

under the influence of these mirthful revels. Where will one begin and end in telling them as he sees and feels them? Over every door to house, room, or barn, an apple paring was hanging, and some maiden's eager eye was watching for him who first passed beneath; for that one the fairies had charmed as her beloved. Groups of lads on all-fours ducked their heads in buckets of water and brought out small coin with their teeth. Lassos were busy cutting out alphabets with which the fairies were to spell, in water-basins, secretly-cherished names. Stolen herrings—which must be salt; must be boiled without turning; eaten with hot tongs; and dreamed on "without drink"—now made their appearance. Then the "bannock-baking" and its wild merriment. Whoever turned the bannock on the high gridle that hung from the crane was to weed her wimple finger-knuckles in the oven meal, salt, soda and water. "Nut-burning" and "snap-apple" were going on merrily at the hob. The hazel-nut ashes in dainty packets beneath the billows yield charmed dreams; the burning "snap-apples" tell whether loving pairs will sputter or mellowly age during wedded life. Then there was the "dumb cake" making for fairy-aided dreams; the "charm pies" with their buttons for old bachelors, thimbles for old maids, and rings for the lucky ones who should wed; the "candle-and-sweets" suspended and whirling between grinning faces where teeth snapped for bites, and luckless frowny hair was singed; and a hundred other innocent delights; hence the more serious affairs of "post-man's-knock" and "forfeits," where genuine old-fashioned kissing was there for the fighting; and the struggle for your "rights" was a bouncing Irish lass from the mountains insured her hatred if you did not overcome her, and a sore body or broken bones if you did—and then, amid deafening clatter and chatter, the supper in the great room, piled up tables like fat stalls in a plethoric market, various smoking, awful; but with the jolliest, hungriest crew you ever broke bread with in all your life. And oh, for the minute lay down his crown at my feet! I'll put him, collar an' break, frass his ain thrane!

Departing he again met the priest to whom he relating in great freight the king's awful threat.
"Teli thy master," said the priest, "he can have both the king of heaven and heaven itself for the asking."
Radiantly Sandy sped to the king with these wonderful tidings, and a wild and joyous shout went up within the great hall of the castle at the announcement of this bloodless victory. It quite upset the brave old king, who instantly appressed and softened, gave his minister these gracious commands:
"Go ye, Sandy, wi' mickle speed till this King o' Hav'n. Bid him rest i' peace; i' mickle peace, Sandy. Tull him the King o' Scotland warrants him fore'er his guid thrane. O ay, Sandy! an' that for his unco evilness, nae Scot shal' e'er put fut i' his kingdom!"
A hullabaloo now without arrested our attention. "The byes" had planned a great surprise. Sallying forth when the tales and songs were at their height, they had descended upon another Halloween party a few miles distant, and by main force had captured and brought a fiddler bodily away; the whole crowd of defeated friendly rivals following after in prideful acclamation. And here they came with wild whoop and hurroo, carrying their prize on their shoulders into the great-room, where the procession was received with ringing cheers. It was old Billy Drain, the blind fiddler, all the way from Bellsh; here now above all being eyes and strangers; hatless, coatless, breathless from the

[A Voice: "The aisiest in three kingdoms?"]
But mind these true words that I say: When o'er your day's labor, Have a pipe for your neighbor, If only a pipe of poor clay— For your soul, he ever will pray!
"I have ye there, my fine sundown!" beamed from his face as he resumed his seat; amid much applause; and all eyes conveyed to me a consciousness of his mortal challenge. Soresy pressed for temporary expedient, to reach beneath the fifth rib of the pedagogue, I told them this brief tale of Scottish valor, for the truth of which tradition, if not history, will vouch:
There was once a great Scottish king, pugnacious, invincible, and given to wild rejoicings over his own unchecked conquests. The king of Cornwall had dared his power, and for this daring had just received a sound dubbing. The conquering Scottish king, returning to his Highland castle laden with booty and spirits good and bad, as was his custom, began a mighty drinking bout among his glad and willing courtiers. In the midst of the orgies and boastings the sense of his greatness so possessed the king that he sent peremptorily for his prime minister, and thus in the presence of the assemblage addressed him:
"Sandy, go ye out this minute to a' th' world. Bid lika kang grant my pow'r o'er him, or I'll gang an' pull th' uncevil frae his thrane (throne)."
Poor Sandy could do no less than he was bid. But passing out from the castle hall, in his perplexity he related his king's command to a friendly priest.
"Return and teli thy master," said the latter, "there is one king he ne'er will conquer; ay, ne'er so much as come in sight of his great glory—the King of heaven, Sandy!"
Glad of any excuse for delay in his dubious mission, Sandy at once returned with this sad news to the king, who nearly expired with rage at such defeat and ill-timed audacity. Wild with indignation he roared:
"Go ye, Sandy, wi' mickle speed till this oostart kung o' Hav'n, an' bid him beware o' my wroth. Ef he dianna the minute lay down his crown at my feet, I'll put him, collar an' break, frass his ain thrane!"

It takes labor to get capital, unless a man steals it.
Even the prohibitionists like to have "full" returns.
The Fox sisters have "given up the ghost," so to speak.
"You make me tired," as the fellow said to the blacksmith.
No contributions to the "Is-Marriage-a-Failure" discussion have yet arrived from Salt Lake City.
The papers say that "wine is disappearing from the table." It goes under it, probably, with the drinkers.
Do not judge a man by his coat. Social standing to-day is based entirely upon the cut of one's trousers.
Chicago boasts of a romantic wedding in a hansom cab. Were the happy couple at once driven to a divorce court?
"I've had a bad spell to-day," remarked the typewriter, as she and Webster's Unabridged corrected copy together.
A pair of states and an apple, however unlike they may seem, have one thing in common; both have occasioned the fall of man.
When a railroad car passes by, you can tell by the number of open windows how many women among the passengers have donated their winter furs.
They have been pouring an immense quantity of seized liquors into the river down in Maine. It wouldn't be astonishing therefore, if the fish and the straggers, called "Old Dutch," the wheat speculator, will

kindly explode a dynamite bomb by striking it with a hammer, poor people will hear of something to their advantage.
Are you glad or sorry that you voted that way? Write the answer to the question in your diary, or on the barn door, or in some ailing place. It may help you to make up your mind next time.
"I had want an awful lot o' money these high-toned travelers waste for drink," said Uncle Abner, as he laid down his newspaper. "A man who will pay a hundred dollars for a saloon passage to England, when he can go in the steamer for twenty, is a slave to rum—that's what I say!"

RELIGIOUS.

From preacher to printer; Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, of Newark, N. J., is about to go back to the "case."
"Palestine now has 500,000 inhabitants, not as many as the city of Chicago. Of those 7 per cent are Jews."
Princeton theological seminary has 173 students, 50 of whom attended the late Inter-Seminary alliance in Boston.
The Rev. John Ireland, who has just been made archbishop of St. Paul, has long been a leader of the total abstinence movement in the Roman Catholic church.
A long pastorate has been celebrated in Wabash, Ind. The pastor of the Presbyterian church has just begun the seventeenth year, a long season for a western church.
Rev. Hartholomew Edwards, who is within a few months of completing his century, is the oldest clergyman in the Church of England, though he is closely pressed by Arcedeckan Phillip, who is ninety-nine.
The American college in Rome was opened on December 8, 1870, with thirteen students, gathered from different parts of this great nation. The American students became great favorites in the Eternal city.
Bishop Neuman, of the Methodist church, has evolved an idea which is worth considering. He proposes the establishment of the "World's Arbitration League," the purpose of which shall be to prevent misunderstanding on religious questions, and valueless disputes on non-essentials in theological belief. He proposes an assemblage of delegates from all religious bodies.
Mrs. Charlotte J. Nicholls, of Petersburg, Va., recently gave \$12,000 to raise a mortgage on St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, the Saturday evening previous.
Mrs. Nicholls contributed a check for \$8,000 to the building fund of St. Paul's Presbyterian church. With the presentation of the Nicholls hospital building and a \$5,000 endowment, her large gifts to the Queen's college endowment fund, and her contributions to church purposes, Mrs. Nicholls is making good use of her great wealth.

EDUCATIONAL.

Francis Parkman has resigned as Harvard overseer. He is suffering from ill-health, that prevents him from doing any literary work.
Rev. Dr. J. T. DeWitt, for many years professor of church history of Lane seminary, Cincinnati, has accepted a professorship in McCormick Theological seminary, at Chicago.
At Columbia college the trustees have just elected Dr. H. T. Peck to fill the chair of Latin, made vacant by the death of Prof. Short. Dr. Peck is very popular and his election causes much joy among the students.
At Brown university, on the evening of October 30, there was held in the Chapel a memorial service in honor of the late Hon. Rowland Hazard, LL.D., a member of the board of fellows and the endower of the chair of physics.
At the meeting of the college board of trustees of Princeton, Prof. H. T. Peck announced that \$80,000 had been given to the college; \$50,000 by Mrs. Susan D. Brown, of this town, to be used for scholarships, and the remainder by friends of Dr. Patton, to be devoted to purposes at the determination of the trustees.
At Dartmouth the new government experiment station will soon be completed and ready for use. It is built of pressed brick with granite trimmings, and its architectural beauty is expected to add greatly to the town. One-half the building will be utilized as a chemical laboratory, which will be very complete in all its appointments, and great hopes are entertained of its working efficiency.

BIG REDUCTIONS

- \$800 EMERSON PIANO, \$450.
- \$750 EMERSON PIANO, \$400
- \$700 EMERSON PIANO, \$350
- \$1,000 HAINES PIANO, \$500
- \$600 HALE PIANO, \$300
- \$550 HALE PIANO, \$250.

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For Cash or Easy Monthly Payments.
Old Instruments Taken in Exchange.

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Special Bargains

IN PIANOS.

- Kimball Upright Piano, only \$225.
- Terms, \$25 cash and \$10 Monthly.
- New England Upright Piano, only \$210.
- Terms \$25 cash and \$10 monthly.
- Hospe Upright Piano, only \$185.
- Terms, \$20 cash and balance easy
- Stoddard Piano for only \$40; \$10 cash and \$5 monthly.
- Solomon Piano cheap at \$25; \$5 cash, balance \$5 monthly.
- Burns Piano, worth \$100, at \$50; on easy terms.
- Gilbert Piano; can't be beat for \$35.

ORGANS.

Burdette Organ, worth \$100, only \$40; on monthly payments.
Kimball Organ, worth \$125, only \$25; on easy installments.
Kimball Organ, worth \$150; only \$70; easy terms.
A Fine Pipe Organ, cost \$400, only \$65; best thing for practice.
Fine Melodeon for the sum of \$10; for beginners.
On Easy Payments.