

BELOW PRICES These Prices are for Monday and they are DOWN TO BELOW ROCK.

Two Hundred Ladies' Fine Leather Hand Bags; All Leather-Lined. None worth less than \$2, and up to \$4.50. Your choice Monday, \$1 each. Don't miss these Hand Bags. Only once in a life-time can you secure such a bargain.

And here is another: Forty-five fine white Wolf Rugs; On sale Monday, \$2.98 each. They are sold in Omaha at \$8. We have a few left of these.

100 large size Feather Dusters, 25c each; not half price.

Children's Wool Mittens 10c a pair, worth 25c.

Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, fleece lined, 10c a pair, cheap at 25c.

Ladies' fine Kid Gloves with self embroidered backs, 68c a pair, worth \$1.25.

Gents' Driving Gloves, 25c a pair, worth \$1.

Gents' heavy Knit Mittens, calf-faced. They are worth \$1. On sale Monday, 50c a pair.

Gents' all-wool Scotch Gloves 39c a pair, worth 65c.

Gents' fine Undershirts and Drawers, Swits Conde best goods, Worth \$3, Monday, \$1.50 each.

Ladies' Fancy Stripe Merino Hose, 15c a pair, worth 25c.

Children's Fancy Stripe Merino Hose 10c a pair, all sizes.

Ladies' Fine All-Wool Cashmere Hose, blacks and colors, 25c pair; worth 40c.

80 dozen Ladies' Brocade Silk Handkerchiefs, dark colors, 19c each; worth 50c.

Fine Opera Flannels, 2 1/2c yard; worth 45c.

100 pieces All Silk Moire Ribbons, all colors, all widths, Monday, 11c a yard.

Fancy stripe Velvets, still go at 33c yard.

Silk Plushes, 39c yard; worth 75c.

100 pieces Dress Goods, at special prices Monday.

Zephyrs still go at 4 1/2c skein.

Best imported Germantown Yarns, 13c skein.

Wool Arrasene, large skeins, 15c skein; worth 60c.

Our Special Prices on Cloaks still go Another Week.

1 case Comforter Calico, 4 1/2c yard; worth 7c.

Red Twill Flannels 19c a yard.

Fine Dress Ginghams, 7 1/2c a yard, worth 12 1/2c

Bleach Huck Toweling, 4 1/2c a yard, worth 8c.

Ladies' Flannel Skirts, 69c each, worth \$1.

Two Gross Stamped Pillow Shams, 20c a pair, worth 50c.

100 Beaver Shawls, \$1.39 each, worth \$3.50.

75 Fine Double Shawls \$2.50, worth \$5.

Fawn Horse Blankets At \$3, worth \$5.

100 dozen Turkish Bath Towels, 12 1/2c each; worth 25c.

WATCH FOR OUR OPENING OF HOLIDAY GOODS! BELNISON BROTHERS.

LIFE OF YUM-YUM AT HOME.

Pen Pictures of the Giddy Girls of Gay Japan.

HOW SHE SLEEPS AND WALKS.

The Opera of the "Mikado" at Tokio -How Yum Yum Dances and Flirts—Her Education and Household Duties.

KIOTA, JAPAN, Nov. 5.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE].—From this old capital of Japan, where the sun shines over palace and cottage, where many of the noblest men and most beautiful maidens of the mikado's realm live, I sing the song of Yum Yum. The giddy girls of gay Japan are all about me. Their houses are open and their almost eyes twinkle a welcome as I pass along the streets. There is no Posh Bah with his dozen different offices to clog my footsteps, and I can give you some pictures of yum yum at home. She is as pretty here as ever appeared on the American stage. I like her rich cream-colored complexion. I have fallen in love with her jet black eyes which, though they shine through lids not half as wide apart as those of Mrs. Langtry or of Mrs. James Potter Brown, are quite as full of soul and quite as beautiful. I like the flowing drapery of her costume, and have become accustomed to the absence of the corset and to the décolleté display of the bust. Ladies here wear a long robe made of silk or cotton, and this open at the front like a long jacket. When worn one side it folds over the other at the front, and the result is that the Japanese girl tapers along in a half pigeon-toed fashion and when she tries to run she goes off in a gait like a cow. The dress in the summer is open at the neck, and Yum Yum does not know what a braastpin is. My wife made a girl in the country, who had done her favor, a present of one and pinned it at her neck. The girl was delighted with the present, but she at once removed it from her neck and fastened it to her girdle in the region of the bustle. The Japanese girls never wear ear-rings, and their only ornaments are on their belt. The belt is the most important part of their dress, and it is made of cotton of bright colors, and which cost only cents.

THE YUM YUM. The Yum Yum is different from the American beauty who tried to represent the Japanese heroine under that name in the play of the "Mikado." One of the troupe brought her to play to this country and it was sung, I think, at Tokio. It was the laughing stock of the mikado's capital, and there were a thousand and one things in it which have no part with the social customs of this country. The belle of Japan, for instance, never knows the rapture of a lover's first kiss. Kissing is not done in the empire of the real mikado, and such a thing as the shaking of hands is uncommon. The marriage and courting customs are entirely different from ours. Yum Yum can't have seen some girl for her lovers to hang over, and she never knows the pleasure of moonlight drives. She has no gate in the first place and no lover in the second. Her family, if she be of high birth, arranges the marriage with the family of the groom and the courting, if there is any, is done after the wedding. The Yum Yum of Japan thus leads a much less eventful life than the young girl of America. She thinks she has fun because she knows no better, and her chief employment, if she be one of the poorer classes, is the tending of her baby brother and sister upon her back. It is true that her mother took care of her, and the cradle for all the little Japanese babies is the human back. Almost as soon as the baby is born it is tied to the back of the children next in age and he moment a mother begins to expect the advent of a second baby she trains her little daughter in preparation for it. At first a left doll is placed on the baby's back, then a heavier one is substituted, and thus the weight is increased until it approaches that of a baby. I saw last week a three-year-old child carrying a dog strapped to its back in

this way, and as the baby staggered along with it, it was a child of the same age who had a baby tied on its back, and the two sat down on the little heels and played together in the middle. The babies did not seem to mind it in the least, and the infant Yum Yum here cries less than do our little American babies. HOW SHE DRESSES. As an infant, Yum Yum dresses like her mother, and the girls of Japan spend less upon clothes than do their American sisters. Spring bonnets they never get, for all womanhood here goes bareheaded. Skirts they do not use, and the long stockings and the high-heeled shoe never clasp their toes and calves. The Japanese girl wears no gloves, and she never loses her shoe-buttoner. Her shapely little feet clatter over the streets in wooden sandals two inches high, and she holds these on by a white cord which, tied to the web between her first two toes, crosses the foot and is fastened to the sandal at the heel. In place of stockings she has foot mittens, and these have a "finger" for her great toe, and they do not come higher than her ankle at the leg. Above this comes a white cord, and if the weather be wet, she will think nothing of pulling it up to her knees and in waddling along with her bare calves showing at the back. THE DRESS. This custom prevails throughout the interior of Japan, and the cities it is falling into disfavor, and the court ladies and those of the better classes at Tokio have entirely given it up. It is a very old custom, and its origin is ascribed to different reasons. One reason is that a woman upon her marriage shows by this that she has devoted herself entirely to her husband, and has renounced it impossible for her to be tempted by making herself unattractive. The fact that she must always become disgusting to her husband does not seem to have entered into the calculation.

NO RED HEADS OR WHITE HORSES. Yum Yum's hair is jet-black. A red-headed Japanese girl is unknown, and so far I have not seen a white horse in the empire. This hair is more carefully cared for than the many colored locks of the American girl, and it takes a professional hair-dresser to put it up in its wonderful shape of waterfalls and coils. She has combs of a dozen kinds and she uses hair oil profusely. Her oil is made of the seeds of the camellia and the tea shrub, and her hair is so long that it often reaches to her heels. When put up it is so stiff that it stays in place and she expects one good hair-dressing to last for several days. This she is able to do by being careful in the daytime and by the use of the Japanese pillow at night. The Japanese pillow is neither more nor less than a thin block of wood about two inches wide at the top and about four inches high. On the top of it is a bit of paper to make it soft, and yum yum can sit in this under her neck and sleep away without having her head touching the bed. She sleeps, you know, on the floor and all of our people about her limbs touching the snow white sheets would not hold good here. Yum Yum does not use sheets and her pillow needs neither pillow-case at night nor pillow sham in the daytime. Her night dress is a heavy woolen and well padded comforter under her and another of the same size and thickness on top. A paper lantern stands beside her resting place on the floor, and she may have left her box of charcoal and her pipe within easy reach.

HIT THE PIPE. And does Yum Yum smoke? Yes, indeed, she does, and she generally smokes a pipe. She likes the weed as well as her husband, and like him uses the little metal pipe of the country. She uses it gracefully, too, and she always hands you a charcoal box to light your pipe if you stop at a tea house or make a call. THE FAMILY BATH. The Japanese Yum Yum is very cleanly about her person. She takes a red-hot bath every day, and does not object at company being present at the ceremony. The whole family bath, in the interior districts, in the same bath tub, taking turns, and yum yum if she be not the favored daughter, usually sits in on the home stretch. The master of the house has the first bath, then the mis-

stress, then the children in the order of their ages, and then the servants. No soap is used in the tub, but the water is not changed. Cold baths are not taken except for penance or as a matter of a vow, and the bath tub is made so that a fire of charcoal can be built under it, and I can say with sorrow that it feels to the stranger hotter than boiling lead. Upon my first introduction to it I was attended by a maiden who persisted in helping me undress and who was not satisfied until she saw me jump into the steaming water. My blood rushed to my head and I felt as if I were being roasted. I came out as red as a boiled lobster, and an hour later going past the same bath room I saw a whole boy of girls enjoying themselves in and around it. They did not move to shut the door as I went by and like all Japanese girls were not in the least ashamed of their conduct. It is a mere matter of custom. These Japanese with all of such actions are the most modest women I ever seen, and bold faces are fewer here than in any country I have ever visited. At some of the hot springs I saw both sexes, young and old, bathing together and their merry laughter was heard in the public bath houses of the large cities. Now there are still public baths, but the women bath on one side of a fence, about three feet high, while the men have their bathing quarters on the other side. The bath is in the same room and are, of course, under cover.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY. The ceremony proper is made up of the drinking of sake and the eating of a dinner together in the presence of the two families. The bride comes to the groom's house to be presented to his parents and to his friends and her prospective parents-in-law. She appears upon the scene in a dress of white, which, however, she changes before the ceremony to a kimono, which is a present to her from the groom. The groom also gets a present of a gown from her and puts it on. The bride and groom are seated on the first cup and there is an incessant drinking throughout the ceremony.

After marriage the bride or the wife is swallowed up, as it were, in the family of her husband. Books on the duties of women urge her to be subservient to her parents at law, and in times past she was expected to communicate with her own parents chiefly by messenger and not to visit them by any means frequently. The chief book on woman training in Japanese literature is the Onna Daigaku, which is taught to all Japanese girls, and on which I am told they study their conduct.

ON WOMAN TRAINING. The principle that woman is much the inferior of man, and that she is naturally prone to evil. It says that nine women out of ten are suffering from mental diseases of intellect, anger and resentment, evil speaking, jealousy and lack of intellect. The wife should, therefore, depend upon her husband's instructions in all things, and she is subservient to her father in like degree before marriage. A wife's rights and wrongs. She has, says this book, no right to show jealousy, and if her husband is guilty of improprieties she should gently reprove him. She should give no place without her husband's permission, and the husband has a right to bring a concubine into the house if he will. The result of this is that concubinage prevails here to a large extent and the men of Japan have a low moral standard in regard to women. The husband has almost complete control over his wife by the law of divorce and he can get rid of her if he will on seven different grounds. A wife's rights and wrongs. She has, says this book, no right to show jealousy, and if her husband is guilty of improprieties she should gently reprove him. She should give no place without her husband's permission, and the husband has a right to bring a concubine into the house if he will. The result of this is that concubinage prevails here to a large extent and the men of Japan have a low moral standard in regard to women. The husband has almost complete control over his wife by the law of divorce and he can get rid of her if he will on seven different grounds.

CONCUBINAGE. In connection with this comes the subject of licensed prostitution and the selling of girls to the pleasure houses. The Christian world has made Japan notorious the Christian world over. The subject, however, is too large a one to deal with in a paragraph, suffice it to say that the evil, though modified by foreign influences, still exists to an alarming degree, and the Japanese girl of the lower class would consider it a final duty to obey her parents in case they made such a contract, and that instances of virtuous girls going into houses of ill-fame to make money to support their fathers, make up many of the most admired of the heroic stories of the Japanese literature. Such a thing in Japan is not respectable, but it is not dishonorable, and the instances of girls leaving such service and becoming the wives of respectable

men and of moving in the good society of Japan are by no means uncommon. With the fallen Yum Yum, however, I have nothing to do in this letter. After she is married she is as a rule a good and a virtuous wife, and if my eyes are not deceived, I think with all of the customs against her she manages to rule her husband here as she does the world over. The evils of the Japanese social system I may speak of hereafter. There are undoubtedly many still. The picture has, I believe, been overdrawn, and the statement that there are no virtuous women in the case of the mikado is about as true as that all Americans chew tobacco, and that their chief amusement is in putting on the carpet. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THEIR FORTUNE. He is but a fisherman. She an oyster-bait. I—well, I'll be, if I can. Their true fortune-teller.

He had lost his heart to her— Love has thrilled his brain; And for him her pulses stir; That is easy seeing.

He is jealous as the South Sea. He will watch her rosy-bud mouth— She is little better.

So they'll quarrel many a time, Quarrel till the morrow; Then, like their own sunny clime, Joy will follow sorrow.

Doubting, always loving still, They will pass together To the shore where comes no ill, Strife or angry will.

Simple tale you say this is, Lackluster plot or glory; True, but in your tales like this Make the wild world a story.

RELIGIOUS. The Catholic population of Connecticut is about two hundred thousand. The number of chapters of St. Andrews brotherhood is officially reported to be 303. The Catholic Review notes with regret a decline in the practice of offering masses for the dead. The oldest Presbyterian preacher on the Pacific coast is Rev. Dr. Reesoner, of Cornville county, Oregon, who is ninety years of age. The Jesuits now laboring in the missions of that order number 2,377, according to the statistics of the Ethical Societies. Of this number 1,000 are priests, 399 teachers and 678 coadjutors. The statistics of the Upper Iowa Methodist conference show 1,750 probationers, 3,371 members, 128 local preachers, 301 churches, valued at \$262,394, and 123 parsonages, valued at \$101,065. According to an article in the New York Evening Post, there is a marked decadence in the American branch of the Salvation Army, on account of the competition of cheap theatres and dime museums. The Hebrew Journal looks with disapproval upon the decree of the Utah supreme court dissolving the Mormon church and confiscating its property, regarding it as a violation of the provisions of the United States constitution. The wealth of church members in the United States, as given in the census of 1880, was one billion of dollars. Their contributions annually for missions was an average of one-sixteenth of a cent for every dollar, or one dollar in every 1,586.

Very Rev. Arthur J. Donnelly, St. Michael's church, New York city, vicar general of that diocese, has been raised by the pope to the dignity of domestic prelate in recognition of his services to religion. The distinction entitles Father Donnelly to the rank of Right Reverend monsignor. A good deal of amusement has been created by the report that the University of Giessen has conferred upon Prince Bismarck the title of doctor of divinity. Yet, why should it seem more absurd to make a "D.D." of a man who is no theologian than to make an "LL.D." of a man who is no lawyer?

For many years Harvard university conferred the doctorate of laws upon every Massachusetts governor, including some who probably knew less of Blackstone than Bismarck does of Calvin.

A female blackbird has been presented to the menagerie in Central Park. It was taken on the steamer Moravia on her last trip from Hamburg, when nearly 1,000 miles from the coast.

A curious natural phenomenon is to be seen near Pittsburg. So strangely damp has the autumn been there that nature in places seems to have been deceived into believing that March is here instead of November. Near the Ohio river are to be found blossoming in large numbers, and willow trees have put out new shoots and new leaves.

Mollie Faucher, Brooklyn's fasting girl, is again thought to be nearing her end. For more than twenty years she has been literally dying. For twenty-two years baffled science has stood by her bed and water the eight million months ago wise men of the profession said that the end had come. Since that time she has been in better health and spirits than at any time since her strange illness began.

The Sage and the Lawyer. A lawyer who had a very important case on hand went to a sage and said: "Oh, great and wise man, tell me how I shall appeal to the jury in this case in order to win it?" "Have you facts to support you?" asked the sage.

"I have, but, alas! Facts don't go any more."

"How is the Insanity Dodge?" "Played out."

"Can't you work in Pathos?" "The more you work too Much of it in the past, oh, Sage."

"How's Previous Good Character?" "Alas! My client has none."

"And Kleptomaniac?" "Ah! sir, but he broke into a Dwelling at Midnight, and must get a new Dog or he will be found guilty."

"Has the prosecution any witnesses?" "They have the owner of the house, who swears Positively to my client's identity."

"Then Plead to the jury that he has been Stone-blind for the past ten years."

MOBILE. The Lawyer Won His Case, and the Prisoner was Apologized to when set at Liberty.

Mr. Fred Ward and his company played "Virginia" in Pittsburg last week in their traveling suits, their wardrobe having been carried. The papers claim the audience adapted itself to the circumstances better than the company. Edwin Booth played "Hamlet" under the same conditions last long ago in Stamford, Conn.

SINGULARITIES. F. L. Ames, of North Easton, Mass., owns a white orchard, the only specimen known of that particular species.

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