AFTER THIS WEEK OUR GOODS WILL GO BACK TO OLD PRICES AND THERE WILL BE NO MORE CUTTING.

# ANNUAL INVENTORY SALE

## Furniture, Carpets and Stoves at Half Price--Come and Get First Choice.

We will place on sale beginning tomorrow, our entire stock at about one half our usual price. We have as good and as well selected a stock as can be found anywhere, and consisting of bed room suits, parlor suits, folding beds, bed lounges, couches, rattan rockers, leather rockers, and all kinds of fancy polished chairs, extension tables of all kinds, dining chairs of all kinds, an elegant line of sideboards, and our line of combination bookcases and desks is large and elegant, china closets, ladies' desks, brass beds, white enameled iron beds, springs of all kinds, mattresses from hair down to excelsior, pillows and comforts, blankets, dinner sets, tea sets, toilet sets, lamps, clocks, pictures, carpets of all kinds, lace curtains, draperies, center tables, cheffonieres, wardrobes, fancy cabinets, ladies' dress ng tables, pedestals, and everything else thus goes to make a fine selected stock of house furnishing goods. If you miss this sale you miss the greatest opportunity of your life. Look at some of our prices below. Terms during this sale will be either all cash or on our usual easy payment plan.

The above quotations will just give you an idea of some of our prices FOR THIS WEEK ONLY. It is impossible to quote them all, but this will give you a good idea of what we intend to do. Come and we will show you some of the greatest bargains you ever saw, For out of town customers we will pack goods and put them on board cars free of charge and pay freight 100 miles. ONE DOLLAR WILL BUY TWO DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOODS.

## PEOPLE'S MAMMOTH INSTALLMENT HOUSE THE 1315-1317 Farnam Street.

NORWAY'S EAGLE NEST FARMS village, leaving not a spare foot between the entrance our boat battles and all the elemental struggles was broken into irregular masses of rock, which the dead centuries had known. It determined that even if the endeavor which the endeavor boat by a lapidary, and between these tremendous of cheese, butter, cream or lown.

Primitive Lives of Content at the Head of Great Glacier Fields.

AURIOUS PEASANT CUSTOMS REVEALED 

Native Guide and a Night in a Weird Fiord-Side Hospice-Peace and Pienty and Where the Tax Gatherer is Unknown,

[Copyrighted 1893 by Edgar L. Wakeman.] LONDON, Nov. 16.-|Correspondence of THE BEE.]-Travelers in Norway who have written of Norway and its people have invariably spoken of two characteristic subjects, but in so brief a manner as always to pique and never to satisfy the reader's natural interest. These are what have been termed for a better name the "eagle nest farms," and the "sacters" or mountain summer dairies.

So far as I know no traveler writing in our language has ever visited the former, and while a few have actually seen a sactor, its environment and the strange and lonely life at the same have never been adequately de scribed.

In sailing along the Norwegian coast from Bergen to the Lofeden islands, one who is closely observant of the mainland scenery and particularly if a powerful field glass is used, will be surprised at the number of utterly lonely and isolated habitations, seemingly perched against the gray crags at great altitudes midway between sea and sky. The larger number of these are at least 2,000 feet above the sea. To the eye it seems inconceivable that place even for their foundations could be secured. The picture is always the same. A line of black wall thousands of feet high; a dent of purple or a depression of misty blue where the speck of a home is built, and then black and somber crags behind and above; and above and beyond these the ghostly glacier fields.

Because from a distance their cerie locacation, and the ragged, huddled structures, which often surround the main habitation recall the nest of the cagle at the edge of beetling crags, they have come to be called "eagle nest farms." Sometimes the eye will follow a black line of fissure descending from these habitations to a cavernous, rock-gorged gap beside the water. In this case a little boat house may be seen upon the rocks; and somewhere near, a winding puce-like line will trail upwards and into the darkening depths. This tells that the engle nest farmer is a fisherman, too, or has this means of communication with the outer world; but how he reaches his home-perch above, how he subsists in his desolate hab itation, and what manner of folk these are who find contentment in lives of such end less solitude, danger and nature-grudged sustenance, were conjectures which haunted me until I found means to know.

They Are Certainly 'Way Up Farms.

Above the cliff walls of the larger and sterner flords which penetrate the maiuland from the coast the cagle nest farms are even more numerous than along the outer coast. more numerous than along the outer coast. This is particularly true of portions of the Hardanger, Sogne and Trondbjem fiords. In the iordly Næro ford, a branch of the Aur-lands branch of the Sogne, and in a few in-stances in the Trondbjem, they are at such lofty alitudes that they appear like specks of snow or ice, or like poising birds upon edges of the cliff. I had noticed a few located at prodigious heights between Styve and Holmenas, on the northern wall creat of this fiord, which, all the way beyond Dyrsdal to the waterfall of the Ytre Basken that tumbles 3,000 feet, is like some thack that tumbles 3,000 feet, is like some tlack and terrible waterway to the realms of Eblis; and on landing at the picturesque station of Bakke, where snow-capped mounins rise thousands of feet sheer above the

should end in a broken neck I would first have seen a Norwegian eagle nest farm. Four days passed at Bakke, four days of contemplation of scenery so somber and awful that it continually suggested the infernal, before I found any one either compe tent or willing to act as guide. Then good fortune came to me in the person of a strap-ping young fellow, a native of Grindedal, who had been lured away from his own mountain home to Australia, and tired of a roving life in the antipodes, was returning as best he could, with a look of eager home-sickness in his eyes almost savage in its intensity. The little he was to receive as boatman, guide and interpreter, would on our return pay his passage on steamers around through Aurlands flord to Fejes, and still leave nim as many dollars as peasant's hard labor for a whole year will give for saving in Norway. So we were a happy pair as we rowed in our small boat, hured at Bakke, to the northeast toward styve and Dyroai's ice-fields above the

#### Congenial Companionship.

clouds.

I could not have found in all Norway a venture. Not so very long ago the old adventure. method of stages by row boat along many of these fiords was still in vogue. Travelers were then taken from one station to another in cumberous sharp-pointed boats. The crew of each would return with other passengers to its home station; and frequently these crews, from stress of travelers' haste, or when hired by the week or month, would make voyages the entire length of a flord and its various lesser branches.

This often brought the real vikings of our generation, that is, the dwellers on viks, or reeks, along the flords, into acquaintance with the peasant folk of another flord, and the father of my guide, whose name was Peter Erickson, was the master of such a boat when Peter was a lad. Those who dwelt at Fejes had come to not only know the lowly of Backe, but many had acquired the almost unconscious cunning of the Indians' woodcraft, or the coast sailors' unexplain-able eighth sense of instinctive precon-scieusness of location in fair weather or foul. This made clearer to these boatmen than an ordinance chart every hidden chasm, sequestered waterfall or unseen home nest upon the crags, while the very cragsman whom we had set out to visit had been, in the days before the steamer's whistle awoke the sleeping echoes of the somber Naro fiord, one of the crew of Peter's father's boat.

It was well we had provided food and blankets. The enthraliment of the savagely majestic scenery of the fiord, the loiterings at chasms, gorges and narrow valley openings, where oud and fantastic hamlets and half hanging clusters of farm buildings top-pled at the edges of precipices or seemed trembling from the furies of rearing tor-reuts, and above all, the meetings and partings with quaint peasant groups, to whom the shadowy flord was the only highway ever known, and who always shook hands with us as though we were old and dear friends they had not seen for a decade and never expected to see again, shouting and waving "Favels" to us as long as we were in sight -brought us only to the real begin-ning of our cliff journey when it was already fairly night down there at the bottom of the narrow walls of the flord.

Dark and Forbidding. The place into which Peter dexterously guided our boat was the most forbidding and gruesome place I ever had the fortune to enter. From the middle of the stream the opening was wholly unobservable, but my guide informed me that hundreds more like it could be found among the tremendous walls of the Norwegian flords. It was prac-tically a vertical fissure 2,000 feet high, and perhaps as deep below the water's surface. One edge was almost as smooth and rounded as a hewn pillar for all its mighty height. The other, correspondingly hollowed, would have closed against it had the sime inconceivable nature force which separated it set it again in place, with perfect lamination and without an inch of variance or waste space. The two edges of these formations, reaching above the clouds, were not fifteen fort and the second secon feet apart at the entrance, but away in there were weird and awful depths, for while sight could not penetrate them, the whispers, murmurs, plaintive songs and hourser threnodies of falling waters told the wondrous story of erosions, displacements,

grated against a sheltering rock. It was almost as level as a floor, and but a few inches above the water. Beyond this the rock had perhaps centuries before been eaten away or had given away, forming a covered hollow like half of a truncated cone. This spot, resembling a section of the pre-historic bee hive huts of Ireland, was to be our resting place for the night-a place which probably sheltered more human be-ings before me than the greatest and oldest hotel in Norway; and I thus learned of an-other interesting custom of Norwegian peas antry. As I have before pointed out, the nords are their real highways. Jour-neys of hundreds of miles are still made by entire families or parties too poor, or too thrifty, to seek their shelter and food at the flordside hamlets. They have for centuries food, fuel, and sheepskins for covering are brought with them in their boats; and water the sweetest, purest, coldest water world, is leaping or trickling from every

A Quaint Hospice.

Peter had no sooner built a cheery firefor each halting party from immemorial cus-tom contributes to the public supply, and there is always fuel at hand—than he explained, torch in hand, some of the curious characteristics of this quaintest hospice 1 had ever beheld. A genuine Norwegian inn without a landlord, station without master, hotel without host. On the same rocky level, but just around a projection of the fissure wall, was a tiny paddock with little walls, knee high, built of loose stones. The source of certain unaccountable sounds I had already heard with dire foreboaings were now made clear. Three they Norwegian cows were munching their green fodder, and two of the tiniest calves I had ever seen stood gravely beside them. These might belong to the cragsmen we were about to visit. Peter told me. In any event, here the peasintry, who often changed the grazing places of their little herds, penned the animals at uight; and the wise little things, conscious as their masters of the danger of night roaming or misstep, never budged from their few square yards of rock to which they were meekly led from the

boats. Where we built our fire, fires had been lighted since the time of Harold Haarfagre. n a hole or little chamber in the rock we a few rudo iron utensils which had perbaps been used for centuries by these flord way farers; and another little indention in the wall served as a sort of toll box, where those who felt able or willing to do so deposited a few ore, nearly the smallest coin in the world, in tribute to the eagle nest farmer, thousands of feet above, to whose farmer, thousands of feet above, to whose possessions this strange place was a sort of lower and outer lodge. Having drawn our boat upon the rock we slept within it. It was a wakeful night for me. The soughing of the wind through the narrow fissure was full of ghostly plaints and voices; while the falling of near yet unseen waters of differing volumes from varying heights, seemed almost articulate with wild speech and song; as if the mighty mythologic heroes of Norse-land in concourse within this mysterious chasm were returned for a night to chant their sagas there of love, of the chase and

#### Miniature Niagaras,

of war,

it was late when we awoke. The calves had mysteriously disappeared. Peter was then sure they were Frederickson's on the chiff top above. Their owner had come with a companion, and without disturbing us had slung the little animals over their shoulders and were now scaling the heights with them. Peter said we must make haste, as the cows were to follow, and we should overtake the cragsmen at home before they began an-other descent. With a bit of food in our hands we started, Peter in the van. The way led, for a few hundred feet, past the what was, on three sides, an almost vertical hollow cube cut by nature from hollow stone. More than a score of waterfails could be More than a score of waterfails could be seen. Some seemed no larger than a white ribbon of lace waving down the black rock sides. Others poured from cups and hollows larger accumulated volumes. And still others issued like spouting tunnels from cavermous holes in the rocks. All fell in an immense pool of such great depth that the discharge of the waters from the hlack discharge of the waters from the black caularon was without ripple where they mingled with these of the flord.

The other side of the mighty hollow cube

displacements were powdered stone and detrius of sand, so I knew that sometime, thousands of years ago, a parcel of glaciers had tilted into the chasm and thus provided a not altogether perilous way for our ascent. A zig-zag path, forming together a distance of perhaps two miles, led up the broken chasm side; and at three places huge timbers had been rigged for raising and lowering, with rude windinsses, animals, with huge leather bands fastened around their bodies, and all things that could not climb or be carried on these sturdy cragsmen's backs. Here then was half the mystery of these famous eagle nest Norwe-gian farms removed. Peter said they were all equally accessible both upon the coasts and the flords. They have simply seemed inaccessible to those travelers who make books from steamer's decks, and have been put among the eagles, the clouds and the glaciers, in the pictures, without as much as rope and swinging wicker basket to aid the reader's imigination in safe ascent.

#### Agreeably Disappointed.

We met the head farmer and his son on their way back to the flord-side paddock, near the upper edge of the chasm. I was much more of a curiosity to these good folk than they to me: for I was the first foreigner that had ever visited this, or, so far as I can learn, any other eagle nest farm in Norway. Peter made them know easily enough who he was, and the greetings at the farm house, or houses, for several branches of one family were huddled in great roomy houses along plateau, were rather an ovation than welcome. I was altogether disappointed for I had looked forward to knowing in this experience the uttermost desolation in which human beings can sustain life. I was glad to find one of the cheeriest places I had come upon anywhere in Norway.

The eagle nest farm comprised altogether 200 or 300 acres of partially tillable and grazing land. A mountain stream ran through it. The cliff-edge above the flord was protected by low walls of timber and stone. The entire tract might be called a "swail." or little corrie or saucer-shaped depression such as you will find in the Scottish high lands. In front was a misty line above the flord; then a mighty panorams of mountain, valley and waterfall as far as the eye could

Behind, lay first a field of shapeless Then came a seemingly impenetrable reach .alson forest of fir. Above this was another line of scarred gray masses of jagged stone, its upper edge serrated with streaks and gullies of snow, and then the glittering range of ice upon the Dyrdai field boyond. The light at this altitude, with white peaks every-where along the circling horizon line, was painful and blineing, after a week passed in the shadowy depths of the flord region below.

There were fine low, wide, stout timber built homes; perhaps a half score of out-buildings for flocks and herds, all arranged so as to protect as much as possible both humans and animals from the awful winter winds; a huge storehouse as big as a villag mill for grinding grain, where the stream tumbled into the chasm in which we had passed the night. The larger farm house,

or sort of patriarch to them all, had a wide onter enclosed hall. In this were bestowed on shelves, hung from pegs or stored in corners, a strange col-lection of oars, fishing gear, rule farm implements, game traps, tremendous fur coats and rawhide boots, stags' heads and antlers, tusks of wild boars, powder horns and shot pouches and firearms of strange and antique pattern. The living rooms were four in number, huge and square, leading from one to another through square openings, and in a corner of each was an open fireplace as large as I have ever seen. Every article of furniture-long, low tables, uncouth but comfortable chairs, cumberous chests, bunk beds built into and against the walls, heavy snelves upon great pegs driven into the house timbers, and even the gaily painted bureaus with the housewives' names and dates of their marriage upon them-were of home manufacture.

#### Peace and Plenty.

With all these evidences of ample content, if within primitive environment. I feit abashed at my own constantly recurring pre conceived tendencies to construct social and material pictures of meagerness and desola-tion where no such conditions existed. At middagemad, or dinner, which consisted of a sort of vegetable soup seasoned with bits of

and milk, with great basins of tiny, but wondrously sweet jordbaeret or strawber-ries, these things were frankly spoken of, causing the greatest merriment among the family of the host. What lacked they? Here were comforta-

ble nomes and their land, which had re-mained unquestioned in the one family LAND AGENTS DISCUSS THE SUBJECT since Norway was Norway. The women spun the yarn, wove the cloth, made the clothing they all wore and besides attended Harvest Excursions Have Been a Disapto the cattle and worked much in the fields. The men felled timber in winter, hunted pointment-A Comparatively Small Acrereindeer, trapped and shot game, sometimes went on long fishing and whaling enter-prises, and the land produced enough grain for food and grass for fooder, besides nishing grazing for the animals of less The year just ending has not given to Netunate peasants, who often brought their cows here for the summer months, and which explained the presence of the three braska the number of emigrants that previ-ous years have added to the population of the state. There has been a considerable

waiting in the gorge beside the flord. All these folk could read, though none had falling off in home seekers and the harvest excursions of 1893 were almost if not total ever attended school. Elementary education seems almost hereditary here, and books, from the musty sagas to the prose and failures, from a railroad standpoint, at least.

poems of Anderson, were piled upon the rude sholves above the fireplaces. Two or and the World's fair are largely accountable for the decrease in emigration, according to three times a year they went to church at Bakke. These were great occasions and all went in boats together. In the long winter a well known railroad man who has made fifteen years. months the fires of the great chimneys roared as loud as the mountain tempets; with snow-shoes they visited other eagle nest homes this section have been active in setting forth the advantages of Nebraska for the home and enjoyed much simple merry-making; and from year in until year out, indeed from one generation to another, they knew no inexhave been so many adverse conditions at tricable exigency and experienced no need or longing beyond their own mutual provisup their residence in this aggressive com ion and requitement. More surprising than all, after we had dethat seems startlingly small, considered in the light of past years.

parted-the entire "eagle nest" community accompanying us to the edge of the chasm and sending many a hearty "Favel!" after us, even when the cliff had hidden them from sight-and while descending to the fiord with the head farmer and his son, we learned that these folk had never seen or Rearned that these fork had hever seen or known any officer of the law; and that there was not even a tradition in the numerous family above our heads of a title to their lands being essential, or of any attempt ever having been made for the collection of taxes upon any of these Norwegian cagle nest farms. EDGAN L. WAKEMAN. farms.

### CONNUBLALITIES.

Baby ribbon is much affected by orides naids.

Mollie-That old man Hattle is going to narry isn't worth a dollar. Sarah-Of course not; he's only a remnant. Wifey-Have you still unkind thoughts of

that old rival of yours? Hubby-Yes; I hate him because you jilted

"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a orillant talker." "You're right there." "Why I could listen to her all night." "I often do."

Miss New lived with her father in London ooked over the decaying stock of frayed nobility, came back to Indiana and married a Hoosier gentieman.

Matrimonial troubles begin early in Siberia. When a couple are married in that country the oride must prepare the weading dinner with her own hands.

It is reported at Newport that Mrs. Ed-ward Parker Deacon is soon to be married to a well known Frenchman. Count de Tur-enne of Paris, who is spoken of in high terms by those who have met him.

One of the most notable of the New York December nuptial events will be that of Miss Katherine Sands and Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, jr., which is slated to take place December 14. It will be a big wedding.

The wedding of Mr. W. R. McKeen, jr., son of W. R. McKeen of Terre Haute, Ind., president of the Vandalia lines, and Miss Elizabeth Maria New, daughter of Hon. John C. New, occurred at Indianapolis, Noember 22.

Matrimony is evidently regarded as a dan matrimony is evidently regarded as a dram-gerous experiment by the clerks of the Inte-rior department at Washington. A woman clerk, with the fear of the displeasure of her official superiors before her, recently asked the consent of her department chief to be permitted to marry and retain her po-sition. It was given, together with the blessings of the department—but with that condition that the chief clerk and the secre-tary should receive an invitation to the wedding and be permitted to kiss the bride.

"Our principal purchasers are from Iowa, Missouri, Indiana and Illinois. We have lisposed of some land to foreigners, but not Immigration the Past Year May Not Have n large quantities.

"The emigrants arriving within the state. from our observation, are a worthy, intelli-gent class, possessed of some means, and will ultimately prove a credit to the land of their adoption." General Passenger Agent Francis of the

Burlington, when asked as to Nebraska's emigration for 1893, said: "The present has been the poorest year in the last ten for emigration to Nebraska. Our harvest excursions were very poorly patronized, the World's fair no doubt materially interfering with the movement of large bodies of home eckers. Then the stagnation in all avenues of business which came upon the country during the early part of July completely put a stop to removals from the east to western states. We received quite a number of families from eastern linuois during the early summer, who settled along the line of the Burlington in some of the middle tier of counties, but the accessions to the population I think will not reach 50,000 during 1893. Pholps county has received a great many Phelps county has received a great many settlers, as well as Gosper and Buffalo, but the number does not compare by 50 per cent with the emigration of 1892. Then there has been more trading in land than outright purchase, live stock being the principal feature of these trading deals. Inquiries for land have not been ac-tive and the best that can be said of the year is that so far as emigration is conyear is that so far as emigration is con-cerned it was decidedly off for Nebraska. "Another reason for the failing off in emigration may be found in the relaxed efforts on the part of land dealers to induce settlers to come into the state. These wen have felt the stressful condition of the times and have been compelled to recall all their agents throughout the eastern states, contenting hemselves with the circulation of pam-phiets and books by the mails. But emigra-tion is only obtained by personal solicitation

in great part and here is found one of the causes for the decrease noted." J. R. Buchanan, general passenger agent of the Elkhorn, toid the same story of the falling off in actual settlers from preceding years. He was hopeful. history of the state. Notwithstanding this unfortunate circumstance our sales during preceding years. He was hopeful, however, of a different condition dur-ing 1894. "The Elkhorn has received a the winter and spring months greatly ex-ceeded those of a similiar period during the past eight years. This activity continued up to about the middle of June, when the force of a similiar period during for number of new settlers along its northern line, the counties of Dawes Cherry, Sheridan, Roek, Holt and Brown receiving the bulk of those who have availed them-selves of the Elkhorn Valley system to acfinancial stringency made itself felt among quire nomes. The Elkhorn has little land for sale, but we are anxious to induce emi-gration and help build up the northern tier of counties. We are always striving, by letters in the weekly papers in the east, by The Elichorn has little land pamphlets and other printed matter, to bring Nebraska to the attention of castern people, and we feel measurably satisfied with the work done. The Eikhorn valley is the richest in the state, and it looks fixe a garden even in the November sun."

#### MOTHER'S WAY.

## Father Ryan.

Off within our little cattage. As the shadows gently fall. While the snalight touches softly One weet face upon the wall— Do we gather close together. And in bushed and tender tone Ask each other full forstveness For the wrong that each has done.

Do you wonder why this custom At the ending of the day— Eye and volce would quickly answert It was once our mother's way.

If our home be bright and cheery, If it hold a welcome true, Opening wide its door of greeting To the many, not the few. If we share our Father's bounty! With the needy, day by day— "Tis because our hearts remember "This was our mother's way."

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary, Or our tasks seen very long. When our burdens look too beavy, And we deem the right all wrong, Then we gain a new fresh courage As we rise and brightly say: "Let us do our duty bravely, This was our mother's way."

Thus we keep her meaning precious, While we never cease to pray Thas at last when lengthening shadows. Mark the evening of the day-They may find us waiting calmiy, To go home our mother's way.

of affairs, and many inquiries are being re-ceived from the middle and eastern states as well as from European points, one today from Chill, indicating that our spring sales will snow considerable activity, though I

am not sanguine of a complete return to for mer prosperous times until after next sea-son's crop is harvested. Our agents inform me that from recent rains and appearances of the sprouting grain, inducations were never more favorable for an excellent crop." The sales of land on the Union Pacific in Nebraska during the past year are as fol

Exceeded 30,000 People.

age of Land Settled-A Brighter

Prospect for the Coming Year.

The long period of financial depression

the emigration question a study for the past

seeker, the manufacturer and laborer there

work that less than 30,000 people have taken

monwealth during the past year, a number

Land Commissioner McAllister of the

Union Pacific speaking of the lands sold along the system during the year said: "There has been little done in the land bus-

iness this year, but from indications we are

hopeful of a good trade in the spring. After

seeding time last fall the western and cen tral parts of the state were subjected to a

severe drouth scarcely ever paralleled in the

the farmers, and sales dropped to a mini-

There now appears to be a turn in the tide

While the general passenger agents in

OWS: nties. Acres ashington errick 320 falo. ister. elps\_ ontier 15,160 erkins ... leyenne Kiniball .....

74,000 thousands of settlers as follows:

Av. Price. 18 00 5 00 5 00 lountles. Howard 800 15,000 2,100 3,000 12,800 2,800 102,600 102,600 isper..... cPherson. ncoln.... Keith . .... Perkius..... 1,200 12,300 33,600 "And about 2,560 acres scattered through