--Part Two--

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

--Pages 9 to 16--

PRICE FIVE CENTS. INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1899. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

There'll be a Great Sale in Our Boys' Department To-Morrow.

200 little boys' stylish Vestee Suits, with small or sailor collars, sizes 3 to 10 years, worth $3, at

$1.95

250 boys' all-wool Suits, double-breasted coat styles, also vestee and sailor suits, ages 3 to 16 years, worth $4, at the special price of

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250 boys' all-wool Suits, in Serges, Cassimeres and Cheviots, all the new colorings, sizes 3 to 16 years, every suit in the lot worth $5, at the Monday price of

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50c Shirt Waists at . . 39c

15c Hose, Black Cat brand . 9c

If you want these goods at these prices you must come Monday. Tuesday regular prices will be resumed.

Men's $15 Suit Sale will be continued this week.

The Progress
Bliss, Swain & Co.
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City T'k't Office, No. 1 E. Wash. St.

	Depart.	Arrive.
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Muncie accommodation	6.35	3.10
Union City accod'ation	*4.50	*9.25
Cleve. N.Y. & Bos, ex. s.	*1.25	*10.50
Cleveland, New York & Boston mail	10.50	6.00
Cleve, N Y & Bos "Knickerbocker"	*6.25	*11.30
BENTON HARBOR LINE.		
Benton Harbor express	6.35	3.10
Benton Harbor express	11.15	8.45
Wabash accommodation	*4.50	*9.25
ST. LOUIS LINE.		
St. Louis accommodation	7.30	5.40
St. Louis southwestern, lim, d s	*11.45	*6.10
Terre Haute & Mattoon accom	4.30	10.30
St. Louis express, s	*11.20	*4.05
CHICAGO LINE		
Lafayette accommodation	7.10	5.45
Lafayette accommodation	5.15	10.20
Chicago fast mail, d p	*11.45	*2.35
Chicago, White City special, d p	4.15	6.10
Chicago night express, s	*12.05	*3.30
CINCINNATI LINE.		
Cincinnati express, s	*3.45	*11.50
Cincinnati express, s	*4.15	*11.05
Cincinnati accommodation	7.00	*6.40
Cincinnati accommodation	10.50	11.15
Cincinnati express, p	*2.45	*11.40
Greensburg accommodation	5.30	9.00
Cincinnati, Washington f lex, s d	*6.20	*4.15
N. Vernon and Louisville ex, d s	*3.45	*11.50
N. Vernon and Louisville ex	2.45	11.40
PEORIA LINE.		
Peoria, Bloomington m and ex	7.25	2.42
Peoria and Bloomington f ex	*11.45	*6.16
Champaign accommodation	4.35	10.20
Peoria and Bloomington ex, s	*11.15	*3.30
SPRINGFIELD AND COLUMBUS LINE.		
Columbus and Springfield ex	5.10	11.35
Columbus and Springfield ex	3.20	10.40

CIN., HAM. & DAYTON RY.
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Cincinnati express	*3.55	*12.45
Cincinnati fast mail, s	*8.05	*6.50
Cin. and Detroit ex, p	*10.45	†10.35
Cincinnati and Dayton express, p	*2.45	*11.45
Cincinnati and Dayton limited, p d	*4.45	†3.29
Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit, t	*7.07	†7.50

MONON ROUTE — CHI., IND. & LOUIS. RY.
Ticket Office, 25 West Wash. St.

Ch'go night ex, s	*12.55	*3.30
Chicago fast mail, s	*7.00	*7.35
Chicago express (via Roachdale)	*11.50	†2.40
Chicago vestibule, p d	†3.35	*4.37

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN R. R.

Mail and express	*7.00	†2.35
Toledo and Michigan City ex	†1.20	†6.00
Peru and Toledo ex	*1.20	*10.20
Peru accom and ex	*7.00	*10.20

INDIANA, DECATUR & WESTERN R'Y.

Decatur and St. Louis mail and ex	*3.15	†4.40
Chicago express, p d	*11.50	†2.40
Tuscola accommodation	*3.45	†10.40
Decatur & St. Louis fast ex, s c	*11.05	*3.50

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Logansport and Chicago	*12.05	*3.20
Columbus, Ind. and Louisville	*3.30	*11.30
Philadelphia and New York	*3.35	*10.00
Columbus, Ind. & Madison (Sun. only)	7.00	9.10
Richmond and Columbus, O	*7.15	*3.15
Piqua and Columbus, O	*7.15	*6.50
Columbus and Richmond	*7.15	*7.00
Columbus, Ind. and Louisville	*8.15	†5.40
Vernon and Madison	*8.15	†5.40
Martinsville and Vincennes	*8.15	*4.50
Dayton and Xenia	*8.25	*7.10
Pittsburg and East	*8.25	*10.00
Logansport and Chicago	*11.35	*3.45
Knightstown and Richmond	*11.15	*8.55
Philadelphia and New York	*2.30	*12.25
Baltimore and Washington	*2.30	*12.25
Dayton and Springfield	*2.30	*12.25
Springfield	*2.30	†6.50
Columbus, Ind. and Madison	*3.30	*10.20
Columbus, Ind. and Louisville	*4.00	*11.25
Martinsville and Vincennes	*4.20	*10.40
Pittsburg and East	*5.00	*7.10
Philadelphia and New York	*7.10	*7.10
Dayton and Xenia	*7.10	*7.10
Columbus, Ind. and Louisville	†7.10	*7.00

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Terre Haute, St. Louis and West	*7.15	*7.05
Terre Haute and St. Louis accom	*7.25	*4.45
Terre Haute, St. Louis and West	*12.35	*2.25
Terre Haute and Casey acc	†4.00	*10.00
Terre Haute and St. Louis fast mail	*7.05	*3.20
St. Louis and all Points West	*11.35	*8.20

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JOHN H. HOLLIDAY, JOSEPH T. ELLIOTT, WINFIELD MILLER, } Commissioners.

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SURPLUS $100,000

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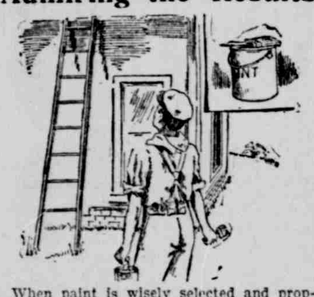

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UNCLE SAM IN BRAZIL

THE AMERICAN MINISTER AND HIS LEGATION AT PETROPOLIS.

He Is a Bachelor, but Entertains, and Is Successful in Dealing with Residents of the Country.

AMERICAN COLLEGE IN BRAZIL

CHAT WITH OUR CONSUL GENERAL TO RIO ABOUT AMERICAN TRADE.

The Germans of Brazil and Their Activity in Securing Good Things—Business in Rio De Janeiro.

[Copyright, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

PETROPOLIS, Brazil, March 26.—Have you ever heard of Petropolis? It is where the President of Brazil and the leading officials go in the summer, and where the foreign ministers live all the year round. It is in the mountains just back of Rio, at an altitude of more than a half mile above the sea, and you can reach it in less than three hours. The scenery about it is more like that of Switzerland than the tropics, and its climate is such that into it the yellow fever never comes.

Suppose you could put a range of hills 3,000 feet high just back of New York or Philadelphia, and away up in their tops build a beautiful city of, say, 20,000 population. Suppose you could reach this by a short ride across the most beautiful bay of the world and then climb the hills by a cog road like that which goes up Mount Washington. If you can imagine this you have Petropolis.

To get to it you first ride twelve miles on a steamer. Next there are cars which whisk you over the swamps at the foot of the mountains, where you get a little Baldwin locomotive, which pushes you up an inclined plane so steep that you have to keep your feet on your valise to prevent it rolling down to the end of the car.

IN THE SWITZERLAND OF BRAZIL.

The ride is wonderfully beautiful. Great trees loaded with orchids stand high above the jungle of matted green bushes. There are fern trees waving their myriad arms at the train, and tall feathery bamboos rustle in the breeze as the little engine puffs by. Now you are on the side of a green mountain hanging over a ravine 500 feet deep and under a great green spotted wall 4,000 feet high. Now you round a curve and the rocks rise above you like a great fort. They are brown and grim. Massive blocks of stone a thousand feet thick and weighing thousands of tons hang over you, and a mighty wall 2,000 feet high appears to be about to drop down upon you. I have seen some of the rock wonders of the world. The formation of the Ardes, the Himalayas and the Alps have their own features of picturesque grandeur. The Garden of the Gods and the Yellowstone are of their own kind, and so it is of this coast range of Brazil. It is different from any other, picturesque in the extreme and gorgeous in its clothing of luxuriant verdure.

The views of Rio and its great bay are magnificent and the cloud effects are different every hour. I have been living at Petropolis during my stay here and I go to and come from the city daily. The other day, when we left the tops of the mountains, Rio and the harbor were covered with a sheet of billowy clouds. Not a tree nor blade of grass could be seen save on the mountains, and we appeared to be looking down upon a snow scene of the Arctic ocean. At other times the clouds seemed to flow in and out among these massive hills in rivers of silver, which empty out upon the plain into a great cloud lake. Now you ride through these clouds on your way to the bay, and again, when the clouds lift and the sun comes out, you sail over that wonderful sapphire sheet of water to the red-roofed, white-walled city of Rio.

I wish you could be with me one day in Petropolis. It is a combination of Switzerland and Japan, of the tropics and the temperate zones. The hills surrounding it are covered with verdure, for the pure air is moist and all green things grow luxuriantly. Dom Pedro had his palace here and he laid out the town most beautifully. An aqueduct filled with running water flows through it. This is crossed by red bridges, which fit in with the picturesque surroundings.

The houses are beautiful; they are of all varieties of architecture, although the Brazilian predominates. The population is mostly made up of the rich. The swells of Rio have their summer homes here. The leading foreigners doing business in Rio live here to escape the yellow fever dangers of Rio, and go back and forth daily. At Petropolis are the homes of all the diplomats, and it is here that our American minister has his legation.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER.

I came to Petropolis to find out how Uncle Sam's chief representatives live and what they are doing for us in Brazil. Before I describe the legation I want to say a word about the minister himself. You have all heard of him. His name is Charles Page Bryan and he has for years been well known in Illinois and the Rockies. He was at one time a miner in the West and was a member of the Colorado Legislature. This was when he was little more than a boy and afterward when he came back to his home in Illinois he was sent to the Legislature of that State.

Minister Bryan comes from Chicago. His father is Thomas B. Bryan, a well-known lawyer of that city. His mother is of the same family as Thomas Nelson Page, and he is also related to the Lees, of Virginia. He remembers how he was once dandled on the knees of his great grandmother, the sister of Light Horse Harry Lee.

This was in 1859. Colonel Bryan was then three years old, and he must have been a fine looking baby. He is now forty-four, but he is fine looking still. In this land of little men he towers like a giant above the Portuguese and Brizilians, and when, with his tall hat and dark morning suit, his Prince Albert coat tightly buttoned around his well-filled form, he goes at a 2:40 pace along the Ouvidor, he is in truth the cynosure of the promenade.

Minister Bryan is about six feet tall. He has a form, complexion and features not unlike those of King George of Greece, and when he visited Greece some years ago he was again and again mistaken for the King, and during one ride it is said all Athens tipped its hat to him.

Colonel Bryan is a man of fine education and high social culture. He speaks French and German fluently and since coming here he has learned the Portuguese so that he can carry on his diplomatic conversations without the use of an interpreter. He was, you know, first chosen by President McKinley to represent us in China, but the appointment was afterward changed to Brazil. It seems to me that the change was a wise one, for Colonel Bryan is especially fitted for his present position.

AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

He is a bachelor, but notwithstanding this he keeps house and entertains quite as much as any of the married ministers of our diplomatic corps. He has with him the secretary of his legation, Tom Dawson, of Iowa; his military attache, Lieut. James A. Shipton, and his own private secretary, William A. Lowry, of Chicago. With this corps he has what is perhaps the most popular bachelor's hall among all our foreign ministers. The American legation building is one of the finest houses in Petropolis. It is opposite the park which surrounds the old Emperor's palace, and back of it the hills rise precipitously, forming a green wall 1,000 feet high. It has beautiful grounds about it, separated from the street by a stone fence, with large gate posts, upon one of which is the coat of arms of the United States.

Entering you find yourself in a garden filled with plants and trees which are almost unknown in our country. The camellia, which with us is a hothouse plant, is here a fine tree, and those in the legation garden are great masses of red, pink and white blossoms. Then there are bushes of rhododendrons as big as good-sized haycocks and azaleas such as you have never seen. There are a dozen different varieties of palms upon the lawn, and at one side of the house there is a little orange grove loaded with evergreen leaves out of which show golden balls of fruit. During a breakfast at the legation the minister often eats oranges from his own trees, and his cook goes out just before the meal and gathers the bananas from the back yard.

The house itself is a typical Brazilian villa of stone and stucco, with a large portico in front upheld by gray Doric columns. It is of but one story, but it covers a great deal of ground and has many rooms. The ceilings are high and the rooms large and airy. They are lighted by electricity furnished by the waterfalls near by. Among them are plenty of sleeping apartments so that the minister can entertain a number of guests at one time. He often has a party of Brazilian ladies and gentlemen from Rio to spend the night with him, and, in fact, there is seldom a time when the legation table has not from one to a dozen guests. Every week he gives a reception, at which there is music or some other attraction and to which ladies as well as gentlemen are glad to come. He gives frequent dinners, and you may meet at his table the Cabinet ministers and other leading Brazilian officials, as well as the newspaper editors and the most celebrated men of all classes. At the last Fourth of July he gave a dinner to the Americans at one of the hotels of Rio de Janeiro. He is always doing something for Americans, and among others holds frequent entertainments for the missionaries.

CLOSE TO THE BRAZILIANS.

As a result of his personal popularity and his social entertainments Minister Bryan has got very close to the powers that be in Brazil. He has perhaps the most important diplomatic post on this continent. I have already told you that the Brazilians number more than half the people of South America and that they own more than half the land. They have a great empire of undeveloped resources, and the chances for American capital and trade with them should be great. We pay them more than sixty million dollars every year for their products, chiefly coffee and rubber, and in return they are now increasing their purchases from us. It is of vast importance that the relations between the two peoples should be pleasant.

So far as I can learn Colonel Bryan appreciates this and is doing much to produce it. Since he came a friendly feeling for the United States has sprung up. During the war with Spain he practically secured the support of this part of South America for Uncle Sam, changing the sentiment, which was veering toward Spain.

At first the papers were full of pro-Spanish editorials. Shortly after Minister Bryan arrived they began to change, and the Commercia, which is the leading paper of Brazil, came out for the United States. The Cidade do Rio, which had been antagonizing us, not only advocated the support of the Yankees, but it printed an edition in gold in honor of the minister. This paper contained an article headed "America Forever," and in it was a picture of Minister Bryan in gold. Kind expressions were made in the other papers, and to-day I find the press universally friendly to us.

There is one thing Colonel Bryan has done here which might be imitated with profit by many of our diplomats. He has cultivated the Brazilians rather than the foreigners. He has realized that he is minister to Brazil and not the the diplomatic colony. While he has treated the diplomats well, he has worked solely for the United States, and has made it his business to be friends with Brazilians. He is perhaps more widely known than any other of the foreign ministers, and is popular with the army as well as with the civil officials.

The result is, when he wants anything of the government he is pretty sure to get it, and I think he will do a great deal for the extension of American trade. He expects, I am told, within a short time to begin a series of visits to the state capitals, investigating the resources of the country and establishing friendly relations with the governors. If he does this he will not only bring every state of Brazil closer to us, but will give our business men and commercial travelers a standing and an entree which they have never had before. Of course all this costs money, but Mr. Bryan is well-to-do, and he will probably spend all of his salary in keeping up the dignity of the American legation. He receives $12,000 in gold a year, which is about 72,000 Brazilian milreis, and with which, as money goes further here than in the United States he can do very well.

CHAT WITH OUR CONSUL GENERAL.

Our consul general to Brazil is Mr. Eugene Seeger, of Chicago. He is well known in newspaper circles throughout the West and has practical business ideas about extending our trade. His offices are in the business part of Rio de Janeiro, so that you can hardly go through the city without seeing his American flag. He tells me that our people do wrong in sending their catalogues to the South American business men. The men here cannot read English and the catalogues go into the waste basket. He says that drummers should not be sent down here unless they can speak either Spanish or Portuguese, and that only the best men should be chosen for the purpose. Said he:

"Among the American frauds that come to Brazil are sample sharps. These are men who persuade American firms that they can get orders here for their goods. They get a lot of samples from each firm, but when they arrive instead of trying to drum trade they sell the samples, getting more on different pleas from time to time. I had some experience recently with two American drummers who were playing this game. After they had sold out and spent their money they turned to gambling, and I finally had to help collect money to send them back home. These same sharps were advertised by our newspapers under great head lines as being about to go to South America as 'advance guards of American trade and manufactures south of the equator.'"

"Is there much of this, Mr. Seeger?" I asked.

"Not a great deal," was the reply, "but it is well to let our merchants know how they are liable to be taken in and our trade disgraced. No one who has not been here can appreciate the sharpness of the competition. The merchants of France, Great Britain and Germany are fighting the United States, and they do not hesitate to take advantage of such things to disparage our trade and to run down Americans."

"How about advertising in the Brazilian newspapers, Mr. Seeger?"

"I should think it might pay sometimes," was the reply. "But I should say it would be better to establish here in Brazil a weekly or monthly American trade paper printed in Portuguese. Such a paper would be self-supporting within six months. It could live upon the advertisements of Brazilian merchants and exporters, and it would do much more good than the $50,000 or more now spent in publishing so-called export papers in the United States and in sending out useless circulars."

OUR TRADE WITH BRAZIL.

I believe Consul General Seeger is right as to circulars and catalogues. Those sent here are a waste of postage. The best way for our exporters to operate is through such houses as have branch establishments here or by sending men who understand Spanish or Portuguese to take orders and drum the markets. If drummers are sent they should come back regularly from year to year and they should have a supply in Rio from which they could deliver goods when sold.

As it is now, notwithstanding we take the bulk of the Brazilian exports, the foreigners do the business. The most of the importations come through English and Germans, the chief American houses being those which devote themselves only to exporting coffee. The English are investing in all sorts of things. They already control the best railways. They own sugar factories, coffee estates and have organized dock and harbor companies.

Within the past year or so the Germans have been putting a good deal of money into Brazil. They are buying tramways in many of the towns and organizing electrical companies. They own a number of large breweries and you find a German merchant in almost every frontier town. Down in southern Brazil about one-fourth of the inhabitants are Germans, and in one or two States they own the bulk of the property. They have large farms and there are many German colonies. Capitalists in Hamburg have bought large blocks of land and they send out their emigrants to colonize them.

The result is that most of the importations come from Germany, and a little slice of Germany has grown up in southern Brazil. The Germans there retain their language and customs, and although they are nominally Brazilians, they are for the fatherland in international matters. Within a short time a direct line of steamships has been established between Hamburg and the south Brazilian ports, and their connection with Germany grows closer every year.

BUSINESS IN RIO.

As to business in Rio, most of the retail establishments are in the hands of the Portuguese. They are excellent business men, successful and honest. Some of them handle American goods, and I find that American goods are well liked by the Brazilians. Our agricultural machinery is popular, and all kinds of American machines are well thought of. Our hardware stands at the top, and our cottons are considered superior to those of Europe. Of late, however, Brazil has been establishing cotton mills of her own. There is a heavy protective tariff on cotton, and I understand there is much money in the business. I shall learn more about this in the cotton regions further north.

Among the American institutions of Brazil which are doing a great deal of good is a college for girls at Petropolis. This is supported, I am told, by a number of the women of the Methodist Church, who each pay ten cents a week toward it. It is managed by American women as teachers. The college building was built by a rich Brazilian for a home. It is on top of one of the mountain peaks just above Petropolis, and it is as much like a palace as any of the buildings there. Its rooms are very large, with ceilings from fifteen to eighteen feet high. Its bath room is as large as the average American parlor, with a shower attachment. There is a swimming pool of marble in the floor. The kitchen is walled with porcelain tiles, and, on the whole, I doubt if there is a girls' school in the United States so well furnished. It has American desks and the latest appliances in the way of education, such as models, maps and instruments. Its students come from good Brazilian families, and its educational reputation is of the highest.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MERE PLEASANTRY.

Screen Doors.

The small boy from the next house came up on the piazza one bright afternoon, looking very important and conversational, so the lady-of-the-house made an opening remark:

"Well, Dicky, how do you do? What is going on over to your house?" Richard smiled pleasantly, and said: "Oh, just the same old thing, papa's having an awful time putting in the winder screens an' the slam doors."

April Diversions.

"How surprised and pleased we always are," remarked a club woman, "to discover that other people are as mean as we are ourselves. On my way home from a club meeting the other afternoon, in a pouring rain, I was accompanied by another club woman—a staid, circumspect, dignified person, whom one would never suspect of entertaining any such narrow, evil feeling as malice or revenge. After we left the street car, we had to plod out a side street, passing a corner where a broad grocery shed sheltered a number of men, loafing away the rainy afternoon. These men sat in deep rows on each side, literally obstructing the sidewalk; also they all had their legs stuck out, and made no pretense of giving us room to pass them, except in single file. They stared curiously at us, and were altogether obnoxious. After we had passed on, my staid, dignified, circumspect companion said: 'Weren't those men rude?' 'Yes,' I answered. It made me indignant. I tipped my wet umbrella so it would drip water all over their discourteous legs.' A pleased expression spread over the staid lady's face. 'Did you?' she said—'so did I.'"

Next Thing to It.

Kipling was under discussion in a little street car cluster of women. They were all glad that he had not died, but one young woman was not so energetic in admiration of the prominent author as the others were. "No," she stoutly maintained, "Rudyard Kipling is not my idea of a great writer; just look at the mean things he has written about women. There's that one poem in particular I never will forgive him for—the one in which he calls woman 'a rag, a bone and a hunk of hair.'"

Industry Under Difficulties.

Boys, pro and con, were under discussion in a coterie of business men. One portion of the assembly believed that boys were lazier than they used to be, and the others maintained that the modern manifestation of energy and business thrift in boys was something remarkable. "Let me tell you," said a traveling man fr m another town, "what I saw from my hotel window the other day. Any grown man can get a good lesson from a boy if he only watches him long enough. Out in the side alley was a tall, thin, one-legged boy, about thirteen years old, maneuvering with a buggy. He stumped around on his crutch and one leg, dragging the buggy along, until he got it where he wanted it. Then he got out a hose, affixed it to a hydrant somewhere out of sight in the alley, and began to wash the buggy. In order to use both hands, he stuck his short, maimed leg through the crotch of the crutch, thus supporting his body in a distorted, grotesque fashion, and handling the hose deftly, whistling cheerfully all the time he gave that buggy as thorough a washing as any man could have done. It was a pathetic and instructive sight. Whenever I get a fit of business discouragement, as men will sometimes, I hope some good genius will remind me of that capable one-legged boy."

Wisdom from the High Chair.

People who never go to bed in daytime always act as if such abstinence were a cardinal virtue, and generally take on an air of great superiority over such persons as—from semi-invalidism or other good reason—do go to bed in daytime. Recently a bright little matron in perfect health, accompanied by an equally bright little daughter, made a visit to the child's paternal grandmother, a somewhat delicate woman. In the same house was a young aunt of the little girl, also not strong. At the family dinner, in the evening, the father asked: "Well, how did you find the folks?" and the bright little mother replied: "Oh, they were all piled up in bed, as usual." At this the bright little daughter, Helen, fixed a reproving eye upon her parent, and said: "Well, mamma, I think that's just none of our business." As there was nothing to be said in rebuttal the parents of this judicial child discreetly abstained from discussing the decision.

An Easter Gown.

"Women are too much for me," said the man at the desk, lolling back in his chair with his thumbs in his vest arm holes, "but I got one on my wife just before Easter. She was getting a new frock to bloom out in on Easter Sunday. It came home Friday; she put it on and it looked all right to me. But she swung around before the mirror and had various and sundry kinds of fault to find with it. The sleeves didn't 'set,' and the skirt didn't 'hang' according to her ideas of grace and style. So the frock was boxed up and sent back to the modiste, with a request for alterations before Sunday. Saturday night came; no frock, and my wife retired feeling a trifle gloomy. Easter morning, just after breakfast a messenger boy whirled in with the desired package. Much pleased, my wife skurried into the frock, eyeing herself in the mirror again, frontwise and sidewise, twisting around to see her back and commenting all the time: 'Well, now, this is something like; that sleeve looks better and the skirt is the way I wanted it; why couldn't she have made it that way in the first place?' Just then a note dropped on the floor from some fold in the frock; my wife seized it, looked over it, changed color and tucked it away in her desk. Her confusion made me so suspicious that I got possession of the note, which ran about as follows: 'Dear Mrs. Blank: I regret not being able to alter your gown as requested, and return it so you can wear it Easter Sunday. Please send it to me for necessary alteration early in the week. Yours truly, Susan Snipper.' My wife was badly disfigured by that episode. Aren't women funny?"

Points in Progress.

You used to play "hop skotch," of course. There is a new hop skotch nowadays, called "round the world." You can see it chalked out on all the pavements if you notice things as you pass along. It is altogether different from the old oblong hopskotch chart, as it is formed of three or four circles, and resembles an enormous chalk target lying on the bricks. The space between the circles is chalked off into spaces, numbered as the old hop skotch used to be, and the center space is labeled "rest." How the game is played, I could not learn, as children intent on a game of hop skotch won't stop to parley with an ignorant grown-up person. Candy-kiss verses have changed, too. The old-fashioned candy-kiss is still popular, but the sentimental couplet, once printed on a separate slip of paper and inclosed with the square brown block of candy, is now printed on the pink or blue wrapper, thus saving a trifling bit of money for Cupid. Instead of one couplet, as formerly, two are now printed on the kiss wrapper, so there is choice to be had in tender messages.

"If there's occasion for your friendly aid,
Will you incline to work, my pretty maid?"

"You may be sure that's very true, indeed,
You must not doubt it; therefore, sir, proceed."

Candy-kiss wrappers are made by one firm in New York, and sold to candy factories all over the country.

Not a Fair Deal.

Since small George has been earning money in various ways and saving it, his mother has made a laudable attempt to hold him responsible for small matters of personal expenses. "George," she said not long ago, "your hair needs cutting, so you had better take some money out of your bank and go to the barber." As George had never been to the barber by himself he took an active interest in the excursion, and soon departed. In about half an hour he returned, with his long locks still unshorn. "Why, George," his mother commented in a surprised tone. "I thought you went to have your hair cut." "I did," said small George, "but that barber is an old fraud. I saw him cut another boy's hair, and he charged 10 cents and kept the hair, too."

A Fashion Note.

"Little do we know what people think of us as we pass them on the street," a schoolteacher remarked, "but once in a long while we find out to the detriment of our pride. During the smallpox scare I was out one cold evening and had on my old-fashioned heavy cloth cloak, made with what were known several years ago as 'mandolin sleeves.' Along the pavement just ahead of me I noticed two stylishly dressed colored girls and a colored man. Knowing that smallpox had been reported in several vicinities where colored people abound, I had an apprehensive feeling, and gave the group a wide berth as I passed. Before I was out of range, however, I was one-fourth disconcerted and three-fourths amused to hear one of the damsels say, in a very disgusted and affected, but languid tone, as if the matter were really hardly worth mentioning, 'that gah-ment is enth'ly out of style.'"

Smith's Woods.

Mr. Smith is a clergyman, somewhere or other, and Stewart is a small boy in Mr. Smith's church membership. Several weeks ago trees were to be planted in front of the church and Mr. Smith, anxious to have trees, and to have them without fail, had four or five trees planted in each space, so that one out of the number would be sure to grow. At the dinner table, in the family to which the boy belongs, the theme of an approaching Sunday school picnic was discussed. Stewart's father is a church elder and he remarked: "Well, pretty soon we shall have to decide where the picnic will be held." Stewart's face took on a quizzical expression, and he said: "I tell you, papa, let's have it in Smith's woods."

IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL

EFFORTS OF SPANISH PAPERS TO FURNISH NEWS IN ENGLISH.

The Microbe Theory Has No Terrors for the Natives—Brigandage Rampant in the Interior.

Special Correspondence Indianapolis Journal.

HAVANA, April 17.—This good year 1899 seems to present a singular misfit of seasons over all the western hemisphere, and the summer in Cuba is as uncommonly cold for the latitude as was last winter in the United States. The oldest inhabitant of this sunny island does not remember another April when double blankets were needed at night, and when everybody who was so fortunate as to possess an overcoat wore it in the chilly mornings and evenings. Although the rainy season was scheduled by the almanac to begin a month ago and clouds threaten at intervals every day, no showers have yet descended to refresh the thirsty earth. After seven months of uninterrupted dryness the face of the country is like the desert of Sahara, dust blowing in blinding clouds—trees, hedges, houses, people, every object, animate and inanimate, powdered white as the miller in his mill. To keep half-way clean is impossible and one's traditional "peck of dirt" is all too quickly acquired and increased. No housewifely care can prevent the floors and furniture and every object you touch and taste from being perpetually coated with the fine white powder, every grain of which carries an infinitesimal but exceedingly active flea. Yet the bakers go about the streets with their loaves in open wagons, or in uncovered baskets, carried on their heads, and food of all kinds, cooked and uncooked, is exposed for sale outside the shops, unscreened from dust and vermin. The strongest anti-vegetarian is soon cured of his appetite for meat in Cuba. The sight of reeking chunks of flesh, blackened with flies, suspended in the sun beside a shop door, is bad enough—but worse to see it delivered from the butcher's cart. Having received his order for so many pounds of carne (meat) per diem, as we order ice, the butcher drives around in the morning, toots a horn to announce his arrival, selects a chunk of the proper weight and throws it in at the door, with the long, sliding roll of a champion tenpin player. The raw mass bounds along the dusty floor, losing nothing in transit, yet leaving a bloody trail on its way to the patio, where it often lies long unnoticed, until a servant happens to stumble over it. Only one thing in the line of food can be counted on as absolutely clean in Cuba, and that is lecke pura, as the milk is called, which is taken direct from the cow, before your eyes, at the door. It sells for 15 cents the glass; but, alas, is said to be more unwholesome even than the meat, as all the cattle of Cuba are diseased. By the way, a change for the better in this line is promised for the near future. Mr. W. G. Warr, proprietor of the stock yards in Augusta, Ga., and Mr. J. A. Darwin, owner of the Charleston, S. C., stock yards, have recently formed a partnership for importing cattle from the United States to various points in Cuba. The stock handled will all be raised in Georgia, the Carolinas and Tennessee, up-country cattle to be shipped to the island for slaughter, and those from the lowlands exclusively for breeding purposes. Their first shipment of three hundred head was made about a week ago.

THE BREAD IS GOOD.

Butter you would better eschew while in Cuba, as none is made here and the imported stuff is generally too rank to be tolerated. The bread, however, is excellent, if one can overcome his natural repugnance of the tiny black specks with which it is liberally peppered, each speck meaning a well-baked flea. Each small, sweet loaf is wrapped in a banana leaf before baking, which gives to the crust its delicate brown. You may furnish the flour yourself if you like, receiving from the baker an average of ninety pounds of bread for one hundred pounds of flour.

Speaking of the dust, which gives to everybody an irritating throat trouble, producing a hacking cough and intolerable thirst—reminds one of a new order lately promulgated by Chief of Police Menocal. Some time ago his force were deprived of cigarettes, which are to the Cubans as the very staff and mainstay of life, and now he has forbidden the men to drink even water while on duty, under penalty of $2 fine for each violation of the law. If the poor fellows obey it literally they must suffer tortures while on duty in these hot and dusty streets and if each drink of water is to be purchased at the price of $2 the whole of their meager salaries will supply each man with about two drinks a week. Probably the reason for the singular order is found in the rumor that the departed Spaniards poisoned the wells of Moro, Cabanas and other parts of the city. Havana's comparatively new waterworks are all that could be desired in the way of healthfulness and abundance, but there are many ancient wells in the poorest and most unsanitary sections, whose contents have long been deadly without the aid of Spanish poison. The first reservoir, erected by the Queen of Spain for the loyal Havanese subjects about fifty years ago, was greatly enlarged and improved in 1890 and now no city in the world is more bountifully supplied with pure, "living" water. The reservoir crowns a hill in the outskirts of the Cerro suburb, half a mile or so above the new headquarters of the American National Red Cross. Walking out to look at it, one pleasant evening not long ago, I found a vast, marble-floored tank of beautifully clear water, forty feet deep, fed by the Tulipan river. Front and rear are faced by a lofty and somewhat spectacular arch, whose strawberry-pink facade sets forth in big, black capitals the glories of the royal family of Spain, from away back down to the young Alfonso XVIII, and incidentally of the Spanish governor general under whose regime the improvements were made.

REMINDERS OF ROYALTY.

Speaking of royal family, none in Cuba are now so poor as to do them honor, the erstwhile humblest sycophants being now foremost in heaping insults on their memory. The stately figure of Isabella la Catolica no longer dominates the Prado Park, which still bears her name, and in all parts of the island numerous other empty pedestals speak mournfully of overthrown and mutilated statues; and everywhere the Spanish coat-of-arms—on street corners, sign boards and above the doors of buildings—has been wantonly defaced and mud bespattered. The other day I accompanied some friends on a tour of inspection through the old "Palacio," so lately vacated by Governor General Blanco. The great yellow-walled building, with its innumerable immense apartments, is being thoroughly overhauled as to paint and plaster, and when repairs are completed will be occupied by Military Governor Brooke during his season of "brief authority." Ghosts of departed greatness seemed pursuing us from room to room, following in our footsteps and l