THE U. S. IN BRAZIL

THE AMERICAN MINISTER AND HIS LEGATION AT PETROPOLIS.

TALK WITH CONSUL GENERAL

BACHELOR DIPLOMAT'S ENTERTAINMENT AND HIS SUCCESS.

The Germans of Brazil and How They Are Gobbling Up the Fat Things—Business in Rio—An American College Flourishing in Brazil.

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PETROPOLIS, BRAZIL, March 26, 1899.—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 around. 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 is more like that of Switzerland than the tropics, and its climate is such that into it the yellow fever never comes.

OUR LEGATION AT PETROPOLIS.

Suppose you could put a range of hills 2,000 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 Andes, 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 seem 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.

U. S. MINISTER TO BRAZIL.

In Petropolis.

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 palaces 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.

Our American Minister to Brazil.

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 afterwards 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 3 years old, and he must have been a fine looking baby. He is now 44, but he is fine looking still. In this land of little men he towers like a giant above the Portuguese and Brazilians, 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 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 especialy fitted for his present position.

At the American Legation.

He is, you know, 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, Lieutenant 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 gateposts, 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 camelia, 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.

How Colonel Bryan Lives.

The house itself is a typical Brazilian villa of stone and stucco with a large portion 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 heated 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.

As a result of his personal popularity and his social entertainments Minister Bryan has gotten 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 $60,000,000 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.

As 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 Commercio, which is the leading paper of Brazil, came out for the United States. The Cidade de Rio, which has 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 I find to-day 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 to 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 the 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.

A 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 without they can speak either Spanish or Portuguese, and that only the best men should be chosen for the purpose. He said:

"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 headlines 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 some 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.

Germans Are Gobbling Fat Things.

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 affairs. Within a short time a direct line of steamships has been established between Hamburg and the South Brazil 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 ben 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.

An American College in Brazil.

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 10 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 bathroom 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.

UNCLE MART AND THE INJUN

An Adirondack Mountain Guide's Tale of Aboriginal Unreliability.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Never heard tell of my uncle, Mart Moody?" said the grizzled Adirondack guide from Long lake. "Well, Uncle Mart was about the biggest drunkard and liar in the county, but he was one of the best hunters in the state—a regular Ramrod as you say. One time he goes up to my Aunt Minerva, that's his wife, and says:

"'Minerva, me and the Injun, Captain Sybell, are going out to get some meat.' 'All right,' says my aunt, 'but be careful, Martin, and don't let that heathen steal your clothes off your back.' Uncle Mart just laughed and said he'd be back soon, they was only goin' down the lake a bit, and he could take care of the Injun. So off he goes, and the Injun, who was waitin' for him in his canoe, sez, 'Hurry up, Mart; I tank thar was big deer in the water.' So they paddled down the lake slowly and never spoke a word till they got down by the ledge near the alders. Then the Injun looked at Uncle Mart and said, 'I tired,' and taking his paddle out of the water he knocked Uncle Mart's powder horn overboard, accidental like.

"Uncle Mert was mad as a hornet, and says, 'You pesky Injun skunk, take care what you do.' But Captain Sybell said, soft like, 'Don't ye car', Mart; I go down and get it.' With that he jumped overboard, and Uncle Mart laid back and thought of home and Aunt Minerva, who was a mighty fine woman. Bimeby it struck him that the Injun had been in the water a powerful long time. He calkilated it was nigh onto ten minutes or more, so he just looked over to see what he was doing, thinkin' he might be drowned. What do ye think he saw down in the water? That there water was as clear as rum, and what do ye think he saw? Why that there pesky Injun was a-sittin' on the bottom smiling and pourin' the powder out of Uncle Mart's powderhorn into his own. You can't trust Injuns."

A Confederate Mule Story.

John S. Wise in the May Atlantic.

A notorious character was Michael Dugan, commonly called "Mike."

Dugan, indulging a taste for spirituous liquors not uncommon with gentlemen of his nationality and station in life, and impelled thereto by depressed feelings resulting from the ingloorious ending of his military career, had not drawn a sober breath for a week. He had, in fact, a horse bucket full of colorless North Carolina corn whisky, from which he regaled himself with a tin cup at all hours of the day and night. Muttering to himself he moved about, sometimes becoming entangled in the tent cords, sometimes falling headlong into or out of the tent. In an animated discussion with a teamster in like condition with himself, he had been nearly brained by a pair of mule hames whirled like a flail. Mike was a plucky fellow, and, fearing his wrath, his adversary, Rogers, had fled the camp. For several days Mike had rambled about, muttering to himself: "Ol'll kill Rogers. Bedad, and Ol'll kill him. Ol'll kill him if Oi have to follow him to Tennessee." We were constantly anticipating that something would happen to Mike. The day before our departure something did happen. A party of us, seated in the tent around a blanket spread upon the ground, were playing draw-poker. Of a sudden a heavy body struck the tent, and nearly carried away its fastenings. Rushing out, we found Mike lying there, unconscious, and bleeding profusely. A mule, tethered to a tree hard by, stood patient, passive, with head hung low and drooping ears. We never for a moment suspected the mule. Mike looked as if he was done for. We lifted him gently, placed his head upon a McClellan saddle tree, chafed him, plied him with some of his favorite beverage, and, about the time we were despairing of resuscitating him, his eyes opened slowly.

"Byes, am I dead?" asked Mike.

"No, no, indeed, old boy, you're all right," said we; for Mike, in spite of his failings, was a brave soldier, and much beloved.

In a plaintive, tremulous voice he began: "Oh, byes, do-an't let me die. I was wid Floyd at Fort Donaldson. I was wid Abbert Seedney Johnson at Shiloh, and Pimberton at Vicksburg. I was wid Pat Cleburne at Franklin, and Joe Johnston at Atlanta, and Hood at Nashville. Go ask dem, byes, if Mike was afeard. But save me now, byes! Oh! It is too ha-a-a-a-rd to be kicked to death by a—mule, the day after the surrinder."

Only Practicing.

From Das Kleine Witzblatt.

Mistress—What are you doing, Rieke! Throwing the dishes at that target? Are you crazy?

Maid—Crazy? No; I'm going to get married.

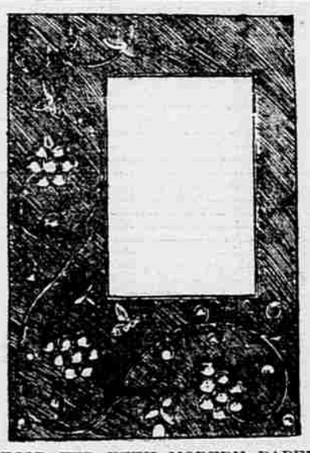
TO FRAME PHOTOGRAPHS

THE LATEST IDEA IS TO MAKE THE SETTING FOR ONE SELF.

A Curious Old Handicraft—Beautiful Mount That is Particularly Suitable for a Miniature—Done By a Clever Artist.

From the Queen.

The truism that the furnishing and decoration of a room bespeak the character of its occupant is in no wise applicable in broad outline only. After all, it is quite as much if not more in the detail of finishing touches that individuality is apt to assert itself most strongly. The general scheme of decoration may be suggested, or carried out on stereotyped lines and yet the arrangement of a few flowers, the position of an ornament, the mounting of a piece of needlework, or the introduction of some touch of color, may impart the stamp of originality which otherwise the aspect of the room would lack. Photographs, as a matter of course, play so important a part in the plenishing of a room to-day that their disposition and the choice and design of their mounting offer scope for the exercise of just that kind of individual taste and inventiveness which at once stamp their impress on the character of a room. And yet the subject of photograph frames is one of those in which the commonplace not infrequently asserts itself to the point of aggressiveness. Photography has now reached such a high standard of perfection that the framing of a portrait demands careful consideration as to appropriateness of style and general harmony.



DECORATED WITH MODERN PAPER FILIGREE WORK (No. 1).

The demand has created the supply, and there is certainly no reason to complain of a dearth of artistic photograph frames. At the same time there is this draw back to the purchase of a ready-made frame, however beautiful, that it is probably one of many more of the same style, and bearing the date, perhaps, of some fashion of which one is certain, sooner or later, to tire.

Those possessed in any degree of the gift of originality will always find pleasure in devising for themselves the setting to the photographs which occupy such a pleasing prominence among their surroundings, and in doing this they may turn to good account almost any favorite handicraft, embroidery, carving, painting and many another branch of decorative art. A charming method of mounting small panels is of ribbon embroidery in a double photograph sceen. The screen itself is of Florentine workmanship, made in white vellum, hand-tooled with a graceful design in gold; the embroidery is carried out on a background of ivory white moire velours. Monograms might, if desired, be substituted for the floral designs on the embroidered panels, or any other kind of appropriately delicate stitchery for which many delightful ideas may be gathered from a visit to a good decorative society. Small pieces of antique embroidery might be admirably mounted in this manner in the white vellum Florentine frames. Another variety of frame, also of Florentine design and execution, is of oval shape, of various sizes, made in wood, carved in elegant scroll designs; this kind of frame is a particularly happy setting for the quaint needlework pictures, the fashion for which has once more revived to such a great extent, and of which modern reproductions are now to be seen.

EXAMPLE OF ANTIQUE PAPER FILIGREE WORK (No. 2).

An Antique Handicraft.

The first sketch shows the adaptation to a decorated frame of a curious antique handicraft with which, probably, few of my readers are familiar, so completely has it died out in modern times. Paper filigree work, as it is called, was, however, a favorite occupation some century or so ago, and successful attempts have lately been made to revive it. The material used in the work is specially prepared paper in gold and different colors, cut into narrow strips with plain or indented edges. This is laid edgewise on the background, forming sometimes a mere tracery resembling knife-edge wire in jewelry, sometimes a solidly filled design, the latter being obtained by rolling the paper closely, so as to completely fill the desired space; the effect, when well carried out, is charming. In the frame illustrated the design is carried out in gold and white paper on an ordinary glass photograph frame. Illustration No. 2 is of a specimen of original paper filigree work. In this instance the decoration, carried out with minute fineness of detail, is applied to the panels of a quaint little hexagon-shaped tea caddy; each panel (of which only one is illustrated) is ornamented with a different design mounted under a miniature colored engraving. This piece of work, a veritable treasure to the curio hunter, is a wonderful specimen of ingenious manipulation. Since making its acquaintance I have come across another equally fascinating example of old work of the same kind in the form of an oval piece mounted as a pole screen with delightfully quaint effect.

CARVED MOUNT FOR A MINIATURE (No. 3).

The subject of the decoration of photograph frames may well lead up to the consideration of the suitable framing of miniatures, with regard to which a suggestion is offered by the beautiful carved mount reproduced in the last illustration. The idea is a new and particularly charming one, exhibited at the permanent gallery of decorative art, and carried out by Miss S. Tersmeden, a clever artist in wood carving. The mount is of pear wood, on which the exquisite design is delicately carved in relief, the miniature, in its original plain frame, being suspended from a small gold hook. The group of wood sorrel below the portrait was added by special desire of the owner of the miniature, but does not, strictly speaking, form a part of the original design. A more satisfactory or artistic method of mounting a single miniature could hardly be devised, and it could, of course, be adapted to a larger number or a different form, wtih equal success.

STRANGE HONEYMOONS.

Wedding Tours That Were Very Original, to Say the Least.

From Tid-Bits.

A short time since an adventurous couple spent their first days of wedded life on the summit of Mont Blanc. The ascent, extremely hazardous by reason of terrific snow storms, being successfully accomplished, the bridegroom, in the presence of the guides, embraced his young wife, to whom he swore eternal fidelity, and received from her lips an equally fervent assurance.

In the neighborhood of Dobschau, a small Hungarian town, there is an extraordinary ice cave. In this cave, some sixteen years ago, a couple named Kolcsey elected to pass the week immediately following their marriage. They took with them a plentiful supply of rugs, blankets and warm clothing, but notwithstanding all precautions their experience was not of a sufficiently pleasant nature to tempt imitators.

A walking tour may make an endurable honeymoon, but to convert the latter into a walking match seems sadly incongruous with the rites of Hymen. Such, however, was not the opinion of one James Muir and his young bride, who were united in wedlock last autumn. While courting they had taken many a long walk together, during which a contention had arisen respecting their pedestrian ability. So high did this bickering run that they resolved, as soon as they were married, to put their respective claims to the test by walking from London to Exeter, the bride being allowed to go by train to Basingstoke, a distance of 47¾ miles. No sooner had the knot been tied than the newly-married wife took a cab to the station, while the husband started off westward at a good pace. In the result the latter was ungallant enough to win by over two miles, though the lady kept the lead until Honiton, 16½ miles from the goal, was passed.

A month since a young couple from Birmingham came to London on a three days' honeymoon. Alighting at Euston, they strolled down the Marylebone road, until they sighted the building that contains Madame Tussaud's famed collection. They entered, and so entranced were they by the wonders they beheld, that they remained till closing time. Next day they were the first to enter the building and the last to leave; and so also on the two succeeding ones. Then perforce they had to return home, highly delighted with their London wedding trip.

The writer knows of a couple who spent their entire wedding day in journeying round and round the inner circle of the underground railway—a novel experience that pleased them greatly; and of a pair who, in the days of the old Polytechnic, forswore the wedding breakfast and affronted all their friends by going direct from the church to that resort of scientific entertainment, there to indulge in unlimited diving-bell descents. Only two years ago, also, a young man named Marr and his bride spent their wedding day on the Earl's Court Wheel.

Perhaps, however, the most strange and gruesome idea of a honeymoon on record was that conceived by a well-to-do tradesman of Marseilles, named Dever, who, in the autumn of 1880, on his wedding day, traveled to Paris with his young wife to show her the execution of the miscreant Menesclou.

WHO IS "CASH K," OF OMAHA?

Unknown Philanthropist Who Gave Thousands of Dollars to the City's Poor.

Omaha Correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Who is "Cash K" of Omaha? This is a question that for ten years has excited the curiosity of the people of this city and has engaged as much research as did, years ago, the inquiry as to the identity of the man who struck "Billy" Patterson in another section of this country.

"Cash K" may be either a man or a woman for anything the public knows. "Cash K" is a philanthropist who believes in doing good and hiding itself modestly away from the thanks of those it has benefited. As the sex of "Cash K" is unknown, the individual must necessarily in being referred to be classed as neuter gender.

"Cash K" only communicates with the public through the columns of one paper, and all its contributions, which amount to thousands of dollars, have been made through the editor of this paper, who presumably knows who the philanthropist is, but guards the secret religiously.

Ten years ago the editor of this paper announced that he had received $1,000 from "Cash K" to apply on a subscription being circulated for some charity work in the city. The next fall he announced the receipt of another $1,000, to be applied to the benefit of the poor of Omaha, especially those not accustomed to receive regular charity from the city and county. The next winter he had occasion to make two $1,000 announcements, "Cash K" saying that as the winter was an unusually severe one there was need of greater effort to prevent suffering. Regularly every year since has this unknown donor been in evidence, the last winter bringing $1,000 three times. In addition to this "Cash K" in all these years has been a liberal contributor to every charitable or relief scheme that has been broached in this city, and has invited those in sudden and pressing financial need to apply to "Cash K" through the papers, and from this source hundreds have obtained relief, when worthy.

But Omaha is yet in ignorance of who it is that cloaks so many charitable actions under the impersonal mark of "Cash K."

A DAZZLING SPECTACLE.

Great Street Parade of the Ringling Bros.' Circus, to Be Here Two Days Next Month.

Unusual interest has been aroused by the announcement that Ringling Bros.' big circus would exhibit in Kansas City again, Monday and Tuesday, May 15 and 16. The fact that the show has always given the greatest satisfaction in this city is a strong factor in its favor, and the steady growth of the show since its last appearance here will add much to the interest of its coming. It seems to be a settled policy with Ringling Bros. to present something new and radically original at each of their recurring visits. This season this policy is discoverable not only in the performance, which is declared to surpass anything hitherto offered even by these progressive managers, but also in the street parade which inaugurates the circus engagement. Instead of the conventional display with which the public is familiar, they have organized an elaborate street carnival, consisting of thirty huge sections, each of which is representative of some period in the history of the world.

The special children's section, with its prancing ponies, children's tableaux, children's hippodrome and miniature cages of rare wild beasts, is a delight to the younger element, while the glimpses of imperial splendor given in the ancient Roman section and the numberless new, novel and startling features in the other sections, including ten bands of music and over 100 tableaux, cars, dens and open cages of rare wild beasts, all combine to make this the most remarkable display of exhibitional wealth and magnificent originality the world has ever seen.

The parade, however, is only preliminary to the exhibition, which serves to introduce what is said to be beyond all comparison the most complete circus performance in the United States. A complete menagerie of rare wild animals, a beautifully costumed preliminary military spectacle and a revival of the old Roman hippodrome races contribute to the interest of the big show.

She Had the Last Word.

From the Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Hornbill—Do you know, darling, I could pick you out of a crowd of women just by your style.

Mrs. Hornbill—I don't wonder, and me with this same old dress for the last two years!

Except a Bicycle.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"No, I cannot agree with you. I am sure that true religion is not diminishing."

"Well, you may be right. Anything used on Sunday only ought to last a long time."

GREAT SOLDIERS DYING

HISTORICAL FIGURES OF THE CIVIL WAR FADING FAST.

Few General Officers—Heroes of the Great Deeds Done in the Sixties Are Getting Very Scarce.

From the New York Journal.

One by one the heroes of the North and South who participated in the civil war have passed away. The dividing line between life and eternity for these seems to be vanishing as certainly and as surely as the one bearing the name of Mason and Dixon that separated the North from the South, and the great majority of those who fought and suffered for their respective causes now bivouac "in fame's eternal camping ground." From the lakes to the Gulf and from the rockbound coast of Maine to the Golden Gate of California their bones are scattered, silent testimonials to their love of their cause and flag.

In the great National and Confederate cemeteries all over the country there are many graves indicated only by numbers. Here thousands of soldiers who died fighting for their cause were hastily sent to their last resting places unnamed and unsung. The majority of these unknown heroes were the privates of the two armies. Yet the privates were not the only soldiers who fell in battle.

132 Generals Killed.

During the civil war there were 132 general officers who were either killed in battle or who died from wounds or disease contracted in line of duty. The number of Confederate generals left on the field after the sound of retreat was seventy-three—one general, three lieutenant generals, six major generals and sixty-three brigadier generals. The Federal loss was not so large, although the number of brave and brilliant commanders who sacrificed their lives for the preservation of the Union seems in these comparative times of peace to be astounding. Ten major generals and thirty-nine brigadier generals either died on the battlefield or of wounds. Among the generals killed during the war on the Federal side were John F. Reynolds, McPherson, Mansfield, Lyon, Sedgwick and Stevens. The South lost in actual battle Albert Sidney Johnston, Jackson, Stuart, Polk, Hill, Rhodes, Pender, Cleburne, Garnett, McCulloch, Zollicoffer and W. E. Jones.

At the close of the war the regular and volunteer army rolls of the United States bore the names of the generals. Add to this list the names of the general officers who either resigned or were mustered out during the war makes the number who lived to witness the termination of the rebellion fully 400. It is estimated that not more than one-fourth of these generals are living to-day. But as one runs off on his fingers the number of the living he is forcibly reminded that the great majority of the heroes of the civil war are dead and gone. All the really great actors on both sides have disappeared with the exception of General Schofield, of the Union army, and General Longstreet, of the Confederacy. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Rosecrans, Hooker, Buell, Butler, Banks, Dix, Hancock, Logan, Warren, Humphreys, Canoy, Hunter, Pope, Ord and Crook live no more except in memory. The names of many of the bravest and most brilliant commanders of the Southern army are no longer spoken of except with reverence.

Leaders of the South.

The great commander, Lee, and Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, Kirby Smith, Bragg, Hood, Early, Ewell, D. H. Hill, Anderson, Taylor, Price, Breckinridge, Hardee, Mahone, Ransom, Cheatham, Hoke Pickett, Wilcox, Field, Forrest, "Stonewall" Jackson and a host of other heroes have passed away. On the Confederate side, however, a number of men who played prominent parts in the rebellion are still before the public eye. "Little Fighting Joe" Wheeler, whose gallant conduct before Santiago in the war with Spain, and Fitzhugh Lee, who displayed indomitable courage in caring for the interests of the American people at Havana while that place was under the rule of the fallen Spaniards, are as much beloved by the "Yankees" at the present day as they were hated by them during the civil war.

General M. C. Butler, of the Confederacy, is now major general in the United States volunteer army; Bate, Cockrell, Morgan and Pettus are in the United States senate, and James A. Walker is in the house of representatives. Besides these, among the distinguished Confederates still living, are Lieutenant Generals Wade Hampton, Stephen D. Lee, S. B. Buckner and Alexander P. Stewart; Major Generals French, Gordon, Heth, Lomax, Curtis, Lee, Maury, Polignac, Rosser and Churchill, and Brigadier Generals Armstrong, Wright, Hunter, Johnson, Pryor, Ransom, Shelly and Cosby.

On the Union side there are still living a number of men, who, while it cannot be said stood first in the line of principal actors, were still soldiers who received the plaudits of the people for gallant deeds performed.

Miles, Merritt, Brooke.

Many of the veteran generals served in the United States regular army with lesser rank until they were debarred by age. Among the names of the retired officers which are carried on the army register are many distinguished veterans, such as Schofield, Sickles, Howard, Wright, Parke, Getty, Stanley, Wilcox, Baird, McCook, Thomas J. Wood, Fitz John Porter, Ruger, Carr, Long, Wheaton Forsyth, Hatch, Comstock, Grierson, Carlin, Palmer, Baldy Smith, Averell, Dana, William D. Whipple and others. The retired list contains 663 officers of all grades, over 600 of whom participated in the civil war. The veterans are all rapidly approaching the age of 64, and in about ten more years there will not remain a single veteran of the civil war in active service with the regular army.

At the termination of the rebellion the majority of the general officers returned to civil life, but a number were given commissions in the regular standing army, when it was reorganized upon a peace basis. Officers, too, of lower grade, were also given commissions in the permanent organization, and it may be said that the entire force at that time was officered by the soldiers of the civil war.

As the general officers have gradually passed away, so have the lesser lights. The army register of 1898 discloses the fact that there remained but 457 officers in the regular army before the beginning of hostilities with Spain. This is only about one-fifth of the entire number. Ten years ago two-thirds of the officers had seen service in the civil war. It is estimated by competent authority that in five years' time the number of these veterans will fall below 100, and it is safe to say that at the termination of the first decade of the twentieth century, not a single name of a Union soldier will be carried on the regular army roll.

She Had Her Doubts.

From Tid-Bits.

He—"Yes."

She—"You will love me always?"

He—"Passionately, my darling."

She—"And you will never cease to love me?"

He—"Never, my darling."

She—"And you will save your money?"

He—"Every penny."

She—"And you will give up all your bad habits?"

He—"Every one of them."

She—"And you will get along with mamma?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And with papa?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And just what papa wants you to do?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And just what I want you to do?"

He—"Of course."

She—"Well, I will be yours; but I fear I am making an awful mistake."

Innocent Child.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Little Ethel—I wish I had a new doll.

Mamma—Your doll is as good as ever.

Little Ethel—Well I am just as good as ever, too, but the angels gave you a new baby.

Of Course He Meant "I Shall Be."

From the Philadelphia North American.

"Marry you!" she exclaimed. "Do you think I am crazy?"

"I don't know about that," he replied, "but I will be if you don't."

Beauties of the Language.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Vot a beeples!" exclaimed the foreigner. "Vot you call a sweetmeat looks like bread, and vot you call a sweetbread vas all meat."

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