PART TWO. THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE. PAGES 9-16.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OMAHA. SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 31, 1892—SIXTEEN PAGES. NUMBER 228.

HAYDEN BROS. HAYDEN BROS.

STERLING BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS. GRAND DISPLAY OF HOME INDUSTRY GOODS

Wash Dress Goods

This department takes second place to none. We are first to show the new and advance styles in Wash Dress Goods. We carry the largest stock, have the best assortment and the most important fact of all is that we make the lowest prices. The most reliable proof of these assertions you will find right here upon personal investigation.

New spring styles in 30-inch Lama Cloth, 10c yard.

Pineapple tissue and Shantong Ponree, 12½c.

Toil du Nord gingham 12½c.

Vestbrook, Normandie and Canton gingham 8½c.

Hamilton and Josephine Seersuckers 5c yard.

Norwood dress gingham 5c.

Patterson gingham 6½c.

Bedford cords 10c.

Bedford cord effects in new style prints 7c.

Largest and best assorted stock of plain black sateen at 17c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 37½c and 40c yard.

Wash silk 17c yard.

We are closing out Bannockburn suitings, 10c yard.

Amoskeag teasle cloth 10c.

32-inch wide double fold serge 7c yard.

Black Dress Goods.

SPECIAL FOR MONDAY.

36-inch herring-bone stripe, 25c.
36-inch henrietta, 25c.
38-inch cashmere, 33c.
38-inch brilliantine, 49c.
40-inch all wool India Twill, 50c.
40-inch all wool fine finish henrietta, 65c.
40-inch figured Bedford cord, 95c.
38-inch all wool stripe black, 59c.
44-inch herring-bone, very fine, $1.10.
46-inch plain camel's hair, $1.38.
40-inch Scotch cheviots, 45c.
50-inch broadcloth, $1.25.
46-inch serge, 78c.
40-inch silk finish henrietta, 88c.
40-inch plain Bedford cords, 95c.
38-inch camel's hair polka dots, 65c.
54-inch camel's hair plaids, $1.25.

Colored Dress Goods.

SPECIAL SALE FOR MONDAY.

We have received during the week large invoices of spring goods, embracing all the latest novelties in wool fabrics. These goods will go on sale Monday at very low prices.

36-inch homespun suitings, 25c.
36-inch bedford cords, 29c.
36-inch whip cords, 30c.
36-inch herring bone stripe, 34c.
40-inch India twill, all wool, 50c.
40-inch novelties, mixtures, all wool, 55c.
40-inch fancy figured novelties, 65c.
40-inch cashmere plaids, 73c.
42-inch bedford cords, 95c.
44-inch figured plaids, camel's hair, $1.23.
36-inch all wool debeige mixtures, 49c.
34-inch English cashmere, 10c.
34-inch henrietta, 15c.

Silk Dept.

Gros grain silks worth $1, $1.25, $1.50, for Monday, 65c, 85c, $1.

Failles in black, worth 90c, $1.10, $1.50, for Monday, 60c, 75c, 85c.

Armures, in blacks, worth up to $1.50, for Monday, 85c, $1, $1.25.

Crepes, in new shades, worth $1.50, for Monday, $1.10.

Crepes, in brocades, worth $1.50, for Monday, $1.20.

Short lengths in silks, comprising brocades, plain, fancy, etc., at less than half price.

A good velvet, in black, worth $1.25, $1.50, for Monday, $1, $1.10.

A good velvet, in desirable shades, Monday, $1.

Ribbons. Ribbons.

Baby ribbons in all the newest shades at 9c, 12½c and 18c per bolt.

All silk No. 2 ribbons at 2c per yard.

No. 5 all silk ribbons at 4c per yard.

1,000 yards of Nos. 12 and 16 silk faced ribbons at 5c per yard to close.

No. 12 all silk, in all colors, at 10c per yard.

500 yards fine all silk fancy ribbons, Nos. 12, 16 and 22, to close at 15c per yard.

1,000 yards velvet ribbons at 3c and 5c per yard to close 'em out.

Laces. Laces.

Special value in black chantilly lace, 10c, 12½c, 17c and 25c, actually worth 13c to 35c.

Fine all silk demi flouncing at 45c, 57c, 67c, 75c up to $2 per yard.

20,000 yards all linen torchon lace at 3c, 5c, 7c, 9c, 12½c, 15c, acually worth 8c to 35c per yard.

Notion Dept.

SPECIAL FOR MONDAY---DRESS MAKER'S OPPORTUNITY.

Black skirt braid 3c per roll, worth 5c.

Whalebone casing 10c per roll, actually worth 25c.

Belting in all colors at 3c per yard, worth 5c.

The finest all silk seam binding at 10c per bolt, worth 15c.

10c dress stays at 7c, in all colors.

No. 1 stockinet shields at 5c, worth 10c.

No. 2 stockinet shields at 7c, worth 15c.

No. 3 stockinet shields at 10c, worth 19c.

Hooks and eyes, black or silvered, at 1c per card.

White stay binding at 1c per roll.

200 yards spool cotton only 12½c per spool.

500 yards spool cotton only 3½c per spool.

Nickel plated moustache curlers, 10c each.

Nickel plated hair curlers 10c each.

Nickel plated waving irons 25c, worth 50c.

Curling iron heaters only 19c each.

25 dozen solid bristle hair brushes 25c each.

50 dozen good playing cards at 3c per deck.

SPECIAL FOR MONDAY.

Muslin Underwear and Corsets.

Ladies' night gowns on Monday at special prices.

Infants' long slips, cambric only, 25c each.

Infants' slips, nicely trimmed, only 39c.

Ladies' drawers, nicely tucked, only 25c.

Ladies trimmed drawers, 35c.

Ladies' full size skirts, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

In corsets we will show some splendid values on Monday.

Our leader—100 dozen corsets to be sold on Monday at 50c each; actually worth $1.

Full lines of Worcester, Warner's, Balls and P. D. corsets at popular prices.

Ask to see our 75c corset on Monday.

Handkerchiefs.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

200 dozen of fine embroidered ladies' sheer lawn handkerchiefs, choice 25c; actually worth 50c.

200 dozen good embroidered handkerchiefs at 12½c; actually worth 25c.

Embroideries.

Don't fail to attend this sale. These goods can now be had at half their actual value.

Lot 1 at 1c per yard.
Lot 2 at 3c per yard.
Lot 3 at 5c per yard.
Lot 4 at 8c per yard.
Lot 5 at 10c per yard.
Lot 6 at 12½c per yard.

Hosiery.

1 case of children's fast black hose, only 8c per pair.

Children's double knee and spliced heet fast black hose, only 25c per pair.

Gents' Outing Flannel Shirts.

25c, 35c and 50c, a special bargain.

100 fine 26-inch umbrellas, only $1.50 each.

Ladies' cashmere gloves, 12½c per pair.

50 dozen ladies' real kid gloves only 69c per pair, reduced from $1.25.

100 dozen gents' laundered shirts, only 75c each, worth $1.25.

Musical Instruments.

We call particular attention to this department. Here is where you can buy violins, guitars, banjos, zithers, accordeon and everything belonging to this line at less than half their value in order to introduce this dep artment.

Have You a Baby?

If so you may need a carriage for the warm summer months in the near future.

You will want to buy the best carriage you can get at the least possible price. We have now on display over 100 styles of the celebrated "Heywood" carriage. We bought the lot at a greater discount than is ever given a retail dealer and can, therefore, sell cheaper than is ever done.

Heywood's No. 302 B. L. carriage goes at $4.65, regular price $8 to $11.

Heywood's No. 450 carriage goes at $3.35, regular price $9 to $12.

Heywood's No. 305 carriage goes at $5.85, regular price $10 to $14.

Heywood's No. 451 carriage goes at $8.35, regular price $16 to $20.

Heywood's No. 308 carriage, a dandy, $11; regular price $20 to $25.

These are only a few of the large line we have.

Special Sale on Veilings.

Never was this line so complete. Our spring novelties have arrived. 100 styles to select from, and our prices below competition.

Veils at 5c.
Veils at 15c. } These novelties must be
Veils at 20c. } seen to be appreciated.
Veils at 25c.

Furniture.

We are now prepared to call at your house and take any mattress you wish made over, put it through a pickler, blow all dust out, put on a new tick and return to you at a very moderate price. Call and get terms.

New goods arriving for spring trade. We can save you money on all kinds of furniture. Call and get prices and look over our line.

Trunks and Valises.

We have placed on sale at half price all the trunks and bags owned by "The Fair" on South Thirteenth street, which were bought by us at a very low figure. Also, just received, a very large line of fine trunks and first class bags. We carry goods just as cheap as you want, also trunks and bags of the best make at the lowest possible figure.

Art Dept.

We carry a fine assortment of stamped doylies, tray cloths, splashers and dresser scarfs, new and appropriately designed in momie cloth and linen, fringed, drawn thread and hemstitched, at our usual popular low prices.

We have a beautiful line of chenille and applique flowers, silk fringes, tassels, plush balls and fancy cords, embroidery and filling silk in all the popular colors and shades.

Advance Sale of Spring Carpets.

Standard ingrain carpets at 30c, 35c and 40c; actual value 40c to 55c yard.

The only house west of Chicago showing a complete stock of the celebrated Lowell extra super carpets.

Brussels carpets from the best known manufacturers, and the most complete assortment of styles, prices from 47c to 85c.

An elegant line of the finer grades of Moquette, Axminster and Wilton carpets; prices way down.

The largest carpet stock to select from and the lowest prices guaranteed.

Bargains in lace curtains, chenille portieres, shades, cotton and silk draperies, fringes, etc.

Special prices on odd pairs of lace curtains.

We are still selling those large fur rugs at $2.50 while they last.

A large stock of new Smyrna rugs just received, in all sizes, at very low prices. A special one, 5 feet long, for $2.

Table oil cloth, curtain poles and trimmings in great variety.

Come and see that we mean business this spring in the carpet rooms.

Drug Dept.

Wright's Sarsaparilla, 59c.
Primley's Sarsaparilla, 59c.
Jamaica Ginger, 20c.
Sanford's Catarrh Cure, 75c.
Mellin's Food, large, 65c.
Hostetter's Bitters, 75c.
Wyeth's Beef, Wine and Iron, 75c.
Liebig's Beef, Iron and Wine, 89c.
Liebig's Beef Extract, 33c.
Garfield Tea, 20c.
Lane's Family Medicine, 40c.
Indian Oil, 20c.
Indian Sagwa, 75c.
Hood's Sarsaparilla, 75c.
Cuticura Resolvent, 75c.
Castoria, 25c.
Red Cross Cough Syrup, 18c.
Seven Sisters' Hair Grower, 75c.
Beecham's Pills, 20c.
Carter's Little Liver Pills, 18c.
Ballard's Horehound Syrup, 40c.
Bull's Cough Syrup 20c.
Kirk's Shandon Bells Soap, 49c per box.
Quinine Tonic, 69c.

Harness Dept.

Patronize home industry and and give us a call in our harness department, for we handle nothing but Omaha made goods, and the most important fact is, the best goods at the lowest prices. We call particular attention to those wanting farm harnesses for spring use, as we are now having a hundred sets made specially for our spring trade. Also the best single harness in Omaha for the money. All work guaranteed. Remember, we are headquarters for saddles, bridles, whips and straps of all kinds.

Books and Stationery.

Thackeray's complete works in 10 vols., cloth bound, at $2.95; worth $5.

Eliot's works in 5 vols., cloth bound, $1.95.

Dickens' complete works, in 15 vols., $4.50.

E. P. Roe's works at 89c per volume.
Holmes' works at 98c per volume.
Mulock's works at 98c per volume.
Ouida's works at 45c per volume.
Hawthorne's works at 45c per volume.

Lives of Blaine, Cleveland, Chinese Gordon, Hancock, Marion, Pilgrim Fathers, Oliver Cromwell, Jackson, Celebrated Women, Mahomet, Bonaparte, Washington, Sheridan, Beecher, Beaconsfield, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Queen Victoria and Schiller, elegantly bound in cloth, at 45c per volume.

Stationery.

Real Irish linen note paper at 25c per lb.

Rich cream commercial note paper at 25c per lb.

Fine envelopes at 3c per package.

Fine linen envelopes at 10c and 12½c per package.

A fine line of papeteries at 5c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 19c, 23c, 25c and 35c per box.

Jewelry Dept.

We lead the world in low prices on watches and jewelry.

Gents' Elgin, Springfield or Waltham watches in silverine cases, $2.95, worth $10.

Gents' gold filled hunting case stem wind watches, Elgin, Springfield or Waltham movement, $8.75.

Gents' gold filled hunting case watch, warranted to wear 20 years, with a full jeweled Elgin movement, $16.50.

Rogers' knives or forks, $1.25 per set.
Silver butter dishes, 75c.
Rogers' tea spoons, 90c per set.
Rogers' table spoons, $1.80 per set,
Silver pickle castors, 75c.
Nickel alarm clocks, 59c.
Child's knife, fork and spoon, 15c.
Ladies' solid gold band rings, 50c.
Gents' solid gold shirt studs, 50c.
Ladies' rolled plate hairpins, 1c each.
Solid silver stick pins, 5c each.
Solid silver thimbles, 13c each.

First-class watch and jewelry repairing at special low prices. All work guaranteed.

Wall Paper.

White blanks, 4½c roll.
Gilt, 5 to 7c roll.
Embossed 10 to 15c roll.
Ingrain, 7c to 10c roll.
Hand made, 55c to $2.00 roll.

Particular attention paid to watch repairing.

Woodenware.

We have just purchased from MILTON ROGERS & SONS, this city, their entire line of woodenware, consisting of coffee mills, wooden bowls, chopping bowls, wringers, potato mashers, butter moulds, etc., which we will put on sale tomorrow at prices never heard of before.

Wooden bowls, 5c each.
Potato mashers, 2½c each.
Coffee mills, 15c each.
Corn poppers, 5c each.
Rolling pins, 3c each.
Wash tubs, 29c each.
Wash boilers, 59c each.
Stove polish, 1c per paper.
Mouse traps, ½c each.
Tea kettle, copper bottom, 30c.
Coffee and tea pots, 10c each.
Butter ladles, 3c each.
Mrs. Potts' flat irons, 90c per set.
Wash boards, 10c each.
Flour sifters, 9c each.
Milk pans, 1c each.
Pie tins, 1c each.
12 clothes pins, 1c.
Clothes lines, 5c each.

XXX Peerless wringers, wood frame, generally sold for $4.50, at this sale for $2.15.

Folding ironing table, 95c.
Tea strainers 1c each.
Stove lifters 1c each.
Scrub brushes 5c each.

Canned Fruit.

3 pound can all Yellow Crawford Peaches 12½c.

3 pound can all Yellow California Peaches, 15c.

3 pound can all Yellow California Peaches, in pure sugar Syrup, 19c.

1 gallon California Peaches, 35c.

1 gallon can California Apricots, 45c

1 gallon can California Plums, 45c.

3 pound can California Egg Plums 15c.

3 pound can California Golden Drop Plums, 15c.

3 pound can California Grapes, 12½c

Teas and Coffees.

We have the most complete line of tea and coffee to be found in the city.

Fresh, new goods received daily.
Choice Rio 23c and 25c.
Santos 26c.
Fancy Golden Rio 28c.
Peaberry 30c.
Guatamala 30c to 32c.
Old Government Java, 33½c; 3 lbs. for $1.
Sun dried Japan 19c, 25c, 29c, 35c.
Natural leaf Japan 35c.
Basket fired Japan 40c.
Moyune Gunpowder 40c, 48c, 58c.

Butter.

We sell country butter made by Nebraska farmers at 14c, 16c, 18c and 20c per pound.

And the best creamery 23c and 25c

Remember we are leaders in fruits and nuts.

Florida oranges 10c per dozen, mixed nuts 2 pounds for 25c.

Cranberries 7½c per quart.

PARIS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

How the Gay Parisians Celebrate on New Year's Day.

PICTURES OF LA BELLE FRANCE

Men Who Have Enriched the History of the French Nation—Monuments and Temples Towering to the Skies.

PARIS, Jan. 3.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—It is a very pleasing ride from Rouen to Paris in the comfortable cars of the Chemin de fer de l'Ouest. The roadbed is easy, there is little dust and the cars are not overheated as with us. The little engines attached to the train seem like toys contrasted with the great moguls one sees on the Northern and Union Pacific. The road runs through rich valleys every inch of land being under cultivation and through quaint Norman villages whose houses have steep, red roofs. The little gardens surrounded by stone walls, not for protection, but on which to train grape vines and fruit trees, tiny little frail trees like the Chinese dwarf trees. We still run along the banks of the Seine and occasionally see the towers of some chateau peeping above the trees and the little villages, always with a church, some modern and others that look as if many centuries had rendered them more interesting.

We reached Paris about dusk and were driven from the station up the grand avenue de l'Opera to our hotel on the Rue Rivoli, opposite the gardens of the Tuileries. We came to Paris free from prejudice and we are disappointed. Perhaps it is the heavy, dull, humid atmosphere, that makes Paris less beautiful and brilliant than we expected. In New York we left sunshine and deliciously charming weather. Here everything is under lowering skies and it is wet and muddy.

If I were not afraid of my enemies I would write a book and call it "Lies," not white but black lies. One person told us to be sure and take lots of wraps and rugs. You will suffer so with cold in the cars. The cars are more comfortable than ours. Another said you cannot drink water in Paris; it is too bad. The water is very good here. The things we expected to find good are bad and what we expected to be bad are good.

Paris at present is not cleaner than New York and not as clean as many of our own cities. If they would turn the hose on the streets and suppress the beggars it would be an improvement. However, this is the Jour de l'an, the day the Parisians celebrate as we do Christmas, and the beggars are allowed to ply their trade without hindrance.

From the balcony of our room we look into the gardens of the Tuileries and have a coup d'œil from the Place du Carrousal to the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de l'Etoile.

The whole of the Champs Elysses is spread before us, from the colossal statue of Gambetta to the Arc de l'Etoile Napoleon had erected to celebrate his marriage with Marie Louise, and which even the Parisians, in their triumphal march through the conquered city, spared. But the commune has left nothing standing of the grand old palace of the Tuileries, only a little ruin where one can see the window from which our countryman, Dr. Evans, dropped the beautiful empress, took her to a place of safety, else she might have met a worse fate than the lovely queen, borne from this place to a prison and to the guillotine. Across the Seine we have a view of the Hotel des Invalides, where repose the remains of the great emperor. The Pantheon once, a church now, the mouseloum of the great men of France, and this beautiful Greek temple, where Victor Hugo and other of France's great writers, poets, paiuters and stetesmen are entombed, is a fair sample of what so many of the churches and palaces of France have witnessed. The original building of the Pantheon was a church erected in the third century, I think, in honor of the patron saint of Paris, St. Genevieve, nearly destroyed once, then again restored by Catherine de Medicis. It has been a temple of reason in the revolutions, desecrated by mobs, again a church, and now a temple of fame. All the old buildings of Paris are a history in themselves.

New Year's day in Paris is a fete. We saw the senators and deputies on their way to pay their respects to President Carnot, riding in carriages, with a guard of mounted policemen, but there was nothing very brilliant about it. The condition of two of the writers of France seems to cause more emotion—M. Ernest Renan, who is ill, and Guy de Maupassant, who has gone insane, perhaps from reading his own vile books—than the reception of the president of the republic.

Our minister, Mr. Reid, and his wife had a brilliant reception on New Years.

The Duc de Rochefoucauld on the 11th of February received with Mrs. Reid. She was never more beautiful and charming. The whole of the American colony were out in force. Apropos of Miss Mitchell I heard a very bright man on the steamer coming over propose that the American people should give Miss Mitchell a dot, since she was the first American girl who any foreigner was ever known to be willing to marry without one.

Little Florence Andenseix was not at the Reid reception. She has just had a little countess only three days old.

General King of Baltimore, our consul general, also had a very brilliant reception on the jour de l'an. He is the prince of entertainers and comes from the state where they know how to give grand dinners. I heard one of the American colony congratulating another because he had a minister who could afford to entertain, not like "Poor Mr. Washburn" or Mr. Noyes who were not rich, "only great." Mr. Reid's keen intellect, good judgment, and talent, went for naught.

"Why," she said, "even the count of Paris called at the Morgans," I suppose the Morgans fed well too. Cannot some bright American genius write a book on "Snobs," a la Thackery?

We saw a good deal of the French people on New Years' day and we did not discover they were any more joyous, or lively than a crowd would be in our own country on a holiday.

The hotels are no better than ours, not as good. You do not get so much for your money. The shops, certainly, are not so handsome and very little cheaper. On the rue de la Paix one finds the most wonderfully beautiful display of jewels, in the window, but when you enter the doors there is nothing but a counter with a man behind, and a space as big as a closet. But though we have humid skies, mud and neither the good hotels or shops we have at home, we have a city filled with grand old palaces, churches, monuments, museums, libraries, rich in history, romance, and attractive to all who wish to study. It is the old Paris that one wants to see—the Place de la Republique (once the Bastile), the Louvre not le grand Magazin du Louvre), the Luxembourg, the Cluny palace, once the abode of kings and queens, now with "Egalite, liberte et fraternite" over all.

We find Paris so cold and damp that we have concluded to seek more congenial climes, and start tonight for the south of France.

From Paris, passing through Dijon, Lyons and other French towns, we did not stop until we reached Avignon, at 8 o'clock in the evening, nearly starved. We had neglected to take tickets in Paris for our meals in the Restaurant du Wagon, and the train being an express did not stop. In fact we had not traveled enough in this country to know we had to buy meal tickets twenty-four hours ahead in order to get anything to eat.

F. said: "Wouldn't you like to see a darky poke his head into this voiture and shout, 'Dinner is now ready in the dining car!'"

"Yes," I said; "I don't believe I would wait for 'Last call for din-n-er.'"

However, all bad things have an end, as also all good things, too, and about 9 o'clock we had a dinner with a bottle of very bad wine thrown in for $1.50 each, for which we would have mobbed a Pullman conductor had he asked us 75 cents.

But when you get up in the morning and see the beautiful country, the valley of the Rhine, the river running out of its bed and overflowing the whole land, the old city with its papal palace—for it was the residence of the pope for many years—the old church, erected on the site of a pagan temple, and walk on the Rocher du Dom, from where one has a magnificent view of the whole valley and Pont d'Avignon, or rather the ruins, built by Saint Benezet at the end of the twelfth century, one forgets bad dinners and everything else disagreeable. I came very near having an adventure at Avignon, and being arrested, I suppose. I opened a door suddenly and spoilt the bonnet of a woman, who was just coming out. She began, talking, gesticulating and shaking her fist. I did not say pardon me, but looked her cooly in the face and said, I do not understand. The other part of my party began to apologize, but I cried, do not say a word of French or we are lost. Quite a crowd had collected and the woman began talking to the gens d'armes, but I still persisted, in I do not understand. After a little we were allowed to get into the train and my only revenge was hollowing out of the car as we moved off, a French sentence, for which I paid dearly by the suffering of my party for fear we might be detained when we reached Nimes.

Last summer, when Bob Thornburg was in Paris, he was constantly made indignant by the rough manner of some of the men to his women folks, and being a brave man like his gallant father, he longed to whip a Frenchman, and, finally, he did—pulled off his coat and gave Mr. Frenchy a sound thrashing—paid his fine and told the judge, or whatever they call themselves here, that he would willingly pay the same fine every day to be allowed to "lick a frog-eater." I should like to have had Bob along to have crushed some of these leering Frenchmen. As a general thing the people are very polite. I asked a question of a gentleman in Paris who walked quite a square out of his way to put me on the right street. And all the ladies we meet take infinite trouble to give us information and entertain us. But, oh, my! if they would only talk a little slower, or would only say yes or no to your question, instead of throwing out their R's at you like cannon balls!

In the cathedral at Avignon were two handsome monuments of Popes John and Benedict the XII. Behind the cathedral is a square tower, which was used as the prison of the inquisition, where in one month sixty-three innocent victims were executed.

Avignon is one of the places that claims to be the birth place of Petrarch. He lived here once with his poor little wife while he was writing sonnets to his Laura.

There is a quaint old clock near the hotel de ville where the figures strike the hours. There are also fine statues of Racine and Moliere.

The musee contains some very fine pictures, besides many curious medallions, sculptures, etc., that we had not the time to see, because we wish to hurry on to Nice, where we hope to find sunny skies and balmy air, and get rid of the bad colds we caught in Paris.

And at last we are at Nimes. I had determined before we left home to see Nimes, because I had read so much of the Roman antiquities to be found there. With the exception of the Arena and the Maison Carree, which is a well preserved temple with thirty Corinthian columns, said to have been built by one of the Cæsars, there is nothing of much interest.

Marseilles is the largest seaport in France, on the Mediterranean. There are two forts at the entrance of the harbor, St. Jean and St. Nicholas, which protect the city, with the batteries on the high hill, where stands the church of Notre Dame de la Garde. From the summit of this hill a most magnificent panorama is spread before you of the city, the Corniche road, the Mediterranean, with the islands dotted in here and there.

The whole of France seems under clouds—it rains everywhere. We hope you have had a merry Christmas and will have a happy year, and will thank God that you live in the United States, in the state of Nebraska and in the beautiful city of Omaha.

M. D. CROOK.

PICTURES OF FOREIGN LIFE.

A Moorish City Celebrated for the Fatal Beauty of Its Women.

WANDERINGS IN FAIR MOROCCO

Glowing Description of the Shores of Two Continents—The Landing at Tangier—A Funny Little Scrap—Inspiring Scenes.

[Copyright, 1892.]

TANGIER, Morocco, Jan. 11.—[Correspondence of THE BEE]—At Tavira we had no difficulty in securing passage in a staunch coasting steamer, plying between Lisbon and Cadiz. After a day in the latter, once the emporium of the world and still the most winsome and beautiful city of Spain, we sailed on a smaller vessel, little better than a ferry-boat, for the African coast, touching for an hour at Tarifa, the southernmost city o continental Europe, but fifteen miles southwest of Gibraltar.

In this, less than 100 miles from Cadiz, there are innumerable scenes and memories of wondrous impressiveness. Cadiz itself was the Tarshish of bible history, Juno's wondrous island and the glorious Iberia of Anacreon and Homer. At the end of the fourth century it was the richest, most brilliant and most profligate city in the world. Then the Goths and the Arabs possessed it, the latter for 500 years from the eighth century, when Alfonso the Learned retook it n 1262. What a vision of riches and pillage comes with vanishing sight of the beautiful city, when its American treasure is remembered. The old writers tell that in the one year of 1792 the gold and silver imported at Cadiz from America amounted to $125,000-000; and away back of this, when the English Lord Essex sacked and pillaged Cadiz, the booty amounted to forty great galleons and thirteen ships of war laden with American gold!

In an hour's time you have come abreast of Cape Trafalgar. Your steamer's course is through the very waters where Nelson won his immortal victory over the combined fleets of Gravina and Villeneuve. All the mighty paintings you have seen, all the majestic monuments to Nelson, underneath whose shadows you have stood, all the thrilling prose and verse you have read upon this in spiring theme, fill and thrill your mind and heart, until the air is dimmed with smoke, the hoarse bellowings of cannon deafen you, the sheets of flame from those two solid columns of war ships blind you, the shrieks of wounded and dying and the crashing of masts add to the conjured horror—all for an instant, may be; but no poet or painter has ever brought its glory and savagery to your comprehension so matchlessly as your own brief presence there.

"The Fatal Beauty of Its Women."

And now Tarifa is reached; Tarifa celebrated of all cities of the Latin race for the fatal beauty of its women; Tarifa where the besieging Moors put to death the son of Don Alfonso before his eyes in an attempt to effect the city's surrender; where mighty battles between the kings of Castile and Spain against the Moors were fought beneath its walls; where once 4,000 Roman sons came and took to themselves their pick of Spanish women; where the Berbers first met the dispirited armies of Roderick, last of the Goths; Tarifa with its scores of towers and gates, labyrynthine streets, balconies hidden behind masses of flowers, and its half Spanish, half Moorish scenes and life which taunt and tempt ravishingly to dallying and delay.

From this point, as your course is set to the southwest for Tangier almost straight across the strait of Gibraltar, the scene on every hand is one of matchless beauty and grandeur. Back to the northwest stretches the Spanish coast line to Trafalgar, low lying along the sea, out with a background of undulating foothills, breaking into deep gorges, and capped by lofty sierras, the whole checkered by vineyards and dotted with cities and hamlets in the distance as white as flakes of snow. Back across the waters to the northeast looms gray old Gibraltar, a line of fishing villages, arsenals, quays and moles at its base like a slender ribbon of foam, its thousands of threatening cannon above hidden and summitted by terraces bright and vines and gardens fair.

A Glowing Pen Picture.

Before you is Africa, warm and glowing beneath a midwinter sun. Away to the southeast is the shadowy peak of Ape's Hill, at whose base Ceuta lies. A grand and diversified coast stretches westward, past as yet invisible Tangier, to Cape Spartel, the northwesternmost point in Africa. Portions of the coast are grandly precipitous. Again great forests sweep from noble heights into slumbrous valleys which undulate softly to the sea. The lights and shades are strange. The green of the middle strait blends into a rosy puce towards land, this into a brilliant blue further on, and the coast line at the water's edge seems like a thread of lustrous onyx. Above this, brown; then purple, then emerald, and beyond there is a glowing of faint orange, as though the valleys palpably flung back the sunlight which lingered lovingly above. Beyond this a line of tender purple, jagged with feathery, misty fronds. This is where the Atlas mountains are. And then between the mountain passes and peaks and the sky is a faint thread of saffrony pale pink, something like a gauze of lavender laid on a band of roses. That gleam of color flashes the mental vision to the vast Sahara and the far Soudan.

Feasting with eager and selfish delight upon the glorious shores of two continents, I had lost sight of honest Dobrado; Dobrado who was to have returned to his place by the babbling fountains of Lisbon, from Bejo, should I persist in tramping thence to Tavira and the sea; Dobrado who was now sworn servitor and friend; Dobrado broad of grin as Gargantua, and of beam as Quixote's no less faithful squire; Dobrado whom I found with lowering eyes and hideous face, as rapt as I had been, scowling with unutterable hate at the fair land of the Moors. In his attitude, looks, mutterings and unconscious gesticulations, increasing every moment in rapidity and intensity, the whole story of the irrevocable vengefulness of Christian against Moslem and Moslem against Christian was told. It was a theme for poet; subject for artist—Europe the implacable foe of Africa; the cross and the crescent; incarnate hate, the outgrowth of incarnate love, burning to annihilate incarnate fanaticism; Christian savagery thirsting for the life of Moslem barbarism.

Hereditary Hatreds.

I touched the Gallegan gently upon the shoulder, and my eyes sought his inquiringly. He trembled and was woefully confused for a moment. Then his great blue eyes saddened and he said softly and slowly, as though his heart meanwhile traveled a long and bitter way:

"There is not a choza (cabin) from Finisterre to Palencia in which there does not hang some forefather's gaita, or hoz (sickle or sword upon the wall, under which the Gallegan boy is not daily brought to swear vengence for the murders of the Moor!"

As I pondered over Dobrado's dramatic action and words, I could not but feel that, after all, it is a pleasant thing to live, as we Americans do, so far removed from the endless mental, if not physical, clashings of these awful hereditary religious hatreds of the centuries.

But just now we have rounded Cape Malabar and Tangier lies before us like a mass of foam churned in the seething tides of the Gibraltar strait, and tossed into structural semblance upon the mountain-rimmed shore of the bay. Soon the mass of white resolved itself into splatches of more brilliant white and seams and checkers of shade; then into white cubes of varying dimensions. Gradually projecting corners and heights of snowy masonry take shape to the eye; and then the pale pinks, yellows and blues of the painted walls blend into a rosy whole, broken only by a slender square tower, with glistening porcelain sides, and one huge, ruinous mass, to which the city seems to lead in giant housetop steps. The one is the tower from the minaret of which the Moslem muezzin calls the faithful to prayers, crying Mohammed and Allah to the four quarters of the earth. The other is the Kasba or castle, where the heartless Kirke, during the brief English occupancy of Tangier which gave the world at least the famous "Pepy's Diary," was guilty of more wanton crimes and butcheries than were ever charged to fiercest and fellest tyrant Moor.

Landing at Tangier.

There is no mole, quay or pier at Tangier; and we came to anchor near the shelving shore, where the harborside traffic goes on with wondrous din, and the Moorish customs officers squat upon their haunches transacting their duties in severe silence and gravity. On either side were numberless fellucas, with strange craft from the lower Mediterranean, and perhaps two score of French, Spanish, English and Dutch schooners, barks and brigs. Rather a lonesome harbor seems that of Tangier; and the two huge British men-of-war, which had been lying here several days in view of possible danger to British interests, from the threatening revolt of interior tribes, who seem always to be about to be doing something unpleasant, brought again the keen and humiliating longing I have had in an hundred other ports, that the American government possessed sufficient character and dignity to make our flag a tithe as well respected as any other that floats the seas.

Getting ashore at Tangier is not altogether a stately performance. Scarcely had our steamer anchored when there came swarming over the rail from all quarters a horde of swarthy turbaned harbor porters, dressed in the natural black leathern skin of Morocco, many with huge rings in their ears, dangiets and banglets of tinkling metals, and bright sashes, barelegged and barefooted, or shod with loose sandals; all as uncanny and weird a lot as ever looted a ship and butchered its crew in the good old days of Moorish piracy and pillage.

Formerly these black imps grabbed travelers bodily, lifted them astride their backs or shoulders and waded ashore with them. Recently a diminutive landing stage has been built, but the treatment is quite as ferocious. Ordinarily the stranger's belongings are seized and pitched into a half dozen different small boats and himself made the unwilling subject of a fierce scramble, after which the victor pulls and hauls his victim into still another boat, and rushes him to the landing where a separate bribe must be paid for the recovery of each article, and a final heavy tribute is exacted for one's own liberation. Precisely the same form of piracy is repeated on your way to a hotel with your own effects; but once within the great gate leading into the city from the harbor side, and you are safer from annoyance and exaction than in any other Moorish or Christian city in the world.

A Funny Little Scrap.

Good fortune had more than once attended me through the alert and cunning services of Dobrado, and it stood me now in good stead, getting me on African soil unrelieved of as much as a copper flu; although his rugged diplomacy at first subjected me to some disquiet. Standing in front of me, as each furious onslaught by a porter was made, and without apparent effort of his giant strength, first with his open right hand and then with his left, he sent African, Moor, Berber and what not, alike sprawling to the steamer's deck. Each jumped nimbly to his feet and slunk humbly away.

Suddenly a fellow, swarthy as a Moor, with hair and matted beard, black, curly and glossy as Astrakhan wool, sprang from the crowd full upon Dobrado. Visions of tragedies, dungeons in the Kasba, consular courts of inquiry and international complications flashed before me. The two clinched; parted clinched again; and, after various alarming contortions, fell in what still seems to be a terrific embrace together upon their knees. Then such kissing and embracing began as I had never before seen between man and man, man and woman, or stranger still, between woman and woman.

Soon they arose utterly breathless but radiant. Dobrado half dragged the hulking fellow to me, and after the latter had embraced my still trembling knees, Dobrado said apologetically but lacchically:

"I feared I would not meet him, senor. He is my kinsman, from Mondonedo, beside the Ria de Foz. You know the Gallegans go wherever there is money for toil. He is half-time portero and half-time does some service for a merchant here who has traffic with Valladolid." And then, hesitantly: "Perhaps senor could find himself useful in Tangier?"

Back Windows of Foreign Life.

"Senor" could and did. "Senor," the writer, shuns great hotels in his wanderings; loves to know the lowly, and, from their standpoint of thinking, feeling and condition, to thus look through the back windows of foreign life and ways.

No one can wholly tell another what Tangier is like within its ancient city walls. It has no street geography. Though it contains scarcely 20,000 souls, its own inhabitants get lost within it; and there is but one street or way in which the stranger is safe from absolute wreck of consciousness of location. This extends upward from the harbor side to the Soc-de-Barra, the great outside market place of Tangier, just where you leave the city on the way to Fez, Morocco's capital. Once a dozen yards away from this narrow thoroughfare of bazaars, and the prompting to prayer to Allah or Allah's subjects for succor is a quickly realized experience.

But for Dobrado and his kinsman, I should have turned back, passed the night outside the great city gate upon the shore beneath the stars and some handy tarpaulin, and incontinently fled the place upon the next day's steamer for Gibraltar. As it was, I kept close to my Gallegan guides. The evening had fallen before we had entered the city. The single thoroughfare was a babel of donkeys, camels, goats, water carriers, bare legged African soldiers and merchants closing their tiny shops. The din of "balak!—balak!—balak!" the equivalent for our "look out!" shrieked by thousands of voices in the choky, chasmlike street, was deafening. Scores of times on our half-mile way we were ground against buildings, wedged between camels or flung into pitch black archways.

After an hour's struggle, we turned from this main thoroughfare and plunged in and upward among a maze of streets, so narrow that opposing walls could be touched by outstretched hands. The silence here was as startling as had been the din. Now and then perhaps, a ghostly figure flitted by. Here and there was heard the wimpling sound of water from overflowing fountains. Occasionally a muffled form asleep beneath an archway was stumbled upon. Not a light was seen in the whole distance. But for the stars overhead, it was like groping torchless through the catacombs.

In the Land of the Moors.

At last Dobrado's kinsman halted. With the hilt of his heavy knife, almost as ponderous as a Cuban machete, he knocked loudly upon a barred and bolted door. A black face peered savagely from a tiny wicket. There was parley which sounded like a mixture of the Romany tongue and Gallegan Spanish. The wicket closed and soon an old man clad in flowing robes, attended by the African, returned. We were admitted to what seemed the dungeon antechamber to a larger dungeon. Directly Dobrado's kinsman showed the way up some slippery stone steps. Following a long gallery we soon emerged into the open air. Thence we were conducted along what appeared to be a crumbling parapet, and I was finally led into a room perfectly bare of furniture. The place seemed to be a detached structure set upon a housetop, abutting against the walls of a still loftier abode. Some fine rugs were brought for a pallet. The African almost as soon appeared with a cut brass lamp, a cup of tea, in which m