

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871.

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1898.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

Remnant Sale This Week

ORCHARD & WILHELM CARPET COMPANY.

Inventory Sale This Week

Our Sales this season have been far in excess of any previous season in our history—this increase was not unexpected as all conditions have been favorable—but in many of our lines and in the sum total it has exceeded our expectations—There are many advantages in a large volume of business—it is a benefit in buying and a decided benefit in selling—It enables us to sell at a smaller margin of profit and to carry a larger assortment—Our wholesale and retail carpet business is the largest in this section of the west.

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co.

The Carpet Remnants of the season now on sale.

Super Ingrains.

Short lengths—up to nine yards long—of all wool super ingrain—regular 75c goods—on sale this week ..... 35c YARD.

Tapestry Carpets.

Five to twenty yard lengths and remnants of borders—no carpets to match—regular 85c carpets ..... 50c YARD.

Axminsters.

Remnants of Bigelow Axminster carpets—some have sold at \$2, others at \$1.75—all go in one lot this week at... 75c YARD.

Remnants of ingrain stair carpets at 25c and ..... 15c yd

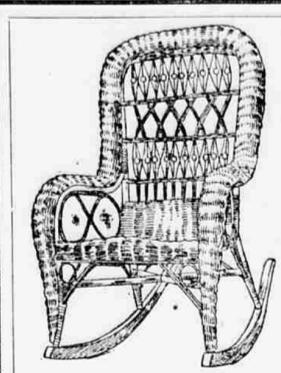
Remnants of Boly Brussels and Velvets—\$1.25 to \$1.75 carpets at ..... 75c yd

Remnant Rugs

Such a large business leaves us with many carpet remnants—these we have made up into rugs and priced them at about one-third what the carpet has sold for—bring the size of your room with you and you will be able to secure a rug bargain such as you never dreamed of before.

Linoleum Remnants

Some of these are up to 10 yards—from that down you can take your choice of them all at only, yard ..... 25c



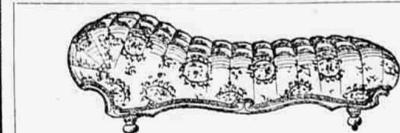
Large easy Rattan Rocker, \$4.50

Just received another large invoice of those very comfortable cool, steamer reclining folding chair, with arms—just what you want this warm weather.

Price only \$1.00



This Baby Carriage—unholstered in bedford cord—loose cushions—rubber tire wheels—lace parasol—foot brake—price— \$13

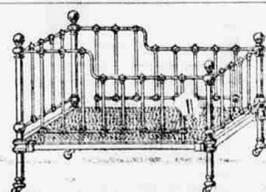


This beautiful Velvet upholstered Recco frame Couch, \$15.00

A few odd furniture pieces at remarkably low prices—just to close them out—not one of these pieces but that is worth many times our asking price.



Something new in folding Lawn Settees—three colors—prices— 3-foot \$1.00 4-foot \$1.50 6-foot \$1.75



Child's Iron Bed with woven wire springs—brass bedstead. \$1.00

1414-16-18 DOUGLAS

ORCHARD & WILHELM CARPET CO.

1414-16-18 DOUGLAS

INDIAN SLAVES OF BOLIVIA

Human Chattels Bought and Sold with the Farms on Which They Live.

THEIR FEUDS AND HOW THEY FIGHT

Characteristics of the Aborigines and Their Homes—Peculiarities of Food and Drink—Indian Women and Their Loves.

(Copyright, 1898, by Frank G. Carpenter)

LA PAZ, Bolivia, July 1.—(Special Correspondence of the Bee.)—Three-fourths of all the people of Bolivia are Indians. The country is more than one-sixth the size of the United States without Alaska and these Indians are scattered all over it. Some of them are savage, but the bulk, comprising a population approximating 4,000,000, belong to two civilized tribes known as the Quechua (Keech-wah) and Aymara. The Quechua claim to be the descendants of the old Incas. They are found about the north-eastern shores of Lake Titicaca and in the south of La Paz. The Aymaras inhabit this high plateau and their villages of mud huts may be counted by the thousands in this part of Bolivia. They are a people of themselves, with curious habits, queer customs and a life and character peculiarly their own. If I should say that slavery still prevails in Bolivia I suppose the statement would be disputed. It is true nevertheless. These Indians are to a great extent slaves. This is a feudal country and the men and women are bought and sold with the farms on which they live. The fact that they could perhaps leave upon paying their debts does not alter the matter. It is known that their attachment to their homes is such that they will not leave and the proprietor does not hesitate to agree to deliver his human goods with the property. The most of the lands here are owned by the Cholos or half breeds, who have Spanish and Indian blood in them, and by the whites, who are the descendants of the Spaniards who conquered the country. Upon each farm there is a community of these Indians who throughout the whole year give three days of each week to their master and are allowed the remaining days for themselves. They receive no wages for working for the owner of the plantation and are supposed to do the work in lieu of the ground rent for the spot on which they have built their mud huts and for the little patches which they are allowed to farm for themselves. If their master has use for only part of the time he has the right to hire them out to others and if they do not obey him he can, within certain limits, inflict punishment upon them. They expect to be whipped and I have heard it said here that Indian servants grumble when they are not punished for a long time, because they consider it a sign that their master has ceased to like them. An Indian here has in few things any right that anyone else is bound to respect and it is indeed not an uncommon thing to see one struck to make him move faster or understand more quickly.

Indian Feuds and Indian Fights. Notwithstanding their ill-treatment the Indians seem to stick to their masters. They are absolutely without ambition and seem to be content with their lot. They

will work for their masters for nothing rather than receive pay from a foreigner, and they will fight to the death the Indians of a neighboring plantation with whom they are angry or of whom they are jealous. Feuds often exist between the Indians of the farms of a neighborhood, and gun fights and sling fights are common. The sling is the natural weapon of the Aymara. He has the skill of David, and is never afraid to attack his Goliath at such times. He uses the sling to stone his sheep from straying from the flock, and from behind his hat often watches for his enemy and sends a rock crashing through his brain. He considers his master's grievances his own, and will engage in any battle to which he may be instigated by him. I heard of a case of this kind last night. A foreign merchant of La Paz had bought a small plantation with a certain number of Indians, adjoining the estate of a rich Bolivian. The Bolivian coveted the foreigner's property and wanted to force him to sell it cheap. He fomented a feud between his Indians and those of the foreigner. The crops of the foreigner's Indians were pulled from the ground, his men were stoned, and at last they came to him and told him their situation. He asked them what they were going to do about it. They replied that if he would allow them the key of the house and church and give them forty pounds of cocoa leaves and six gallons of alcohol they would soon settle the difficulty. They told him that the Bolivian was trying to make him sick of the bargain, and that he was doing this so that he would gladly sell out the property for little or nothing. "But," said the foreigner to the chief of the Indians, "what can you do? You have only forty men and the Bolivian has 200." The chief said he would get the "diablos" of other small farms near by to unite with them. This they did. They concealed these Indians in the church on the estate, and when the marauding Indians came again and began to pull up the crops all sallied forth. There was a pitched battle, and about thirty of the Bolivian's Indians were killed. The result was that the Bolivian came a day or so later to the foreigner and asked him to sell him his place. Said the foreigner: "Yes, I will sell to you, but my price is now \$20,000. I offered you the farm a month ago for \$15,000 but after what you have done you cannot have it for less than \$20,000."

"I will take it," was the reply. "I have had enough of you, and as I want the farm I will pay what you ask." And he did. All the dishwashing, fire making and water carrying as well as the dirty work of the household generally in La Paz is done by men called Pongos. The Pongo of most houses is changed every week and many families have fifty-two different Pongos in a year. This is due to one of the customs which prevails here between the Indians and their masters. In addition to the three days a week without pay, which the Indians must give their masters to furnish them with pay so many men a week to do the dirty work about the house. On a large farm five or six more such men are furnished than are needed by the family of the planter and they are then hired out to others. As the Pongo works only for a week at a time, the contract is made to furnish one a year for from \$8 to \$100 Bolivian or from \$28 to \$35 American. The Pongo when he comes at the first of the week brings with him five bags of llama manure for the fuel of the household and also two or three native brooms. He gets nothing for these and receives, in short, no pay whatever. At night he sleeps on the cold stoves inside the door

leading to the street and must get up and open to anyone who knocks. The work done by him will not be done by any of the other servants, so that if you should have twenty other servants you must still have your Pongo. The Pongo alone will go to the public fountain for the water, the Pongo carries the vegetables and meats which the cook buys home from market, and the Pongo alone empties the slops and cleans the pots and pans. These Indians often give their children over to the whites to be brought up by them as servants. There is a money consideration and though the Bolivian law provides for the education of a child so bought this is practically limited by the caprice of the buyer. The contract usually provides that the parents may have the child back if they pay 20 cents a day for the time it has been in the hands of the buyer, but as the Indians never have any money ahead such sales are usually absolute and they are in force until the child is of age. If the master don't like the child, however, he can send it back, claiming that it has some fault. Many of the house servants of La Paz are gotten in this way, one usually being allotted to each child of a well-to-do family. The servants are lazy and inefficient, it requiring about four Indians to do the work of one good American hired girl. The wages are from \$1.20 to \$10 a month in this money, which is equal to 40 cents to \$3.50 American money.

A Look at an Indian Hut.

I wish I could take you into one of these Indian huts and show you just how hundreds of thousands of people live here in Bolivia. It is by no means easy to get into the Indian's house, for he hates strangers and will not admit anyone if he can help it. I had one or two rather serious experiences while making my investigations of this kind on the Titicaca plateau, and in one case the Indian householders showed fight and threatened to have me arrested. The outside of the huts are to be seen everywhere in the country about here. I have ridden along tens of thousands of them and they are practically the same everywhere. They would hardly rank as respectable pig pens in America. Imagine a mud hut with six, eight to twelve feet square. Let it have walls so low that you can reach up to the thatched roof without effort. Let it have no windows and let the door be an opening two feet from the ground, so small that you have to stoop to get into it. The floor of the hut is the ground and you step over the high door sill to get in. Once inside there is little more than room to turn about, for often the farming utensils belonging to the owner are kept there and it may be that in the hut the donkey, the chickens and the llamas also quarter. There is little furniture. The people sit on the floor and men, women and children back themselves up against the wall at night, keeping as close together as possible for warmth and sleep sitting. In one corner of the hut there is a little hearth or clay stove with a pile of llama manure for fuel beside it. It must all go on the backs of men or mules, and the receptacle in which it is taken is usually a goat skin. The skins, I am authentically informed, are torn from the bodies of the goats while still living, as such skins make more pliable and better bags. The coats are hung up by the horns. Then a slit is made about the neck and a couple of men, seizing hold of the skin, fairly rip it from the body of the tortured and dying animal. Chicha or Bolivian Beer. Another drink, which is liked by both

Indians and Cholos or the mixed races here, is known as chicha. You will find chicha saloons in every block of any Bolivian city. La Paz has hundreds of them. Each is owned by a Cholo woman or girl, and I have been told that many of these women saloon keepers are no better than they should be. The chicha is kept in an immense earthen jar and is ladled out in glasses much like the beer schooner of our country. The liquor looks like very thin and very dirty buttermilk with a decidedly yellowish tinge. I have not as yet been able to acquire a taste for it, and since I have heard how the best of it is made I do not had trouble in giving up trying to do so. Chicha is made of Indian corn or maize. It is a drink that was used by the Indians here ages ago, and you still find it everywhere along the west coast of South America. The best made in Bolivia comes from the city of Cochabamba. Here is how it is made: The grains or rice corn are first bruised with a heavy stone. Then they are handed over to a party of old and young women who chew them thoroughly, mixing the grain with their saliva until they have turned it into a paste, when they spit it out into a dish or cup and begin on a fresh chew. When a sufficient amount of the paste or corn and spittle has been collected it is spread out upon a board to dry. It is next put into a big earthen vessel as large around as a wash tub and about as high as your waist. This is filled with water and boiled over a slow fire for four days. It is then cooled, filtered and put into earthen vessels and left to ferment. After about a week's fermentation it is ready to drink. It now smells like old yeast and tastes not unlike old buttermilk. Good chicha will make a man drunk, but many of the Indians can drink a gallon at a time without being perceptibly affected by it. When the Indians of the Pimayayo have their harvest they celebrate the occasion with a great feast. Each village prepares quantities of chicha, and the Indians of the whole section go from one village to another, and there is a grand chicha drunk. They continue their drinking until all the chicha is consumed. The women sit around a fire with the men behind them. They pass the chicha first to the men and then drink themselves. As drunkenness comes on their organs grow more and more wild, and toward the last they act more like beasts than like men and women.

recently. It used to be his custom to preach every Monday morning at Ocean Grove, and one of his regular hearers was a good Methodist brother who used to shout "Glory!" whenever anything pleased him. Once in a while this shout would come in at an inopportune moment. It was a shrill note, with a rising inflection. After Dr. O'Hanlon had been preaching on Monday mornings for a number of years he arose one day to announce his text. He introduced his remarks with the words: "Brethren, I have been preaching here at Ocean Grove on Monday mornings for a number of years, but some of these days when you are gathered here I will be missing, for the grass will be growing over my grave." Just then the shouter uttered a shrill "Oh, G-l-o-r-y!" Sedate as was that congregation, there went up a hearty laugh. The doctor was equal to the occasion. He put his hands in his pockets, leaned back and said: "Well, brethren, what have you got against me?" The laugh was turned, order was soon restored, and the doctor preached with his usual power and acceptability.

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

G. B. Shaw, a writer on military details and numerous other things, says that 91 per cent of the world's fighting has been done on farinaceous food. "Compare the Tipperary peasant of the potato and buttermilk days with the modern gentleman who gorges himself with murdered cow. The Tipperary man never read bloody-minded novels or cheered patriotic music hall tabernac, but he fought recklessly and wantonly. Your carnivorous gentleman is afraid of everything, including doctors, dogs, disease, death and truth telling. Because General Shafter weighs 310 pounds and cannot mount a horse it does not follow that he is too fat for war. General Saussier, long the commander of the Paris department and practically the senior officer of the French army, who went on the retired list recently, outweighed General Shafter and used a specially constructed carriage when in the active performance of his duty. He had been in a double sense a stout fighting man in his time, too. Round others are common enough in the French army. Many years ago the Rev. Jedediah Dewey, an ancestor of Admiral Dewey, was holding services in honor of the victory at Bunker's ton, and, as was right and proper, was giving Providence all the credit for the triumph of the American arms. Ethan Allen, who was present, chafed under this neglect of his own part in the battle, and, rising in his pew in the very middle of the "long prayer," as it is called, said: "Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey, the clergyman stopped and opened his eyes. The intrepid Allen went on: "Please mention to the Lord about my being there." Not daunted by this outrageous interruption, the holy man (undeterred) "sit down, thou bold blasphemer, and listen to the word of God." Says the Chicago News: "When Dewey was first lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat the admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoiter. The southerners had a way of rushing a field piece to the top of the high bank, firing point blank at the gunboat, and then backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey doing a slight. 'Why don't you stand firm, Lieutenant?' said he. 'Don't you know you can't jump quick

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co.

Remnants of Lace Curtains.

Sample lace curtains 14 and 2 yards long—finished patterns in Nottingham and Fish Net—suitable for sash curtains—in the full size curtains these sell at \$1.50 to \$5.00 a pair—these sample ends each 15c 30c 35c

Half pairs full sized lace curtains—only one of a pattern left—all new designs and have been selling at from 90c to \$5.00 a pair—these single curtains \$1.50 down to ..... 35c

Short Ends of Denims.

In the striped and figured—new styles so much wanted this spring—32 inches wide—reduced to close out this week at ..... 15c yd

Swiss Muslin Remnants.

3-yard samples of Dotted and Swiss muslin—samples we've used in our spring selling—15c to 50c has been the price per yard—these the entire piece 15c to 50c

Remnants Drapery Fringe.

All the way from 1 to 4 yards in the piece at 5c to 35c the piece—nothing here that has sold for less than 25c a yard ..... 5c to 35c

Japanese Crepe Pillow Covers ..... 15c to 25c

Travelers' Samples

Ofs for pillows in all the late and beautiful colorings and effects from 25c to \$1.00 each—worth many times our asking price ..... 25c to \$1

enough? A day or so afterward the admiral dodged a shot. The lieutenant smiled and held his tongue, but the admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude and finally cleared: "Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it!"

"Some years ago," says a Washington friend of Senator Lodge, "a dear, motherly old woman from Massachusetts wandered into the visitors' gallery one day and asked a well dressed young man to point out the Bay State's favorite son." Lodge was sitting in his seat near the center of the floor, his hands in his pockets and watching the speaker the while. Lovingly the old woman gazed for a time, but later the heroic-worshipful expression on her face underwent a change. "Perhaps I'm wrong, my young friend," she ventured at last, "but are you sure that's Mr. Lodge?" "Yes, madam." "But it can't be true. That man has a cigar in his mouth." "Yes, madam." "And right on the floor of the House?" "No, madam; he always has a cigar in his mouth. Well, I never! I don't like it a bit! I shall never allow James to vote for him again. Not if I can help it, and I think I can." Then she went out of the gallery with the air of one whose choicest idol had been shattered."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Joseph Rodman Drake. When Freedom from her mountain height Enfolded her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there! She called the lightning down to aid, And gave into his mighty hand The milky baldrick of the skies, And striped his pure celestial white With streaks of the morning light. Then from his mansion on the sun, She called the eagle bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand The symbol of her chosen land! The covering from the storm driven, Who rear'd aloft the royal form, To bear the tempest trampling loud, And roll the lightning from the sky, When strive the warriors of the storm, And roll the thunder-drum of heaven. Child of the sun! to thee the given Guard the banner of the free, To hover in the sulphur smoke, To ward away the battle stroke, And bid his blinding shine afar, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory! Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly, Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave; When death, careering on the gale, Sweeps darkly round the belted nat, And frightened waves rush wildly back Before the broadside's reeling rack, Each dying wanderer of the sea, Shall look at once to heaven and thee, And smile to see thy splendors fly In triumph o'er his closing eye. Flag of the free! heart's hope and honest By angel hands to valor given, Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, Forever float as emblems brave in heaven! Where breathes the foe, but falls before us; With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming with