CHOLERA'S CRADLE

"Carp" Writes of the Country Where the Dread Scourge was Nurtured.

CITIES OF THE RUSSIAN MISSISSIPP

Leading Characteristics of the Communities in the Valley of the Volga.

IN SARATOFF, WHERE THE PLAGUE STARTED

Putrid Fish and Rotten Fruits the Staple Food of the Poor.

RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP OVER THE PRESS

No Money or Glory in the Newspaper Business Within the Czar's Dominions—Some Ludicrous Instances of the Blottesque Policy—Police Papers Pay.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 20.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—The skeleton of the cholera now hangs over Russia and the reports of the horrors of its ravages along the lower Volga are brought here daily. They are kept out of the newspapers as far as possible, and it is not known to just what extent the plague has spread, but there is no doubt that it is rapidly marching up the Volga and it cannot but desolate the famine-stricken provinces. I first heard of it four weeks ago during a stay that I made at Nijni Novgorod. I was entertained there by a Mr. Zevecke, a very wealthy shipowner, who owns the largest line of steamboats on the Volga, and whose business is the carrying of freight from Persia and the Caspian provinces up and down the Russian Mississippi. During my stay Mr. Zevecke was in telegraphic communication with Astrakhan and he told me that the cholera had already manifested itself there and it was feared that it would march on into Russia. A short time after this I visited Saratoff, Simbirsk, Samara and Kazan, all of which towns are in the cholera regions, and it was only a few days after I left Saratoff that the cholera broke out there. There is no doubt that the whole of the Volga regions will be devastated by it, and in order to understand its dangers it is necessary to know the character of the country and the life of the people.

An Artery of Commerce.

The Volga is as wide as the Mississippi. It is 2,300 miles long and it has as great a trade as any river in the world. It flows through a flat country and the lower half of it passes through an almost treeless region. Upon these great plains the hot sun of the tropics is beating down now with relentless vigor. There is absolutely no protection from it, and the women go about with nothing but handkerchiefs on their heads and children boil their brains under the sun's burning rays with no protection whatsoever. The men wear heavy caps, and the houses are so built that they are like bakeovens at this time of the year. At Kazan and Samara I saw hundreds upon hundreds of half-naked men lying on the roadside and sleeping with this tropical sun beating down upon them and with the smells of decaying vegetable matter all about them. Saratoff has a system of water works, but most of these Volga cities have no sanitary arrangements whatsoever, and the village of Russia which possesses a water closet is one of a thousand. The peasants, among whom the cholera is the worst, have absolutely no knowledge of the rules of health, and their diet and habits would naturally breed the cholera and cannot but increase it. Their favorite soup is made of green cabbages, and old men and babies eat this by the gallon. They eat carrots, and one of the chief articles which you find peddled everywhere and which is consumed in large quantities is the green cucumber, which is eaten raw, just as it comes from the vine, or, more often, after it has become wilted and stale from lying about under the hot sun.

Famine Bread.

In the provinces just above Saratoff a great deal of the famine bread is still used. I saw some of this stuff while I was on the Volga and it would be the ruin of any man whose bowels were at all delicate. Its surface is of a dirty gray, and when you break it open you find that its inside is of a deep brown. It is salty and sandy, and it tastes more like clay than bread. It looks as though it were made of bran and husks, and it is as gritty as the apples of Sodom. There are thousands of people who are eating this bread today, and while I was on the Volga I found them ready to devour anything. Dr. Hubbell, the American Red Cross society agent, was with me, and in speaking of the corn which was spoiled in crossing the water he told the relief people that it could be dried and used for the cattle. They replied that they were drying it and using it to feed the peasants and that the most of it would do very well.

The natural condition of these people is bad beyond description, and I was shown today a reminiscence of the cholera in the shape of a photograph of the interior of a hut on the Volga. Beside a loom, in which was the half-finished cloth that the woman had been weaving when she was taken sick, lay a rude bench, and on this a young mother of thirty stone dead. Hanging from the rafters in one of these Russian cradles was a little baby, whose bald head peeped out of the clothes in which she was wrapped, and whose bright eyes, I was told, twinkled as the picture was taken.

Filth and Foul Air.

One of the most offensive smells along the Volga is that of putrid fish. Nearly every other wharf has great crates of this packed away, and you see peasants walking about the streets peddling dried fish, which they have upon strings and which they carry about swung over their shoulders. The most of these fish come from Astrakhan, which is at the mouth of the Volga, and in which is one of the greatest fish markets of the world. It is here that the greater part of the caviare of the world is made. It comes from the roe of the sturgeon, and millions of dollars worth of it are shipped from this point every year. Millions more are made in the dried fish which are sent over Russia, and the people at Atraskhan live on little else than fish. The poorer of them eat the refuse, and this has aggravated the cholera there, and the cases are rapidly increasing. The fish which are shipped from Astrakhan are often not more than half cured, and they are in a bad condition when they are sold to the peasants.

They are eaten half cooked, and as little care is taken to keep them clean they form about as indigestible an article of diet as can be found. The better class bread used by the peasants of Russia would ruin the stomach of an ordinary man, and its roughness is such that it cannot but be injurious to a patient who has a tendency toward cholera. It is as heavy as the Boston brown bread and it looks not unlike it. It is made in loaves of twenty-one pounds each, and the average loaf of bread eaten along the Volga is as big as a ten-months-old baby. Living on bread, cabbage soup, cucumbers and dried fish, with now and then a cheap bit of meat, the people have not enough strengthening food to ward off the cholera. Their systems are already run down by the famine, and the sun is wilting the life out of them. They know nothing of the use of medicines, and their home life is such that it is almost impossible to keep the cholera from spreading.

Plague Spots.

I can easily see how one cholera case spreads the disease throughout a village. The man who first gets the disease probably belongs to a large family. This family inhabits one of these little, hot, thatched huts, and a dozen men, women and children are huddled together within it. They sleep side by side on one bed, which is usually the top of the stove, or lie sprawled out close together on the floor. They wear the same clothes day and night, and if there are cholera germs in any one of the garments of a family these are bound to be communicated to the others. If the cholera is slow in manifesting itself the patient may move around about the other people of the village. The work of the village is done in gangs and one man must come in contact with all the others. The result is that the disease must spread, and the only wonder is that it is not greater than it is.

It was at Saratoff that the reports about the cholera were first sent out over the world. I spent several days in this city just before the news of its presence was made known and it probably existed at the time I was there. Saratoff is in the southeastern part of Russia, about 800 miles south of Nijni Novgorod and 700 or 800 miles from Moscow. It lies right on the Volga and it is surrounded by a rolling country, the hills of which rise up back of the city and on the top of which there stands a long line of great windmills, which swing their arms against the hot blue sky. There is a deep ravein running through the city, and dividing it in three parts, and coming to the city from the river it looks both picturesque and beautiful. It is a very fair Russian town and is better built and better looking than the average cities of the Volga. It has about 112,000 people, has a good theater and a number of fine churches, some of which belong to the Germans. It is one of the centers of the German colonies of Russia and you find that nearly every other man in the town speaks German as well as Russian. The buildings are, as a rule, of stucco. The streets are paved of cobble stones, and the town is lighted with gas. It is, on the whole, much cleaner than any of the other Volga cities that I have visited, and it seems strange that the cholera should have first broken out there. I understand that the people are leaving in large numbers and those that remain are almost frightened to death. The town has had considerable experience with the cholera in the past and nearly every great cholera epidemic of history has rested during its march through Russia at Saratoff.

The Hotbed of Cholera.

With the increased facilities for communication diseases of this kind spread more rapidly than ever before. The hotbed of the cholera seems to be Asia Minor, Persia and the regions along the Transcaspian railroad. The great cholera epidemic of 1823 came from this region and extended into Asiatic Russia. The cholera of 1830 first manifested itself in Persia, and it got its start on the shores of the Caspian sea. It crept up the Volga just as this cholera is doing and it ravaged the Russian empire, and during the following year spread over Europe and wrapped its disease-spreading arms around England, France and Germany. Thence it went into Spain and Italy and finally came over to North America. Nearly every cholera of history has come from the trans-Caspian region, and though Russia is doing all it can to keep it down it is impossible to tell whether she will succeed. Down at Astrakhan the people are dying by the dozen every week and there are, I am told, in the neighborhood of 100 cholera cases daily in that city. It is through this town that all Persian travelers must come, and a rigid quarantine is enforced. The officials on the Transcaspian road inspect all passengers and a careful examination is being made at the different cities. At the present writing, however, the people are suffering from the lack of doctors and there is practically no medical service in connection with the Russian villages. During the typhus fever and the famine the most of the prescriptions were made by private citizens and the care of the sick was largely by well-to-do people, who did the work for charity's sake. Reports from the cholera districts are so unreliable that it is impossible to tell just to how great an extent it exists. There are said to be a few cases in the hospital at Moscow, but so far none have manifested themselves here, and the disease seems to be confined to the Volga.

Sanitary Arrangements.

The sanitary arrangements of Moscow and St. Petersburg might be improved upon. It is not that the streets and the houses are not kept clean enough, for they are as well cared for in this respect as those of any other cities of the world. The police have charge of the sanitary arrangements and if a man does not keep the roadway in front of his house clean or allows any nuisance to remain about his premises he is liable to find himself in jail, and if he is a storekeeper his shop may be ordered shut for a period of some months, as the authorities decide. The great trouble is the lack of good water works, and as to the sanitary building of the houses, neither St. Petersburg nor Moscow has the best of drainage, and this city of St. Petersburg, as cool as it often is in the summer, is built upon a marsh, and its night air is filled with noxious vapors. The authorities are always fixing the streets and the Nevskoi Prospect has been torn up during a great part of my stay in Russia. About one-half of this street is paved with great round blocks of wood. These are watered twice a day and the moist air of the sea makes the wood rot quickly, and this rotten wood, packed full of the foul elements which it has gathered during years, is now thrown up under the sun to dry. It is no wonder that fashionable St. Petersourg moves almost bodily into the country in the summer and that the city has a high death rate. The death rate of the Russian people in ordinary times is greater than that of any other civilized nation, and it runs between thirty-five and thirty-seven per thousand. This is 64 per cent greater than the death rate of Great Britain, 37 per cent greater than that of Germany and 39 per cent greater than that of France. Over the whole of Russia the average death rate is about thirty-six to the thousand in ordinary times, and this is twice as high as that of our largest cities. It is estimated that fully half of all the babies born in this country die before they are five years old, and still children are produced so rapidly that this loss is overcome and the country has a million more babies every year than the year before. A curious thing about the health statistics of Russia is that the mortality is greatest in the villages, while with us it is greatest in the cities. The reason of this is the poor food and the poor sanitary arrangements which the peasants have and which during this famine, the typhus and the cholera have become more apparent than ever.

The Censor's Blotter.

Speaking of the cholera, I picked up the Berliner Tageblatt this morning and looked to see what the German reports of the Russian cholera were. I found nothing in it, but on the first page were two big black blotches which effectually stamped the printed matter out of at least a column of the newspaper. This was probably the news concerning the cholera, and it is a fair example of the state in which the foreign newspapers come into Russia. No reports concerning the cholera which are not approved by the government are allowed to be read here. Every paper is carefully examined, and anything which the censors do not like is stamped out. This is so with all newspapers, and such magazines and books as are admitted often have pages torn from them, and there is no such thing as a free press in Russia. The papers here receive instructions from the government as to just what they shall publish. If they do not follow out these instructions they receive first a warning. If they offend again this warning is repeated, and at the third offense the paper is suspended. Three such warnings always result in the abolition of the newspaper. The warnings may be years apart, and they may be caused by the mistakes of cheap reporters or careless proofreaders; but the paper loses its standing, and at the third warning, its existence. Its editor is also liable to imprisonment, and the result is that there is no such thing as free thought in Russia. The most ridiculous things are prohibited from publication, and nothing concerning the czar is ever published. During a large part of the time I have been in Russia the czar has been visiting in Denmark. He met the German emperor there, and the European papers have been full of gossip concerning him. Every line of this has been blacked out, whether it came from the London Times or in the way of witty remarks from the Fliegende Blatter, and a large part of the famine news has been handled in this same way. I have before me a list of subjects which were handed over to the press during a single year some time ago, but they will hold equally well today. One of them states that nothing on the Jewish question is to be published. Another prohibits anything concerning the assassination of a Russian general whose death was full of romance, and a third prohibits the saying of anything about the church schools. The church and the government, in fact, control the press in Russia and the censor is a bigger man than the editor.

Cannot be Washed Off.

I wish I could show you one of these papers which have been stamped by the censor. They look as though an ink roller had been run over them, and it is impossible to read a word of that which has been stamped out. They use an indelible stamp and they have changed the quality of their ink lately. A lady whom I met in east Russia told me she used to be able to get the ink off by washing it with turpentine and that the print would then be readable, but that within the past year she found the ink of a different character and she could do nothing with it. The uncertainty of matter passing the censors makes all printed matter unsafe in the Russian mails. The censors are said to often keep the papers and lend them to their friends before sending them to the people to whom they are addressed, and I was told that a journal with any illustrations in it was almost sure to be lost in the mails. The Christmas numbers of the London Graphic, the Illustrated London News and papers of that kind which have chromos or lithographs with their letterpress seldom reach the hands of their subscribers without these being stolen by the postoffice employes, and I am told it is unsafe to send photographs through the mail without registering them. I am sending all my photographs to America in United States consular envelopes and am registering everything, and so far I think that everything has gone through. The consular stamp is a good thing to have on your letters when you send them out from here. They then appear to come from the legation, and even a Russian mail clerk will think twice before he opens the letters sent out by an American diplomat. I don't think that the papers that come to our consul general here are ever opened, and he gets all sorts of newspapers, including many which are not permitted to come to ordinary people in Russia. There are in fact only a few newspapers which are permitted to come into Russia, and the only American daily which is sure of going through the mails every time is the New York Herald.

Friendly to America.

This newspaper censorship, as to the American newspapers, is becoming less rigorous since the kindness of the Americans as to the famine, and I have received quite a number of American newspapers. When I came into Russia some weeks ago I had quite a number of newspaper clippings from American newspapers about Russia, and I feared that these would be taken from me at the frontier. A number of them related to the czar and others were about nihilism and the Siberian prisons. Owing to a letter which I had from one of the Russian diplomats of Europe, I got these through without examination and my trunk was not even opened.

Speaking of the blacking out of articles by the censors, a funny instance occurred when the young grand duke made his recent tour in India. The London Graphic came to St. Petersburg with a black mark upon it as big as a sheet of notepaper, and one of its subscribers wondering what this important obliteration might mean cut this page out of the Graphic and sent it back to the office, asking them to tear the page from another copy and to send it to her through the mails. It was sent and the obliterated picture was merely a photograph of a tiger hunt in which the grand duke was standing with other hunters about the body of a dead tiger. The Graphic thought the blotting of this so ridiculous that in its next issue it republished the sketch and also the fac simile of the blotted paper. This came to the eyes of the czar and he laughed at it and ordered that this copy of the Graphic should be admitted, and it was admitted and all St. Petersburg laughed with the czar.

Good Newspapers Impossible.

With such restrictions it is impossible to make goods newspapers, and none of the newspapers here make very much money. The dailies are published without illustrations and the pages of them look as though the Greek alphabet had gone on a drunk and sprawled around over them. There are in the whole empire less than five daily journals, and the telegraph bills of the whole of them are not as great as those of a big New York newspaper. Nearly every paper publishes a continued story, which runs along the bottom of the paper, and few of them have many advertisements. A curious feature of Moscow and St. Petersburg are the police journals. These belong to the police organization and they give full reports of the doings of the police and of all acts relating to the city. The people are bulldozed into taking them, and the result is that they have good subscription lists and paying subscribers. The Russians are naturally a reading people and if the country had a free press some of the largest daily circulations of the world might exist here.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

CONNUBIALITIES.

After a man has been married four or five years he is apt to refrain from expressing his opinion whenever his wife gets a new hat.

"How many fiances have you?" "Three." "Is that all? Why, I have five, and they're all rich." "But one of mine is willing to marry."

"Engagement cups and saucers" are the latest fashionable lunacy. Perhaps they are intended as a hint that engagements are easily broken.

The wedding of Henry B. Freeman and Miss Anna Maria Dimond at Cape May brings to an end a courtship extending over twenty-five years.

A couple has been married at Winston, N. C., after a courtship of twenty-seven years. They are reported to be not quite sure even yet that they haven't made a mistake.

The engagement of Miss Helen, daughter of Mrs. William Gammell, and Arthur Herbert of the English diplomatic service was proclaimed with a grand ball at Newport.

He—I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now, what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it? She—I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter.

Miss Maudie—And so I refused him on the ground that I am too young to marry. Chorus of Miss Maudie's Friends—Oh, you clever girl! Who else would have thought of that excuse from you?

"It is the same old mathematical paradox," said one of the wedding guests, "1 plus 1 equals 1." "Beg pardon," replied the bridegroom's last year's girl, "there is no paradox at all. It is a case of 0 plus 0 equals 0."

In the midst of her happiness at thought of her first engagement, a girl always has a little feeling of regret to think she can never get engaged again. She never has the same mixture of feeling, however, after the first engagement.

Miss Seventeen—And so you are married at last, dear, after all these years. How new it must seem! Didn't you feel embarrassed a little while the ceremony was being performed? Mrs. Thirty-eight (faintly)—No, dear, not embarrassed; only just relieved.

One of the paradoxes of life is that when a young couple get married in a church with a bishop, a curate, Mendelssohn, smilax, bridesmaids, pages and a swell supper with plenty of champagne to end up the event gets "a couple of sticks" in the newspapers, while if they sneak away to a justice of the peace and get the knot tied with neatness and dispatch the event calls for a couple of columns.

A wedding of international interest took place Saturday at high noon in the rectory of the famous Bolton priory at Pelham manor on the Sound. The groom, Hon. Reginald Pelham Bolton, is grandson of the builder of the estate, which is now owned by Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt Allen. The bride is Miss Ethelyn Huyck, daughter of the late Leonard Huyck, the wealthy Washington, D. C., banker who died two years ago. She is a highly accomplished young lady who has done some very clever work in oil and water colors, and has been a prominent figure in the Woman's Society of Decorative Art of New York city.

The "No. 9" Wheeler & Wilson, with its perfected tensions, upper and lower, is the only lockstitch machine that makes an elastic seam. It is the dressmaker's favorite on that account. Sold by Geo. W. Lancaster & Co., 514 S. 16th street.

Her Unjust Insinuation.

Detroit Tribune: "When you go downtown, Jonas," began Mrs. Mildmay, "can you remember to—"

"See here, Mary," returned her lord and master, "just because I forgot some silly errand when we were first married it isn't necessary for you to be always throwing out insinuations about my memory. What is it you want?"

"I was going to ask you, dear," returned the good lady quietly, "if you would order the butter you promised to get last week."

Insist on getting Cook's Extra Dry Champagne if you want a pure article; there are no headaches in it.

UNCLE SAM'S RED SOLDIERS

"Buffalo Bill's" Estimate of the Indian's Value and Adaptability.

VERY FLATTERING OPINION OF POOR LO

Colonel Cody, Speaking from a Long Experience, Thinks the Indian Will Make a Most Valuable and Faithful Campaigner.

"Buffalo Bill" has probably had as good an opportunity as any man living to study the habits of the American Indian, and his opinion on matters pertaining to the red man is accordingly entitled to consideration. Much has been written of late by army officers and others on the Indian as a soldier and the results of the efforts of the army department in enlisting the Indians as regulars in the standing army. Many of the old school officers have not taken kindly to this innovation.

Colonel Cody approves the plan, holding that the Indian is a soldier by nature, and that anything the government may do in this direction for the Indian must advance him. The following letter from the colonel will be read with interest:

LONDON, England, August 8.—To the Editor of THE BEE: I regret that owing to the demands upon my time I am only able to reply but briefly to your request for my opinion on the Indian as a soldier. Ages of tradition, of contest, and his past mode of life have made the Indian's natural disposition that of a soldier, and it is as much hereditary in him as any feature, peculiarity, vice, or virtue for which ancestry in any other race is responsible. Civilization's greatest effort in its struggle with the red man has been the difficult one of trying to wean him from his arms, and we all know how even lately the red man was impracticable enough to prefer death to disarmament. Consequently, I believe that in time, with patience and judgment, such as our experienced army Indian-fighting officers possess, the crudities of the Indian's personalities will give place to the polish of discipline.

The Indian's tenacity to the game of war has really been the cause of his limited interest in the grand continent he once possessed, and practically the reason for his numbering now only about 300,000 souls.

First Indians Used as Scouts.

Many years ago my old companion, Major Frank North, enlisted the Pawnee scouts, whose services and whose loyalty are matters of history. They made most excellent soldiers, and though they were not taught much of the army regulation drill, when they had to take their turns on camp or picket duty with the regular soldier, they did it well and cheerfully. But it was amusing to hear them call out and pass the word of the hour of the night when on duty. They knew but little of the English language, and they would sing out any English words that came to their minds. For instance, if the time had come when they should call out: "Post No. 10, 12 o'clock, and all's well," they would call out something like this: "Post ½ past 5 cents, all right; I don't care."

They will stand the test of service in the field and active campaigning as well as the white or colored man. It is well to consider, however, that in the instance referred to, they were actuated by an enmity to a more powerful tribe, and had, as the Indians of today have, the benefit of a limited contact with the white man and of an advancement in friendship that association between the two races can only fully complete.

Indians in the Civil War.

During the war the Osajos, Delawares and other parts of civilized tribes contributed to the union army, and General Grant had on his staff General Parker, who was a full-blooded Indian. The worth of these men far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, for they did excellent fighting. At one time the Delawares enlisted 170 men out of 200 males between the ages of 18 and 45.

This is a proof that the Indians are inclined to be soldiers, and the instances given of their work seem to justify their susceptibility to be formed into effective soldiers. This should be specially so now, as the Indians' distrust of the old times is being certainly dispelled by the closer contact between the settlers and the aborigenes.

Natural Born Cavalry.

If the old warriors of the past can have it instilled into their minds that war is finally and forever over between us as a people, and if the young men make as much progress in the future as they have done during the last ten or fifteen years, through schools, education and through extensive travel, not only in their own country, but in foreign lands, I see no reason why the gradual education of the Indian and his proper reward for good conduct (which, by the way, should be special) will not make him an excellent soldier, especially in the cavalry arm of the service.

In my army experience, and also in the extensive enterprise I am now connected with, have found the Indian quick to learn drill, and comprehend what you desire, I have also found them tractable to any general regulations laid down to them. They will take care of their weapons and equipments, and being usually cleanly in person and fond of ornamented costume, they will take a pride in keeping the same clean and well preserved.

Born riders, their nearest and dearest love in life seems to be the horse; naturally having good eyes, and by practice being good shots, it should be but a short time ere they should be well fitted for the scouting and other duties to which the cavalry of the future will be delegated.

I have found, contrary to public opinion, that when given proper facilities, easy of access, they have a natural tendency to cleanliness.

Traditional Fondness for Arms.

One of the old traditions goes to show that the Indians have always been fond of arms. This tradition says that the first man made by the Great Spirit was the negro, with whom he was dissatisfied. His next effort was the red man. With him he was somewhat pleased, but thought he could improve on him, so he made the white man. With the white man he was very much pleased.

The tradition goes on to say that the Great Spirit, having made the three men, offered them the choice of three things: (1) The book, charts and maps; (2) the bow and the arrow and other implements of war; (3) and the hoe and the spade. The white man had the first choice, and the Indian watched with keen interest what he would choose, for he was afraid the white man would take the implements of war. The white man, however, preferred the books, the charts and the maps. The Indian had the second choice and at once took the implements of war, leaving the negro no option but to take the hoe and the spade.

The Indian has ever since lived by his arms, relegating all other duties but those of the warpath and the chase to the squaws.

It may take a little time and patience to perfect an Indian in the police duties of a camp, but when his own comfort is assisted I find him possessed of considerable workman's energy.

The certainty of a regular ration will soon teach him the use of economy, his present voracity being greatly influenced by his uncertain meal hours. As Rome was not built in a day, time and patience would be a better answer to the experiment than any human foresight can give.

Should Be Enlisted in Small Numbers.

A limited number only from each tribe and reservation should be enlisted, and not too large a number to affect the status of other modes of progress to the Indian race. This profession, as it were, should be made simply a stepping-stone to more diversified methods or industries whereby he can seek employment and secure a living. It would also, by travel and experience, add still further on his return home to a confidence in the future intentions of the white race to treat the remnant of his people more equitably than it has been possible to do in the past. As his legal rights are now fully understood and believed in it is through the law that he must seek redress for any wrongs or grievances, and I believe that he now has enough friends to see him have fair play, a great deal, of course, depending on his own acceptance of the inevitable.

How to Handle the Men.

My experience has taught me that the Indians are divided almost proportionately in ability, intelligence, and disposition as are the whites. I find about 50 per cent of them are really disposed to be what we call good; about 30 per cent are disposed to go according to the influence of their associates, good or bad, and about 20 per cent have the lower disposition of the more vicious classes.

In my opinion sufficient patience should be used with the Indian until sergeants and corporals of his own race could be safely trusted with authority in carrying out commands, as the Indian is of a childish nature and somewhat subject to jealousy. He is sensitive and cannot be driven, but he can be led by kindness and self-interest, and learns right from wrong quickly. You should not lose your temper with him, as it is a well-known saying of the Indian that the man who loses his temper "is a fool and is crazy." Reason can be used effectively, and it is better to reason with an Indian half an hour to show him he is in the wrong than to curse or strike him. Personal chastisement should be avoided as much as possible. The Indian will resent, for his pride is easily wounded, and when once touched he is liable to have what they call a "bad heart," which is nothing more nor less than blind, heedless, momentary revenge (or running amuck), irrespective of consequences, as though he may even cowardly avoid danger and injury, once wounded or even tortured, his indifference to physical suffering is wonderful. At the same time that you use the gloved hand you must let him know that it is made of iron to strike with should occasion arise, and let him never feel that personal fear or personal tyranny has anything to do with your actions, but show him that you are being actuated only by justice and duty. Always keep your word with him and never break faith in even the most trivial matters, as his childish nature is such that though he can receive "yes" or "no" with equanimity, a doubtful or evaded promise or threat not fulfilled is to him the same as a lie.

Cannot Question Their Loyalty.

With regard to the suggestion as to the Indian's doubtful loyalty in an emergency, the many instances of personal fidelity in the last campaign and the general result of a useless misunderstanding when once straightened out, is one answer, and the fact of the cavalry and infantry arms being their proposed vocation and that we have still the artilliery up our sleeve should be the finale.

Go ahead; enlist them; any step the Indian makes must be a step in his advancement.

W. F. CODY, "Buffalo Bill."

FACTS ABOUT OMAHA.

Omaha has five public parks.

Omaha has sixty-five miles of paved streets.

Omaha has ninety-two miles of sewers.

There are sixty public schools, employing 298 teachers.

There are twenty-two church and private schools, employing 152 teachers.

The school census shows over 30,956 children of school age.

Omaha is a city of churches, having 115 houses of religious worship.

There are sixty-five hotels.

There are thirteen trunk lines of railway, covering 38,233 miles of road operated from Omaha. One hundred and thirty passenger trains arrive daily.

Omaha has the largest smelter in the world.

Omaha has the largest linseed oil works in the United States.

Omaha is the third largest packing center in the world. Last year the stock receipts were: Cattle, 2,538,793; hogs, 7,160,865; sheep, 783,865.

Omaha has the largest distillery in the world and three of the largest breweries in the United States.

Omaha has the largest white lead works in the world.

Aside from the packing houses Omaha has 160 manufacturing enterprises with a combined capital of $8,938,000. Last year their products amounted to $33,000,000.

The principal shops of the Union Pacific railway are located in Omaha. They cover fifty acres of ground and represent an outlay of $2,500,000. They furnish employment to 1,300 skilled mechanics and 200 day laborers.

During the year 1891 the real estate transfers amounted to $15,929,821.

The actual real estate valuation is $250,000,000, while the assessment for taxation is based on a one-tenth valuation.

Omaha has twenty banks, of which nine are national, eight savings and three are state banks.

During 1891 the clearings were $221,128,195.

The postoffice receipts for the year were $264,588.29. This department gave employment to forty-six clerks and sixty-six carriers.

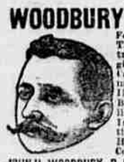
Omaha has one of the most complete water works systems in the world. The plant cost $7,000,000 and has 170 miles of mains. The pumping capacity is 85,000,000 gallons daily.

There are ninety-five miles of street railway, mainly electric. The system employs 600 men and operates 275 cars. The monthly pay roll is $40,000.

Population in 1860	1,801
Population in 1870	16,083
Population in 1880	30,518
Population in 1885	61,835
Population in 1890	140,452

Mamma—Think of it, Kittie, even the little birds always dress their plumage. Kittie—Is that why they always have pin feathers on them?

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



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Following cases successfully treated and cured, given up by other doctors:

Thos. Coughlin, 4342 Harney street, chronic rheumatism 6 years. Kidney and liver troubles.

Thos. Culvert, 12th and Farnam streets, general debility, indigestion, loss of strength and vitality. Took medicine for years but got no relief.

M. L. Anderson, 1321 Cuming street, catarrh, asthma and bronchitis of fifteen years standing.

Has for sale the following prepared remedies at $1.00 a bottle, six bottles for $5.00, for the cure of Asthma, Catarrh, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Blood Poisoning, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, Kidney and Liver Complaint. No agents. Sold only by Chinese Medicine Co. Capital, $101,000.

Office, 16th and California Sts., Omaha, Neb.

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But that is not the fault of the pants. We fit the shape and if the shape is a little off we are not to blame.

Fall Season, 1892.

Our boys' and children's department is now ready for your inspection. You will find on comparing the quality of our goods and prices, with those of others, would be the same as comparing Broad day light to the total eclipse of the sun. To sum it up, we defy and conquer all competition.

Our knee pant suits ages from 4 to 13, range in prices as follows:

55c, 75c, 95c, $1.25. $1.50, $2, $2.25, $3. | Each suit worth double this price.

Our School Suits,

Ages from 10 to 14, 3 pieces, coat, pants and vest, at $1.75, $2 and $2.50, are stunners.

Our Boys' suits, ages from 14 to 18, 3 pieces, coat, pants and vest, at

$2, $2.50 and $3, $4.50, $5, $6, | Are strictly in it.

We also call attention to our Men's Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods departments.

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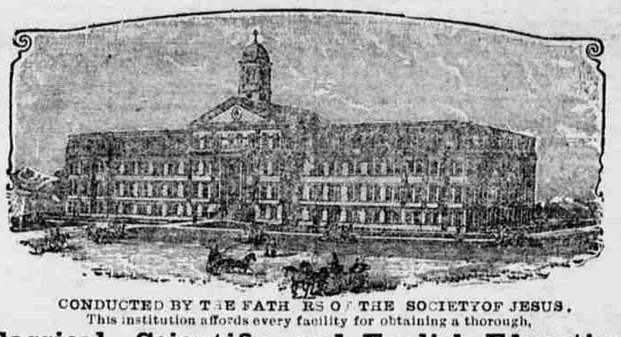

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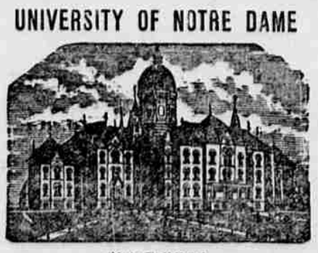

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No! but baby's mama's cheek
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S. H. COPE, Omro, Wis.	340 "	205 "	135 "
SIMEON VAN WINKLE, Franklin, Ill.	424 "	298 "	126 "
MRS. GEORGE FREEMAN, Ft. Bidwell, Cal.	278 "	172 "	106 "
MRS. SARAH BARNER, 1311 no. Fifth st., Leavenworth, Kas.	275 "	70 "	105 "

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