NEW MEXICAN RAIN MAKERS

How the Promise of Conquistadore de Vargas is Kept in Late Times.

CURIOUS CUSTOM OF A QUEER PEOPTE

Conveying the Image of the Virgin from the Cathedral to the Church of the Rosary - Corpus Christi's Brave Procession.

When a snobbish Englishman said Amer for was an uninteresting country because it had no ruins or antiquities some Americans felt a little guilty. That was because they had a sensitiveness unworthy Americans and because they were not posted on their own country. Any man who wants antiquities may find plenty of the most interesting kind down in the wonderland of the southwest. Much has been written of the ruins of that section, but little is known to the outside world of some of the ancient customs which still survive among the simple people. Most curious of these are the religious processions of Santa Fe, N. M., one of which attracts devout visitors from all parts of the

Down in the City of the Holy Faith, lying almost in the shadow of the Rockies, but under a burning sun, the pious natives have an annual ceremony for propitiating God and bringing rain to their thirsty land. Two hundred years ago, when Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon ("restorer, conqueror at his own cost, reconqueror and founder of Nuevo Mexico," as he loves to call himself in his chronicles) camped before the Pueblo stronghold of Santa Fe, he made a Other Spanish commanders had been trying for twelve years to resubdue the re-volted Pueblos, but in vain. This pious conquistadore sought heavenly aid by promising, if granted victory, to erect a church and make a yearly pilgrimage to it. He easily drove the Pueblos from their mud houses, and he erected on the site of his camp the church of Santa Rosarie (Holy But in time de Vargas passed away, and the good padres seized upon the annual pilgrimage as a means to impress the simple natives with the potency of prayer. Santa Rosario's mud walls still stand, and the procession to it just before the rainy season marks one of the most remarkable of

religious ceremonies.

June has faded into July. Wild roses whose perfume a few days ago filled the air with wondrous fragrance have ripened and fallen petal by petal till only their bare heads crown the bushes. Daily the sun glares more flercely, while the dust coat on the pinons and the scrub cedar deepens. On its stem the alfalfa droops, and the blades of the maize are curling. In the acequia the few drops of water that now run are but feeble reminders of the cheer-ing torrent that bore to growing crops energy and strength last week. In the deep aroya no trace of the torrent is found. Unless rain comes tortillas will be few and scarce next winter. And, Blessed Virgin, here is the rainy season's time comthese five days and not a drop of water have we had from the sky that burns like burnished copper by day and shines like brightest steel by night. Even the dews are failing, and while the crops wither the prayers are fruitless. But not yet is hope become hopeless. In the Blessed Mother of God still is trust reposed by her children, and by her interposition vet may the rain be brought in time to save the famishing fruits of the earth. It is appointed that on Domingo next the people shall gather and with due ceremony and reverential procession convey the image of the Blessed Virgin from its rest in the great cathedral to the little church of the Holy Rosary, where, in communion and conjunc-tion with the image of the Blessed San Jose, she can intercede for her faithful followers, and by her benign influence thus auspi-clously exerted bring on the long delayed

It Is a Solemn Sunday.

Sunday is here. In semi-tropical wrath the sun beats down on the baked earth. Every living thing shows the need of the re-San Guadalupe, at Santa Rosarie, church and chapel this morning mass is said with more than usual solemnity and plous ceremonial fleads are bent with contrition, each of the congregations in vain endeavoring to place the sin so s that has resulted in the with-of the rain, while each heart in humble devotion avows a pennance to be performed if the prayers in silence uttered are answered in a shower. With the aftercon comes the assembly at the cathedral the supreme test of faith. In the absence of the good bishop, the reverend father, who officiated as celebrant at high mass this morning, approaches the altar, and voices an earnest prayer. Deep tones from the organ precede a solemn "Ave, Maria." surpliced boys swing their censers. the hot oppressive air is rendered almost insupportable by the pungent odor of the smouldering spices, then a solemn march about the chancel and from her pedestal is lifted the gilt image of the Virgin. By hands that touch with deepest reverence is borne and placed on the richly decked chair on which the good bishop sat last Corpus Christi, and beneath the same Outside the band from the monastery strikes up a solemn processional, and borne on the shoulders of four stalwart maidens, the blessed image starts on its journey of about a mile to the church of Santa Rosarie.

In the meantime the great throng of

people in front of the cathedral has formed into an irregular parade. There is no attempt at brave display. No holiday attire is indulged. It is an occasion too grave to warrant the show of worldly vanity. It is a step taken only as is extreme unction, where catremis. Before all marches a black-ed sacristan, and after him, in pairs, come the monks in cowl and gown, their hoods drawn forward over their faces, their tread as slow as if proceeding to a funeral. They, in turn, are followed by the acolytes, who are dressed in the severe garb of the neophyte, who has set his foot on the way, but has not attained the monastic degree. its brazen instruments wailing forth a hymn that is almost a dirge, so mournful sound its strains, comes the band. Behind it march the choir boys, bareheaded, and clad in surplice, chanting a hymn in praise of the Blessed Mother of the World's Redeemer. Other boys swing cenfragrance strangely different from the pecusers, and the air is filled with an liar odor of burning pinon and cedar to which the dwellers in the City of the Holy Faith have become accustomed. In gowns of deepest black and bonnets drawn forward, their hands folded in front of peaceful breasts, or telling the beads of their rosaries, is a double file of nuns, Sisters of Hu mility, who feel the deep significance of the proceeding of which they are part. Then clad in purest white come a maidens, virgins to do honor to the devoutly worshipped by all good Mexicans. They are the especial escort, the guard of honor, of the image. And then the image.

As Bellts Her Queenly Station. On a platform six feet wide by eight feet long, draped with costly rugs, sits a chair of state, adorned in regal fashion. Bright orimson is the silken fabric that drapes common is the silken fabric that drapes the seat and flows in sweeping folds to the platform. Over all is a canopy of silk in blue and scarlet, the heavy fringe of gold hanging deep on every side. It is such a chair as monarchs might desire to be norne to triumphal feasts on. Carefully balanced in the chair is the image of the Virgin. With a sten more gentle than she ever walk is a step more gentle than she ever made in the graceful valse despachio, each of the four bareheaded maidens marches soberly along, each conscious of the high nonor that has fallen to her lot and aware of the gift she will have to bring to the shrine of the mother for thus having singled her out from

among her sisters to aid in sodeep a religious duty in such conspicuous manner. Hundreds who have not the courage, moral or physical, to brave the burning heat of the sun, line the sideways of Paince avethe sacristan comes in view heads are un-covered and in reverential quiet the throng awaits the approach of the image. Every knee is bent and every voice mutters a prayer to the Mother as her gilded present

After the image comes another group of maldens in white, all swelling a hymn in praise of the Virgin. Then more nuns in black and the priests. Next come the peo-

ple. Old and young, the grandstre and the babe totter side by side, the one from age, the other from lack of it. Matron and maid, sturdy manhood and adolescent youth, they trudge along bareheaded, most of them barefooted, breathing the air now burdened with clouds of dust raised by the tramping feet of those before, but unmindful of all these dis-comforts they go, borne up by the trust that from this act of devotion will come the boon

they so much crave, the rain.

All this is strung out along the broadest thoroughfare of the capital fully a mile in length. There are several thousands of the firm believers in the rite in that column which slowly winds its way along the dusty avenue, and the head of the procession has almost reached the destination before the end has fairly passed the cathedral. But not for this do they halt. It is a pilgrimage made for the purpose of personal salvation in its most materialistic sense, and the journey must be done in its entircty, or the labor may be in vain; for a lack of courage may mean a lack of faith, and the reward of little faith is naught.

When Faith Has Gone Its Length. Before the door of the little chapel the nead of the long column swings round, the band for a moment ceases its mournful wailing, a reverend priest pronounces a benedi-cite and the door is opened. And then, while all kneel in silent adoration, the bearers of the image move forward with slow step and enter the precincts of the chapel, where for the next seven days the Mother of the Savier will with her earthly husband plend for the boon of rain for the blessing of her faithful followers. The maidens and the nuns enter the chapel. After them the priests, and there amid the odor of sweet spices, in words of love and devotion, is voiced an appeal to the giorified parents of the Son of Man to fulfill the desire of the people. It is a simple ceremony that is per-formed in that chapel, typical of the simple, trusting faith that resorted to this rite Then the candles at the altar are ex-tinguished, the censers are lowered, the chant is hushed and quietly the maidens, nuns and priests, the people, all withdraw from the sacred presence. The doors of the chapel are closed, and for seven days they will not be crossed by mortal foot; for within will be a communion too holy for human mind to comprehend, while the angels from heaven gather with the glorified couple and join them in their appeals to

It is a livelier strain the band plays on its homeward march; one year it was partly "Yankee Doodle," "Marching Through Georgia" and a nameless quickstep made familiar long years ago by the circus bands in the north. The people, too, showed the con-sciousness of a good deed well done. Had they not fulfilled the commands of the padre? And would not the rain come? Was not the Mother all powerful, and would not she bring the showers all so longed for? Quien sabe!

In this particular instance the rain fell on he Wednesday following the procession on

Sunday On a Corpus Christi Sunday. In strange contrast to the funereal aspect the procession that escorts the image of the Virgin from the cathedral to the Church of the Rosary is the Corpus Christi parade. There is some confusion as to the exact significance of this ceremony, but there can be no mistake concerning the spirit in which it is observed. Acquaintance with the north-ern mode of dress has robbed the procession of much of interest to the onlooker from the states, for the quaint Spanish-Mexican costume is missing. Yet, aside from this, the event is notable in many ways. In times prior to 1883 it was the chief festival of the church; although the other fixed events were observed with becoming ceremony, none were marked by the pomp and circum stance that characterized Corpus Christi. It is a bright Sunday in June, when the sterile sands of the country around Santa Fe are showing their bravest efforts at vegeta tion. In the mountains the wild flowers. roses, violets, blue bells and many other representatives of the indigenous flora are sending out great waves of sweetest fra-grance. Pine tree and fir, cenar and mesquite are decked in vernal splendor, their shades of green blending in a monochrome of emerald. Blue of the bluest is the dome that reflects the rays of a sun, tempered to dwellers on earth by the cool breeze that fails not till the hot days of solstice are passed. All nature seems attuned to the ceremony the faithful are about to participate in. At the cathedral the throngs as-semble. None who can walk is absent. Many have already traversed on foot miles of sandy waste this morning in order to take a part in the parade. Mass is said, and now the line is forming. There is a little delay and some confusion, but soon the great column swings into motion.

It is a Wonderful Column Standing on a portico past which the pro cession must pass, we have every opportun ity to view the features of the unhampered by the sun or dust. With a dignity that comports with his high office, marching backwards, bareheaded and bare footed, comes the black robed sacristan Following is a group of surpliced singing boys, who continually voice a hymn in praise of the Redeemer. Then a body of monks, who add their hearse bass to the shrill tones of the boys. These are followed by another group of boys who bear great baskets containing the petals of flowers. Many an acre of roses and violets has been stripped in preparation for this event. Then the censer boys, swinging their pots of smoking spices and then, borne on the shoulders of four stalwart young men, comes the Host. Another body of monks and then the band, it heading a long column of members of a great religious order, the officers of which make much show of their insignia of rank and authority. More boys have other baskets of rose leaves and then come the nuns, in solemn file, telling their beads as they march Preceded by the altar boys, swinging high the pungent incense, comes the venerable Bishop Lamy. He is seated on a gorgeous chair of state, supported on a platform and covered by a canopy, the whole draped in silk of crimson, blue and gold, rich in its brilliant coloring and borne by four strong men. After the bishop march the acolytes from the monastery, the novitutes from the numery, and the children of the Sunday And then come the people. It is an unformed column. They march as they please. Here they are strung across the narrow street, filling it completely from wall to wall; then they march in pairs. But not a head is covered. Many feet are naked. The child, scarcely able to toddle, clings to its mother's hand. The old man, to whom this Corpus Christi may be the last, leans heavily on his staff as he struggles with fee-ble feet to keep his place in the column. Here and there is a bit of bright color see where some careless maid or vain young beau has decked the sombre costume with a bit of ribbon or silk. But the prevailing tone is deepest black. The gorgeous serape is laid aside, and the sombrero has been left at home while the black shawl hides whatever of color there may lurk in the bodice. It is a religious holiday the make, and there is no need of flaunting the vanity of earthly things in march of the Praise as They Pass.

As the procession moves along the sacristan claps a signal; down on bended knees sink the following thousands; a brief prayer is said, and, singing the gloria, all arise. In rising the boys who bear the flowers cast great handfuls of the petals in the air, and so the way of the Host and the bishop is literally strewn with roses. An-other fifteen paces, and the throng kucels again in obedience to the signal; another prayer, another gloria, and more rose leaves are thrown in the air. This is repeated throughout the entire march, which usually covers about three miles. While the way of the bishop is strewn with roses, and the air he breathes is sweet with the breath of flowers and the fragrance of incense, it is not so with the thousands of his flock who trudge the dusty way after him. Keeling and rising, marching and halting, the puyriads of feet stir up a dense cloud of dust; this mingles with the pungent odor of spice and renders the air almost unbreathable. Long before the last files have passed the outlines of the throng are but dimly discernable in the dense clo of dust that hovers along the line; but on they trudge, kneeling and rising, saying their prayers and singing their giorias, tili some three hours after the start from the cathedral, the head of the procession has returned there, and the feast is over. Several hours of sunlight is still left, and this is spent in the sports that most delight the heart of the Spanish-American; at Santa Fe it is sock fighting and monte, bull fighting and

Sunday dancing being prohibited. T. W. McCullovon. The No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson with its rotary movement, is the lightest running machine in the market, and is unequalled for speed, durability and quality of work. Sold by W. Lancuster & Co., 614 South Sixteenth street

LONDON RENT COLLECTOR

The Wretched Condition of England's Low-Class Tenantry.

CURSE OF IGNORANCE AND DRINK

Wakeman Graphically Describes the Woful Existence of British Paupers and the Depths of Degradation to Which They Have Fallen.

[Copyrighted, 1893.] London, June 26.—[Special to The Ber.]— My companion was as interesting a character as one can easily find in London. 1 made his brief acquaintance at a time when, turning costermonger, I had rent to pay for some coster friends and myself in the unsavory precincts of Hare Lane. I seemed to interest him; he truly interested me; and we grew to be friends, or as much so as his natural suspicion of all humanity, as a London rent collector, and his fixed and amiable idea that there were in the whole world, outside of London, few poople and little territory "worth worritin' a body's 'ead about,'

would permit. He had in earlier days been a police inspector, and bore something of a record of vigorous experiences in the East End regions, from certain missing fingers, somewhat less provision of nose and ears than originally allotted, with various and vagarous gerrymanders of his face, neck and scalp which unpleasantly binted a riot, ambulance surgeons and curious capillary and cuticle transplantings in the general hospital. A period of ethical and physical revose as beadle, which followed the efforts of some Billingsgate "mobbers" to convert him into a mangle with which to playfully "smooth out" some of his fellow inspectors. which retired him from the force with portions of his organism intact and a small pension, gave him something of a benign look. This was curiously blended with a wise judicial air, for having for a time, as truant school "visitor," inspector or detective, engaged in chasing truant scholars up and down gutter-spouts, into and out of cess pools and sewers and up chimney-flues and beneath their mother's petticoats, to finally land them behind the wall of the "Ragged School" prison.

He was indeed, though stately and calm in lemeanor, a man literally of parts. Duty had, as it were, rendered him plainly divisible. And I never had higher esteem for his short, broad, energetic and always prespir-ing wife's exactitude of description than when she groaningly remarked that "Wil-liam 'Enery Hevans was no less than a hobjec." "A hobjec," she would repeat in a sort of exultation of dejected admiration, "Hi must remark it; a hobjec as if 'e goes ou a gettin' seppurated by wagabones an' houtlaws, an' Hi outlives im-wich I prays Hi don't!—'Il put me on the poors rates a buryin' 'im in bits."

Mr. Evans, whom I always addressed for his service record as "Mr. Inspector," and who always returned for the same a fine of-ficial salute which displayed the two remaining fingers of his right hand to the best advantage, was now in the charities and the rents. He was employed during certain days of each week by one of those London charity organizations which support as many officers and committees as wards, to unex pectedly drop in upon its few dependents at their homes, and observe if the tea and tracts bestowed were effecting upright liv-ing; and it was from his reports, from which he wisely eliminated the separation of his own members, that data were secured for those touching annual reports of beneficence which draw tears from honest British eves and shillings from plethoric British poc

"It's wery risky askin' a cove," Mr. Inspector often said to me, "as 'ow 'is soul be; pertickler on mornin's w'en 'e aint quite outen a overnight gin crawl. 'E aint rightly hisself; ah' w'ile 'e's mutterin' 'damyour-teaau'tracksany'ow!' my 'abit is to mind lest 'e sends on a'ead a chair er firm er 'atchet to interdooce 'is 'eated remarks!' All other days at Mr. Evans' disposal were ecupied in the collection of rents. I should not like to repeat his observations regarding this vocation, or the people with whom it brought him into business relations. On the one hand were some of the worst, and to me the most pitiable, of London's lowly; on the other were two maidenly sisters, over years of age, immensely wealthy and far glier and greedier than they were rich Among their properties were scattering small houses and tenements beyond the Bethmai Green region, to the north of Mile End road; some of these in the most congested of London districts, and others strag gling along desolate half-country roads. Endless dinning and dunning were necessary to secure any manner of returns-upon these It was always a problem with my friend which was the worst end of a day-his rounds among the vigorous-lunged brawlers in his endeavors to collect rent, or his meeting with the ancient dames when he turned in his petty daily returns. They received him in high dudgeon and chintz wrappers and with cudgels like a policeman's billy, their shrill invective being emphasized by crashing the cudgels upon a huge oaker strong box standing between them, as though it were the heads of their recalcitrant ten ants or Mr. Evans' own picturesque cranium which, he confided to me, he always kept as

ent with his obligations as a man and a col-He also often related that these inter views always terminated in a mild protest on his part "as 'ow 'eaven itself couldn't make Britons true out 'o 'scampers,' ' upon the old 'addes went right away into
"conwulsions," yelling "Hoot!—toot!" at
him and set to beating the chest with greater vigor than ever; during which martial thundering he always quietly with-drew; and it was my study of this word "scampers" which enabled me to discover that there are supposed to be more than 100,000 families in London so known to landlords. All of this brought me to Mr. Evans' door at an early hour of a recent morning for the purpose of accompanying him on a day's rounds for the collection of

conveniently near the open door as consist

Mr. Evans, in his ancient, bell-crowned hat, high collar, broad stock, short top-coat, long waistcoat, baggy black trousers and huge thick-soled shoes, looked every inch a man of affairs. An lok bottle was slung to one of the big buttons of his shiny waistcoat; a well-worn pocketbook filled with blank receipts, arrears records and quit notices was under one arm, and a very heavy waiking stick, giving its owner something of an official, was held handily under the other He seemed glad and relieved at the prospec of company. As we trudged along Cheap side and Whitechapel road he favored me with an analytic disquisition upon London

"scampers." "Scampers," said Mr. Evans judicially and firmly, 'is a bad lot-leastwise nearly all on 'em. They're flyers, flitterers; slippin' in a 'ouse unbeknown; stayin' as though they howned it, to th' point of summonses, an' scat! away they goes like a passel o

Gypsies."

"'Ow does they git that way! Some on 'em's born so; most of 'em. Some on 'em's ground so. Some on 'em's chased so. Some on 'em finds others scampin', an' jess takes to it like costers does to buttons and rumpuses. Many on 'em's made so by reg-isterin', summonsin', finin' and the work-us; fur if once the School board claps its paws on yer young uns, it's pay the rate er work a fine, an' nothink but death an scampin' can keep the young uns theirsel's

uten school or prison!" -In justice to the old rent collector's truthfulness I should add that even this strong language does not convey the faintest idea of the endless war going on in the great cities of England between the school boards and certain classes of the poor and ignorant. The state, through its various statutory provisions for computsory "free" education, enacted during the past twenty-three years, in effect says:

"You, Tiny Tot, aged 5 years, are to attend such school as we may provide, or your parents select, every school day of your life, until you are 13 years of age, or have passed the sixth standard, or we will clap you in a criminal institution: and you, Tiny Tot's father, must pay for what we Tiny Tot's father, must pay for what we compel your child to do, or we will fine you for every absence recorded against it, and tax you for the cost of its imprisonment

whenever we finally shut it up; and then, if you cannot pay its accrued fees and tines, and accruing judgments against yourself, we will also clap you in jail until they are paid or are liquidated by imprisonment; when we will then release you and again begin the same wholesome care of yourself and your offspring!"

Out of this exquisite system has grown, naturally and in order, millions of school

naturally and in order, millions of school haters and liars; hundreds of thousands of petty law breakers before the local magis-tracy; tens of thousands of children—crim-inals among the good and bad alike; an army of "visitors," inspectors and detectives, whose unempowered though universally exercised brutality among helpless children and distracted and ignorant mothers is inexpressibly infamous; and hundreds of so-called industrial schools, or "ragged" and "truant" schools, as they are more popularly termed, which, whatever their merits of management on the line of their legalized purposes, are an inexcusable outrage upor the inalienable rights of chisi-life and home life in any civilized land. The first places on the collector's list were

found in a noisome court in which the sun-light never came. On our approach there was a lively scattering in every direction of that portion of the half naked population with whom we had business, who either totally disappeared or parred their doors against our entrance. Such unpromising nerotiations as were possible were of necessity held through keyholes or broken panes of glass. As was the collector's custom here, he shortly announced in a loud tone of voice that, as he had nothing else on hand that day, we would sit down and wait. We did sit upon the filthy firm which had just been vacated. Certain indications of restlessness were soon plainly audible from within. This seemed to communicate itself to those neighbors on the outside who, themselves being accustomed to similar experience from other sources, through the natural alliance of misery, began a series of maneuvers for our discomfiture. A basin full of dirty water suddenly rained down upon us, and the old court rang with coarse laughter. Strapping barefoot girls, in a sort of horse-play began hustling us as if by accident, making handy use of their elbows and fists while avoiding pretended tumblings upon us; and this became so threatening that the col-lector's stout stick was called into effective use. Then some rotton cabbase fell softly upon us; and this was followed by a well directed discharge of cinders and ashes Coals could not be spared, or our situation would have proven exceedingly restive. Then the women of the court began edging

up to us with crooned commiscrations for our prisoners. They lauded their integrity; de prisoners. They lauded their integrity; de-plored their misfortunes, and decried the sail spectacle of such fine folk being "wor-rited for a beggarly bit of rent." Mr. Evans remaining unmoved, they suddenly became hysterical with abuse; shricking unprint-able misdictions and archiemes until in a able maledictions and anathemas until, in a frenzy of sorrowful indignity, they bared their scraggy breasts and besought us to strike them down, as they were sure we were brutes enough to do; supplementing this by entreating us to murder their "hin fant hoffsprings afore their heyes," the said skinny mites of misery being held out to us for that beneficent operation.

The imperturbable Mr. Evans, in an

"aside" to quiet my own rising trepidation whispered, "the cows as no 'arm in 'em;" and quietly taking a metal whistle from his waistcoat pocket gave it a significant move ment to his lips, following this with the soothing remark: 'Ladies, Hi 'ates to summon the pollis!" whereupon every one of the mob scampered away to her respective habitation. Final negotiations in this cesspool of filth and degradation resulted in serving two notices to quit, a week's full payment from one tenant, solemn promises and tears from others, and a sixpence, ha penny from a blind female beggar who swore, to strengthen her excuses, that she had lost her dog, the latter making a farewell vicious assault upon Mr. Evans' heels in proof of her misfortun-

It was now nearly noon and we were gradually reaching the more open districts, though it seemed characteristic of all tenements entered that the same huddling and crowding of humans, the same want and squalor, the same filth and ignorance, the same solden indifference to the least of life's decencies and the same universal addiction to the curse of drink, existed as are true in the worst sections of Cheapside, Shoreditch, Whiteehapel and the Minories. Attempts at decoration and cleanliness. where in exceptional cases cheap prints adorned the walls and the tiny living rooms were fairly habitable from even occasional application of soap and water, though the meanest necessities of life were wanting, icious majority who seem merely to live to drink and drink to live. We found or place that had been completely wrecked be-cause the offending family had dared put a bit of cheap muslin over the window. "This a settin' theersel's hup o'er their neighbors 'ad to be made a hexample on! The daily tragedies of lives with better aspirations, yet forced by want to this in-conceivably deadening and hopeless association, were a thousand times revealed to me this day.

In one abode where we called for rent, four naked children lay huddled in a corner of the bare room under a handful of rags, be cause the last clothing from their bodies had been nawned for drink. The father came home often enough and remained long enough to beat the mother and snatch some utensil. scrap of clothing or bit of furniture and run away with it for drink. "Wat's a body to do with such houtlaws?" grouned the collector, "This place 'asn't paid the missuses a ponny'orth's rent in a twelvemonth!" At a rag fair near I got for less than a shilling garments enough to cover their nakedness; for another shilling left them more food than they had devoured in a fortnight; and on they and devotred in a fortingat; and on lines of friendship compelled Mr. Evans then and there, while denominating me va-rious species of "hasses," to receipt a month's advance rent for the filthy coop, against that much chance for a family's life in the world's metropolis. As the mothe came running home from cleaning foul, cast off boots in a near moldy booth, she shricked over her good fortune as though the coffers of the Bank of England had been poured in her lap; and the neighborhood was set awhirl by the mite of charity as though a

fire or a murder was in progress. A few Gypsy families were encountered. Every one paid promptly. Groups of costers, huddled in genial communistic fashion, in-variably badgered Mr. Evans with promises of jolly beatings, but finally paid, leaving him for the time scathless and whole. A various places the badinage was fearful and at no place did we fall to receive sarcas-tic inquiries as to whether we were "howdashus" enough to regard them as "dooks."
"lud mayors" and the like, coupled with
still wittler requests for the loan of anything from a "thrip'enny bit" to a "bob" or
a "quid." In one house we encountered a child actually dying in its bed from con-sumption. Its mother, who sold-vegetables, had placed an unfilled prescription from the parish doctor in its listless hand, as excuse against the collector's call. I left some-thing else there, but the child was too far gone to even smile its thanks. And so, and on through a day, to me a year's, in-describable scenes of life hopelessness and despair, until the very last place on the collector's day's list was reached.

"No trouble 'ere!" said Mr. Evans gayly as a skinny hand reached through the broken pane of a basement window with the amount due and was withdrawn the instant the receipt was placed within it. thought differently," descended the sta-and pushed into the foul basement room. "Don't, don't, sir!" a voice pitifully pleaded. "They're not always that way,

The whole story, such an one as the mater. Dickens, was wont to so thrillingly tell, was instantly revealed. There on the dank concrete floor lay two hideous objects, father and mother, swollen withost purple and in aensible from drink. The speaker was a dwarf girl with hump back and huge head, skinny, white, horrible. She kept this hope-less home together by working day and night at chopping up old barrels and boxes for "kindlers," getting beatings instead of food, even keeping the beasts of parents in drink, and with such bravery, sacrifice pa-tience and terror as we of better fortune can never know, living the hell-life dauntless and true. Bruises and lashes showed on her head, neck and arms as she looked up scared and pleading. I was two half crowns worse, or better, off for this pitiful sight. She clutched them tigerishly in her hands, then cuddled them against her breast as a mother might a new-found child that had been lost, then she fell upon her hatchet and kindlers in a strange looking heap, and as I rejoined Mr. Evans—who was still varying his species of objurgational "hasses," in view of my "soft" conduct—and we turned toward the awakening city lights, I heard this brave little dwarf setting forth upon a to her, before unknown journey within the human region of grateful sobs and tears.

HOW TO REACH THE BIG FAIR

Delightful Trip is Assured Those Who Take the Lake Route.

SWEET MUSIC AND COMFORTABLE SEATS

Some Intelligent Plan of Seeing the Buildings Should Be Mapped Out in Advance by the Short-Time Visitor-Novelties in Watches.

CHICAGO, July 7 .- (Special to THE BEE. !-The most comfortable and delightful route by which to reach the exposition grounds is by the lake. Numerous steamers ply between Van Buren street wharf and Casino pier. But it pays to wait for the whale-back steamer, Christopher Columbus, and a beauty she is from stern to graceful, slender prow. She plows the waters of Lake Michigan, leaving in her wake a narrow track of snowy foam. She is fitted out with machinery of the latest make and her cabin is nandsome and commodious. Sweet music delights the passengers who rest upon the cushioned seats. Many prefer the decks, where they can view the approach to Jackson park, which, indeed, is rather a disappointment, as the buildings do not show up from the lake front to much advantage, nor present as fine a view as when seen from the elevated railroad.

While visiting the fair it is a real necessity to have some intelligent plan of doing the buildings, and unless the visitor, and especially one who remains but a short time, loes arrange some program, the result will does arrange some program, the result will invariably be the memory of a conglom-erated mass of everything under the sun and nothing in particular. A good plan is to take one building at a time, passing quickly the exhibits that do not interest you and remaining for a minute inspection of those that do. For in this varied collection from all over the world there can be found objects

interest to ail. By the side of one of the doors of the Italian exhibit in the Manufactures building hangs a magle mirror that affords considerable amusement to the passers by trans-forming, as it does, persons reflected in its polished surface into regular little fat dump-lings of men and women. Timid ladies blush laugh and hesitate to pass before it, but the gentlemen all seem to enjoy the ri-diculous change and delight to pause and ad-mire their new shape. The door beside this looking glass leads to a display of all kinds and shapes of rticrors and screens, center tables, brackets and stands, all of glass. One of the screens is of beavy plate glass in the form of a large open fan some five feet across and hand-painted in pink roses, mounted upon silver. Another large three-paneled screen is of smoked glass in a carved oak frame, decorated with purple flag lilies. Also an odd three-cornered ball mirror, with white lace inscrtion in the frame.

In Switzerland's fine display of watches can be seen beauties and oddities well repaying a close inspection. By purchasing an album watch the devoted father of a large family may carry the portraits of fourteen members in his timepiece. Or, if a gentle man wishes to be always on time, he should provide himself with a pocket chronometer which is warranted not to vary six seconds in a month. Then there are repeating watches, striking hours, quarters and minutes; perpetual calcudar watches indicating the days of the week, the date of the month and the phases of the moon; also watches for the blind, with raised figures on the dials. The very latest gentleman's timekeeper is called the "Toubilive" and is worth \$1,000.

A handsome parfor watch three inches in diameter is of silver, engraved in figures, the works richly jeweled. It is valued at \$2,000. The smallest watch in all the exposition is to be found in the Suisse exhibit. I judge its size to be about three lines. The exquisite and unique designs in ladies' watches are certainly not surpassed in all the world. One flower design is that of a fachsid in red enamel hanging suspended from a diamond pin. If a hidden spring is touched, open fly the petals of the lower and a miniature timepiece is disclosed. In another, the heart of a diamond daisy conceals a tiny watch. Or you may carry a piece the face of which is hidden 'neath the diamond wings of a life-size beetle of red enamel or in the long body of a yellow butterfly with wings of sapphires or rubies outterny with wings of sapphires or rubies.

Or perhaps you might admire a cherry of
red enamel, the stone of which is
represented by a little watch. Judging by the articles in this and other
displays marked "sold," the inference may be drawn that the foreign exhibitors will leave in this country, is return for American gold, many specimens of their fine workman-ship. A ladies' elegant watch of blue or red enamel may be purchased for \$50, which is

enamei may be purchased for \$50; which is very cheap, or \$750 will pay for one in a dia-mond pendant, or \$350 for a golden swan with pearl and ruby vings.

Across from this display may be seen that of the Holland delf ware, composed of vases, piaques and pictures. Very dainty looks this blue and white china from the cleanest country on the globe, where the farmers' country on the globe, where the farmers wives decorate the cows' tails with ribbon and scrub the sidewalk every morning be fore breakfast.

In the Japanese exhibit are some curious cabinets of hand carved about and others of inlaid gold and black laquer-work. Two pe-culiar looking wooden animals attracted my attention. I thought they must be servants to his satanic majesty. But upon inquiry of the polite Japanese attendant he ex-plained that they were the curlous growth of the roots of trees with two glass eyes in-serted into dog-like faces. Two inquisitive females took possession of the obliging Jap-anese whose accent and articulation of the English language was well-nigh perfect and sked him how long he had been in America.
"Two months" was the reply.
"Have you learned English since you

came!" was the next idiotic question—for they were evidently bent upon a personal interview with a real live Japanese and their list of querries was calculated to discover his past history and future intentions.

Admirers of the nude in art can find studies in the human form divine at all points and intermediate points of the compass. Poor old Venus de Milo, whose armiess condition inspires a sentiment of pity, has become such well known figure that one feels like greet ing her with the salutation and inquiring after the state of her health this warm weather, while marble Adams gaze florcely down upon the throng, and numerous Eves droop their stony cyclids or look up beseechinto the fleecy clouds as it to beg a litle drapery in which to robe their classical GRACE HINES.

There are three things worth saving-Time, Trouble and money—and De Witt's Little Early Risers will save them for you. These little pills will save you time, as they act promptly. They will save you trouble as they cause no pain. They will save you money as they economize doctor's bills.

CONNUBIALITIES. A lover, like a kernel of corn, turns white

Clara-Why are you so bitter against him just because he proposed and you refused him? Maude—The wretch! He said he would never ask me again.

The marriage of Mr. DeWolf Hopper is an nounced. Marriage with most people is an event; with some it is a happening; but with

General Ezeta of Salvador and Miss Alda Dent Wright of Georgia are to be married in New York early in the fall. Miss Wright is a typical southern girl and is said to be one of the most beautiful of the Georgians. Gen eral Ezeta is vice president of Salvador and will be president next year. A bevy of pretty girls at the beach were making impressions in the sand with their

feet and measuring them to see which had the smallest foot. While thus engaged a bright girl, the daughter of a pointeian, with a laugh, said: "This is far from interesting. What we need, girls, is men, not moasures."

Congressman W. C. P. Breekinridge of Kentucky is to marry Miss Madelin Breck-inridge Pollard, also of the Blue Grass state. She was formerly a department clerk in Washington and was dismissed because of some indiscreet remarks upon the death of General Sherman. Mr. Breckinridge is a widower with several grown children. It is now looked upon as a certainty by the London society journals that Prince Alfred of Edinburgh will eventually marry the little

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. Sev. I WAS BIG. eral obstacles are in the way, however, one being the precarious health of sher majesty, and another the possible objections that may be raised by William Hohenzellern of Berlin, who has a covetous eye on the King-dom of Holland and who designs the little queen to be the wife of one of his numerou

progeny. engagement is announced of Miss Mary Louise Curtis and Mr. Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. The young lady is the only child of Cyrus H. The young lady is the only child of Cyrus H.
K. Curtis, proprietor and publisher of the
Journal; she is 17 years of age and was born
in Boston. Miss Curtis is a beautiful girl,
and her graciousness, amiability and sweetness have endeared her to all who know
her. The marriage with Mr. Bok will not
take place just yot, for Miss Curtis is determined upon a collegiate course, and she enters thereupon next autum. ters thereupon next autumn.

The Manlingoes, who inhabit a tract of country in Africa, are strict Mohammedans in religion, but, curiously enough, they still retain many of the superstitions of the negro race from which they sprung. Consequently their marriage ceremony is a mixture of the two, and, although it is performed by a mar-about or holy man in the mosque, it contains one very ridiculous etement. Next in im portance to the marabout is the bride groom's sister, and when the marriage cere mony reaches the point where the bond, usually typified in civilization ring, appears this sister steps forward, and in place of the ring presents the lady with a pair of trousers, which are immediately donned. The ceremony is concluded by a very mournful song sung by the companions of the bride, who then conduct her again to the home of her parents, as owing to the ex treme probability of one or the other retract ing at any moment by reason of an unfavorable omen, no house is built until the cere-mony is completed. Polygamy is the rule. but each wife has her own house to keep her from quarreling with the other wives. They are the most tyrannical wives in Africa, and hating each other, band together against their husband and rule him with a rod of iron.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Boston is to have her new music hall, and so will save her Symphony orchestra. The \$400,000 needed for the building has been subscribed.

Mr. Denman Thompson has announced that he will not appear on the stage next season. He and Mr. George Rier, the author of "The Old Homestead," will collaborate

on a new "hay seed" drama. Although "Becket" has been played 100 times at the Lordon Lyceum theater, it con-tinues to draw crowded houses. Mr. Irving continues his revivals of old plays as a pretration for his American season.

Miss Maida Craigen and Frederick Pauld ing, who have accepted an emotional play, by Alice E. Ives, have signed a contract to produce it early in their tour which begins eptember 18. The scene of the piece is laid in Russia. A New York cateror says that on Wag

terian evenings he sells five times as much lager beer than usual. Strauss is the com-poser who makes the wine flow. Directly Strauss waitz is played champagne is rdered largely.

Miss Louise Nikita of Chicago has just reeived a letter from Anton Rubinstein offer-

ing her the leading role in "Dei Maccabaer."

to be presented in La Scala, Milan, Decem-ber 16. She is under engagement to appear at that time in St. Petersburg. Mr. William Gillette, who has been south most of the winter, is now in Hartford, Conn. at work on a play of American life. This is the first drama Mr. Gillette has at-tempted since he wrote "Held by the Enemy." Mr. Gillette may star again in

comedy next season. Mrs. Oscar Beringer's play "Bess." which has just had a trial in London, does not appear to have won much favor. It is a lugu brious story of a mother who sacrifices everything, even life, for the sake of a worthless son. Genevieve Ward was only moderately successful in the principal char

actor.

Miss Alice Elton, who has been sometime absent from the stage because of ill health, has gone to New York with the expectation of signing for next season. She was for two years with the company of Daniel Frohman sent out to play "The Charity Ball," and made quite a success of the part Madame Janauscheck is getting ready to

bid farewell to the stage again. Her last appearance will be made in Philadelphia ne time in September, and it is anno that G. W. Childs of the Ledger will take a prominent part in the obsequies, having made all the arrangements and being the general organizer of the affair.

Adelina Patti has returned to Craig-y-nos, and has put into study the new opera by Pizzi, which she will include in her tour in the United States next winter. It is entitled "Gabrielle," and the text is by Charles A. Byrne, on American newspaper man. The action passes in the reign of Louis XIII Patti in the first act playing the part of a nun. The heroine is said to be identical with the "Charmante Gabrielle" of the song attributed to Henry of Navarre. The composer recently gained the prize in a con test at Bologna with an opera upon Heine's story, "William Rateliffe." Upon the story of Rateliffe, Mascagni has also recently fin-

Edward Harrigan has gone fishing in the Adirondacks. James O'Neill is not at his New London cottage, but at Greenwood Theresa Vaughn will spend her vaca tion at Rod Bank, N. J., where she has a cottage. Louis James is at Westport, non-Kansas City, and Marie Wainwright is also out west, and actively engaged in changing her mind in regard to her next season' Henry E. Dixey will seek recreation in Europe, returning in time to begin his tour September 10. Mrs. Leslie-Carter is spending her summer vacation in New York, and will not be seen on the stage again until late in the autumn. William Gillette will enjoy himself at his old home in Hartford, where he hopes to complete the play he is writing for Charles Frohman. Adelaide Prince will spend the summer in London and Paris, returning to assume the leading roles in the company at the American theater, Modjeska will spend the months New York. of July and August in southern California, where she owns a large ranch. Wolf expects to remain at her home in New until the fall, when she sume her place in the Ramsay Morris com-

Busy people have no time, and sensible people have no inclination to use pills that make them sick a day for every dose they take. They have learned that the use of De Witt's Little Early Risers does not in-terfere with their health by causing nausea pain or griping. These little pills are per, feet in action and resulte, regulating the stomach and bowels so that headaches, disziness and lassitude are prevented. They cleanse the blood, clear the complexion and one up the system. Lots of health in these httlefellows.

A SINGLE TAX.

OMAHA, July 6 .- To the Editor of THE BEE: Please answer in Sunday's Ber and give so idea what is meant by "Single Tax." A. W The term "A Single Tax," is applied to such a method as would centralize all tax upon land—the bare land. This would leave all improvements go free. There is no authoritative basis from which to determine how far franchises, stocks or other forms of wealth analagous to land would be taxed inder this rule. It is based on the theory that land is not productive and should bear the tax instead of its being borne by wealth that is productive. Wealth in no form, how-ever, is productive, becoming so only when used in combination with labor. Land, true enough, is a monopoly, but not more so than wealth, for it is purchasable to all alike who have wealth enough with which to buy.

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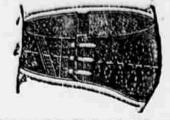
DOCK MILLS.

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886 .- My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bot tle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., TOR BALE BY ALL DAUGUSTO. ATLANTA, QA.

I WAS FAT. I FELT MEAN. I TOOK PILLS. I TOOK SALTS. I GOT LEAN.

Handsome Women Can Lose Weigh Fast. Homely Men Look Better if Thin. Try Dr. Edison's System. No Dieting.



Band worth Twice the Money. Office of H. M. Burton, Hardware, Cary Station, III., Jan. 14, 1833.

Dr. Edison—Dear Sir: I am well pleased with your treatment of obesity. The band is worth twice the money it cost, for comfort. I have reduced my weight ten pounds. I weigh 233 now, and I did weigh 243, Yours truly.

H. M. Burton.

They Are Doing Me Good.

Earlville, III. May 21, 1892.

Loring & Co: Inclosed find \$1.59 for which ploave send me the other two bottles of Dr. Edison's Obestey Pills. I have used one andthink hey are doing the work.

B. M. RALEY, P. O. Box 75.

Talk So Much About Your Pills.

Peoria, III., June 18, 1802.

Dear Sirs: After hearing one of my friends talk so Euch about your Obesity Pills and the benefit heis deriving from them I think I will try them myssif Piease send me 3 bottles C. O. D., and obligs.

J. Montils, 409 Forty Street.

Feel Better and Weigh 13 Pounds Less Goshen, Ind., Sent. 18, 1832.

Gentlemen: Inclosed I send you \$4, for which you will please send methres bottles of the obesity pills.

Amtaking the fourth bottle and feel very much better and weigh 13 pounds less than when I began taking them. I will continue your treat sent.

MRS. J. C. McCONN.

An individual whose height is 5 feet 1 inch should weigh 5 feet 8 inches 5 feet 10 inches " "

South Sixth Street.

Dr. Edison says: "It may be well to point out that in my experience, which is necessarily very considerable, many troublesome skin diseases such. costemm, azone, psorinsis, uticaria, etc., are prim-trily caused by obesity, and as the fat and disshis reduced by the pills and Obesity Frut Salt and the cellen of the band these affections have almost passed the mean and the second of the property of sotion of the band those affections have almost magically disampeared."

The Obesity Fruit Sait is used in connection with the Pills of Bands, or both. Che tenspoonful in 4 tumbler of water makes a delicious soda. Tastes like champaigne.

The bans cost \$1.50 cach for anylength up to 31 inches, bufor one larger than 31 inches and 10 cents extra for each widditional inch.

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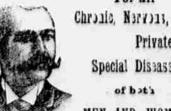
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Average annual receipts
Number cases in 27 years
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Greatiy benefited
Relieved and improved.
Not cured.
Cost of proposed new institute
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Real estate owned by firm. No wonder that Dr. W. II. Betts,

the head of this great firm, is referred to by his friends as "the gray-haired old doctor." for to his untir ing energy and perseverance, his signal ability, both as a business and professional man, has the business of the firm grown from absolutery nothing to its present sigantic proportions. To create and maintain so great an enterprise is enough to turn any man gray, while the glow of honest pride that shines in his kindly face, his roudy features and quick, firm, clustic step, all bespeak the joy he feels in the great success he has won and the good he has bestowed upon his fellow man. The sick and the suffering will find in him a true and last-

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EVILS. WEAKNESSES DEBILITY, ETC., that accompany them in men. QUICKLY and PERMANENTLY CURED. Fall STRENGTH and tone given to avery part of the body. I will send (see curely packed) FREE to any sufferer the prescription that cured me of these troubles. Address L. A. BRADLEY, Hattle Creek, Mich.