

Second Week and Greatest Week of our GRAND CLEARING SALE
And tomorrow the Second Day of the CHICAGO BANKRUPT CLOTHING STOCK

A complete Chicago retail stock bought from the sheriff. Everything is new and in the latest style as the firm was less than three months in business, and tomorrow is the second day of this great sale

Grand Clearing Sale of Dry Goods

Grand Clearing Sale of Desirable SILKS

\$1.25 SILKS FOR 39c.
 Thousands of odds and ends that have accumulated in silks, for dress waists, shirt waists and trimmings, in foulards, plain taffetas, chamois, checks, plaids and stripes, no matter what the original cost was—some \$1.00, some \$1.25—all on bargain squares for this sale, see yard.

39c Yard, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25.

38c SILKS GO AT 15c.
 Printed foulards and plain colored muslins and satins, in a great variety of styles, all 21 inches wide, recently sold for 35c, while they last, at 15c yard.

15c Yard, worth 39c.

75c New Mousseline de Soie 39c.
 New Mousseline de Soie, double width, extra wide, finest quality shown this season. These are the first of our fall importations. In white, cream and all colors—all the quality at 39c yard.

39c Yard, worth 75c.

16th and Douglas Omaha. J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS PROPRIETORS.

EXPOSITION HATS
 50 Imported Pattern Hats that have been out at the Exposition for the past week. All these hats were imported for the display at the Exposition, and are actually worth up to \$3.00, and on Monday in our Millinery department—choice \$10.00.

\$10.00 Worth \$50.00.

\$5.00 Worth \$15.00, \$18 and \$22.

\$1.98 Worth \$7.50 & \$10.

10c Worth \$1.50.

5c, 50c, \$1.00 AND \$1.50.

Another immense purchase of Shirt Waists that we will sell at 19c each

75c Shirt Waists 19c
 100 dozen ladies' laundered shirt waists in white lawns and colored percales, all this season's make, worth up to 75c, on sale on second floor, at 19c each.

\$1 Shirt Waists 35c
 200 dozen ladies' shirt waists in lawns and percales, worth 85c and \$1.00—on sale at 35c each.

\$1.50 Shirt Waists 49c
 150 dozen fine organdy waists, Scotch gingham and fine percale, on sale at 49c.

\$2.50 Shirt Waists 98c
 25 dozen ladies' white pique and Marseilles shirt waists—worth up to \$2.50—on sale at 98c each.

Cloak Room Clearing Sale.

Wash Suits in Piques, Lawns and Crashes.
 One lot of superb pique dresses with reefer or blazer jackets, all the latest styles and were \$10.00, now \$3.98.

LAWN SUITS
 Fine Organdy lawn suits, trimmed with lace, that were \$6.00, now \$2.50.

Separate Skirts
 One lot of white pique, 400 yards of rubber and that Separate Skirts, on sale at 98c.

100 novelty trimmed duck and linen Skirts, plain and flounce effect, go at \$1.98, \$2.98 and \$3.98

High grade white and fancy lawn Wrappers and Tea Gowns, beautiful and exclusive at \$1.50 and \$1.98

\$15 and \$18 Men's All Wool Suits, \$5
 Men's nobby business suits, single and double breasted, guaranteed all wool.

Black and Blue Cheviot Serges
 Black and gray worsteds. Fancy checked clay worsteds. Silk mixed cassimeres

\$3.00 Worth \$15 to \$18.



Great Bankrupt Sale Men's & Boy's Clothing

\$8 AND \$10 MEN'S SUITS, \$2.50
 Men's all wool plaid and checked

Cassimere Suits
 Men's black cheviot suits—Men's fancy Scotch mixed Cheviot suits. All well made, well lined and in the latest style.

\$2.50 Worth \$8 and \$10.

BOYS' AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS

Boys' all wool suits, \$1.25—choice of the finest—BOYS' ALL WOOL SUITS
 in reefer, double breasted and vestee style—ages 3 to 15 years—worth up to \$4.



Young men's \$7 suits \$2.50—Your choice of 400 boys' and young men's Long Pants Suits \$2.50
 ages 13 to 19 years. All perfect fitting goods,

Young men's and youth's \$12 suits at \$3.98—Your choice of the very finest Cassimere, worsted or cheviot Long Pant Suits \$3.98
 ages 13 to 19 years, all worth up to \$12, at . . .

IN BOLIVIA'S BACKWOODS

An Unexplored Country of Vast Resources Given Up to Savage Tribes.

RUBBER FORESTS OF A TROPICAL LAND

The Cannibals of Eastern Peru and the Wild Indians of Maranon—Projects for the Opening of the Territory.

(Copyright, 1898, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
 LA PAZ, Bolivia, July 8.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Bolivia is one of the least known countries of the world. Even now the geographers are disputing about its area, and the different estimates vary by more than 100,000 square miles. The information I have on the subject comes from Senor Manuel V. Ballivian, the president of the La Paz Geographical society, and one of the best posted men upon all such matters connected with this country. Senor Ballivian tells me that Bolivia contains more than 577,000 square miles. The same figures are given in the Statesman's Year Book and in the volume on Bolivia published by the Bureau of American Republics at Washington. This is almost one-sixth the size of the whole United States, including Alaska. It is equal to more than ten states as big as New York, bigger than any country of Europe, with the exception of Russia, and more than Germany, France, Great Britain, Greece, Switzerland and Belgium combined. This vast territory has not so many people as the state of Massachusetts. I doubt if it could figure out as many as Chicago has at this writing, and the Greater New York would give at least one and a half souls to every human being now in Bolivia. The population is estimated at about 2,000,000, all told, and of these I believe that not more than 500,000 have white blood in them. Think of giving a territory one-sixth the size of ours and proportionately quite as rich in its natural resources to less than half the people of Philadelphia, and you have about the conditions which prevail here. The whites practically own the country, and the other three-fourths of the people, who are Indians, are their servants. Of course there are a few exceptions to this classification, but as a rule it will hold good. It is especially so as regards the domesticated Indians, who number much more than half of the population, and who are in many cases practically the slaves of the whites. Here at La Paz there are at least five Indians to one white, and the city is more Indian than anything else.

Unexplored Bolivia.
 The richest parts of Bolivia have not been surveyed, and there are great provinces here which are practically unexplored. There are some sections which are as unknown as central Africa, and their inhabitants have a curious customs as the savages along the edges of the Sahara. There is a strip of Bolivia several hundred miles wide and about five hundred miles long, lying between this plateau and the boundary of Brazil, which has resources of great wealth. I have met men here who have traveled overland to Paraguay and the Argentine. They tell me of vast plains upon which cattle feed in herds of thousands. They can be bought for from \$2 to \$3 a head, for there is no means of getting to the markets. At present Senor Ballivian tells me there is a epidemic of cholera in the country, and that the government is endeavoring to connect these rich grazing lands with the head of navigation of some of the Amazon branches by means of a railway which will run along the boundary line between Brazil and Bolivia, but on Brazilian soil. The road will be on the line of a concession granted to Colonel Church some years ago, and its purpose will be to carry these cheap cattle to the rubber camps of the Amazon. There are several other important projects

to build railroads in Bolivia. One is to construct a line from La Paz to the Desaguadero river. This line would be sixty-six miles long, and Senor Ballivian says it will probably be begun this summer. Another scheme is to extend the Central North Argentine railway to Sucre. This road is now near the Bolivian border, and it would pass through a rich cattle grazing, agricultural and mining territory, and would furnish an outlet to the Atlantic for Bolivian products. There are several other plans for railroads in Bolivia, but they are all on the day will probably come when all of eastern Bolivia will be opened up to settlement.

How They Travel in Bolivia.
 At present it is extremely difficult to get to any part of this country. It took me five days to come to La Paz from the coast, the least known countries of the world. It will require at least six days of hard travel for me to reach the Pacific by the way I have planned. In coming here I had to spend two days on the railroad before I was landed on the shores of Lake Titicaca. It took another day to cross the lake, and I had to wait at Chichilaya a day, and the fifth day was taken up in the stage ride, which landed me at La Paz. In going back I shall have to take three days of hard staging from here to Oruro, and then have three days upon the smallest four narrow gauge in the world in traveling for 600 miles over the Andes to the sea. For the same money and the same time I could comfortably cross the United States from New York to San Francisco, a distance almost five times as great. And still this is what they call easy and rapid travel here. The most of Bolivia is accessible only on mules or on foot. The American minister is arranging to pay a visit to the capital, which is at Sucre, and about 400 miles from here. He will have to take mules or stage for 150 miles to the railroad, and after a short ride on the cars, will take mules again for a five days' ride through the mountains to Sucre. I understand that a guard will be furnished him by the Bolivian government, though I should judge that the trip would be perfectly safe without it. From Sucre to the famous mining town of Potosi is about 100 miles by mule and brittle path, and from Oruro to Cochabamba, which is a town of 25,000, it is a three and one-half day ride on horse back. Nearly all of the large towns, if the half dozen towns of from 10,000 to 40,000 which embrace the largest settlements of this country can be called large, are on the highlands and in the mountains, and in most cases travel must be on horse or mule back. The country hotels are more like stables than anything else, and when on an out-of-the-way road it is almost impossible to buy food of the Indians or to secure quarters in their huts to spend the night. You sleep in the ins on platforms made of stone or sun-dried bricks and eat what you can get. I carry a camp bed with me, for the native beds are lousy and dirty. Other necessities are a rubber coat, heavy boots, a vicuna rug and canned provisions.

Tropical Bolivia.
 This part of Bolivia through which I am traveling may be said to have a temperate climate. La Paz, in fact, is just now a little too cool for spring or fall clothing, and I have on two heavy suits of underwear and the same woollens that I wear at home in December. It snowed this afternoon. Still, a week or so on horseback would take me into tropical Bolivia. The eastern part of this country is one of the richest lands in the world and I am told that it will be the great Bolivia of the future. I have met several men who have gone from La Paz to the rivers which flow into the Amazon and by the Amazon to the Atlantic. They tell me wonderful stories of rubber forests, of trees of wild cotton, of plants with fiber like silk and of vegetation which is so dense as to be almost impenetrable. They speak also of savages who are cannibals and of other tribes who go about stark naked and regard not the laws of God nor man. At Lima I met a young German explorer named Kroekie, who had spent three years in

traveling about through the eastern provinces of Peru and among the Indians of the far-away branches of the Amazon. He had an excellent camera with him and I have had the good fortune to get some prints from his negatives. The most of them I dare not publish for the figures of both men and women are entirely nude, and the curious features of life which they show, while interesting from an ethnological standpoint, are hardly fit for a family newspaper. Mr. Kroekie has many times in danger of his life. He was twice wounded with poisoned arrows and he describes the travel through these regions as dangerous in the extreme. He was for a time among the head hunters of the River Napo in Ecuador and Peru and the first pictures ever taken of these people were made by him.

The Napo region is full of queer people. The Indians of one tribe there wear plates of wood or metal in the lobes of their ears as big around as the bottom of the average tumbler. They have their ears pierced when they are children and at first put bits of grass and twigs in the holes to keep them open. A little later additional twigs are inserted and the holes are gradually enlarged, until they are as big around as a bracelet. I have seen in Burma and in southern India natives who follow the same custom. It is not an uncommon thing in Burma for a woman to carry a cigar made of tobacco wrapped in corn husks and as big around as a broomstick in her ear hole. These Indians go the Burmese one better, but the extra expenditure they put on their ear holes they save on their dress, for both women and men go about naked. There are other queer tribes on the Napo. The river, you know, rises in the Andes of Ecuador and flows a distance of 800 miles before it empties into the Amazon. It is navigable for 500 miles from its mouth, by small steamboats. The Javary river, which flows between Brazil and Peru, is said to be 1,300 miles long, and the Ucayli, another branch of the Amazon, is of about the same length. The Upper Maranon flows through Peru, and it is navigable for 2,000 miles from the Atlantic. Think of a stream running across the United States from New York to far beyond Salt Lake City, and let this be navigable for small steamers, and you have an idea of the possibilities of trade on these Amazon branches. The Beni is another Amazon branch which flows through Bolivia, and the Mamora and Guapora are other long navigable waterways.

Among the Cannibals.
 All of these tropical districts of Peru and Bolivia contain curious tribes. There are some cannibals among them who eat the flesh of their enemies and do not scruple to serve up baby roasts and women stew upon occasion. Some of the pictures that Mr. Kroekie took were of the cannibal tribes. He calls them the Cachiro Indians and says they live along the River Pachites, a branch of the Amazon. Others of the Indians of these regions use blow guns and poisoned arrows. The arrows are made of iron wood, tipped with flint, which is poisoned at the point. The guns are reeds from ten to twelve feet long. The Indians use these weapons for killing the game as well as for their wars. The slightest scratch of the arrow will cause death, and, strange to say, the poison does not injure the meat of the animals killed by it. The making of this poison is kept a secret by the Indians. I am told it is made by sticking the arrows in putrid human flesh which has already been poisoned in some other way. The poison acts very quickly and causes death within a few moments. On the Pachites there are Indians who cut their hair close and who look much like negroes, though their hair is brown. The women wear waist clothes, but their legs and the upper parts of their bodies are bare. In trading with these people it is necessary to carry a stock of goods with you. They do not use money, and all of their deals are by trade. Not a few of them have gold to exchange for hatchets, knives and guns. They wash the like American hardware. They wash the gold out of the streams and bring it to the

traders in nuggets and coarse dust. They will not take a coin at all without each piece has a hole in it. They use such pieces to make necklaces. It is seldom that any of these people cultivate the land. There are plenty of fruits, and things grow so easily that all that is necessary to a crop is to stick in the seeds or plants. They burn over the ground and plant without plowing. Corn ripens at four months, and onions, beans and turnips at three. In the valley of the Maranon there are plantations of sugar cane. The cane is cut when nine months old, and the same stalks will produce for twelve successive years.

In the Rubber Forests of Bolivia.
 It is estimated that Bolivia now produces 4,000,000 pounds of rubber a year, and that the total annual product of the Amazon forests is over 45,000,000 pounds. There are rubber camps scattered all along through the branches of the Amazon, and the most of the product is shipped down that river to Para and thence to the United States or to Europe. Within the past year so much rubber has been coming into La Paz from the forests near here, and I learn that this is one of the few good businesses of Bolivia. I had a chat last night with the Bolivian Consul, an Austrian who is largely interested in Bolivian rubber and quinine plantations. In speaking of the rubber forests near here he said: "All of the best lands have been taken up, but they are in the hands of people who have not tried to develop them and are anxious to sell. The gathering of rubber is very costly. The Indians who do the work will insist on being paid in advance. The regions are always unhealthy, as rubber grows only in low, marshy soil, and the best trees are those which have their roots under water for a part of the year. The Indians are afraid of getting sick, and they demand high wages and will stay with you only for a limited time." "Is there much good rubber land in Bolivia?" I asked. "Yes, there is plenty of soil here that will grow the rubber tree," said Herr Vierland, "but so far the rubber all comes from the forests. I know of only one cultivated rubber plantation in the country, and that is the giant of the forest, 150 feet high, and so large that three men could not, by joining hands, reach around it. The tree which produces the best rubber of commerce is known as the Symphonia Elastica. We have plenty of gutta percha trees, but these have not yet been worked."

A Chance for Capitalists.
 "Is there much profit in the rubber business here?" I asked. "Yes, there is a great deal of money to be made out of it, but only by the use of large capital. No man can make much with such trees as are now in the hands of the natives. They have taken up the lands of the government and have no money to work them." "How do you get the rubber from the trees?"

"It comes out in the form of a milky white sap," was the reply. "At the beginning of the dry season the trees are gashed with a chisel about an inch broad. A little tin cup is fitted to the tree under each gash and the sap oozes out and drops down into the cup. Several gashes are made in each tree. When the Indian has gashed a number of trees he stops and collects the milky sap from the cups. He pours it into a tin pail and carries it to the headquarters of the camp. He places it somewhere in the shade and then builds a fire to smoke it. This fire is made of wet wood or palm nuts and it is so arranged as to give a dense

smoke. Now the Indian takes a wooden shovel or spoon and covers it with milk. He then thrusts it into the smoke and rapidly turns it about. As the smoke touches the rubber-milk it coagulates and turns from the color of rich cream to a light gray. He coats his shovel again and again and at last has a ball of rubber upon it. This is cut off and laid away to be shipped to the markets. A number of the balls are put into nets. These are hung on the backs of mules or donkeys and are thus taken to Chichilaya, on Lake Titicaca, or La Paz. We have to watch the Indians that they do not put stones or dirt into their balls of rubber to make them weigh heavier. This is the case when they are paid by the work done rather than by the day."

The Bark of Quinine.
 This is the bark of quinine. The bark of the cinchona tree, from which quinine is made, is called Peruvian bark, but it would be more in accord with the facts to call it the Bolivian bark. The best quinine of the world is made from the bark of trees grown in the valleys of La Paz, and Bolivia far exceeds Peru in the number of her quinine trees. There are millions of trees here growing on plantations set out to make money out of the quinine market. These plantations were established when quinine was high and before some of the Bolivian trees had been taken to India and Ceylon to start plantations. As a result of the Indian plantations the market became overstocked and quinine fell. The bark which in 1882 brought in La Paz \$20 in Bolivian money a hundredweight, now sells for from \$16 to \$18 a hundredweight, considering the difference in the value of the Bolivian dollar by the fall of silver for about one-third of what it sold for sixteen years ago. The fall of prices ruined a great many of the Bolivian capitalists. More than \$5,000,000 were invested in such estates by people of La Paz, and the foreign houses who had advanced money on them were severely hurt. The bark on one time was so low that it did not pay to cut it and carry it to the markets, and today, while there is somewhat of a revival, the margin of profit in the business is small. I see loads of cinchona bark here every day. They are rough tripped to the exporters on little donkeys or mules, each of which carries a bundle on each side of its back of about 100 pounds each. The most of this bark comes from wild trees which grow at the head waters of the Beni and Madera rivers. It is carried for many miles through the forests on men's backs and then loaded on the donkeys, which bring it to La Paz. As far as I can learn, there is no money to be made in the quinine business by foreigners. Any number of good plantations can be bought. A rich planter of interior Bolivia told me today that he could buy me 500,000 trees if I wished them for less than 8 cents of our money a tree. The trees would be from six to ten years of age and in prime condition for cutting down for quinine. This man said that the trees would each produce at least four pounds of bark. Quinine trees are planted nine feet apart, and at five years of age an orchard is ready for the market. The trees are then chopped down and stripped of their bark. Sprouts spring up the following season from the stumps and at the end of five years there is another crop. The cinchona trees grow wild almost everywhere that the rubber tree grows. They are often very tall and have a magnificent crown of foliage, which is of such a color that the quinine hunter can pick it out a long distance in looking over the trees of a forest.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

While the negotiations were on at Santiago General Torner remarked, when reminded of his hopeless condition, that he could die fighting. He thought life worth living and surrendered. In that regard he displayed the wisdom of the Irishman who, when near his end, was urged to turn his thoughts to the hereafter, whispered, "Ah, Father, this is a good enough world whatever."

AN AUTHOR IN HIS WORKSHOP

A Glimpse of the Charming Home Life of Frank R. Stockton.

ECCENTRICITIES OF A STORY TELLER

How He Classifies His Fellow Writers—Books, Pictures and Autographs Around—A Literary Menagerie.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton does not believe that all men are equal in the eye of the literary law. The books of his fellow authors are by him read, re-read, and then, both to his judgment, he thinks they belong to his collection to play. Here is his preface to the collection of writers' portraits and autographs around—A Literary Menagerie. It is one of the amusements of Mr. Stockton's leisure hours to register authors and their works in any one of the degrees from the first to the fourth, in which, according to his judgment, he thinks they belong. On top if his comfortable residence, at Convent Station, N. J., is a glass house in which the author of "The Rubber Grange" delights to play. Here is his preface to the collection of writers' portraits and autographs around—A Literary Menagerie. 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