

The Colombian government has interposed an objection in the Panama canal matter, by reminding the share-holders of the French corporation, that, according to the terms of the original agreement, while a share-holder has the right to dispose of his stock when and where he pleases, an attempt to dispose of the company's holdings to a foreign government will forfeit all concessions. Whether, as is probable, this is a shrewd attempt to finger a portion of that \$40,000,000 or, as is possible, it is based upon the more ambitious desire to make both the canal company and the United States contribute to the relief of the Colombian exchequer, would be difficult to say; in either case Colombia would do well to remember that the sentiment in this country is divided about equally between the Panama and Nicaragua routes, and the delicate balance is very liable to be disturbed by any obstacle, however small, which may lie in the way of effecting a speedy agreement between the United States, Colombia and the French corporation. If Colombia does not wish the Panama canal to be completed, she has taken the proper step to prevent it; if she does wish it to be completed, she has laid herself liable to a severe reverse, by employing a superfluous amount of *finesse* in the negotiations.

OBSERVATIONS OF A TOURIST.

Beet Sugar Culture.

The people of Colorado naturally rejoice that the Arkansas valley farmers have carried off about all the prizes offered by the Orange Judd Farmer for the best sugar beets raised in the United States.

The largest yield of beets reported was 18,624 pounds, net weight, of dressed beets grown on one acre of land, or nearly forty tons per acre. At \$4.25 per ton this means \$170 per acre to the grower without counting the cost of production, which was estimated at \$68.90 per acre. Colorado averaged twenty-seven tons of beets to the acre this last season, which is six tons more than California, and fourteen tons more than Nebraska averaged. The Arkansas valley, Rocky Ford, Lamar, La Junta and other thriving villages in the district will hereafter increase their acreage of beets and, perhaps, curtail their production of melons, although in melons this wonderful valley has a world-wide reputation.

Emigration is pouring into the valley, and there is every indication of prosperity there. The climate of the valley is ideal; it is never warm in the shade and the percentage of sunshine is nearly eighty per cent.

The farther south in New Mexico is as yet undeveloped but bids fair to be

the same kind of a country as the Arkansas valley in Colorado.

A Sand Storm.

There are sand storms and sand storms. THE CONSERVATIVE party returning from Mexico had the opportunity of traveling over three hundred miles through one of the most stupendous storms of this character ever witnessed in the southwestern country. Everybody lifted their hats to the majesty of the storm. It extended from the city of Chihuahua, on the south, to north of Albuquerque, and covered an area of thousands of square miles. The sand drifted just as snow does and had to be shoveled off the railroad tracks in order to make them passable, telegraph poles bent the knee, and many did homage to the storm by falling prostrate. At times during the storm it was impossible to see more than thirty feet, and in every respect the effect of the tornado was like those we have in Nebraska, with sand substituted for snow.

A Fight.

Among other curious things seen from a Mexican Central train, passing through the great Terrazas ranch in the state of Chihuahua, was a combat, perhaps a mortal combat, between a horse and a burro. The latter is but a Mexican donkey, and like all his species, never attempts style or evinces anything but humility and a desire to be let alone.

Undoubtedly the fight witnessed from the passing train was the result of great abuse on the part of the equine and long suffering on the part of the donkey, but the belligerent qualities of the latter animal were thoroughly aroused. He viciously pawed the horse with his front hoofs, rising on his hind legs like a man in order to do so, intermittingly dropping on all fours to occasionally make a ferocious bite at the horse, with now and then a speedy reverse in order to get the real business end of his machine in working order. When last seen the burro was chasing the horse over a range of several thousand acres and there was no kind of punishment that a member of the mule family can administer, that the horse was not receiving in allopathic doses. It was a curious sight. It was one of the most remarkable displays of exploded pent-up-wrath ever witnessed by human beings, and fully illustrates the old adage that even a worm will turn, etc.

Railroad Improvements.

The new hotel and railroad station, built by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe company at Albuquerque, is after the old Spanish mission style of architecture and is in every way in keeping with the territory of New Mexico and the policy of that railroad company, which is trying to maintain, so far as possible, the traditions and architecture of the Spanish conquerors.

The new hotel will be called the Al-

varado, after one of Coronado's most active lieutenants. This eating house and the one at Las Vegas, built after the same general plan and called The Casteneda, after the historian of the Coronado expedition, the first white man that ever attempted to write a description of the American buffalo, are both managed by Fred Harvey, who leads the world as a caterer to railway travelers.

This is the opinion of THE CONSERVATIVE, that no line of railroad, east, west or abroad, can give the same meals that Harvey does for the same price—75 cents each.

A BREEZE FROM THE ANTILLES.

[Written for The Conservative.]

The Morgan line seems to monopolize the transportation from New Orleans to Havana, sending an indifferent steamer out each Saturday, and charging a helpless public \$35 for the privilege of sleeping on "shake-downs" and making toilets when and where you can, nor do they cease selling tickets so long as a purchaser can be found. In this situation there seems to be a rare opening for some of the Great Lake lines, whose splendid boats lie tied up through the winter months, just the time for passenger traffic to Cuba.

Gay Havana.

Havana is not only a beautiful city, but it is now as clean as the proverbial new pin—a pronounced contrast with New Orleans. A high functionary of the French government, after inspecting the latter city, remarked later at Havana: "You Americans do not practice what you preach. New Orleans is very dirty." Indeed every American who has seen both cities blushes with shame, when he realizes that it is probable that the near future will find Havana establishing a quarantine against American ports.

Leaving the north, with the mercury several degrees too low for comfort, three days' travel found us in bright, sunny, gay Havana, with its gentlemen in white, and ladies in light summer attire; operas, theaters, masque-balls, open-air concerts, in the midst of which gaieties it is difficult to remember that Cuba has just passed through the throes of a long, devastating war, and is even now in the vortex of a grave political crisis. If quiet and good order continue in Havana, it will grow in popularity as a winter resort, its delightful climate and the restless gaiety of its inhabitants delighting the northern visitor, and the frowning castles and historic forts possessing peculiar attraction to lovers of the massive in architecture.

The Harbor and Its Defences.

A steam launch was placed at my disposal, and with a few invited guests a tour of the harbor was made, which, of course, included a visit to the wreck