## RECENT EXPOSURES

That the Press of Omaha Have Recently

Some of the Quacks and Humbugs That Infest the Chy-Advertising Doctors in General &c.

"It would astonish you," remarked a citizen a week ago, "if you knew the number of quack doctors, jugglers, montebanes, fortune tellers, scamps and scoundreis masquerading as skilled and schooled physicians in Omaha. The law problibits them from even cialining to be doctors, but by purchasing bogus certificates they are allowed to bunglingly administer their infernal drugs, and credulous and ignorant people suffer. If they effect a cure, nine times out of ten it is by mere chance. They gilbly talk of their womlerful experience and largely increasing practice. mere chance. They gilbly talk of their wonders ful experience and largely increasing practice. They pretend to talk Latin when they have only a smattering of English, lecture on anatomy when they could not disact a saw-horse, attempt

They pretend to talk Latin when they have only a sanattering of Euglish, lecture on anatomy when they could not dissect a saw-horse, attompt to cure a sick person when, indeed, they could not cure a ham. These fraudulent professional murderers seem to increase rather than decrease. At the time the Bee routed and scouted that prince of humbugs, Dr. Fishblatt, there were many of the false disciples of Æsculapous who had preyed upon Omaha, quietly left town. But they are coming again, some are already here, and while many reputable people should shun them, even as they should shrink from a ravaging prestilence, they receive them with open arms into their families where, if opportunity is offered, they will corrupt, debanch and poison the mind and body. It seems to me that the Bee cannot do a nobler work than to again ventilate these nostroun nuisances, so disgustingly plentiful in Omaha.—thaff, in Bec of May 27.

While we believe the above to be true in regard to some of the pretenders who are now located in this city, it will certainly not apply to all. A great many people think that when a strange physician arrives in a city and opens up an office for general practice that he must either be a humbug or a quack, such is not always the case. If a doctor advertises in the newspapers, there is sure to be a certain number of persons who will held off and say, "he is only a quack and will only stay here long enough to swindle our people and then go to another town and play the same game there." Almost a year ago Dr. J. Cresap McCoy came to Omaha, and immediately commenced advertising in the daily newspapers, there is sure to be a certain number of persons who will held off and say, "he is only a quack and will only stay here long enough to swindle our people and then go to another town and play the same game there." Almost a year ago Dr. J. Cresap McCoy came to Omaha, and immediately commenced advertising in the daily newspapers, that he is still here, located permanently in the Ramge block, corner Fifteenth and Harne

he is neither a humbug nor a quack. The following expressions from some of the citizens of Omaha are taken from the testimonials that are given the doctor.

James Callahan, a blacksmith at the Union Pacific shops and who resides at No. 719 North Fourteenth street, says: "Dr. McCoy cured my catarrh and made me feel better in a few months than I had felt for years."

Mrs. I. N. Deuel, wife of a prominent contractor and builder, residing at No. 2525 Patrick avenue, after suffering for more than a year, growing weaker and weaker until her family and friends all thought she had the consumption. She says: "The doctor cured me and I cannot speak to highly of his skill and painstaking, not to mention the moderate fees he charged me." George F. Gellenbech, the minstrel, and night ratchman at the Daily Bee office, says: "I am feeling better today than I have for a number of years, and feel satisfied that I am entirely cured as I have none of the symptoms now."

Bugene Mathers, engineer at the Hotel Esmonde, after suffering with a catarrh for seven or eight years was treated by Dr. McCoy add he says: "I began to improve at once and continue to improve until today I feel as much like a new man as the difference between daylight and darkness, and I can say there is no doubt in my mind but that Dr. McCoy's treatment is both practical and scientific, and that every promise he makes to his patients is fully and faithfully carried out on his patients is fully and faithfully carried out on his patients is fully and faithfully carried out on his patients is fully and faithfully carried out on his patients is fully and faithfully carried out on his patients and the every promise he makes to his patients is fully and faithfully carried out on his patients and have no hesitancy in recommending him to any and all persons suffering as I did."

Mr. Lawrence B. Larson, a brick moulder, who resides at the corner of Cuming and Elizabeth streets, says: "My trouble began about six years ago, and for that time I was in a bad way, but to look

#### Can Catarrh be Cured.

The past age might be called a superstitious one. The present can more properly be called an age of surprises, for many things once classed among the impossibilities have now become everyday possibilities. It would be superfluous to enumerate them. But have we reached the ptmost limit? Have we? Physicians who claim to make certain allments the human body is certain allmen subject to a special study and claim to be able to sure such diseases, are pronounced by other self-satisfied practitioners as presumptuous; but does their saying so make it so? The man who comes the nearest to overcoming the seening impossibilities of others is now all the rage, and impossibilities of others is flow an one rage, and well does he or they deserve the success they have labored so hard to obtain. Dr. J. Cresap McCoy or his associates do not make claims to anything marvelous, such as raising the dead and giving them new life; neither do they claim to give sight to the blind; but by their new and and giving them new life; neither do they claim to give sight to the blind; but by their new and scientific method of treating catairth they have cured and do cure catairth, as well as bronchial and throat troubles. They make catairth a specialty because it is one of the most prevalent and troublesome diseases that the people of this climate are heir to. Since Dr. McCoy and his associates have located in this city they have treated with success hundreds of persons whom other physicians have told their disease was classed among the incurables. Do they not publish from week to week in the daily papers testimonials from some of their many grateful patients, giving in each case the full name and address of the person making the statement, that the doubting and skeptical may call and interview the said people prior to visiting the doctor's offices for consultation. The people advertised as cured are by no means obscure or unknown, but in the majority of cases are citizens well known by the business people and community at large, and it will more than repay any one suffering from catarrhal affections to visit hose whose statements are published, or consult with the doctor or his associates at the visit those whose statements are published, or consult with the doctor or his associates at his office.

### TWENTY-ONE QUESTIONS.

A Few Symptoms of Disease That May Prove Serious to You. Do you have frequent fits of mental depres

Do you experience ringing or buzzing noises Do you feel as though you must sufficate then lying down? Are you troubled with a hacking cough and

Are your eyes generally weak and watery and equently inflamed?

Does your voice have a husk, thick sound and

Does your voice have a husk, thick sound and ansail sort of twang?

Is your breath frequently offensive from some unaccountable cause?

Have you a dull, oppressive headache, generally located over the eyes?

Do you have to hawk and cough frequently in the effort to clear your throat?

Are you losing your sense of smell and is your sense of taste becoming dutied?

Does your nose always feel stopped up, forcing you to breathe through your mouth?

Do you frequently feel dizzy, particularly when stooping to pick anything off the floor?

Does every little draft of air and every slight thange of temperature give you a cold?

Are you annoyed by a constant desire to hawk and spit out an endless quantity of phlegm?

DOCTOR

## J. CRESAP M'COY.

Late of Bellevue Hospital. New York,

Has Offices No. 319 and 311

RANGE BUILDING, OMAHA, NEB. Where all curable cases are treated with suc

Medical diseases treated skillfully. Consumption, Bright's disease, Dyspensia, Rheumatism, and all NERVOUS DISEASES. All diseases peculiar to the sexes a specialty. CATAURH CURED.

CONSULTATION at office or by mail 11.

Many diseases are treated successfully by Dr. McCoy through the mails, and it is thus possible for those unable to make the journey to obtain successful hospital treatment at their homes.

Office hours 9 to 11 a.m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 8 p.
SUNDAY HOURS FROM 9 A.M. TO 1 P.M.
Carrespondence receives prompt attention.
No etters answered unless accomponied by Address all mail to Dr. J. C. McCoy, Rooms at Mil Ramge building, Omaha, Neb. A GREAT VARIETY OF WOMEN.

One Who Did Not Scream When She Encountered a Rat.

FRANLIN'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

The Mannish Woman-The Happy Woman-The Lucky Young Woman-All Kinds of Women.

His Reason.

I wouldn't wear a jersey.
To show my figure thin
And let men see that most of me

Was horrid bones and skin I wouldn't hane my ringlets.

I wouldn't choose gay French-heeled shoes To make my feet look small.

I wouldn't wear a corset To squeeze my lungs and waist; O. I would be from all things free-

Only by nature graced.

I wouldn't think of marriage;

To help at home I'd plan. In fact, I would be very good -Because-Iam a man.

The Mannish Woman. Nature makes no mistakes and really leaves no screws loose, says the New York Star. She made you a woman because she knew you'd find your highest good and happiness in being a woman and wielding rigidly the tremendous powers inherent in your sex, She's got a man somewhere in the universe for you, and you alone, and when you find him and find out the use you can be to him and he to you, you'll stop wishing you were a man. You'll tremble then at the bare idea that possibly your per-sistent wish might have turned you into a man, as it has done now in part. Now, you are a man, but on the outside only. Inside you're nothing. Your femininity and womanhood are all asleep. You're wearing a false coat, a sham, a pretense of masculinity which only disgusts people and drives them from you, as all unnatural things do disgust and drive away people. Ho wever, you'll "shuck" that coat and come out all right some time or other when you meet your man. You can't be expected to do much better than now you're doing when there's only one-half of you present to do with. He's the other half. You're only half a pair of tongs now. No wonder you scatter firebrands as you try to pick them up.

The Agents Were Amusing for Once One Allegheny matron smiles whenever any one mentions agent in her presence and recounts with glee how she got even with two of the itinerants, recently, says the Pittsburg Penny Press. She had sent her maid out and was taking a siesta on the couch in her sewing room when a ring at the bell aroused her. She answered it and a female stalked in, and seating herself, announced that she was the sole agent for the greatest furniture polish in the world, guaranteed to remove any stain or scratch from any piece of wood, to renew the finish and make defaced pieces as good as new. The lady of the house pointed to a terribly rubbed piano and the peddler of the patent goods was at once down on her knees rubbing away for dear life. Her face got red she rubbed up, down, across and round in a circle, but the polish did not return. Exhausted she reseated herself and began to get real cool, when another ring at that bell interrupted the flow of conversation. This time it was a book agent, who sold, only on subscription, the very latest cook book. With malice aforethought the matron declined to purchase, but set the book agent on the furniture polish vender. Not allowing an interruption, the former began a recitation on the virtues of the book. Whenever the latter tries to interject a word into the conversation, she went at it with renewed energy and talked the curl out of the polish woman's hair. Seeing no chance to get in a word, the attacked female took from her handbag a bottle of polish and held it up. The effect was electrical. That book agent's face showed her discomfiture, and without another word she arose and made for the door. She was followed by the other, and the lady of that house vowed that she has not enjoyed herself so much for a month, and that she forgives them for spoiling

her afterdoon lunch nap. One Healthy American.

A thin, delicate-looking woman sat in a horse-car one evening recently, and next her sat a native of the queen's realm. The window behind the Briton was open and the cool wind blew on the woman, making her shiver. At last she said, in a ladylike way, "Won't you be kind enough to close the window behind you, as it makes me cold?" It would hardly have caused the man any inconvenience to grant this request, but he replied harshly, "I prefer it open; you Americans can't stand anything; you all seem to have consumption." The other passengers on the car were astounded at his inactivity, and there were many angry glances cast at the royal subject. Finally a gentleman rose on the opposite side of the car and. approaching the Englishman with about 220 pounds avoirdupois, leaned over him and grasping the window slammed it down with vigor; then he remarked: "Now, my friend, if you think all Amercans are afflicted with consumption you just raise that window again. I am an American." The little woman blushed, the other passengers smiled, the American returned to his seat, and the Briton

#### looked out of the window and thought A Young Lady's Luck.

A young lady governess was sitting in horse car in an English provincial towns, says the Boston Budget, when a stylishly dressed man entered, who displayed prominently a valuable diamond ring on one of his fingers. He soon after got out, and the young lady, on getting to her stage on her way home, stepped out as well, and found, on putting her hand in her pocket, that her purse was gone. She, however, found strange article in her pocket, which, to her astonishment, turned out to be the identical ring which her fellow traveler had been so ostentatiously displaying. Examination proved that the ring was no flush article, a jeweler appraising it as of the value of at least \$150. Fortunately for the lady, there were only two shillings in the purse which she lost. The ring had evidently allowed off the pickering that slipped off the pickpocket's finger when he was in the act of abstracting the

Mistaken Identity.

A lady of my acquaintance, says a writer in the Boston Transcript, thinking to give her husband a pleasant sur-prise, walked up behind him in the street, one day, and putting her hand in his arm, looked smilingly up into his face for the welcome she was sure of seeing there. She was frozen by the cold stare that met her gaze. She was just about to say, "What makes you look so cross?" when, to her great discomfort, she saw it was not he. She stammered confusedly, trying to ex-plain her mistake, and got out of the road as rapidly as possibly, feeling that any means of obliteration from among the human race at that time would be

know her always doubt about. When | whose eyebrows have been blacked or she speaks of having seen some one, they cannot feel sure whether it is the one she thought it was or some stranger with a resemblance. The matter of seeing resemblances amounts to a talent with some persons, and one they would gladly dispense with. How much easier it is to recognize a lady friend from her costume than a gentleman! The monotonous dress of the latter, in nine cases out of ten the same shaped hat, the same suit of clothes, the same tone of color—and when overcoat time is here (and that is most of the time in this region), dear, dear! Who is who? But a woman always wears something that identifies her among other women. In the language of the showman, 'It is easy to distinguish Daniel from the other lions by the green cloth umbrella

Franklin's Advice to Mothers. In a parcel of Benjamin Franklin's letters that have recently been made public is one addressed to a lady, congratulating her upon the well-being of her baby boy, whom she had announced as having cut five teeth. He writes: "Pray let him have everything he likes. I think it of great consequence while the features of the countenance are forming; it gives them a pleasant air, and one that becomes fixed and natural by habit, the face is ever handsomer afterward for it, and on that much of a person's good fortune and success in life may depend." Franklin did not mean by this that the child should be given all the food it wanted, but that it should be surrounded by pleasant objects for its amusement and diversion. "Who has not seen a scowl of discontent upon the face of an infant deepen and become a permanent defect-a lifelong proof of the discomforts of its babyhood? Verily the sins of parents are visited upon their helpless children. After a few more telling arguments in favor of the child, the writer says: "Always be-lieve a child-at least, do not express your unbelief if you can help it. If the little fellow sees that you rely upon his word, he feels an increased respect for the truth and for himself, until at length his character for probity will be-come matured and established." Many an exceptionally imaginative child is unable to distinguish between facts and fancies as fairy tales and Mother Goose melodies quite bewilder his brain with their semblance of realty. Such children are apt to conjure up curious stories in which truth and fiction are iopelessly confused, and will relate

them in all seriousness. Not Afraid of a Rat. Says the Boston Transcript: At one of the Washington street Theaters the other evening a lady, who with her husband was seated in the parquet, became aware that some living thing seemed to be moving about on the floor underneath her seat and colliding with her feet in certain more or less fantastic movements. She investigated the matter sufficiently to convince her that the intruder was a rat. Then shewhat? Screamed? Not a bit of it. With great presence of mind she simply told her husband that there was a rat under her feet. He changed seats with her as promptly as posible without attract-ing attention and then poked the rat out from under the seat with his cane. It took refuge under the seat in front and passed out of his sight. What became of it he does not know; he saw and heard nothing more of it; but he will vouch for the fact that it was, to all appearances, an able-bodied rat. If that lady had, upon the discovery of the animal, followed her instinct and screamed and jumped, she would probably have started

the house into a panic. Incident No. 2-A Boston girl, retiring at night, found a rat in her room. She closed the door and started in wild pursuit of the creature about the room. She was just about to deal it a crushing blow with the French heel of her sace when the rat took refuge in the spring

of her bed, quite out of her reach. "Well," said she, "I guess, after his experience, he will stay where he has

found he is safe." And then she went tranquilly to bed and slept all night, and in the morning she got a terrier at a neighbor's, and the dog ferreted out the rat and killed it. Perhaps that is the only case on record where a woman has slept peaceully with a rat in her bed. There have been, on the contrary, able-bodied masculine persons who have leaped madly out of bed upon hearing what they supposed to be a mouse burrowing in the mattress.

A Happy Woman.

Somebody asked me the other day, says Bab in the New York Star, who were the happiest women, and I've been thinking it out ever since. The conclusion I have come to is that she is the happiest woman who is not too handome. I don't mean that she shall be disagrecable looking, and she must have a certain charm of manner; but by her ack of beauty she can keep the lovliest woman friends and no jealousy arises, while she is always a pleasant companion. The woman who is not a great beauty does not need to anticipate growing old with that horror that comes to her who knows that it means the loss of her greatest attraction. I have always made a thanksgiving every night that Providence arranged that should be born south of Mason and Dixon's line, but I now add to my thanks the fact that nature did not make me beautiful. One can only feel this way after one has become-how old? The woman without beauty is going to try and be something else, for in the heart of every woman figure without Roman lines and a calliope voice there is a de-sire to be considered the nicest in the world by somebody. And if the woman is worth a penny, she prefers that somebody to be a man.

Obtrusive Politeness. A young lady was carefully assisted over the alarming space that yawns be-tween the station platform and car by a young gentleman with a cork leg, says the New York Sun. She effected the passage in safety and tripped into the car while her escort thumped his way on lumberingly behind. The couple were fond of each other, and they stood quite close together in the crowded car and looked into each other's eyes and chatted and acted in an idiotic manner. A prim man of middle age tendered the

young lady a seat.
"Oh, no: I couldn't think of robbing
you of it," she said, in a frightened sort

"But I insist," said the prim man. The young lady shyly sat down and glanced up appealingly to her escort. The fact that the relative positions of the young couple were embarrassing flashed upon the passengers. To continue the conversation with any degree of privacy it was necessary for the young gentleman to lean over at almost right angles, for the young lady was very short. He couldn't do this bevery short. He couldn't do this be-cause of his infirmity, and he had sense enough not to make the situation more ridiculous by trying.

Painting Baby's Fans.

A letter from Paris informs us, says the Pali Mali Gazette, that the doctors are at war with the silly mothers belonging to the fashionable circles. The the human race at that time would be acceptable. She generally has the credit of being a truthful person, but there is one subject that those who of three years old may now be seen,

dyed by their senseless mothers. Other anxious parents, distressed at the vul-garly ruddy and rustic hue of their children's cheeks, carefully powder them before sending them forth to meet the gaze and criticism of the world. Little coquettes of ten years are not permitted to go abroad until the regulation black stroke has been painted beneath their eyes. The doctors warn the mothers that when the children thus barbarously treated reach the age of sixteen they will have a colorless and ruined complexion, to say nothing of the injury to health, which is an ar gument less likely to produce much effect.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

It is a strange fact that silk dresses cannot Very new hairpins have heads of amber, or

of nugget silver. Mrs. Gladstone, wife of England's ex-pre-

mier, is a homeopathist. The dresses of engaged young ladies wear out soonest about the waist. The solitaire diamond ring worn by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt cost \$48,000.

Miss Delphine Baker is about to establish a christian newspaper in Jerusalem. Eighteen thousand Irish girls who have

been assisted to emigrate sent home £250,000 The writer who says that corsets are un-healthy surely never heard any of them com-

plain about it. "Woman is man's counselor," says a divine. Perhaps that explains why her fees are so notoriously high.

The Indiana women's prison and reformatory, near Indianapolis, is managed exclusively by women.

Women are the state librarians of Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee. If your wife wants an "allowance," give

her the whole income. She will save more out of it than you can. Turkish stuffs agleam with gold or silver thread make draperies, scarfs or overdresses that are simply ravishing.

A new silver girdle shows the square markings of crocodile skin, and is made flexible by rings of chain. The accordion pleated skirt that opens or shuts with each step of the wearer is much liked for the new mohair stuffs.

Simple woollen mantles are trimmed down the front and around the neck with a knifepleating of silk of the same color. Vassar college has conferred the degree of

LL. D. on Mrs. Christine L. Franklin, a fellow of Johns Hopkins university. The useful blouse waists are now made in blue or pink as well as scarlet surah, and worn with lace skirts for the house.

Many long loops of ribbon falling from the throat and caught in at the waist are supposed to give style to cotton morning Rough sanglier, otherwise "pigs' blood," a new vivid red, is often combined with the blue gray "wood smoke" brought out this

A young woman at Beloit, Kas., wasre-cently paid the bounty on the scalps of nine young wolves which she captured while herd

According to a Richmond paper, girls there go to school lugging 'twenty pounds of scholastic literature and wearing a threefoot bustle." Heaven be praised! The effort of certain ill-conditional designers to have street gowns

made a bare dragging length is coldly un-Word comes from Paris that satin is again in high favor, especially for dinner and even-ing gowns, as well as for the costumes of very young brides.

Women do a good deal of talking in a life-time, that's a fact but, we have observed that the men generally seem to be willing to listen to what they say. A callo of white translucint enamel, with golden heart and a diamond dewdrop, is the

newest flower brooch as well as far and away the handsomest of the season. Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake thinks women would make good soldiers. They might un-til somebody was seen going to the rear with an exceptionally attractive bonnet.

Husband—"I tell you, my dear, I don't have any kind of success in business. I'm afraid I have a Nomesis." Wife—"Well, why don't you see a doctor about it?"

Among new jewelled combs, one with a top of lace-like silver, picked out with small brilliants and topped with big pearls, tempts the feminine soul to extravagant desire.

The rage for low shoes has brought forth a new ornament-the tie fastener-which can be had all the way from a plain silver bar to a golden scroll set with diamonds and rubles. Era Wheeler Wilcox writes her poetry siting in a rocking chair with a pad of paper in She has never written a line on a pad of paper with a rocking chair in her

A waist and drapery of the best camel's hair or Henrietti draped above a skirt of moire or corded silk makes a conr-bination gown as serviceable as it is sty-

Augustus Popinjay—Now really Miss De Smith, is Miss Travis a well-informed girl! Miss De Smith—I should say she was! She knows everything that goes on in this Mrs. Quincy B. Smith of Boston, a daughter of Louis Agassiz, has for eight years sup-ported free kindergariens in the poorest quar-

ters of Boston and Cambridge at a personal expense of \$50,000. Big aprons of spotted cream mult, lace!

edged and finished with a sash of pengee or moire, are worn at breakfast or tea time by fashionable young womin, and are simply too fetching for anything. Mrs. Warren, a Colorado cattle queen said to be the richest woman west of the Mis-

sissippi. Her fortune is estimated at \$10.000,000 "in hard, solid cash, every cent of which she made on cattle." A lady writing on kissing says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. She doesn't say so, but a kiss on

the back of the neck is a proof that the young woman didn't hold still. No man yet ever fully understood a woman. Hence, some people reason no woman can have fully understood herself; for, if she had, how in the world could she have managed to keep the secret!

Jackets of white cloth or serge plain or braided with silk or gold, will be worn as the season advances, but must be of the best common-looking beyond expression.

Many street gowns are pleated all over, the skirt being laid in inch-wide pleats and without drapery other than the sash, while the waist is tucked or pleated and betted to the figure, instead of being shaped by darts. Poplins and Bengalines are much liked for the wear of very young women, especially in shades of palest pink and blue, and are made up into full skirts and very wide sashes that

have more than a flavor of the empire abou Gloves for full dress are of undressed kid in mousquetaire shape, either cream-white, black or tau-while for general use Suede gray and black, either undressel or giace, fastened with four to six buttons, still

have the call. A man in Cleveland. O., who was sued by a woman, tried to intimidate her by making horrible faces at her upon the witness stand, but with no other result than getting a sharp rebuke from the judge, along with judgment for the whole amount at issue.

If warm weather ever comes it will bring out an avalanche of white gowns, either of laws, with blouse waists and full straight skirts, or of white serge, flannel or veiling, simply made and trimmed with lengthwise rows of white Hercules braid. If there is anything in the world that will

inspire a woman with a determined desire to learn shorthand, it is to find among her hus-band's papers a sheet full of mysterious wiggly marks, interspersed here and there with the initials of the woman she doesn't A lady who was at the woman's congress in Washington, and very proud of the evi-dently high intellectual standard of its mem-bers, had her pride rudely snocked when she

overheard an elevator boy say, "We have 300 of the smartest women in the world here, and though they have been in the hotel for a week there's not one of them who knows what floor to get off on." Horsford's Acid Phosphate, A Nerve-Food and Tonic. The Most Effective yet discovered.

Scenes and Around San In Rafael.

NOTES FROM NEW MEXICO.

Bright Fragrant Flowers-Rich and Fertile Soil-Weird Pencilings of Nature's Hand-Indian Traditions.

A Floor of Lava. GRANTS, NEW MEXICO, May 29 .-

Special Correspondence of the BEE.]-Leaving the railroad to the north and crossing a rushing stream then in the very flush of its existence, by reason of the rapidly melting snows in the distant mountains. I rode up a short incline on top of which I found myself confronted by a long, black, rugged and seemingly impassable stretch of "mai pais." As accords with many and firmly believed Indian traditions, this great flow of lava seems truly and singularly enough to be resultive of a curse administered by a displeased and revengeful god, who presided over the destinies of this country in former ages. It matters not, however, from what cause that terrible outburst of molten matter was made to flow over the country, it still remains as an indisputable fact that it has and perhaps ever will continue to prove a curse. This flow of lava originally issued from craters situated in what are now known as the Zuni mountains, and whose peaks are plainly visible from the San Jose valley, and naturally sought the confines of the lower valleys, where it spread its devas-tating forces over thousands of acres, blotting out every vestige of vegetation, submerging land that necessarily other wise must have been fertile and productive, and effectually warping a great breadth of country into a bleak, craggy and desolate waste.

After fighting every inch of two miles across the Mal Pais, and leaving it and its uninviting caves and crevices to the mercy of wild beasts and rattlesnakes I drew around a sharp sandstone point and came in sight of the Mexican pueblo of San Rafael, nestling close to the cliffs and overlooking a broad, wellwatered valley. Although not so ancient as many

other Mexican settlements, San Rafael has been the scene of many incidents peculiar to the frontier, and directly adjoining the present town site are the half-tumbled down walls of old Fort Wingate.

This fort is now entirely deserted so far as human activity is concerned, but report has it that in past and busier times many were the gay scenes enacted behind its stern fortifications. The ruins, which cover about ten acres, bear witness of commodious buildings that during the years between 1860 and 1868 sheltered firstly New Mexico volunteers and subsequently two companies of militia and two of regulars, whom old settlers claim made those bristling gilt-buttoned days a scene of either warfare or gaiety. The houses composing the town seem to have sprung up at random like so many wild flowers in total disregard of streets or thoroughfares, and all are built of adobes, and for most part unrelieved by a single orna-

To be sure in several instances some person being suddenly struck with an idea to create a novelty in finish, has endeavored to add a portico or projectures of scroll work to his house, but such cases are very few and I believe the people being so unused to any eastadornment of their homes have carned to see beauty in the bare adobe walls, and regard any attempt at improvement to be waste of time and ma-

It is also curi me to note that in a land of sunshine we to to neatly arranged flower gardens, his embowered door-ways or rows of shrubbery, branching out over a shady play ground for children or forming a resting place for birds, yet such utter neglect on the part of residents is sadly the truth. Un-lucky indeed would be the little bird who sought to build her maternal nest in a hedge row or a flowering bush about San Rafael, as it must look in vam for such a harbor. And I believe, too, the birds have long been aware of the shameful disregard of their requirements, as I found while roaming the surrounding hills many wee nests hidden away among the tall bristling cacti. The most enthusiastic poet would find himself sadly out of luck were he drawn here by glowing visions of fragrant flowers or pretty sylvan iomes, where he thought to rest among the showering petals and inscribe passionate, soulful sonnet to a blacked sonorita as she (as is proverbial of Spanish girls) tugged gracefully down a shaded lane to fetch a jug of cool

sparkling water from the bubbling spring below. Senoritas there are and very pretty ones too, and they are in every way a creditable and inspiring picture. Most of them are daughters of poor parents and have never perhaps been fifty miles from their native town, and are en-dowed with no education whatever outside of a few fixed rules of etiquette that are habitual and ever conferred by Mexican parents. The senoritas are modest but then they have such a bewitching way of raising their long black lashes, and charming you with a wift, roguish glance.

They dress very neatly and, for some unaccountable reason (it must be a natural intuition) they, or their mothers, succeed admirably in getting a remarkably stylish and close-fitting cut upon their garments, and their gay colored frocks cling perfectly to their forms, which in young girls are in-variably plump and well rounded.

Notwithstanding the dead, uninviting ppearance of adobe houses from the outside, their interiors are decorated off with all possible and some impossible contrivances and pictures, most any of which are capable of surprising the beholder, when seen for the first time. A free and open hospitality is one of the most agreeable as well as the most conspicuous virtues of the Mexican peo I was quite cordially received and

entertained by a peasant or small ranchero, and his numerous family. This family dwett in a house which consisted of three commodious rooms, each of which seemed to run into a wing, or at right angles with the other, and even when combined, in reality formed no house at all.

All the walls had received a recent dash of whitewash, and were hung over, by way of contrast, with a profuse array of highly colored pictures of all imaginable sizes and shapes, and representing many and extremely diverse subjects. Thus, for instance, the Holy Virgin

portrayed in an assortment of bright colors, and holding the infant Savior to her breast, hung by the side and smiled benignly upon a group of very moderately appareted damsels in the very throes of an artistic and wholly unapproachable high dance, that was strongly suggestive of a prominent and and well-known sporting paper. It must be said, however, in defense of

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Dust Pans, 5c, 8c. Stew Pans, 5c, 10c, 15c to 25c. Tea-kettles, 49c to 95c. Coffee Pots, 10c, 15c, 20c to 95c. Dinner Buckets, 18c, 25c to 45c.

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Tea and Coffee Strainers, 5c and 10c. Bowl Strainers, 5c and 10c. Wire Potato Mashers, 5c. Vegetable Strainers, 10c. Wire Broilers, 5c, 10c, 15c. Wire Egg Beaters, 5c.

Rotary Action Egg Beaters, 10c. Spiral Wire "Easy" Egg Beaters,15c. Wire Coffee Pot Stands, 10c. Wire Sponge Racks, 10c. Pot Cleaners, 5c, 10c, 15c.

Household Hardware

Tacks, best, 2c a paper. Hatchets, good quality, 10c. Screw Drivers, 5c and 10c. Padlocks, 10c. Shelf Brackets, 5c and 10c a pair. Mincing Knives, 5c and 10c. Table Knives and Forks, 10c a pair. Best Table Cutlery, 80c and 99c set.

Tack Hammers, 5c and 10c.

Monitor Lamp Stove, 99c each. Lemon Squeezeas, 10c. Tracing Wheels, 10c. Frying Pans, 10c, 15c and 25c. Ice Cream Freezers, \$1.98 to 4.95. Thousands of articles in these departments that we have no space to mention.

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Wood Spoons, 5c. Chopping Bowls, 10c, 15c, 25c, Potato Mashers, 5c. Rolling Pins, 5 and 10c. Wash Boards, 10c, 15c, to 25c. Knife Boxes, 10c. Towel Racks, 10c, 15c and 25c. 3-arm Towel Racks, 5c and 10c. Salt Boxes, 10c. Hat and Coat Hooks, 5c and 10c. Clothes Horses, 48c, 74c to 99c, Pails, 12c, 15c, 18c and 25c. Tubs, 39c, 49c, 59c to 85c. Cutting Tables, 99c each. Lap Boards 99c each. Brooms, 10c, 15c to 25c. Croquet, 75c, 85c and 99c. Scrub Brushes, 5c and 10c. Shoe Brushes, 10c, 15c and 25c.

#### Whisk Brooms, 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c, Willow Ware--Baskets,

Fruit Baskets, 5c. Work Baskets, 10c, 15c, 20 to 99c. Shopping Basket, 10c, 15c, 20c to 99c. Lunch Baskets, 10c, 15c, 20c to 49c. Hampers, 99c each. Clothes Baskets, 49c, 75c. Market Baskets, 25c, 48c, 74c to 99c.

Crockery Department.

Plates, 3c, 5c, 6c. Cups and Saucers, 25c to 45c per set. Scallop Dishes, 10c, 15c, 18c and 25c. Vegetable Dishes, 10c, 15c, 18c and 25c Platters, 10c, 12c, 16c, 19c to 45c. Covered Dishes, 49c, 74c.

A full assortment of Decorated Crockery in sets or open stock, at our low and popular prices.

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Imported Tumblers in colors, 5c each. Imported Polka Dot Pitchers, 25c. Ice Cream Dishes, 3c, 5c, 10c. Water Sets, 99c to \$1.98. Cream Pitchers, 5c and 10c. Sugars, Spoons, &c., 5c, 10c, to 25c. Fine Goblets, 5c and 10c. Salts and Peppers at 5c, 10c to 25c. Lamps, 25c, 35c to \$4.95.

Make no Mistake. The Greatest Bargain House of Omaha, is

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house decorators, that this inharmonious and apparently vulgar mingling of pictorial features is the result of a child-like innocence and the lack of an child-like innocence and the lack of an artistic eye, and not intentionally grouped in such a manner to create a bawdy or ludicrous effect. The floor of each apartment was originally mud, but now made almost as

den upon by bare or moceasined feet. The good housewife kept it swept very clean, for which purpose she used a short whisk broom, in the form of a bunch of tough, fibrous grass that grows along the edge of neighboring For cooking purposes a fire was made in a small oval fire place, and while the wife prepared a toothsome, though

solid as rock by constantly being trod-

rather flery dish of "chili con carne, the daughter was down upon her knees busily engaged in rounding out thin "tortillas" and baking them upon a smooth flat-iron.
In a room to which the host and my self repaired for an after dinner smoke I found an abundant variety of beds. Some were high, some low, others wide

others narrow, and encircled around the four walls, just leaving room for a doorway in one corner. occupied my fancy most however, was a pair of benevolent, motherly looking pillows, the edges of which were embellished by the merest suggestion of a In this room we were shortly joined by mine host's wife who herself came to join us in a cigarette. I give detailed

from other observations I found it in a general way to represent many others. As the Mexican people dote on flashy colors, their homes are frequently be-deeded with vari-hued calicos and muslins which they gather up in large fes toons and arranged about the walls, principally above the beds, which has in absence of other decorations quite a pleasing effect.

description of this particular house as

The country adjoining the Pueblois, or rather could be, made very productive. The soil is rich, hay grows naturally upon the lowlands, there is an abund ance of water for all purposes, while the hills sloping back from the town are in-exhaustible in fuel and timber, and afford also unsurpased pasturage. with all these resources the people are

They cannot be branded as indolent because they are industrious, but in a way beculiarly their own. They lack thrift and enterprise and are miserable managers requiring an im-measurable length of time to accomplish little or nothing. They don't appear to care for advancement and are content to live on in an easy, humdrum, go-asyou please way, finding enjoyment in many unimportant events among themthemselves and happiness in the thought that they are able to live at all.

Girls, Eschew Them.

Philadelphia Times: The list of vords, phrases and expressions to be avoided by young ladies of Wellesley college includes the following: "I guess so," for I suppose so, or I

"Fix things," for arrange things, or prepare things.
The use of "ride" and "drive" interchangeably. "Real good," or "real nice" for very

good or really nice.
"I have studied some," for studied omewhat, or "I have not studied any," for not studied at all.
"Not as I know," for not that I know.

"Try an experiment," for make an "Had rather," for would rather, and "had better," for would better.
"Right away," for immediately or now.
"Well posted," for well informed.
"Try and do," for try to do, or "try and go," for try to go.

"It looks good enough," for it looks well enough, or "does it look good enough," for does it look well enough.

"Somebody else's" for somebody's

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ol or Sun Umbrella you cannot afford to

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floor. Take elevator. THOMPSON, BELDEN & CO. Ladies' White and Colored Wrappers, ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$9.00. Suit department second floor. elevator

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