HAVE TO WORK LIKE TROJANS

Postal Clerks on the Fast Mail Do Not Have Snaps.

GUESSING AT STATIONS IN THE DARK

Long. Swift Ride Across Nebraska Prairies with Never a Moment to Eat or Rest-How the Work is Done,

Did you ever stand on the platform of a way station and watch the fast mail train whiz along!

What a spell controls you as the great, powerful, yet fleet locomoulye thunders through the quiet precincts of the village-a mere speck in the distance, then growing larger and larger as it approaches, enveloped in smoke and steam and dust, it rushes by with a force that shakes the very ground and disappears before the disturbance it has created has subsided.

Even when the mail train stops for a moment at one of the larger stations to throw off and take on a quantity of mail there is something uncanny in the appearance of the train. The cars are different, even to the casual observer, from the cars ordinarily in use on railroads for the carrying of passengers or freight. The little windows perched up near the roof on the sides of the cars give them the appearance of jails on wheels, as much as anything else, and the queer looking apparatus across the doorway on the side of the car tooks as though it might be some new kind of infernal machine.

Beyond a vague idea that a railway mail clerk has to stand in the door and throw off one or more sacks of mail here and there along the road, the average citizen has no conception of the amount or character of the work performed by this class of public ser-

With the idea of learning by actual investigation the details connected with this important branch of the public service, the writer secured a permit to ride on the fast mail on the Union Pacific between Omaha and Cheyenne, from W. C. VanDervoort, chief clerk of that division of the railway mail service. Armed with this important document and the necessary railway transportation, endorsed "Good on the fast mail," the trip was entered upon Friday afternoon

It was found necessary to go to Council Bluffs in order to get the train, which is made up and starts from that point every day at 6 p. m.

The Union Pacific is the only line in this section which runs an exclusive mail train. The cars are all of the most modern type and are fitted with all the appliances and conveniences human ingenuity can dovise. They are heated by steam and are provided with vestibules, making a continuous train, a very necessary provision when it is considered that access must be had to all the cars dur ing a trip and the high rate of speed would make this very dangerous with the old style open platform. The engine which pulls the fast mail is of the finest class of passenger engine and is invariably entrusted to the most experienced and oldest engineer in the company's service. The conductor and brakeman, who constitute the crew, are also the oldest and most trusted in the service, and no care is spared to make the service as safe and efficient as possible.

On the day in question the train was found in the transfer yards at the Bluffs with the entire force of clerks on board and busy at work. There are seven men in a crew on this run and there are six crows, so that each crew starts out on its tun every sixth day. That is the rule but, like the rules for the orthography of the English language, there

orthography of the English language, there are "exceptions," as will be seen later.

The crew on this particular day consisted of A. H. Fuller, head clerk; F. B. Eastland, G. W. Jones, B. C. E. Westerdahl, F. A. Harrison, Harry Howell and J. H. Zehrung, ranking in the order named.

The train consisted of three mail cars and one storage car, the latter being an ordinary baggage car. The mail cars were each about 60 feet in length, inside, and resembled a good sized postoffice.

At the front end of each car, on either side and extending for a distance of twelve feet, were "racks" or pigeon holes reaching from a low table to the top of the car. These were for distributing letters. Next to these racks were iron rods about three feet from the floor, provided with hooks from which to suspend the leather mail pouches. Back of these were sliding doors in the sides of the car, and across the door, on the outside of the car, were the "catchers," consisting of a straight rod, to which was attached a long, bent rod, forming a hook, which hung in a vertical position when not in use, but which raised by means of a lever to a horizontal position when necessary. Back of the door was the newspaper rack. This was the door was the newspaper rack. This was about thirty feet long and on it were supended 137 sacks. Overhead were large boxes, into which some of the papers were thrown and afterwards emptied into sacks. Two tables for use in distributing mail were

The rest of the car was reserved for piles of mail in sacks, When the train was reached the crew

was all found at work, having been on duty nce 1 p. m. There is a morning train on the Union Pacific which goes as far as Julesburg and that train takes all the mail for points between Omaha and Julesburg and junction points leaving all mail for the western states for the evening train. This, together with the mad which accumulates from the eastern gives a large amount of mail matte For example, sixty or seventy suches of mail are usually received from the Burlington route, besides a large quantity from the other roads entering Council Bluffs.

Every available inch of space on the floor of the cars was filled high with sacks of mail, leaving only room for the men to stand. The first car of the train was destined for Portland, and all paper mail for Washington was put in that car at the Bluffs.

The second car contained all the Nebraska mail, both papers and letters, and the letter mail for all the western states.

The third car contained all the nail destined for California and The second and third cars were destined for Ogden, and all the mail in them for Oregon, Washington and the northwest was transferred to the front car after being 'worked."
The storage car contained the California

mail which had been separated by the east-ern lines, and the foreign mail enroute from England and Australia. It also went to Ogden, and from there to San Francisco. Just before the time for starting, 6 p. m.

the Burnington train arrived, and there was a general bustle, as the mail was transferred and the register clerk checked and receipted for the registered mail which passed into his care and for which he became responsible.

At last the start was made, and this seemed

to accelerate the aiready quick motions of the men as they rapidly poked the letters into the proper pigeon holes or dexterously threw a paper or package of merchandise at a bag several feet distant. All letters for Nebraska points were

thrown into pigeon holes marked with the name of each town in the state, and the letters for Oregon were disposed of in the same

way. Letters for the other western states were made up in packages by states.

Papers or packages for Nebraska, Oregon, Wyoming, Idano, California and Wasnington were separated by towns or by lines of rail-

When Omaha was reached a short stop was made and several sacks of mail taken

aboard. Then away we went and the run of 510 miles was fairly commenced.

At South Omaha a stop was made while mail was taken on and put off and then a run was made to Portal, where the Union Pacific crosses the Missouri Pacific. Here the state

law compelled a full stop, but it was only for a second, and the engine gave a mighty puff and a snort and on went the train. The sun had set long before, but the moon shown from a sky decked with light fleecy

clouds which threw strange shadows athwart the fleeting landscape as the train hurried on with the speed of a bolt from the hand of

As the train neared Miliard the clerk in charge of the "local" case, Mr. Harrison, picked up a pouch of letters which he had orepared and opened the side door of the car. Grasping the lever of the catcher, he raised the long hook to a horizontal position, and pulling his cap down over his oyes, peered

Suddenly he gave the pouch a toss, and al-most at the same instant there was a sound

like the fall of a heavy object. He quietly pulled a cloth pouch from the catcher and closed the door. Meanwhite the train had not slackened speed a particle.

Mr. Harrison explained that the postmaster at Miliard hung his pouch on a crane in such a position as to bring it directly in line

with the book of the catcher, which simply pulled it off and carried it along. Sometimes articles of merchandise are among the mail matter contained in these pouches and it often happens that these arti-cles are rather delicate in their make-up. When the catcher strikes anything of this kind the result is the same as though the ag-

ticte had fallen under a trip hammer.
Fine watches are sometimes sent from these small towns to the city to be repaired. If the catcher harpens to strike one of these watches it doesn't require any repairing. A

new watch is the only remedy.

Occasionally a country swain wants to tickle the fancy of his best girl in the next town and sends her a bottle of perfumery. It is against the law to send liquids through the mails, but the catcher adjusts matters. The girl gets what is left of the bottle and several merchants get highly perfumed communications from their custo ners in the town where

Of course these accidents are not to be charged to the fast mail, but are rather chargeable to the postmaster at the town where they are mailed, who should put the articles on a train which stops at his town.
On a dark night it is a very difficult mat-

ter to locate the stations where mail is to be caught. The clerk must judge from the contour of the surrounding country. A house here or a grove there serves as a landmark in some cases, but in many cases on the flat prairies of western Nebraska there is not a a tree nor a house in sight on the side of the track where the crane stands. In such a case the whistie of the engine is the only guide, but sometimes the engineer forgets to whis-tle. This is no excuse for the mail clerk, however, who must catch the mail just the same or suffer the consequences.

On the line between Omaha and Chevenne there are sixty of these catuces to be made each way. Besides the duty of catching these pouches

and throwing off the mail for the various towns along the road, this clerk has also to distribute all the mail to Nebraska points, meanwhile keeping his ears open all the time for the whistle of the engine.

The other men are not idle all this time by any means. The head clerk has general supervision over all the work and separates the letters for Oregon and Montana, throwing each to the line of railroad or star route by which it may reach its destination in the shortest time. As there are 1,120 post offices in these two states it is no light task to

perform this work.

The second man distributes all papers and packages for Nebraska, Wyoming and Mon-tana and the Idaho letters.

The third man has the third car in the train

to himself and distributes the papers, etc., for Oregon, there being 725 offices in that state, to be distributed to 95 points. The fourth man assists the third man and

also distributes the Idaho paper mail. The fifth man attends to all the local mail and the letters for Nevada, having 1,32: offices to care for, as well as the registered

The sixth man assists the second man on papers and cares for the Wyoming letters, there being 225 postoffices in that state.

The seventh man opens all ponches and

distributes the paper mail received from the branch lines The postal clerk must know the location of

overy postoffice in the states for which he has mail, the line of railroad it is on, and the time-card of trains on that road. If his train is late, so that he cannot make connection with the train on another road, he must know over what road to send a letter in order to have it reach a given point in the shortest possible time. He must have all necessary information at his fingers' ends, as there i no time to lose and mistakes are costly affairs.

Every package of letters and every sack of papers or merchandise is marked with the name of the man who made it up, the date, train number and division of the service, so that mistakes are easily located. If a letter or package is sent over the wrong road the mistake is discovered by some one who at once starts the missive on the right track and makes an entry of the mistake on the slip bearing the name of the clerk who made up the package or sack. These slips are sent to the headquarters of the division on which the error was made and are charged against the record of the man making them. This record is taken into consideration, along with many other things, n deciding upon a man's fitness for promo-

It often happens that the address on a letter or package is deficient or incomplete, the town or state being omitted or a similar error being made by the sender. Again, the effice to which the letter is addressed may have been discontinued or the entire address may be undecipherable. In such cases the letter is marked "Nixy," and returned to the office of the superintendent of the division, where every effort is made to locate the destination of the letter. If this cannot be done it is sent to the dead letter office at Washington. It would appear to the casual observer that when the authorities in the Postoffice department have nothing else to do they change the names of several hundred postoffices. Sometimes an office is discontinued in one part of a state and an office of the same name established in another part. For instance, Kingston, Neb., used to be in Adams county, but now it is in Custer county. Sometimes the names of offices change with a change in administration. The name of a local politician who is of a different political faith from the postmaster general may not be agreeable, and the name of that office is changed forth-All of these changes must be constantly borne in mind by the cierk when he is distributing his mail as fast as his hands will move and balancing himself to keep from being thrown off his feet by the high

speed of the train. Thus the work goes on without cessation through the long hours of the night, and day-light finds the whole crew still at work, but the entire load of mail has been sorted and distributed and enclosed in pouches which bear the name of the town or road to which they are to be delivered. The racks are then rehung with empty pouches, ready for the crews which take possession of the train at

The latter point is reached at 8 a. m. and the crew from Omaha is relieved after a steady tour of duty of twenty hours, during which the only meal obtainable was taken standing during intervals in the work.

When the mail is light the men get one or

two hours' sleep by shifting their work. In such cases their bed is a pile of empty mail sacks thrown on the floor. In the party which alighted from the fast

mail in Cheyenne on that Saturday morning there was at least one tired mortal who had "got the shake" many a time while chasing the gay and festive item, but who had never received such a severe shaking up as that experienced in a mail car.

Not but that the cars were easy riding, as they were mounted on trucks similar to those under a sleeping car, and their great weight made them comparatively steady, but the constant rumble and jaring and the swaying from side to side, coupled with the fact that the cars contained not even a chair on which to sit, making standing a matter of necessity all combined to make the average man feel as though he had been enjoying a ride on a

It is a well known fact that the changes in the service are frequent and few men stand the severe strain for any length of time. The severity of the work and the fact that an accident is likely to happen at any time by which a clerk may be killed or crip-pled for life make the position of mail clerk anything but designable.

anything but desirable In spite of the ability required to master the details of the work and properly perform the details and the amount of attention required to seep posted on the changes which are constantly taking place, together with the danger attached to the position, the pay of postal clerks is far below the sum com-manded by men in other walks of life for work requiring the same ability and atten without the attendant risk of life and

The law provides that the pay of postal clerks shall be as follows: Class 1, those on six months probation, not to exceed \$800; class 2, not to exceed \$100; class 3, not to exceed \$1,000; class 4, not to exceed \$1,200; class 5, head clerks, not to exceed \$1,400.

In 1882 all clerks in the postal service were receiving the maximum allowed by law, but in that year, on account of a deficiency in the appropriation, a general reduction was made in salaries of from \$100 to \$400 and salaries have remained at a low point ever

Not only are the salaries low, but a man who is incapacitated from any cause, sick-ness or accident, is "docked" for the time he is off duty. If a man is killed while on duty his pay stops at midnight of the day on which

the accident happens.
In order to remedy these inconsistencies in the service the postal clerks all over the

themselves country have organized association for the fur-co-operating with the Post office department in securing legislation which will do away with some of the objec-

tionable features. A bill has been prepared by a committee of clorks and the second assistant postmaster general, and introduced in the nationations. This bill proposes an increase in sall ary of about \$400, and also authorizes the postmaster general to pay to the widow of a postal cierk killed while on duty the sum of

The report of the general superintendent of the railway mail service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, shows the follow-Total mileage of railroad service... Number of clerks in railway mail 150,518 service

Service.

Number pieces mail distributed. 8,564,252,563

Number of errors made. 2,642,049

Number of pieces to each error. 4,194 The report of the superintendent for the vear ending June 30, 1890, shows the following statistics on these points:

Total mileage 154,779
Number of clerks 5,836
Number of pieces mail distributed 7,837,68,101
Number of errors made 2,812,534
Number of pieces to each error 2,797 By comparison of these statistics, it will seen that there was a marked increase in

efficiency in the service during the last fiscal

In this connection an extract from a letter of recent date written by Superintendent White to the railway mail clerks, is of interest. The extract is as follows: The record for July, August, September, Oc-tober and November, 1891, is the best ever made, and it is expected that at the one of the present fiscal year we will be able to show that with a vastly increased distribu tion we have, by earnest study and careful work, reduced the error record lower than ever before.

SOME NOTED MEN.

Near Dow is still living in a house he built n Portland, Me., nearly sixty-five years ago. He is now 87 years old.

David G. Parent of Kennebunk, Me., is a grandfather at the age of 36. David's middle name should be Grand if it isn't. General Lew Waliace is suffering from an

abarrassment of riches in the way of offers from the publishers for his new novel. Boston has an artist named Alexander Pope; but that's nothing. New York has a notary public named Westminster Ab-

Governor Brown, the new chief executive of Maryland, is not himself a very rich man, but his wife has a fortune that is reckered at \$1,000,000.

\$30,000 out of the \$70,000 he has received for performing the functions of his office, and this is all be has in the world. Colonel A. K. McClure, the new pr sident of the Philadelphia Clover club, drinks

Governor Hill is believed to have saved

apollinaris only and is six feet two inches high. This ought to be an omen of order, Senator Sherman is quoted as saying to a Pittsburg reporter: "I will never be a can-didate for president." I will round my political life with my present term in the

President Senor Don Jorge Montt, who is declared to be "not a painfully brilliant man," endeared himself to the Chilians by the bravery he displayed while commandant of the sloop of war O'Higgins. · Governor Hovey of Indiana left an estate

estimated to be worth \$80,000. No will has been found. The heirs to this property are No will has Mrs. Menzies and her brother, who is post master at Mount Vernon, Ind. Prince George is no more like the late duke of Clarence than a bottle of champagne is like a glass of water. He is full of fun, high

spirited, quick witted, free and easy, a typical naval officer of the good old times. Bishop W. Perkins is a sort of all around man. He was born in Ohio, taught school in Pennsylvania, served in an Illinois regiment during the war, lives in Washington and represents Kansas in the United States

A New York letter says that Edwin Booth's step is less brisk, he bends more at the shoulders, and his eyes have lost their lustre. He is sensitive on the subject of his health, and his friends avoid talking about it.

A correspondent writes from Washington A correspondent writes from Washington that Senator Palmer "looks like a combination of Uncle Sam and Allen G. Thurman, and a very wholesome American face his is too." He is 74 years old, but is as active as a man of 50.

Just before Senator Hill left Aibany for Washington, an Etmira friend sent him word of the birth of a little girl in the latter gentleman's family. To this message the sena-tor replied by telegraph: "Congratulations; but you're not in it. What we need are

Now that McClellan is to be honored with a statue in the city of Brotherly Love - it will be unveiled on the next anniversary of the battle of Antietam—"The Philadelphia Press" inquires why Hancock, the here of Gettysburg, is not likewise remembered. A statue of Meade already overlooks the Schuylkill, and one of Hartranft is assured.

Congressman Crain of Texas says: "Garza, the Mexican revolutionist who is creating such a stir along the Rio Grange, is one of the gamest men I ever met. He looks the typical frontier desperado, yet he is not a rude, illiterate fellow, assome might imagine. He is fairly well educated, and prior to his late bold break was running a small news-paper, printed on the Texas side in the Spanish language. Garza has been in countless private brawls and is a lucky fellow to be dive, for he has been pierced by many a

The late Tewfik Pasha, the Egyptian khe dive, lived in typical oriental luxury, but even then ne did not spend one hundredth part of the money which his father, ismail Pasha, tavished about him. Tewfik had four palaces, all of them very beautiful and ornate and in each of them be was attended in true royal state. Personally he was a pleasant and agreeable man. He always were the European dress, a clack Prince Albert coat, with striped trousers, but added the Turk-ish fez. On occasions of ceremony he wore the full uniform of a general of the Egyptian army, with his breast covered with gay decorations

INFANTILE IMPLETIES.

A girl on hearing of the raising to life of the widow's son thought it over quietly and eventually remarked. "I presume they had to pay for the grave all the same?"

Little girl to her curse, who had told her the story of Adam and Eve's dismissal from the Garden of Eden: "I suppose they were both sent away without a character."

A little girl whose attention was called to the fact that she had forgotten to say grace before periuning her meal, shut her eyes meekly and said: "Excuse me. Amen." Little girl, reading the chapter in Genesis recounting the fall, comes to the curse pro-nounced upon the serpent: "On thy belly shart thou go." "What!" exclaims the child,

'did he go on his back before:" Tounny, who had listened with breathless interest to the story of Daniel in the den of lions, and how the wicked men who accused him were punished: "I is so glad those poor lions got their breakfast at last."

It was a Chicago 4-year-old living on Grand bonleyard who on discovering the sun and moon in the sky at the same time exclaimed: 'That's a good loke on God. The sun's out 'and he forgot to take in his old moon."

A little 5-year-old interviewed his mother the other day upon the subject of angels having wings, and, on being told there was reason to believe that they were so equipped, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, how funny they must look when asleep roosting like turkeys.

(Mamma explaining to her little girl, aged 5, that everything she does and says is written down in a large book in heaven.) She asks: "Are all the naughty tnings, too!" Mamma—Yes, dear. Child (pensively)—Then I think I'll take a piece of India rubber with me.

A child of 315 years had been taught by his mother a text in the morning: "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." At night, at the end of his prayer, he, unasked, repeated the text in the following form: "Wash my heart, O God, and hang it out to dry." A boy of 5, after having been checked to no

purpose by his mother for teasing her when she was busy, was thus addressed: "My dear little boy, if you loved mother you would try and please her by doing what you are told." Whereupon replied the boy: "Mother, I'm trying to please God: I can't please everybody."

Van Houten's Cocoa-Best, and goes far-

HOSPITALITY THEIR CREED.

Wakeman, the Poet Traveler, Wanders Through Central Portugal in Winter.

CHARMING STUDIES AMONG THE LOWLY.

Life in the Homes of the Portuguese Peasants Where Joybus Contentment Reigns -Lightsome Labor and Boundless Hospitality.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar L. Wakeman.] Taviya, Portugal, Jan. 7, 1894. - Special Correspondence of THE BEE]. - My Galleg an guide, servant, companion and friend, honest Dobrado, became so enamored of our loitering sort of wanderings, that on leaving Beja, I had no difficulty in overcoming his scruples against traveling on foot. And so our way to the southern seacoast of Portugal, perhaps 150 miles by the windings of the quaint old thoroughfares of the country, was made from Beja in this delightful manner.

In no strange land have I walked that distance with such a continuous sense of elation of interest. There are early October days in our own land which all these days and nights recalled :- days when the verdure is still rich upon the trees; when the aftermath has pushed above the stubble of the fields and spread an emerald carpet above the afterharvest sere; when skies are cloudless and of wondrous depth of blue; and when an aroma that bints of fruit or of wine is in the bracing air; evenings when the whole sky is ablaze from the setting of round red suns that seem to wait huge and giorious before plunging beneath the purple muloteers. of the west; and nights when the gleaming of lights from farms and hamlets quickens the footsten of belated wanderers, and unconsciously makes more eager all hometrivance of the evil one. gatherings where firesides are already taking on a bit of the winter glow.

Winter in Central Portugal,

This is the only winter central and south ern Portugal know. There is a tenger elation You unconsciously breathe great traughts of the exhibitating mr. Your head is erect and you walk in fine atrong strides Then there are countless sights and scenes which charm and enthrall; of cloud capped sierra, of heath-covered moor, of boundless forest, of valley landscape, of mountain-side hamlets strung together as on a gaudy thread by strange processions, of huge old wind-mills as in Holland, of gigantic water whoels about them in endless tread, of walled-in-farm-houses built as if to withstand segg, and of every form of peasant labor and pastime, always of deepost in-terest because telling the story of everyday life and living of the humble folk of any land, upon whose labor and lives, after all the entire social and governmental superstructure of any nation is inid.

A sunnier land in which to travel does not

exist. Hespitality is universal and intense is so extraordinary a characteristic among all classes that it often becomes an impedi ment to progress in travel. Between Evera and Tavira, about 250 miles by road, we were literally compelled to enter more than a hundred homes. In a dozen of these we were quartered for the night, and in all the others refreshments were offered and par taken of. Most interesting of all were the vis:ts to ruinous old monasteries.

It often seemed that we must have been es-pied at a distance of miles; for in many in-stances some ambling old servitor was sent to meet us, or again w kindly faced frar haited us at the roadside, and, precisely as if the visit were prearranged, conducted us to his nonastery, often wlittle and pinched habitation where less than a score of the order seemed to be gaining a livelihood. The welof a character to convey the idea that our coming had placed our host under inexpressi ble obligations; while the eagerness of these mounthinside monks to gather the mengerest knowledge of "the outer world's affairs und activities was often touching and cathetic i

Hospitality in a Religious Degree. Friar, farmer and peasant were alike in punctilious observance of one pleasant cus-tom. At our departure they always accompanied us some distance, and frequently for miles, on our way. Then, standing by the wayside until we were quite out of nearing and sight, they sent after us all manner o friendly benediction interspersed with "Boa viagem! boa viagem! (Good vovage! good covace!) until they must have returned to the monastery, villeggiatura or cabin hourse from their kindly cal. d farewells.

Dobrado tells me this boundless hospitality is a changeless pare of the Portuguese reigion: that they have as a common saving "Curses follow illy welcomed travelers;" and that the belief is general here that good forture comes in degree to the bountiful enter-tainment of strangers who may chance among them. I have found the same custom and belief prevailing in only one other place in Europe. That is the west of Ireland among the poor but great-hearted folk of love and

rueged Connemara.

But of desper interest than all else are the lowly folk of this fair hand. I have not seen in town or city an instance of what we know as want and suffering. The lowly in Portugal possess nothing; acquire nothing; have burning ambitions for nothing. A bit of corn-meal or rye bread washed down with water is a repast. Add to the bread a bit of fish, a handful of clives or a few swallows of

wine, and it is a feast. The stinging scourge of necessity for providence with which the rigors of winter lash our poor is incomprehensible here. At their bucks are mountains and valleys green to the sun and sky the whole year through, and never failing in their rich yield of fruit and grains. At their feet are broad rivers or the almost encircling sea with luscious food free for the taking. None ever become rich. None ever arrive at our own idea of a modest com petency. None scarcely know how to think how riches can be desirable. The wonder with them is that any one should worry or strive; that any human being should ever be in a hurry. As with the Cubans in their languor-breeding clime whose "Manana!" (Tomorrow!) is the key to their torpor and vassalage, "Paciencia!" or "Patience!" tell the story here. Something is wrong with that one who will hasten; and crime surely

lurks beneath leanness and vigor. The Leisure-Loving Poor,

The mountains and varieys of Portugal give bome to a folk possessing all the winsome sunniness of the lowly of towns without a tithe of their apathy and sluggardness. You may read all the pastoral poems ever written an I gain no more colorful picture of pastoral lives in endless content and peacefulness than your eyes may behold in an hour's ride or walk anywhere in the interior of Portugal. Rest is in the sun and sky, the earth and air, the home and field, in all men and in all na

I do not mean that no labor is performed But all labor done has in it the seeming of mere dalliance with tou. The senses are not surfeited with odor; luxuriance and the all most intoxicating proffigacy of nature as in the tropics. Every active exertion of every human does not betray, as here, a superia-tive indoience painfully effortful in the bare-process of existence. But a restfulness pervades these soft and kindly landscapes which reveals elation instead of soldenness; joyousness instead of sensuousness peace rather than passion and pain. In and throught it all there is, like the first thrill of wine, an uplifting and exultation blending the physical and mental sense perfectly and gloriously. I do not say that these Portugose peasantry know this as you and I are conscious of it. But to the beholder's eyes these numble, happy-hearted people so touch and color the scene upon which he looks, that their presence is an inseparable element

that their presence is an inseparable element in its essential harmony.

The pensaut tenant farmers of Portugal, the land caseiros of the country, retain their holding under life leases, and payrentals to the morgados, the owners of the estates, or the "gentlemen farmers," as they are here called, "in kind." It is a sort of title system always amicably ad-justed between owner and peasant. A grade clow these caseiros is a class corresi ing to the English, Scotce and Irish cottiers. These chopanas live in the cabins of the morgados and caseiros at the will of the lat

Aside from these are the sheep and cattle herders and the goat herds that are found in more picturesque mountain localities; the flax bleachers along the edge of some bawling mountain stream or agains: the shelter-ing rocks by the seashore; the interior mule-ters, who, for the most trivial wages or

portions of grain, convey products and merchandise to and from the towns of the coast; the wood choppers of the mountains, and the carboneiros who are found in the highest mountain forests lazily employed in burning the charcoal used in cooking by the aristoc

racy of the cities.

With these divisions of the Portuguese peasantry may be counted the rush gatherers of the mountain tarns; the osier-cutters who supply the basket-makers of the towns; the furze gatherers who dot the dreariest mountain neights; the fern and rush cutters who supply the churches and homes with fragrant branches for strewing on holy and feast days; and the wood gleaners who gather dead limbs at will in forests of the estates and among the mountain wilds both for the use of the peasantry and the humbler classes of the towns.

No Use for Modern Inventions.

Among all these people there is not a single implement or utensil invented within the past thousand years, an ordinary American farm hand would accomplish under our methods in one day more than a score of any of these; and the wizzard-brush of the painter of Barbazon never fastened upon canvas more startlingly ancient ways, wards, postures and ploddings among the ciods of Brittany, than remain universal and changeless among the bright-eyed but changeless folk of these entrancing mountain vales.

There is a careless half-joyous abandon upon the surface of all peasant toil which adds greatly to its picturesqueness. Join with this, quaintness in dress, primitiveness of implements, that grace which unvaryingly accompanies innocent ignorance, and the universal loveliness of scenery and your pas-toral pictures are most idyllic and complete. Ground is tilled with exen, tandem, in rush traces drawing a plough of the sort first known to man-the tree-crook or sharpened root. Now and then you will find one rudely pointed with iron. One short furrow is scrateted amid tremendous shoutings. the half dozen who have clung to the handles, rode upon the beam, or goaded the oxen, rest by the flower-laden bedge or division wall to enjoy siesta or the delights of countryside rosssip with passing goatherds or nuloteers. Where the hiliside is no steep for this gentle process, too steep for this gentle process, ong handled hoes with cumbrous plades do azy duty: for the space is rejected as a con-

All American rereals grow here in luxur All American cereais grow uere in tuxil-iance for a mere pricking of the soil. The small grains are gathered, a handful at a time, cut by the olden sickle, and gleaners follow as in the bible days. Corn is cut or pulled, the leaves preserved for folder, the stalks munched by goats or donkeys, or used for fires, the cars strung together and hung upon pyramidal lattice work for curing, and, finally, after busking—when the genuine old fashioned American "husking-bee," here of weeks' duration, the peasant securing every hundredth ear for his labor, and a kiss from his inamorita for every red car found, is everywhere progressing—the kernels are removed from the cobs by the choupanns and children who receive the cob, for burning in payment. A score of merry stragglers are contred to house the product of one acre of ground, and every one of these work, or make pretense of work, in that care-free and need-nothing way that marks all too and ef-fort here. Wheat, barley and rye are areshed precisely as they were a thousand

years ago. At every roadside and beside the granery of every villeggiatura, round, high piles of numiced stone, beaton and rain-soaked until nural as granute, may be seen. These, called eiras, are the Portuguese threshing-floors. The gram is oiled upon them and cows and oxen, blind-folded, are driven in opposite directions, until the treading has released the kernels. There is no other method of threshing grain in this country; and the fan-ning mill is unknown. The straw is infted off the ciras with wooden forks and pre-served for the food of donkeys and goats. Then a flag is horsted to find the direction of the wind. This done men and women, but more often women und girls, standing at the side from whence comes the wind, throw the grain and chaff into the air, and the chaff is

Home Life of the Peasants. The home life of the Portuguese peasant is not always a radiant one, never tacks chteriness, affection and simple content. He knows no other life better than his own, and is satisfied with what he has and gets to the end of his days. The cottage or cabin or but is simply a square structure built of rock thatched with furze or tiles. The win-dows and doors are never closed, for there are neither cold blasts nor robbers to enter. The bare earth is the floor. He requires no stove. His fire place for cooking is simply a lab, waist high in the wall, and the smoke kindly takes care of itself. His staple food s meal bread fast day, feast day and five times a day. Eggs, chickens, and goat's milk are almost without value, and salt fish, usually "bacatho" or dried couffsh, and wine

are his luxuries. ills wife is dutiful, his children beautiful. As the lowly go they are all cleanly, if the chickens do perch on the loft, the pig insists upon domestic companionship, and his goats choose the inside of the house at night. He lives gloriously in his way without severe ef-fort. His wife and children are loyal and never gadabouts. He is true to his reigion, his home, his friends; and be is never too old to love the guitar or mangolin, or to join with his wife in the innocent dances to the numbers of his beloved countryside music. If he is alling unto death the church music. comes to him, scarlet robed and all-sufficient, with its, to him, saving saptissime, and he passes calmly to his simple heaven from a

neaven of every day content. EDGAR L. WAREMAN. NEW BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Katharine Donelson has just issued another excellent novel, under the title of 'Rodger Latimer's Mistake." The scenes are laid partly in Chicago and its suburbs and partly in Europe. It is a graphic, sparkling and fascinating picture of the social life of our day. it portrays its folbles as well as its strength; the mad race for wealth and social position, as well as the rare and beautiful home life with which a moderate competence creates a worldly paradise. The love story running through its pages is pathetic and beautiful; the plot indicates dramatic power of a high order: the action is rapid and the interest never flags. The dialogue is bright, genial, natural and refined. The author's insight into human nature is proound. The reader will find in the volume a reflection of his deepest experiences and his nost perplexing self-questionings. Published

aird & Lee, Chicago. While at Eastbourge, a fashionable seaside resort on the English coast, one evening in August last the late W. J. Florence, the elebrated comedian, with some other gen-lemen,sat down to a friendly game of poker. It was urged by one of the party that a book should be written in which the rules governng the game should be succincily expressed Some one remarked that it would take a year to complete such a book, but Florence main tained it could be done in a month. This le to considerable discussion, and in a banter ing manner a bet was proposed and accepted that it could be written inside of four weeks. The result of that wager was a charming lit-tic work from the pen of the deceased actor, explaining in a fascinating manner the mys teries of the captivating pastime under the title of "The Game of Draw Poker." It is beautifully gotten up in every respect, and now that the author has passed to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." it will possess more than ordinary interest not only for his personal and fellow workers out also for the bost of admirers he created by his versatile genius and genial disposi-tion. Published by George Routledge & Sons, limited, 9 Lafayette place, New York.

A book which will delight the eyes and appeal to the minds of the fair sex is Anni Jenness Miller's "Physical Beauty; How to Obtain and How to Preserve It." By perus ing its 246 pages any young woman can glean much valuable information that will aid her in a laudable endeavor to render herself as attractive as possible. In spite of all the efforts to alter their real natures, in their heart of hearts the majority of women still desire to be lovely in face and warm, and still cover the admiration of the other sex. One of the most effective means of improving one's looks is to see to it that the health is kept in good order. In this useful little volume will be found some excellent advice regarding general aids to beauty, such as ventilation, food, sleep and dress fabrics; the service of bodily expression is also handled in an able manner, and a chapter is devoted to descanting upon the eyes, teeth, hands and feet. The bygiene of the hair is not forgotten and there are some very sensible sug gestions with regard to the most health pro ducing gluds of dress. The cultivation of individuality: the home of the future and its queen, and man's sphere are touched upon in a graceful and enterthing manner. The book is fairly well illustrated by May R. Kern, and the cover, which is daintly decorated with gold and silver ornamentation is a per-

fect gem, and is alone worth the price of the book. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York. The wide-spread attention attracted to

Maurus Jokai in this country by the publica-tion of that excellent production of his entitled, "There is No Devil," has led the Cassell Publishing company to publish a new story by him, called "Pretty Michal." It is a free translation of "A Szep Mikhal," and is made by R. N. Bain, who has done the work so well that we forget that we are not reading the story in its original language. ing the story in its original language. Pretty Michal' is the story of a girl who was brought up entirely by her father, a recluse who had theories about molding girls in cer-tain lines. The plan worked well until the girl fell in love, and then father, plans and all were scattered to the wind. Jokai never wrote anything wilder or more romantic than this story, and it is the most fautastic tale that has appeared in print in many along

One of the most useful books for acquiring the French language, with or without the aid of a teacher, is the work just published by Prof. H. Bertrand of Carlisle, Pa., under the name of "The French Speaker; How to Pronounce, How to Read." As the author remarks. "If you wish to study French remarks: 'If you wish to study French with the real desire to converse in this language, have first a good pronunciation. remarks: This book will give it to you in a genuine, simple and easy manner, and enable you to read well soon." This work contains a full course of French pronusciation, and by a very ingenious method of assimilating sounds Prof. Bertrand has managed to give the student an excellent representation of the pronunciation of French, as far as is possible through the medium of silent types. The arrangement of the work is admirable, and t is very evident that the writer has spared himself no trouble in his endeavors to make the pupil's pathway to a knowledge of the court language of Europe both pleasant and easy. It is a thoroughly practical work and in the hands of an earnest student would be invaluable. Published by E. K. Meyers, Harrisburg, Pa.
"The Old Stone House and Other Stories,"

by Anna Katharine Green, is an attractive little book, containing a collection of five wholesome, excellently written tales of American domestic life. Besides "The Old Stone House," there are: "A Memorabie Night," "The Black Cross," "A Mysterious Case" and "Shall He Wed Her?" This work would make a very suitable present to a young lany, being pure in tone and entirely free from any of the objectionable features found in so many books translated from certain foreign productions. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-Inirit street, Now York, and for sale by Chase & Eddy, Omana, Nen.

A very sensible and highly instructive littie work is "Shorthand and Typewriting," by Dugold McKillop. To anyone thinking of studying either of these arts we would ad vise the careful perusal of this unpreten-tions but useful book. A good many sten-ographers now using shorthand and type-writing as a means of livelihood would be able to glean not a few valuable hints and suggestions by going through its 123 pager, and its low price place it within the means of the most moderately circumstanced. Pub-lished by Fowler & Wells company, 775 Broadway, New York. "General History of the Music Trades of America" is the title of a unique volume just published by Bill & Bill, 3 East Four-

teenth street, New York. This work, which embraces sketches of many noteworthy per

sons, has, with a view to convenience and for

sons, has, with a view to convenience and for the purpose of reference, been divided as fol-lews: Part I, manufacturers; part II, sup-ply trade; part III, dealers, and part IV, managers, travelers and salesmen. Each section of the work is profusely illustrated with artistically executed portraits, which form a most interesting picture gallery of persons engaged in the music trade. Ther are also many views of factories and in-teriors, while engravings of musical instru ments and patented improvements are no lacking. This book contains some ingenious records relating to a series of industries which have within a few decades been maryoously developed in America. Taken all in all it is a beautiful book and the typography is first-class in every respect. It is said that over 700,000 women in this country alone now buy and read the Ladies' Home Journal, and a study of the January number shows at once why this paper is so popular. It is in complete touch with a woman's best needs, and covers everything in her life. No magazine covers its specia field so thoroughly and in such a fresh and capable manner. Mr.s Burton Harrison, for example, is selected to write of "Social Life in New York"—than which there could have been no better choice. "Wine on Fashiona-ble Tables"—whether its use is increasing or decreasing is discussed by such royal en tertainers and diners-out as Chauncev M. Depew, ex-President Haves, George W. Childs and others. In the series of "Unknown Wives of Well Known Men" we have the first portrait of Mrs. John Wanamaker ever printed, while 'Clever Daughters of Clever Men' presents Ethel Ingalls, the pretty daughter of ex-Senator logalis. Alogether this issue is an excellent one.

"Chats with Girls on Self Culture," by Eliza Chester, is one of those first-class books for girls, after the fashion adopted by John Russin or J. G. Holland, which everyone reads but girls. The chapter on "Dull Girls reads but girls. The chapter on "Dull Girls" is one of special force and originality, the prevailing sentiment of which is expressed in the closing words, "Not one of us is shut out from the best." Published by Dodd, Mend & Co., New York, and for sale by J. S. Caulfield of this city.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February opens with a retty serial story entitled, "Out of the Fashinen," by L. T. Meade, adorned with some excellent illustrations by Walt Paget. "Treasure-Trove in Central Walt Paget. "Treasure-Trove in Central Canada," is the name given to an exceed-ingly interesting and instructive paper by W. Hatherell, R. I., and Deborah Platter's W. Bandor's Broil." will be contribution, "A Bachelor's Broil," will be found very reauable, A story that will doubtless find especial

favor among the fair patrons of this maga-zine is "The Woomg of Mary Carstairs," by George R. Burgin,

George R. Burgin,
This issue also contains two chapters of
the fascinating novel, "You"il Love Me
Yet," by Frances Haswell, and a continuation of "Had He Known," the story of New
Zealand gold thirst, "The Property of a
Skipper," by W. Runciman; "Cnit-Chat on
Dress—What to Wear in January," and the
pages headed "The Gatherer," are some of the other admirable features of this month's "A Reporter's Romance," by "The Dea-

con," is a strong story of the thoroughly sen-sational class. The characters are delineated in a masterly manner, and the reader's nterest in the plot, which is a most extraor dinary one, is well sustained from the first to the last page. Taken all in all, it is a very rendable little book. Published by Itand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York. The Quarterly Journal of Economics for

January has a spiendid literary menu. "Capi-tal and Interest," by S. Macvane; "The Evo-lution of Wage Statistics," by Carroll D. Wright: "Comments on the Positive Theor. Wright; "Comments on the Positive Theory of Capital," Hugo Bilgram; "The Prussian Income Tax," by Joseph A. Hill; "Social and Economic Legislation of the States in 1801," by William B. Shaw, together with the usual "Notes and Memoranda," will all be read with great interest by the numerous patrons of this great quarterly. Published by George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street, Boston.
A little pamphiet comes to The Bee with

the simple title "Utah," but a bronzed in-scription upon the outside "A Poen Into a Mountain Walled Treasury of the Gods" holds out a pro wise of richness, and that is redeemed on the nundred duinty pages em-It is a beautiful brochure beautifully illus-trated with finest half-tone engravings of Utah scenes. These are printed on plate paper, some of them in colors, and many of praced between the two covers. paper, some of them in colors, and many othern have an exquisite softness rivaling pho

The descriptive text is from the facile pen of Pat Donau, who won national distinction ten years ago as the spread-eagle culogist of Dakota and was even suspected of having written the famous speech of Proctor Knott on "Duluth, the Zenith City of the Unsalted Sea." Scattered through the work are bits of graceful verse from the pen of Mr. Cy Warman of Denver, editor of the Western Italiway, doing homage in measured lines and rippling rhymes to the beauties of Utah. There is nothing in the little pages of the pauphlet to indicate its inspiration, but that is revealed in the descriptive matter, where the ingenious writer makes insidious mention of the Rio Grande Western railway.

Chicago Post: Modero civilization affords no floer picture than that of this great old man, a prince in name and nature, thread-ing the noisome purileus of east London or valking the docas of the Thames, commanding, praying, lacoring that the right might provait and justice be done to the unfortunate of earth.

Dr. Cullimore, oculist, Bee building

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