Wakeman Describes the Charming City of Palma and Its Environment.

LEGENDS OF ANCIENT PIRATES BOLD

Wierd and Grotesque Objects of Interest in Palma, its People, Shops and Architecture in Detail.

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PALMA, Majorica, Jan. 27.—Correspondence of THE BEE: In these days of strong and swift steamers plying between England and all Mediterranean ports, it is but a voyage of two nights and a day from Gibraltar to the city of Palma, the capital of the Spanish dependency and province of Balearica, comprising the Belearic islands; or, if you are wintering in soutwestern Spain, you may journey in a night from Valencia or Barcetona to this least visited and most beatiful of all Mediterranean regions.

Your steamer is seldom out of sight of some huge or tiny Mediterranean craft, and there is always consciousness of pleasant pearness of other human interests and a quiet and restful sense of companionship upon this great land-locked sea, although it is longer than the Atlantic is broad between Newfoundland and Ireland, I have ever known or felt on other waters. However treacherous the Mediterranean has been to others, I have never seen its face save in its blandest, aweetest mood: when its skies were fair, the sunshine above it mild and loving, its sirs zephyrous and dreamful, and its face as blue and smiling as a rift of June-day heaven.

"Afric's Coral Strand."

Then, too, before the tropic night settles softly upon the sea and land like a perfumed, translucent cloud of darkening pearl, there is spread before you such a reach of grand and glorious coast line-the real "Afric's coral strand" of transcendent beauty, and not the dread coast of the old missionary hymnas renders true picturing impossible; the whole changeful panorama of head land, beach, forest, gittering village and noble bay, backed along the ragged southern horizon by the eternal peaks of the Atlas heights, which seen under tropic suns soar above the clouds to the region of silences, gnostly and phantomful with their crowns of snow and ice.

The very air upon this sea is odorous as with thyme and balm. The fancy, quickened by tradition and oriental mysticisms, builds wondrous creations, surpassing the wildest and most fabulous tales of the "Arabian Nights." Snug in a steamer chair, one reclines and dreams. Subtle essences as from lotus flowers mingled with subtler rose attars touch the sense and tind in sleep. The deck stewards must be simliarly enthralled, for you are never rudely disturbed as on the Atlantic liner; and through all the careful night, while the stars grow and glow above, and the silent phos-pherescent sea pulses and throbs in pale flames beneath, you near this radiant haven of this radiant, storied sea.

Then for a time all is still. The night and

sleep and languorous tropic airs enfold and hold until the dawn has come. The great steamer, with her now silent enginery, softly tugging at her anchor chain, has drifted with the tide until her stately prow nods grace-fully to the quaint city upon the heights. Your chair happens to stand amidships upon the port side. There are sweetest zephyrs playing throughout the riggings of the curi-ous craft upon the bay. These kiss your face until your eyes open lazily, as one who awakens in regret at the dispelling of a pleasing dream. And yet they open as though you are but knowing another dream. They awaked upon morning in Palma; morning so really a dream, so dreamful a reality, that no painter's art has ever caught a single recognition of its glory.

Here, just as the sun is rising, between the sea's bed of crimson and the awakening city are swaying on the gentle tide hundreds of strange and curious craft, a wild cong-lomerate of the marine architecture of the neir vellow spars but ment since like giant reeds above the gloam-ing of a shadowy marsh, now pinked from tip to socket with the glorious sunlight, which hints in its play upon their gaudy en-signs of the far lands where their hom havens lie; while far out on the water's horizon, rounding Cape Figuera behind, comes the morning fleet of fisher-boats, their sails of every striking hue, and the songs of the fishers stealing across the distance in falls but molecules should be distance. faint but melodious rhythm.

Rare Old Tubs Here and there are Turkish vessels with Here and there are Turkish vessels with tremendous single sails, square built fore and at like a settler's log cabin. Scores of the clumsy feluccas from Crete and the Ionian Islands, the chebecs of the Arabs, and the identical great-boats of the olden pirates, lie low in the water round-about, their half naked Greek or Arab sailors, lithe of limb and nut-brown of face, vividly recalling those giorious days of Barossa, booty and those giorious days of Barossa, booty and blood. But quainter than all are the rare old tubs from Chloggia and Venice, with the same high prows and sterns they had in the daps of the Doges. They come with the giass of Murano, and carry back the corn, oll and wine of Soller and Valdemosa, and on the bow of each craft is painted an effigy of the Virgin, an endless supplication to the waves against every form of evil and

And there, facing the shining sea and colorful harbor scene, rises from the shore more gracefully than Naples, as fair as Algiers, as tropical in type and seeming as Havana, the ampithester like city of Palma; once the brightest pearl of the sea girt Isles; still, stately, silent, beautiful; with tone and that of the orient in its pinnacles and minarets, its dome shaped belfries, and its weird and shadowy paims. Lovingly contemplating the exquisite picture, its remantic history old and new flutters from the hiding places of memory and troop clear and distinct into your musings; even as the and distinct into your musings; even as the morning doves of Palma sweep from the thousand shadowy homing niches of its massive cathedral, and, alighting on buttress, peak, battlement and spire, form processional silbouettes of burnished pace and blue against the asstern sky. blue against the eastern sky.

"The Balearic Slingers." Out of the mythic days come brave old tales of the folk that flourished here. The inhabitants, a heroic race, fought naked with alings; and from the dexterity of the war-riors the island became known as Balearica, riors the island became known as Balearica, country of the strong armed slingers. The old legends have it that their marvelous proficiency with this weapon was attained through the mothers refusing their children food until "they could sling it dow." from beams or branches on which it was hung. This very city of Palma is built upon the ruins of the old Roman town founded by Quiney Cecilius Metellus, who conquered the island with galleys "plated with ox-hides and skins as a protection against the fatal strokes of the Balearic slingers."

Balearic stingers."

Ruled in turn by Vandals and Goths, the islands eventually fell into the hands of the Moors, shortly after southern Spain became prey to the bordes of Gebral-Tarek. Curdously the people of the islands reached their highest prosperity under their African rulers, who taught them all the arts and crucities of piracy, until the Balearicans became master of and spread terror over the entire Medipiracy, until the Halearicans became master by and spread terror over the entire Mediterraneau. The islands were thus merged into a clear yet terrible common weaith, whose power was often courted and employed by neighboring sovereigns. The accumulation of treasure was enormous; so great as to invite cupidity of invasion and even to "holy" crusades, until Dor. Jaymo I., king of Aragon and count of Burcelona in king of Aragon and count of Barcelona, in September, 1229, sailed for Pawa with a fleet of 150 galleys and 18,000 men, principally Catalunian peasant warriors. Palma fell. The males of the mixed race of pirate Moors and Balcaricans were butchered, sold Moors and Balearicans were butchered, sold as slaves or banished to the African coast. The women became the slaves and wives of the Catalunian peasant warriors. The Islands were partitioned off among the followers of Don Iayme I., founding a titled landholding aristocracy, existing to this day, as proud, rich and noble blooded as Europe aver knew. The then independent kingdom of Balearica, under eventual vassalage to Pedro IV of Aragon, was finally merged with Aragon into the Spanish dominion. With stothers of pure Balearic and Moorish blood

ON "AFRIC'S CORAL STRAND" and fathers from the sturdy, suggish and over-contented Catalunian stock, tinged and tempered by a matchless clime and fruitful soil, the 700 intervening years have moulded a race fine in physique, supple of limb cheer of temper and heart, melodic of speech and tongue, fair to look upon and truly good to

> The City of Palma. Having left the beautiful, sleepy, sunlit

bay for Palma's streets, you have entered a city of nearly 70,000 souls, where Italy, Spain and Algeria seem to have formed a charming composite in architecture and people. The hugeness of walls is everywhere remarkable. Everything is constructed as if for eternal lasting. No street is beautiful, but not one fails of a picturesqueness that is often weird and grotesque. Every structure often weird and grotesque. Every structure possesses in some portion, and frequently in the most unexpected position, some wonderful and crnate ornamentation. Tiny squares with wimpling fountains are set in all sorts of odd corners. A huge church may tower on the one side of each of these. At a corner may stand, or project from a curious and seemingly unnecessary wall, a massive curved facate or granule from massive carved facade or gargoyle from which the water is endlessly flowing. At another side a mass of vines and verdure, capped to the sight by far domes or spires, is only visible. Outjutting at another spot, the augle of some huge building seems to have pushed its way half across the plaza and with its galleries, balconies and tremendous overreaching roof is ready to pitch headlong into the open space beneath. While another sunny side shows only a roof of red tiles sloping like a tent cover, unpierced by a single aper-ture, from an interminable height wholly to the edge of a stone cloister like porch beneath.

The Lonesome Palm Trees,

In all open spaces are pain trees. And these, rising from courts, lifting their spreading fronds high above roofs from darkened thoroughtares, often leaning, like the tower of Pisa, out of quaint old courts, and here and there being preserved by an entire building constructed around them, lend a dreamful, mystic, almost lonesome and mathetic coloring to every massing of and pathetic coloring to every massing of structures upon which the eye may rest. To me, the palm, whether I have seen it in southern Spain, in Sicily, in Morocco, in Algeria, in Cuba, or here in Palma, whose name had its origin in the former extraordinary number of paim trees upon the island, has always been an emblem of dolorous isolation and in-expressible loneliness. It hints of the camel, the Bedouin, the desert. In art, in story, in fact, it ever suggests the endless hopelessness and impassibility of the barriers between the races that subsist upon and rest beneath it and those who know and love the naple, beech and oak.

It is a city of steep ascents and ill-paved streets, but of witching old bits of curious architecture, and perhaps as lovely and splendid interiors as any Moorish or semi-Moorish city can show. All the houses retain features of Moorish taste and evidences of medieval forms of habitation and living. They are not higher than three or four stories at best. More have but the ground floor with an upper one, and an attic called a porcho. Invariably the entradas to the interior are studies in carved arabesques and fanciful Moorish designs. Balconies are as universal and as huge or as lace-like and fragile as in Granada or Seville. A marked peculiarity of all structures is their huge projecting roofs, spread out into pent houses and frequently most fascinatingly worked out and decorated. And the lowliest nome is all Pairwis charming in its patie or court. in all Paima is charming in its patio or court
-that lovilest of all interior arrangement around which Mostem or Christian home can be built.

Beauty, Sunshine and Song.

Every one of these courts is a place of beauty, sunshine and song. In every one there is the melodic sound of water from running jetty or fountain. In every one, whether glittering with slender marble col-umns and daintily wrought arches or soft-ened in tones with mossy stone and crumbing tiles, there are waving ferns and flowers. Vines clambor wantonly over entablature, arch and balustrade. The alcobas of all liv ing in these abodes are within the sound of friendly calling voice. And not one is without birds of gay plumage and birds with end-less songs. I ofter wonder why the rich of our own land do not build their homes like these. A dome of glass instead of the blue Mediterranean sky, is all the change required. Banish the pall-like hangings and withering shadow-places from your stuffy homes, and learn to live in the life-giving light like the Latin and the Moor. Put your great New England fireplaces opposite your

great New England Proplaces opposite your arched entrances; and make of these sunlit open courts places of beauty, lightsomeness, melody and homeside joy.

Only when the feast and processional days come is Palma a gay and brilliant city. At all other times it is sunny, restful, slumberall other times it is sunny, restful, slumber-ous and almost silent. Its street folk are the same as of any other southern. Spanish city. There is greater content here. No one is in a hurry. Among the lowly folk there is less excitability; greater good nature, and the latter is of the gentle not the uproarious sort. Here, as in Madrid, is your lecters or milkman who drives his cows. In from the milkman who drives his cows in from the country and milks for you before your door. The dulcero or seller of sweets, with his songful call by day and his tink-ling belis by night, is here. The cochero or cabman with comfortable landaulet and pretty diligence will serve you faithfully without guile. The mercanchiste or notion peddler, the aquador or water-seller, the regatero or buckster, who has the sociable habit of entering shop or bome with his donkeys and paniers; the zapatero or arch-way shoemaker and the latonero or linker, m I have found to be Spanish Gipsy, are all here in their lazy, pleasant and pictur

esque ways.

A Soft, Dreamful Buzz.

By day Palma seems to the stranger to be By day Paima seems to the stranger to be continuously experiencing something like a soft, dreamful buzz of activity in all human affairs. Perhaps it is the reaction after some great business tension, you ruminate. But no; each day is as the day before
it. Everything is gently done. No one is
astir before 10 in the morning. Then the
pretty market attracts bevies of beautiful women and maids. This is followed by the noontime siesta. The shops are bright and brilliant until evening; but everything is quiet and restful within. In the evening the cases are ablaze with light; the parks and passees are thronged with gay caballeros and lovely seporitas.
Still there is a hush and tranquility in all sounds and seemings. As the night advances in every quarter of the olden city is heard the mandolin and guitar, tremulous, pathetic, sweet; like the echo of real tones rather than the right notes. sweet; like the echo of real tones rather than the vibrant notes themselves. Zepyrus breezes pulse from Afric's shores. The shipping rocks gently upon the star-mirrored bay. Go where you will all is life until long after midnight, but tender and subdued as if the witchings of the tropic airs fulled to repose yet withheld from sleep. And at last the centinelas of the fortresses upon the heights have chanted answers to their challengers with: "Ave Maria Purisima!—La una v "Ave Maria Purisima!-La una, ; todo sereno!" you seek your couch in sweet oid Palma of the Isies, your heart giving the centinela's answer that "All is well!"

Edgar L. Wakeman.

Forty years on the market. Sales increas-ing every day. Cook's Extra Dry Imperia Champagne. Remember forty years.

The phrase, "The devil to pay," is not so profane in its origin nor so illegitimate as some might suppose, asserts the New York Ledger. In every printing office is a youthful specimen of humanity who cannot be understandingly designated to the craft without borrowing the Plutonic appellative. The phrase in question doubtless originated in a printing office on the occasion of the Satur-day night's settlement of weekly accounts. The publisher, with a scant ourse, receives the ominous call of his

"Well, John, how is it? What must ! pay tonight?" Typus wauts \$5, and Shootingstick wants \$4, and Columnrule says he must

wants \$4, and Columnia says he have \$7."

"You'll clean me out entirely. My subscribers haven't done a thing at paying up this week. But—But let's see, Yes—here's the money."

"And, sir—I should like a few dollars for myself."

"That's bad. But here you have it—

all I've got." "But, sir, you forget-there's the devil to pay.

And can we wonder that thereafter, when the poor publisher wished to par-ticularly emphasize what he deemed to be a perfect crusher in the way of busihe borrowed this significant

#### MYSTERY OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Successful Search for Wrecked Treasure On the Brazil Coast.

LIVELY BATTLE WITH HUNGRY SHARKS.

A Meeting Whick Ended in Disaster-Chests of Bullion and Diamonds - How a Stranded Saller Stumbled On

a Snug Stake.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.] In the year 1867 I found myself at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, just out of hospital, not a dollar in my pocket, and ready to ask the American consul to send me to the United States in the name of charity. I had been

out with an American whater, and had been left there so broken in health that no one supposed I could live two weeks. As the ship had taken no oil there was nothing coming to me. Indeed, I was in dept to her, and but for the few dollars raised among the and but for the few dollars raised among the men I should have been a pauper on landing. One afternoon, while I was on my way to the consulate to see what nelp I could obtain, I encountered an Englishman, whom I at once identified as a sailor—captain or mate. He stopped and inquired my name, nativity and occupation, and when I had given him the information he slapped me on the back

"It's a bit of luck that I met you! I've got

a place for you, and we'll drop in somewhere and have a glass and a talk." He was a blunt spoken man, but a cautious one. He did not unfold his plans until he had pumped me pretty dry and apparently satisfied himself that I was a man he wanted. Even then I only got a part of the story, and am still in the dark as to many particulars. The stranger's name was Captain Roberts, and he had given up the command of an English brig on purpose to enter upon a hunt for treasure. Two years before, as ne informed me, a coasting schooner which was carrying \$500,000 worth of diamounds, besides a large sum in rough gold, between 1010 and Montevideo, had been wrecked about sevent; miles below Porto Alegre. Why this treasure had been intrusted to a sailing vessel and whether it belonged to church or state or some individual I never learned. The captain had nothing to say about that, and I bound myself to secrecy regarding the whole

affair. How Captain Roberts had located the wreck was a matter I did not ask about, but did hear it said that all the crew were lost I was a sailor and a diver, and he offered to stand all the expense of the search and give me \$10,000 in gold if we recovered the dia-monds only. It we got the gold as well i was to have a larger share. He had chartered a coasting schooner for three months, and was then getting aboard whatever he thought would be needed. I signed with him that afternoon as mate, and three days after we had picked up all our crew. Fortunately for us a ship came in with twelve seamen rescued from a burning bark at sea, and we took eight of them and a cook. This gave us eleven hands all told on the little craft, but wrecking is a thing demanding plenty of muscle at the cranks, windlasses and tail ropes. The crew proper were not let into the secret, but signed for a voyage to Buenos Ayres and return. They were so happy at securing a borth that no one cared which way we sailed or what the object of the voy-



FOOD FOR SHARKS.

There was a Rio banker behind the expenot come near the schooner, and C. Roberts visited him only by night were so well provisioned and provided that it must have taken a song sum of money to it us out. This the banker no doubt ad-vanced and took his chances. At the custom house we cleared for the La Piato in ballast. but some of that ballast had been taken aboard under cover of durkness. We had a diver's outfit, timbers, planks, spara casks, extra rope and chains, and about the last extra rope and chains, and about the last package received contained a dozen musicets and a lot of fixed ammunition. We slipped out quietly one night with the tide, and be-fore daylight came we were far away. Captain Roberts had a pretty fair chart of

the neighborhood of the wreck, and after a speedy run down the coast we reached it one forenoon about 10 o'clock. When we came to work inshore we got a sight of the mountain peaks laid down on the chart, and in a couple or hours were satisfied that the wreck was within a mile of us north or south. Just there was a reef about four miles off shore and extending up and down the coast for thirty miles. Behind this reef in many places was deep water right up to the shore line. It being summer weather, with the winds light but bolding steady, we anchored off the reef, and then the men were teld that we have told that we had come to search for a wreck It was all right with them, and after dinne two boats were lowered to begin the search Taking the schooner as the center, we pulled both ways, running close to the reef. The treasure craft had been dismasted in a squall and driven shoreward, and we confidently expected to find her hull, if it had not gone

to pieces, on or near the refe.

Before sundown we had made careful search for three miles either way, but without finding the slightest trace of her. Next morning we tried it again, but nothing was brought to light. In some places the roof showed above the surface at low tide, in others there was plenty of water to carry us over at any time. The treasure craft might have hit the reef at a favorable spot and been driven almost to the beach; but before accepting this theory we got out the drag and explored the deeper waters seaward from the reef. We spent three days at this work, grappling only at the rocks hidden away from thirty to sixty feet below, and using up the men with the hard work. The schooner the men with the hard work. The schooner was then satied over the reef and anchored in a snug berth of thirty feet of water, and

we began the search of the shore waters.
Our process of search was this: Each boat took certain shore bearings and covered certain territory between the reef and the beach. The water was so clear that one holding an umbrella over his head to shut off holding an umbrella over his head to shut off the light could see the bottom anywhere at thirty or thirty-five feet, and there was no deeper spots inside the reef. In fact the average depth was only about twenty five feet. The shore was a rocky bluff crowned with a dense forest, with a few yards of shingly beach at long intervals.

We had searched this hay for four days without luck when I had the sood fortune to

without juck when I had the good fortune to discover the wreck with my own eyes. She lay within half a mile of the beach in twentylay within half a mile of the beach in twenty-two feet of water, and was bottom side up against a big rock. She had probably passed the reef in safety, but had struck this rock, which thrust its head within three feet of the surface, and in going down had turned turtle. It seemed now that not a soul of her crew had escaped, and how anybody had after-ward located the wrock and made a chart of the locality was a greater mystery than ever. the locality was a greater mystery than ever. Our first move was to bring the schooner as near as possible, and then we began preparations to lift the wreck. She must be turned over, so as to float on her keel, if nothing more. Lying bottom up, there was no possible way to get into her cabin.

ble way to get into her cabin.

Next day, after the discovery, I went down in my diving dress and attached chains to her starboard side. These were spliced out with stout ropes leading aboard of our schooner, and after half a day's work we were ready to haul. We could lift her a bit, but not more than a foot, and after working one day we gave up that method for another. Casks were sent down to me and attached wherever possible, and but for the presence of sharks we would have had her over in a day. As if one monster had communicated with another for miles up and down the coast, they gathered about the schooner and the wreck, and I had the closest kind of a cali from being seized by a man eater that was fully fifteen foet long. Standing on our decks I counted

eighty six dorsal fins moving about us at one time, and I don't believe that was half the number of sharks within a circle of a quarter of a mile. There could be no more diving while they were hanging about, and we set to work to get clear of their company. Captain Roberts had foreseen such an emergency and

Roberts had foreseen such an emergency and had come provided. 211

I doubt if a ship's crew ever had deeper revenge on Sailor Jackis implacable enemy. The muskets were brought up and four of the men told off to use them. A fifth man was given charge of a whale lance, and the rest of us were kept busy administering a punishment which finght be called barbarous by humanitarians, We heated bricks red hot on the galley stove, swiftly wrapped them up in cloths, and they no sooner touched the water than they were guiped down. As the water than they were guiped down. As soon as a shark was wounded by ball or lance so as to leave a trail of blood be was at once savagely attacked by others, and our hot bricks soon turned a dozen or more big

fellows belly uppermost. It was a regular circus for about three hours, during which at least fifty of the monsters were slaughtered, and then those that were left alive suddenly drew off to the last one, and we did not sight another shark during our stay. I did not go down again for twenty-four hours, however, not feeling cer-tain that some big fellow was lying in wait behind the wrock. When I did descend I found the schooner lifting to the casks, and after attaching two or three more she slowly rose to the surface. We then got the boats out and towed her into a depth of fourteen feet and then swayed her over until she righted. She went to the bottom again, of course, as the casks no longer buoyed her,

but we expected that.

It was now a comparatively easy job to get at the cabin of the treasure craft. She had been dismasted and most of her bulwarks swept away, and her bows had been stove in as she struck the rocks. Everything appeared all wight of however, and make the contract of t peared all right att, however, and we had the yawl anchored over the wreck and I was all ready to go down when we had a second interruption. A coasting schooner, going down the coast and standing well in shore, espied us, and either supposing we were in distress or actuated by motives of curiosity, she lay to off the reef and began to signal us, asking what was the matter. We answered that we were all right, but he was not satisfied.

She lowered a boat to pull to us, but we got ahead of her. The captain handed me down a box of cigars and a dozen bottles of wine, and I met the boata mile away. The captain himself was in the stern sheets and he seemed considerably put out when told that we had not been driven over the reef and were not in need of assistance. I told him that our schooner had been chartered by a naturalist, who was collecting fish from the shoals and birds from the forests ashore, and he swallowed the story and returned to his

craft a happier man.
When I came to go down in my sutt I found almost a clear deck. She had been schooner rigged and both masts had been carried away at the deck. Beginning at the heel of the at the deck. Beginning at the heel of the bewsprit and running along the port side about twenty-five feat of her bulwarks were left standing. Capatan, windless, hatch covers and the skylight of the cabin had been swept away. This latter fact was greatly in my favor, as I could drop directly into the cabin. I was told to look for the treasure in the captum's stateroom, but my feet had no sooner touched the coin floor feet had no sooner touched the croin floor than my outstretched hands encountered something which I knew by the feel to be a dead man. My finding him in the situation l did still further deepened the mystery of the whole expedition. He was tied fast and I had to cut him loose with my knife. As soon as rele sed the body floated upward, and the men told me that it floated out to sen with the tide, riding on the surface like a cork.
Evening was now drawing near, and further search was abandoned until another day. After breakfast hext morning I de-scended again, and within two hours had the treasure out of the wreck. I found it, not in the captain's stateroom; but on the floor of the main cabin—the diamonds were in a cast

bank and the gold in stone wooden boxes, and I left nothing behind. From the treasure being found where it was I argued that there had been a mutiny before the sterm, and that the captain had been tied in the cabin and the crow was making ready to divide up the spoils. Per-haps after driving over the reef and striking the rock one had been cast ashpre to tell the story, and it was on highformation weasted. If so, however, the face was not admitted. I learned no more than I have told you. Not one of the crew knew the value of our fine and, sailorlike, asked but few questions.

iron box about as large as a child's savings

When the treasure was safe aboard we re turned to Ro. For four days not a man was permitted to leave the vessel. Then I received the sum agreed upon, with a considerable increase, the men were made happy with a snug sum of maney counted down to promise to say nothing of the wrecking expedition to any one. I learned later on that government vessels searched for weeks for the wreck, and that the Rio banker had to flee to England for safety, but that only added to the strangeness of the adventure instead of clearing up the many mysteries,

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

RELIGIOUS.

The Episcopalians of Philadelphia are going to build a diocesan house to cost \$100,-000, of which about one fifth has already been raised. The youngest of the prominent clergy ner

of America is said to Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, son of President Eliot of Harvard and successor to Rev. Brooke Herefold's pulpit in Dr. Gillespie, one of the secretaries of th

Presbyteriaa Board of Foreign Missions is on a visit to foreign lands. When last heard he was in India and expects to return in April.

Rev. Dr. Nelson, Episcopal, will be conse-crated bishop of Georgia, in St. Luke's church, Atlanta, on the 24th inst. The ser-mon will be preached by Bisnop Rutison of central Pennsylvania. Cardinal Manning left no autobiographica

notes, which, while much to be regretted, is something that might well be imitated by lesser lights who hope to shine more after death than they are able to do while living. The oldest Unitarian minister now living is propably Rev. Thomas Treadwell Stone, D. D., of Providence, who completed his 91st year last week. He is vigorous enough

last Monday. Mgr. Gilbert of Moorfields, Cardina Moran of Sydney, N. S. W., and Bishop Clifton of Bristol are regarded as the men having the best chance of appointment as Cardinal Manning's successor in England They are all home rulers and considered They are all home rulers "safe" on labor questions.

The great organization, the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, received in 1890 the sum of \$1,412,562, which was nearly all distributed directly among the missions in Europe, Asia and Africa, North and South America, the Antilles, And Oceanica. From the United States it received \$39,092, and to them it gave \$49,040. There are forty-nine societies organized for

Christian effort on behalf of the Jews, at present expending together nearly \$500,000 a year. Of the sums expended these are specimens: The London cociety, \$189,220; the British society, \$44,935; the Free Church, \$44,945; the Church of Scotland, \$28,700; the irish Presbyterian chorch, \$18,435.

Spurgeon's church steins to be seeking an-other Spurgeon. The choice of a successor is said to lie between three men who most is said to lie between three men who most nearly approached the sate preacher's distinctive powers. Beecher's church in Brooklyn made no attempt to find another Beecher, for the simple reason that he could not be found. The wisdom of Beecher's church has been amply demonstrated in the great success of Ray. Dr. Abbottas

In the two Methodist conferences of Maine last year seventy-two churches, with \$271,850 worth of property and paying salaries aggregating \$30,779, gave \$1,505 to church benevolence and \$195 for the support of superannuated pastors, while the 23,544 Methodists in the state contributed for the support of veteran ministers the sum of \$3,704—a fraction over 11 cents each. tion over 11 cents each.

veteran ministers the sum of \$2,04—a fraction over 11 cents each.

Chicago finds itself confronted with the same conditions on the church question which vex the souls of good people in every large city—not haif enough churches to hold the population. On the other hand, Chicago is no worse off probably than Boston—there are not half enough churchgoers to fill the pews already awaiting them. In short, the problem is not how to build more churches, for money enough is always provided to do that when needed, but how to fill the churches we have already. Chicago has 290 Protestant churches and sixty chapels, with a total seating capacity of about 300,000. The Catholic churches will seat 400,000, and that leaves 600,000 persons, at least, unprovided for.

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Cut This Out as a Guide to Our Office

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Uncle Sam boasts two negro women law-Mrs. Christopher Columbus' maiden name was Palestine and her father was an old sea

dog. Dr. Mary P. Jacobi of New York and the fashionable Dr. Mary Woolsey Hoxon of Washington are each said to earn over \$40,000 a year in the practice of their profes-

A branch of the Virginia legislature has passed a bill authorizing the appointment of women physicians on the staff of all insane hospitals where women are among the patients.

Miss Jane Condon, daughter of the great corn-law reformer, one of the women lately elected to the London council and declared inclinible, has just married the well known publisher, T. Fisher Unwin. In 1887 the empress of Brazil gave Queen

Victoria a dress woven entirely of spider webs. It is so fine and beautiful that it suspasses the most splendid silk. The queen has it among her most priceless possessions. Mrs. M. D. Young, a daugnter-in-law of the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, is now visiting the eastern states. She is an editorial writer on a Sait Lake City paper and a strong and caustic opponent of Mormonism.

The New York Women's Press club has ninety-five members, each engaged in literary occupation. Its object is to gain for women the advantages arising from unity, fellowship and co-operation with those engaged in sim-Mrs. Hotchkiss, widow of the inventor and manufacturer of the Hotchkiss gun, has

given a tract of land, a building fund of \$150,000 and an endowment of \$500,080 for the purpose of building a preparatory school for Yale college, Mrs. Nancy Allison Frost, probably the

o'de t woman in Ohio, died last Tuesday near Marietta, aged 108. With the exception of a slight deafness, she possessed all her faculties to the end, and both read and sewed without the aid of glasses to the day of her death.

Caroline Eschard, one of the leaders of the movement for school suffrage in Onlo, pays more taxes than any other person in the county where she lives, is a di rector of a bank and is connected with nearly all of the important things on foot in ner locality.

India has sent a missionary to England, India has sent a missionary to England, Miss Sconderbal Powar, a native, high caste Hindon, who comes to point out the evils of the opium traffic. She wears an oriental costume, but speaks English fluently. Her oratory is simple and direct, and she excites the sympathy of her hearers.

IMPIETIES.

New York Mercury: Bishop Hare of South Dakota is fond of telling stories about himself to illustrate the points which he playfully makes that a man who lives on the plains comes to be a good deal of a barbarian. Once he had the misfortune while entering a dining room to step upon the skirt of a lady's dress. Apologizing he said: "You know that I have been living with the Inlians lately and have grown somewhat awkward.'

The lady quickly replied: "I don't think that, hishop, but I am surprised at one thing —that after living so long with the Indians shouldn't be better at following up a

Yankee Blade: Dobbins—Do you know, my friend, that when Rev. Gouger officiated here I felt that he never would be appre-In fact, I don't know where he Jobbins-Well, he seemed to have sense

Jobbins-Indeed he did, for he went as a missionary to South Africa. The native there not only appreciated but relished him. Texas Siftings: Rev. Wangdoodle Baxter somewhat bewildered his congregation by

Dobbins-Yes!

meetin' in dis buildin' tomorrer ebenin'.''
"What's de hour!" called out a member. "You can come as soon or as late as you please, provided yer all get heah at 7 o'clock

Elizabeth Cady Stanton tells an amusing story of how, when she was a young girl, the women of her church raised money to educate a young man for the ministry. When he had finished at the theological school the young divine returned to his native town and preached his first sermon on the text, "Let your women learn silenges in the abunches?"

your women keep silence in the churches.

Brooklyn Citizen: Sunday School Teacher Who made the sun and the moon stand First Boy-Adam.

S. S. T. -No.
Second Boy-Moses.
S. B. T.-No; what's the matter with Class (in unison) -He's all right! Chicago Post: The travelers' pocket fire escape is not, as popularly supposed, a testa

DECATUR, Ill., Nov. 24, '89.
Dr. J. B. Moore—Dear Sir: I have for years past been troubled with billiousness and tendency to kidney trouble. Your Tree of Life is the only remedy I have ever found that gave entire relief. I cheerfully recommend it to those who may be suffering from kindred diseases.

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kiudred diseases. T. J. Anzi., Ex-member Illinois legislature. For sale by all druggists. I CURE FITS

When I say ours I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPI-LEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Bend at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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