## BEAUTY OF ITALIAN CITIES

Mrs. General Crook's Views on Life in King Humbert's Realm.

THE CURSE OF A LARGE STANDING ARMY

Women Break Stones and Work on the Railroads-St. Peter's Seen Through a Keyhole-Young Italy's Longing for a Republic.

PLORENCE, March 9 .- | Correspondence of THE BEE. |-Before we left Rome, with her pillared colonades, magnificent temples, sumptuous shrines, shady groves and gorgeous fountains, we took one more ride to the Arentine, the highest and most picturesque of all the Roman hills, to take a last view of the greatest of all her temples, St. Peter's, through a keyhole. The keyhole is in an immense oak door, studded with brass and iron, which leads into the garden af the priory of the Maltese order. The great dome stood out clearly against the horizon, making an exquisite picture. The carnival was almost spoiled by incessant rains, but we did have one great treat in seeing the Coliseum lit by electric and Bengal lights and hearing a mandolin orchestra in the ruins or a military band on the outside. What a contrast to the amusement formerly furnished there

to the old Romans

As the train rolled out from Rome, bearing us on our journey to Naples, we pass the tombs of Via Appla, with the Alton and Sabine mountains on one side, the volcane on the other, and as we ride acros the Roman Campagna (which, after all, is only like a Nebraska prairie) picturesque, cultivated slopes rise on either side, while the mountains towering above have their tops still covered with snow. In the distance, perched in the crags of the mountains, sometimes on what seems almost inaccessible points, we see towns, villages, churches, fortresses and monasteries. Within a few miles of Naples, is the ancient Capua, where Harnibal took up his quarters after the second Punic war. We are told of a remakable ruin here that rivals the Coliscum, but we oust husten to the city by the blue Vesuvian bay. Spring is farther advanced than at Rome. The "sweet, glad angels of the spring" covers the whole country. How beautiful it must be here when the vineyards are in full fruit. In every orchard, or there are trees the vines are stretched from tree to tree, clinging to every

tree, shrub or stake.
Naples, like every city I have seen on the Mediterranean, rises like an amphitheater, from the sea, tier upon tier, and one wonders how the topmost buildings can be reached. But you do reach them at last, always over the most beautifully graded roads, where you always find a panorama of unsurpassing loveliness. The architecture of Naples is not very beautiful, there is too much monotony. There are some broad streets and beautifu squares—palaces for the rich—where under neath are the stables and dark, neisome cav erns where the poor live, their only light com-ing from the dome. And the smells! As Mark Twain says, "they are a thousand years old." After the churches in Rome all others pale. The only thing in Naples in the way of art is at the museum, which is one of the finest in the world, made up as it is from the sculptures and frescoes found at Pompeii, Herculaneum and gathered from every part of Italy and Greece. Naples, with its charming climbs, its bay, blue as sapphire, sur-rounded by its chain of mountains, is very lovely, but it is the environs that detain one and make you wish to linger. Vesuvius, Pompeli, Sorrento with its red rocks, Capri with its blue grotte and wonderful ruins of Tiberis, Paestum with its marvel-ous Doric temple. The view from the high rocks of Capri, where the temple of Jupeter once stood, gives you not only the little island, but all the islands as far as the hills of Calabria, Vesuvius sending forth volumes of smoke to the clouds, Naples, rising tier upon tier, capped by the heights of Poslippo and Capo de Menti.

The drive feom Naples to Pompell takes you through one continuous town-all with different names, but the same smells. Right under the shadow Vesuvius there has sprung up a town of eight or ten thousand inha' itants. I do not think I should like to be a denizen of it. It may meet the fate of other cities of this volcanic region. Pompeil is the first city I have ever seen that is finished. From the newest town on the western plains to the cidest here, they are "fixing" the streets. As old as Rome is they are pulling down houses and widening streets. They do not move houses as they do in Omaha, but pull them down, brick by brick and it is herculean task for the walls of the houses seems to have been built to

sustain a siege! How hard the women, horses and oxen work! I have seen women breaking stones, carrying immense baskets of dirt on their heads to fill a cut in the railroad. The poor pathetic little burros, the silver haired with their polished black horns and great dreamy eyes, are loaded down. I have seen one little pony hitched to a street cart,

two stories high drawing twenty men."

1 asked a young advocate who traveled with us from Naples if he liked better to see didiers overrunning Italy, than the priests! "Certainly," he replied; "ne preferred the soldiers to the priests, but supporting a large army is running Italy and taxing the people beyond endurance." I asked if it were for fear of the encroach-

I asked it it were for fear of the eneroachmeats of other foreign powers, the Italian
government kept so large a standing army.
"Ah! No, Madame," he said, "it is to keep
Italy a kingdom instead of a republic, which
so many people desire." And he explained
that the church, which is still a power
in Italy, would quite as soon which
a republic as a kingdom because their power
would not be curtailed and it might be augwould not be curtailed and it might be augmented." He thought the three greatest men who had ever lived were Washington, Lincoln and Garibaldi. He loved and respected King Humbert, but believed he was the last king Italy would ever have. As l afterwards discovered, my young friend had written a work on socialism. I took his opinions with a grain of allowance. There is a young generation springing up in Italy who love not the church or the kingdom, and long to see United Italy a united republic, and many a young heart is filled with the ambition to be the first president of an

Italian republic. We left Naples with regret, though I had caught cold living in her marble palaces with slippery, cold mosaic floors. We had an enchanting view from our window, of the bay with her hundreds of white-winged boats, d of Vesuvius, whose smoke was rising all day, and at night made the sky lurid with

We arrived in Florence just in time to see the last of the carnival, and I am sorry we were not a little later, for anything more noisy night and day or more grotesque than the maskers I have never seen. I believe every boy over 3 years old has a whistle, and every coachman has the loudest cracker on his whip he can find. Florence, called so, because it was said to have been founded on a field of flowers, and indeed she is worthy her name; the whole city is filled with them. How beautiful the city, with its moss them. How beautiful the city, with its moss grown terraces, drooping cedars and spreading pine. What grand and noble palaces! The Pitto, that even Taine, who could find nothing in Italy so good as in France, acknowledged to be the finest in the world! What acres of pictures, pictures he very finest in the world, and worth a lifetime's study. In one small room in the Uffizi is collected the year past of act in the Ufizzi is collected the very best of art in the world. The Medici, the finest Venus, the masterpieces of Raphael, Corregio, Titians and Rubens. In Florence Michael Angelo dominates everything. In Rome we saw the monastery from which his body was saw the monastery from which his body was stolen, to be carried to his native place in Florence, and here he reposes in Santa Croce where he desired to lie, so that "when the door opened he could see Brunelleschi's dome," which served him as one of the models of his own dome of St. Peters. Here, the could be a particular to the particular than in Santa Croce, which is the Pantheon of Florence

"Angelo's, Aliero's bones, and his,
"The starry Galileo with his wees;
"Here Machiaveili's earth, returned to where

And in this vast marble silence lie buried some of the greatest men the world has ever known. If the Medici were wicked, Florence owes them a great deal. She owes to them and the Austrian dukes that followed them her incomparable galleries and museums. The Medici furnished the queens to Forence and three popes to the church of Rome. In the plazza of Sauta Croce is a colossal

statue of Dante, erected 600 years after his

From the Pitti palace we descended into the Bjotolo gardens of which we have read so much, and where Ferdinand I. plauted and cultivated the first potatoes which came from America. It is beautifully laid out in the Italian style, trees elipped and trimmed in fantastic shapes; ilex, avenues, hedges of box and myrtle mossy fountains, and statues. To the house of Michael Angelo we were shown the studies of the Sistine chapel, drawings of his "Last Judgment" and his

rouel of the cupola of St. Peter's. The cathedral which has the second largest The cathedral which has the second largest dome in the world is a "poem and a prayer in one." And one can well appreciate the enthusiasm it has awakened in the breasts of so many poets and palaters. Ruskin says that "only in the campanile of Giotto exists both beauty and power." One stands entranced before that spiral shaft, and when the soft, slivery tones of the bells ring out on the air, we feel the nelody is more of heaven, than of earth. The exterior heaven than of earth. The exterior of the cathedral is covered with precious marbles and beautiful sculptures, but the interior, save for its grandly frescoed dome is disappointing. Opposite the cathedome is disappointing. Opposite the cathedral is the baptistry, with the magnificent domes of Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo said were "worthy to form the entrance in paradise." But they are so full of dust that it is hard to see or study them. The bantistry is built of black and white marble that was once the temple of Mars. The church has utilized so many of the ancient temples that the great runs which make Italy so atthat the great rums which make Italy so at-tractive are fast becoming obsolete. Of the bridges crossing the Arno the Ponte a Santo Trinita is the most beautiful and graceful, with its four seasons, at the angles, poised gracefully in the air. Another bridge, that has been several times destroyed and rebuilt, has an interesting legend.

On a May day celebration an invitation was given to the citizens to witness a theatrical celebration from the bridges, that was to take place on a raft beneath; anyone present who desired to hear from hades would have the opportunity. The bridge was crowded and in the midst of the demoniacal antics and grotesque performance, the bridge gave way and thousands were precipitated in the rushing waters, and some perhaps realized more vividiy than they desired what his satunic realms were like. The six stone bridges across the Arno are so picturesque and quaint that the two suspen-sion ones seem utterly incongrous.

This beautiful and fair city, in the rich vailey of the Arno, has been the birthplace of many great men; and fills us with recollections of the romances we have read, of the beauties of nature and art that have been immortalized by poets and artists. Here in the square, where now is a magnificent fountain, Savonarola's soul went up in fire. In San Marco, we see the church and con-vent where what noble men, of noble deeds, own Florence as their native place-Daute, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Benevuto, Cellini, Andrea del Tarto,

In one of the museums there is a tribune dedicated to the memory of Galileo. There is a fine marble statue of him under the rotunds, and one of his fingers encircled by a ring in a glass case pointing upwards. There are three fine frescoes representing his life. One at Pisa swinging a lamp, which originated in his mind, the law of mechanics, regulating the pendulum; the second, demonstrated in the pendulum; the second, demonstrated in the second demonstrated strating before the council of ten at Venice the truth of the telescope; and the third, in which he is represented as being olind, with one hand on a globe, and he is preaching, firing the souls of his hearers with such high hopes of immortality beyond the grave that women brought their ewels, men their greatest works, even artists their pictures, and made an auto da fe on the very spot where he and his two friends were hanged and burned, only because he was the precursor of the reformation. And here San Marco, the great work of Donotelli, of which Michael Angelo is so noble a figure, could indeed write a gospel. To me the grandest statue of them all is Michael Anceto's David, which is even finer and more inspiring than his Muses in Rome pointing

heavenward. The inhabitants seem an honest, genial people. They have the air of prosperity and good health. There are few beggars, and the storekeepers do not try to draw you in their shops and make you buy nolens-voices. The Neapolitans are merry and lazy, who let the morrow take care of itself. In the morning and evening, when they bring their goats to be milked in the front of the house, they stretch themselves on the sunny side of the house—the men, not the goats. The goats, dear little patient creatures, who, with true animal instinct, know to which house they must go to be milked, stand huddled together until their lazy owner has had his siesta.

I do not know a quainter sight than seeing the milking of the goats, and sometimes a cow with her call following, are backed up on the sidewalks, and the people pour out of the houses with jugs, cups or mugs and see the milk flow, fresh and foamy, into their vessels. There is no chance for watering the milk in Nuples. This afternoon we drove to the convent of

the Cortoso, situated at the top of a high hill commanding a matchless view of the valley of the Arno and the Appennies. It was formerly the monastery of the Cor-tosian monks, founded by St. Bruno. Once the beautiful cloisters were filled with the monks in their white garbs, but is now almost deserted. Since the suppression of the convents only five or six are left to take care of the property, now owned by the govern-ment. The good old padre, who showed us around, pointing out the beauty and wealth of his former beloved convent that had been his home for many years, was full of good

will and bonhomie.
"Yes," he said, "we are allowed to take care of our own property. At first nineteen of us were left; now there are only six." The church connected with this convent is rich in marble, pictures, exquisitely carved wooden altar with precious stones and one of Giotto's marvelous Crucifixion. In the center of a large cloister there is a draw well of

rare beauty. The noble tomb of Bonofade, bishop of Cortona and superior of the convent, is the most effective effigy I have ever seen. He was the godfather of Catherine de Medius. The monk told us that when Queen Victoria visited the convent, he showed her around and told her this bishop was the godfather of a ve y bad queen. "And what did the queen of England reply?" we asked. "On," he said, "she never said anything but 'Multo bella," from the time she entered until she left.

He took us to a high point in the monastery o show us the view of the mountains that encircled the vailey, but the mist covered the tops, and he smilingly exclaimed in his sweet Italian:

Quando monte morello, Si mettle il cappe lo. Il contadino va a prender L' ombrello.

Which means, when the mists are on Monte Morello you must take an umbrella. We saw the room Pius VI occupied for nine months when a prisoner of the first Napole-on. "This," said our monk, showing the bedroom, "was the vatican of his holiness and this," showing his sitting room, "was his showing his sitting room, "was his quirinal.

The monastery has a charming, quiet retreat, with delicious views from every point, and a mystic charm that made us desire to linger in its quiet shade under its pictures que cedars that reared their points heavenward. Just as we were saying good by to our good monk the bell of the church pealed a long, mournful note, and the father, crossing himself said, "Ah, our brother has gone to rest." He told us last week one brother over 80 years, had died, and every hour they were anticipating the death of the one for whom the bell was tolling. So tonight there are only four white robed guardians to keep guard over the property of the state.

As we drove from the convent door the mist rolled from Monte Morello and the sun went down in a golden radiance, the moon—only a crescent of silvery light—arose, and the scene of enchanting loveliness gave a the scene of enchanting promise of a beautiful tomorrow.

MARY D. CROOK.

Not So Bad After All.

E. V. Wood of McKee's Rocks, Allegheny county, Pa., in speaking to a traveling man of Chamberlain's medicines said: "I recommend them above all others. I have used them myself and know them to be reliable. I always guarantee them to my customers and have never had a second second. I always guarantee them to my customers and have never had a bottle returned." Mr. Wood had hardly finished speaking, when a little girl came in the store with an empty bottle. It was labeled, "Chamberlain's Pain Balm." The traveler was interested, as there was certainly a bottle coming back, but waited to hear what the little girl said, it was as follows: "Mamma wants another bottle of that medicine; she says it is the best medicine for rheumatism she ever used." 50 ceat bottles for sale by druggists.

C. D. Woodworth & Co., successors to Welty & Guy, 1316 Farnam street, manufacturers and dealers in harness, sad-

MANNERS OF THE MALTESE

How the Sea-Circled Rock Has Become the 'Flower of the World."

DESPISED NOT THE LITTLE THINGS

Land Reclaimed with Pickayes-Deares Pride of the Maltese to Add to the Arable Area-Indefatigable Irrigation - Marriage Manners.

[Copyrighted 1892.]

CHIOGOIA, Italy, Feb. 23 .- [Special to THE Ber 1-Looking back from within the envircoment of the fisher folk of the Adriatic, and even with all the fair domes and minarets of Venice in view across the opaline waters of the flashing lagoons, the peasantry of Malta are, to my eyes, set in a fair and sunny per-

They are thrifty and virtuous, loyal and oving, kindly and pious, patient and good. There is not a land under the sun where natural conditions have been so bravely overcome, and where original sterility has been so transformed into permanent fruitfulness and luxuriance. Nearly the entire face of Malta was originally a barren desert rock. And yet to lay there is much aptitude in the boast of the Maltese that their island of stone is the Fiore del Mondo, or "Flower of the World;" for it actually supports, from the products of the soil it possesses, a greater population in proportion to its insignificant area than can elsewhere be found outside Juina and Japan.

Despise Not the Little Things.

The incorrect statement has been made that Malta's entire soil has been brought in shiploads from Sicily. Some of it has been, but it has been chiefly brought from all quarters of the globe. There is no such thing as waste in Maita. The shell of an egg, the chaff packings of merchandise, the en-trails of fish, the sweepings of ships' decks and debris from their holds, even the exuve of birds, are all treasured, and these in other lands infi-nitely little and despised things, with the curious method of year by year creating, literally creating rod by rod, a tiny additional patch of cultivable land, out of the very rock of the island's face, has at last given

Maita its splendid luxuriance. Singularly, too, it is practically all hidden from sight. You can find it but you cannot see it in the general view. There are few points in the entire island where from the highways your eyes can rest upon anything but reck. There are places in Cornwall where for 1,000 years the earth has been dis-emboweled for tin, and every prospect is upon ridges of stone, blanched mine refuse and upturned rock. I often thought of this as I tramped along the Maltese highways. Everywhere one looks it is as though a surging sea of petrifaction into ridges and dikes of pale

Reclaiming Land with a Pickaxe.

This has all come about in the terracing and diking of the uneven surface of the island, through the infinite patience and labor of the Maltese peasantry since the Knights with the mouks of their time taught them how "oil might be made to flow from rocks and honey sucked from the very stone," as I have heard them tell in their almost plaintive Arab chants, which they are al-ways half crooning and half singing when engaged in any manner of labor.
Nine-tenths of all the cultivated lands in

Malta have been made by actually breaking up with pickaxes the surface of the rock to the depth of nearly two feet, leveling it and piling upon this mass the same stone reduced to powder, as it is very soft and easily pul-verized, mixed with layers of pumice and everything in the nature of soil which has for a long time been scraped together and treasured against this most important of all times with the peasant tenant. To thus re-claim and make available another haif, or fourth, or tenth of an acre, is the proudest act of the Maltese peasant's life. He has less pride in his wife, his children or his

They have a wise and serious way of blessing the dead along these patriotic lines. I heard it at Dingli, where, after mass, the peasants were berating the memory of a mean and miserly fellow but recently deceased. They said very unpleasant things about him, until one who had not previously spoken set the current the other way in a perfect torrent of praise by the single remark: "But Luegi gave Malta another tumolo [about one-third of an acre of land !"

No peasant farmer owns his own land. A nobility grew up under the regime of the Knights which exist to this day. I thought that of the Balearic islands insignificant to the degree of travesty; but the nobility of Malta are still less in numbers and importance. They are styled marquises, counts and barons. There are perhaps a score of them all told; and I know of a certain Baltimorean who controls twice as many acres of land in the Highlands of Scotland for a "shooting" as they collectively possess. About one half of the 100,000 acres of cuitivable land is owned by these noblemen. The remainder is very equally divided be-tween the church and the British crown.

Holdings, Leases and Rentals. Holdings are nearly all under short, generally eight-year, leases; but there are a number of ninety and 100-years leases, giv-ing a virtual ownership. These Maltese farms are very small. A few comprise as many as five salinas, or about twenty-one acres. The most are from one to three salmas. And I know of many with no more than three mondelli or less than an eighth of an acre of land in each. The rentals for these, with all repairs and improvements at the cost of the peasant tenant, range from \$5

to \$20 per acre. the peasant's holding is little, his home and belongings are indeed snur and pic-turesque. There is not a squalid, poorly built rustic's abode upon the island. If it be scarcely larger than a sentry box, the walls will be of stone, which is so soft he can chop it out of the longes with an ax, after which it hardens by exposure. I have seen some roofs plastered with pozzalana, and all are huge

& These structures are usually very low, oceasionally two stories, but oftener one, and always after the Mcorish style extending four, or at least three, sides around the open court. This is invariable, however diminu tive may be the home. I have often seen them so small that members them so small that members of the same family could almost join hands across the open court, but the court was there, with the open sky and its healthful vertical light with the sunshine and the birds; and, better than all, that sense of snugness and nearness between every of such a household and every

other. No Waste of Water. As everything else yields to the exigen-cles of terracing the little patches of hillside artificial soil, one will find these sunny and artificial soil, one will find these sunny and lightsome abodes in all manner of odd situations. Every piece of made ground is diked and walled so as to prevent a "washout" and also to protect from the southern sirocco of summer and the bitter gregale of winter, and the little farms will sometimes be found for a distance of a few miles rising in what appears to be a series of evelopean ragged stone to be a series of cyclopean ragged stone steps, without a house being visible, or so built into the dige-like-walls that their flat

roofs blend into the general perspective of

downpours of smain, equal care and provision are required to preserve the water, so precious in the long and burning summer months. Every steading is provided with immense tanks or cisteres cut in the solid rock. Tiny springs are frequent, and not a drop from these is allowed to go to waste. Where the spring happens to be located conveniently, little stone troughs are laid so as to irrigate, at pleasure, every square foot of soil, and every particle of the overflow is conducted by other tiny troughs to the cisterns. Spouts lead from the dike walls and the flat roofs. and from every other possible projection or level, until the entire island is a network of rude appliances for complete irrigation.

Three Crops Often Raised. But the results are wonderful. Two and often three crops are raised every year, and often three crops are raised every year, and from May until October, when the utilized surface of the island is as white as a baker's even and quivering with heat, within these pleasant homes and these walled fields, where the outward aspect is so hard and forbidding, there are enduss wimplings of water and there are endiess wimplings of water and marvelous upleapings of vegetables, fruit

All these Matters farm homes are match lessly clean, and are given unusual freshness by the constant application by the house wives of a preparation of the pumico stone, of a paie ecru color, of the consistency of whitewash, to the stone floors, walls and ceilings. The granary, pens for animals and housing for fowls are all a part of the abode, usually, at convenience, in the first story, the family sleeping in the apartments

Many of the wails leading from the rear of the house are covered with mosses and vines. Often the old Moorish nora or water-wheel stands silently or creaks dis-mally near the abode. Here and there near the home will be found the ancient treadmill of the Bible times on which all the wheat and barley of the island is trod out by oxen or cows. Against the walls will hang tremendous gourds, quaint old farming implements, or huge seives with rawhide instead of wire ons, as all the grain is removed from the chaff in this primitive way.

Furniture of Stone,

Owing to the scarcity of wood upon the sland hardly a wooden implement or article of furniture can be seen. Settles of stone are common. In many farm homes I found stone slabs utilized as tables, and in others the same set securely into the walls of rooms for bunks or beds. Window-panes are few, as light is had from the sky through the open courts, and the tiny and infrequent windows a foot square are all-sufficient.

Perhaps the most curious objects to be found in these Maltese peasant homes is their stoves. They require no artificial heat, and all their cooking—which is restricted to bread made of wheat and barley meal some thing of the consistency of a Scotch "ban-nock," fish which is plentiful and cheap, and certain vegetable stews in which are stirred cant shreds of cured fish or scanter bit

of bacon for seasoning-is done upor portable stone stove ike a jar, and resembling in everything but color a tinner's ordinary hand furnace in which his soldering irons are heated. Most of these are of home construction, cut out of any handy block of stone, with rude handles carved near the top; but some are of delft ware and more capacious and shapely. They can be carried about and the fousewife can mind her cooking, if she likes, while at any drudgery of the house or fields.

Character of the Maltese, The home and neighborhood life of these folk is not as colorful as that of the Italian and Spanish peasantry. They are docile, calm, contented, ambitious only to thrive and with a burning desire amounting often to a passion to be better tenants than their predecessors. They ris and go to bed with

tireside.
The music of the guitar and mandelin alone would disclose the presence of this half Arab home. For a little time after the night has fallen and the stars shine out the busbandman may sit and croon his weird strange chants. The wife sits by him with folded hands and closed eyes, occasionally ventur-ing a minor note, The lads and the lassies thrum the stringed instruments. But they are only those there who belong in that one

There is no rustic courtship in Malta save of the sheepeyes sort along the Sabbath and Saints days' lanes as they all repair together for mass at the casals or vil-lages. Then the women wear the fal-detta or black cloaklike scarf. The hered-But they do not until after they are wed and are mothers, which is often at 13 and 14 years of age.

Manners Concerning Marriage. There are no curious conditions here pre

ceding marriage except that the lover must be able to rent a pit of ground and purchase a donkey and two gouts or sheep, as the milk of the island is furnished by the latter nai-mals; and he must solemnly pledge that he will never deprive his betrothed the life right of attendance at the festivals of St Peter-Paul's, St. John and St. Gregory, which are respectively celebrated at Cuta Vecchia, Valetta and Casal Zeitun. And this is not much to ask by a preity woman who never wears shoes, is never from home on any other occasion, who holds her picturesque household bravely together, and who, before she is 40 years of age and often a grandmother, will bear her husband all the way from a dozen to two score happy, hopeful progeny.

One feature of Maltese rustic life is their Arab chants. These have been handed down from the Berber and Moorish invaders of many centuries ago, and like the Gypsy lan-guage are preserved vocally. But countless chants are improvised, and the hesitant and then outbursting character of these adds im-pressively to their weird effect. Men, women and children chant under all circumstances and conditions. I have heard it to that extent from surrounding workers in fields in visible by their huge walls from the high-way, that it seemed as though some mighty organ were touched by hands so masterful that a splendid symphony came from innumerable minor discordant chords EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Pastor First Baptist church, Pleasant Grove, Ia.: Dr. J. B. Moore, Dear Sir: My wife has been afflicted for several years with a complication of kidney and liver troubles. Your "Tree of Life" has been of great benefit to her. She joins me in thanks to you and expresses the wish that others suffering from similar causes may find equal relief. Yours, Rev. J. W. Carter, Pastor C. T. church. For sale by all druggists.

BALF FARE EXCURSION

To the Hot Springs of Arkansas Via the On April 7 and 8 the Wabash will sell round trip tickets at above rate, good returning until May 10. April 12 the government will commence sale at auction of town hots from the reservation. Only 37 hours from Omaha to the springs via the Wabash. For tickets, sleeping car accommodations and a map showing location of the property to be sold, with description of the springs, call at Wabash office, 1502 Farnam street, or write G. N. Ciayton, N. W. P. Agt., Omah a

The Remenyl Concert. The playing of Edouard Remenyl, the distinguished violinist, who will appear at the Boyd theater pext Wednesday evening, has the peculiar charm of satisfying the critical as well as the popular taste. When he plays he closes his eyes like some sphinx and smiles in his walking sleep as if in pleasant dreams when arousing some sweet cadence or mighty chord or making the music hum like the drone of insects on a drowsy afternoon. He has his old tricks in veins not set down in the score, but they are always so daintily and harmoniously embodied in the Though such extraordinary pains and la-bor are experienced to protect the land against the ravages of the occasional winter

DEPRICE'S Ceam Baking Powder. Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard proaching concert he will be assisted by Mrs. Alice Bates, soprano: Miss Edith Mc-Gregor, contralto; Mr. W. H. Fessenden, tener, and Miss Fanny Berry, pianist, all artists in their several lines.

A Close Call.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in this city, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while in the northern part of the state during the re-cent blizzard. Mr. Bisize had occasion to urive several inites during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his re-turn he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia, or long fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest orug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and that in a short time he was oreathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicit and the next day was able to come to De-Moines. Mr. Biaize regards his cure as simply wonderful, and says he will never travel again without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.—The (Des Moines, lows) Saturday Review. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.

Drunkenness.

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THE UNJUST STEWARD.

Third Business Sermon by Rev. Frank W. Foster. Brief of the sermon by Rev. Frank W. Foster of Immanuel Baptist church on Sunlay morning, April 3.

[Text: Luke xvi, 19, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."] In this parable we are brought face to face with a dishonest manager of large wealth, and we are shown how completely he was capable of degrading himself, and robbing his principal, by seeing him comive for adding to his guilt, and planning for his own

further welfare at the expense of another man's goods. In the annual report and review of businoss and trade at the close of 1891, we were shown that there had been an alarming in rease in defalcations and embezzlement over he year before, the increase being something like 12 per cent. This simply indicates the low ebb that has been reached in public immorality along this particular. All trusted

nen are by no means thieves This parable points out the fact that 2,000 years ago there were to be found men the counterpart of the worst and shrewdest of the dishonest men of our own days. We take no comfort in this fact for ourselves, out it is a refutation of those pessimists who think they see everything going to the dog

in this, which they are pleased to call the worst age the world has ever seen. The temptation and the opportunity to do evil will always be present to him who is not strong enough to resist. Strength to resist great temptations comes by resisting the smaller. He that can be and is faithful in the little, in the least, will be strong it

character to overcome the greatest tempta-tions that may beset him.

The causes which lead to the misappro-priation of funds are the same now as they lave ever been. Discontent is the soil in which pride and uxury grow to the development of the de-

Some society may wink at the dishonesty of the man who has lined his pockets with \$100,000 of stolen money, but in the divine court of equity he will take his place among ning candle light will guide the wanderer to he common thieves of the highway. Great difficulty has been experienced in giving an interpretation of this parable which is true and complete. Without con-fusing our minds by magnifying difficulties, or discussing curious guesses, let us see the two points which Christ makes: First, the active preparation of this man,

faulter and embezzier.

made for his future temporal wellbeing, is commended. His carefulness was worthy a nobler end than temporal welfare, obtained by dishonest effort. In this earestness, however, he does put to shame those of us who are so slothful and inactive in attending to the greater matters of our eternal and spirit-ual well being. He may disentangle a bad man's energy from his ambition; and con-templating them apart, may praise the one, and condemn the other. Exactly so, our Lord sees in the shrewdness of man, an ex ample in foresight and prudence worthy of

emalation If one does not hold the gold of this world in honest trust, how can it be expected that he will do better, or be more trustworthy in respect to the higher trusts and interests No man can cheat his creditors, defraud nis principal, rob a bank, oppress women and children, and have the true riches of the kingdem of God.

If men will be so zealous and carnest and provident in the things of this life, in temporal matters, how much more zealous we have occasion to be in the business of God and beaven. Brethren, be faithful in that which is least; in business integrity, let us be an example to others; and then let us be faithful also in those greater matters pertaining to the kingdom of Christ.

One minute time often makes a great difference—a one minute remedy for bronchitis choking up of the throat, lungs, etc., fo ourse is a blessing. Cubeb Cough Curs is such a remedy. For sale by all druggists. Cubeb Cough Cure-Oneminute,

Dr. Rau's Funeral. The remains of the late Dr. Henry Rau

have been laid to rest in Pleasant Hill cemetery. The funeral, which was attended by many of the friends of the deceased, was held from the family residence, 2003 Harney street, yesterday morning.
Short services were neld at the house,

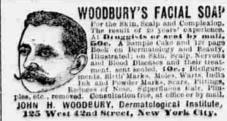
after which the casket, which was almost hid beneath the flowers, tokens of remem-brance, was conveyed to the hearse by the pallbearers, S. Biath, H. Heller, I. felder, B. Newman, Eli Garrett and Myers, and the solemn march to the ceme-tery began. At the grave services were con-ducted by the members of Union Pacific lodge No. 17, Ancient Order United Work-men, of which lodge the deceased was an honored and respected member.

"Late to bed and early to rise will shorten the road to your home in the skies." But early to bed and a "Little Early Riser," the pill that makes life longer and better and

Omaha compressed yeast strictly pure Dr. Cullimore, oculist. Bea building

Jonathan in town—"Pay telephone sta-tions. Gosh! if they pay good wages, I'd a plagued sight ruther stand an! holler helio to that thing than cuss at the oxen." DEATHS.

Notices of five lines or less underthis heal, fift; cents: each additional line ten cents. DWYER-George Francis, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dwyer, aged 8 years and 2 months. Funeral Monday at 3p. m. from family resi-dence, 290: Hamilton street. Interment at Holy Sepulchre.



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see suits worth

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suits from these

is the week of

of spring suits,

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line of suits we

glass. Like evyour curiosity and you'll step peek yourselfit. On looking glass, you'll see thing like forty

arrayed someor fifty very handsome business suits, each one bearing a card similar to one of the four which appear down the center of this ad. Step inside

the store and crowds of men front tables on these tables soon as you can through the piles of the

Special.

the left. On you'll see as work your way erowd, great same suits you saw in the windows. You'll see dark suits and light suits-you'll see cheviots and homespuns -you'll see cassimeres and silk mixtures-

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-thirteen dollars-fourteen dollars-you'll see men who can afford to wear fifty dollars suits and men who can't afford to buy five dollar new spring tables,-FOR-this \$8.50

our annual sale and we are ofhandsomest have ever offered at special sale, at seven twenty-five--seven fifty--eight twenty-five and

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Saturdays, 10 p. m

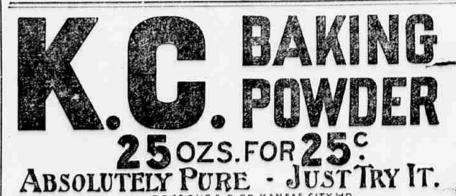
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