THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA

What Government and People Have Done to Alleviate the Distress.

MUNIFICENCE OF THE CZAR AND NOBILITY

Hundreds of Millions of Dollars Given to Soften the Suffering.

HOPES ARE HAD FOR A HEAVY HARVEST

When Garnered, the Backbone of the Hunger-Fiend will Be Broken.

"CARP" DESCRIBES THE SITUATION

He Praises the Russian People for Their Heroism in a Dire Extremity—Princesses Nurse Disease-Stricken Peasants—The Slav and His Future.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 8.—[Special correspondence of THE BEE.]—The peasants have sown their crops and the prospect is that Russia will have a fine yield this year. The reports, which are received daily here from the famine districts, are very encouraging, and though the famine is still raging the backbone of the demon of Russian starvation will, it is believed, be broken by the 1st of September, when the harvest will have been gathered. Great want and much suffering, however, must continue to exist for the next year or so in many of the provinces, and a drouth this summer may precipitate a second famine equally as terrible as the present one.

Notwithstanding all that has been published concerning the famine, we in the United States have but little idea of its terrible extent and of the wonderful manner in which the Russians have handled it. No country in the world, with perhaps the exception of the United States, could withstand such a strain as Russia is now undergoing, and there is no nation in the world, except perhaps one, that would rise to the emergency and do so much for the people as Russia is doing. The contributions America has made have been of great good, and they are most thankfully, and, I might also say, tearfully received, but they are only a drop in the bucket to what Russia herself is doing. Our and other outside gifts amount, all told, to $750,000. The donations of the government and the people represent in the neighborhood of $350,000,000, and the czar himself has given about $10,000,000 out of his private fund. The government loans to the famine villages amount to more than $100,000,000, and these loans no one expects that the peasants will repay. It is a physical impossibility for them to do so, and, as one of the chief officials of the government said to me, the czar does not expect repayment. He always gives a present to the people upon certain occasions, such as the coronation of a grand duke, and at the next such event one of his presents will probably be the forgiving of this debt. This $100,000,000 was given almost outright by the government, but in addition to it numerous schemes have been favored and authorized by the czar to get money for the sufferers, and the bulk of the gifts have come from the people. One of these schemes was by a lottery under the Treasury department, the prizes of which were guaranteed by the Imperial Bank and the profits of which went to the famine. Russia has no lotteries as the rule, and such things are ordinarily against the law. This lottery brought in about $75,000,000 and all classes patronized it, many of the wealthy buying thousands of tickets. I know one man here who bought $10,000 worth of tickets, choosing scattering numbers, and he did not get a single prize. He was twitted on his bad luck and replied: "I don't care. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my twenty thousand roubles have gone to help the famine." St. Petersburg is a city of many rich people, and many of the nobles here took from one to five thousand dollars' worth of these lottery tickets, but the great majority were sold to people of small means, and the buying of them was, so to speak, the fad.

Private People Who Gave $175,000,000.

Consul General Crawford estimates that the gifts of private citizens of Russia to this famine have not been less than 350,000,000 roubles or the enormous sum of $175,000,000. The gifts almost surpass comprehension and, all told, notwithstanding the vast population of Russia, they amount, including those of the government, to $3 for each man, woman and child in the whole Russian empire, or to $15 per family. When you remember that of the twenty odd millions of families that make up the Russian people not more than 1,000,000 has ever had $15 at one time in its possession you get some idea of the mighty strain this has been on those who could give and have given. The nobility have in all cases led the list, and hundreds of well educated girls and women of the best families of this and other Russian cities are now in the famine districts fighting the demons of starvation, typhus fever and the smallpox in behalf of the peasants. A number of these ladies have caught the diseases of the peasants, and a Russian countess who went from St. Petersburg was among those who took the smallpox. Almost all of the great landed proprietors in the famine districts are doing what they can to help their people. I hear of men who have been feeding and caring for 5,000, 10,000 and in some cases even 20,000 and 25,000 peasants, and Count Bobrinsky, who is at the head of the transportation of famine relief, is, in connection with his family, supporting nearly 30,000 people out of his own means, and at the same time aiding in the distribution of the foreign and government relief fund among the people outside of his estates.

This relief work is not done spasmodically nor without system. There is a thorough organization and as good brains as you will find anywhere in the world are managing it. The peasants themselves are like children, and they require the advice and the care of children. These people of Russia of the highest classes go and stay with them. They visit them in their huts, take care of the sick—for there are but few doctors—and nurse them. With them is the Russian Red Cross, which has raised about $35,000,000 for the sufferers, and which works, as do all outside institutions, directly under the government.

The government of Russia is planning great works to prevent the recurrence of such a condition as now exists. A fund of $10,000,000 has been set aside to build elevators and places for the storage of grain in all of the various districts, and through our consul general, Dr. John M. Crawford the Interior department has investigated our system of crop reports and has just now decided to adopt this system for Russia. Secretary Rusk forwarded full information and from now on the same organized system that we have constructed will be in force here.

Something About the People.

Heretofore Russia has had no agricultural statistics and the peasants have lived from hand to mouth. They are not economical or thrifty nor accumulative in our sense of the word and it requires a study of their character and their condition to understand the situation. Thirty years ago they were in the condition to a great extent of our slaves at the south and if today the negro and the planter had been left to work out their salvation at the close of the war without the aid of the money and push of the north they would probably be of somewhat the same character as these people are here today. This statement may, however, be misleading. The two races are far different in character, and after my journey through the back districts and along regions of the Volga I will give a letter describing the curious features of their life and character, which are like those of no other people in the world. My idea is not to write so much of the Russian famine as of the Russian people, and the great Slavic race is one of the strangest and most peculiar on God's green earth. They are the baby race among the great races of the world. They are not yet out of their swaddling clothes and into even the knee pants of the boyhood of civilization. But for all that their limbs are muscular, their features are strong and they have the lungs and staying power of the bull of Bashan.

You see the evidences of the happy-go-lucky character of the people everywhere you go. Their condition has been such that they have never come to understand the value of money, and this has been the case with both rich and poor. The rich have been so rich that they had all they could want. The poor have been so poor that there was no chance for them to get more than enough for mere existence, and so with no ambition but for the day both classes have been rushing madly along until they are now at the end of their rope and a turn will have to come very soon. Said a Russian bureau officer to me this afternoon: "The trouble with us is we never think of the morrow. If we have much today we spend it, and if we have little tomorrow we make the best of it. If I should give my drosky driver 100 roubles today it would all be gone tomorrow, and our people have not yet the least idea of accumulation and thrift. For this reason many of the best business establishments of the country are managed by the Germans and the English, and most of the factories here are owned by foreigners."

"But how about the future?" I asked.

"I think we are gradually learning," was the reply. "This famine has taught us much, and there is a steady though very slow movement toward the better business methods and better ideas of life. The Russian peasant is, however, hard to change, and the great trouble is that he seems to have an entire lack of ambition. He is satisfied with his hut and his poverty. When you can get our people to want socks instead of rags about their feet, and when they think they need drawers under their calico pants, you will have made the first great step toward the Russia of the future. The spark of ambition once kindled I believe we have the foundation elements of one of the greatest peoples of the world."

How the Russians Look.

No one who visits Russia can be unimpressed with the strength of character seen in the faces of the people. I first saw these Russian peasants at Jerusalem about four years ago. It was at Easter time, and they had come by the thousands on a pilgrimage to the holy sepulcher, and of the polyglot humanity which was gathered there from the four quarters of the world there were none so strong in feature and in frame as these Slavs. I see here every day walking the streets of St. Petersburg with bundles on their backs, driving cabs or droskies and working on the streets, men whose nobility and strength of features would create remark in any American crowd, and at every corner you meet men whose faces are such that you would be proud to acknowledge them if you found them among your ancestral portraits. Their foreheads are high and broad, their eyes straight, honest and kindly. Their noses are large and clean-cut, and their cheek bones often rather prominent. Nearly all are bearded and many are long-haired and part their hair in the middle. Their frames are as strong as their faces. They are a big-boned, well-jointed race, and they look as though they were made to stay. The women are of the same character as the men. They are not handsome nor pretty, but they look kind and motherly and what we would call fine looking. They lack taste in dress, have no ideas of the harmony of colors, and wear—I mean the peasants—handkerchiefs of all the brightest colors of the rainbow upon their heads. Their dresses are of red, blue or other gay colors, and they are gathered in at the neck and waist, and fall to the feet in ungraceful folds. They have no idea of corsets and many of them wear long aprons tied over the bust, gathered in at the waist and falling almost to the feet over their gowns. They are sturdy of frame and rather dull and quiet in manner. They do as much work as the men and the men and women work in the fields side by side. The men of the lower classes, as I see them here, are more picturesque in their dress than the women. Russia is the land of the cap, the long coat and top boots, and the peasants wear coats of homespun, with long frocks, and even such as dress in sheepskins, with the fur turned in, have their coats reaching below the knees. Here in St. Petersburg I see few without overcoats, but farther south the peasant man's dress is of red calico, shirt and pantaloons, the shirt coming outside the pants and belted at the waist, and his feet are covered with a sort of coarsely-woven straw shoe, and his ankles are swaddled in rags. The better class of poor people, or the ordinarily well-to-do men here, wear long coats, with top boots, and the national cap is worn by nearly everyone. This is to a large extent the costume of the rich, though the wealthy all over the civilized world dress much the same as we do. The difference here is largely in the quality of the goods worn, and St. Petersburg may be said to be a city where the people wear ulsters, caps and high boots the year round, no matter whether it be as hot as Tophet or as cold as Alaska.

The Apparel that Proclaims the Russ.

These Russian boots are worth looking at. They are about the only cheap thing in Russia, and you can get a pair made to order for $5. The same leather and the same work in the United States would cost you $25, and the finish of the best leather is as fine as that of a portfolio or pocketbook. These boots reach to the knees and the best of them shine like patent leather. The pantaloons are always tucked inside of them and there is a fancy section about six inches wide above the ankle of every boot, in which the leather lies in wrinkles with the regularity of a washboard. It takes at least twice as much leather to make a pair of Russian boots as it does an American pair, and the same may be said of the Russian overcoat. The drosky drivers wear more cloth than any other cabmen the world over. It takes more of good cloth—for the blue goods they wear seems to be of excellent material—to make a drosky driver's coat than to make a lady's trained ball dress, and this coat has to be padded and quilted. This coat has long skirts, and it is made very large so that the cabby can stuff his body out, and especially his back, to give himself the appearance of prosperous fatness. Nine-tenths of these drivers are padded in this way, and no well-to-do man would own a lean coachman. Lieutenant Allen, the military attache of our legation here, told me yesterday that his coachman appeared to be of dime-museum fatness when he engaged him and that he supposed his great frame was that of nature, until one day he met him before he had put in his pads and he was as thin as a rail and looked so different that it was some time before he knew him.

Speaking of Russian caps, the officers whom you see here by the thousands all wear them, and the most of the soldiers have caps as a part of their uniform. Every servant or messenger wears a cap and the boys from the age of four wear long-visored caps and little overcoats just like their fathers. Even the little girls wear caps, and the favorite head covering of the little maidens of from two to six or seven years, whom I see running about with their nurses in the parks, is a jockey cap of the brightest red, blue, yellow or green silk. The colors of the caps of the men are usually dark, though they are trimmed with all shades of borders and bands, and each color denotes something. The policemen, as a rule, have red bands about their caps. Some of the private soldiers wear caps of white. Others wear caps like Tam O'Shanters, and the cavalry have as many different kinds of headgear as the infantry. Some officers have green bands about their caps and others blue, and in short there is every possible cap combination from the shaggy fur of the peasant from the wilds of north Russia to the brimless Astrakhan, which, with its red silk crown covers the head of the cartridge-breasted Caucasian soldier. The overcoats of the people from the different parts of the country are also different, and the officers wear coats of different colors and of different grades of length, ranging from the feet to the top of the boots in size. All in all, the dress of the men is the most picturesque one in Europe, and the crowds which throng the streets of St. Petersburg are like those of no other capital of the world. The men are naturally large and fine looking. These long ulsters make them look bigger, and the general effect produced is that of a nation of giants.

A Splendidly Extravagant Church.

The church is perhaps the richest of all Russian institutions, and the thousands upon thousands of priests who are supported by the people are, as a class, the finest looking men in the world. They never shave nor cut their hair and their locks are as silky as those of a baby, and they stream down their backs, reaching often almost to the waist. Their faces are rosy and plump, and showing out under the high black caps which they wear on the streets and over their long black gowns they look wonderfully handsome and noble. During the services in the churches they take off their caps and their hair flows back from their high foreheads, making you think of the patriarchs of old, and during many of the services they appear in gowns of silver and gold and wear great tiara-like hats which sparkle with gold and jewels. The Russian Greek churches are far more gorgeous in their appointments than any other in the world, and there is enough gold leaf plastered over the churches of this country to pay the Russian national debt and to relieve the starving people of the famine districts. From all parts of St. Petersburg you see the great domes of these Russian cathedrals, and their gold-plated surfaces catch the rays of the sun and their golden spires pierce the sky everywhere you look. Their interiors are gorgeous beyond the dreams of Monte Christo, in gold and silver carvings and decorations, and the treasuries of the churches contain jewels and treasures equal to those of the cave of Aladdin. Take the dome of St. Isaac's cathedral. It is of copper and it is nearly the size of the dome of the capitol at Washington. It took 200 pounds of gold to plate it, and there is not a gold bracelet in Tiffany's which is better plated or polished than it is. The gold leaf which is spread over the interior was hammered out of more than 100 pounds of gold. There are solid silver fences about the altar of that cathedral, and there are a hundred and more candelabras in it as high as your head and made of wonderfully worked silver. About its holy of holies, into which women can never go, are Corinthian pillars of malachite facings, worth $100,000, and each square inch of these pillars, which extend upward as high as the roof of your house, is of fine enough stone to make a brooch and to set in gold. There are two columns here inside the malachite ones of lapis lasuli, which are no bigger around than your sweetheart's waist, but which cost $15,000 apiece, and I might fill this page with descriptions of the gold bases of the massive granite columns, the golden clothes of the gorgeous ikons and of the gilt and glitter of this cathedral alone. It is wonderful in its symmetry and beauty and semi-savage oriental splendor, but it has been softened by the hand of art till it ranks with St. Peter's at Rome as one of the two finest cathedrals of the world. Its cost all told has been nearly $20,000,000, and it took a solid million to make it foundations.

Laid Up Treasures on Earth.

Still it is only one cathedral of a number in St. Petersburg, and it is but a type of the gorgeous splendor and extravagance of a religion which has perhaps a stronger hold upon its followers than any other religion in the world. All its churches are filled with precious metals, and without going into a description of those of St. Petersburg I will mention a few of their wonders which I saw in a half day's drive. In the Kazen cathedral, which cost $3,000,000 in 1811, I found a silver balustrade in front of the golden altar which weighed half a ton and which was made of the Russian plate which Napoleon Bonaparte seized when he took Moscow, but which he had to throw away on his famous retreat. The Cossacks gathered it up and gave it to the cathedral. On the door or screen of the altar of this church the name of the Almighty is engraved in precious stones, and there is a painting of the Virgin set with jewels worth $75,000. The cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the other side of the Neva, has a great spire plated with pure gold, and its interior is gorgeous in gold and silver. I wandered into a monastery yesterday, where the golden doors of the chapel were open and the black-gowned monks were at prayers. The golden book of the reader was on a silver stand, and the wall or screen in front was one mass of gold and painting. At one side was a shrine of solid silver, which my guide told me contained more than 3,000 pounds of the pure metal, and in the treasury of the monastery there is a fortune of jewels, gold and gorgeous gowns, some of which sparkle with diamonds. The vast amount of money, however, which Russia spends upon her religion is on the thousands of little chapels which you find in almost every block and in nearly every house. The sacred golden ikon, or half picture half image of some saint, the Savior or the Virgin, is found in nearly every room, and there is no store or business house which has not its gold shrine before which a light perpetually burns. Before these shrines their owners, customers and guests bow, cross themselves and utter prayers many times daily, and of all the impressions I have received since entering Russia there are none so deep as those I have felt in the churches and in watching the religious evidences of the people. Their religion may not be the best one; its priests may be and probably are to a large extent ignorant, but the people believe what they profess, and their creed is one of the strongest forces of their civilization and must have an effect on their future.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

BURLINGTON, IA., April 4, 1891.

Dr. J. B. Moore—Dear Sir: Have been troubled with catarrh in my head and face for three years—at times was unable to hear, had a constant ringing in my ears and for two years was almost deaf. Have tried several so-called remedies and been treated by regular physicians and noted specialists, but failed to get any relief. I tried one bottle of Moore's Tree of Life Catarrh Cure. It gave immediate relief and effected a permanent cure. I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of this disease and will cheerfully give any further information on being addressed at my home, No. 223 Sweeney ave., Burlington, Ia. For sale by all druggists.

Respectfully,
R. L. REID.

For sale by all druggists.

IMPIETIES.

"There was a time when I taught my children the doctrine of hell," said a mother to a writer in Kate Field's Washington, "but I was led to doubt the wisdom of it. One day I found my two sons, aged respectively 10 and 12, in a fierce hand-to-hand combat. The younger, badly whipped and livid with rage, shrieked: 'Never mind, Tom! I'll get even with you some day—see if I don't!' 'Hush, hush!' I cried, after administering a severe reproof to Tom. 'What an expression, Dick! Get even with Tom! I'm ashamed of you!' When Dick's wrath had somewhat cooled I said to him: 'Never let me hear you say such a thing again. Is that showing Christ's spirit? Did he ever say to any one who had injured him: 'I'll get even with you!' 'No!' said Dick humbly. A moment later his face lit up with a sudden gleam of thought as he added: 'No, he never said he would, but he's going to!'"

* * *

The author of Yorkshire Folk Talk tells an amusing story of an English bishop's struggles to master the Welsh tongue. He had been appointed to the Welsh see of St. David, and, on taking up his abode in Wales, engaged a native Welsh scholar to give him instruction in the language. The pronunciation, and especially the ll, bothered the bishop, and the Welshman was almost at his wit's end to explain the lingual process by which the formidable sound was to be uttered. At last a bright thought struck him, and, being very obsequious in manner, he thus addressed the bishop: "Your lordship must please put your episcopal tongue to the roof of your apostolic mouth and then hiss like a goose."

* * *

The pastor was calling at the house of Brother Billings and the small boy was entertaining him until the parents came down, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Do you ever go fishin'?" inquired the youngster, who had inherited his father's fondness for the sport.

"I am a fisher of men," responded the good man.

"Do you carry your bait in a jug, like papa does?" was the next question, and just at that moment Brother Billings appeared with a seraphic smile of innocence lighting up his genial countenance.

* * *

Indianapolis Journal: "The largest coin I find in the collection basket this morning," said Rev. Mr. Wilgus, "is a 10-cent piece. If the members of this congregation are expecting to pay their way into a better land on the installment plan it seems to me that they are calculating on a much longer mundane life than has been allotted to man since the days of Methuselah."

* * *

Truth: Bridges—What has led to the recent surprising increase in the membership of your church?

Brooks—Our pastor is organizing committees for the personal investigation of the city's vice.

* * *

Jinks—What's the reason your minister failed to answer his new call?

Filkins—I believe it lacked the true metallic ring.

Take Good Care of the Children.

If you have children, you will be interested in the experience of Mr. John Cook of Pilot, Vermillion Co., Ill. He says: "Two years ago two of my family, a young man and a girl, had very severe and dangerous attacks of bloody flux. The doctor here was unable, after a week's time, to check or relieve either case. I threw the doctor overboard and began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Improvement was seen very soon, and my children arose in a few days from what I feared would be their death-bed. It is a grand, good medicine."

REV. C. H. GARDNER'S LETTER

From His Lodge on the Fringe of a Wisconsin Wilderness.

WITH "BOUNDLESS CONTIGUITY OF SHADE"

Beauties of Bayfield and Its Advantages for an Outing—Old-Time Theater of Religious and Commercial Enterprise—Where Trout and Deer Abound.

BAYFIELD, Wis., July 20.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—At no place in this country can one find a combination so unique as here, in this great resting place on the southern shore of the great inland sea. Back of the town, for a hundred miles and more, is the unbroken pine forest of north Wisconsin, with thousands of acres never yet trodden by the foot of any white man. In front of us, across the bay, about four miles distant, is Madeline island, extending twelve miles along the shore, which was settled more than 250 years ago. In 1642, Jesuit missionaries, followed closely by fur traders, came to the mainland near the present site of Bayfield, attracted by the fact that several tribes of Indians came to this spot to catch and dry their fish. The Jesuits built a bark chapel and the traders established a temporary post at which they received furs and dispensed various wares in payment. Within a short time after this settlement a war broke out between the Indians and white people looking for refuge soon discovered the strategic value of a point of land on Madeline island. After a short conference they decided on "La Pointe, La Pointe!" the present name of the postoffice and a scattering village of halfbreeds.

La Pointe and its neighborhood have since that time been almost continuously the seat of religious and commercial enterprise. Two or three Roman Catholic churches have been built there; a part of the present building is said to be 100 years old. A flourishing Presbyterian mission was started at La Pointe fifty years ago and the ruins of an old church still remain. The work of these Protestant missionaries has been long abandoned. Where at one time there was a population of 400 or 500 there are now only a few scattered families. But "the city of the dead" is populous. Hundreds of resting places are marked by quaint oldfashioned tombstones making the place of great interest to the antiquary and seeker after what is odd and picturesque. Several Indian chiefs who had embraced the religion of Christ sleep there under the shadow of the Christian ensign.

At different times during the past two centuries the great furtrading companies have had establishments at La Pointe with all the accompaniments of warehouses and fortifications. But these marks of civilization are almost obliterated. The paths once trodden by meditative monk and halfconverted children of the forest, the streets once busy with the coming and going of the traders and their patrons are now overgrown and well-nigh deserted. Fruit trees and flowering bushes have relapsed into native wildness. This island, extending for twelve miles along the shore, now serves another and not less important purpose. In the enormous increase of lake commerce of recent years its sheltering arm forms a harbor where the shipping of the world could find refuge from the outside storms.

A legend still treasured among the neighboring tribes of Indians tells of several great naval battles fought in Chequamegon bay by the ancient rivals for supremacy. As I sit writing this letter and look out over the rippling water, enlivened by many white-winged vessels of peace, profit and pleasure, or furrowed by the great steamers speeding between Duluth and the Atlantic coast, the contrast overwhelms me. The lake commerce is now enormous and no one can estimate now greatly it will be increased when, in the near future, the new canal at Sault Ste. Marie shall give passage for ships drawing twenty feet of water, carrying grain direct to all European ports.

Bayfield was so named by Hon. H. M. Rice, after Admiral Bayfield of the British navy, who was sent out by his government in 1824 to make a survey of the great lakes. In 1854 Mr. Rice, who had served many times in congress as senator from Minnesota, was Indian commissioner under the United States government. It has been no small part of the pleasure of an outing here to meet Mr. Rice and listen to his accounts of adventure and exploration in the northwest, and of intercourse with Indian tribes. Mr. Rice sent to England for the Bayfield charts, and finding them so wonderfully correct he was inspired to call this village which he founded after the British officer.

Bayfield enjoys peculiar advantages of climate, and has the purest water in the world. Living here those who are prone to acquire hay fever have absolute immunity from that distressing malady. The air, filtering through the aromatic pines and other evergreens, it charged with restfulness and health. The shores of the lake are for the most part rocky and abrupt, and no malaria finds a lurking place in this region. One of the largest stations of the Booth Packing company is located here, and several tons of white fish and lake trout are shipped daily from here to all points in the northwest. A large saw mill owned by Captain R. D. Pike and running day and night employs a large force of men. A very excellent hotel offers superior accommodations for visitors. In the immediate vicinity of Bayfield are numerous brown stone quarries. At one of these, owned and operated by Mr. Prentice, a monolith several feet larger than the Cleopatra Needle, is being quarried for exhibition at the World's fair. Places of interest within easy reach from Bayfield are Duluth, Isle Royale, points on the north shore of the lake, Ashland with its enormous output of iron, and the Calumet and Hecla copper mines, the largest in the world. For the pleasure-seeker and tourist the Apostle islands—so called by the early missionaries because they thought them to be twelve in number—twenty-two beautiful emerald gems clustered within a space twenty by five miles, furnish a sailing ground of unsurpassed beauty. Near by, among the forest-covered hills that skirt the lake, are streams that furnish the skillful angler with abundance of speckled trout, while numerous bays yield lake trout to those who prefer trolling.

A few days ago while fishing in a neighboring stream one of our party saw two full-grown deer quietly feeding a few rods distant in a small clearing, and only the fact of having no gun prevented the disgrace of his missing both. A few rods further upstream the same fisherman, in climbing down a steep embankment, put his hand on a fawn which he might have caught if he (the fisherman) had not been nearly scared to death. So you see we are very near to the heart of nature. And what can be better than this for tired humanity? If others' sighs for a lodge in some vast wilderness could meet with such a gracious and satisfactory answer as mine have found here in Bayfield, then more outings would yield what all outings ought to give—recuperation, recreation and renewed ambition for the sterner duties of life.

C. H. G.

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

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR

Young Ladies and Children

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.
O'CONNOR, GREELY CO., NEB.

This Boarding School is situated a short distance from Greely Center, a flourishing town on the B. & M. railroad. The Convent is on a delightful site among the O'Connor hills. The usual English branches; music, vocal and instrumental; and a special course of literature are given.

Terms in advance, $150 a year (10 months), washing included. The school will open the first of September.

For further particulars address,
MOTHER SUPERIOR CONVENT OF MERCY
15th and Castellar St.,
OMAHA, NEB.

14th Year WYMAN INSTITUTE
UPPER ALTON, ILL.
WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY.
A thorough school. Prepares for College or Business. Within 20 miles of St. Louis. Address
COL. WILLIS BROWN, Superintendent.

JUST THIS WEEK.

Next Saturday Night at 10 O'clock The

Hellman Administrator's Sale Closes.

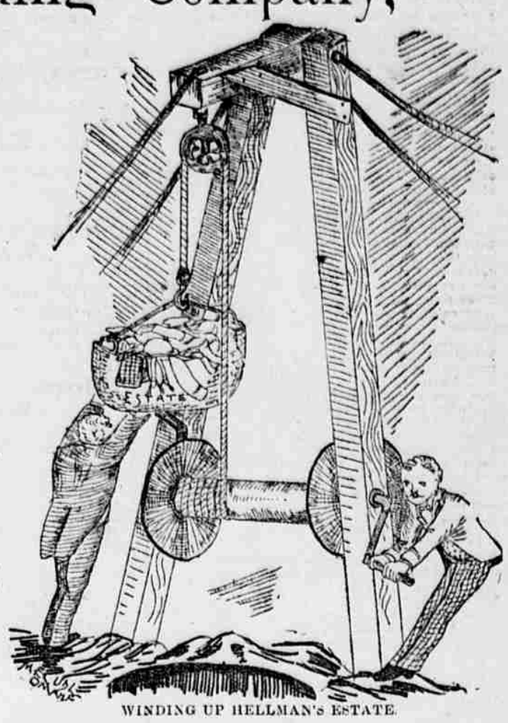
No matter how many goods are left it closes sure, as the good will, lease, fixtures and whatever is left of the stock is then transferred to the

Columbia Clothing Company,

who reopen Monday morning, August 1st, with a brand new line of every kind of

CLOTHING
For Men and Boys.

In the meantime---this week only,---the same outrageously low prices will prevail. You will be sure to find something you want and prices will induce you to buy.



WINDING UP HELLMAN'S ESTATE.

Hellman's
Administrator's Closing Sale,
Corner 13th and Farnam Streets.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES

ALL GOODS BEARING THIS LABEL ARE OF NEBRASKA MANUFACTURE

By Purchasing Goods Made at the Following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

AWNINGS.
OMAHA TENT AND AWNING CO.
Flags, hammocks, oil and rubber clothing. Send for Catalogue. 1113 Farnam

BASKETS
OMAHA BASKET FACTORY,
Capacity 8,000 per day. Packing boxes to order. Office 801 Cap. Av. Tel. 177.

BREWERS.
FRED KRUG BREWING CO.
Our bottled cabinet beer delivered to any part of the city. 1607 Jackson Street.

OMAHA BREWING ASSOCIATION.
Guaranteed to equal outside brands. Vienna Export bottled beer, delivered to families.

BOXES.
OMAHA BOX FACTORY.
Nailed and dovetailed boxes. Capacity 5,000 day. East Omaha Tel. 413. P. O. box 855.

BOILERS.
WILSON & DRAKE.
Tubular flues, oil and water tanks, breeching, sheet iron work, etc. 19th and Pierce.

CARRIAGES.
THE OSTERHOUDT.
Spring Wagon Mfg Co., incorporated. Repairing on short notice. Carriage painting. 1801-1803 Cass. Tel. 1057

CIGARS.
SMOKE BLUE SEAL CIGAR.
Nebraska Manufacture. Jacob Jaskalek.

H. BESELIN.
Special brands made to order. Factory, 2409 Patrick Ave. Store 820 North 16th.

DYE WORKS.
OMAHA STEAM DYE WORKS.
Cleaning and dyeing of every description. 1521 Howard Street.

MATTRESSES.
THE OMAHA MATTRESS CO.
Mattresses, feather pillows and comforters. To trade only. 1112-14-16 Harney St.

FLOUR.
S. F. GILMAN.
1013-15-17 N. 16th. C. E. Black, Manager.

OMAHA MILLING CO
Office and mill, 1313 North 16th Street.

RUBBER GOODS.
OMAHA RUBBER CO
Manufacturing and jobbers of all kinds of rubber "Fish Brand" goods. 1590 Farnam St.

SADDLERY.
MARKS BROS' SADDLERY CO.
Stock saddles and light harness a specialty. 1407 Harney street.

FURNITURE.
CHAS. SHIVERICK & CO.,
Furniture, Carpets and Draperies. 1501 Farnam.

ICE.
SOUTH OMAHA ICE CO.
Office, 1531 Farnam St. Telephone 753.

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS.
ROSENBERY
Mouldings, stair rails, newels, balusters, scroll work, etc. Telephone 92 15th and Marcy Sts.

H. F. CADY LUMBER CO.
Office and bank work a specialty. 201 N. 9th st.

IRON WORKS.
PAXTON & VIERLING IRON WORKS.
Wrought and cast iron building work, engines, brass work, etc.

INDUSTRIAL IRON WORKS.
Mfg. and repairing: all kinds machinery, 714 S. 14th St. Tel. 1449.

OMAHA SAFE AND IRON WORKS.
Safes, vaults, jail work, iron shutters and fire escapes. G. Andreesen, 14th and Jackson.

SYRUP.
FARRELL & CO.
Jellies, Preserves, Mince Meat and Apple Butter, Syrups, Molasses. 217 South Seventh St.

SOAP.
PAGE SOAP CO.,
Manufacturers of Union Soap. 115 Hickory street.

OVERALLS.
KATZ-NEVINS CO.
202-4 Douglas Street.

PRINTERS.
REED JOB PRINTING CO.,
Bee Building.

STOVE REPAIRS.
All kinds of stove repairs on hand, Gasoline stoves repaired and stoves stored. James Hughes, 607 S. 13th St.

TRUNKS.
H. H. MARHOFF,
M'f'r trunks, traveling bags and sample cases. 1514 Douglas St.

WHITE LEAD.
CARTER WHITE LEAD CO.
Corroders and Grinders. Strictly pure white lead. East Omaha.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

Anew and Complete Treatment, consisting of Suppositories, Ointment in Capsules, also in Box and Pills: a Positive Cure for External, Internal Blind or Bleeding Itching, Chronic, Recent or Hereditary Piles. This Remedy has never been known to fail. $1 per box, 6 for $5; sent by mail. Why suffer from this terrible disease when a written guarantee if positively given with 6 boxes or refund the money if not cured. Send stamp for free Sample. Guarantee issued by Kuhn & Co., Druggists, Sole Agents, corner 6th and Douglas streets, Omaha, Neb.

D. R. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softness of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhea and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhea caused by over-exertion of the brain, Self-abuse over-indulgence. A month's treatment $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5, will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantee issued only by Theodore, F. Lewis druggist, sole agent, southeast corner 16th and Farnam sts., Omaha.

Healthful Out Doors

If men and women of all ages knew how easy it is to bicycle—how safe—healthful—joyful—economical—all the world would cycle—As cycling leads exercises of all out-doors, so the Columbia leads the cycles of the world—

Book about Columbias free at Columbia agencies, or sent for two two-cent stamps—Pope Mfg. Co., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

AT
Galveston, Texas,

THE SEA PORT OF THE SOUTH!

For Sale or Lease at Bargain and on Easy Terms.

A good chance especially for parties in delicate health desiring a change to a congenial and salubrious climate, mild in winter and cool in summer, owing to the refreshing sea breezes of the gulf.

A Corn Mill Plant,

built by the T. J. Noyle M'f'g. Co., capacity 200 barrels per day, with elevator railroad switches, warehouses, steam power and ground, situated in close proximity to the channel, eminently fitted for the export, as well as home trade, with ample space for enlarging the same or adding oat milling.

The reason for disposing of this property is our desire to pay undivided attention to our flour mill business, and the export of flour and grain from this port.

We invite correspondence and will be much pleased to furnish all information in our possession regarding corn milling, our port, climate, etc.

Texas Star Flour Mills,
GALVESTON, TEXAS.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

Largest and best manufactory west of the Mississippi river. Repairing neatly executed.

A. J. SIMPSON
1409 and 1411 Douglas St.
Give me a trail.
HIGH GRADE CARRIAGES.

DR. J. E. McGREW

THE SPECIALIST.

Is unsurpassed in the treatment of all forms of PRIVATE DISEASES, and all disorders and debilities of youth and manhood. 17 years' experience. His resources and facilities are practically unlimited. The Doctor is recommended by the press, and endorsed in the strongest terms by the people for fair treatment and honest professional advice. The most powerful remedies known to modern science for the successful treatment of the following diseases:

GONORRHOEA—Immediate relief. A complete cure without the loss of an hour's time from business.

GLEET—One of the most complete and successful treatments for gleet and all annoying discharges yet known to the medical profession. The results are truly wonderful.

STRICTURE—Greatest known remedy for the treatment of stricture, without pain, cutting, or dilating. A most remarkable remedy.

SYPHILIS—No treatment for this terrible blood disease has ever been more successful, nor had stronger endorsements. In the light of modern science this disease is positively curable and every trace of the poison entirely removed from the blood.

LOST MANHOOD, and ambition, nervousness, timidity, despondency and all weakness and disorders of youth or manhood. Relief obtained at once.

SKIN DISEASES, and all diseases of the stomach, blood, liver, kidneys and bladder are treated successfully with the greatest known remedies for the diseases.

Write for circulars and questionlist, free.

14th and Farnam sts., Omaha, Neb.