Silk Department.

A great silk day Monday—values such as were never before offered. Clean, desirable goods at remarkably low prices. Read these items and compare qualities—your decision will be in our favor.

22-Inch All Silk Surahs—
Elegant line of shades and guaranteed all pure silk, Morse's price was 45c, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE ONLY, YARD..... **12½c**

27-Inch All Silk Crepons—
Good colors, light and dark shades, pretty and stylish, imported goods, Morse's price was 75c, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE, YARD **19c**

At 49c Yard We Offer—
All silk colored Faille Francaise, good shade.
All silk Plaid Surahs, pretty combinations,
24-inch Silk Plushes,
Colored Novelty Silks,
Black All Silk Grenadines, etc., etc.,
Morse's price up to $1.50,
S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE..... **49c**

Carpets and Draperies.

Bromley Rugs—
Assorted designs, size 26x54, Morse's price $1.75, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE ONLY.. **98c**

Best 5 Frame Body Brussels—
Assorted patterns, will wear a lifetime, slightly imperfect, the genuine $1.25 quality, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE ONLY, YARD **79c**

We bought for spot cash from a Bankrupt Importer a big lot of Curtains, Draperies, Covers, etc., at 30c on the dollar. Here they are—

6-4 Chenille Covers—
Assorted colors, the 85c quality, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE, EACH..... **39c**

Taped Edge Lace Curtains, Assorted Patterns—
3 yards long, the $1.00 quality, pair only.. **39c**
3½ yards long, the $2.00 quality, pair only.. **89c**
3½ yards long, the Brussels effect, $3.00 quality, pair only..... **$1.49**

White Shaker Flannel
28 inches wide, both sides fleeced, worth 8c,
ONLY YARD,
3c

Embroidery Silk
Filo, rope silk, wash twist and Roman floss, best goods, all shades and colors. worth 4c, ONLY SKEIN
1c

Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs
Worth 10c and 15c,
ONLY EACH,
1c

Indigo Blue Calico
Stripes and figures, worth 7c,
ONLY YARD,
4c

Turkey Red Damask
58 inches wide, fast colors, worth 35c,
ONLY YARD,
19c

Countess Hair Pins
Assorted boxes, worth 5c,
ONLY BOX,
2c

Lace Collars
Worth 25c,
ONLY EACH,
5c

French Tooth Brushes
Real bristle, worth 35c,
ONLY EACH,
11c

A BARGAIN ERA FOR OMAHA

FULLY SATISFIED THAT.....
...A DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC...

Know the difference between CHOICE, DOWN TO DATE high-class goods and old Riff Raff, shopworn and out of date, which is not cheap at any price. When the grade and Quality of goods contained in the

S. P. Morse Bankrupt Stock

Is offered at 50c on the dollar and less, the People are going to buy them in Preference.

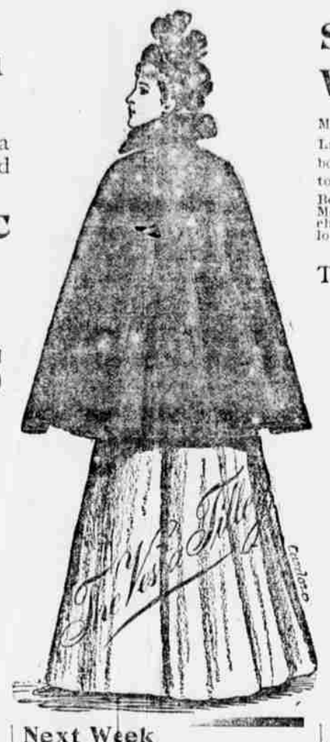
MONDAY SHOPPERS Will scrutinize values, compare prices and buy the best goods for the least money, and we will do the Business.

S. E. OLSON CO.

S. P. Morse Co. Old Stand, 16th and Farnam.

WE ARE OFFERING values in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Garments that for material, style and price cannot be duplicated. Remember—We are not offering old style garments, but all new goods, manufactured for this season's trade.

65 Children's Eiderdown Cloaks
Trimmed with Angora Fur. Sizes 2, 3, 4 and 6 years, Monday morning only, each... **83c**
Only one to each customer.



Silk Waists
Monday we offer our entire line of Ladies' Silk Waists, all lined and boned, ranging in price from $5.00 to $8.00
Beginning Monday choice of the lot, each..... **$4.00**
These Waists are new and latest styles.

Children' Reefer Jackets
Made with 4 buttons, box fronts. Beginning Monday Reduced from $5.00 **$3.50**

LADIES' CLOTH CAPES, either double or single, will be sacrificed Monday. Our $5.50 double capes reduced to..... **$3.85**
A general reduction throughout the line.

SEND US YOUR MAIL ORDERS THEY WILL BE FILLED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED AT OUR STORE.

Next Week
One-third off on all our Fur Garments.
A first-class
Coney Cape
worth $10, 30x[illegible] inches, we offer Monday at, [illegible] **$5.40**
All other Fur Garments reduced in the same proportion.

SEND US YOUR MAIL ORDERS THEY WILL BE FILLED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED AT OUR STORE

Children's Heavy School Coats All sizes, made with full cape and of good material. Beginning Monday. Reduced from $4.50 **$2.70**

We have the largest selection of Ladies new Winter Jackets in the city. Monday we will sell a tailor made jacket, 26 in. long, box front, pearl center buttons, ripple back, made of Manhattan Beaver Cloth at.... **$5.00** Reduced from $7.25

Dress Goods Dept.

The Morse Dry Goods Co. had one of the finest and most complete stocks of good reliable high grade dress fabrics in the west, they were justly proud of their novelties as well as staple Colored and Black Goods. You have a chance now to supply yourselves at 50c on the dollar and less.

At 18c Yard—
36-inch All Wool Suitings,
All wool imported goods, Morse's price up
42-inch Imperial Changeable Suitings,
24-inch Fancy Plaids,
36-inch Fine Twill Cashmeres,
Double fold Scotch Plaids, twilled goods, etc.
Morse's price up to 60c yard.
S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE ONLY, YD. **18c**

At 49c Yard—
48-inch Fancy Camel's Hair Suitings,
50-inch Worsted Diagonals,
50-inch Cheviot Suitings,
56-inch Cloth Plaids,
44-inch Shepherd's Plaids,
50-inch Novelties,
All wool imported goods, Morse's price up to $1.50,
S. E. OLSON CO'S PRICE, ONLY, YD.. **49c**

Blanket Department.

10-4 White and Gray Blankets—
Fancy borders, Morse's 75c goods, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE, PAIR..... **39c**

11-4 White and Gray Blankets—
Fancy borders, heavy and durable, Morse's $1.25 grade, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE, PAIR **69c**

Australian Wool Blankets—
Silver gray, fancy borders, elegant heavy goods
10-4, Morse's price $3.00, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE, PAIR..... **$2.69**
11-4, Morse's price $4.00, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE, PAIR..... **$3.47**

11-4 California Blankets—
Silver gray, elegant, heavy, all wool goods, warm, soft and durable, Morse's price $8.00, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE, PAIR.. **$4.98**

Home Made Comforters—
Sateen both sides, nice soft cotton, extra large size, Morse's $2.00 quality, S. E. OLSON CO.'S PRICE, EACH..... **$1.59**

Cuticura Soap
25c goods,
PER CAKE ONLY,
13c

Sanitary Cotton Flannel
Mixed colors, 28 in. wide, soft and fleecy, medium shades, worth 12½c,
ONLY YARD,
5c

Bleached Muslin
Remnants, equal to Fruit and Lonsdale, worth 10c,
ONLY YARD,
5c

Pear's Soap
Worth 15c,
ONLY, CAKE,
9c

5-inch Imported Kid Curlers
Worth 10c, ONLY,
5c

Sozodont Tooth Wash
Worth 75c,
ONLY, PER BOTTLE,
45c

Bleached Damask
72 inches wide, heavy goods, assorted patterns, worth 85c
ONLY YARD,
49c

Outing Flannels
Elegant, soft goods, pretty colors, slightly imperfect, 12½c goods,
ONLY YARD,
7½c

ST. PAUL'S NOTED PRELATE

An Outline of the Career of Archbishop John Ireland.

ACHIEVEMENTS IN WAR AND PEACE

An Army Chaplain, Colonizer, Temperance Promoter and Leader of Progressive Churchmen—A Battlefield Episode.

Most Rev. John Ireland, the distinguished archbishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of St. Paul, will make his initial appearance before an Omaha audience next Thursday evening. He comes to this city for the express purpose of delivering a lecture for the benefit of one of the noblest of charities—the Orphan's home at Benson Place—and will be the guest of Rt. Rev. Bishop Scannell during his stay in the city.

Though a stranger to most of the people of Omaha, Archbishop Ireland has many warm friends and admirers in this community. His fame and influence are not circumscribed by his diocese. It is nation wide—international, in fact. His aggressive, forceful convictions on church policies have been felt from the Mississippi to the Tiber, while on the social, economic and philanthropic questions that interest Americans he has exerted a powerful influence for the common good. It is no wonder then that his admirers are legion in this section, and to them his coming will be a source of personal gratification. His first and only visit to Omaha was when he came to attend the funeral of the late Bishop James O'Connor. During that visit he related to a group of friends what was previously known to but few, that he was named and appointed bishop of Omaha to succeed Bishop O'Gorman, deceased, in 1875. His commission as bishop of this then vicariate of Nebraska went to the bottom of the Atlantic in the wreck of a mail steamer that year and was subsequently recovered with other mail matter, to be treasured as a memento of promotion and an ocean disaster. Archbishop Grace, then archbishop of St. Paul, having decided to retire from active duty, prevailed upon Rome to annul the Omaha commission and had him appointed coadjutor bishop of St. Paul, with the right of succession. Thus came about St. Paul's gain and Omaha's loss.

IN SEARCH OF A HOME.

John Ireland bears the name of the land of his birth. He was born in County Kilkenny, September 11, 1838. He left the Island with his parents when a child, bound for Chicago, and there spent his early boyhood. The family did not remain long in Chicago. A colony of settlers, heading for Minnesota, tarried for a few days in the then village. The Ireland family joined the colony and migrated to the territorial wilderness of pine.

The shores of Lake Michigan had been wild enough, but the young Kilkenny lad found Minnesota still wilder. Bishop Cretin was then (in 1851) bishop of St. Paul, its first prelate, and he was soon attracted to the lad because of the aptitude displayed in his studies and the practical piety which was even then characteristic of him. He took him under his protection, and his young protege's vocation having by this time become quite certain, soon afterward sent him to France, where he began his studies at Merrimeux. He passed from the petit seminaire there to a grand seminary at Hyeres, where his theological course was in due season completed. He preferred, however, to be ordained at home, and therefore returned to St. Paul, where, at the Christmastide of 1861, he was promoted to the priesthood by Bishop Grace, successor to Bishop Cretin.

The din of war was then resounding throughout the land. Like their coreligionists in other parts of the country, the Catholics of Minnesota were not slow in responding to Lincoln's appeal for more troops when the disastrous battle of Bull Run had demonstrated that the war was not to end as speedily as certain sanguine individuals had predicted. Father Ireland offered his services as chaplain and he was duly commissioned such and attached to the Fifth Minnesota regiment, the rank and file of which were largely Catholic.

MADE A BRAVE ARMY CHAPLAIN.

For the ensuing fifteen months the young priest shared the hardships of camp life and the dangers of military duties with the gallant fellows of the Fifth. An interesting sketch of his career at the front was related a few years ago by the late John Arkins, publisher of the Denver News. Mr. Arkins was an officer of the regiment and witnessed the scenes described. It was the same story that any member of the regiment might have told. The chaplain in any regiment that was always on the move was generally forgotten by the soldiers and it was a long time before Chaplain Ireland got an opportunity to address the regiment. It was a few days after the evacuation of Corinth. The army was camped on a little creek in Mississippi, and it was expected that it would remain there several days.

The boys built a rude altar, with a sort of little canopy covering, all of green bushes and little saplings gathered from the neighboring woods. Father Ireland did not make any wearying preparation for his sermon, which was a sort of talk to the boys, but went right at it in a soldierly sort of way, and before he had proceeded five minutes he had gotten an audience together there under a burning Mississippi sun, the men who had spread their blankets in the shade of the neighboring trees to play chuck-a-luck abandoning their games and gradually pressing forward to hear what the then young priest had to say, and when he closed the veterans cheered him as he descended from his brush pulpit.

One of the most desperate battles of the war in the west was that fought on the 4th day of October, 1862, between the combined forces of Generals Price and Van Dorn on the confederate side and the union forces under Rosecrans, at Cornith, Miss. It was a struggle which sent thousands of brave men to their death. The now historic charge of the famous Texas brigade on Battery Robbinet, which was the key to the union position, was desperate and bloody, and when the smoke of that charge cleared away and the confederates had retreated to the position occupied by them in the morning, the brave commander and more than a quarter of his men were left dead and dying on that bloody field. It was on the union right of this battery in the afternoon of October 4 that Father, now Archbishop Ireland, quite unconsciously distinguished himself.

CRISIS OF THE BATTLE.

The determined assault of Van Dorn's army had been gallantly met and firmly withstood, except upon the right. There the rebels had succeeded in penetrating the lines, had captured some of the batteries and were pouring into the streets of Corinth. The situation was critical. Unless the enemy was turned back and that gap closed it would admit a column of Van Dorn's army to the town, and Rosecrans' lines would be taken in the rear, the consequences of which would not be otherwise than calamitous.

The Fifth Minnesota regiment closed the gap. It was like a whirlwind against the flank of that penetrating force. The enemy recoiled under the shock. The pent-up energies of the Fifth regiment were released and did the work of a brigade of men. Stunned by the terrible execution of the volleys poured into it, the confused mass of the enemy halted and fell back, closely pressed by the Fifth. It took the batteries that had been lost and re-established the line at the point where it had been broken.

When the storm of the battle at this point was at its height, suddenly the cry went out for ammunition. Many of the soldiers had exhausted their forty rounds and were replenishing their cartridge boxes from those of their dead comrades. It was here that there appeared a smooth-shaven and strong-hearted man, bearing upon his shoulder a box of cartridges, yelling out at the top of his voice as he passed along in the rear of the line of battle: "Here are cartridges for you, boys!"

He passed rapidly along the line, the soldiers hurriedly reaching back and grabbing a handful, throwing them into their haversacks or boxes, and again turning, with replenished ammunition, upon the advancing enemy.

As the leaden hail poured into the line of battle, this man's visits were repeated until every soldier was supplied with ammunition. That smooth-shaven man was Father Ireland.

LOST AND FOUND.

It was almost night before the last gun was fired in the series of charges, skirmishes, advances and retreats which characterized that battle. Father Ireland was missing. "Where is our brave chaplain?" went from one group of soldiers to another until it reached every soldier of the Fifth regiment. What he had done was now the general topic of conversation and the fear that he might be in those heaps of slain caused strong men to tremble.

A hasty glance was made through the field without result, the search and inquiry was extended and finally the glad tidings were brought back from an improvised hospital on the outer edge of Corinth that first among a few comforting the dying and speaking words of cheer and encouragement to the multitude of wounded was Father John Ireland.

The boys cheered the announcement that he was safe, and in the early twilight of that eventful day trenches were dug and the heaps of dead gathered together for burial, and over one of these trenches, containing the dead of the Fifth regiment, stood this brave chaplain, praying for those who had been slain and speaking words of cheer to their mourning comrades.

Mr. Adkins' account of the archbishop's military service traveled ahead of him during his visit to Europe two years ago. It was republished in the Paris Figaro on the morning of his arrival in Paris. It set all the tongues in Paris wagging about the great American prelate who was already famous, even in Europe, and who was brought into prominence by this article in a new light as a military hero. The result was that the archbishop was feted and banqueted all the time he was in Paris and was the sensation of the day.

Father Ireland's experiences as an army chaplain are not the least interesting part of his career. The position of chaplain in the army was succeeded by that of rector of the St. Paul cathedral and in that capacity he began to display that remarkable zeal and activity which have since won for him such titles as the "whirlwind of the prairies," "providential prelate," "the consecrated blizzard." When Colonel Hubbard of the Fifth Minnesota regiment was later on chosen governor of the state he named the former chaplain of his regiment, who had in the meantime been made a bishop, a member of his staff as chaplain general to the state forces, so great was the esteem in which he held the present metropolitan of St. Paul.

COLONIZATION AND TEMPERANCE.

One of the first matters to engage Father Ireland's zeal was the colonization of Irish settlers in the west. He had seen with his own eyes the miseries of tenement life in the crowded eastern seaports, and he was desirous of bringing as many as possible of the Celtic newcomers to the farms and unoccupied lands of Minnesota and Dakota. He populated his diocese and at the same time, what was more important, saved the emigrants from the temptations and dangers of the big eastern cities. The result of his labors was the formation of many settlements whose names, Lismore, Avoca, St. Kilian, Newry, and others, sufficiently show by what class of people they were settled. Father Ireland always took a warm personal interest in the welfare of the newcomers and he was fond of visiting the settlements, to encourage the immigrants and urge them to build new homes for themselves in the west, and he succeeded in procuring many settlers who are now among the best citizens of those states.

Colonization did not long satisfy the zeal of Father Ireland. He early displayed an energy, enthusiasm and nerve in the temperance movement that would have won for him the title of the Father Mathew of America. Tremendous as is the scope of the temperance societies of the Catholic church, Archbishop Ireland enters into a still wider field. He does not confine himself to preaching temperance from the pulpit, he is continually urging it from the lecture platform and in the public press, and he numbers among his warmest friends and devoted admirers members of the Women's Christian Temperance union (notably its president, Miss Willard) and many of the most prominent of the prohibition party. It would be superfluous to quote any of his numerous stirring speeches on the temperance question, for his attitude upon it is known wherever the English language is written or spoken.

MADE BISHOP AND ARCHBISHOP.

Dr. Ireland's prominence in the colonization and temperance movements made him easily the foremost priest in the St. Pa[illegible] diocese, and when in 1875 Bishop Grace began to look about him for a coadjutor his glance naturally fell first on the indefatigable and zealous rector of his cathedral. Recommended to Rome by his superior, Father Ireland was first appointed to the Omaha diocese, but at the earnest solicitation of Bishop Grace the appointment was changed to that of coadjutor of St Paul, with the rights of succession (December 21, 1875).

Nine years afterward Bishop Grace resigned his see to his younger colleague, an honor which was shortly to be followed by another, for in 188 Bishop Ireland was raised to the dignity of an archbishop. The scene of the conferring of the pallium on him in the cathedral by his venerable predecessor was an impressive one. Bishop Keane delivered he sermon on the occasion, alluding to the new archbishop as one "whose only thought when he gave himself to God's service in the generous fervor of youth was to spend his life as one of a scanty band of missionary priests, ministering to the poor Indians and the scattered settlers of a western wilderness, and who now sees the wilderness transformed into a land of beauty and peace and plenty, where a happy population i hundreds and hundreds of thousands enjo all the advantages of the most refined civilization, pushing on toward the foremo ranks in the progress of our western worl, the church of God still leading the march, as she led the vanguard of the pioneers, pinting ever onward and upward to still higher and nobler achievements."

HIS OPPOSITIO TO CAHENSLYISM.

Archbishop Ireland has long been one of the foremost men f the country, looked up to on all occasions as the spokesman of the Catholic church; bt the event which has, perhaps, brought him most prominently before the Amerign people as the representative of the American hierarchy is the vigorous opposition which he has steadfastly exhibited to the scheme which aimed at dividing the Cholic church of this country into factions by the appointment of "national" bishops. Not only has Archbishop Ireland antagonized that movement in this country by speaing in emphatic condemnation of it, but at the desire of his colleagues he went to Rome to acquaint the holy father with their viewson the subject and to point out to him the evitable dangers that would follow the adoptin of such a proposal as the advocates of a "national" hierarchy advocated. His mision on this, as well as on the educational question, was entirely successful.

The esteem ad affection in which he is held by Leo XI is well known. The holy father looks to im as typical of the genius, the energy and ie persistent enthusiasm of America, the yngest and most promising of the continent. He has undoubtedly been one of the influnces which has occasioned the recent utterances of the holy see on the monarchical quesion in France and on the various social questions which now agitate the civilized word. As a recent writer said of him: "Like Cardinal Lavigerie, with whom he is oftn compared, Archbishop Ireland believes in letting the dead past bury its dead and in aking and living with the present. He wants no antagonism, especially no unnecsary one, between the church and the civil authorities of this country. He is liberal-minded enough to recognize that the state, such as we have it, is both desous of promoting the moral and educational welfare of its subjects and capable of doing so under adjustable conditions. And for that reason he would have the church cooperate with the state insofar as it can do so without prejudicing its position and its rights. Any one who looks at his strong, earnest face, with its keen, but kindly eye and features, betoking a powerful indivduality, can easily believe that whatever [illegible] and chosen he would inevitably b[illegible] greatness in it, as he has in t[illegible] is a thoroughgoing Ame[illegible] to the core. He is a man [illegible] believes in the reign of [illegible] upheld in his views b[illegible] the head of the [illegible] pontiff, Leo X[illegible]

T[illegible] while bu[illegible] to acci- [illegible] half of [illegible] m on [illegible] at a [illegible] and [illegible] r ris- [illegible] ucive

STREET SCENES IN MEXICO

Pen Pictures of Quaint Pedestrians and Picturesque Riders.

SIGHTSEERS' VIEWS IN AN OLD CITY

Instructive Letter from an American Traveler Taking in the Places of Interest in the Famous and Historic Mexican Capital.

The population of the City of Mexico is about 300,000, and of these at least two-thirds live literally in the streets. The high altitude, the mildness and dryness of the atmosphere, even in the depth of winter, and the almost constantly clear blue sky combine to make out-of-door life as attractive as may be found, perhaps, anywhere in the world. There is an exhilarating lightness and uplifting buoyancy in the air that gives people a dislike for confinement in the close, heavy houses of Mexico, says a correspondent of the New York Evening Post. Multitudes of persons of wealth eat, sleep, work, visit and idle away their time through the whole year in their gardens or on the very broad porches that extend all about the universal patio of their low, rambling houses. Thousands of the poorer classes here never have any homes but cheap tents and hut-like adobes, and for years have slept wherever drowsiness may overtake them—whether in the open doorways, on the cathedral steps, in the market places, or in the fields about the city. The people of the City of Mexico are, therefore, noted for habits of early rising.

At so early an hour as 7 o'clock almost any morning, especially after the long hot summer season is over, elegant equipages may be seen dashing through the park, not a few of the liveried drivers holding ribbons over sleek buckskin mules—for here the mule is not relegated to the plebs, but holds his own with equine aristocracy. And certainly his satiny skin, his dainty ebonized hoofs and neatly shorn tail ending in a jaunty tassel, and his aggressive ears, subdued with fancy nets (assuming a look of conservative meekness), merit the distinction and show how one may feed a mule, as well as "feed a man, into a higher state of existence."

From the Alameda sweeps the broad Paseo de la Reforma, or Empress drive, outlined by trees, with here and there a piece of statuary. And in these statues we may trace, from Charles the Fourth to Guatimotzin (Anahuac's last unhappy ruler), the change in government from a Spanish autocracy to a Mexican republic. Glancing down the Paseo de la Reforma one may mark the arches of the ancient aqueducts, dripping crystal tears through their moss-grown sides, still bearing their burden of "sweet water" to the distant fountains whence it is disturbed by the picturesque aguadores that are constantly passing us, their huge earthen ollas suspended by leather straps from their foreheads.

The Paseo de la Reforma in the morning is almost empty of turnouts, but by 5 o'clock one will see it a struggling mass of vehicles. Dignified family landaus, quiet coupes, with jolly parties, flying steppers, and dashing caballeros, will fill it to overflowing, and till 11 at night the paving will resound to homeward-bound hoofs. But even in the morning there are many interesting passersby to see. Here will come one of the kin of Jame's "solitary horseman," flinging up an aureole of golden dust on this great highway—a rich hacendado just coming in from his broad acres. His riding suit will be an example of one of the few typical costumes of the country that have survived foreign innovation—the trousers widely sprung over the patent leather boots, and buttoned down the side with silver buttons and chains; the coat short, slashed and trimmed to correspond with the trousers; the fawn-colored sombrero, broad-brimmed and high-crowned, and a bright red sash knotted at the waist. How well he sits on his horse! Twisting his moustache with jewelled fingers and well-feigned indifference, now he knows he is observed, while he gives the beast a taste of the silver metal at his boot heel to prove himself a veritable centaur. A well-knit figure, and a well-cut, well-bred face, in spite of its ludicrous air of grandissimo, consequently greatness—supposed to express truly the haughty Castilian spirit. You witness in him a Mexican exquisite of the first water—a landed country gentleman.

Groups of little folks are to be seen, too, solemn little morsels of humanity with big dark eyes, marching to and fro with their nodrizas, enjoying life with the subdued manner of octogenarians. Here, too, fair senoritas, with prayer-book and rosary, steal demurely by, the inevitable servant in their wake. And if you are of the dangerous sex, the old duenna will keep a watchful and observant eye on you, and crystallize in her memory any look of admiration bestowed on her fair charge. Yet to ignore is as undesirable as to prove too familiar. To reach the excellency of real Spanish politeness, you should give a prolonged, admiring stare, followed by a look of vacuous surprise—quite overcome at being suddenly confronted by such loveliness. Then if you have a smattering of Spanish, it is quite admissible to draw your breath hard and mutter in an audible whisper, "Jesus! Que querida!" Although not a quiver of the fair senorita's eyelash is perceptible, and the attendant only looks a trifle grimmer, you may be certain not an intonation is lost, and it will be related with gusto to the worshipping few when the old duenna reaches home.

While the latest Parisian styles prevail among the Mexican ladies, the black lace mantilla still anticipates millinery confections. Conscious, no doubt, of the charm that lies in the black lace mantilla so bewitchingly disposed over her inky braids, softening the outline of the face and lending a pensive dignity to the carriage, the senorita clings to it. A Spanish woman in a new-fangled hat or bonnet loses half her interest, and she is wise enough to know it.

But in the midst of all this beauty and fashion, perhaps there suddenly comes something creeping toward you on all fours; it writhes along with painful effort, propelled by you hardly know what, close to the ground, until, encountering your feet, it throws back a mop of matted hair and discloses the repulsive, distorted face of a man, in which there is scarce a semblance of humanity. In pitiful, quivering tones he relates his misfortunes with a look of hopeless misery in his face, but all you can distinguish is an appeal for aid in the name of "Santissimo Trinidad." This may give you a shock at first, but if you remain long in the land of the cactus you grow accustomed to it, for this is but one of a thousand specimens of loathesome deformity that will greet your eyes in a day's stroll over the city, besides the ragged, able-bodied beggars who swarm on every street corner and seem to multiply themselves at every public gathering.

But the real born and professional beggar is the lepero, a hybrid between a low Spaniard and common Mexican, like one we saw sunning himself on a neighboring bench—a combination of gambler and thief, renegade and musician. His muscular arms were hardly covered by his sayal, and his sturdy calves stood out in bold complacency below his flapping breeches, or calzoneras. Agile, cunning, and alert, he found in playing the battered guitar swung across his shoulders with a ribbon a half pretext for a living which lifted him a trifle above the lowest of his kind.

Passing up the main commercial thoroughfare, Calle de San Francisco, with its solid walls of adobe flush with the walk, jewelry palaces and dry goods emporiums are everywhere to be seen, their windows showy with foreign importations and holiday effects. Diamonds and precious stones generally are considered very reasonable in price here. The native opals, chalcedony, agate, heliotrope and turquoise are mounted in an artistic style by native jewelers. The purely Mexican flagres work so much sought for by tourists has been crowded from the stores by more pretentious importations, so that when you find this in all the dainty elegance of the work, it is in some side street in limited quantities. It comes high, and the wealth of the shop may consist of one or two pieces, a jewel-box or card basket, but so quaintly designed and finely wrought it rivals the hoar frost upon a window pane.

The hotels Guadiola and Iturbide (the resort of Americans) are on our right; in this latter hostelry one may lay his plebeian head under the roof of a defunct emperor. And now we come to the Plaza Mayor, the green spot in the center of which, surrounded by trees, with a band discoursing the sweetest of Flotow's operas, is the Zocalo. Here focus a number of prominent streets, and it is a spot more pregnant with historic interest than any other part of the city. Facing it is the long, low palacio occupying the site once covered by Montezuma's palace; the present building has sheltered the heads not only of these sixty-four old viceroys, but of Maximilian also.

In the afternoons, especially at times previous to any church holiday, the Zocalo is the scene of the liveliest traffic. Around the outside of the little park, under the protecting towers of the cathedral and the very nose of the palacio, the Indians from the suburbs erect their booths and expose their wares. The traveling pulque and coffee shops supply their fool, and a handful of moss, a braided mat and the curbstone make their bed. We wander through stall after stall filled with their ingenious handicraft, listening to the music of the band and watching the crowd of well dressed loungers, and—of course—cripples and beggars complaisantly sandwiched in.

There are baskets, boxes and cornucopias made of tissue paper, wax figures of demure-looking Virgins and plump infant Jesuses, and, of course, the wise men of the east, led by a conspicuous gilt star hung in an evergreen firmament, reposing side by side with bull fights and funeral processions, or exact pictures of life in the country, even to the patient loaded donkey standing at the gate. They were well executed, too, with a simple jack knife. We pause to admire the Guadalajara pottery, decorated with the most extraordinary conceptions of beast and bird, evolved purely from the artist's imagination. Baskets from Toluca, varying in size from that of a bushel, made of palm, to Lilliputians the size of a thimble, daintily woven of horse-hair, vie with the famous feather-work of Morelia—a remnant of the skill so frequently spoken of by Prescott. Then there are the "rag figures," a purely Mexican production; molded from a composition, tinted and dressed, they are an admirable representation of the picturesque characters of the country. We price some walking sticks intricately carved of quince, orange and coffee plant, and find they were all relics of Montezuma—of course.

FAVORITES OF TIME.

At the age of 93 Mr. Sidney Cooper of the Royal academy is painting pictures for the exhibition next spring. He was made an associate fifty years ago.

Spencer Walpole, who had just entered upon his 91st year, has been drawing a first class political pension in England of $10,000 a year for more than twenty-eight years.

John Sartain, the veteran engraver, celebrated on October 21 his 87th birthday at his home in Philadelphia, where he has lived for sixty-five years. He is in excellent health.

Millionaire C. M. Bailey of Winthrop, Me., celebrated his 75th birthday recently at Oak Grove seminary, his pet institution. A turkey dinner was served and pleasant informal exercises were held.

Margaret Neilson, an old woman, who lived near Independence, Ky., recently, feeling her end near, walked sixteen miles to an undertaker, bought a cheap coffin and a burial robe and carried them on her back to her home. A week later she died.

Captain E. G. Diamond of San Francisco is rounding his century. He was born May 1, 1796, sang the school day rhyme about the famous Burr-Hamilton duel, helped to build the first railroad in this country from Boston to Worcester, and is inclined to finish his record by taking a wife.

General E. D. Keyes, who died recently of old age in Nice, was a popular officer on the Pacific coast. He was at one time in charge of the Presidio, and after his retirement from the army he became president of the California Vine Culture society. In 1861 he was Winfield Scott's military secretary, and he had an excellent war record.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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Dr. Oppel, the great German geographer, says that there are still 1,700,000 square miles of the earth's surface that are uninhabited and ownerless.