

THE BANGKOK OF ECUADOR

City of Babahoyo and the Floating Houses of the Guyas River.

CANOE RIDE THROUGH THE TROPICS

Characteristics of the Natives, How They Live, Their Wages and Work—Journeying on Ecuador's Only Railroad.

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BABAHYO, Ecuador, March 23, 1898.—For the past two days I have been sailing along the Columbia river of Ecuador. The Guyas is to this country as the Columbia is to the United States. It is the biggest river of the Pacific coast, and just now, in the rainy season, which lasts here from December until May, it has converted the country for miles and miles into a vast lake. The Andes we entered it from the Pacific just opposite the island of Puna, where Pizarro landed, the river is sixty miles wide, and as we sailed up it to Guayaquil we seemed to be passing through an inland sea. The waters were of the color and thickness of pea soup, and upon the fast flowing flood were patches of green, great trees and other debris which were floating down from the Andes to the sea. At Guayaquil the river is more than a mile wide, and twenty-six feet deep, furnishing a good and safe harbor for the largest of the Pacific ocean steamers. The river there is filled with shipping and there are hundreds of dugouts, canoes, great rafts and cargo boats used by the natives to bring their wares from the interior for sale.

THE BANGKOK OF ECUADOR.

I left Guayaquil two days ago and in the little American-built steamer Pulgini took an all-night sail up the Guyas into the interior. I am now far away from the coast, almost at the foothills of the Andes, Chimborazo frowns down upon me, and I can almost hear the rumbling of the volcano Cotacopaxi. I am in the city of Babahoyo, or Bodegas, a city which lies on the banks of the river, almost all afloat upon the water. The whole land is flooded, and many of the houses are so built that the people live in the second stories and go on one place to another in canoes. The town proper, which contains about 8,000 people, has streets which are now little more than rivers, and in coming from the boat I hired an Indian to carry me to the high lands of the shore on his back. As I went my whisky flask, which I always carry for medicinal purposes, fell out of my pocket into about five feet of water, and I hired another person to dive for it. He did so, bringing up first the bottle and then the drinking cup, which he slipped off when it fell. I made him happy by giving him 10 cents for his trouble. The business part of Babahoyo is a few feet higher than the rest of the place, and just now the houses are free from water, though in crossing the streets you must hug the buildings and balance yourself on the logs and bamboo bridges put across from sidewalk to sidewalk. The houses are all of two stories, the ground floors being taken up with the cavi-like stores, and the second stories forming the living quarters. There are no modern pavements nor modern improvements. Babahoyo has not a sewer nor a gutter in it. Its only bath room is a floating shed upon the wharves of the river, in which you may dip yourself down into the water with the serious danger of losing a leg by the nip of an alligator. There is a fireproof house nor a chimney in the whole town. There is not a glass window, for the houses are ventilated on the second floors by means of lattice work running about the ceiling. The whole front walls of the stores are thrown back in the daytime, and the ground floors are as open as those of Japan. The houses now on the water are built of bamboo, which is very dry, and the ground floor was then used for the chickens, donkeys and cattle. Now they are elevated on piles, higher up or lower down, as the families on the second floor, which is built upon piles so high up that the floods do not reach it.

IN AN ECUADORIAN HOUSE.

There are hundreds of houses here which can only be reached in canoes. The children go to school in canoes and the marketing is done in boats. The poorer houses belong to the poorer classes, though I shall describe further on my visit to a millionaire planter, who cannot now walk ten steps from his house without drowning. The poorer houses consist of little more than one room, about six feet square, built upon piles about ten feet above the ground and reached by a ladder outside. The houses are thatched with broad, white leaves, tied to a framework of bamboo cane. The floor is of cane and the cracks in it are so many that the women do not need to sweep, the dirt of the household falling through upon the ground or into the water. As to modern conveniences in the way of water closets, these are practically unknown among the natives of Ecuador. Even in the capital, Quito, a city of 50,000 or more, the streets are used by the common people as a sewer, and every family of respectability, when traveling, carries its own conveniences with it. In the houses of the common people there is no privacy whatever. The men, women and girls, wives and maidens, all herd together, sleeping in the same clothes they wear in the daytime, lying indiscriminately upon the floor. The most modest of the natives form the chief article of furniture of their houses. The cooking is done in clay pots on a firebox filled with dirt. The fuel is largely charcoal, the better part of which is made of the bark of the tree which grows in the hills or bricks to allow room for the coal beneath. The chief food of the tropical parts of the country is rice, or, the yam, known as the yuca, and plantains or bananas. Much rice is used, being cooked with lard, the most of which comes from the United States. The yuca is a root which I now am filled with fine cattle, the people do not seem to know anything of the matter. The chief customers for it are foreigners, and the natives of the Italian breed in one and two-pound tins. It sells for \$1 a pound in this money, or about 50 cents in American gold. I am told that at this price there is not a profit to the Italian butter makers, for the tariff and the selling charges are high.

THROUGH THE FOREST IN A CANOE.

Landing at Babahoyo, I was for a time at a loss how to make myself understood by the natives. There was no one about who spoke English, and my pure Castilian Spanish did not do me much good. At last, however, I met a German storekeeper, a Mr. Kruger, who told me that there was an American living in the city. This was a Mr. Klein, a carpenter and contractor, and I went to his house. Together we went to visit one of the biggest plantations of Ecuador. This belongs to Mr. Augustus Barlow, a man who owns thousands of cattle and horses, and who sells something like 300,000 pounds of chocolate beans every year. The plantation is now all under water, and we had to take a canoe to visit it. Our canoe was made of a log and was not over thirty inches wide, it was dug out and was poled and sculled by two lusty brown-skinned gondoliers, one of whom stood at each end of it. Mr. Klein sat at the bottom, and I was given a place in the center of the canoe, and told to hold myself steady. Leaving the city we were pushed along through the wide stream, now passing by huge which seemed to be floating on the waves, until at last we moved on into the tropical forest. We rowed for miles among the tree tops, now grazing a great black alligator, and again chattered at by monkeys, who made faces at us as they came swimming away. The trees were full of orange birds, which whistled and cried as we went by. Now we got a shot at one, a gallinule, a beautiful thing as big as a pigeon with a bill like blood, long legs of a golden yellow and a plumage of royal purple.

I try a shot at a crocodile, but the crocodile trembles as it rises up, and the very monster gets away unharmed. There are wild ducks and other birds which I have never seen before, and Mr. Klein tells me that he often has a deer on the highlands or has a shot at a wild dog or a leopard. The ride is beyond description. Under the trees there is twelve feet of water, where a few weeks ago it was all dry land. The trees make a thick arbor-like shade over us, and we wind in and out through them, now making our way along a narrow canal

GREAT CONTINUATION SALE

EXTRAORDINARY as were the offerings we announced last week, the present ones will equal and in many instances excel them. Fresh addition to our unusually large stock were made Friday and Saturday and these we have subjected to the regular cut in prices. Nor is this cut confined to the goods herewith set forth, but includes every article in the house. "The Largest Furniture House in the West" never offered such flattering inducements. High grade goods at low grade prices is the order of this sale. We want it thoroughly understood that this is not a sale of damaged or worthless goods, but on the contrary a fine, well selected stock, such as only the combination of brain, energy and capital can get together. Some small firms may make an effort to follow in our path, but they are swallowed up in the whirlpool of our successful business.

ALL ADVERTISED GOODS ARE AS REPRESENTED

								
Sideboard, solid oak, bevel plate mirror, 1 drawer velvet, 1 lined, worth regular \$22, this week \$13.50.	Chiffonier—solid oak—five roomy drawers, worth regular \$12, this week \$6.45.	Bureau—pretty design, worth regular \$1 this week \$0.90.	Perpetual Palms, not imitation, but real Ferns, Grasses, etc., that have actually grown, but which are treated in a way to make them everlasting. \$2.00 Fern or Palm, this week \$2.55.	Combination Book Case and Writing Desk, made for curtain front, mahogany finish or solid oak, worth regular \$13.50, this week \$7.50.	Corner Chair, beautiful mahogany finished frame and silk upholstery, worth anywhere \$10, this week \$5.50.	Kitchen Safe, well finished, worth regular \$7.50, this week \$4.90.	Center Table—Solid oak or mahogany finish, brass feet, price this week \$1.55.	Ladies' Desk, choice of quarter sawed oak or bird's eye maple, very stylish, worth \$12, this week \$5.50.

Sole Agent Heywood Baby Carriages.



Highest grade carriage made, worth \$16.00, this week \$9.50.

Iron Beds

Beautiful Iron Bed—Bow extension foot rail—large brass knobs—heavily lacquered—worth regular \$13.00—this week \$7.50.

Another Iron Bed—Nicely enameled—brass trimmings—very neat—worth regular \$5.50—this week \$3.25.

A Big Purchase

of parlor furniture representing all grades of 3 and 5-piece parlor suits—odd reception and arm chairs—divans—corner chairs—fine couches, etc.—in all kinds and colors of frames and coverings—in all, the greatest sale of upholstered goods ever held in Omaha—

Beautiful 5-piece Parlor Suit, oak frame, nicely carved, handsomely upholstered in tapestry, full spring, regular \$40.00—this week \$24.50.

3-piece Parlor Suit, elegant mahogany finished frame, nicely carved, in fine silk material, worth regular \$40.00—this week \$23.00.

Upholstered Rocker, fine polished frame, well made and upholstered in fine silk material, worth regular \$10.00—this week \$4.90.

Couches, beautifully upholstered in corduroy or velvet, latest patterns, finely tufted, worth regular \$20.00—this week \$17.50.

Morris Rocking Chair, with handsome cushion, worth regular \$13.50, this week \$6.75.

Odd Parlor Chairs, massive oak frame, highly finished, worth regular \$7.50, this week \$3.75.

Divan, mahogany frame, beautiful silk covering, worth regular \$10, this week \$9.50.

Our easy terms

On a bill of \$10.00—\$1.00 per week or \$4.00 per month.

On a bill of \$20.00—\$2.00 per week or \$8.00 per month.

On a bill of \$30.00—\$3.00 per week or \$12.00 per month.

On a bill of \$40.00—\$4.00 per week or \$16.00 per month.

On a bill of \$50.00—\$5.00 per week or \$20.00 per month.

On a bill of \$60.00—\$6.00 per week or \$24.00 per month.

On a bill of \$70.00—\$7.00 per week or \$28.00 per month.

On a bill of \$80.00—\$8.00 per week or \$32.00 per month.

On a bill of \$90.00—\$9.00 per week or \$36.00 per month.

On a bill of \$100.00—\$10.00 per week or \$40.00 per month.

On a bill of \$110.00—\$11.00 per week or \$44.00 per month.

On a bill of \$120.00—\$12.00 per week or \$48.00 per month.

Carpet Bargains

that cannot last longer than this week—

Moquette Carpets—this week 87c.

Velvet Carpet—this week 79c.

Tapestry Brussels Carpet—this week 69c.

Heavy all wool Ingrain—this week 59c.

Stair Carpet, heavy, worth 40c—this week 19c.

Matting—worth 50c—this week 18c.

Linoleum—worth 50c—this week 52c.

Oil Cloth—worth 50c—this week 18c.

Draperies Choice patterns and colorings—wonderfully low prices—

Brussels Net Lace Curtains—worth \$10.00—this week 5 50.

Irish Point Lace Curtains—worth \$8—this week 2 65.

Nottingham Lace Curtains—worth \$12.50—this week 69c.

Tapestry Curtains—very pretty—worth \$4.50—this week 2 45.

Chenille Portieres—worth \$5.00—this week 2 85.

Rope Portieres—worth \$6.00—this week 3 25.

Bamboo and Reed Portieres—worth \$4.00—this week 1 75.

Crockery Glassware, etc.

Big reductions in dinner and toilet sets—

10-piece Dinner Set—worth \$15.00—this week 7 85.

100-piece China Dinner Set—worth \$30.00—this week 19 50.

50-piece China Tea Set—worth \$15.00—this week 7 50.

Toilet Set—including soap jar with ball and cover—this week 5 75.

Toilet Set—nicely decorated—worth \$4.00—this week 2 25.

Money Savers—

Roll top Office Desk—worth \$17.50—this week 9 50.

Lace Curtain Sitcher—worth \$15.00—this week 1 75.

1-lb sack curled hair—worth 80c—this week 48c.

Brush Rode, per foot—worth 10c—this week 08c.

Sham Holders—worth \$1.00—this week 48c.

Steel Range ("Star Estate")—worth \$25.00—this week 26 50.

Ice Cream Freezer—worth \$3.00—this week 1 90.

Hot Racks—worth \$1.00—this week 09c.

Reed's Furniture & Carpet Co. 16th and Farnam Sts.

Building formerly occupied by the Morse Dry Goods Co.

SAGO PALM OF TUDOR PLACE

Relic of Revolutionary Times in Historic Georgetown.

BELONGS TO THE WASHINGTON FAMILY

Came over in the Ship that Provoked Boston's Famous Tea Party—Thrives Well, Though a Century Old.

One of the most interesting homes in historic Georgetown is the Tudor place. The sago palm of revolutionary fame stands in the Tudor conservatory in winter and on the beautiful lawn in summer. It belongs to Martha Washington's granddaughter, who is the oldest living descendant of the family.

home Mrs. Kennon was born and has always lived here. Never was a child more tenderly cared for than this sago palm, now a semi-tree. It stands, green and thrifty, above banks of red and white camellias, azaleas and roses, needing over a temperature of 60 or 70 degrees.

In 1775, when the historic cargo of tea was dumped into Boston harbor, there were on board three small palms. The largest was carefully sent to Mount Vernon; another to the home of Governor Morris; in Maryland, while the third was taken to the Pratt gardens, near Philadelphia. Ten years later the conservatory at Mount Vernon was burned and the palm lost. Thirty years later, in 1805, Mrs. Kennon's mother drove her carriage on a journey of four days to Philadelphia, visited the Pratt gardens, bought several little plants and carried them in a basket to her own greenhouse. One of them was an offshoot of the original sago palm, and today is a veritable Colonial Dame or Daughter of the Revolution. Her three ancestors have been carefully preserved under glass.

When left on the trees until the sap is pretty well down in the trunk, they retain their shape and color many years. She told me that she cut them little by little in season, and they had withered away to about half their natural size. Botanists have examined them with keen interest. It appears like cabbage, and slowly unfolds its yellowish brown fern leaves, after the fashion of our house ferns. If left on the tree they die, like blossoms under a glass dome. They have a place of honor in the beautiful drawing room of Tudor place beside a large case of precious relics, souvenirs of Mount Vernon, gifts from George and Martha Washington.

It is now almost a century old, and has grown to the size of a small tree. It is not abundant, like the coconut or date palm. It bears a small apricot-shaped fruit only once in several years. Its terminal budding at the end of the stem is like a crown. Some years it unfolds long, slender spikes or palm branches, but four or five times during Mrs. Kennon's life there has been a wonderful growth of ferns—chapel leaves, soft and spongy in texture and color. She showed me last year's growth, beautifully preserved under glass.

On the Chiffonier—every faultless dresser—S. & H. "VIOLETS"—the aristocratic perfume for the breath. Five cents. All dealers.

Shipping—Coal to Cuba.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—The British steamer Willowden sailed for Cuba today with 3,500 tons of coal for the Matanzas Railroad company. This is the last shipment of a contract to supply 25,000 tons of coal. Regarding the possibility of the coal being captured in the event of war, an official of the company supplying the coal said that inasmuch as the coal was being conveyed in a British vessel and the railroad is operated by Englishmen, he thought it would be perfectly safe.

Two Dead Men in a Box Car.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., April 16.—In a box car of a "Prisco" freight train arriving here were found two dead men, one of whom had been shot in the breast and the other in the side. By the side of one of the men was found a pistol, one chamber of which was empty. No other weapon could be found, and it is supposed that others had a hand. On the person of one of the men was found a painter's union card, bearing the words "A. Mumma, union 147, 159 Randolph street, Chicago."

A Little was asked for a bottle of "get up in the morning as fast as you can," the drugist recognized a household name for "Dr. Williams' Little Family Pills," and gave him a bottle of these famous little pills for constipation, sick headache, liver and stomach troubles.

AN HISTORICAL PALM.

Mrs. Britannia W. Kennon is the daughter of Colonel Thomas Peter, who married Martha Curtis, and is the widow of Commodore Beverly Kennon, who lost his life by the explosion of a gun upon the Princeton in 1844. The main body of the old house was built by Colonel Peter in 1816. In this

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