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MEATS.
Pencil Hams \$1.00
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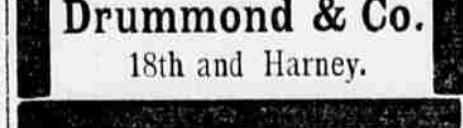
In order to make room for our spring goods, we are closing out a lot of goods left from the holidays. The following will give you an idea of some of the bargains we offer this week:
Shrewsbury, by Wyman, \$1.00—publisher's price, \$1.50.
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Megeath Stationery Co.,

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BENNETT SELLS EVERYTHING BUT BUGGIES AND RUBBER TIRES
We do the rest, and now is the time for your TIRES.
Drummond & Co.
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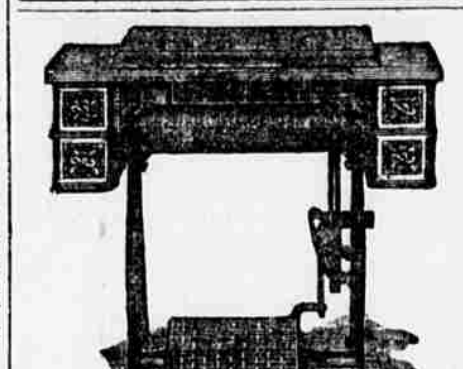
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NEBRASKA SEED CO.

1309 Farnam St. Omaha.
This firm furnished all the grass and some of the flower seed and bulbs. Were awarded the Gold Medal for the best seed.

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Watches, Jewelry, Gold or Silver Goods. It's nice to have work done right.

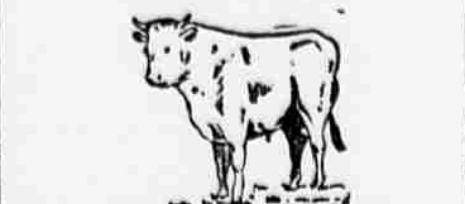
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THE BUSY JEWELER.

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FIVE CENT JERSEY CIGAR.

And you will agree with us that it's the best five-cent cigar made. They don't bite the tongue—smoke freely—and have a flavor that is pleasant. It is the best cigar ever produced and sold for a nickel.

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Perfection of Artistic Achievement.

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THE ORIGINAL Mueller Music Store.

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608 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Telephone 2260.

Collecting Slow Accounts

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Charges Reasonable.

References and terms upon application.

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PANTORIUM,

N. E. Corner 14th and Farnam Sts.

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Work Called For and Delivered.



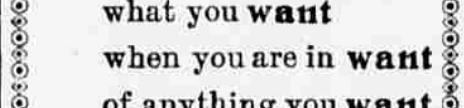
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to get what you want you want to use the

Want Ad of THE BEE—

Column

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Time Tried Remedy

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Peyton, Ph. G., Sole Prop.

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Ox Joint Soup
Broiled Salmon Steak
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Roast Turkey, Stuffed
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Theater Parties a Specialty.

PRETTY GIRLS OF PARAGUAY

Queer Customs of a Land Where There Are More Women Than Men.

HOW THE MEN ARE KILLED OFF

Women Run the Country, Smoke Like Tagals and Chew Like Tars—Their Wonderful Business Abilities.

(Copyright, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter. ASCUNION, Dec. 28, 1898.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Paraguay is the paradise of South America. Its climate is delightful, its semi-tropical vegetation as luxuriant as that of the Garden of Eden, and it has about three Eves to every Adam. I have never been in a country where there are so many women. They swarm. They trot by the scores through the streets of the cities. They walk by you and with you on the highways and byways and they are so many that you find it hard to get out of their eight.

The women of Paraguay are so much in the majority that they do the work of the country. They are the buyers and sellers of every commodity, and outside the cities the men are the drones. Any bachelor in the United States can find a wife in Paraguay if he wants one, for the men are no so few that any two-legged animal without feathers of the masculine gender will here be greedily grabbed. The sexes were once about equally divided, but Paraguay had a war which killed off the men. It was just before the close of our trouble between the north and the south. At that time Paraguay was the leading country of this part of the world. It was about the richest of all South America, and its wealth and influence angered the Argentine, Uruguay and Brazil. They combined against it and a joint army attacked the Paraguayans. The struggle lasted five years, but it ended in the wiping out, as it were, of the Paraguayan men. It is said that 100,000 of them died in battle and that thousands of women and children were starved to death.

It is hard to get accurate figures in any South American country, but, according to the best estimates, the population of Paraguay was cut down by this war so that there was only one man to six women, while in no other statistical division is that three-fourths of all the people in Paraguay, numbering about 800,000, were destroyed. When the war ended there were only 200,000 left, of whom about 25,000 were men and 100,000 were women over 15 years of age. The rest were children. Paraguay thus became a land of women, and nature seems to be keeping it so. Since the war I am told that more girls have been born every year than boys. In Asuncion the girl births exceed the boy births by more than five to the hundred, and outside the city the percentage of girl babies is greater.

The Women of the Higher Class.

The most of the women of Paraguay are poor. Many of them are brewers of wood and drawers of water, but there are some who are rich. There are class distinctions here as everywhere, and the people of the better classes dress and act much the same as those of other parts of the continent. Paraguayan high-class women wear clothes not unlike those of our American girls. They wear bonnets or hats when out on the streets and a few of them actually import their dresses from Paris. They speak Span-

ish when in society—at least, when on dress parade—and some are so well educated that they are able to read, English and French. Such women are usually interested in politics and, through their husbands, have much influence upon what is done by the government. They are good housekeepers, excellent wives and, I may say, they are voluptuous in form. Her complexion is of the Jersey cream order and often of the reddish brown of the Guarani Indians. She has, as a rule, more or less Indian blood in her veins. When the Spaniards came here this country was inhabited by the gentle and semi-civilized Guarani. The two races intermingled. Their descendants took their names from the same tribes, so that today there are comparatively few Paraguayans who have not a large proportion of Guarani blood. The Indian mixture has resulted in the adoption of many Indian customs and the language spoken by the people today is the Guarani. In the country districts little else is used and in the schools of Asuncion there are notices on the walls that scholars must not speak Guarani during school hours. The Guarani is a soft language and the Paraguayan girls have sweet voices. Indeed their tones will softly on my ears after the parrot-like accent which has sowed my tympanum during my association with their Argentine sisters.

Paraguayan Lace.

One of the chief industries of the Paraguayan women is lace making. It is true that the lower classes do all kinds of work, but all the women make beautiful lace. They spin webs as delicately as though they were spiders and every house is full of beautiful cobwebs made by its women. They make lace handkerchiefs, doilies and embroideries and weave great hammocks of thread so fine and so strong that they will outlast a generation. They have patterns of their own which they have taken from nature. One of the most beautiful is called the cobweb pattern, the threads of which are as delicately joined as though made by one of the big spiders which live here in the semi-tropics. Some of these handkerchiefs are of silk, others of linen and some of fiber grown in the country. It takes a long time to weave them, but there are so many at work that they are wonderfully cheap, so that an article upon which a month or so has been spent can be bought for \$3 and upwards of our money. A good hammock will cost you \$10 and a lace shawl perhaps twice that amount.

Paraguay is a land of oranges. It is perhaps the only place in the world where the orange grows wild. There are oranges in every thicket and in almost every forest. The villages are built in orange groves, and there are so many oranges that they often rot on the ground. The fruit is delicious. It is the best I believe of its kind in the world. It is eaten by everyone, and the orange girls are among the picturesque features of Paraguay. You meet women peddling oranges at the stations. You find them surrounded by piles of golden fruit in every market and all along the Paraguay river they are to be seen carrying oranges from the land to the boats, which are to take them to the markets of the south. It is estimated that 60,000,000 oranges are thus annually shipped down the Paraguay river to Buenos Ayres, and the loading of this

fruit is one of the great sights of the voyage.

As we came up to Asuncion we saw at every town mountains of oranges on the shores, with hundreds of Paraguayan girls kneeling before them and putting them in baskets, while other hundreds were carrying them on to the steamers.

Leading oranges at Villa Pilar. The scene is one that you cannot have outside this country. Stop with me at Villa Pilar and look at it. Villa Pilar has about 10,000 people. It is a town on the east bank of the Paraguay river, a day or so's ride below Asuncion. As the steamer stops at the landing we notice that every garden has its orange tree and that such trees shade the streets. We see ox carts coming in from the orchards creaking under their golden loads. Each cart holds about 5,000 oranges, piled loosely within it like so many potatoes. The driver directs his oxen to the piles of oranges on the banks, backs his cart up to them and dumps out the fruit just as our workmen dump dirt when repairing the roads. Oranges are indeed worth little more than dirt here. That whole cart full will sell for \$5, and we can buy all we want for 2 cents.

And still every orange is counted. Those women on their knees are putting the fruit into the baskets. They count as they work and a careful tally is kept.

The oranges are carried on board by women, who balance their loads on their heads and walk over a gangway to the steamer. There are 100 women at this work now and the ship is already so loaded with oranges that a wire netting has been formed around its outside like a fence and the fruit piled up within. The deck is so filled with oranges, in fact, that the sailors are moving about on boards, which have been nailed up above it.

Stop and take a look at the girls. They are passing to and from the bank over the roadway of boards 500 feet long, which has been built upon trestles out to the steamers. Each has a round basket carefully poised on her head and above these the golden oranges rise. The girls are dressed in white gowns and the breeze which sweeps up the river wraps their thin skirts about their lithe forms. And still they walk without touching their burdens and the shaking of the planks and the breeze from the river do not disturb them.

As you look you cannot but admire the typical Paraguayan maiden. She is so well formed and she walks like a goddess. When young she is as plump as a partridge in autumn and were it not for some of her ways you might fall in love.

To an American her attractiveness is spoiled by the use of tobacco. I have thought until now that there was no greater beauty destroyer than the gum chewing of the American girl, but the smoking of cigars, as it prevails among Paraguayan women, is far worse. The Paraguayan maiden smokes like a chimney. She begins to use tobacco when she begins to wear dresses, and even before, for you may see naked girls of 6, 8 and 10 with cigars in their mouths. I have seen scores of little girls of 7 and 8 smoking cigars almost as big around as their wrists, and as to old women, it is hard to find one out in the country who does not smoke from morning till night. I speak, of course, of the women of the common people, those who are not actually smoking have cigars between their teeth, which they chew without lighting for hours at a time. Many make their own cigars, and tobacco is so cheap here that you can get a dozen fairly good cigars for 5 cents and leaf tobacco is sold for a few cents a pound.

The Paraguayan girls remind me of the

girls of Japan. They look not unlike them.

The features of many Paraguayans are half-Japanese, and their luxuriant black hair is of the same character as that you see in Japan. In the back districts they have the same delightful disregard for clothing. Very young girls, as I have said, and often some of the age of 14, wear nothing whatever. The Paraguayan women are not afraid of strangers. They are good-natured, and will laugh and joke for you just as readily as the Yum Yums of the east coast of Asia.

The Japanese women are good business women. This is also true of the Paraguayans. If you would see smart women traders, ten feet wide, and under it there is a tier of cells running about a hollow court and forming the walls of the market house proper.

The court, the cells and the cloisters are filled with women. There are hundreds of them all in their bare feet and many of them equating on the bricks with their wares before them. Others stand behind butcher counters and others have little tables covered with vegetables, laces, jewelry, clothing or shoes.

Stop a bit and see how they sell. There are no scales or measures. That vegetable woman has a stock of green peas. She has arranged them in piles, about a pint to the pile, and sells by eye measure. That butcher woman behind her is cutting off meat in great strips. The customers judge what it is worth by its size and all meat is sold by the chunk.

Among the Butcher Women.

But let us go further into the market and take a look at the butchered. They stand in piles with pieces of beef on their counters and strips of beef hung upon hooks at the back. The favorite cut is a strip, and much of the meat seems to have been cut from the animal in sheets so that the people buy as it were by the yard. The usual method is to tear or cut the meat from the animal's sides and layer in layers about half an inch thick, one layer being cut off after another until the bone is reached. The sheets are then hung up in the market and sliced or chopped off as the customer desires. Each customer brings a cloth with her to wrap her purchase in, and she carries her meat or vegetable home in a basket, formed and she walks like a goddess. When box or pan which she rests upon her head. No market woman ever furnishes paper or string for her customers. The most common market basket is a dishpan or tin wash basin, and this is always carried upon the head.

The head and not the arms is the place of burden of the Paraguayan women. If they stand a moment at the corner of the market we can see all sorts of curious things coming and going on the heads of women. There comes a girl now at a forty-two pace with a demijohn on her crown and a load of wood in her arms. Her black face is wrapped in a black shawl and her black legs show out under her white skirt half way below her knees.

There is another woman with a white sheet around her head and shoulders. Notice that plaster filled with oranges and sticks of raw meat on its top. She walks along without touching her burden and that is the case with all the women about us.

Here comes a young girl with a bundle of sticks perfectly balanced on the top of her cranium and with her hands at her sides. She has bought as much firewood as you

could hold in your arms and she is carrying it home.

Behind her comes a young mother with a similar bundle and a baby in her arms. See, she has stopped to make a purchase of that orange peddler over the way. Notice how carefully she stoops down without bending her back. There she has picked up a half dozen oranges and stuck them in among the firewood and is walking off without trouble. But, wait, the woman of whom she has bought is excited. She is calling her back. The young mother returns, and putting her hand away down inside her chemise, takes out a coin and gives it to the peddler, who in turn drops it in at the neck of her dress. The bosoms of the women are their pockets and before they make change they often have to fish for some time for the coin.

And so we go in and out through the crowd, feeling and being jostled by women with bags of potatoes, baskets of corn, firewood and bottles on the tops of their heads. We begin labor at every step, for we fear that a push may throw a basket of eggs to the ground or a chunk of raw, red meat on some woman's head, may be thrown off on our clothes. There is no danger, however, for every woman can handle her burden on her head quite as well as though she were carrying it in her arms.

Costs little to live. The market is a good place to see how little it costs for a poor Paraguayan family to live. Everything is sold in small quantity and it cannot cost much for the average woman to keep house. The clothes of the poor are exceedingly scanty. All the women go barefooted and all go bareheaded. It does not cost much to dress them, and a full suit can be bought for \$2 in gold. Nearly all wear shawls about their chocolate or cream-colored faces. Some have the shawls thrown back so that you can see that the low-cut chemise, which reaches to their feet, forms the rest of their clothing. The shawls look like bed sheets, and I am told that they are used as such in many cases at night, so that a woman takes part of her bed for her clothes when she goes out to work.

The common people here have indeed but few wants. They do not seem to care much for money, and think one who works like a foreigner is very foolish indeed.

I venture that the average family of Paraguay does not spend as much in a year as the family of our average laboring class spends a month. The houses outside the town are built of mud and mud and mud and mud, and there are, as a rule, neither fences nor gardens. The usual hut is not more than fifteen feet square, but it often has an open shed of the same size joined to it. As it is warm, the shed is frequently the most comfortable part of the house.

There is little furniture. A hammock or so, one or two cot beds made of canvas and stretchers, a table and a couple of chairs form a good housekeeping outfit. The cooking is often done over an open fire in the shed and cook stoves are not common.

The chief meals are breakfast at 11 and dinner at 5, with a cup of mate or Paraguayan tea in the morning. The food is chiefly pechero, a soup of boiled beef and vegetables, and manduca, a kind of a potato like root, which is dried and ground into a flour. The soup is often eaten first and the boiled beef and vegetables brought in as a second course. But little coffee or tea is drunk at meals and the only liquor used by the common people is a villainous rum made of sugar cane cane.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

At the recent annual dinner of the Hartford (Conn.) Yale Alumni association, President Dwight gave this explanation why he resigned: "I lay down my office not because I am old—70 is not old—but it is the end of the summer term, and vacation time has come. My theory of life has been this, in just this regard: I believe life was made just as much for one period as another, childhood, prime and later life, and every man should prepare himself for the late afternoon hour, so that life may grow happier till the golden hour, late in the afternoon. I look forward to coming years of greater happiness than I have ever known."

In one of Dr. Pusey's letters, recently published, the following story is told: In 1881, when Mr. Gladstone was prime minister, he came to ask whether I would see him in the day, "of the prime minister being kept waiting in my hall, while the servant came to ask whether I would see him. Then he went on to say how very kind he thought it of Mr. Gladstone, with all he had to think about as prime minister, to come and call on him, and he added in a tender tone: "He was so affectionate; and he went away he kissed my hand and knelt down and asked for my blessing."

General Russell Hastings, who has just been appointed director of the Bureau of American Republics, is a native of Greenfield, Mass., and is a personal friend of President McKinley, having served in his regiment in the civil war. He was born May 30, 1835, and when a boy went with his parents to Ohio. The family settled in Willoughby, Lake county, and young Hastings was educated in the public schools of that town. He enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio, and was soon made a lieutenant. During Sheridan's campaign he acted as adjutant general. He was wounded at the battle of Opequan, and was subsequently promoted lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-eighth Ohio. He was brevetted brigadier general of the Ohio legislature in 1865. While there he was appointed United States marshal for the northern district of Ohio.

James H. Worman, Ph.D., LL.D., recently nominated for consul at Berlin, though born in Berlin in 1845, and educated in the German Gymnasiums and Universities, has been an American since 1864, so that the only citizenship he has ever held has been that of this country. It was while studying at the Sorbonne in Paris in 1869 that he was engaged by the late Dr. McClintock to come here as his collaborator on the great Theological Cyclopedia, which was subsequently published by the Harpers.

After filling a professorship at Knox college, Dr. Worman was called, in 1870, to the Drew Theological seminary as instructor and librarian, and upon the death of Dr. McClintock was given full editorial charge of the completion of his monumental cyclopedia, a task which Dr. Worman discharged with such high credit as to win for himself a sure place as a scholar and writer. In 1877, when the Chatauque university opened, Dr. Worman became its senior professor, and so remained until 1887. During part of this period he was also engaged as a professor at the Adelphi college in Brooklyn and for

several years after 1882 he held an important chair at the Vanderbilt university of Nashville. After the arrest of long and very laborious literary and scholarly work he decided to actively engage in journalism, having contributed freely to the daily and monthly publications, and in 1887 bought the Outlook Magazine, becoming its editor-in-chief, and so shaping its policy that it has gained a high place among the leading magazines of the country. In this work with Outlook, Dr. Worman has become intimately connected with the progress of sporting goods manufacturing in America, and while abroad he may hope to see American cycles and automobiles pushed in every important European center. For this work his knowledge of European languages, his careful study of American economics and his close relations to the cycling trade peculiarly fit him. But Dr. Worman not only intends to take care of the bicycle, but to energetically advance American industrial interest generally.

On one of ex-President Cleveland's numerous fishing trips he was accompanied among others by Joe Jefferson and W. H. Crane. Mr. Jefferson is a strong believer in Spiritualism and was anxious to convert the president. One of the party told a very improbable story illustrating the power of Spiritualism and Mr. Jefferson became greatly interested. When the yarn was finished the narrator asked Mr. Cleveland what he thought of it.

"Oh," replied Cleveland, "just tell that over to Jefferson; he'll believe anything."

General Frederick W. Partridge, who died at Sycamore, Ill., last Sunday, was a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars. He was sent on a secret mission by President Polk to Mexico, where he was captured as a spy and imprisoned in San Juan de Ulloa. In the civil war he began service as a captain and at the close of the war was brevet brigadier general. He was consul general at Bangkok eight years and at one time saved the life of the son of the Siamese king.

When the German emperor and empress visited the German orphanage in Jerusalem the children sang as a greeting, "Dem Kaiser gilt mein erbes Lied" (My first song is for the emperor). When the words, "Der Kaiser lebe hoch!" (Three cheers for the emperor!) came, the emperor, to amuse the children, took a step backward, as if startled. The children laughed. The empress jokingly asked them, "Well, did you see the emperor? Which is the emperor?"

Some of the children cried, "The one with the star," but a little Armenian girl said, pointing to the emperor's turned-up mustache, "The one with the hair so on his cheeks." "Yes, that is he," the empress said laughing. Somewhat later the empress led a little girl to the emperor and said: "Look, William, this girl is from German East Africa."

Remarkable Recovery. Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her