

GRAND CHILDREN'S BARGAINS

35c Drapery Silk
9 Cents.

Dress Goods Clearing.

75c quality, strictly all wool, imported, French de-beige serge in all the popular shades of gray and tan, so very stylish for separate skirts or entire suits for summer wear, on sale at 25c yard.

\$1.00 quality of Mohair Brilliantine in large and small floral designs, exceptionally wide and especially adapted for separate skirts, guaranteed shed dust, on sale at 49c yard.

Colored Silk Etamine, Grenadine, extra wide, in the popular shades of gray, tan and dark colors, at 29c and 69c yd, worth up to \$2.00.

LADIES SHIRT WAISTS
75c shirt waists in washable percales, black and white, blue and white, red and white striped, with laundered cuffs and collars—
On sale at 25c yd.

\$1.50 shirt waists in fancy lawn, dimity, percales and zephyr, pleated, many of them trimmed with insertion, all of them new, fresh goods, at just 1/2 price, on bargain square, 75c.

LADIES' WRAPPERS
An exceptional bargain in very fine percale wrappers, trimmed with ruffles and lace, beautiful assortment of colors, manufactured to sell at \$2.50, on second floor, 79c.

Ladies' Wash Suit Sale
400 wash suits and outing suits, made of dainty and desirable India linen, open work effects, handsomely trimmed with baby ribbon and flouncings; crash colored India linen with embroidered polka dots, white, blue, and red, handsomely finished, plique suits made in the latest style, and many of them worth \$10, \$15 and \$20, choice of any of these for \$5.00.

SILK DRESSES
Everything that is new and nobby in foulard silk dresses, royal blue with floral designs or black china silk dresses, some of the handsomest costumes shown this season will be found in this department.

\$5.98 \$7.50 \$12.50 and \$21.00

MIGHTY RIVER OF THE SOUTH

Story of a Tour of the Amazon on an Ocean Steamer.

ITS GREAT SIZE AND ITS TRIBUTARIES
How It Looks a Thousand Miles from the Sea—People and Products of the Great Valley—The Rainy Season.

(Copyright, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
ON THE AMAZON, May 15, 1899.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Afloat upon the mighty Amazon! Steaming up and on and on over a yellow inland sea, now conchaling shores lined with tropical vegetation and now so far out that the trees become hazy lines of blue in the distance.

I am on an ocean steamer 800 miles from the Atlantic in the heart of South America. I am just now within a half mile of its south bank. The shores are lined with cacao orchards, and by the aid of my glass I can see the golden fruit from which our chocolate comes shining out of the green leaves. Back of the orchards are the lofty trees of the mighty Amazon forest, and close to the shore are the grassy thickets and the people. The opposite bank is wooded, but it is so far away that it forms only a line of soft navy blue which fades into the lighter blue of the sky.

In front and behind the steamer stretches this mighty stream carrying the waters of the northern and central Andes down to the sea. It has in it the washings of more than half a continent, and is the down spout of a watershed half as large as the whole United States. With it are mixed the particles from the slates of the gold mines of the Beni and the Maricao. Atoms of it have received bitter kisses from the quinine trees of Peru and other atoms have trickled from the soil of Ecuador. It has the drainings of the sacred cities of the Incas, and it may contain some of the washings of the diamond mines of upper Brazil. It has passed through countries of cannibals. It has come from wilds where the foot of white man has never trod, from mountains and valleys and lofty plateaus, and now is on its way across the continent to its great mother, the ocean.

The Extent of the Amazon.
I entered the Amazon by its lower mouth south of the island of Marajo. I sailed about that island, which itself is as big as some of our states to the narrows, and then wound in and out through a series of wonderful channels into the main stream. Since then I have been steaming slowly up against the current. I have passed Obidos and I am now going on to the point 1,000 miles from the Atlantic, where the Rio Negro flows into the Amazon. Tomorrow I shall be by the mouth of the Madeira, and I have already crossed the mouths of tributaries as large as some of the great rivers of the world.

The Amazon receives into itself more than 300 rivers. It has 1,100 branches and it is unquestionably the greatest water system of the globe. It has eight rivers each of which has a navigable length of more than 1,000 miles.

In coming here I crossed the Tocantins, up which you can steam for days into the wilds of Brazil. I am on a great ocean steamer, which, when we stop at Manaus, a few days from now, will go farther inland from the ocean than Chicago. There are steamers from Manaus which will take you 1,250 miles further up the Rio Negro, so that you can go by steam upon the river 2,500 miles westward from the sea.

Manaus is on the Rio Negro. It has

BOSTON STORE

16th and Douglas Omaha.
J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS PROPRIETORS

Grand Special Sales of CARPETS AND DRAPERIES

Tomorrow we offer some of the most remarkable bargains in high-class Carpets and Draperies Omaha has ever known.

We will sell Smith's Velvet, Axminster and Moquette, with or without border. An immense line of carpets to select from; at **85c yd**

We will sell all the balance of our stock of **RIFTON Body Brussels Carpet**, as long as they last at **49c yd** WORTH \$1.25.

25 rolls, regular 65c kind, **Very heavy union Ingrain Carpet**, worth 50c, at **39c yd**

39c yd

... RUG BARGAINS ...

36x72 extra heavy double-faced Smyrna, Smith's large size Moquette and genuine Oriental Rugs, worth \$7.50, at **\$2.50 each**

Smith's 90-inch MOQUETTE RUGS, WILTON CARPET RUGS and Bronley's double-faced Duchesse Smyrna Rugs, tomorrow only at **\$1.50 each** WORTH UP TO \$6.00.

Large size Moquette Mats that generally sell at 75c, we offer them tomorrow at **39c**

Ingrain Carpet Sample Rugs, as long as they last, worth 50c, for **15c each**

BARGAINS IN OUR DRAPERY DEPARTMENT

All the high priced Nottingham lace curtains at 25c, 39c and 69c.

25c, 39c, 69c each

Some very choice bargains among these.

Our entire stock of ruffled Swiss Curtains, worth \$2.00 a pair, go at **98c pair**

\$7.50 Tapestry Portieres, \$3.98.

We offer tomorrow over 100 pairs, all new styles, plain and colored, heavy Tapestry Portieres, regular \$7.50 curtains, as long as they last, \$3.98 pair.

\$3.98 Pair

One large table of printed and plain Velours and Corduroys, worth up to \$1, go at **39c yd.**

Be Sure to Attend Our **Great Sale.**
Men's and Boys' **CLOTHING.**
At 40c on the dollar.

Grand Special Offering Tomorrow in WASH GOODS DEPT

We will offer tomorrow one bargain table, all kinds of plain organdy and fancy plaid, organically, corded effect lawns, etc.; worth 15c yd. **3 1/2c yd**

One big table fine, sheer domestic organdy, generally sells for imported, at 25c yd; we offer it **6 1/2c yd** tomorrow at.....

All new 1899 patterns.

One immense lot of fine, wide striped dimity, selling in Omaha at 35c yd. **15c yd** Tomorrow at.....

One immense lot of fancy corded gingham and tissue, worth 35c, go at... **15c yd**

Immense bargains in plain and colored piques, in all kinds of welts, worth 50c, at **19c yd**

Immense bargains in 40-inch lawn at **10c, 12 1/2c, 15c, 19c yd.**

10,000 yards Scotch lawn, worth 5c yd. **1 1/2c yd** go at.....

Cotton Challis, the 5c kind, go at **2c yd**

40-inch wide apron lawn in white and black, worth 25c, go at..... **6 1/2c YD**

ural canals forming vast islands of curious shapes separated by narrow streams of water, which are walled with the wonders of tropical vegetation. I have seen most of the great rivers of the world, but nowhere else anything like this. Let me give you some notes which I made sitting in the prow of the steamer as we passed through. We are now on the great delta of the Amazon. We have left the rushing channel, where the river rolls along in yellow foam, for a wide, shallow, and here are royal palms 100 feet high, which, cut by other canals, similarly walled, make it seem as though we were traveling through one of nature's great cities. It is a fairy city of the Amazon—city not built by hands, a city populated by monkeys, jaguars, parrots and butterflies. It is the haunt of the crocodile, which here grows to its greatest size. It is the home of the orchid and the palm, of the India rubber tree, and of countless other tropical plants, which would be a rarity in the botanical garden of Europe.

About Its Vegetation.
Take a look at the trees. What a variety of palms. Some of them are only a few feet around as your arm, but they are as tall as a six-story house, extending from the ground to the top without branches, and ending in a great sprout of leaves. There are others which sprout out in great bunches from the ground. There are palms loaded with coconuts, each nut in its green husk as big as a foot ball. There are palms which branch out like ferns and there are royal palms 100 feet tall, which tower high above the smaller varieties.

But the most striking trees of the Amazon are not the palm trees. We look in vain for a forest of palms. Palms grow among the other trees, but they are royal palms 100 feet tall, which tower high above the smaller varieties.

When you get close to the shore, however, you see the trees are matted together with vines. The bark of many of them is silver gray and long creepers hang down from their branches to the ground, so that it would be almost impossible to make your way through without the aid of an ax.

Some of the trees are enormous. The one which bears the Brazil nut towers high above the rest, dark green, and this extends out in the shape of a great hill or mound of green away up there in the air. The Brazil nuts are like walnuts, only each nut is a great husk upon it and inside of it there are from fifteen to twenty of the Brazil nuts of commerce.

Some of the Amazon trees are covered with flowers. Oyer there at the right there is a haystack of violets poised up on the top of that trunk, sixty feet high. Further over you may see a tree whose blossoms look just like buttercups. Build if you can in the eye of your mind a stack of buttercups as big as a circus tent away up in the air surrounded by green and you have the effect.

The most beautiful things, however, are the little things, the orchids which cling to the dead branches, the fern trees and plants which have leaves dusted with silver and copper and gold.

Huts of the Amazon.
I have seen but few people on my way up the Amazon. Para at the mouth, is the metropolis of the whole region. It has 100,000 population and is a big business center. Obidos has about 600 people, although it is put down in the books as much larger. There are a few other scattering towns, such as Santarem and Porto Alegre, but none have many people.

Along the banks you see here and there

fast le about 240 feet deep and it goes so far that in stopping we could not rely upon the ship's anchor, but also had a cable tied from the boat to the bank. As soon as this was done men in canoes came out to the steamer and upon one of these I went ashore.

The town is a little collection of one-story houses, cut out of the woods. It was as hot as Tophet and dreary to an extreme. It relies upon the rubber trade of the river and its cacao plantations. There is a factory in which chocolate is made and the peddlers brought in lots of chocolate on board to sell.

Cacao Fields of the Amazon.
Above Obidos there are many cacao orchards. They line the banks of the Amazon for miles. The trees look much like lilac bushes. They are from fifteen to thirty feet high and branch up in sprouts from the bottom. They have gnarly branches and the leaves and fruit sprout directly from the limbs. The fruit which ripe is of an orange hue streaked with red. It is the shape of a squash or very large melon. It has a thick shell and inside this there are many seeds enveloped in a soft pulp. The seeds are the cacao beans of commerce. They have black hearts full of oil. When ground the hearts make the chocolate and the shells of the seeds form what we call cocoa.

The orchards here are very poorly cared for. The most of them are old and although there is plenty of fruit for new trees, very few are planted. Still the business pays well. The trees begin to yield fruit three years after they are set out and it is said they will continue to bear for fifty years. Two crops a year are gathered and the only cultivation necessary is to keep down the weeds.

The chocolate of the Amazon is very fine. About 5,000 tons are raised, it is said, annually, and the yearly exports from Para the most famous cacao market, are over 7,000,000 pounds.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

FLOWER MISSION METHODS

Suggestive Criticisms of the Prevailing System of Distributing Flowers at Hospitals.

OMAHA, June 10.—The Editor of The Bee.—The Flower Mission recently made a request through the columns of your paper for flowers from private gardens to take to the sick. This is undoubtedly a very commendable work when properly carried out, but a great improvement might be made in the method of delivering the flowers. I speak as one having experience, and well I may. I have been an invalid, confined within the walls of seven different hospitals, and I know whereof I speak.

I remember on one occasion when a very sensitive cripple girl was deeply wounded by the manner of a flower missionary. I was just able to be wheeled about in a chair and had been pushed up to this young girl's bedside, as she had sent me a request to come and talk with her. Dollie was refined and fairly educated, but poor and unfortunate. I found her very interesting and we were in the midst of an animated conversation regarding our respective ailments and attendant physicians when a young woman approached with a large basket of flowers. She laid a blossom on Dollie's bed and said:

"Have a flower?"

"I looked at Dollie, expectantly. She raised her dark eyes to mine, into which the tears had rushed. Neither of us spoke. The young woman had paused for a moment to rearrange her brilliant treasures, then she approached me with a rose in her hand with the same brief exclamation:

"Have a flower?"

"I glanced languidly up at her and said slowly:

"Is the dose of medicine attached to be taken with or without water?"

This was in reference to a slip of paper pinned to the stem of the rose, and which I

know contained some text from scripture. The young missionary's face flushed slightly. She had come into the room with an "All-ward-patients-look-alike-to-me" sort of air, but now she looked a trifle startled.

"Of course," replied she, a little haughtily, "you are not compelled to read the text if you do not wish, but it is my duty to give it to you."

"Well," I responded, "if you regard it as your duty I'll forgive you, but as I have more flowers in my private room than I can use I divide them among the other patients; therefore I think you would better bestow this rose on some one less fortunate in that respect."

The young woman went on her way. Dollie looked at me with wide eyes.

"That's just the way, C., she comes here every week and throws me a flower as though I were a beggar—just—just as she would throw a bone to a dog. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Don't cry, Dollie dear," said I, soothingly. "Let me see what kind of a selection she made in your case."

Dollie handed over the text; it ran thus: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

I looked at Dollie; her eyes were still swimming.

"It's always something of that kind," said she; "always something to remind me that I'm dependent—and I think she's—she's a funny Christian."

I had a number of such experiences, and the truth was borne in upon me that the beautiful good which could accomplish so much good is mismanaged. Flowers are beautiful, cheering and helpful, but so are smiles and kind words. A moment's cheerful chatting would enhance the value of gifts which should be offered as Jesus himself said: "It is more to give to the poor than to give to the rich." Flowers are beautiful, cheering and helpful, but so are smiles and kind words. A moment's cheerful chatting would enhance the value of gifts which should be offered as Jesus himself said: "It is more to give to the poor than to give to the rich."

Thus the Flower Mission girl at night.

"Why pin some text to those offerings? Is not God able to speak through his messengers? The flowers are His and He made them. They have voices of their own. If God could make the scriptural selections it would be different, but they are made by poor human creatures who know little, usually, of the spiritual wants of the sick. Where one of these texts is appropriate ninety-nine are entirely out of place. I have seen patients look amused, scornful, angry or simply tolerant, according to their several tempers, over these useless scraps of writing. I cannot imagine the Master going through the sick wards of a hospital with the bored, sanctimonious expression some of the flower missionaries wear. Let us be more practical. Unbend a little. None of these poor patients expect to be invited to your social receptions. There is not a particle of danger that any of them will ever insist upon speaking to you in the street. My dear little flower missionary friend, just walk into the ward with a smile—even a broad smile is cheap. Don't pin your useless bits of scriptural advice or warning to these little, fragment heralds of His love, but give them a chance to tell their own story. You might try an occasional joke. If you have no jokes in your soul just go to the funny columns of any daily paper. You can find them in abundance. Here is a good recipe: One sweet (if you can spare no more). One sweet and one cheerful, amusing remark. Mix and distribute judiciously. Try it. XX.

Four young ladies, who earn their own living, will take vacations at The Bee's expense. Help your friends by saving coupons.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

At 21 Henry C. Frick was a poorly-paid bookkeeper in a distillery. Today, at 50, he is the owner of the greatest cork-making plants in the world, has a private fortune amounting to \$15,000,000 or more, and is the active head of enterprises involving the use of hundreds of millions of dollars in capital.

No less than 275,000,000 gallons of water find their way annually down the throats of Londoners, while the beer consumed amounts to 152,000,000 gallons every year—a quantity which, if placed in four-and-one-half-gallon casks, end to end, would make a line long enough to go more than a third of the way around the equator.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the musician, has invented the "Sullivan safety shaft," a device to be attached to carriages to save life in case of runaway accidents, by releasing the horse from the carriage. This invention, which is to be put on the market at once, is primarily due to the death of the late countess of Lathom, which filled Sir Arthur with a desire to prevent similar catastrophes.

As people are always asking about the water of projects thrown by big guns, it may be worth while to note that the monster cannon to be mounted at Sandy Hook, measuring 42 feet in length, so called because the diameter of the bore is sixteen inches. It is 42 feet long and throws a projectile weighing 2,200 pounds, which travels at the rate of 2,900 feet a second when at full speed.

Charles Casey, Albert Baldwin, Oliver J. Dufrault, Joseph Twiss and Louis Fenton, farmers living in the vicinity of Meadon, Massachusetts, organized a snake hunting party and went looking for the reptiles. The first place they struck was in an old well. The stone covering of the well was removed and a large number of snakes were seen crawling around. The killing was quickly begun and when finished seventeen Blacksnakes, measuring about eight feet altogether, were stretched on the ground. These men claim the championship for snake killing in Worcester county.

At Oseage City, Kan., Mrs. C. A. Stoddard has cleaned up her karret when by some means the family cat got into an old trunk filled with clothing and was shut in tight and fast. Just twenty minutes ago Mr. Stoddard was in the garret again and heard the cat's feeble cry from the trunk. When the lid was lifted the cat had just strength enough to climb out of it by clinging to the trunk all at pieces in its clawing and had gnawed the sides nearly through in several places. But perhaps the most singular circumstance was found in the manner in which the cat took care of itself after securing liberty. Mrs. Stoddard set before it a big dish of milk and a big dish of water. It would lap a little of each and then lie down for a few minutes, when again it would partake sparingly of the milk and water, and this proceeding it continued through the whole afternoon. If that cat had been a human doubtless it would have swallowed all that was placed before it at one gulp.

A FREE PACKAGE.

Intense Joy of Being Able to Walk.

After being prostrated with rheumatism, sufferers always declare it the happiest period of their lives to be able to gain without crutches and free from pain.

To get rid of those awful pains, now mild, now excruciating, today in bed, tomorrow hobbling around on crutches—it is no wonder that to be relieved of such conditions always the happiest period of one's life. A remedy recently introduced has affected many wonderful cures of cases supposed to be beyond the reach of medicine.

Call at our store for a free trial package of this remarkable remedy and test it.

Mr. James A. Atchison, Justice of the Peace at Cape Island, N. S., states that Gloria Tonie cured his son who was taken to a hospital for an operation. Mr. J. T. Carter, of Fork River, N. C., a reader of the Christian Indexer World was also quickly cured after suffering for many years with this dreadful disease.

Positively no samples will be given, the remedy or anyone else that is not an actual sufferer from Rheumatism.

Glenn's Tonic sells at \$1.00 a box or 5 boxes for \$2.50. Call at the popular drug store of Kuhn & Co., 16th and Douglas Streets.