Those casas that exult in the luxury of a

Even the biggest and grandest of these

nouses have never more than one entrance.

and that consists of a pair of enormous double doors, often elaborately carved, open-

ing upon a narrow passage paved like the street, which leads into the central court, or

## IN RUSSIAN PRISONS,

Exile Now in New York.

CLEVER RUSE TO ESCAPE.

He Leaps From a Train After the Gendarmes Were Drugged.

JOURNEY TO A BROTHER IN SIBERIA

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ] I am 22 years old, and already exiled forever from my country. Four years ago I was a student in a university in one of the largest cities in Russia. In American universities, I understand, it is the custom for two young men to "chum" together. In Russia we are not so rich, and three or four contribute toward the common expenses. I This could not well happen here. It can readily happen in Russia, where one-half of the population spies on the other half. The Government has its snies in the schools, the universities, the streets, the shops, the cafes. The revolutionists have their spies among the police, the army, the palace and the bodyguard itself; that is the reason these attempts fail so often, not because the Czar is protected by a special Providence; but because the system of government spies is so perfect that it is almost impossible to carry out an attempt at assassination as arranged. I caught a glimpse of the Eussiau "Holy Czar," or rather or the "Tyrant Czar," recently. The ruler of Russia is a pale, haggard old man, whose face betrays anxiety and fear. He is trying to forget himself, not in prayer, but in the arms of "Bacchus." I think there is no man in America that would knowingly take up the royal burden. A BROTHER IN SIBERIA.

My brother had incurred the enmity of a commandant of gendarmes. He had been arrested as a political suspect, and sent to Siberia. Since my brother's arrest I had been, unknown to myself, under police sur-veillance, though I belonged to no nihilistic circle, read no nihilistic literature, and had accepted my poor brother's loss as one of those inevitable cruelties to which the Russian, who is not a noble, is hardened. One evening, when I came from the thea-ter, I found my room full of gendarmes, who arrested me at once for a political crime. I was then and there searched. The police

putled to pieces everything in the room that could contain books, pamphlets or papers, but found nothing of a compromising na-ture. I was then taken before the General of Police, the man whose enmity had exiled my brother. He asked me who my friends were and what they were doing. I de-manded the cause of my acrest. No explanation was given me, and having nothing to con ess, I had no information to give. I was marched off at once to my cell, to wait there until I was prepared to enlighten the Government on a subject of which I knew nothing. I learned, months afterward, that I had been arrested because, a few days be-fore, written proclamations had been circulated by the Nihilists. The handwriting re-sembled mine, and I had been seen purchasing 50 postage stamps at one of the Govern-

A CELL LIKE A TOMB.

My cell-shall I ever forget it? I was purposely sent to one of the worst, that, being young. I might be frightened into a con-fession. The rack and the whip are not now used in Russia; but there are civilized methods of torture that can compel coniession, as severe as those of the inquisition of Spain or the secret councils of Venice. I entering a grave. Picture to yourself a eral of Police asked the questions and the equare hole in the middle of a stone, seven feet long, six feet wide and six feet high. For once I blessed my short stature. There was no window in this hole but a glass over the door; no light but what came from the oil lamp that hung outside. An iron bedstead, fastened to the wall, cut off a foot or

so of space from my narrow limits. Everything is made fast so that the desperate may not commit suicide, for those who go insane in prison are not few. A wooden table was locked to the floor at one end of the den, and by its side was fastened a wooden chair. On the wall hung an 'icon," a sacred picture of a saint, to en courage devotion. There was no light for books or the small industries in which prisoners employ themselves. I was allowed to do no work. The gilded lines of that hateful figure, the only bright object in the murky darkness, burned themselves into my brain. Even now they come back to me at times when I am in total darkness,

ANOTHER CAREFUL SEARCH. On the bed was a straw mattress and two blankets. On entering the prison I had to submit to a search in comparison with which the search at my room was child's play. I was even made to open my mouth that the police might be assured that there was no dynamite concealed there. They discovered nothing more formidable than my tongue. I was allowed to retain my underclothes; but instead of my outer garments I received n long woolen robe like a dressing gown. With this for day use and my blankets for night I was never cold. Who could be cold in an atmosphere like that of my cell? But if the cell was warm, it was hardly dry. Water trickled constantly over the stone walls and waked me by trickling on my face. After several weeks of this solitary confinement my nerves became so shattered that when this happened I would leap from my bed in shuddering agony. In that damp cave I contracted an affection of the lungs,

from which I have never recovered. The meals in a Russian prison are simple, and not conducive to dyspensia. In the morning I had black bread and tea, at noon cabbage soup, in the evening black bread, tea and five eigarettes. Soup as the only dish does not form a very substantial meal The soup served to prisoners was simply the water in which the ment served to the water in which the ment served to the gendarmes and guards, had been boiled. Into this, cabbages were cut. It sustained take place after leaving a certain station. I was to be warned which by hearing at the previous the name of the station boon. In Russia everybody smokes. I used to save these cigarettes and smoke them slowly through the day like a child that nibbles a bit of barley sugar "to make it last." Sunday was a gala day. We had pork and beans for dinner instead of soup. Do not imagine the Russian dish resembles the Boston one. Our beans were hard and poor, miserably cooked, with small bits of pork, the size of dice, buried in a wilderness

DUMA'S STORY A MOCKERY.

At mealtimes two gendarmes entered and stood beside me with loaded revolvers, while I made my frugal repast. The ood was served in a wooden bowl, and both spoon and bowl were instantly removed by the guards when the prisoner had finished. There is no chance of making chisels out of one's furniture in a Russian prison. The abbe of Dumas' novel would hardly have constructed that remarkable tunnel from

In this hole I lived for months. The cell doors are not opposite each other, so that it was impossible for me to see the window of the man confined across the corridor. More than this the little window of my cell was usually occupied by the eyes of a gendarme, who had me under inspection. It is bad enough to be alone, but to be confined with a pair of silent eyes, is more horrible still. At first I used to ask the officer of the guard what my offense was and what would be my fate, but after having been answered that I was doomed to Siberia, I learned wisdom and was silent. My only amusement was the formation of various crazy plans for escape. How I escaped my lunary for escape. How I escaped my lunary for escape. plans for escape. How I escaped my lunacy arrived from some triends. In Russia there I hardly know mysel!.

I heard one day, toward evening, a tapping | friends of my friend, and of course immedi-

against the wall of my cell. Those who have read Mr. Kennan's admirable articles will know at once what it was, but I did not guess the cause for some time. Finally I guessed that it was some plan of community offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that it was some plan of community to the recognized; for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on which I had traveled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that the region along the line of the railroad on which I had traveled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that is not be recognized; for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on which I had traveled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that is not be recognized; for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on which I had traveled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that is not be recognized; for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on which I had traveled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that is not be recognized; for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on which I had traveled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that is not be recognized; for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on which I had traveled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that is not be recognized; for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on the region along the line of the railroad on the region along the line of the railroad on the region along the line of the railroad on the region along the line of the railroad on the region along the line of the railroad on the region along the line of the railroad on the region along the line of the railroad on the region along the line of the railroad on the Cruel Experience of a Young cation from another prisoner, and such it proved to be. I need not repeat here what has been told so well elsewhere of the mode of talking by taps. There is in nearly every cell in some obscure corner, observable only by the eyes of men who, like bats, have grown used to the darkness, a little plan scratched in the stone, if by nothing else sometimes by a broken tooth of a prisoner.

A PERFECT SIGNAL CODE. In this plan the letters are so arranged that by a combination of taps it is unnecessary to tap 23 times for the twenty-third letter. Of course, at first, before I discovered the compound method, my next-door neighbor tapped once for A, twice for B, and so on. When once I had mastered this method of communication I felt no longer alone. Tapping is forbidden, and the Gov-ernment knows that it exists, but the key of the tapping alphabet they have not vet discovered, even through their spics. The wall separating me from the next cell was the wall behind my bed, so that, when lying on the bed, I could tap the wall away from the door without being noticed by the gen-

One unhappy evening I was discovered, and the next day was sentenced for punishishment to confinement in one of the towers was one of a group of four. One of these in the four corners of the enclosure that four was, unknown to the others, a Nihilist.

This could not well happen here. It can ers were designed not by men, but by devils. Iron stairways surround them, on which the sentries stand day and night. The towers are circular and stand about 50 feet in height. They contain from eight to ten rooms, one on top of the other. I was led out of my cell through the corridor, and thence across the open courtyard. The glare of light was torment to my darkness-dulled eyes, and I had to close them. If the light was a torment, however, the air was a cordial, and gave me strength for what was to follow. I was conducted up the iron stairway to the fourth cell from the ground. There was air enough there, but if my first cell was small this was a pill box. The height was but tour and a half feet, and it was not long enough for me to lie at full length, and I am a short man. The diet was bread and am a short man. The diet was bread and water twice a day. In this torturing den I was kept three or four weeks, till I lost my senses from exhaustion. Some time previous to this I had begun to spit blood from my lungs. In spite of the pain of this place of confinement, it was preferable to the mental and nervous torments of the dark hole in which I had been confined. The window was grated and painted white, but it did admit light, and there was plenty of fresh

> TAKEN TO THE INFIRMARY. From the tower I was taken, like a corpse, to the infirmary. The beds here were sepa-rate and there was at least fresh air and bet-ter food. For breakfast there was white bread and oatmeal, for dinner beef or some other good meat, and for supper white bread and tea. Sometimes articles were sent to the sick prisoners by the charitable. I fell heir to a handkerchief with a coronet sent by some noble woman who sympathized with a corone to the sick prisoners by the charitable. with us. Of course it was taken from me when I left the prison, and there was some excitement in guessing who the donor was. The physician who inspected us was a personal acquaintance of my father's, and I saw the tears in his eyes when he came to me. But he could do nothing for me, for the physicians themselves are watched every moment by the gendarmes. After two weeks of hospital life I was sufficiently recovered to be taken before the authorities for the "olopros," or official examination, and then for the first time I learned the na-

ture of my crime.

I was too weak to walk, and was carried to the examination room. It was hung with black, like the ball of the inquisition. Behind the table covered with black sat the General of Police, the Minister of Justice, the State Attorney and a secretary, with the "protokols." I was carried to the prisoners' cage and made to stand while the charge against me was read, though I was mercitully allowed to sit when the questions were ture of my crime. tully allowed to sit when the questions were asked. Two gendarmes, with revolvers same, and loaded, stood one on each side of me, and rigorous. two more guarded the entrance. The Ger attorney wrote down the answers.

FALSE TESTIMONY TO ESCAPE. At first I declaimed against the czar and his government, but the pistol barrels stopped that. I was asked if I belonged to any society, and the names of my friends and what they had in view. I answered that I did belong to such a society, and that its intention was to kill the czar and destroy the government. The names of my friends I declined to disclose in St. Petersburg, but I promised to 20 so at Odessa, where, I said, I need not fear assassination. All the of-ficers rose when I told these lies, and promised me everything under heaven it I would disclose then and there; but I stuck to my purpose. At first they tried to make me sign my testimony without reading it, but I eclined to sign till I was shown all that had been written, and then with great diffi-

culty, so weak was I, I signed my name. This false testimony was part of a plan of escape. In spite of constant watching, soli-tary confinement and stone walls, I had word from my friends, and my escape in all its details was planned before I had left the prison. After my examination, I was taken back to the infirmary, and as it was supposed that I was going to aid our paternal Government by betraying my friends I was fed on the best of fare. Roasted fowls and good wine came to my table instead of sour soup and black bread. I kept up an exhi-bition of sickness as long as possible in order to receive the life-giving regimen, but at the end of three weeks I was unable to sham any longer, and was pronounced well enough to move. Since my examination I had got back my own clothes, and it was in them without any chains that I was put in a covered drosky and taken to the railroad station.

DRUGGED THE GENDARMES. A squad of cavalry surrounded the vehicle.

The station was cleared of people, and a crowd collected on the outside, believing so I made my way, under an assumed name

The train stopped, and as usual at the large stopping places one of my three guards left the carriage and returned with a big urn of tea. As usual, also, they offered me a drink, but I declined. They all crossed themselves and soon fluished the tea.

The train started, and in five minutes my three gendarmes were sound asleep and snoring. The waiter had been bribed, and my three gendarmes had taken a pretty substantial dose of laudanum. Once assured that they were asleep, I made my way through the little corridor to the rear of the car, and watching as well as I could in the dusk jamped at last into what looked like a soft ditch. It was soft, very soft, I went into the mud up to my neck. However, I was not hurt, and in this I was more fortunate than my friend, who also leaped from the train. To cover his tracks he had bought a ticket only half way to Odessa, and had bribed the conductor to let him ride further, a practice

common enough in Russia. OFF TO ODESSA.

Making for the woods, we struggled to the first little town and there hired a "kibit-ka" and went straight to Odessa, as the place of all others where we were the least likely to be looked for. My poor companion hardly know mysel!.

After I had been confined for two months, so I was at once welcomed among the

At that time the unfortunate Hebrews in Odessa were undergoing that strange perse-cution that attracted the attention of the civilized world. Mobs formed in the streets, largely of students. I saw a "Cossack" strike with his riding whip a student who my heels, and dodging and doubling, escaped my pursuers, and at last gained the open country and the woods, where I struggled on till I fairly fell from exhaustion.

HELP FROM A SMUGGLER. I passed the night in the open air where I fell, and awoke in the morning racked in every joint by pain and stiffness. I hob-bled along with my back to the rising sun till I saw smoke issuing from a cabin. I went boldly to the "hut" and told the woodman who came to the door that I was an escaped prisoner from a "con-voy" on the way to Siberia-a pretty sure passport to the kindness and hospitality of the ordinary Russian peasant. I remained with him two days. He informed me at length that he was a smuggler, and offered to show me a secret way across the boundary. I was obliged to swear secrecy on the blade of a dagger, and to promise that I would from the other side aid him to secure contra-band goods. How I was to do this I am sure I don't know. On my oath the smuggler closed his cabin, and we pursued our way through paths and lonely roads and across treacherous quicksands till we were fairly across the Austrian frontier. Here I bade goodby to my friendly guide and scrambled along to the first railway town, where I used what little money I had to procure a ticket to a point as near Vienna as possible. I got no further than Broad There I was at my wits' end. The town was full of starving Hebrews, who had fled from Odessa. Suffering for food I went with them up and down the streets asking for

THE DISGUISE DISCOVERED. I was seized with the rest and sent back. At the Odessa prison I was, with the others, stripped and put through the bath. My false beard and assumed complexion was removed in the process. My photograph was at once forwarded to St. Petersburg, and was recognized as that of the wicked Nihilist who leaped from the train. My complicity in the unhappy accident that kept the commandant of the garrison in bed for six months was never suspected, and all the proofs of my personality as the assailant were left behind in the bath.

I was sent back to St. Petersburg, this time not only in a special car, but in a special train. Surrounded by a body of cavalry, I was conveyed to the Petro-Paulorsky Prison, whose cruelties any person having read the articles of Mr. Kennan can sufficiently comprehend. I was taken at once before the governor of the prison and told to name those who had aided my escape. Of course I refused. I was then taken to my cell. When compared with the first cell previously described, this narrow room was luxurious. The food, however, was the same, and the inspection, if possible, more

no proof of any conspiracy or Nihilistic knowledge being found, they read me a parishment from all Russian cities, to live in a small town called Ponievez, in the Government of Kovno, to be there under constant police surveillance. If the police demanded that I report to them every half hour during the day I was obliged to do it. All my porights, my entire property, or rather that which I should have inherited, had been done to me. And yet my sentence was a light one in comparison with my brother's. His fate and my own killed our father with grief. It I had been 18 when arrested nothing could have saved me from the terrors of

Siberia. THE CZAR'S LIBERAL-MINDEDNESS.

How can I relate with the pen my feelings on again seeing my dear parents whom I had last seen in comfort and happiness, their hair turned white and all their children banished or dead. One of my brothers es-caped to France in 1872 and died is 1885, without a mother's kiss or a father's bless-ing. Another brother is banished to Siberia for 20 years. I was sent to my home the same week after 18 months' imprisonment and cruelty, only because they thought I belonged to a Nihilist society. When I reached home I was taken eight or nine times daily before the police, until having accumulated money enough for the necessary bribes, at last, for a large sum, I finally bribed them and made my way to Siberia to try to help my brother. I found it impossible to aid him to second but having alvided. sible to aid him to escape, but having eluded crowd collected on the outside, believing that I had attempted to assassinate the czar. Through a double file of gendarmes I was conducted to a special car on the express train. People in the crowd threw me cigarettes but most of these were kept by my guards. At last the train started and we were fairly on our way, the guards to Odessa and I to freedom.

In the carriage in the rear were two friends of mine. The escape had been arranged to take place after leaving a certain station. I

Rheumatism in Nebraska. My wife was so badly afflicted with rheumatism as to be unable to move in bed without assistance. Our druggist, Mr. Lad-damus, recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which greatly relieved her. We have used six bottles at various times, and would not be without it at hand. Jas. Cole-man, Lowell, Neb.

50 cent bottles for sale by John C. Smith, cor. Penn ave. and Main st.; E. G. Stucky, Seventeenth and Twenty-fourth sts., Penn ave., and cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st.; Markell Bros., cor. Penn and Frankstown aves.; Theo. E. Ihrig, 3610 Fifth ave.; Carl Hartwig, 4016 Butler st.; Jas. L. McConnell & Co., 455 Fifth ave., Pittsburg, and in Allegheny by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Federal st.; Thos. R. Morris, cor. Hanover and Preble aves.; F. H. Eg-gers, 172 Ohio st., and F. H. Eggers & Son, 199 Ohio st., and 11 Smithfield st. WThsu

REAL INDIA SILKS-In this departmen will be found the choicest assortment of this desirable fabrics shown. Designs exclusive, qualities superb, colorings exquisite.

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A Good Watch for \$4. At Hauch's, No. 295 Fifth ave. Established

THE CITY OF BOGOTA.

RELIGION OF THE OLD CHIBCH AS. Machinery of Every Kind Carried Piecemeal Over the Mountains.

was protecting some Hebrews, and I fired a revolver at him. A mounted officer, whom I afterward discovered to be the General in charge of the garrison, a coward who sends people to Siberia, only to obtain the title of people to Siberia, only to obtain the title of a Governor of the State, saw me fire the shot and rode his horse at me. Then I remem-bered what in my excitement I had forgot-ten, that I had about me the names of people who would give me assistance, and con-siderable correspondence that would in-sure the arrest of some of my friends. I ran like a hare down the street, but four feet are better than two, and, as the fleet horse overtook me, scarcely knowing what I was about, I leaped to one side and leveled a blow at my pursuer. My heavy student's staff fell with a thud on the General's illus-trious leg, and at that appropriate moment his horse slipped and fell. I did not wait see his fate, but, knowing that now death within 24 hours awaited me. I again took to

full of starving Hebrews, who had fled from Odessa. Suffering for food I went with them up and down the streets asking for bread. On the day on which I took to public mendicancy an order had been issued to arrest these pauper immigrants and to ship them back to Odessa, another cowardly act from a crowned head, Franz Joseph.

The DISGUISE DISCOVERED.

They were a cnrious race, those long-dead Chibchas, given to agriculture and the peaceful aris and with a form of government essentially patriarchal. Their most ancient imperial capital, the residence of the Emperor, was not Bocata, where the temples stood and the priests dwelt, but Manguita on the opposite side of the plain, near the present village of Faurza. Their faith seems to have been a strange mixture

After six months' further imprisonment don from the Czar. But what kind of a pardon? I was sentenced to life-long banlitical and civil and nearly all my natural confiscated. I had no redress for any injury

This was the mercy of Alexander III., the personal friend of Colonel de Arnaund, of Washington, who claims that the Russian Czar is liberal-minded.

HUGUS & HACKE.

the market; imported exclusively for his

offers of a reward of 2,000 roubles for information that would lead to my capture.

One of the Most Interesting Spots in Roth the Americas. Both the Americas.

SOME NOVEL STREET CAR SYSTEMS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.1

BOGOTA DE SANTA FE., COLOMBIA, February 3. OLOMBIA'S capital, yelept the city "of Holy Faith," occupies a detached plateau

of the Andes, 8,750 feet above the level of the sea. Away up here, half a mile higher than the very top of Mount Washington, one can almost imagine one's self in the North Temperate zone, so thin, pure and cool is the atmosphere, Though only a few degrees from the equator, the temperature averages 50 Fahr, and most of the northern products are found. flourishing amid a surprising profusion of tropical fruits and flowers.

This mountain valley is doubly interesting as having been the traditional heaven of the Chibehas, the ancient people who inhabited this region in the morning twilight of history. Queseda tells us that at the time of the conquest (in 1537) they numbered about three-quarters of a million. Here stood

their sacred city, called Boat-a; and the present capital, which occupies nearly the same site, evidently took its name from the older one, though the corrupted modern word has quite a different sound, the accent being given on the final

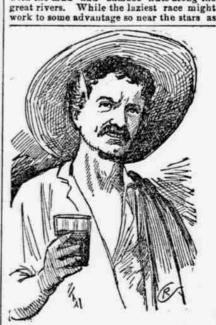
IT WAS A CURIOUS RACE. They were a enrious race, those long-dead

faith seems to have been a strange mixture of ancient Buddhism, modern theosophy and Bible Christianity, but included no sanguinary sacrifices like those that marked the rituals of many of the neighboring tribes of Central and South America.
In Bohica, their elysium (supposed to be

literally located on this high plateau), they had a divine Mediata, or delty of mercy, corresponding somewhat to Christ, the Naza-rene. Like all other races, they, too, had a tradition of the flood, and a character closely resembling the Hebrew Noah, the Greek Ducalaine and the Mexican Cojcoj: and to complete the scheme of salvation, they be-lieved also in a spirit of evil, akin to the scriptural Satan, who was forever striving to get the better of the higher powers, with more or less success. Their god of science, as typified by earthen images, was almost identical with the Buddhist god of wisdom, represented in the idols that are to-day found in many Chinese temples; while their Chilebean was a feetile at the Buddhist Chibchaeum was a facsimile of the Buddhist god of agriculture.

The most splendid temple of old Bocaia, consecrated to the god of agriculture, stood near the site of the present grand cathedral in the center of the modern capital. Thither, chief caciques and all the royal retinue, to offer oblations to the deity who was believed to preside over the harvests, a ceremony not unlike the "moon feasts" that are yet celebrated in many of the interior districts of China.

THE EFFECT OF CLIMATE. The present inhabitants of the Bogota plain seem a totally different people from any we have previously met in Colombia; possessing a deal more energy and a disposi-tion to keep up within hailing distance of the times. Here agriculture and the useful arts are at least a century ahead of their practice in the torrid valleys and along the burning coast. The wooden shovel and clumsy forked stick have given place to the iron spade and patent plow; and the quintas (farms) inclosed within substantial walls of stone or adobe, have spacious houses that wear an air of palatial elegance compared with the mud and bamboo huts along the



One of the Natives.

Bogota, the most energetic Yankee would soon lose his vaunted "vim" and become utterly shiftless under the influence of the tropic sun in the humid low lands near the

Mr. Scruggs, late Consul from the United States to Colombia, from whom much of the data I am using has been derived, says that hough pure and exhilarating, this climate is not conducive to longevity, or to mental activity. He adds: "A man, for instance, who has been accustomed to eight hours daily labor in New York or Washington, will here find it impossible to apply himself closely more than five hours each day. If he exceeds that limit, ominous symptoms of nervous prostration will be almost sure to

I have, myself, observed the same thing in other high altitudes of the far South, that people of ordinarily calm temperament when in the North, speedily find themselves mere bundles of nerves, strung to such ten-sion as to induce excessive irritability, in-

green painted windows latticed like those of prisons, between whose bars one sees peering eyes, the beautiful, dark eyes of Colombian women, full of wondering curiosity at sight of "las estrangeras Americanas." Though built of adobe, and unprepossessing in outside appearance, there are many elegant homes in Colombia's capital, spacious and well furnished. The prevailing style of architecture is, of course, that which the Moors bequeathed to the early Spaniards, every house like a fort, its bare, blank walls, built flush with the passerby every carefully concealing from the passerby every

the most interesting structures in Bogota— the old convent of San Diego, which is now used as a hospital for the poor. This ancient pile was the headquarters of the army which 'defended the Colombian capital in the war carefully concealing from the passerby every trace of home life; while within are bloom and beauty, sunshine and cheerfulness. of 1860. It was finally captured by General Those casas that exait in the luxury of a second story, and there are more of them in Bogota than one often finds in a Spanish-American city, have no windows on the ground floor, the rooms fronting the street being used for shops, warehouses and stables, for the proprietors and their families always prefer to live above.

stone crucifix which—so says tradition— was used by the cruel Spanish conquerors as a whipping post for the subjugated Indians. For any fault, real or imaginary, the victim was compelled to kneel at the toot of the cross and to put his arms around it, when his hands were securely tied on the other side. Lashes were then administered on his bare back; and in the intervals of the punishment, when his tormenters stopped to rest, he was compelled to repeat the creed and a number of prayers, after which the

whipping was recommenced.

A Protestant school now occupies part of the huge convent; and what was once its garden-a space 150 yards square-is used for a market place. FANNIE B. WARD.

To the forests of Maine, malaria stalks on the mists that rise from morass, bottom land and fen. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters renders the aerial poison innecuous, and uproots if from the system. It rectifies the liver, whose disorder is an invitation to the disease, strengthens the nerves, and fortifies the system generally. It remedies, also, rheumatism, biliousness, kidney complaints and dyspepsta.

A Colombian Beauty.

patio, around which the house is built and with which all its apartments directly com-municate. The court has its fountains, shrubs, flowers, bird-cages and hammocks. The family life practically goes on out of doors, but in strictest privacy so far as the outer world of the street is concerned, because of the high, window-less walls.

The city is constructed after no regular

plan, but straggles down a gently sloping hillside, with three considerable streams running through it. Its streets are named after the saints, famous public men, or the dates of decisive battles—such, for example as the Calle de San Juan Bautista (St. John street), Bolivar street, Fifth of May street, etc. A distinctive feature of Bogota is its eucalyptus trees, of the globulus variety, which, interspersed with a few sickly willows, shade every avenue. Less than a quarter of a century ago the first eucalyptus was introduced here, and now there are thousands of those scraggy, melancholy-looking trees. ALL CARRIED UP THE MOUNTAINS.

There are telegraphs and telephones away up here; and vet every hit of treight has to be laboriously lugged over the Sierras on the backs of men or mules, as de-scribed in a previous letter. On this point let us again quote Mr. Scruggs. He says, "None of the commodious coaches and omnibuses and not one of these agricultural implements were manufactured here nor elsewhere in Colombia. They have all been imported from the United States and England—brought to Honda by the river teamers, then repacked into small sections steamers, then repacked into small sections and carried, piece by piece, over the mountains. One peon will carry a wheel, another an axle, a third a coupling-pole or single-tree, while the screws and bolts, packed in small boxes, are toted by the cargo mules. The upper body of the vehicle is likewise taken to present maked in sections. pieces and packed in sections. One man will sometimes be a month in carrying a wagon wheel from Honda to Bogota, his method being to tug it from 50 to 100 paces and then to sit down for a long rest, barely making two miles a day. When all the dis tion the pieces are co gether by some smithy, who may have learned his art fron an American or English mechanic. One scarcely knows which ought nechanic. One scarcely knows which ought to be the greatest marvel, the failure to manufacture all these things in a country where wood and iron and coal are so abund ant or the obstacles that are overcome in their successful transportation from foreign

countries." Notwithstanding the enormous cost o constructing street car lines in this isolated place—each rail being the load of half a dozen men during several days of difficult mountain climbing—they have proved a very profitable investment to the company of New York capitalists who own them There are few carriages in Bogots, not only because the stony streets would soon wreck the strongest vehicle, but on account of the great expense of bringing them here.

HOW STREET CARS ARE RUN.

Therefore everybody patronizes the horsecars, and the tariff charged for a ride, whether it be for five miles or a block, is a Colombia real, a coin which equals in value about 10 cents American money. horsecar drivers carry tin horns, which they are continually tooting with might and main to notify people in their houses of the train's approach. Throughout all Spanish America the street cars are never run singly but always in groups; that is, instead of sending out cars five minutes apart, they wait altogether at the station half an hour or more, and then all sally forth at once, six or eight of them close behind one another, to the other end of the line, where they wait in a group as before. But in this Arcadia nobody is ever in a hurry. Often the whole string of cars is halted while somebody who is coming finishes his chat en casa and goes through with the elaborate and long-winded adieux which are the faskion among these excessively politic Castilances. And whenever a passenger gets off, especially if it be a female, another wait ensues while she embraces all her acquaintances who may chance to be in the same car and exchanges with them the customary kisses and "come and see me's."

The other day we visited the barracks, whose lofty blank walls line one side of a pretty plaza. Among other curiosities we were shown some old bronze carronades, one of which is highly prized for its history—an inscription on the breech showing that the Spaniards captured it from the French at the battle of Pairs. The artillery of the Colombian Guard are furnished with Armstrong mountain guns and a few Gatlings. Among the latter one whose vicissitudes deserve especial mention.

STORY OF A GATLING GUN. During the last general revolution the conservative party (which included the church element and was opposed to the so-called "liberal" government), received information that a Gatling gun, which should have been delivered to the Government long before the revolution began-had at last arrived at Barranquilla and was about to be shipped up the river to Honda. Now, the insurgents were wofully short of muni-tions of warfare, and had almost nothing for use in the interior; therefore, they determined to possess themselves of that blessed gun. But how to do it was the question-

especially since it must come through Honda, which at that time was the main mere bundles of nerves, strung to such tension as to induce excessive irritability, insomnia, and mental exhaustion, even without any special strain, mental or physical.

This old Bogota somehow presents an appearance of unusual picturesqueness, though in a land where all things are as quaint as was Egypt in the days of Moses. Its narrow and crooked streets, winding uphill and down, are pared with the sharpest of small stones, that make pelestrians feel in its penitential pilgrims on their way to middle of each street is cut a deep ditch or channel, through which the melted snows of the near-by mountains dance in noisy and expected rebel agents received it with solarity is quite. The city has a population of something over 100,000, and in many respects is quite modern, in others fully 200 years behind the times.

HOW THE HOUSES ARE BUILT.

Its white walled cassa are mostly of one-story, with projecting roofs of red tiles, and

Mosquera; but being considered the key to the position, was seized only after great slaughter.

In the convent garden there is an old

From the Everglades of Florida

LADIES' SHOULDER CAPES-New styles for spring, plain and trimmed, in both light and dark colors, just opened. HUGUS & HACKE.

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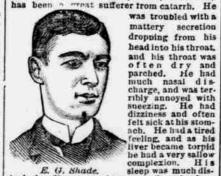
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More Substantial Evidence. Mr. E. G. Shade, a well-known young man who lives at No. 50 Gregory street, Southside reat sufferer from catarrh. He mattery secretion



charge, and was ter-ribly annoyed with suezing. He had dizziness and often felt sick at his stom-neh. He hud a tired feeling, and as his liver became torpid he had a very sallow complexion. His sleep was much discomplexion. Hi sleep was much dis

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

# PERTINENT LINES

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THE FOLLOWING EXPLAINS ITSELF:

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., MARCH 4, 1890. MESSRS. HOPPER BROS. & CO.,

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#### OUR ANSWER BY TELEGRAM:

PITTSBURG, PA., March 4, 1890. SHAWNEE FURNITURE COMPANY,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH .: If in as good condition as goods formerly shipped us, will take all of each number.

HOPPER BROS. & CO. In answer to the above, we received the following letter:

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.,

MARCH 5, 1890.

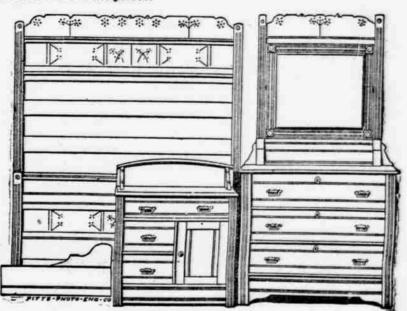
HOPPER BROS. & CO., PITTSBURG, PA.:

GENTLEMEN-Your offer of the 4th inst. accepted; accept our thanks; first carload of about 60 suits will be shipped to-morrow; other carloads as soon as they can conveniently be put through the finishing room. Hope you may be able to dispose of them to good advantage. Very thankfully yours,

SHAWNEE FURNITURE COMPANY.

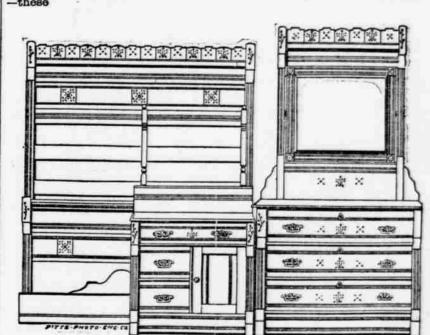
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