

Wonderful Possibilities of the Almost Forgotten Silver Mines of South America.

MOUNTAINS OF PRECIOUS METAL.

Leavings of the Ancient Miners Often Prove Richer Than the Fresh Ores of the Rocky Mountains.

A BOSTON YOUNG MAN'S ENTERPRISE.

Worlds of Wealth Awaiting Proper Transportation Facilities and Methods.

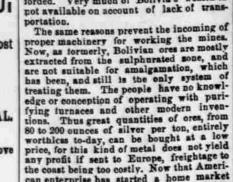
ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, S. A., July 9 .- From time immemorial the gold and silver mines of Pern and Bolivin, both those modern republics having been included in one province under the old Spanish regime, have been celebrated in history and tradition as among the richest in the world. During the last two centuries and a half, upward of \$300,000,000 worth have been taken from Peru alone; while official data prove that the single mountain of Potosi in Bolivia has vielded in the years between its discovery in 1545 up to the beginning of 1864, the inconceivable sum of \$2,904,690,000 worth of money.

The ores of Potosi, the Puno district, Cerro del Pasco and other noted mines are so rich that a yield of \$200 worth per ton is not uncommon, even with the primitive methods now employed. Remembering that miners of the United States find it profitable to work mineral worth \$10 per ton, one may form some idea what these Andean treasure houses might be made to disclose at the hands of wide-awake and experienced workmen, aided by modern machinery.

BROKEN OUT WITH SILVER.

Perhaps the richest region on this hemisphere, if not on the globe, is that of Po-tosi itself, signifying "an eruption of silver." And the mountain is well named, for it is broken out all over with precious metal, like a well-defined case of smallpox. More than 5,000 tunnels and openings have been made in it, every one of which has produced gold, copper, iron, lead, tin, quick-silver, sinc, antimony or some other min-eral, but silver in greatest abundance. Gold has been found in many places, but has never been extensively mined being much harder to get at by the processes in vogue, while silver is so plentiful that the people can afford to dispense with the more precious but troublesome metal. To this day big nuggets of pure gold are occasionally picked up by some wandering pros-pector and these bring a higher price when sold as curios than the value of the bullion. Years ago Potosi received its greatest boom by means of a stroke of lightning, which detached a mass of solid gold from some unknown cliff away up the mountain side and dropped it at the feet of some miners in the vale below. For a long time this mysterious nugget was the wonder of the world; then it was sold at a fabulous price to the Royal Museum at Madrid, where it may still be seen.

Early in the seventeenth century the city of Potosi boasted more than 100,000 inhabitants, but to-day it has scarcely 25,000. Of late years its mines have been comparatively neglected, so that the output of them all does not exceed \$2,500,000 a year. If the spirit of revolution ever remains "laid" long enough for capitalists to feel secure in investing their money here, and if roads are constructed so that the products of interior Bolivia may find an easy outiet to the sea and prop-



can enterprise has started a home market for all that was formerly wasted, mining industry ought to receive a new impetus.

The mills of Potosi in which ores are crushed are fair samples of the primitive methods employed in the richest mines here. The best of them are rude affairs, beside which the most old-tashioned homemade cider mill you might find in the United States would look like a dainty piece of cab-

States would look like a dainty piece of cab-inet work. A Bolivian arastra, as the crush-ing mill is called, has great stone wheels at-tached to the ends of a horizontal bar moved by an upright shaft propelled by an ox, a mule or a counde of barc-legged Indians. Thus the stone wheels revolve in a sort of rude trough into which the broken ore has been troubled moving cloudy around, crushbeen tumbled, moving slowly around, orush-ing perhaps half a ton of ore in a day, while the mills of California and Nevada would crush 20 times as much in as many hours,

scribed. Afterward it is roasted, or treated with

> is obtained and run into bars for transportation. By this process a great part of the silver is lost, together with much of the quick-silver used in the work of amalgama-

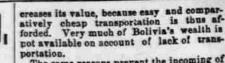
tion. Where the primitive process yields a profit of say \$10 a ton, the methods of the United States miner would make it yield five time as much. FANNIE B. WARD.

Keep the Body Brect and Take Very Long

Strides Quickly.

Persons who have never been trained to walk fast generally quicken their gait by bending forward and lengthening the stride. at the same time bending the knees very much at each step. It is pretty sale to say that no one can possibly adopt this style and keep a fair walk at a faster gait than six miles an hour. The fast walker must keep himself erect, his shoulders back and chest thrown out. He must put his forward foot and heel first, and with the leg straight. He must take strides so quick that they look short. He must, if he expects to get a good

the arms.



SEVERAL MODERN IMITATIONS.

Places Where One Can Buy the Characteristic Meal of Any Nation. AVERAGE COST OF A GOOD DINNER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, August 9 .- Eating can scarcely be called a "fad." Yet there are so many and such rapid changes in the

place.

TABLES FOR EVERY NATION.

LAST OF ITS KIND.

PRIMITIVE METHODS.

the grill rooms flourished. In the meantime the hotel table a'hote remained a fixed American custom. The 6 o'clock dinner has stayed by us, and with it the buffet lunch down town has grown to extraordinary proportions. But the chophouse and the grill have dwindled into nothingness; the notel table d'hote has largely given way to service a la

carte. The first thing Hildreth, of the Long Branch West End, and Allen, of the and with little more expense. Powder or other blasting material is rare-ly used in Bolivian mines, the ore being broken out of the veins by man-power. Then the tanateros, or ore carriers, put it into rawhide sacks, string it on their backs and carry it out of the depths, elimbing patientand with little more expense. Astor House, did when they took the old Metropolitan was to change to the European plan. Most of New York's hotels are now plan. Most of New York's hotels are now run that way, although a few provide both restaurant and old-fashioned dining room. In connection with these the gentlemen's cafe, corresponding in some respects to the English coffee room, holds an important place.

earry it out of the depths, elimbing patient-ly upward by perpendicular logs that have been notched to give holding places for the hands and test. Then it is dumped on the ground, where Indians, sitting down, pound the lumps into pieces suitable for the crush-ing mill, where the stone wheels finally reduce it to mud by the slow process above de-

quicksilver, and at last a little pure silver

HOW TO WALK FAST.

London Society Times.] by the mother country with the rest of our early possessions. But one by one these quaint old places vanished and were for-Then the chophouse fever began to rage, finally burning itself out by its own luxuriant magnificen Perhaps the nearest approach to the old-fashioned colonial chophouse remaining to us is that known as "Old Tom's." It is sitnated near old Trinity and still retains its

stride, work his hips considerably, overcoming the sidewise tendency of the hip movement by a compensatory swinging of The length of stride in fast walking is

THE POSSIBILITIES.

The length of stride in last watking is astonishing to those who look at it. A little figuring will make it clear why this is so. There are 1,760 yards in a mile, or 1,760 strides three feet long. To do a mile in eight minutes a walker must cover 220 yards a minute, or 11 feet a second. Now 220 steps a minute of the second. Now 220 steps a minute-nearly four a second-is pretty quick work, as any one may discover for himself. Even three steps a second, or 180 to the minute, seems quick. The chances are that your eight-minute man, although his legs move so quickly that the steps seem short, is not doing as many as 200

his scrupulously clean kitchen at home for nothing he would-no, he wouldn't do it. Yet I would advise every visitor to New York who is interested in the problem of how to eat and what to eat to go to "Old Tom's" if merely to see and experience what the old New Yorkers used to make so AN OLD CHOP-HOUSE The Only Place Remaining That Recalls New York's Early Days.

THE

much fuss about, and to understand the foundation for the frequent glowing refer-ences to the ancient chophouse in the metropolitan press. There are more modern alleged chop-houses in New York that seek to combine

houses in New York that seek to combine the elegances of to-day with the memory of centuries ago. "The Studio," on Sixth avenue, is one of these. It occupies the drawing room floer of an old fashioned resi-dence. The rooms are fitted up artistically with fine paintings, etchings and engravings; panels of curious arms, swords, bucklers, mail, guns, lances, pistols, spurs, etc., hung on a rather gloomy background. The dark floors are polished, the mahogany tables fairly glisten. There is everything in sight to gladen the eye and tickle the artistio sense. You can get chops and steaks—s. manner in which people prefer to have their meals served that this part of eating sense. You can get chops and steaks-4 specialty-even cheaper than at "Old Tom's," though doubtless the customer may be called a fashionable whim. The 6 Tom's," though doubtless the customers of the latter would scorn to enter the place. This chop house has its varied counterparts all about the upper town. They are fre-quented by a bohemian class. They neither encourage good manners nor sobriety. You don't dress for dinner, you have no ladies' consist to earch wour evaluations you git as o'clock club dinner came in with Sam Ward; the chophouse a little latter became New York institution. For a few years

society to curb your exuberance, you sit as long and as late as you please, and drink as much and smoke as much as you please.

HERE'S A DISTINCTION. Quite a different class of feeders you will see at the Cafe Hoffman, Cafe St. Denis bee at the Cale Homman, Cale St. Denis, Delmonico's, etc., etc., but this class of orderly, sedate and well-dressed people is not more distinct from the chophouse set than the modern New York cafe is from the "Old Tom" variety of chophouse of a cen-tury ago. The modern cafe is the delight of the gournet; the chophouse is the legiti-mate home of the gournand. The magnicent down-town Hoffman, the fitting up which a single room cost \$100,000, or the Cafe Savarin in the Equitable, represent the modern taste. The latter is by far the finest restaurant in New York as to appear ance and service. It combines the bar, The large admixture of foreign population

buffet lunch, cafe and restaurant. "Old Tom's" is but a pistol shot away. and the proportionately large floating body of cosmopolitan travelers are responsible What could form a greater contrast between the old and new? You can get just as good a drink for the same money in the \$100,000 place over an onyx bar as you can down Thamesstreet on asawdust floor. You can get just as good a meal for the same money in the cleant reference of the same money in for this change and for this variety. It has some to pass that a man of almost any nationality whatever on the civilized globe can eat in New York in the way he eats at home, and have the same kind of food served in the same way. In this respect New York has adapted itself to the manithe elegant restaurant of Cale Savarin with tables of snowy linen, appointments of glis-tening silver, with the refining of ladies and old demands of the world in a surprisingly gentlemen, as you can get at the "Old Tom" style of chophouse. Remember that.

short time. The same changes could not occur in London, Paris, Berlin or Vienna in 250 years that have come about here in less THE CHOPHOUSE A FRAUD. than 25. The American, however, is not hampered by traditions. The chophouse and grill are essentially It takes a man of a mellow, fat and greasy nature to enjoy the chophouse life. There is a fat-and-greasy suggestiveness in the name. It is in the atmosphere of the place. You breathe it, smell it, taste it. I English. In certain quarters of the city-the old town-the chophouse may be said to have been handed down, turned over to us have tried them-these houses-in the interests of mankind, on account of historical associations, out of personal curiosity. I have always had a great desire to know otten until the grill crase struck in on us rom actual experience how other people live.

At the risk of incurring the severe dis-pleasure of my Bohemian friends and being set down as one devoid of taste, judgmen and reverence, I denounce the chophouse as the great humbug of the century. It is a fraud, and ought to be relegated to its originators; men who used to club together uated near old Trinity and still retains its musty English air, suggested by Thames street and the ancient revolutionary grave-yard. Many of those who once sat around the little mahogany tables at "Old Tom's" lie closely packed beneath the sod just over the way in that sleep which the clangor of the chimes will never disturb—aye, and and cook their own meals and who chose the simplest and cheapest method to get something to eat. It is especially a fraud in New York, where it has not even national tradition to recommend it and where you have the best restaurants in the world from which to choose where you may eat. No and have lain there these 50 years. Old Tom himself has long joined his kindred customers in the great beyond and his son, wonder the increasing popularity of the clever French and Italian table d'hote, where you can get a seven course with a bottle of wine for the price of a single chop-Tom, now growing old, serves the new genhouse chop! And as for the chophouse steak-\$1 for a single and \$1 75 for a double You would probably call Thames street an alley and the buildings hereabouts are very steak-with potatoes and everything else extra; you can get a first-class table d'hote high and dingy. On the corner of the angle of the streets is "Old Tom's." A rusty

dinner at the Filth Avenue Hotel for less money. THE PLAIN DECENT RESTAURANT.

That is as cheap as a good French table d'hote for two and a good deal better. You couldn't get a decent lunch in a chophouse for that money. From this you can go up as high as an epicurean taste and pocket-

book will admit. Be sure of one thing-

the same as on its native heath.

rou can buy in New York anything that

THE HORSE AMBULANCE.

Yet the modern New Yorker, and man-of-

BUSY, BUZZING

The Country Parson Finds Much Good in the Abused Insect PROVIDING HE KEEPS ON LIVING.

Fuss Raised in Society by the Two-Legged and Wingless Kind,

WHAT THEY MANAGE TO ACCOMPLISH

WRITTER FOR THE DISPATCE. A recent contributor to a literary magazine recommends young writers to discuss those things which are nearest to them, that is to say, they are to stick close to their en-vironment. While disclaiming the title of "young writer," may I not follow the advice, just for once? This has been a bad year for flies; or possibly it might be more logical to say a good year, if numbers indi-

te goodness. The flies have seemed to enjoy the summer thus far with almost unalloyed happiness. I know that it is a difficult thing to persuade bald-headed men that flies have their uses, and that Providence has designed them to carry out His purposes. While I cannot enter into full sympathy with the numerous class of men described, for obvious reasons, (although a married man) yet neverthelesss I am almost ready to agree with them when they assert that the devil has something to do with

flies, I read the other day in a religious paperso of course it must be true-that Darwin's theory of man's evolution was considered to be off the track when he asserted that man ceased to have a tail like a monkey when that appendage became useless. The critic's ground of criticism was that the great evoluter had surely not thought of a baldheaded compositor on a morning newspaper

... Files of Biblical Fame.

If the readers of THE DISPATCH will also read the Bible, as I hope they do, they will find that reference is made to almost everything that touches human life. Flies even have their little niches in that wonderful book. We read in Psalms 105, 31, "He spake and their came divers sorts of flies." And then again in Ecc. x, i.: "Dead flier

cause the apothecary's continent to send fourth a stinking savour." The natural con-clusion is that flies are a nuisance anyhow, whether they be dead or alive, yet it can be proved that the live fly, at least, serves a purpose in the world, and has a place among the many mysteries of Providence. The "div-ers sorts of flies" spoken of by the Psalmist were sent to the children of Israel to keep them in a condition of activity.

them in a condition of activity, or to awake them from their lethargy. That they filled their missiom no one will deny, for where can you find a more active and enterprising people to-day? Having served out the full measure of their utility they were un-doubtedly gathered to their isthers, but those miserable dead flies in the apothecary's ointment were an abomination. They did no good to anybody and spoiled the medicine "I detest anything dead. A dead fly in glass of milk causes a feeling of nausea t anybody about to drink it, but a live fly does not have exactly the same effect. More han once have I rescued a fly which was trying to escape going on an involuntary voyage of discovery into the innermost parts of my intricate anatomy. And when, having thus rescued it from such a terrible fate, and having witnessed its evident rapture at its unexpected deliverence, I have not had the heart to kill it. As between the live flies of Israel and the dead flies of the drugstore, I vote for the live fly every

. . . Scavengers of the Air.

Now if you take a live fly and place it beneath a powerful magnifying glass you us indifferent to rust or blight in wheat, and world everywhere, scorns a table d' hote will find. I am told, thousands of infinitesi dinner and would as soon think of picking mal insects adhering to the gummy subhis friend's pocket as to think of inviting him to one. No matter what the dimenstance that covers his body. It is said that sions of his purse-the meal can be adthese invisible microbes propagate certain justed to its capacity to suffer. If they are diseases that afflict humanity, and that the of the mellow, fat-and-greasy variety, they may go to a chophouse; but if they have fly, in his rapid excursions through the air, collects, devours them at his leisure, and any regard for their digestion they will thus purifies the atmosphere. At any rate, it has been observed that when a summer steer clear of both Scylla and Charybdist. If they desire a cheap, plain dinner, a de-cent restaurant will afford them that. A was a comparatively flyless one disease was rampant. I remember just such a year in my boyhood days. If this be a fact, and I single portion of soup-enough for two-20 cents; a single cut of roast beef, 40 cents; believe it is, ought we not to welcome thes boiled potatoes, 15 cents; an entree, 30 cents; salad, 25 cents; coffee, 20 cents; total, \$1 50.

of these domestic delinquencies and the spiritual welfare of the flock may suffer. And yet, these church flies, like society flies and their insect counterparts, have their uses too. The Lord pity the church that does not have a few live flies in it. Unless there is a little friction there is not much brightness. A live dog is better than a dead lion, and so I hold that a live fly is better than a million dead ones. Dead flies cause the ointment of the spoth-ecary to send forth a stinking savor. The characters referred to above must not be SMELLS THAT You Can Execute a Man With an Odor if You Apply it Properly. BAD AIR SUPPLY IN TRAVELING. Every Active Source of Ferment in Food

ecary to send forth a stinking savor. The characters referred to above must not be classed among the really bad people, for nine-tenths of them are good at heart and mean well, mean to do good. I believe in giving the devil his due. An old lady who always had something to say in favor of everybody was one day told that she could possibly find some good qualities in Satan himself. THE DANGER IN FINE FLOUR BREAD WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. In this age of intelligent research there is

Should be Avoided.

EXPERIENCE ON A SOUND STEAMER.

crevice for air, and exhaling putrescence into

the stateroom till I was drugged, poisoned

KEPT AWAKE BY BAGS.

rooms and rose from those bales to the upper cabin as the deck hands began to wheel them

with the fetor.

to the wharf.

"Why, certainly, my dear," she answered "I cannot help but admire his activity." small significance in the attention scientific men are giving the matter of longevity. Few subjects are more worthy the study of a

Dead Files an Abomination.

learned body than that to which the Society So say I of the live fly. I admire hi of Hygiene at Vienna seriously addresses activity, but the dead fly, ugh! Take it itself-the art of attaining long life. It has away, it spoils the ointment. The world has sent letters to all the old men in Germany no use for dead flies. They poison everyand Austria-Hungary inquiring about their thing they touch. (I know the analogy habits, occupations, recreations, clothing, a little weak here, but let us stretch a etc., hoping to gain light on the conditions point). They paralyze and render impotent every spoke in the wheel of progress. They which prolong man's years. I find so many siling this summer, old mope about the village, cracking their heels and young, who were hardy and careless against drygoods boxes, or spitting on the stove in the grocery store. They put a plug hitherto, I find so many active people re-trenching their expenditure of effort by instove in the grocery store. They put a plug in the spout of the pump of possible pros-perity, and sit with crossed legs and folded hands while somebody vainly tries to pump. They whine about taxes and tribulations and bring nothing to the mill to grind but ill-nature and indifference. In the church they are a curse. They have just enough vitality, some of them, to do a little kick-ing, especially if their pocketbook is liable to be resurrected. They "get religion," but they keep it so close that nobody ever sees any of it. I am afraid they only get it sporadically. The devil has vaccinated them too deep. It would be unjust, however, to criticise tinct, that it seems in the way to look up a few of the causes which sap our vitality, in town and out. The great matters of draintown and out. The great matters of drain-age and clean streets are enforcing them-selves by malignant lessons, but there are other causes, quite within our reash, which may each cost a life, or the strength of life. So great a gift is to be preserved at cost of vigilance unceasing, and the delightful wonder is that we live through and past so nany risks.

Hurrying northward to cooler, purer airs on one of the smaller Sound boats, chosen It would be unjust, however, to criticise It would be unjust, however, to criticise either society or the church at large because of the delinquencies of the few. Because society has its festering corpses and the church its cadaverous members, giving the ointment an unpleasant savor let not the condemnation be without qualification. The activity of the live fly neutralizes the on one of the smaller Sound boats, chosen for its convenience to my route, the only stateroom to be had was one on the main deck opening from the ladies' cabin. It was late before that even could be assigned, and its disagreeable odor was supposed due to its being sbut up, though it only vied with that which had pervaded the cabin for the carelessly kept dressing room. Opening the window did not seem to help it much, but I was so tired with the day's work that while thinking "I must get out of this," I dropped asleep. Not for long. I have been known to sleep through a thunder storm, but never in bad air, which wakens me more surely than any sound. It The activity of the live hy neutralizes the noxious effluvia of the dead to a large degree. Humanity is and ever will be im-perfect in this life. The old negro preacher was right when he read the hymn: "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense." "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense." It is a blessed truth that although this is a mode of menbrid and toophile the man

a world of perplexity and trouble, the mawakens me more surely than any sound. It jority of people have a better side to their nature. Yes, life has its tribulations, of may have been an hour or two after I woke to find the room filled with a dreadful odor, which flies are among the least. A few mor summers and most of us will have passe such as might be left by the company of a corpse nine days old. To throw on the outer from earth. That we may all at last reach that sweet haven, "along the lily lined river of rest," where the little annoyance garments, drag open the blind and flee to the upper deck forward was the work of the shortest possible instant. All outside the window were bales of freight closely stowed, of life will be a dim and distant mirage of the mind is the prayer of leaving hardly a glimpse of night or a

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

BREAD FROM THE FORESTS. Plan of the German Chemist Who Will

Make Wood Serve as Wheat. fewcastle Eng. Chronicle.]

The first being in blue and gold passing I led down to that stateroom and unlocked the door in his face. He recoiled at the stench, and when I demanded what was in Ingenious people have long enough been engaged in breaking the Seventh Commandstench, and when I demanded what was in those bales and he said "rage" the matter took new horrors. It was bad enough to suppose one's self walled in with decaying rawhides—but rage! I have been in he haunts of contagious fever, and the odor acment by mixing a large variety of mineral and vegetable compounds with the flour from which our bread is made, but hitherto none of them have ventured to suggest the companying is never to be forgotten, and that odor of putrid vomit filled the lower substitution of any such like substance for flour entirely. A German chemist, however, proposes to settle the question of fail-

ever, proposes to settle the question of fail-ing grain crops and import duties on eorn by converting the forests into loaves. The fiber of wood consists essentially of cellulose, and this, by a chemical process known to himself, he intends to convert into starch. The researches of Hellrigel, he ex-plains, show that certain plants transform nitrogen into albumen, and this process of neuros he asserts can be improved by When we recall the outbreak of typhoid at Cumberland, on the Potomac; the linger-ing disease at Johnstown since the flood; yellow fever at Key West in January of this year, and the numberless typhoid cases in different parts of the country, it is not reassuring to travel in company with rags of that odor. I had gone from the seacoast nature, he asserts, can be improved science. The production of starch from cel lulose, together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants would, it is argued, make and the best sanitary conditions the

eyes swim, the face is easily suffused by heat and all the cosmetics and lotions known afford but passing relief. The cause is weakened vitality, which tells first on di-metics. Parallel KILL. gestion. People are easily fatigned, the walk along shore past the pavilions or down street to the spa tires them more than it ever did before, and an evening's entertainment leaves them useless for days. If people feel like lying aside and doing nothing this summer they had better heed the warning. Many sys-tems, enfeebled by the uncouscious struggle of last season, need nothing so much as rest of body and brain in pure air, quiet and pleasing associations, outdoor rest if pos-

tible. A little amusement goes a long way in such a condition, long naps in airy chambers with windows wide open, or on lawn cots under garden awnings, or in long bamboe chairs on shady porches, fill many hours, and easy chat with good humored people on verandas, is the most congenial dissipation.

DANCING IS HEALTHY.

The bankrupt system retrieves its losses best in such quiet life, and we will feel re-turning energy with autumn the more com-pletely we yield to enervation now. Fatigue in summer, overfatigue at any time, will In summer, overlatigue at any time, will bring out eruptions on the face and arms, especially with worn out nerves. You can't drive a dozen miles, and scramble over rocks, and go the rounds of half a dozen hotels evenings, dance and work yourself up into a frolic till the small hours, day and arguing without colling it and shours, day and evening, without feeling it and show-ing it, too-perhaps just when you want to look your deadliest prettiest for the hop of the senson. Dance, for nothing is better for women except singing, but don't dance too much. Girls abcolutely dance themselves this is more absolutely dance themselves thin in warm. weather, and begin to go off in looks by their second or third season, because they will work harder pleasuring than Michael and Dennis do on the street improvementa. They would not work according to their strength, as you do, in August weather-no,

Women are not looking so sallow and bilious this summer as common-perhaps "la grippe" worked the bile from their systems proughly for that-but they are worn too thoroughly for that-but they are worn and haggard, with grayish, dull complex-ions, coarse pores and down showing all over the cheeks, a most discouraging state of things. They are hag-gard, the cheek bones beginning to gain prominence for lack of digestion-more likely of food fit to digest. I wish I had power to throw every pound of white bread into the harbor for the rest of the seabread into the harbor for the rest of the season. It is the hindrance of the race. With the nervous it feeds indigestion and ferments, which is like corrosive acid, eating away the internal lining of the tissues. With the lymphatic it is one great cause of the obesity which is the curse of our

thank you !

A NEW IDEA IN BREAD.

If Papuan figures are the rule in society it is disgraceful, and the fine flour bread is the great cause, next to indolent habits. The system is loaded with what should pass The system is loaded with what should pass off or be used in activity. Adipose gathers and creates sluggishness, which tends to adipose again. It is adipose, not repose, which marks the manner of too many so-ciety women. Boston, always busy on dietetics since the Alcott days of vegetarianism, intends to have the right sort of food, since beans have more nutrition than va-riety. A new establishment in the most fashionable quarter of shops essays to furnish bread as it is needed, and, as it ought to be, from the ker-nel. Select wheat of the best variety is ground on the premises by a run of the finest French milling stones in the old, sound manner, not by corrugated iron mills which give up vapor instead of flour. From a dozen kinds of flour, whole meal, hulled meal, bolted and half bolted, the Bostonian may select the best kind suited to his mentality and totality and have it baked to suit, with or without yeast, with more or less gluten and phosphates as needed. A physician superintends the business; indeed believe he took it up on account of the difficulty in treating patients without controlling their food. Mr. Edward Atkinson said, some time

Mr. Edward Atkinson waiting any per-since, there was a fortune waiting any person who would sell good homemad over the counter at five cents a loaf, and any one who furnishes bread fit for starvin

10

er machinery for working the mines and ingress by the same means. A renaissance may occur which will remind the world of the El Dorado of olden times.

Bolivia is also very rich in copper, tin, iron and lead. The most valuable tin mines in the world next to those of Borneo are said a he those of Ornro, about midway between La Paz, the present capital, and Sucre, the capital proper. In the mountains of Coro-coro, near the northeastern edge of Lake Titicaca, copper is as abundant as silver at

At present the most prosperous mining enterprise in Bolivia is a purely American one, carried on exclusively by United States money and machinery, and owned by Mr. W. H. Christy, a young millionaire of Boston, Mass. His principal mines, of silver lead ore, lie at the base of Sorato, the great monntain near the southeastern shore o Lake Titacaca, which is one of the grandest snow-clad giants of the Andean system.

ENJOYS GOOD CONCESSIONS.

He has also some extensive smelting works, and has been granted by the Gov-ernment a monopoly of the smelting busi-ness in Bolivia for a period of 15 years. He is about to import a diamond drill from Chicago, and the President has lately given him the exclusive right to use such a ma-chine in this so-called Republic for the next ten years. All this business, of which Mr. Christy is the sole owner, oo which Mr. general name of "Empresa Titicaca" and includes not only one of the most extensive silver-lead mines known to man, and the drill and smelting works above mentioned but several smaller silver mines in the ad jacent regions and the only coal mine it Bolivia. The latter, in a comparatively treeless country, where the only fuel from earliest times has been llama dung and a species of lungus, a mine of good bituminou coal is worth about as much as so many

lumps of gold. The way it came to be found was as follows: The Indians of these high altitudes use llamas exclusively for beasts of burden and the general cure-all among them for any injury or allment to which the odd lit-tle animals are heirs has been petroleum for external application. It is a very expensive remedy, however, for those poor Indians, the most inferior kerosene costing not less than \$1 50 per gallon in La Paz and goodness knows how much more in remoter districts.

COAL AND PETROLEUM.

An Indian coming through the untraveled portion of the Sorato region one day, came upon a pool of greasy mud, which smelled so like petroleum that he applied it to an ug ilama, with the very best results. In the course of time the story spread, and Indians from far and near brought their ani-mals until the place became a regular llama sanitarium. Thus it reached the ears o Mr. Christy's men. There intelligent pros pecting discovered the coal beds aloresaid and latterly Mr. August Stumpt, who i general man of business and manager of the Empresa Titicaca, has ound an oil well, from which great things are expected to flow in the near future. One of the first things Mr. Christy did

after securing the monopoly of the smelting business or a term of years, was to purchase the accumulation of dump, or "tailings" from many of the old Spanish mines, more than half a million tons of which were piled up near the shore of the lake, to be used as a reserve for the smelters. At pres ent the Sorato mines are providing a daily ontput of 500 tons of silver-lead ores, with an average yield per ton of 37 per cent. lead and 70 ounces silver, so says Mr. Stumpf, whom I interviewed on the subject. Follow-ing the general rule of this country, the e in richness as depth is gained; fortunately being so situated at the same time as to be worked entirely by tunnels.

TEANSPORTATION FACILITIES. The ore-bearing district wherein Mr. Christy's property is located embraces an area of 60 squa e miles, or more, with great

surface indication of mineral wealth throughout. The coal mile is only 24 miles from the lake, and has an area or 10,240 square meters. The proximity of the prop-erty to the lake and the railroad greatly in-

the stride is at least 3 feet 6 inches. wash-rag would develop the fact that it is, With a little practice a man six teet high can easily maintain a four-foot stride for half a or was, the picture of "Old Tom."

eration.

SHOOK LAFAYETTE'S HAND.

Claim the Honor.

In Philadelphia the other day a petit juror asked to be excused. He was an old gentleman, short and rather thick-set, with brown whiskers, mingled with gray. He told the Judge that he had decided once to serve as a juror, but had changed his mind again, and wished to be excused for certain again, and wished to be excused for ertain reasons of his own in addition to the fact that he is past 75 years of age. "And I can prove that I am past 75 years of age," said the old gentleman. "For when Lafayette came to this city I was standing in front of

the State House. They had two lines of men drawn up, and Lafayette marched up one line and down the other. He selected out all the small men and shook hands with them. I was one of the men with whom the General shook hands." "I remember distinctly when General Lafayette came here," said Judge Hare: "I shook hands with the General myself." The

Judge then told the juror that he was ex-He was James Fraiser, of 33r Pine cused. street.

A DOCTOR'S BRUTALITY.

under the auspices of Thomas Holahan, no other than the genial O. T. "From him the house took its name and reputation it still bears. During this time the old house was pulled down and a newer It Was Only Seemingly Such and Prevente a Wife's Collapse.

Dr. Collier was once called in to what he and better edifice rose in its place. averred was the only case of Asiatic cholera the place was rebuilt the house next door that ever occurred in England during his claimed to be the original "Old Tom," and life. The patient, a poor man, was in argreat and bitter was the rivalry. There was some ground for the claim, it would appear, for in the old place the two were connected ticulo mortis. After visiting him, he descended the staircase and at the bottom under one management. To the modern New Yorker the first glance within would excite wonder as to what there was there to get warmed up about. He is ushered into an irregular room of rather painfully restricted proportions. A small worden har does not arrangent the left found the anxious wife with his guines fee in the palm of her hand. The doctor waved her hand sway. "I can't take that, my good woman, you've

sent for the wrong man." "But you are Dr. Collier, sir."

"Yes, madam, I am Dr. Collier, but you hould have sent for the undertaker." He explained his apparent brutality af-

terward, saying: "It was a countermitant I administered, if I hadn't given her that shock by want of feeling, the woman would have had a fit. I dared not tell her the truth quietly that her husband couldn't live more than an hour."

TO CURE BLUSHING.

Shirley Dare's Recipe for the Pretty Maides Whose Face Finshes

To cure blushing, or the continual, quick, nervous flush, with or without reason, writes Shirley Dare to THE DISPATCH, it is reeommended to take hal! a wineglass of the compound infusion of gentian twice a day-after breakfast and dinner or a'ter dinner and at bedtime. The gentian is sold by all good druggists, and is excellent for indi-

gestion. The Homan Inhabitants Are Safe.

troit Free Press.] There is a commotion in the city of Lexington, Ky., over the condition of the water supply, which a local physician declares to means that they would be taken of the same prices they would pay for the same or better served in the best restaurants up town. And in making this sacrifice to the ancient you be only fit to drown cats and dogs in. It is probable that the commotion is caused by the fact that cats and dogs, which it was not

desired to dispose of, have been thought-lessly permitted to drink of the water, and have thus endangered their health. We all know that the city of Lexington is not a place where human beings risk their digestion by trying experiments.

She Knew Him Well.

Louis lager.

INMORTALIZED BY ASTOR. Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the present

colonial sign swings over the door-a faded portrait of an erstwhile gallant gentleman,

which might now pass for that of Washing

ton, Clinton or Lafayette, being faintly dis

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the present head of the Astor family, when a law stud-ent 14 years ago, wrote it thus: "Down this gloomy lane, one block from Broadway, may be seen suspended in the air at right

A Petit Juror and a Judge of Philadelphia

angles with the street an old faded, weather eaten sign, portrait of a pleasant-looking gentleman apparently refreshing himself with a glass of beer." I found the Astor essay in a little magazine his set printed for their own amusement in 1876, along with other amateur contributions. His father and the old, original John Jacob Astor are said to have been excellent patrons of "Old Tom's." This is not improbable, since the

place is in the very heart of the then busi-ness center and the present uptown restau-rant was unknown. It was established in

can be had in any other part of the world and find places where it will be served just But let me get a little more out of this reputable witness. "As long ago as the by-ginning of this century," continues Mr. Astor, "'Old Tom's' corner was noted as one of the best places for refreshment in this Knickerbocker town. It was then kept by a Mrs. Weeks, who was succeeded by a man named Mums," under both of whom its fame steadily increased.

A BIVAL HOUSE.

of rather pain universitied proportions. A small wooden bar does not ornament the left foreground, but it serves. Above it hangs the motto, "Old Lang Syne," and on the two wooden shelves are the usual bottles and long rows of unusual "tobys," big bel-lied earthen mugs. A chop and a toby of

ale go well together. The bar, insignificant as it is, breaks the tradition of the chop-

THE KITCHEN WINKS.

That is all.

"It was not until after 1837," says our asked a reporter of the New York World aristocratic chronicler, "that its sterling character began to be thoroughly developed under the anspices of Thomas Holahan, no last Sunday of Superintendent Hankinson at the offices of the Society for the Pre-

vention of Cruelty to Animals. "Thursday we relieved 118 horses," said

> a ------

What Pittsburg Needs.

house. To the right are a few old-fashioned round tables sprawling in rank bareness on the sawdust covered floor. teen to the hospital for treatment. We

have a patrol wagon supplied with ice, sponges, drugs and bandages, which makes a dhily tour of the city. When we take charge of a horse we remove it to the New At the further end of the room is a sliding panel, up and down like an eyelid, through which orders are given and taken to and which orders are given and taken to and from the kitchen. Thus through your meal the kitchen seems to wick at you, as if to say: "You may think yourself a pretty good fellow, but the good fellows I've seen is my time weall?" York Veterinary Hospital, where the society's veterinary surgeon takes charge of it. We have but two ambulances in New York and one in Brooklyn, as they cost \$1,000 good fellow, but the good fellows I've seen in my time-well!" The walls are papered, as well as you can each to build. We need more ambulances and we need more officers. We have but eight officers at headquarters here and could find work for 20.

see through the accumulated grime of years, in imitation or paneled oak, and a variety of old prints and pictures hang thereon. These may be set down as "old "Just now the weather is so hot that we have had to ask the street car companies to establish relay stations along their lines, so as to change horses often. We placed canvas masters," because they are beyond criticism awnings over three relay stations without waiting for a permit to erect them. The Department of Public Works sympathizes tted of old memories "Old Tom's" is Divested of old memories "Old Tom's" is a stuffy little hole where men eat and drink from bare tables amid the scent of sawdust, with our humanitarian efforts. "Horses are affected by the heat in the meals that they wouldn't think of ordering

same manner as are men-by a rush of blood to the head-and the same applications are necessary. During the past month we caused the suspension from labor of 242 horses. There are some 175,000 horses in New York.

have to sit alongside of millionairs or loafers indiscriminately. Except for the old-time memories that cluster about such a place, Cleaning Russet Shoes. Detroit Free Press.]

even to the dirt and cobwebs on the wall, you couldn't drive a modern gourmet into it with a yoke of oxen. I sat down in "Old Tom's" the other day between a man in his shirt sleeves and a couple of the most suc-cessful operators on Wall street and paid 90 cents for a cut of cold beel-very indifferent beef-sliced tomatoes and a bottle of St, Do you of the russet shoes know how to held to be sacred from intrusion. Of course the enterprise of these people is commend-ents for a cut of cold bei-very indifferent beef-sliced tomatoes and a bottle of St, Louis lager. If a man had to est that off a bare table in

arplex us? There is no joy that comes to life, But has its little sting: Nor tossing tempest's winter strife, Devoid of brighter spring.

little scavengers, even if they do annoy and

Then buzz and flutter if you will, And human patience try: With all thy faults I love the still, Thou lively little fly.

How much flies are like human beings and how easy it is to make an application of CHAS. T. MUBRAT. the dual text we have been considering! We find human flies, both dead and alive, in society, in the church and everywhere.

In society, particularly the circumscribed society of a small community, that they are A Charitable Work in New York That Might Well be Undertaken in Pitteburg.

time.

wonderfully active. They buzz and hum about the village, keeping things in a con-tinual ferment. They can turn a molenill of gossip into a mountain of facts, and can create a domestic equinoctial gale out of "What are you doing for the relief of prostrated horses during this hot spell?" a little, fleecy summer cloud of trouble.

Industrious Social Files. They stir up the village editor, and as the Superintendent, "and moved 15 in our ambulances to the hospital. Friday we relieved 116 on the streets and carried 16 tound him with the profound knowledge they have of how he should run the paper

Their sympathy goes out to the poor scribe on account of his simplicity, and after having read the paper through, they declare it contains nothing, and so return it to the subscriber from whom they borrowed it. These lively little pests criticise the municipal government, they question the wisdom of the public school system in general and their own school in particular. They are a

their own school in particular. They are a pestiferous nuisance, looked at from one point of view, and yet I am in favor of the live society fly. By keeping things in a state of effervescence they prevent the best ingredients of the community from settling at the bottom of the chaldron. And then there is the church fly. This insect is a peculiarly testy fellow, and very bast to manage. Sometimes he is a woman.

The Pastor's Unhappy Helpm

hard to manage. Sometimes he is a woman In their way they do a great deal of good

The principal object of attack is the pastor or perhaps the pastor's wife. He preache or perhaps the pastor's wife. He preaches too long, or too short (the latter not often); uses too many illustrations or is so meta-physical and prosy that he morphiates the congregation. He dresses too well, or else is shabby. He smokes, and therefore is a wicked sinner, or he refuses a cigar and is, in consequence a chardian reduces. He is a in consequence, a churlish recluse. He is a moping bookworm, or is constantly gadding moping bookworm, or is constantly gadding about from house to house when he ought to be in his study. He either prays the people to death when he visits and makes them tired, or else he doesn't pray enough. He is either a poor, miserable dyspeptic because he doesn't take enough exercise, or he is always making a mounthank out of him

always making a mountebank out of him-self riding a bicycle, or rowing a boat, or playing croquet. If he parts his hair in the middle he is a dude, and looks more like a billy-goat than a preacher, and if he doesn't part it at all he is aping Andrew Jackson

or some other great man. And the pastor's wife! The Lord pity her. The flies cluster around and light every-

where. They try to manage her domestic affairs, tell her how to dress the children, and have a peculiar affinity for those parts

of the house which in an ordinary home are

independent of foreign countries for our food supplies. But what is to happen when we have eaten up our forests is not stated.

OLD YANKEE DOODLE. Significance of the Word Macaroni in the

gether a benefit and a pleasure in itself. FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES. Popular Soug. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The fault lies with travelers as much a Few people who sing the old song "Yanwith the transporters. So long as people will pay for comfort and safety and endure kee Doodle," and utter mechanically the nearly every ill that nature can bear in words, "Stuck a feather in his hat and silence, or confine their protests to the bosom of their families, where they do no called it macaroni," stop to to think what the word macaroni implies. "Macaronil" good, so long the present faulty state of is the old-time word for dude or dandy. The things will be permanent as the walls of Rhodes. As a specimen of the ignorance of name in Old England formerly signified a khodes. As a specimen of the ignorance of health which pervades society take the para-graph in several papers about the trouble with rats dying in buildings. A landlord complains that there is hardly a month when tenants do not send to him to have a dead rat removed from the form the tenants

It was first applied to the three young men who traveled a great deal, and, who intro-duced macaroni into England. These three duced macaroni into England. These three young men were very foppish in their dress, in fact, they were typical dudes, and the nickname which they received was soon ap-plied to all others of their class. So when Yankee Doodle "stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni," he was simply terming himself a dude. when tenants do not send to him to have a dead rat removed from the floor or the wall, and if it isn't attended to they will be com-pelled to move out, the smell making the place uninhabitable. "Now, I admit," says the landlord, "that a dead rat is unpleasant, but it does not take more than six weeks for it to become entire-blace forming the more that a deal and the second se terming himself a dude.

PROGRESS IN PAPER.

Grades That Once Cost Ten Cents a Pound Now Sold for Three.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. 1 The process of making paper has been so

I wonder how many thousand people read these lines without seeing their point. This man would have them live in sufficient, with an odor which will so pervade a house much cheapened and simplified in the last 20 years that paper which once was sold for 10 cents a pound can now be bought for 3 cents. The use of wood fiber instead of that he has "known two entire floors of a that he has "known two entire floors of a dwelling to be torn up to find its source," inhaling putrefaction in every breath with all the danger attending this most virulent poison, sooner than put him to trouble and rags has had much to do with this. There rags has had much to do with this. Inter-is very little paper now, except the best Irish linen, that has any rags in it. Cotton-wood is best for this purpose, and in a recent trip through Tennessee I saw great piles of 20 or 30 cords lying at the steamboat landexpense. ings, waiting for transportation. Of course, cottonwood fiber cannot be used for the finer kinds of paper, but for wrapping paper it has superseded straw. You can kill a man quicker by an evil smell than any other way in the world it you know how to go about it, and all evil smells are in greater or less degree poison-ous, and reduce vitality where they do not destroy outright. The London Lancet gave

BITING THE TONGUE.

A Carlous Fact About Smoking Stated by s St. Louis Physician

destroy outright. The London Lancet gave the case of a gentleman in a railroad car de-tained alongside cars of hogs in an offensive condition about 15 minutes. He was taken ill with symptoms of prostration, though previously in health, and died shortly atter, poisoned by the intolerable odor. Down in old Quincy, Mass., not so very far from John Adams' hay field of the Revolution, on a by road used to be, may be now, that distress to a neighborhood known as a pig farm. If you ever some within two miles of such an institution with the wind your way you will remember and fice the "I think I have done as much thinking as anybody about this matter of tobacco biting the tongue," says a physician in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "and I'm quite sure that the effect depends entirely upon the health of the smoker. It's in the stomach of the man that smokes the tobacco, and not in the tobacco itself. Nobody ever knew two men to agree upon any certain brand o tobacco as one that always bit the tongue.

A French Postal Scheme.

Paper and Press.]

The French postal authorities are now onsidering a novel proposition for the transmission of newspapers to subscribers. It is proposed that the proprietors of each journal should send to the general postoffice a list of subscribers, together with a sufficient number of copies of the paper; the postoffice undertaking to distribute them to the subscribers without further trouble on the part of the publishers, so that it will not be necessery for the latter either to band them or address them in the usual way.

Wedding Gifts of the Season. Detroit Free Press.]

Mrs. Dontiranto-Oh, dear! what can we give Milly Nane for her wedding present?

A GOOD SUMMER DIET.' More than the usual complaint comes this year of poor digestion, of stomachs encebled teaches people to let every active source of ferment alone, especially yeast bread or cakes and potatoes. It is impossible to keep a good complexion with digestive dis-turbance. The internal irritation is the cause of small, fretted pimples, reduces of the nose and chin and large cold sores or the dull red lumps under the skin, which smart without coming to a head. In such a state the sun burns to angry sorenees instead of passing sunburn, the

ing of that day. I went to pure air and wholesome surroundings immediately, yet two weeks have not undone the work of two weeks have not indone the work of that night's poisoning by deadly air. The prostration of strength, the acute miseries following, with symptoms of blood poison-ing, are too discouraging to relate. There is no reason why travel should not be altonerves and overworked digestions deserves a fortune. But I never saw so-called health bread that was fit to eat, more than once, from a public bakery. SHIRLEY DARE,

ly inoffensive through the ordinary process of decomposition. I think tenants migh

exercise a little patience rather than compel me to go to the trouble of tearing everything

up, often at considerable cost, all for a mis erable dead rat."

A SMELL IS DEADLY.

A NEW AN ESTHETIC.

Soluton Which a Frenchman Cialma is Mach Better Than Chloroform.

London Society Times.] M. Laborde, of Paris, has discovered a new anæsthetic, which he calls crystallized narcein. A solution of this subtance sends the patient into a sound sleep free from vomiting or digestive derangement, and unattended with consecutive torpor. M. Laborde's experiments with the substance on rabbits have been successful. The pritant effect of the first stages and the toxic effect of the secondary periods where chloroform is employed are, it is said, avoided. M. Laborde thinks it could be tried on man.

"It is strange that my husband, who prides hims self on his tidy appearance, can carry so much hidden dirt. And all this nastiness could be avoided if he



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Like my

miles of such an institution with the wind your way you will remember and fice the vicinity ever after. I think it was Captain Adams' wife living on the straight road from the larm, a hard-working, enduring New England woman, who began sinking in health soon after the establishment of the piggery and died in a decline. She protested over and over that the piggery and died in a decline. She protested over and over that the air from the pig farm was killing her, and neighbor women believe to this day that she died of the effluvia, which undoubtedly was the cause of her death. To quote the Yankee formula those most concerned Yankee formula those most concerned "thought 'twas only nerves till she up and died, and then they began to think some-thing was wrong." When the world is a good deal more intelligent than it is men and women of acute sensibilities will not be counted disturbers of the public peace as now, but valued as videtles, who are the for the mere of sension CON first to warn of coming danger. A GOOD SUMMER DIET."

Because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.