Guzman-Blanco Enthroned in the Venezuelan Heart, Though He Put Aside

THE STATE CONSTITUTION.

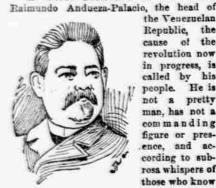
Grew to Be a Crossus From the Spoils of His Illegal Rule,

BUT HE MADE HIS COUNTRY GREAT.

President Falacio Plundered Without Cultivating Popularity.

CAUSE AND HOPE OF THE REVOLUTION

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) "El Gordo Presidente" is what Senor



people. He is not a pretty man, has not a com manding figure or preshim there is

the Venezuelan Republic, the revolution now

very little to admire in his character. It is not strange then, that he should be held up to ridicule and that when speaking of him his fellowtountrymen call him "the fat President." Born of the people, his family of no greater social importance than the majority of those less fortunate than he, enemies, caused by innate jealousy of success surround him on every side, and his tenure of office has for a year or more been considered as only a matter of a few months at the longest. It was to be expected that an attempt, like that reported, to cling to the reins of the Government by lengthening the term of office of the Presidency, would crystallize the animosity toward him into open dissent.

Guzman-Blanco as a Deliverer. To determine as to the exact depth of the antipathy toward him, it is necessary to inquire somewhat briefly into the past history of this most important of South American Republics. Its existence is marked by many storms, and until the adrent of Guzman-Blanco, in 1873, Venezuela seldom knew what it was to be without internecine strife. For 350 years (it was first settled in 1520 by the Spaniards) in-ternal bickerings, bloody strifes, with spells of office as the incentive, and constant quarels formed the subject matter of most of the pages of its history. Then came, under Gazman-Blanco, nearly a score of years of prosperity, advancement and material ogress, which, once experienced by the ple, cannot be forgotten. be relapse of the affairs of the public

weal into a state of "innocuous dear der the Presidency of Juan Pablo Rojas Paul and Raimundo Andueza-Palacio har or months past been the cause of mutterplaces; has been one of the principal reasons why the people have shown them selves so ready to espouse the cause of an opponent of the Government, whether that ment is their old friend Guzman men or the Minister of the Interior, Sebastian Casanas, who is said to have an eye on the Presidental chair, or General Cresne, who is charged by Casanas with ing the tool of ambitious members of ess. Taught by Guzman-Blanco that ast a share of the Government income should be devoted for the improvement the country, the Venezuelans have long since agreed that they cannot give alleg-iance to men like Paul or Palacio, to whom personal aggrandizement has been

Got Rich but Pleased the People. It is admitted-everybody knows it-that

Guzman-Blanco grew rich from the spoils of office; that he increased his fortune fro at they say that, at the same time, some of the income was expended upon public works and in the improvement of the country at large. On the other hand, it is charged that neither Paul nor Palacio have spent a "real" more than they could help upon anything other than themselves. When, after a constant series of revolutions lasting from 1846 to 1873, Guzman

Blanco was made President, the country as in the most primitive state. There were no docks, no railroads, no roads save those built by the early settlers, no parksnothing that tended to indicate the pres-ence of a civilized race. A few mud forts, instructed three centuries before, frowned weakly upon the various ports of entry, their guns of no later date than their walls. One of these, at Puerto Cabello, still awakens interest on account of its resem plance to medieval structures, even to the Street cars were an unknown factor in ill rings. Water works were primitive.

moving the multitudes about the large cities. The thoroughfares of the towns still presented their red-clay surfaces trodden into shape by the inhabitants during dec-ades of travel. They headed in no particular direction, and were as crooked as the ways of the officials. There were no pleasure grounds, statues, fountains and the only buildings of importance were the There was no gas nor electricity. The telephone and telegraph were conspicuous by their absence, and the commerce of the country was conducted by and dependent pon the burro, which en traine is to-day the railroad of the country. Record Guzman-Blanco Left Behind. Fifteen years afterward Venezuela was on

the high road to prosperity, to a foremost place in the list of thriving nations, con-ducted thither by the firm guiding hand of Gurman-Blanco. It had 1,979 schools of and thinds, with 100,026 children in attendance, including 7 schools for soldiers in quarters, 4 normal schools, a school of arts and trades and 1,346 schools directly depending upon the Gov-ernment for support; 20 Federal col-leges, a nautical school and a telegraphic It had a national library containng 30,259 volumes, a national museum, and during the latter days of his power Guz-man Blanco caused the erection of 32 naional buildings and spent much money in the embellishment of cities like Caracas, Valencia, La Guayra, Macuta, Antimo, Los Teones, La Victoria, Guacara, etc. A standard hospital was commenced, as was also an astronomic and meteorological observatory. This, besides the inauguration of the railroads from La Guayra
to Caracas and from Puerto Cacella to Valencia, the powerful
mpulse given to similar enterprises, the construction of 11 aqueducts, the opening of six high roads, the reconstruction of 20, the canalization of four rivers, the establishment of five telegraph lines and of 50 post lines served by carriers on foot, 17 on horsethree by railroad, two fluvial and seven maritime; the completion of a submarine cable, the institution of two telephone systems in each of four cities and many other enterprises was due to the policy of the first and only great man that has been at the head of the affairs of the

well as aggressive policy, the resources of the country began to be developed with amazing rapidity. The cultivation and ex-portation of coffee increased; cattle herd-ing grew with unwonted energy; the mines showed the greatest activity; timber and dye woods were taken from the forests; salt mines were heavily worked and everywhere there was a hustle and bustle that has not yet been checked by the indifference of the recent incumbents to the welfare of the the recent incumbents to the welfare of the nation. Imports and exports assumed large proportions; trade with the United States warranted the establishment of a special line of large and fast ocean steamers, the



"Red D.," built at Philadelphia, and yet in progress, is called by his contrary to the spirit of the constitution people. He is which be helped to frame; held office, either

by a tool or as Palacio is now attempting. A Man Cast in Noble Mold.

But Guzman-Blanco is a man of a different build from either his immediate suc-cessor, Paul, or the present President, Pal-acio. He is an extraordinary man in many rosa whispers of those who know Liberator, Simon Bolivar, and at one time a member of the Cabinet. He became a sol-dier when a mere boy and up to the time he was removed from office by the peaceful revolution of 1887 occupied a warm place in the heart of every citizen, save only those who we'e not permitted to share in the spoils and who longed to have a finger in the sack. He accumulated an immense private fortune and is said to own property in every city in the Republic. His public spirit, however, showed itself on every side. He was especially fond of

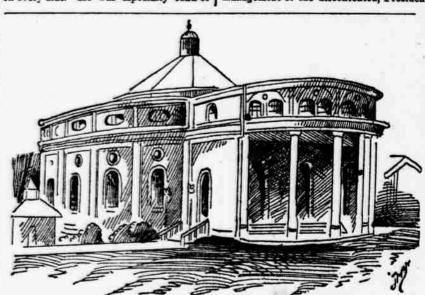
funds for the purchase of arms abroad must be drawn from private sources. That it can be done, no one who knows the country or the people for an instant doubts, but time is the essential point. And it may be months before the revolutionists can be considered as ready to meet the Government forces face to face in the field.

Our Trade Will Be Affected.

If the present turbulent state of affairs prevails, however, for any length of time, it is likely to prove disastrous to the trade with the United States which has just commenced to assume large proportions. For instance for the year ending June 30, 1891, the United States imported from Venezuela drugs valued at \$67,810, cocca valued at \$88,090; 50,217,980 pounds of coffee, valued at \$10,814,874; guano, valued at \$53,385; goat skins, valued at \$487,032; India rubber valued at \$47,657; and other products bringing the total up to \$12,078,541. In return the United States sent to Venezuela goods the United States sent to Venezuela goods valued at \$4,716,047.

The present disturbances there, however, will serve to bring the country and its possibilities more prominently before the minds of the enterprising spirits of this country. As yet it is comparatively an unknown field, and is generally classed with other little South American or Central American nations as of little account. Yet the Venezuelan Republic embraces about 970,463 square miles of territor, of which one-half is uncultivated, one-fourth farming land. Besides the main land there are 71 islands of an area of about 25,000 square miles, and within its boundaries 1,047 rivers have their headwaters. Among these is the Orinoco, one of the largest rivers of the Southern Continent. It has two important lakes—Maracaibo, with an area of about 12,000 square miles, and Valencia, with an area of 300 square miles. The present disturbances there, however, 00 square miles.

In 1890 the population was estimated at In 1890 the population was estimated at 3,000,000, having grown to that figure from 802,100 in 1810, but included in the latest figures are 326,000 native Indians. The regular army consists of 6,385 men, with their corresponding commissioned and non-commissioned officers, distributed in 35 garcommissioned officers, distributed in 35 garrisons, of which 20 are in the different cities of the Republic. The navy consists of five steamers and five schooners, and these age near the coast, and there are five forts none of which could withstand an hour's bombardment with modern guns. The Constitution provides for a militia of 250,000 men, from whose ranks 100,000 men may be drawn for active service. The success of the Revolutionists depends upon their ability to secure arms before they are crushed by the regular soldiers, but if Guzman-Blanco is at the back of the movement, represented by General Crespe in the active management of the discontented, President



IMPERIAL THEATER AT CARACAS—A MONUMENT TO GUZMAN-CRAWOO'S ENTERPRISE. erecting statues, some of the principal of which are those of the Liberator, George Washington, Francisco Miranda and other en whose names live only in Venezuel history. Then there is a statue of himself on horseback and this as well as that of the

Liberator is of great artistic merit. When he was deposed, the tide of popu lar feeling turned against him for a time and his name was carefully chiseled from the statues and public places where before it was to be seen on all sides. But one of his creations bore his name and that only because it was associated with him in memory whence it could not be obliterated This is the Guzman-Blanco Promenade, which was constructed on a high hill to the West of Caracas. It is the principal breath ing spot of the city and is more frequented by the people than any other spot except Plaza Bolivar in front of the Federal

Palace in the very center of population.

The promenade contains the great reser voirs that provide the water supply. It is covered with beautifu) gardens of rare flowers, summer houses, well-built paths for pedestrians and vehicles, and from its brow a magnificent panoramic view of Caraca and the valley beyond develops itself.

Where Lovers Love to Linger.

A more romantic spot than the Guzmanespecially when lovers, who are its most frequent visitors, stand on the summit at night and watch the play of the tropical moonbeams upon the city at their feet. It is then that the locusts are asleep and their is heard is perhaps the music of the guitar and where the dance is in progress. It is at this hour that pretty senoritas wander about peering at the stranger with eves that are as luminous as the stars. It is then that you are inclined to forget that the thermometer has not lowered its standard and as like as not, if you are fortunate enough to secure a seat on one of the benches that have been provided, you will drop into a deep sleep, to waken only when the sun sends his first rays into your face, to warn you that it is time to seek a cover or som

ylvan shade. For over three years the name of Guzman-Blanco has not been mentioned within the Congressional halls and every effort has been made to wipe the recollection of his good qualities from the memory of the people, but without success. Not a year of Palacio's rule had passed when it was an open secret among the people that Blanco would be warmly welcomed back in his old place. They torgot their complaints; they torgot that they had forced him to retire, out of a fear that the name Republic might be changed into monarchy; they forgot every-thing save the fact that they were dissatis-fied with the course of Paul and Palacio. The behavior of Paul in giving valuable concessions to relatives, in neglecting improvements already under way; the indifference of Palacio and his sudden rise from poverty to wealth (he is said to have been so poor that he could not pay his daughter's music bill) together with exposes in more or less of the 33 political vapers published in Caracas, made the populace ready to revolt upon short notice whether under the leadership of Blanco or another alleged champion of the cause of edwarement.

nampion of the cause of advancement. Straws That Broke the Camel's Back. The extravagance of the administration when expenditure was required upon some-thing in which the President or his friends were personally interested, coupled with the complaints of people who were refused permission to embark in enterprises that conflicted with those in which the officers of the Government were stockholders, turnished plenty of material for feeding the fires of discontent. Under these circumstances, then, it is not strange that telegrams announce that revolution has actually commenced. Whether it will continue to an end that will satisfy the people is a ques-tion that can only be answered when it is

fore him.

Assuming that the army and navy remain loyal to Palacio, the revolutionists have before them as hard a fight as had their prototypes in Chile. They are without arms, and nowhere in the Republic is there an arsenal or factory where accounterments can be obtained. Palacio and his adherents take bevernment.
Under the influence of a progressive as placed within reach of the insurgence, and

AN ENGINEER'S SACRIFICE.

How George Carr, Formerly of Allegheny, Lost His Life in a Blizzard. The following lines refer to a young engineer well known in this locality. He formerly lived in Allegheny City, and for several years was an engineer on the Pan-handle. He was killed near Brainerd, Minn., by his engine crashing into a snow plow during one of the recent blizzards. He could have saved his life by jumping, but selling his fireman to leap, he staved with his engine, hoping to save his passengers by reversing. The snow plow ran him down

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Oh, 'twas a night of terror!
The blast swept down from the north.
Like an avenging angel,
Sent from the cloud-deep forth.

The tossing pine tree branches, Groaned 'neath its stalwart blows, And the wild, wide waste of prairie Was heaped with dritting snows.

The panting monsters dragging Their long dark lines of freight, Or bearing their precious cargo Of human lives, were late.

But brakeman and conductor, Fireman and engineer, Stood at their post of duty, With hearts that knew no fear.

But there were troubled faces Around the home fires warm, For they knew that death and danger Lurked in the wake of the storm.

"Oh, Heaven," cried the anxious watcher, Peering into the dark; "I see the blaze of two headlights Coming into Lake Park,"

One hoarse, wild shrick from the eastward, An answering skrick from the west, A moment of awul waiting, A shock—you know the rest,

How the brave engineer said calmly To his fellow, "You jump, I'll stay," Tho' he knew for that one brief sentence His life would the forfeit pay.

Brave soull true heart! Oh, ever,
Be his name to memory dear;
And write on Glory's tablet,
"George Carr, the Engineer."

JENNIE B. WRIGHT. BRAINERD, MINN.

Great Men Gone Wrong. Mr. Norman in his "Real Japan" has ome amusing stories—one of an American Minister who thought the people "darned clever" because they greeted him with cries of chayo (pronounced "O-hei-o"). "How the deuce did they know I was from Ohio?" In connection with this story, the Spectator is reminded of a worshipful Alderman who, sitting in state to hear, on some school speech-day, a Greek oration, bowed whenever he heard the equivalent for "nothing," which corresponded to his name.

True love is as deep as the ocean,
As pure as the pearls from the sea;
It fills brave men's souls with devotion,
To deeds test their fidelity.
This the guardian of valor and honor,
The fountain of virtue and peace,
And the nations of earth wait upon her
To bid strife and warfare to cease.

'Tis true love makes brave men assemble To shield home or country or clan, And true love was ne'er known to tremble When under a grim tyrant's ban. When under a grim tyrant's ban. But 'twoud triumph though dangers In carnage, or the arts of peace; Until every fee is confounded True love doth its efforts increase.

Then here's to the heroes are striving. With pen and with tongue to proclaim The dawn of a day is arriving. When warfare its head hides in shame, And the races of earth shall be given An era when men shall have peace, And as love is a voice sent from Heaven 'Tis love shall bid warfare to cease. Pirrasurg, 1892.

ALPERD MORYON.

EASTER MORNING. Stirring Events Which Are Commem-

GREAT TRUTH WHICH THEY TEACH

orated in the Day's Services.

The Grave Is Only the Portal of the Gate Everlasting Joy.

TIDINGS THAT PILLED THE WORLD

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Let us get the story clear in our minds. The long centuries roll back. Above our heads is the sky of Syria, beneath our feet pected Him to gather us about Him one day in a great, enthusiastic army and sweep

There is some confusion in the gospel, tory of the early Easter morning. The tory dusk which hung about the city and the tomb still linears in the pages of the story of the early Easter morning. The gray dusk which hung about the city and the tomb still lingers in the pages of the Scripture. It is not easy to set ourselves in sure touch with the events of these old hours of wonder. Through the darkness, figures are seen moving; there are voices and visions of angels, but all is dim and confused. We catch the sound of hurrying feet. Here is Mary Magdalene, hurrying from the tomb into the city; and there are the apostles, John and Peter, with troubled faces, hurrying from the city to the tomb.
On the road were women, perplexed between fear and joy; in the air are strange
rumors, which, when the apostles hear
them, cause much shaking of incredulous them, cause much shaking of incredulous heads. Everybody is excited—soldiers, telling of the marvelous apparition of an angel which has scared them from their watch; excited and apprehensive priests; excited women, declaring that they have seen with their own eyes, walking, speaking, and alive, One who yesterday lay maimed and dead.

All this have and excitement this rush.

All this hurry and excitement, this rush-All this hurry and excitement, this rushing to and fro and telling of strange sights, is reflected in the pages of the gospel. It is hard to make out the full, connected story of that ever-memorable morning. Putting all the accounts together, however, as men did that day who listened to the strange stories that were current in the little company of Christians, imagining ourselves waiting in the upper room there and listening to the tidings which one after another brings, we make it out like this: The Supreme Act of History.

While it was still dark, and the soldiers man knew, and as silently as the stars move in the sky, the event had its stupendous fulfillment. That supreme act, beside which all great victories, all sublime discoveries, all the pages of all the histories, become insignificant, took place. Jesus Christ gained His triumph over the power of death. The guarded tomb lay suddenly

empty.

Then, swift coming down from heaven, appeared the angel of the resurrection, his face like lightening and his face like the shining snow, in whose presence the stout soldiers trembled, and their hearts failed them and they fell like men dead. The great sealed stone was rolled away. The

empty tomb was open.

Then, slowly slong the road from Jerusalem, bearing in their hands spices and cintments for embalming, came loving and sorrowing women, chief among them Mary of Magdala. As they draw near the place they remember the great stone, and wonder how they will get it rolled away. And as they look before them, straining their eyes to see the dim light, behold the stone is out of place. Somebody has moved it. Yes, they cry as they get nearer, the stone is rolled away! With grieved and anxious hearts they hurry to the mouth of the tomb. It is indeed as they have feared. The body is not there.

How They Explained the Disappearance The Jews have come—they say to one another—the cruel, merciless rulers have another—the cruei, merchiess rulers have come and stolen away the body. Even the securging and the crucifixion have not contented them. They cannot even let His body lie quiet in the grave. They have taken our Lord from us, and now they must come and take even His dead body.

come and take even His dead body.

We observe that here is not a ray of hope. Not one of this mourning company thinks of suggesting that the Lord has perhaps risen. They look with tears in their eyes upon the empty tomb. That open grave was in reality the gladdest sight to be seen that day all the wide earth over. It meant victory and life eternal. It meants smiles for tears, and carols for complainings, and the flowers of joy for the weeds of mourning; but these women do not understand. They cannot see how there can be any good about this grievous trouble. be any good about this grievous trouble. They look each other in the face with blank

despair. The sky is black above them. Hope is dead. We make mistakes sometimes, just as they did. That which seems griet beyond bearing is often, if we could but look deeper and see farther, only the beginning of a better joy. But from these desolate women the meaning is quite hid. Mary turns back and runs to tell the sad news to the Apostles, John and Peter.

Angels Brought the Tidings, Meanwhile, the women make another search. These rockhewn tombs consisted of a vestibule and several niches. The vestia vestibule and several niches. The vesti-bule was commonly of some size; the niches were cut deeper into the rock. It was in these that the bodies of the dead were laid. Perhaps there may be some mistake. They will look again. And, as they look, behold a sight of wonder. Here is a vision of bright angels. Here are the words of a marvelous message. These angels bring the Easter tidings. "Why seek ye the living," they say, "among the dead? He is not here! He is risen!"

they say, "among the dead? He is not here! He is risen!"

Risen! What is this strange word that they hear? Risen, and alive again? The women tall upon their faces to the earth. A new light breaks upon their hearts. And then they are alone in the entrance of the empty tomb. Half in fear and half in joy, not well knowing what to think, they come out in the brightness of the Easter morning, and hurry back to tell the others.

And now, by another road, come other eager runners. First the younger apostle, John, quicker of step, and behind him Peter, both hurrying and breathing hard; and behind both, outdistanced by reason of weakness, Mary Magdelene. The apostles reach the tomb. Yes: it is true as Mary has said. The stone is rolled away. The tomb is both open and empty.

tomb is both open and empty. The Grave Clothes Were Folded. St. John stoops down and looks in. There on the rocky floor lie the grave clothes. Then comes St. Peter the impulsive, and he is not content with looking in; he must feel with his hands. In he goes. There lie the awathing bands that were about the body. But there is something strange

about the look of them. They lie in order, folded. Why the robbers should have left them at all is a hard question; but how came it that they not only took them off, but so carefully folded them? The tomb has been robbed! That is the terrible and tragic fact. But what a strange robbery! There is a mystery about it. And Peter and John go back, asking each other questions without any answers, and greatly wondering.

By thus time Mary had reached the tomb. The body is gone. Yes, that is true. But here at least is the place where he was laid. Here she must stay. She is weary with running and weary with weeping. She leans against the great stone, beside the broken seal, bitterly crying. But she will go and look again. She looks, and now she sees angala. There they sit within the tomb, one at the head and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. Mary sees them, but she does not fall down in awe and fear as the other women had done. She seems to take these angels as a matter of course. Her heart is no full of sorrow. heads is the sky of Syria, beneath our feet the street pavements of Jerusalem. It is the morning of the third day after the great Tragedy, and we are going out with black despair in our hearts to visit the tomb of the dead Teacher. We loved Him, we trusted in Him, we looked to Him to be the promised deliverer of Israel. We had expected Him to gather us about Him one save and fear as the other women had done. She seems to take these angels as a matter of course. Her heart is so full of sorrow that there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take her from her full of angels sant where they have laid him."

The same and fear as the other women had done. She seems to take these angels as a matter of course. Her heart is so full of sorrow that there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take these angels as a matter of course. Her heart is so full of sorrow that there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take these angels as a matter of course. Her heart is so full of sorrow that there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take there is scarcely room in it even for the sensation of surprise. A whole sky full of angels cannot take these angels as a matter of course. Her heart is so full of surprise.

day in a great, enthusiastic army and sweep the hated Romans out of our country, and set up a throne here on Mt. Zion which would overtop all other thrones, and sway a scepter which should strike down all other scepters in the world. We hoped to have been His council of state in that great new kingdom, ruling the 12 divisions of the earth.

But all that is now only a forlorn memory. The cross has set its fatal barrier between the past and the future. We have all made somehow a tragic blunder. He is Mary's Pitiful Plea for Her Lost, tween the past and the future. We have all made somehow a tragic blunder. He is dead, and that is the end of all. And this morning, for the old love that we bore Him—yes, and bear Him still—we are going out, some of us carrying store of myrrh and spices to prepare His body for its long rest after all the weary journeys, all the pains and persecutions of His life.

There is some confusion in the gospel.

There is some confusion in the gospel.

> The Manner of the Message. I like to remember how the risen Christ manifested Himself first to one who stood beside an open grave, and that the very first Easter message, the earliest application of the Easter truth to human needs, was this

blessed word of consolation.
We look upon the face of death. Here is a terrible fact which forces itself upon our imagination and our reason. This is the end. Life has gone out. There is not here the faintest hint that life has been transferred anywhere else. Everything seems against us. Death is a dreadful fact, and in the presence of it we mourn and weep like the women and the apostles in that Jeruthe women and the apostles in that Jerusalem grave yard. The faces of our dead, the graves of our dead shut out of light. Beyond the black wall—what? "I know not," answers the agnostic. "No person has ever come back out of the unseen word world. No authentic message has been delivered. Through all the centuries, not one whisper has broken the silence of the undiscovered land beyond the grave."

But here is Easter, to set a sharp contra-

But here is Easter, to set a sharp contra-diction against that. Christian people keep to-day with flowers and singing the anni-versary of the time when one did in very truth come back to life again out of the world unseen, bringing an authentic mes-sage, breaking with the clear voice of conso-lation and rejoicing the silence of the

The Meaning of the Day. "I know," answers the Christian. "I know that death is a door and not a wall.

were keeping their watch, pacing up and down before the tomb, at an hour when no to-day assures me. I know, because Jesus to-day sasures me. I know, because Jesus Christ came back out of the grave to tell

this scarcely credible, good news to the spostles. She comes upon them in their mourning, and they lift up their heads and listen the start "She start "Den't think mourning, and they lift up their heads and listen to her story. She says: "Don't think those sad thoughts any more. Stop your mourning and weeping. Yes, He is dead; we know that. But I have seen Him. He has risen. He is alive forever more."

But when they have heard her to the end, down go their heads again. The cross has canceled hope. They believe not. They simply cannot believe. They see that blood-stained cross, and it shuts out all the light of heaven.

blood-stained cross, and it shuts out all the light of heaven.

By and by the ten and Mary and the women come all together to Thomas. They have all seen Him. Doubt for them has been translated into perfect faith, "We have seen Him," they tell Thomas. "We have all seen Him. He is alive." But

Thomas sees one sight only—the nail marks in His hands and the wound of the spear in His side. The crucifixion had imprinted itself upon the heart of the spostle Thomas. Those piteous, bleeding wounds; that painful death there in the darkness—he could think of nothing else. And yet the time came when even Thomas knew the Easter truth. The Great Truth Proclaimed.

Little by little, that great reality, that great revelation, that supreme realization of the longing of the race for light has won its way into the hearts of men. It began there in the dusk of the Easter morning, and the knowledge of it grew as the glory of the sun grows out of twilight into noon. It met, as we would want it to meet, with the opposition of doubt. It encountered testing. The men who became the preach-ers of the resurrection refused to believe it. Then they learned the truth. They went out and taught it; at first in Jerusalem, and then in the country round about.

And the tidings spread, and are still spreading. City after city, nation after nation have learned that the ideal man did

more than to live a life such as the pro-foundest philosophers had never dreamed of in all their utopias; did more even than teach such truth as had never before been taught by sage or saint—set the gate of the grave open, and came back to tell us that beyond is light and life forever more, And that great truth has touched us here. That is what the day means with its flowers and singing. That is the heart of the jubilation of the Christian Easter. GEORGE HODGES.

DISTRIBUTION OF STEERS. Exciting Scenes When the Indians Get

Their Shares of Beef. In the distribution of cattle to our Indian wards, combinations are made among relatives or friends, 22 persons perhaps being entitled to one steer weekly. The cattle are rounded up, and as many of them as are needed are driven into a corral. In front needed are driven into a corral. In front of the corral is a box resembling the judges' stand at a horse race. It is occupied by the agent, his chief clerk, the interpreter, and an Indian, selected for his strong lungs. Preliminarily, the Indians arrange themselves in two long lines, extending out into the plain on both sides of the gate of the corral. The agent reads from his list the name of Chief Two Bits, who represents one family combination, and is entitled to one attern.

Ruben w people is ladened to the firm the firm bit way. But we have the firm the firm bit way. The firm the firm the firm bit way. The firm the firm bit way. The firm the firm bit way. The firm the firm the firm bit way. The firm the firm bit way.

while the chief clerk opens the gate and permits one steer to escape, the interpreter mentions the name of Chief Two Bits to the stout-lunged Indian. The latter shouts out the name in the Indian tongue and the savages set up a tremendous yelling as the frightened beast dashes out of the inclosure and between their lines. Chief Two Bits man is befriended he will never forget his and his male relatives spur their ponies in chase of the animal and shoot it down with

their rifles, or sometimes with arrows. It is quite like a buffalo bunt.

The process is continued until all the steers are slain, each family combination having secured its own. Then the squaws come with wagons and take the beef to the rilless cutting is into arrow this strips. village, cutting it into very thin strips and hanging it in the sun to dry. Thus "jerked," it will keep for years.

A PALACE OF TRADE Magnificent Building Solomon &

Ruben Will Give Pittsburg. THE FINEST IN THE TWO CITIES

Every Land Ransacked to Find the Best and Richest Materials.

ITS ELEVATORS WILL BE OF ALUMINUM

Pittsburg will certainly have a monument to her industry in the new mercantile palace of Solomon & Ruben. In a few short months a building colossal in its proportions and beautiful in its construction will grace Smithfield and Diamond streets, having large fronts on both thoroughfares. Ever since the work of tearing down the

building, the owners have concluded to in-sure each and every workman, who is now or who will be employed until this building is completed. Should any unavoidable accident occur which may lay up a mechanic the provision of this insurance will secure him or his family from want.

REPLY-PAID POSTAL CARDS. The Scheme Postmaster General Wans

maker Wants to Have Adopted.

The Postmaster General states in his annual report that, upon the proposition of the United States, it was agreed by the delegates of the Postal Union at their recent meeting in Vienna that every country should supply the public with a reply paid postal card. Such cards have been in use in Austria for many years, and would be economical and convenient in domestic as well as in foreign correspondence. mestic as well as in foreign correspondence.

They are composed of two unseparated postal cards, folded in the form of a single card, and need no other fastening. A correspondent can insure a correctly

A STORY OF GENERAL SHERWAR. ged His Frown for a Reporter |to a Smile of Approval,

Conth's Companion, A reporter was sent at the last moment to write up an important theatrical performance in New York. He hurried to the theater, but did not arrive until after the play had begun. In getting to his place he was forced to disturb General Sherman, who, with a lady, occupied seats next the aisle. The reportee begged the general's pardon, but the old soldier was evidently annoyed.

He said nothing, however, until after the curtain had fallen on the first act. Then he leaned over toward the reporter with a fewer and sold.

The reporter flushed and answered

quickly:
"General, I am a newspaper man, I was



old buildings commenced, crowds of curious people have gathered each day and watched he rapid demolishing of those old relics which stood on that corner. They all know that Messrs. Solomon & Ruben are the men who are to add their beauty spot to Pitts-burg's face, but just what it will be like has puzzled them until their brains grew weary. To relieve the minds of these curious ones THE DISPATCH reporter yesterday visited the firm and received a description of their new business house.

Modern in Every Particular. This building of buildings will have a frontage on Smithfield street of 160 feet and a depth of 90 feet. From the pavement to the pole, where will fly the national colors, it is 150 feet. There will be 100,000 square feet of floor. The style of architecture will be most modern. It is to be built of buff pressed brick, laid in red cement. The trimmings will be of red stone. These colors will harmonize nicely and the ap-pearance will be novel and attractive.

The building proper will be five stories high, and will have a finished basement, which will be 10 feet in the clear. The first floor will be 17 feet high; second, 15; third, 14; fourth, 13, and the fifth 12. All the wood work of the fronts will be of the best quartered can and the most highly

wood work of the fronts will be of the best quartered oak, and the most highly polished plate glass will be used.

The 20-foot entrance will be a feature. It will be laid with mosaic tile, while the dome will be of beveled plate glass. These pretty trimmings will show their beauty under the glare of two 2,000-candle power electric lights. The Interior Furnishing The interior of the structure will be built

The interior of the structure will be built for the comfort of the people of Pittsburg, and nothing but the most improved store furniture will be used. Extending from the main entrance to the gear of the store will be a broad aisle. Here will be stationed two of the most improved and rapid running elevators. The enclosures of the elevator will be of aluminum and marble. The cars will be constructed of plate glass and aluminum, and will be larger than any in the city. On either side of the elevator will be two grand staircases extending to the top of the buildeither side of the elevator will be two grand staircases extending to the top of the building. They will be built entirely of quartered oak, artistically carved and highly polished. On each of the newel posts of the stairway will be an electrolier, lighted by 50 lights. The wainscoting of the staircase is to be of glazed tile of a new design. All of the fixtures throughout the building will be of quartered oak. The building will be ceiled with paneled steel, decorated in white and gold, as will be all of the columns and girders.

On Diamond street a mammoth freight elevator will be erected. It will have a

elevator will be erected. It will have a carrying capacity of 5,000 pounds, and will only be used for the distribution of mer-chandise on the different floors. The other floors will all be fitted in harmony with the

Where the Offices Will Be. The offices of the firm will be in the rear The offices of the firm will be in the rear end to the left of the first floor. They will consist of one general and two private offices; the first to be used by the bookkeepers and the latter two by the members of the firm. They will be separated from the main floor by frosted glass partitions.

The electric light plant will be one of the best in the city. One hundred 2,000 candle power are lights and 1,000 incandescent electric lights will turn night into day at the Solomon & Ruben establishment. The illumination will be a feature. The lights will be arranged in an artistic manner, but

will be arranged in an artistic manner, but just how has not yet been decided. The street lighting will be a wonder of beauty is itself. Two 150-horse power boilers will furnish the steam for the four electric dynames and for the operation of the elevators and heating of the building.

Of the different departments of this vast Of the different departments of this vast enterprise, it is yet early to speak with accuracy. It is safe to say that Solomon & Ruben will ever cater to the wants of the people and that their counters will be ladened with the choicest of everything in their line. The comfort of the patrons of the firm will be looked after in every possible way. One thing which will relieve the busy shopper, will be the pneumatic cash system. There will be no long waits for change.

The contract for the large building is in the hands of G. P. Kietz, one of Pittsburg's most noted builders. In this the

Mr. Kietz will have to hustle. This Structure must be ready for occupancy by September 1. The grand opening is slated for no later than September 15. He is making rapid progress. Already the six buildings from 415 to 425 inclusive are nearly

torn down.

The firm is now occupying Nos. 411 and
413 Smithfield street. This they will do
until about July 1, when those buildings also will be torn down.

Not unmindful of the comfort and future of the employes in the construction of this addressed and probably prompt answer by writing his full address on the reply fold of the card before mailing it; the card, on its first journey, being folded so as to cover the reply address. The receiver has simply to write his answer on the reply card, tear it off the inquiry card, and re-mail it.

If one does not care to preserve the inquiry or to write a long answer, the cards need not be separated. In that case, a reply perfectly intelligible, unequivocal, and binding for all business purposes, may be written in one or two words, in answer to a direct question.

written in one or two words, in answer to a direct question.

The words "Yes," or "No," or "Forty," or "41 Temple place," or "Boston," or "Smith & Jones," or "6 per cent," or any other short replies, signed with initials or full name, without any heading of place or date, would, in connection with the attached inquiry card, convey as full and definite an answer, and show as plainly when, where, and by whom it was written, as an answer on an ordinary card or letter that contains, on an ordinary card or letter that contains, besides place, date and address, a summary

of the inquiry to which it is a reply. Buerns will banish roaches, bedbugs, etc. ordered to come to this theatre to-night to report this performance. I came as quickly as I could after I received my orders, and I apologized for disturbing you when I came in. I—" Here the general interrupted him. The

Here the general interrupted him. The old man's frown was gone.

"I beg your pardon, now," he said. "I didn't understand. You are perfectly in the right, sir. Always obey orders. Obey orders if you have to make a whole theater full of people get up and stand en their feet for an hour."

Then the General held out his hand and shock the yearstand. shook the reporter's heartily. They met several times after that, and the distinguished warrior always had a smile for the reporter who "obeyed orders."

plaints, debility and rheumatism.

A Discharge of Cannon Close to the ear could hardly startle a per-son of sensitive nerves more than the slam-ming of a door, the outery of a child, the rattle of a heavy vehicle over a cobblestone pavement, the walling of an asthmatic hand organ. Quiet and strengthen supersensi-tive nerves with Hostetter's Stomach Bit-ters, and you can brave any hubbub with tranquility. Indigestion, a feound cause of nervousness, is banished by the bitters. So are malarious, billous and kidney com-

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