

## COUNTRY LIFE IN COLOMBIA.

Special Correspondence.

**B**OGOTÁ, Colombia, Dec. 27.—Zipaquirá—the charming little village near the famous salt mines—is celebrated for its lovely gardens and dowerly patios, especially for its orchids and pansies. The last named favorites, which grow to especial perfection in elevated regions of the far south, are known in the Spanish language as *perlas de la tierra*—(pearls of the earth)—(thoughts)—(reminiscent of the pearls of the sea). "Here's pansies, for thoughts."

Never was climate so entirely delightful as this of Zipaquirá: never a hint of frost in the air, nor heat above 70 degrees, even at noonday; never a night in which light blankets are not needed, and neither excessive rain, nor heavy dews, nor continued drouths trouble the husbandman. The air is always pure, clear and invigorating; the sunshine glorious; with fruits, flowers and "green things growing" alike every day in the year. No wonder that people live to great age here, in uninterrupted tranquility, remote from the rush and bustle and dangers of cities, where epidemic diseases are unknown and anything like "the strenuous life" undreamed of. However, Eden must have its serpent, and the bane of this paradise is the head of the revolution. The market place that occupies one of the pretty plazas of Zipaquirá was the scene of a bloody battle, some 15 years ago, in which Gen. Morales was killed; and in the last revolution, just ended—or, more correctly speaking, temporarily suspended—government troops were quartered for weeks in the cathedral, while roving bands of insurgents committed all manner of depredations in the neighborhood. The church steeples and the walls of many of the houses are perforated with bullets and there are numerous other traces of "war's wild alarm."

A mile beyond the village is the quinta named "Juratena," at which we were entertained. Shut in among Andean foothills and reached by long, narrow lanes overhung with green vines, the "Juratena" has so far escaped the raids of revolution, though noted for its fine, fat cattle, which are usually promptly confiscated by the self-styled patriots. Perhaps the owner of the place "stood in" with the rebels, as did many Cuban sugar plantations during the island's last war with Spain, making it more profitable, all around, to pay a secret annual tribute in cash. At any rate, the place remained undisturbed, while all the neighbors suffered grievously. No words can convey the idea of the simplicity and contentment which prevails in this rural home, the rich green of its herbage, the great variety of its fruits and the beauty of its flowers. The adjacent foothills are clothed with bushes, as with a garment, each

## BUSH AND TWIG

covered with yellow berries, pine-shaped and poisonous, called *Pena de Diable*—"the devil's pine-apple." The rich grass underneath them starred with pretty pink flowers. The main house of Juratena is the usual low, substantial, adobe-walled structure built to withstand sieges, in the days when every man's house was literally his castle, and rural houses were also forts and cities of refuge for their retainers. Grey, windowless and unattractive exteriorly, it is all bloom, beauty and comfort within. The great patio is surrounded by a double corridor into which all the rooms open, and over it projects the red-tiled roof, affording shelter from sun and rain, shaded by passion vines and the blue blossoms of the lobelia, here called "azul."

In order to give you a glimpse of domestic life among well-to-do country people in Colombia, I am going to recount one day's experience in this hospital home, where we were given no reason to believe that the family had departed from its ordinary routine. It was nightfall when we arrived at the hacienda, after our inspection of the salt-mine, and being wearied, we retired to our rooms soon after the many-course dinner was ended. My own apartment was large enough for a townhouse, with chairs enough, ranged in straight rows around the four sides of the canvas-covered walls to have seated half the population of the village. The floor was of strawberry-tinted cement smooth and cold as polished marble, and one little window was faced with heavy wooden bars painted green, and the wide door, opening into the corridor, had neither latch nor lock of any kind and was evidently intended to stand wide open all night for the admission of air. The little iron bedstead at the farther end of the vast apartment was curtained and covered with ruffled muslin, tied up with pink ribbons, wherever ribbons could find any excuse for appearing; and about the only other furniture was

## A TALLOW DIP

In its big brass candlestick, on a small square table at the head of the bed. Lulled by the sound of rushing river, whose name the hacienda bears, I slept the sleep of the just, in spite of the unaccustomed open doors—until awakened at an early hour by the songs of blackbirds and the twittering of a colony of caracaras, which remind one of northern barn swallows, and make their nests under the edge of the tiled roof. Evidently somebody had been listening outside for the instant I awoke the hostess came in, bringing the usual desayuno of coffee, hot milk and arepa-cakes; and to inform me that, being in the country, breakfast would be served at the remarkably early hour of 5:30. Instead of at noon as in the city. One is expected to take the light repast in bed, and sometime afterwards the chambermaid (there are no chambermaids in Spanish-America) brings in towels and a large tin basin—the counterpart of a dishpan at home—filled with cold water. I had been wondering where the lavatory facilities came in as there was no sign of a washbasin, or the crockery to which one is accustomed.

When finally summoned to almuerzo, breakfast, in the big diningroom where the family and guests were assembled—the lady of the house followed, bringing a large oval, or earthenware jar, of soup, just off the fire. This first course is a colony of cucaracheros, which remind one of northern barn swallows, and make their nests under the edge of the tiled roof. Evidently somebody had been listening outside for the instant I awoke the hostess came in, bringing the usual desayuno of coffee, hot milk and arepa-cakes; and to inform me that, being in the country, breakfast would be served at the remarkably early hour of 5:30. Instead of at noon as in the city. One is expected to take the light repast in bed, and sometime afterwards the chambermaid (there are no chambermaids in Spanish-America) brings in towels and a large tin basin—the counterpart of a dishpan at home—filled with cold water. I had been wondering where the lavatory facilities came in as there was no sign of a washbasin, or the crockery to which one is accustomed.

## GREEN FRUITS.

cooked in one pot, and served red hot, the main dish of the meal. With this a sauce of green peppers was handed around, merely to look at, which brought tears to one's eyes. This was followed by slices of aguacate, the olive fruit used for salads, sometimes called vegetable butter, then cheese, arepa-cake and the weakest of tea. It may be remarked en passant, that the Colombians seem to have no idea how to make tea, and they drink it as a

medicine, which in their hands it resembles. The native cheese is white as paper, and quite as tough and tasteless. Arepa cake is a sort of cousin to the Mexican tortilla, being made of crushed corn and water, without salt or soda, baked on a hot griddle or in the ashes and eaten without butter.

After breakfast the kind host and hostess begged the time for us by a tour of the hacienda, a visit to the flower-garden, the pigs and poultry, a stroll along the river bank and a view of the few "sights" of the village. At 2:30 we returned to dinner. This is the ceremonious meal of the day—so formal and stately that each lady is expected to dress for it and to enter the dining room on the arm of a male escort, though the five-year-old son of the family be unwillingly impressed in to the service when there are not enough adult gentlemen to go around. This going in to dinner is a weighty affair and the cause of much concern on the part of host and hostess, because precedence must be given to the pair of highest social rank and greatest age, and to make a mistake about it would be embarrassing indeed.

The table was beautifully spread, with a pyramid of flowers in the middle and at each plate a bouquet of blue forget-me-nots, tied with pink ribbon. At the hostess' end of the table appeared a big roast turkey, and at the host's end a variety of bottled-wine, brandy, beer and chiche—the latter a native beverage, made from fermented corn and believed to be very strengthening. First cocktails were served, the edge of each glass sugared to perfection; and at the end of the repast the

## COGNAC BOTTLE

was circulated for those who desired to flavor their coffee. Between cocktail and cognac each exercised his individual taste in the beverages above mentioned—except in the matter of chiche—a very inebriate, but which everybody must taste out of courtesy to the place, because it is home made and the housewife's especial pride. The first course was soup—a greasy liquid, colored saffron yellow by some mysterious process, and served in a bowl of the manila carved the turkey, while her lord at the other end of the long table busied himself with the popping corks. With each slice of turkey was put two Irish potatoes, a lump of corn-meat pudding, a bit of roast mutton and some agnate sauce. When this had been cleared away and the table emptied of all but the flowers and bottles and little dishes of red hot pepper-sauce, another kind of soup was brought in, called *masamora*, seemingly composed of everything the cook could lay hands on, including rice, tomatoes, fish, pork, slices of peaches and agnates, pepper, grapes, peppers, potatoes, what not. Then came a dulce, or sweetmeat of corn-meat, well sugared, on the top of which appeared in white letters the name of the house "Juratena." Afterwards the cheese was served with arepa-cake, accompanied by huge mugs of chiche. Then great dishes of oranges, bananas and granadillas, followed by glasses of water, and lastly coffee, with cigarettes for all those who desired them. Nearly all native ladies indulge in cigarettes, and put a good "thimbleful" of cognac in the coffee. When water is passed after the fruit, it is customary to fill one's mouth, force the water noisily between the teeth and then eject it upon the cement floor.

The sala, or drawing-room, of this typical country house of the better class in Colombia, is a very long and high apartment, walled and ceiled with adobe faced with white cotton cloth. Its brick floor is partially covered with straw mats, and its wide windows, with their shutters of solid wood, like the door of a barn, are guillotine of glass and draped with lace curtains. By some art known only to the builder, a heavy crystal chandelier (never lighted), is seemingly upheld by the frail cotton ceiling.

## Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Ormer, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklin's Arnica Salve had the power to cure him. Equally good for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

## ENTER NOT, POOR MAN.

Up in the Highlands of the Hudson, between Port Montgomery and Newburgh, on the west shore, land is being acquired for the founding of a colony of millionaires that will surpass any similar settlement yet founded. In natural beauty of site it will be unsurpassable. It will be very exclusive and it will be within convenient reach of the city. J. Pierpont Morgan, James Stillman and E. H. Harriman are the men at the head of the enterprise. Back from the Hudson, between Port Montgomery and the slope that begins at Cornwall and ends in level ground at Newburgh, for several miles westward, there is a wilderness of mountain ridges, land, unimproved, unoccupied, as it was in the center of this tract. Some 25,000 acres, including the valleys and approaches to it on the north, south and west, forms an ideal site for a great park of magnificent dwellings and clubs. Its residents would be miles away from all intruders, it would be seclusion of a princely sort, yet in touch with the world.

J. Pierpont Morgan, whose country residence has long been at Highland Falls, just to the southwest of West Point, and in the southern tier of these ridges, has been unostentatiously ac-

## RAYS OF SUNSHINE

AND THE HAPPINESS THEY BRING.

The bright rays of sunshine that have crept into the lives of thousands of sufferers, who have been restored to happiness and health by the use of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood are so many that it would be almost impossible to enumerate them.

One of the best indications of kidney and bladder troubles are frequent pains in the back, and if you deposit some urine in a small glass vessel, and after letting it stand for twenty-four hours you find a sediment or a stringy, milky appearance; if you are often compelled to urinate during the night, and it hurts you to pass it, your kidneys and bladder are diseased, and you will be untrue to yourself if you neglect to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

There are many stages of KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES, and by using Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy your kidneys and bladder will soon be fully restored to their normal and healthy condition.

Druggists sell it in NEW 50 CENT SIZE and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. Sample bottle—enough for trial—free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy, Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Drops instant relief. Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bruises, Burns. 25c, 50c.

quiring hundreds of acres of mountain land. To the southwest E. H. Harriman has been buying land to the north of Tuxedo, in the valley up to Arden, a splendid park of itself already, up to the foot of these mountains. And now the cat is out of the bag, for it has been discovered that James Stillman has bought, through others, thousands of acres up on the mountains along the edge of Cornwall, and has gradually acquired the most of the approaches of the ridges.

The three new properties do not join yet, but month by month they are

coming closer together. There remains now, to be acquired, only some thousand acres of woodland high up on mountain sides, of little value under present conditions, save to these financial princes. Enough has been secured to make the founding of the great residence park sure.

How many are in this most grand of colony plans, outside of Messrs. Stillman, Morgan, Harriman, no one can tell. Their plans are not complete as yet, the huge new territory is not quite acquired. The legs said about it the

fewer dollars an acre this mountain land will cost them. Even today some grizzled owners who never thought of such a thing as selling this mountain land possible are holding on obstinately.

But all along the country side little else is talked of than the buying of Morgan, Stillman and Harriman, and each time an offer is made for any piece of land, however small, it is suspected that the prospective buyer even if a townsman, is secretly an agent of one of these three capitalists, and is buying for him. And the news

has leaked down into New York, besides.

In the Waldorf-Astoria the other night the formation of this new and mighty colony was discussed by a party of Wall street men, and much interest was expressed regarding who should be the chief factors in this biggest of country sides. If a second Tuxedo association would comprise the Morgan, Stillman and Harriman groups of financiers, alone.

To the three men above named one other of the great lights of American

finance is accredited already—William Rockefeller, related by marriage to the Stillman family, who has been frequently these past few weeks driving over the mountain ridges to the south of Cornwall. It is about Cornwall it should be said, that this new movement has been developing most vigorously the past few months, through the lavish buying of James Stillman, from the river at the northern neck of the Highlands, where it widens into Newburgh Bay, and south from the town of Cornwall itself.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE amount of goods purchased was \$29,000, but we bought them for \$17,000—an actual saving of \$12,000. As we buy, we sell, so it means a saving to you of one-fourth to one-half, and in some cases even more—MEANS THAT EVERY OTHER MERCHANTS

SHOES COST HIM TOO MUCH—means that you must pay the difference. Are you open to conviction? Are you prepared to resist incomparable Bargains? Are you one of that vast array of shrewd purchasing shoppers who daily throng the marts of trade bent on value receiving—money saving—if so, here and here only is your opportunity. Every shoe in our regular stock is on sale, and remember that our goods are from standard makers. P. Cox Children's Shoes. T. D. Barry's Men's Fine Shoes. Krippendorf Dittman's Ladies' Shoes, and the clean-up of Winch Bros., biggest shoe distributors of the world. Immense new shipments are being received and placed on sale. This is not a sale of small, incomplete lines, but immense quantities of guaranteed stock as advertised.

## \$1.00

THE DOLLAR TABLE.

A wonderful clean-up of values. Women's shoes, value up to \$2.00, calf or kid, wide widths. Almost every size in the lot.

Women's Strap Sandals, values up to \$2.00, real nice styles, at a dollar.

Boys' Calf Shoes, sizes 9 to 13, all sold and well made. A \$1.50 value for a dollar.

Girls' Kid Shoes, sizes 9 to 2, all solid and well made. A \$1.50 value at a dollar.

## \$1.95

Over 500 pairs of new shoes for men and women just arrived to freshen up this table. The sum of \$1.95 will secure for you choice of men's and women's shoes worth \$3 to \$5.

Women's Sorts—Best grade patent kid, with French heels, vici kid, French or leather heels, many sorts of light soles, with all the much-wanted sorts for every-day wear in kid or patent kid, with heavy soles.

Men's Sorts—Mighty slick line of patent leather shoes for dressy wear, also vici kid and calf, with light soles; then, for sturdy, out-of-door folks, come heavy double soles, with calf lining, made of vici kid or calf, many good sorts, Over 2,900 pairs in this lot.

## \$2.85

You have heard of the fame of the Well Worth \$3.50 shoe, a corker of a shoe. \$2.85 will secure for you choice of any men's Well Worth \$3.50 shoe in store, also all \$4.00 sorts. These goods are equal in every way to \$5 sorts sold hereabouts, and a big purchase of \$5 shoes for men and women is added. Men's sorts come in all the desirable \$5 sorts, style, fit and wear unapproachable. Women's sorts are made by Krippendorf & Dittman—means much for their goodness. The real swell things in dull mat kid and other sorts are here, dress or street wear.

Over 3,400 Pairs in This Lot.

## \$3.85

Will secure for you choice of any Ladies' Wichert & Gardner's strictly high grade line of women's shoes, the swiftest of the swell ones, in vici or patent kid, heavy or light soles; \$5.00 and \$6.00 values.

For men—Choice of any \$5.00 Aristocrat Shoe, not only equal to the best \$6.00 and \$7.00 shoes, but the exact counterparts of the swiftest \$12.00 to \$14.00 shoemakers' models choice of store at \$3.85.

1,190 Pairs in This Lot.

### Boys Shoes.

75 cts Boys \$1.00 Calf or Kid Shoes for Children. Sizes 5 to 8. Complete lines.

\$1.15 Boys Boys' Shoes, sizes 1 to 5, all solid Calf Skin. The best sort of a \$1.75 value.

\$1.55 The Boys' Shoe Stock is in for it. Every Boys' Shoe, value up to \$2.00, except Bay State Shoes, will go at a Dollar Fifty-Five.

### P. Cox and Other Good Makes for Children

Famous the world over for goodness and wear. Kid or Calf, every day or Dress sorts.

Sizes 5 to 8, value \$1.25, go \$1.00 at.....

Sizes 8 to 11, value \$1.75, go \$1.20 at.....

Sizes 11 to 2, value \$2.25, go \$1.45 at.....

### The Ladies' Section.

\$1.70 Will secure for you your choice of Ladies' genuine Kid Shoes, with patent tip, button only in this lot; but all sizes and widths and plenty of them, a jim-dandy value. 108 pairs in this lot.

\$2.45 Will secure for you the very best high grade patent kid welt shoe, the swiftest of medium weight shoes; a goodly gathering of many lines priced formerly up to \$4.50, one of the many real leaders. 138 pairs in this lot.

\$2.70 T. Plants very best of \$4.00 hand-sewed welt shoes; 370 pairs of them, a regular shoemaker's fit, made by one of America's most famous factories.

### The Men's Section.

\$1.30 Will secure for you choice of man's all solid WORK SHOES, plain toe, well made for hard service, a good \$1.75 value. \$1.05 for a good solid shoe for men, O. K. in every way. Value is \$2.25.

\$2.45 Man's high top shoes, made for out and about folks, solid and serviceable values, none less than \$3.50 and up to \$4.00 sorts, good old leather stock and firm soles for most sturdy service.