

ALL ROADS LEAD TO TOLEDO.

The Imperial City Which Spanish Historians Describe as "The Crown of Spain and the Light of the World"—Familiarities of Railway Traveling in the Land of Manana—Migrations of the Merinos.

Special Correspondence.

Toledo, Spain, April 12, 1900.—It is a tedious journey from Merida to this long-extended "Light of the World," with little to recommend it of scenic beauty and nothing of comfort. You may choose between two routes—one following the Guadiana river most of the way, the other the Tagus, both necessitating many changes of cars. Our party decided upon the much shorter route of the Guadiana, though half of it retraced our steps over the monotonous plains so lately traversed. The pleasant English family with whom we joined forces at Cadiz for the tour of Spain, preferred the roundabout route to Toledo, via Badajoz and Cáceres, as it led through unvisited territory. The parting arrangement was that we, who expected to arrive at least a day in advance of the others, should secure quarters for all in the Fonda Imperial—said to be the best hotel in Toledo—and have apartments waiting for our belated friends. When we finally reached the ultima thule, some twenty hours later—bedraggled and worn from sitting bolt upright two long nights in the uncomfortable day cars—we were met at the station by the English party fresh and trim after a night's rest in the hotel, they having arrived on the previous afternoon. However, this experience does not establish a rule to go by, for "the longest way around" is by no means always "the surest" in this land of manana.

Most of the Spanish railways were built by French capital, at enormous cost; and all who have suffered from them will agree that they are about the worst constructed and mismanaged railways on the face of the earth. They appear to be run solely for the amusement of the employees, turning long in unexpected places for no discernible reason and paying the passengers the slightest heed to making connections. And the most aggravating thing to the foreigner is that nobody cares the least little bit for his troubles. Native passengers, never having known any better service, take the unnecessary delays quite as a matter of course and utterly fail to comprehend why any traveler should raise a rumpus over so trifling an incident as missing the through train—thereby leaving to sit up another night in the common coach—merely because the train waited a couple of hours at a crossroads junction for some powerful hidalgo's wife to get her children ready for a ride to the next town.

But even the creeping pace of ten miles an hour—the average "speed" of these trains, if one may so misuse a word—is better than the old way of donkey-back transit in crossing such dreary regions as the plains of Castile and La Mancha, and in pleasant parts of the country, the traveler blesses the slowness which enables him to enjoy the prospect longer. The rate of progress is usually restricted by law, on account of the danger incurred by the spreading of rails exposed to the full heat of the sun on sandy plains; but though the law rigorously discourages speed, it has nothing to say in regard to keeping up with schedule time and fulfilling contracts with ticket-buyers. Fifty years ago there were only twenty kilometers of railway in the whole country. Now about nine thousand kilometers are in operation and half as many more under concession. The best stations are extremely poor, and the facilities of every place to which servants and Spanish passengers of every class have access, is notorious. Most trains have one better and somewhat cleaner coach, labeled "Reservado para Señoras," reserved for ladies. Another singular part of the train is a small, square, close-carriage, attached to some trains, containing two tiny compartments set side by side, marked "Para Señoras" and "Para Señores." All the railway officials, from guards to brakemen, ride "first-class," often occupying half the available space in the carriage and always the best seats, whatever may become of the poor passengers who have paid extortionate charges, packed like sardines in a box.

And then the internal trouble with luggage would cause an Archangel to mislay his temper. Indeed, the least you carry about of either commodity—luggage or temper—on a journey through Spain, the better for your pleasure. Each passenger is permitted to take in with him into the coach one satchel, or bundle, and the rest of his baggage is relegated to the van. Delays at the stations in getting baggage ready to pass, satisfying customs officials and paying extra charges for over weight, are most vexatious and cause you to miss many a train; and as no checks are given, and robberies of luggage are frequent, you will find it well to put no valuables into your trunk. The soft answer that turneth away wrath is particularly needed here, often accompanied by a soothing influence of a silver peso, and always by the exaggerated politeness of the Latin. To lose patience with the supple Spanish official is also to lose your cause, inevitably and irrevocably. Whatever happens, strive to maintain an unruffled demeanor and to outdo the Spaniard himself in his own coin of meaningless compliment, remembering always that "silence is golden"—when nothing can be gained by speech. Every Spaniard, whatever his class, considers himself a caballero cristiano viejo y rancioso—a Christian gentleman of old and honorable origin; and he looks down upon all foreigners as less well-born. When his self esteem is stroked the right way, like the fur on a kitten's back, his natural courtesy blooms as a tropical flower and he will put himself to any trouble to accommodate the judicious stranger whose words have set him on edge. But with the Spaniard, whatever his class, considers himself a caballero cristiano viejo y rancioso—a Christian gentleman of old and honorable origin; and he looks down upon all foreigners as less well-born. When his self esteem is stroked the right way, like the fur on a kitten's back, his natural courtesy blooms as a tropical flower and he will put himself to any trouble to accommodate the judicious stranger whose words have set him on edge. But with the Spaniard, whatever his class, considers himself a caballero cristiano viejo y rancioso—a Christian gentleman of old and honorable origin; and he looks down upon all foreigners as less well-born. When his self esteem is stroked the right way, like the fur on a kitten's back, his natural courtesy blooms as a tropical flower and he will put himself to any trouble to accommodate the judicious stranger whose words have set him on edge.

HAS ANYONE FOUND \$400,000,000 IN GOLD?



This is a new portrait of Lyman J. Gage, secretary of the treasury. He has discovered that there is less gold coin in this country than there should be according to his statistics. The shortage is \$400,000,000. With the aid of M. L. Muhleman, assistant treasurer in New York, he is now trying to discover what has become of this vast sum.

highland shepherds from Leon and Castile, who drove their flocks down to them, as to milder winter quarters, returning to their cool hills on the approach of scorching summer. Hence, by degrees, a prescriptive right of agistment was claimed over these "commons," and the districts were set apart and apportioned accordingly. Both climatic and country suggested the system, which is really of remotest antiquity, and not unlike that of the trattari in the Abruzzi, of Roman times. Naturally, no end of disputes arose between the wandering shepherds and fixed cultivators; until in 1574 a compromise was effected, whereby by the privileges of a few of the wealthiest sheep proprietors prevailed under the peculiar jurisdiction known as Consejo de la mesta, which was suppressed about sixty years ago.

The privileges of the feudal union of nobles and rich landed proprietors, whose origin is lost in antiquity, were abominably unjust and oppressive. All and sundry of the privileges of the nobles, by the regulation which required highways and farms to remain unfenced near the paths of the sheep. Even those peasants whose lands lay at considerable distance from the usual track, were not secure, but were in constant danger of having their crops swept away in a moment. If there was resistance, or remonstrance, it was punished as barbarously as treason, and the consequence was that the farmers, growing desperate, became outlaws and in turn preyed upon the society whose iniquitous laws had driven him from home.

The term Merino is derived from Marino, quasi ultra-marine, because the original breed of sheep was imported from England, under Henry II, while others derive the name from Imri, the famous flocks of Palestine. The sheep, called trashumantes—from the ground they went over and destroyed, were divided into detachments of about 10,000 each. Their highland summer quarters were quit in October, for winter ones on the warm plains, each detachment managed by a mayor, or conductor, who had under him fifty shepherds and as many dogs. Some of the flocks traveled more than 150 leagues, occupying forty days in the journey every night penned in with rope nettings of Esparto. By the laws of the mesta, a free sheep-walk, 90 paces wide, was left on each side of the highway, which entirely prevented encroachment, or anything like good husbandry.

To this day the nomadic habits of the shepherds who conduct the Merinos on their periodical transigrations, constitute the most striking peculiarity of their life and are responsible for the desolation of Estramadura. The sheep are driven with crooks as in Bible times, and shepherds still watch their flocks by night, as when the Star in the East announced the birth of Christ. When a stream is reached it is crossed by means of pontoon bridges, kept in appointed places for the purpose. The course of the flocks is marked by complete devastation—not a green shrub nor sprig of grass being left behind. Their approach is heralded from afar by clouds of dust and the shrill notes of the shepherds' horns. Second only to the brown sheep of Estramadura are the brown swine, a portion of the province—that covered with forests of oak and cork trees, being a porcine paradise, whose sausages, hams and pig-skins are famed throughout Europe. To this day about the only roads in Estramadura are those made by sheep and swine; yet the strange province has produced two very great men—Pizarro and Cortez, who were both shepherds and sailed forth to conquer a new world—one from the village of Trujillo, the other from Medellín.

The imperial city of Toledo, whose "last" is that she has been free since the time of the Goths, lies upon a hill-top and is most imposing when seen from afar. So steep is the street leading up from the railway station that the traveler should not trust his precious bones to any wheeled vehicle, for bones are not easily mended in Spain; but walk to his hotel in the heart of the city, crossing the old Roman bridge and avoiding deceptive "short cuts."

FANNIE B. WARD.

THE ALASKAN ARMY POSTS.

Special Correspondence.

Washington, May 21, 1900.—The conferees who are arranging the final draft of the bill for the support of the army have quite a problem on their hands in the matter of a telegraph line in Alaska. The House appropriated \$540,000 for this telegraph line to connect the various military posts of the big Territory, but no provision was made by which it could connect with the United States, although bills for cables have been introduced and are now pending. The Senate changed this provision materially and left it for the conferees to determine whether any appropriation should be made. Coincident with the action of the Senate was the appearance here of Mr. Roche, a member of the British parliament, who is the manager of a big telegraph concern which is building an overland line from Dawson City to Vancouver and thence to Seattle. He proposes without any subsidy to extend his telegraph line over the very same routes practically over which the government proposes to build, but this he cannot do if the government is building a line in competition with him. He has secured some interesting in-

formation that there will be a change in regard to drugs and such articles, but the delegations which have appeared here in strong array demanding a repeal of the war revenue law are the brewers and those representing stock exchanges. It is doubtful whether there would be any material reduction of the present tax on beer or on the stock exchange sales even if there should be a general reduction of the war revenue tax.

GOES ON A TRAMP.

Mr. Edward O. Graves, president of the Seattle chamber of commerce, passed through Washington a short time ago. He had been traveling about the country considerable before he reached here and was but then just started on the long trip he has arranged. "Nineteen hundred is my year," he said in speaking of his journey. "I left Seattle some little time ago, after selling a great deal of my property, and have determined to take a long and, if possible, delightful rest. I feel that I have earned it. I have been through southern California, taking in that beautiful country, and expect to sail for Scotland in a short time. When I land, I shall start on a walking tour all over the country, seeing the principal towns and historic spots. I dearly long to get back to that old country. When I have been all over Scotland, I shall tramp down into England and visit the principal towns there and will, of course, run over on to the continent for a short while and wind up, as will all American travelers this year, with a visit to the Paris Exposition." Mr. Graves has a novel vacation before him.

THE FARMER A BUSINESS MAN.

The farmer is, or, to succeed, must be a business man. This is especially the case with the dairy farmer. In the broader sense his business includes the production of the raw material, the manufacture of it into butter or cheese and the sale of same when produced, manufacture and sale comes the establishment of the plant. His entire plant includes the farm, the cows and the apparatus used for working up the milk. Surely if any profession calls for brains and affords employment for that commodity it is the farmer's. And even with brains the price of success is eternal vigilance. A successful farmer will conquer his surroundings, whatever they are, or in some way change them for his own advantage.

Present and prospective conditions are favorable to the farmer as a man of business. The writer in making this statement has in mind the tendency to improve country roads, the sale of mail, and free rural delivery of the mails. Each of these is an important factor, and when combined and a farming community is given the benefit of all of them it will result in benefit to such community to an extent that we can now hardly realize and appreciate.

There has been so much written and printed about the benefit of good roads that not a great deal need now be brought forward. However, it will not be amiss to emphasize the fact that good roads are a very important factor in the development of the farmer as a business man—if not the most important one.

The telephone, while not bringing to the farmer as much real and immediate profit as good roads, is a good investment for any farming community and every individual farmer in such community may adopt it. The third factor referred to above is rural delivery of mails. This in addition to being an important business factor, has, like the telephone, a social side to it—one of really great importance.

As before stated, these factors, good roads, telephone and rural delivery, when combined will be powerful in matters of business and they will in a social way be equally so.

There is another factor that occurs to the writer should be considered at this time, viz: the bicycle. Farmers living at a reasonable distance from a village or city will find, as will their children and hired help, the bicycle many times very useful as well as pleasurable. Indeed, there are good roads to set them on—F. W. Moseley in Successful Farmer.

WHY DAVID B. HILL WEARS A SILK HAT.

There are probably no two men in Albany so nearly alike and so much unlike as ex-Governor David B. Hill and Governor Theodore Roosevelt. Both men are fighters, although their methods differ. Both are brave and eloquent, and each received his office from a

political party with which he in many respects differed. The two governors often met, and there is usually a little quiet fun between them when they come together. Both men have the gift of saying sharp things. Not long ago the New York States newspaper men gave a banquet at Statens Hall in Albany, and among the guests of honor were the two governors. Colonel Roosevelt came first. He wore an evening suit and his famous brown sombrero made famous by the Rough Riders. It was a combination costume at once original and picturesque. Among the last of the guests to arrive was Mr. Hill, who was conventionally attired, even to his silk hat.

"Ah!" exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt in his peculiar staccato manner, as he grasped Mr. Hill's hand, "now we have with us the real Albany swell. Governor Hill is the only man here tonight with a silk hat."

"I've got a slouch hat myself," returned Mr. Hill softly, "but I left it at home. I've given up wearing it since I went out of the advertising business."

Then dinner was announced and the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly.—Saturday Evening Post.

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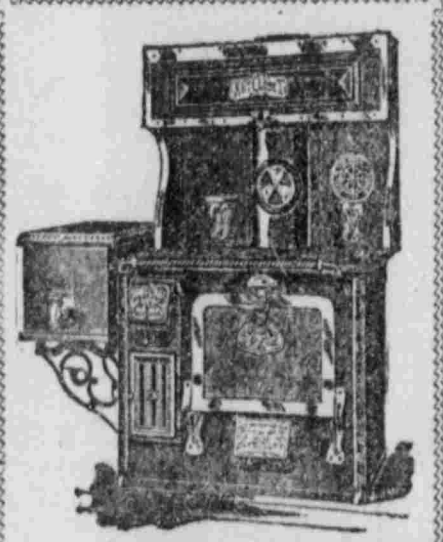
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PHILADELPHIA'S MAYOR ACCUSED BY EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER.



The local fight in Philadelphia between the city administration, headed by Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge, of whom this is a recent portrait, and John Wanamaker, may be far reaching in its results. Public meetings have been held to protest against the attempts of the administration to curtail the liberty of the press. It is certain to affect the coming senatorial election in Pennsylvania, as Quay is said to be depending on the mayor to send a solid delegation to Harrisburg next winter, favoring the former senator or his candidate.