CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Kate Field Well Advertised and Burr McIntosh a Male Beauty.

NEW YORK'S LATEST CELEBRITIES.

Some Stunning Street Costumes Noted on the Fashionable Avenue.

LIVING STREET MODELS ON PARADE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, May 4.—The ladies of intensely fashionable interest have been for the week concerned in the Centennial doings, and so publicly that their deeds are already in print. Let me, therefore, consider instead several ladies who are professionally famous, being careful to choose those whose actions are not apt to be mere exploits of self-advertising. For example, how does Miss Kate Field live, move and have her being? She makes her home in the Victoria Hotel. Her room is a parallelogram in shape, about treble its width in length. The folding bed, with its mirror panels, is stuck about with photographs, prints and cards. Bits of things decorate and crowd her mantel and piano shelves. Her little eastlake groans with books, some of them written by the owner, most of them by personal friends, and nearly all breathing with marginal notes. In a sunny window hangs a pet canary. A burnished kettle swinging in a blackened crane stands near a little tete-a-tete table spread for tea, with always a basket of oranges in the midst of the service, just for color.

Only one other writing table in all New York is more hopelessly littered with letters and papers and that is Colonel Ingersoll's. Like the big, busy lawyer's, the letters lie open, and a hand high, with almost illegible memoranda penned or pinned in the corners.

A VISITOR HAS TO WONDER

whether they are all actual. Just room enough for the lady's writing pad and elbows is forced, and when the space narrows, as it does all the time, she scolds and paws, shoves the mass back and up and the long holdered, bristling pen is sent flying across the paper. She writes away until she gets a pain in her back, an ache in her arm, or a cramp in her hand, and then climbs into her steamer chair—an old weather-beaten, storm-stained, sun-blistered piece of bamboo, brought from Japan by a friend ten years ago, and which she has lived in and loved, and which followed her the whole length of the Pacific coast from the peninsula of Alaska to that of Lower California. The chair is almost human in its adjustability, to quote its mistress, and, like her, has a variety of ups and downs. The right arm forms a shelf, on which she thumb-screws a pad, and, with an ink jug near by, she lies back and writes as vigorously as though influenced by some deliciously revivifying tonic. At her work nowadays Miss Field wears a bright red satin dress, reformed after her own ideas and touched up with frills and shells of soft lace. She has tiny feet, which she puts in the daintiest of slippers and the finest of spun silk hosiery, and which she has a most coquettish way of crossing and uncrossing while she reclines, working all the time, in her cane-bottom, slumber-robed steamer chair.

BURR M'INTOSH A BEAUTY.

Into the politer circle of Bohemia has come Miss Harriette Marshall. To properly know her we must first know Miss Kitty Cheatham, now of the Daly Theater Company, and formerly a burlesquer. Kitty lives with her mother in Gramercy Park, and manages weekly to electrify her neighbors by the frequency and informality of her parlor assemblages. A Nashville girl by birth and education, she has all the charm of beauty and manner characteristic of that section, and more than the average degree of audacious talent. At her afternoons Mrs. Cheatham does the honors, and the men who call to see her and her girl friends, and hear her daughter sing, would make an ultra McAllister-registered, Murray Hill hostess very contemplative. These guests come from all points of the compass, and they stay, too, certain of meeting some pretty Southern girls. At the last of these informals there were Colonel Jack Garnett, a kinsman of Sir Garnett Wolseley; Mr. William Burr McIntosh, the gifted magician and mind reader, fair as a daisy, and the newest of our masculine professional beauties. Miss Sadie Fall, granddaughter of President Polk; Charles Dugan, the velvet voiced blonde vocalist, and, above all, the famous Tennesseean, Miss Harriette Marshall, who is as nearly like a wax doll as a woman can be and still be winning.

Her beauty is as delicate as a pink tulip. She has hair like corn tassels, and little brown eyes of great brilliancy. But she is more than beautiful. She has good common sense, a manner that is sincere as well as sweet, a fair knowledge of French and considerable ability as a musician. The impression made on the Ministers of the Chinese and Corean Legation a couple of seasons ago will be recalled at the mere mention by Washington people. These high dignitaries had never encountered anything like her. She was a revelation to them, and their devotion would have made a princess vain. It was made manifest in flowers of such abundance and magnificence as only an orientalist would design. As an actual fact, the bouquets were several times so large that a double compliment was paid in sending an attendant to follow the little belle about with them. She was in demand by hostesses, and in filling her engagements appeared as an aid in two or three different houses the same day. In making these trips she had the freedom of the ambassadors' carriages and the first to greet her on entering the house of her friend was the young Chinese servant with an armful of flowers. Miss Marshall sails for Europe next Saturday. Of course, she is very venturesome, as shown by what I have told of her. She is likely to fetch up on the stage.

A NEW CELEBRITY

who gets a living thereby is Princess Martha Engalitcheff, who has been reading a series of papers on the home life of Russia in parlors of New York. She seized upon the ephemeral Russian rage in whimsical society very adroitly. She is not unlike Christine Nilsson in face, figure and financial disasters. In 1886 Prince Engalitcheff, of the Russian Royal Guard, died leaving his lovely wife, a son of 18, and an estate of magnificent value. This was entrusted—so she narrates—to an agent who plunged into French lotteries and German stocks. The rockets of his canary-colored imagination went up, and staid up. In a month the widow found herself high and dry on an eminence of emptiness. Nothing was left but a couple of castles between Moscow and the Baltic, and as she couldn't eat either estates and didn't care to dispose of them, she collected a bundle of letters and came to America to read.

Now that is a story to appeal to our modish leaders, eh? Her birth and pride prevented a public appearance, don't you see? but she could condescend to read for an entertaining hostess at $100 per evening, or secure by courtesy a parlor and sell invitations at $1 each, the lists of her patrons or patronesses being levied upon. The results have been financially good, and by degrees the Russian lady is weighting her purse and receiving flattering attentions in the shape of entertainments, learning from American ladies the very things she had come to teach them about as to her own country. Personally she is a beautiful creature, with a splendid presence, the carriage of a real princess, sepia brown hair, green gray eyes, full round face, and what the novelists call patrician hands, which she knows well how to manage, which are never jewelled, always restful and expressive, and which seem to put life, soul and fire into any piano they touch. Mentally she is gifted, but like all the Russians, she has a voice as rasping to the ear as a saw in the hands of a filer.

STUNNING COSTUMES.

Last Sunday was an absolutely perfect day. White, cottony clouds floated tranquilly over a sky of purest blue, and the whole city was in a broad smile under the flashing yellow of the April sun. That sun meant much to New York. It meant a great day for the people. Fifth avenue never looked more gorgeous when the churches let out their crowds at 12:30. What a pageant it was, to be sure, and nothing to pay for it. Girls all over the sidewalk, marching and counter-marching, and caught on each tack by men of every degree of elegance. There was one costume, a startler, on a slender girl, a girl whom the French would call "mince." It was of a green as tender as young grass. It was composed of rich and soft silk, and the underskirt was vertically and broadly striped in a rougher but not less elegant material. The girl had a poise of chin and a stateliness in her walk which proclaimed her of the most serene order of thoroughbreds. There is no mistaking these girls who "know it all." The shyness of the doubter is not in them, and is supplanted by a consciousness of indisputable supremity, the graceful serenity of being correct. Another one of these was in the ecstatic stylishness of Parisian mourning, and supplied an artistic realization of Night caught in the passionate embrace of Day.

Upon another young woman there was a costume in tint and softness as delicate as a dove's breast, and the girl's pink face suggesting rose leaves on cream, beamed divinely from under a crown of golden hair, and a love of a bonnet made of gray gauze almost as filmy as a cobweb. Two girls who are not English but would like to be, wore golden brown gowns with lace collars turned over to their shoulders. Flat-heeled shoes, canary-colored sailor hats, worn on the back of the head, and tightly-rolled green umbrellas used as walking sticks, were peculiarities that these two promenaders seemed satisfied with. At 1:30 the swells began to surge homeward. At 2 the avenue was practically deserted. At 4 it was swarming with the canaille. This element was certainly more crudely ornamental than those that had gone, yet the same sun gladdened the scene, and seemed as well pleased to shine upon the woolen gowns from Grand street as it had been when the air bloomed with the finest importations from Paris.

LIVING STREET MODELS.

Two young women attracted more attention on Fourteenth street yesterday afternoon than is usually given to anybody in that brilliant and crowded thoroughfare. Their actions were not responsible for this interest. Neither was their beauty, for one of the pair was decidedly plain as to her face, and the other would not have won a prize even at the most lenient of beauty shows. The attraction was entirely due to their perfect forms and the startling manner in which they were clothed. They were what is known in common parlance "of medium height." Their shoulders were not too wide nor too slender. Their waists tapered exquisitely to a point that might have been encompassed by two masculine hands, and their rounded hips were marvels of natural perfection. Old men and young men stopped and looked after them. Fashionably dressed ladies forsook the attractions of the show windows to gaze after them, and their march from Sixth avenue to Broadway was a triumph of feminine art.

Their cloaklessgowns fitted like gilding on a picture frame. They did not have a wrinkle. A contortionist's tights could not have been smoother. The sleeves from the elbow to the shoulder were made of velvet and were puffed out in accordeon creases to twice the size of the natural arm. Both suits were made in the same style, differing only in the material and shade of color.

While I was standing in the door of a well-known modiste's establishment on Fifth avenue an hour later, I saw them pass again and called attention to their presence.

"They created a furore on Fourteenth street," I observed.

"No wonder," replied the dressmaker. "That is what they were intended to do. Those suits did not cost them a cent. They are being paid for to-day. I mean simply this: One of them is an artist's model. The other is employed to show off the cloaks in a Sixth avenue house. Those dresses were made for them in the latest Parisian style simply to show off their forms and attract public attention to their designers."

"But how can any person know where they are made?"

"Easy enough. They go into the store a dozen times during the afternoon and the proprietor takes care to have it known where the gowns came from. Then sometimes they come in other stores, and in the presence of customers and under pretense of giving an order, let it be known where they bought their suits. They were here yesterday. It's a good scheme, but it's costly, and I think that I for one can get along without adopting circus methods to advertise my business."

CLARA BELLE.

TO BE TRIED THOUGH ABSENT.

A Court Martial Likely to be Held on a Missing Paymaster.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The Navy Department has not yet been formally advised that Passed Assistant Paymaster Smith has been found, but an order was issued this morning relieving him from duty on the Essex, and ordering him to settle accounts. It has been found that the extent of his drafts on the Government was that of $1,200, which he drew upon going ashore, and a few small checks given to officers and men, aggregating about $200.

His accounts are believed to be all right. Nevertheless, it appears that the officer had placed himself in an unfortunate position, and if precedents are followed, it is believed at the Department that a court martial is inevitable.

A Hospitable Firm.

During the Centennial observances in New York last week one of the most elaborately and tastefully decorated buildings on Broadway was that of S. Stein & Co., a firm well known to Pittsburgers. These hospitable gentlemen had seats arranged inside their immense building and comfortably accommodated over seven hundred of their friends and customers, who viewed the entire parade from their windows. Messrs. Stein & Co. also provided an elegant luncheon for their guests, not forgetting a plentiful supply of the best wines and cigars.

Best Velvet Carpets as Cheap as Ingrains.

The special offering of 10,000 yards best velvet carpets at $1 per yard (sold at $1 50 everywhere) will continue during the coming week. Borders to match all patterns.

EDWARD GROETZINGER,
627 and 629 Penn avenue.

Special Bargains.

300 pieces of dress ginghams, fast colors, at 8½ cents, 12 yards for $1, at H. J. Lynch's, 438 and 440 Market street. WFSu

Spring Overcoats.

Fine stock ready-made overcoats at Pitcairn's, 434 Wood street. WSu

ROYAL awnings, extra heavy, at Mamaux & Son's, 537 and 539 Penn avenue.

TEN per cent discount on beaded wraps for three days only. Closing sale at Rosenbaum & Co.'s.

TAKE your baby to Pearson if you want a nice cab. photo. of it. There is none can equal him handling the babies.

ELEGANT cabinet photos, any style, $1 50 per doz. Panel picture with each doz. cabinets.

LIBS' POPULAR GALLERY, 10 and 12 Sixth st. SuMWF

STEWART & Co. give 13 cabinet photos for a dozen; price, one dollar; 90 Federal st., Allegheny.

DABBS will soon have new specimens on exhibition that will be very attractive.

THE WOMEN OF CUBA

Artistically and Plainly Pen Pictured by Lillian Spencer.

NOT SUCH BEAUTIES, AFTER ALL.

Her Childhood and Girlhood Brief, Then Marriage and Decay.

LITTLE ROMANCE IN HER LIFE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

HAVANA, April 28.—The Cubana is a petite, round, compactly built woman, and she goes about the house in flimsy, tawdry, ill-made gowns and old, worn-out satin slippers run down at the heels. If the thick, coarse, black mass which crowns her shapely head with disorder, rather than glory, is brushed once a week, it is receiving more attention than is usual with the lady of the tropics, whose time is, for the most part, spent in a rocking chair, and whose whole mind is concentrated on the best means to keep cool and get through the tedious hours of the long, hot day with as little exertion and ennui as possible.

The women of a country are always objects of great interest and curiosity to strangers. Those of Cuba have a reputation for being beautiful. It is even said that no other civilized country produces so many generally comely. In one way this is true, in another it is not, for the average Cuban beauty, outside of Cuba, would be considered anything but beautiful. As the background is skillfully contrived to bring out the picture, so the tropical clime seems to have been especially designed to show to the best possible advantage the tropical beauty. She appears to have been created to lay in a rocking-chair and wield a fan lazily to and fro, with a graceful charm positively bewitching. Her thin, gauzy garments reveal to the best possible advantage her exquisitely moulded form, her loose, tangled black hair, the oriental splendor of her big, dark, almond-shaped eyes, which blaze, and sparkle, and glow, and soften, and send forth wonderful lights and never, never fade, until the very end. Her face is oval, if not rounded by a superabundance of flesh; her mouth small, full, red; her teeth little and white and very even.

AN AWFUL MAKE-UP.

Her hands and feet are tiny and well shaped, but in her zeal to whiten her skin that it may afford a proper contrast to the negress or mulatto who attends her, she daubs it over with a quantity of rice powder, until the effect in many cases is positively ghastly. She has another weakness which is very apparent and that is jewels of all kinds and descriptions. With these she literally bedecks herself, winding long chains about her neck and arms, sticking brooches and pins and pearls in the meshes of her long hair, and filling her slender fingers with rings which weigh them down, and her ears with big stones which almost hide them from view. The graceful mantilla of Spain is in universal use. It is fastened also by jewels and held in place by a comb placed high on the top of the head. The Cubana, in her rocking chair and loose flowing, flimsy gown, would be considered nothing more or less than a shiftless sloven in an American Northern home, where thrift and energy and neatness prevail. But in Cuba, beneath the silvery branches of the spreading palm, where clustering orange trees glisten in the sunlight, and where the orioles flit like flashes of gold among the olive trees, there she finds her natural surroundings, and makes perfect a tropical picture, which would be incomplete without her.

There is this to be said of the Cuban lady, however. While she unmistakably takes her ease, she has in some instances a rather hard time of it. To begin with, when other children are playing with their dolls, and still living in the innocent belief that the good fairy Morgana is the best and wisest fairy in the world, the Cubana is a fully developed woman. Her short, fleeting childhood has almost faded from her memory, and she is brought to the sad realization of the fact that her girlhood will likewise pass her by. She is only 12 or 13, but she already knows this to be true. Her mother talks very plainly to her on the subject. In the end she is convinced that she must make hay while the sun shines, and that

HER ONLY COURSE IS MARRIAGE.

She is told she will grow to be old and plain very soon, but if she is provided with a good husband, it won't make any difference. As far as she is concerned at least. So she lays aside her dolls, packs away her fairy books and buries her childhood in the old chest of drawers which is stowed away out of sight and remembrance. Perhaps she might assert herself, if she had more a mind of her own, or had her education been different. But a girl in Cuba is only taught to embroider, to commit to memory her catechism, and be as well behaved and polite as the good sisters who have had her in charge. Having been impressed with the necessity of keeping silent when in the presence of her elders, she would not dare speak much less give expression to an opinion. The same with her chances of observation, where is she to find them, when she is never under any circumstances permitted to leave the house, unless attended by several servants, and then veiled as in a carriage? Thus it is, La Senorita is timid, shy and apprehensive, with no reliance or confidence, either in herself or in those by whom she is surrounded. To doubt oneself is to doubt others too.

La Senorita doubts most people. Men, the sisters have taught her to distrust and avoid as she would the evil one, but a husband seems to be the only way out of the difficulty, and much as she dreads him and wishes he were anything but what he is, she has come to believe that her mother is right when she says he will be a safeguard and protector. The poor child does long for a protector. The world is such a wicked place! She lives in a continual dread of it—nothing could be worse. She doesn't mind being married very much, because she hasn't the slightest idea what being married means. Any suitor her far-seeing papa and prudent mamma select satisfies her. A "dot" is not absolutely necessary in Cuba, as in France, but very few parents are found willing to give their children away without it.

HER UNROMANTIC COURTSHIP.

La Senorita once engaged, is never permitted to be alone with her prospective husband. He must come every day and say sweet nothings after the most approved fashion of lovers at large, but he must say them in the presence of one or more members of the family, who, once the ceremony is over, look upon him as their lawful prey, taking up their abode in his house if it is large enough, and asking of him all, if not more, than they would feel themselves called upon to expect from a son of their own.

The mode of courtship above alluded to has always been in vogue in Cuba, but the average young man does not take to the custom any more kindly than you or I would under the same circumstances. He longs to clasp the little white hand of his inamorata in his own, and no one can blame him when they take into consideration that human nature is the same everywhere. Finally the marriage takes place, and he can hold the little white hand all day long if he has a mind to, which he hasn't, for once a husband, the average Cuban ceases to be a lover—so do plenty of other men in plenty of other countries, but not quite so speedily or effectually as the Cuban. La Senorita is very pretty in the early years of her wifehood, but children bless the union, and at 25 she is faded, and never even in the beginning is able to control or influence her better half. The mother of a family at 18, she has so many cares and so little character that she has perhaps neither time nor penetration sufficient to note his shortcomings. She is gentle, submissive, faithful, and looks up to her lord and master as to a superior being. She thinks what he thinks, says what he says and does his bidding without question. She is undoubtedly oppressed, but she does not know it. Of the rights of women she has no more idea than a kitten. If she were told she might go to the polls and take a vote, she would ask which pole you meant, the North Pole or the one in the South and if a vote were another name for a boat to get there. If she were put on a stand to lecture on the emancipation of women, she would say that she never before knew that they were slaves. Undoubtedly the life of the Cubana is entirely engrossed with husband and home, and this redounds to her credit. She visits a little and gossips a good deal, but she never walks. It would not be in keeping with the strict code of Cuban etiquette to do so, and no one conforms more strictly to the rigid laws of society than she.

HAPPY AFTER A FASHION.

At best hers must be a monotonous kind of existence. But it is a happy one after a fashion! She neither thinks nor aspires, consequently, she is never cast down or disappointed. Her one ambition is to enjoy herself, and this is easily attained in a land where ease and pleasure prevail. She is perfectly satisfied and sufficient unto herself. She has no flights of imagination and no falls of fancy. She is of the earth earthy! Her poetry lies in the graceful and languid repose which characterizes her. She is a coquette without coquetry! I have seen big red roses that remind one of the Cuban roses, so fragrant, so alluring to the senses, that one feels instinctively like crushing out their sweetness in a long soul-stirring inhalation and then thrusting them aside and passing on. This translated into prosaic English means, I fear, that a little of the Cubana goes a long way! Well, be this as it may, she has one great comfort, of which no one can deprive her. She will always be permitted to live out the years of her life in the calm enjoyment of the rocking chair, and set forth on her journey to the other world absolved of her sins by the church and imposingly buried by her happy-go-lucky husband.

A Cuban may neglect, ill-treat, betray his wife while she lives, but he will not fail to provide a liberal number of paid mourners to properly bewail her when she dies, any more than he will neglect to crown his devotion by erecting a monument far beyond his means to mark her beloved and revered memory.

It must be great consolation to the Cuban woman to know this!

LILLIAN SPENCER.

SWEDISH RAILWAYS.

Some Interesting Facts About the Railroads of That Country.

[Engineering.]

Sweden has 6,000 miles of railway, grouped in three categories of 2,000 miles each. On the first a speed of 30 miles an hour is allowed, the cost of the line being £8,000 a mile, the rails weighing 64 pounds a yard. On the second the speed is confined to 20 miles an hour, the construction of the line being lighter, so that its cost has only been £4,000 a mile, while the road is laid with 50-pound rails. The third description of railway is exceedingly light, although of standard gauge; trains are run on it at 12 miles an hour, the rails being of 35 pounds weight, and the total cost only £2,000 a mile.

Although Sweden is three times as large as England, while its population is not larger than that of London, yet so economically are the railways worked that they realize 3 per cent on the outlay upon them. The designers of them have gone on the principle that the cost of a line is dependent on the speed to be run upon it, and that with moderate speed a very light line is perfectly safe. Proof of the opposite fact, namely, that heavy fast traffic cannot be run with safety over light rails, is found in the much smaller number of accidents in England than on the continent.

UNLUCKY SURAT.

How the Once Principal City of India Has Suffered From Great Disasters.

Three thousand houses were destroyed by the recent fire at Surat. The damage sustained is estimated at Rs.500,000, and 25,000 of the people are now homeless. The water supply was deficient, and the engines were defective, while the firemen, it appears, "bolted." Twenty-eight thousand rupees has been subscribed for the temporary relief of the sufferers. Surat was once the principal commercial city of India, but its prosperity has within the last 50 years been greatly on the wane, owing in great measure to the severity of the disasters, both of fire and flood, to which it has been subjected.

In April, 1837, 10,000 houses were burned down, and later in the same year the people suffered additional loss by the flooding of the Taptee, three-fourths of the city having, it is said, been annihilated. In 1884 the place again suffered greatly from floods. In 1881 the annual value of its seaborne commerce was £1,043,222, while in 1884 this had fallen away to £463,236. In 1811 the population numbered 250,000, and in 1881 only 109,844. In the present case the fire was greatly assisted by the custom of flooring the dwelling houses with dried grass, the houses themselves being constructed almost entirely of wood.

Cupid as a Financier.

[Punxsutawney Spirit.]

"What is love?" howls an enamored poetess. Judging from several years' careful observation, we should say that love is that shrewd business sense which impels a woman to adore a man in proportion to the size of his bank account, and causes the dude to fall prostrate at the feet of an heiress.

With an Eye to Symmetry.

[Boston Herald.]

Mrs. D. Lane—(calling)—Is your servant girl a good laundress?

Mrs. P. Kay—Well, no, she doesn't wash and iron very well. But, oh, she hangs her clothes out so artistically!

She Used Technical Terms.

[Boston Herald.]

Umpire—(to his wife)—I believe I should like some griddle cakes for supper to-night, my dear.

Umpire's wife—(from the kitchen, not long after)—Batter up!

No $10 Bonnets for Her.

[Clothier and Furnisher.]

Husband—You want a bonnet and I want a pair of trousers, and I have only got $10.

Wife (sobbing)—You don't suppose I can get a bonnet for $10, do you?

From Their Standpoint.

Mr. Devon Wilbyshire—What's all this dayylish fuss about, deah boy?

Mr. Savenache Hawthorne—I believe these American fellahs are canonizing some old fossil that invented a pie or something.—*Judge.*

BLACK goods for summer wear—elegant imported robe patterns—entirely new designs, exclusive styles.

MWFSu HUGUS & HACKE.

IN THE PINE WOODS.

A Lost Tourist's Experience in the Wilds of Southern Florida.

A PEEP AT CRACKER HOME LIFE.

One Neck of the Woods Where the Girls Can Hoe Their Own Row.

HOW THEY MANAGE TO ENJOY LIFE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

He was a long, lean, lank man, with cowhide boots and a general air of indolence. A dejected-looking straw hat shaded his sallow and pinched features; a brownish shirt, over the shoulders of which a piece of string did duty as a trouser supporter, was noticeable because of its rustiness; faded jean pants covered his nether extremities.

It was in the southern part of De Soto county, one of the most southerly inhabitable sections of Florida; the sun was setting and the aforesaid queer looking fellow lazily plied his hoe in the sandy loam as the writer, who had lost himself in the pine woods, sought for information as to the exact spot he occupied on the earth just then.

"Can you tell me the road to the nearest village?" was the query that commenced the conversation.

The disheveled man ceased his work for a moment, looked at the questioner, pondered a second and answered with great deliberation: "The road to Arcadia, eh?"

Emphatic demonstrations of assent on the part of the stranger, and gradual absorption of the idea by the one first addressed.

"Wal (meditatively), it's about two looks ahead, I reckon."

"Two looks? Is that one, two or three miles?"

"Just about," said the countryman, gravely.

"About one mile or two miles or three miles?" (with an effort).

"It's one o' them three," and the indefinite gentleman proceeded to hoe in the most self-satisfied manner imaginable.

"How long do you suppose it would take a person to walk there?" asked the desperate stranger calmly.

"Right smart o' walkin'," explained the informant with a brow indicating deep thought, and then added: "Are ye lost?"

"Well, not exactly lost, but I can't find the way; the road's disappeared."

"Ye'd best stop over," suggested the cracker (for he was a Florida native.) «'I don't go much to town myself. Once a month does me, and then I gits bacon, and grits, and coffee and all the stuff I need."

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

The prospect was not inviting either way. To continue the journey meant probably a night in the woods or a reposeful sleep with the moccasin snakes and other cheerful companions to be found in the "hummocks" of Florida. To stay over was almost as bad. The hospitable native was the proud possessor of a hut in a little clearing. It was a log hut with interstices between the logs that the builder had never found time to fill. A tumble-down clay chimney held its tottering frame against the wall of the shanty, and threatened at every moment to topple over. A thin curl of smoke circling over the roof lead the hungry traveler to believe preparations for supper were under way.

"Have you accommodations?" ventured the man in distress.

"We'll manage," was the reassuring reply, and he lead the way to his domicile. The steps were small boards laid on insecure blocks; a porch stretched its 5 by 8 dimensions before the front door, and a sparsely furnished interior presented itself to view. It was bare of carpet, matting and almost furniture, the unpainted pine not being even protected with a coat of paint. With all due respect for the lady of the mansion, she was not a belle. She wore an ornamented yellow sacque with glittering steel buttons, but the glory of the sacque was gone. Sundry grease spots loomed up prominently on it, as well as on the calico skirt that had in some mysterious manner become unfastened at one side, and looked the pennant of a vessel in distress. She had the appearance of being worried, and was engaged, when first seen, in rubbing her face with a small piece of dampened cloth. It is painful to remark that her dirt colored hair hung in luxuriant "tats" about her brow, while her hands were not clean, and a particular person would have shuddered to see her manipulate the cooking utensils.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN.

"Would you like to squent your thirst with a glass of water?" asked this cracker, who certainly possessed the redeeming quality of hospitality.

Having "squented" his thirst the stranger went into the kitchen and had an opportunity of seeing with what a limited supply of household goods a native Floridan can do. A rickety stove held tremblingly together in one corner; an unplaned pine table, consisting of two boards, occupied the central position, while a chair and a three-legged stool were the articles ranged along the wall. Everything was extremely simple and when the meal was served no unnecessary furbelows and flubdubs introduced by artificial custom, were to be seen. An iron fork and knife were laid at each plate and the banquet soon began.

"Have some tea?" kindly inquired the host. He was unaware that he was perpetrating a humorism. The tea was pale, very pale; in fact if it had not been called tea no one would have suspected the fact, but the man and woman drank the decoction with evident delight, and appeared, by the depressed enthusiasm, to consider it an ambrosial liquid. Besides tea there was bacon and hominy, called in this section grits. The light supper was soon dispatched, and in its course the host told some of his life history. He had been living there 20 years. The hut was built soon after he settled on the spot, and it has not been disturbed since. A chair and three-legged stool were all the articles of the kind he had in the world (one of us sat on a box), and his clearing provided him with food. He raised most of his vegetables, and for the other things he worked an occasional day at a more prosperous neighbors. Thus he and his wife lived year in and year out. He gracefully admitted neither could read nor write. Both "dipped" snuff, both looked very unhealthy, and both were, as to their persons, dreadfully unclean.

The next morning, after a night spent on a heap of corn husks on the floor, the road to civilization was found and the good people who knew no better, nor wanted to know any better, were bade good-by.

SOME FLORIDA HUSTLERS.

But not all the natives of Florida are like these people. There are some bright, intelligent fellows, who have received the advantage of a limited education, who are anxious to push ahead, and who are doing it, too. For instance, there's Major ——. He has an enormous nose of a bright carmine tint that swaggers down street with the Major in the most effusively jocular way imaginable. This nose has the appearance of being able to whip any two politicians in the county, and as it bounds along it seems to exult in its blushes, and laughs and leers and asks: "Ain't I a corker?"

Well, the Major and his nose are well-known characters in a certain place, and nothing pleases them better than to get into earnest discussions in which the law is laid down in the most convincing way in the world. The explanation of the politics of any nation is mere child's play for the Major, who is thoroughly well posted on matters artistic and scientific, no matter how abstruse. The needs of each State in the Union are like an unsealed book to the Major, while the markets and yellow fever are subjects of inexhaustible possibilities.

"Aren't you afraid of yellow fever, Major?"

"Nonsense! Now, why should I be afraid of yellow fever? If handled in time and strict quarantine regulations are made there is no danger."

"Are not sporadic cases liable to occur in any section of the State?"

"So it is said, but as for me I don't in the least fear this spasmodic yellow fever.

"Another thing," continues the Major with gratitude unexpressed but evident, "that will benefit us is the decline of coffee. Yes, sah, coffee is going down, and it will be of great benefit to this State, for, you know, Floridians are the greatest consulters of coffee in the Union." The Major and his nose then beamed approvingly on his auditor and departed, remarking that he wished it would rain soon, so the water would "percolate" his potatoes and thereby rapidly mature them.

THE GAY GAZELLES.

But the most interesting thing in South Florida is the young lady native. She is not always pretty, but she invariably is blessed with bounding health and isn't ashamed of it. Her waist is something like 38 inches, and as for tight laces she doesn't know them. She does any and all kind of work—chiefly farm laboring. She can handle a plow, ride a harrow, manipulate a horse rake, and make herself generally useful. The fact that the women of some European countries perform, what is in America considered man's labor, is well known. It is not generally understood, however, that in some of the southern portions of Florida there are farms, orange groves and sugar plantations worked entirely by female labor. The girls are usually the daughters of the farmers themselves and are utilized for this work because there is nothing else for them to do. The domestic duties are extremely light; the sewing is limited, for the dresses are not many, and to keep the fair creatures employed their considerate fathers put them at plowing and "sich." However, this is not so formidable as it sounds. After the land is once broken up the plowing is very light, for the furrow is not much more than three inches deep and the soil is sandy and easily separated.

FLORIDA FUN.

These young women have not, on the whole, such an unlovely existence. They have parties, dances and various entertainments, and the fact of their turning the furrow does not prevent the swains from paying gallant attention to them.. Candy pullings and "fish-frys" are two popular forms of entertainment. Instead of the idiotic small talk and senseless drivel to be heard in more refined and pretentious circles in the North, the bouncing damsels gravely discuss the crops, and "Say, Liza Jane, how's your corn?" is not an infrequent introduction to a delightful tete-a-tete between young man and maiden. These young women dress in calico, wear brogans in summer, boots in winter, and a smile all the year around. They are not a bit bashful, and thaw out, after an introduction to a total stranger, quite rapidly.

"Yes, I do the hoin' and Mary does the plowin'," explained one confiding female. "That's jist because we've got in the way. I 'low I kin do the hoin' better and Mary, she 'lows she kin plow best. Yes, the crops is splendid. We'll have no end o' grey, big watermelons and ef the cows don't steal 'em out we'll have a nice lot."

When it comes to horseback riding you should see them. They probably have never seen a female saddle in their lives, but when they plump on a man's saddle, throw one limb (the right) over the high pommel, the left in the strap above the stirrup, and go careering through the thin pine woods, nothing can shake them off. I.

HE ONLY SHAVED STRANGERS.

A Traveling Man Has a Rough Experience in a Country Barber Shop.

[Chicago Herald.]

These commercial travelers some times encounter ludicrous experiences while going through the country. One of them, who was in the habit of shaving himself while on the road, forgot his razor when he went on his last trip, and he was consequently obliged to patronize the gay and festive tonsorial parlors in the small towns of Michigan. Everything went smoothly until he struck Roots, a small town which is not on any map. This Roots, by the way, is an Indian name, its origin being Cheroots, the title of an Indian tribe which used to hang out in the vicinity. The name had been abbreviated and modernized into the plebeian name it now hold—Roots.

The drummer in search of a shave strolled into a shop in this amateur town one morning. A small boy appeared to be the only attendant on deck. The traveling man took a seat in the chair, the boy lathered him thoroughly, after which he made just one pass at his countenance. That was enough, however. "I guess you have not shaved many people, have you?" asked the drummer. In an innocent and artless way, and with a winning smile, the boy answered: "No, de boss only lets me shave strangers." The drummer took the razor, stood in front of the glass, shaved himself and gave the boy a dime. Then he walked out, remarking: "I'm not sorry I spoke."

Truth Crushed to Earth.

[Time.]

Mistress—Has any one called, James?

Servant—One lady, mum.

Mistress—Did she ask for me?

Servant—She mentioned yer name and described ye as about 40. I said it wasn't you, mum.

Mistress—Quite right. Here's a quarter, James.

Servant—Thank ye, mum. I said ye was over 50, mum.

Mistress—James! Take a month's notice!

A BOON *to Housewives.*

The farmer and working man who have been out in the mud all day can wash their boots clean before entering the house. They will be Soft, Polished and Dry, if dressed with

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes housekeeping easier.

Saves Sweeping and Scrubbing.

The boots will wear a great deal longer, will not get stiff and hard in snow water or rain, and will be WATERPROOF. Ladies, try it, and insist that your husband and sons use it. Once a week for Gents' Shoes and once a month for Ladies'.

Unequaled as a Harness Dressing and Preserver

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.

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The MOST COMPLETE STOCK in the city.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

Mrs. Dunlap's Strange Story—Snatched From a Fate Worse Than Death by Dr. Smith, the Magnetic Physician,

AT 502 PENN AVENUE.

Mrs. Robert Dunlap, who resides at Mount Pleasant, Pa., has been a great sufferer for the past six years. Upward of six years ago she began to suffer from constipation, which was accompanied by pain in the small of the back, which extended to the head and eyes. She complained of a pain in the eyeballs which was aggravated by moving the eyes. Whenever she was obliged to be on her feet for any length of time she was tormented with a dragging sensation through her hips and most distressing pain in the lower part of the bowels. Six months from the beginning of her sufferings she began to be annoyed with piles. At each movement of the bowels pile tumors came down which had to be replaced. As the months and years went by her sufferings increased until life became a burden to her. She had exhausted the skill of several physicians and had become thoroughly discouraged. She suffered severely from hemorrhage of the bowels, which was almost a daily occurrence. Mrs. Dunlap became extremely nervous, and the dread and fear of the suffering that she knew she must pass through daily constantly haunted her. Added to the terrible suffering produced by the piles was the torture caused by displacement of the womb, which doubly increased her agony; she had great pain on top, through the fore part of the head, attended by a bearing-down sensation, with pain through the limbs and back, accompanied by a general lassitude or weakness. About six weeks ago she saw a notice in one of the daily papers of the remarkable cures that are being made by Dr. Smith, the magnetic physician at 502 Penn avenue, and decided to consult him. She did so and began treatment at once, and to-day Mrs. Dunlap is enjoying good health. She was entirely cured of piles and of female weakness in four weeks.

Dr. Smith cures all forms of female complaints without the use of instruments or exposure of the person; he also cures ruptures or hernia, piles, fistula or fissure without the use of the knife, detention from business or pain to the patient. All chronic diseases are cured by Dr. Smith. Rheumatism, neuralgia, fits, stammering, dropsy, nervous debility, no matter from what cause, kidney troubles, scrofula, skin diseases, blindness, deafness, constipation, dyspepsia, paralysis, varicose ulcers and veins, weakness and irritation of the nerves of the brain, sleeplessness, heart disease, diseases of the blood of every description, and all kinds of tumors. He cures cancer in less time and with less pain than by any other method. Dr. Smith also performs all surgical operations. He is located at 502 Penn avenue, and may be consulted free of charge from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. He will cure you after all other means fail.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HAVE YOU READ THE THRILLING NARRATIVE JUST PUBLISHED?

"A WOMAN OF SOREK,"

By ANTHONY GOULD.

For sale by all the principal newsdealers, or forwarded upon receipt of the price, Fifty Cents, by the.

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