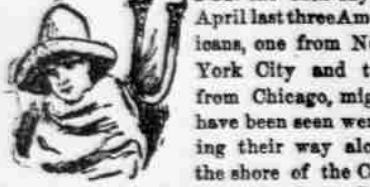


SEEN IN NICARAGUA.

Snap Shots Taken in the Country of Rubber and Hurricanes.
A CHAT WITH THE GOVERNOR.
The Indians Imagine Uncle Sam Would Be Kind to Their Race.
PICTURES OF CAPE GRACIAS A DIAS

FROM the 14th day of April last three Americans, one from New York City and two from Chicago, might have been seen wending their way along the shore of the Caribbean Sea, in northern Honduras, Central America, en route from the mouth of the beautiful Croach river to Cape Gracias, in Nicaragua, 30 miles away. The hard sand of the seashore made a better path than the best sidewalk. One Indian pony to ride turn about and one to carry the baggage reduced the fatigue of the trip to a minimum. On the morning of the second day, however, the broncho concluded that he could "go it alone," and alone he went for the remainder of the journey, as no one could long remain on him when he went through the wonderful evolutions known only to broncho acrobats. The expression of that beast's eyes might have been amusing had not his beholders become too sore every way to be amused. After getting lost and sleeping on the sand one night the party arrived at the home of A. Isaac Green, a Welshman, for the last 20 years in this country. He lives in an Indian settlement called Alaya, six miles above the mouth of the Wauca river, this river being the boundary between Honduras and Nicaragua. With true English hospitality he was invited to rest in his hammock and await "coffee." This came in a few minutes accompanied by cream, sugar, cakes and candy. For weeks we had not seen sugar or cream. Cakes and candy were indeed luxuries. Seated upon three soap-boxes with the earth



FROM THE 14TH DAY OF APRIL LAST THREE AMERICANS, ONE FROM NEW YORK CITY AND TWO FROM CHICAGO, MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEEN WENDING THEIR WAY ALONG THE SHORE OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA, IN NORTHERN HONDURAS, CENTRAL AMERICA, EN ROUTE FROM THE MOUTH OF THE BEAUTIFUL CROACH RIVER TO CAPE GRACIAS, IN NICARAGUA, 30 MILES AWAY.

The sight of the village are found along the water front, where may be seen at all times many canoes, pit-pans, a few sail-boats and yaws. Some of the canoes are of immense size and sometimes gaily painted, as well as otherwise ornamented. On this day we saw one very large canoe, hewn from a mammoth mahogany tree. It was manned by a dozen or more Indians just down from the mountains with a load of rubber. They find a ready market for, and return loaded with the groceries, provisions and dry-goods of English and American traders.

TO THE HOUNDS' MUSIC

Rides a Gay Cavalcade in the Famous Fox Chases of England.
LUXURY OF THE HUNT BREAKFAST.
The Idea of Sport Across the Sea Very Different From Oura.

PROSPECTS FOR THE CUSTOM HERE

Fashion is at her best when the making men and women love horses, dogs, hounds, swimming and all out of door games—when she prescribes physical culture. It is a good thing to see a man play lawn tennis under a hot sun for hours; you feel that that man could storm a battery. Nothing is more cheering to the lover of all physical culture than the hunting, shooting, boating and driving mania in the United States. Hunting and shooting are sometimes used as synonym terms in America. In England they mean quite different things. Hunting is "riding to hounds" without firearms, letting the dogs kill poor puss, as the fox is called; while shooting is to tramp over field, mountain and through forest, gun in hand, to kill deer, grouse or partridge, accompanied by dogs. The 12th of August is the momentous day, the first of the grouse shooting. Everyone who can afford it, or has a friend who can afford it, is off for the moor on the 11th to kill a bag. The first of September (partridge) and the first of October (pheasant shooting) are gala days, and the man who cannot handle a gun is little thought of. Even August is reserved for hunters meet at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning for cub hunting, which amusement is all over by 11 or 12.

WINTER WATERING PLACE.
As the winter comes on the real hunting begins, and lasts until late in March. In the midland counties this is a special feature. Melton, in Leicestershire, is a noted hunting rendezvous. People (many Americans) take "boxes" there for the season, which are large houses, and include a kitchen with diners, dancing and card parties. It is a sort of winter watering place without any water, where the wine flows in streams and the ladies are generally wearing gowns filled every morning "in case of accidents," while out with the hounds. An enthusiast in riding can be in the saddle 10 or 12 hours out of every day, except Sunday, which is a dull day at Melton.

Once or twice during the season a hunting breakfast is given in the house where the meet takes place. This is a pretty scene. All sorts of neat broughams, dog carts, and old family carriages bring the ladies, who wear as much ermine as good taste will allow. Ladies with their children come to these breakfasts, which are sumptuous affairs. Great rounds of cold beef, game patties and salads are spread out. All sorts of drinks, from beer to champagne, and various "cups" are offered. One of the ladies of the house sits at the head of the table, with a large antique silver urn before her, and with tea and coffee ready for her to bring to the ladies and gentlemen who come on horseback, and look very pretty in their habits.

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR FEATS.
These Dinners dismount and cut slices of beef, and make impromptu sandwiches for their friends outside, who have not dismounted. The daughters of the house stand on the steps, while liveried servants hand around cake and wine, and others carry fuming tankards of ale and liberal slices of cheese among the farmers and attendants of the kennel.

The hounds are gathered in a group, the master standing in the center cranking a whip, and calling the hounds by name. Two or three masters of neighboring packs are talking to the master of the hounds. He is one of the prominent gentlemen of the county who holds forth as something sacred, and the killing of a fox otherwise than in a legitimate manner as one of the seven deadly sins.

"Twelve o'clock strikes, and everyone begins to stir. Generally the hunt is off at 11, but in honor of this breakfast a delay has been allowed. The huntsman mounts his horse and blows his horn; the hounds gather around him, and the whole field starts out. They are going to draw the covers at some large plantation above the park. The half race, placed before each guest, have been stopped for miles around, so that the fox once started has no refuge to make for and is compelled to give the horses a run.

LIKE ALL ENGLISH SPORTS.
It is a mean, cowardly sport, and no fair to the animal. It is a pretty sight. The hounds go first, and their noses to the ground, search for the scent. The hunters and whippers-in, professional sportsmen, in seat and coat, and velvet jockey caps, ride immediately next to them, followed by the field. In a little while a confusion of rumors and cries is heard in the wood, as the fox is blown on the horn, and the frequent cracking of whips, which sound is used to keep the hounds in order, has all the effect of a succession of pistol shots.

"Hark! the fox has broken cover," and a repeated cry of "Tally Ho!" bursts from the wood.

Away go the hounds, full cry, and what sportsmen call "their music," something between a bay and yelp, is indeed a pleasant sound, heard as it always is under circumstances calculated to give it a romantic character. A fox has no "tail" and no "feet" in hunting parlance, he has only a "brush" and "pads." The person who is "in at the death" receives the "brush" and "pads." The hunt if a privileged body in England, and can make gaps in fences and break down walls with impunity. The farmer never complains. The poor creature who has made such a desperate run for his life must be killed at any cost.

MAY BECOME AN INFERRUCTION.
In America the sport began in Virginia in the last century, and no doubt in our great West and South it will some day become as recognized an institution as in England. We have room enough for it, too much perhaps. Shooting should be reserved, from the Adirondacks to the Mississippi, a recognized sport, as it was once a necessity. If American gentlemen can only fix on five months of the year which they can devote to sport, as the Englishmen do, it may rival that of Great Britain. Unfortunately, American gentlemen are bringing down other kinds of game in 12 months of the year. We cannot help thinking, however, that shooting a buck in the Adirondacks is a more manly sport than shooting one in the States.

No one who has ever had the privilege of doing it will forget his first drive through the delights of an English park. The herds and stags of the Scotch red deer that runs through the old oaks and beeches are kept both for show and for the table, for park deer venison is a more delicious morsel than the flesh of the Scotch red deer that runs wild in the moor. Antler, brown and mottled, with branching antlers which serve admirably for offensive and defensive weapons, the deer browses in groups, the doe and fawns generally keeping apart from the more lively bucks. The park-keeper knows them all, and when one is shot the hides, horns and antlers become his perquisites.

WHAT NOBILITY CALLS SPORT.
The method of shooting a buck is, however, that the keeper's assistants drive the herd in a certain direction previously agreed upon. The sight is a very pretty one. The keeper stations himself, rifle in hand, in the fork of some convenient tree along the route. He takes aim at the intended victim, and at the ominous report the scared herd scampers away faster than ever, leaving the hunter to hunt for himself. It is very much like going out to shoot a cow. There is occasionally a bit of venison and an attempt to renew the scenes of Robin Hood and Sherwood forest, and the hounds are let out, but it is a sham after all, as they are trained not to kill the deer. The stag in this instance is given a certain start, being carried bound in a cart to a certain point, whence he is released and the chase commences. Thus the same stag may be hunted a number of times and be none the worse for which is not the way they do it in the Adirondacks.

American venison is higher flavored meat than English, and should be only partly roasted before the fire, then cut in slices and served with jelly and gravy, and

THE MISSISSIPPI IN BAD SHAPE

Shoals in the Upper River Have Caused the Stoppage of Packet Boats.
St. Paul, Sept. 5.—There is a great commotion among shippers by way of the Mississippi river to St. Louis and other points over the discontinuance of the running of all steamer to St. Paul. Charles H. Fetoh, General Manager of the St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis Packet Company, spoke bitterly against the handling of the reservoirs and dams at Pokegama, on the Upper Mississippi, which resulted in low water. When the appropriations were obtained from Congress he had understood they were to be making improvements in interest of navigation. All owners of river boats, however, had discovered that they were operated entirely in the interest of lumbermen at Little Falls, Minneapolis, Winona and La Crosse. As long as the lumbermen controlled the water, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa shippers along the Mississippi must suffer.

At the office of the Government engineers here it was claimed that there was much water in the river between St. Paul and Winona as a year ago, but that the trouble was further south near Dubuque, Burlington, Rock Island and Davenport. It was said that the shoals had been growing worse and worse for two years, and that navigation among them had been extremely difficult. The boats only run as far north as Davenport, Ia.

Cotton Crop Reported Damaged.
FLORENCE, Ala., Sept. 5.—The effect of cool weather on the cotton crop is beginning to be noticed now and the prospect for a good crop is more gloomy at present than has been at any during the year. The August crop is shedding its squares and young bolls rapidly, which in addition to

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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It may masquerade as "absolutely pure"; perhaps you *think* it is; but you may *know* whether it is adulterated with ammonia or not if you **Test it.** Mix one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with one spoonful of water in a tin cup; boil thoroughly for a few moments, stir to prevent burning, and if ammonia is present you can smell it in the rising steam. As baking powder, when thrown into water, will effervesce, do not mistake bubbling for boiling.

There is no ammonia, no alum, no adulteration whatever in Cleveland's baking powder, and in the laboratory and in the kitchen
Cleveland's Baking Powder Stands all Tests.

SCROFULA

eczema, tetter, boils, ulcers, sores, rheumatism, and catarrh, cured by taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It purifies, vitalizes, invigorates, and enriches the blood.
Has Cured Others will cure you.



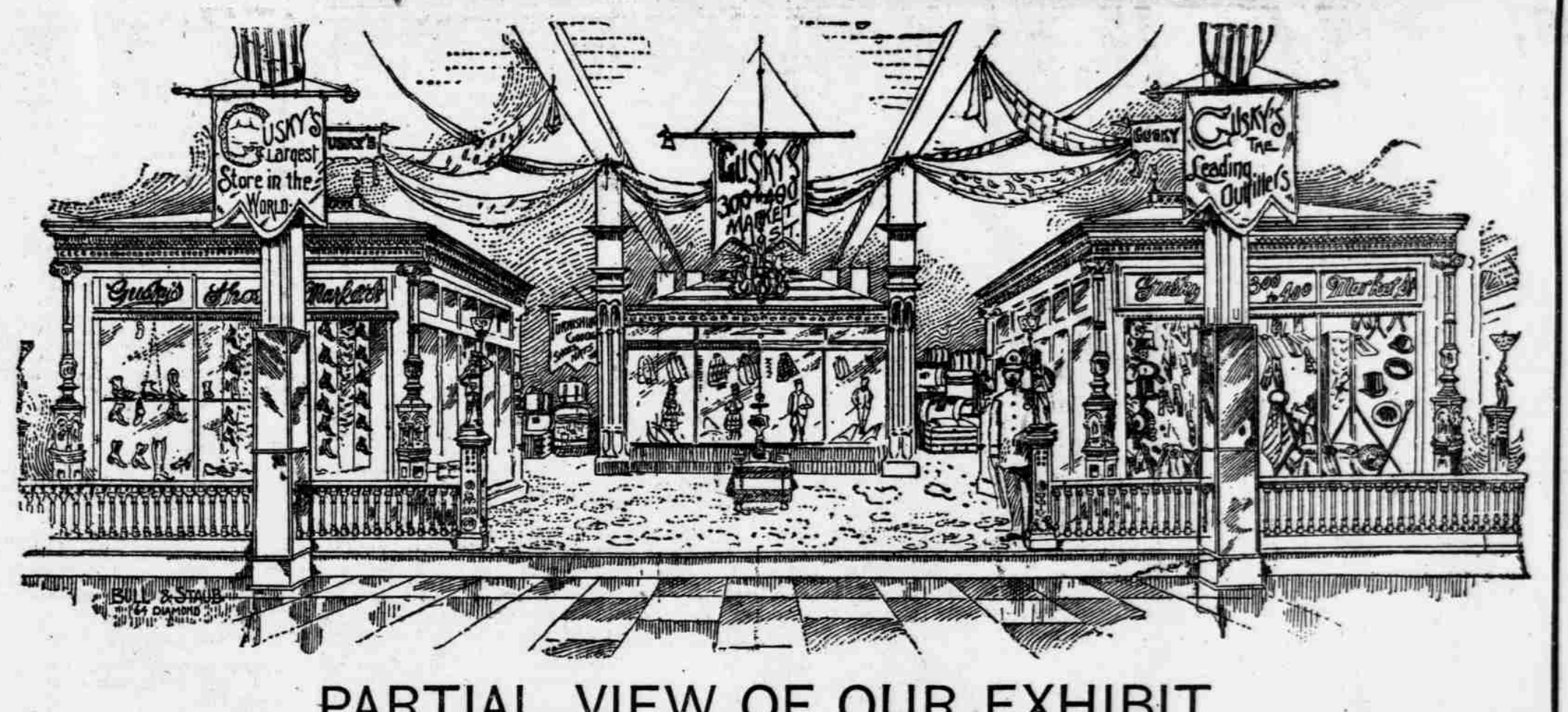
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ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER,
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Cincinnati, O. Cabnets, \$1 to \$4 per dozen; portfolios, \$1 per dozen. Telephone 1251. 115-75-11723

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COR. TENTH ST. AND PENN AVE.

GUSKY'S GRAND EXHIBIT AT THE EXPOSITION

Is, indeed, a fine one, attracting the attention and calling forth the admiration of all visitors, our celebrated cornetist proving a formidable rival to Cappa's Famous Band.



PARTIAL VIEW OF OUR EXHIBIT.

BUT THE UNRIVALED DISPLAY OF FALL MERCHANDISE NOW ON VIEW AT

OUR COLLOSSAL BAZAR

IS A STILL GREATER CENTER OF ATTRACTION TO INTENDING PURCHASERS OF

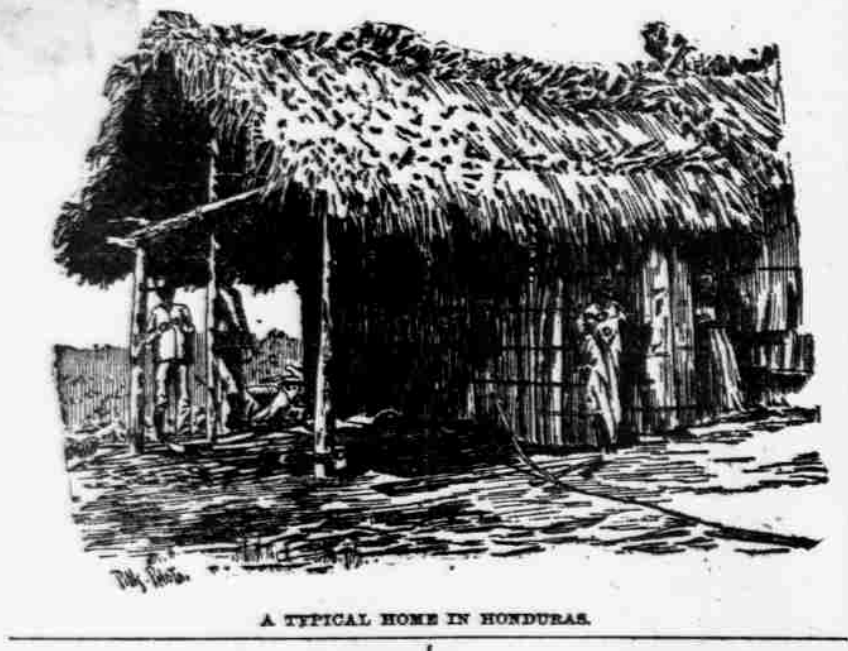
CLOTHING For Men, Boys and Children. FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES.

GUSKY'S WE HEREBY EXTEND GUSKY'S

A hearty welcome to all visitors to the Great Exposition to make our store their headquarters while in the city. We do this entirely regardless of whether you may desire to make a purchase or not. Come in and we will be glad to see you, to check your baggage free and give you all the information we can.

Our mammoth store, with its many conveniences, is entirely at your disposal. WE KEEP OPEN HOUSE DURING THE EXPOSITION.

300 TO 400 MARKET STREET



A TYPICAL HOME IN HONDURAS.

very easy process—simply doubling up in a warm hammock indoors, without coat or shoes. I preferred my own broad hammock and blanket, under a tree, notwithstanding a few mosquitoes. I had a good night's sleep. I shall not forget that night. Before getting to sleep, and at frequent intervals between naps I heard the most dolorous sounds that ever came from human lips. It is impossible to give any idea of them. The next morning even after sunrise for an hour or two the sounds continued incessantly. It is difficult to say what it was the custom of the Indians to mourn for dead relative or friend for one year from the date of death. And this was done through two women, who select special nights and days for this duty. For one year the spirit of the dead is supposed to hover around the living and to be capable of knowing whether or not his loss is properly lamented.

THE CATTLE AND THE RUBBER

Next day we went to look at Mr. Green's cattle and horses, 400 and more in number. They are well attended by three or more herders mounted on swift horses. The stock without an exception looked sleek and fat. In addition to the herding business Mr. Green is engaged in the rubber industry. The trees and consequently the camp are about 75 miles up the Wauca river, where he stays most of his time. Indians cut the trees and bring the sap to camp, where it is allowed to congeal in holes dug in the ground. In the crude lump state, but sometimes in the sheet form, it is sent to New York and Liverpool.

TRUSSES, ETC.

The largest stock of trusses, shoulder braces, etc., in the city.
J. W. Thompson has charge of the fitting department, 909 Penn avenue, near Ninth street, Pittsburg, Pa. Open Saturday evenings.

A Suggestion.

There is no surer investment to capitalists or those having surplus moneys than to build houses and stores at Kensington, the new manufacturing and residence city on the A. Y. R. E. 18 miles from Pittsburg. Ten large manufacturers are now located, which will employ 2,500 men. Houses and stores are in demand, either to rent or sell. 120 houses are now built and 100 more in course of construction. Examine the new city and its promising future.
Free tickets furnished at our office, No. 86 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg.

Excursion to Wheeling.

To the West Virginia State Fair the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will sell excursion tickets from September 7 to 11 inclusive, good to return until September 12, at half rates.

Pilner Suits Customers.

That's why our first-class saloons sell this celebrated beer. It's health drink. Telephone for it to the Iron City Brewing Company. Telephone 1186.

STORE and office furniture to order.

HAUGH & KRESAN, 86 Water street.

Bargains in Second-Hand Pianos and Organs—137 Federal St., Allegheny.

We have a large stock of good instruments which we have taken in exchange for the favorite Everrett pianos. We need the room they occupy and will give you a bargain. Come early and get first choice, as we are going to sell them regardless of cost.

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