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### IN LOVELY ANDALUSIA.

IMPRESSIONS OF A FAIR CITY ON GIBRALTAR STRAITS.

Beautiful Pictures on the Portuguese Coast. A City Founded by the Phoenicians, 1100 B. C.—The Three Grades of Society as Shown in the Public Promenades.

There is a curious little city on the Gibraltar straits. It is called Cadiz. Some 300 years ago a man named Columbus sailed from there on a cruise to the westward. Before he returned he discovered some islands.

It would appear that the little city is still celebrating the return of Columbus, for it is ever a gala day in Cadiz. Laughter and pleasure are in the very air.

No port in Spain is more charming than this pretty little capital of famed Andalusia. Just the place for a man-of-war to make after a hard cruise on the coast of Africa or a week's drill at target practice out at sea.

It was a lovely run down the Portuguese coast from Lisbon; a trifle warm; but what was this when offset by the cool evenings so characteristic of the Spanish Portuguese climes? As we neared port on the morning of the second day, carrying all sail and a full head of steam, the corvette fairly gamboled over the water. The haze which had been enveloping the contour of the coast line gradually lifted, presenting to the gaze of officers and crew Andalusia in all her beauty, charm and grandeur. Many fishing craft came in view, and as the corvette surged past the boatmen raised their caps in respect to the flag flying from the peak end.

#### ATTRACTIVE FEATURES.

The appearance of the city from the anchorage is beautiful in the extreme. The several convent and castle crowned hills are the background of a lovely picture. Especially on a moonlit night the harbor is to be seen in all its beauty.

From the shores the strains of music from the military bands in the parks are wafted across the water, while among the dazzling glimmer of lights the gay promenaders can be seen winding in and out along the Alameda. As the night advances the gay scenes close, and save now and then the black specter of a huge steamer gliding silently by, or the tinkling of a little convent bell away back in the hills, nothing breaks the silence of the night.

Cadiz is perhaps not so well known to Americans as many cities of less importance. Situated apart from the main highway of travel, and having but little direct commerce with the United States, it is seldom visited by our countrymen on matters of business, except when passengers aboard one of the Royal Mail steamers or en route to some of the colonies are enabled, by a short stop over, to obtain a cursory glance at this quaint and most interesting of Spanish seaports.

The city was founded about 1100 B. C. by the Phoenicians, who was called it Cadiz. It successively passed into the

hands of the Carthaginians and Romans, the latter giving it the name of Gades. Then passing into the power of the Goths it was again taken in 711, this time by the Arabs. The Spaniards got control in 1262, and named the place Cales. It was known by this name when captured and sacked by the English in 1596. The loss of the city and the immense treasure held there at the time caused almost general bankruptcy in Spain. Time and again the English attacked this beautiful city, and each time it was successfully defended. It was surrounded by the French during 1810 and 1812, being at that time the seat of the Central National Junta. Wellington's approach raised the siege of Marshal Victor's forces.

#### LIKE ONE LONG HOLIDAY.

Cadiz has long been associated with the liberal movements in Spain, and has been conspicuous during more than one crisis in Spanish affairs. In fact, the first movement which overthrew Queen Isabella took place in Cadiz, Sept. 17, 1808. Unlike most European cities, the name of Cadiz is recognized by all countries. We get Vienna out of "Wien," Lisbon out of "Lisboa," by what right I do not know. The Spaniards write the name of the Quaker City "Filadelfia" and New York "Nuevo-Yorko."

In an evening stroll upon the lovely Alameda one has an excellent opportunity to observe the beauty of the Andalusian women. Three parallel walks divide the people in their amusements as rigidly as any mark of caste. In the center is the promenade for the upper classes and the military. On the right runs the walk of the middle class, and on the left that of the peasantry and common soldiers. The young women were all accompanied by duennas or chaperons. Here and there along the Alameda stood a brilliant cafe. All the women are dressed modestly in Parisian attire, and their beauty is certainly extraordinary.

Cadiz has a clean appearance, due largely to the white stone used in building. The streets are narrow but regularly laid out. Around the outskirts of Cadiz runs the Alameda boulevard. It is very fine. Throughout the city are numerous squares, some large, others small. They offer a refreshing retreat, among the numerous tropical plants, to the heated pedestrian. These squares all connect with the Alameda.

The private dwellings are usually several stories in height. The ground floor is retained for a store room, and different families occupy the several flats. The fantastic manner in which the houses are built on the hillsides, and the utter disregard to grading makes the tops of some houses on a level with the first floors of the others. On the exterior the appearance of the dwelling is plain save for the bright hued tiles of varied colors. Large, heavy iron doors secure the entrance, and this is usually attended, as in France, by a concierge. The interior fittings are very fine. An exquisite taste, and in most cases lavish expenditure in furniture, rugs, bric-a-brac, and unique ornaments characterize the arrangements.—New York Times.

### ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED.

HEROIC DEFENSE OF A SHIP ATTACKED BY A SAVAGE HORDE.

An Adventure in the South Pacific Ocean in 1835—Dusky Savages, Who Fought with Spades—Capt. Jones Whipped a Hundred of the Fiends.

About 1835 Capt. Silas Jones, now president of the First National bank of this town, sailed from Wood's Hole as third officer in the ship Awashonks, Capt. Collins, on a four years' cruise in the South Pacific ocean. This voyage was one of most intense excitement and hairbreadth adventure, and, while Capt. Jones is of a quiet and unassuming character and not fond of putting his glory before the world, yet your correspondent obtained a story full of interest and one that is not known to have been published, although in years past it was a theme of much discussion.

The vessel had a crew of about thirty-five men, including captain, first, second and third officers, and made the voyage around Cape Horn without incident. She cruised about the South seas, and when eighteen months out had 900 barrels of fine oil in her hold.

#### "WHERE ONLY MAN IS VILE."

Closing in with a group of islands just north of the equator, Capt. Collins decided to make a trade with the natives. The ship was hove to, with most of her sails set, in a small bay where the calm water reflected the strip of white sand, green palms and tropical plants that skirted its margin as well as the purple hills of the interior.

A number of native dugouts put out to the ship and made fast to her chains, and the savages clambered over the vessel's rail. At a favorable signal a fierce yell burst from their dusky throats, causing the ears of those who heard it to tremble and their hearts to quail. In less time than it takes to write it the ship's decks were full of natives, and the unarmed crew made for the rigging, jib-booms and fore-castle, in fact anywhere to escape the bloodthirsty islanders.

The fight that ensued was a desperate and indiscriminate melee. The natives had been so sure of a surprise that they had formed no plan of attack, depending entirely on their overwhelming numbers. At the first rush Capt. Collins and the second mate were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with some of the savages who had availed themselves of the ship's cutting in spades, and the poor men were immediately hacked to pieces. Thomas Gifford, of Falmouth, a seaman, made a bolt for the fore-castle, and received a blow from a spade. He carries the scar across his forehead to this day, and it is a most unpleasant reminder of that bloody massacre.

Capt. Jones, then a youth of about 20, found himself surrounded by a number of infuriated natives, each struggling for a whack at him with the keen edged spades. He managed to parry the blows, jumping into the vessel's hold and crawling among the tiers of oil casks into the cabin. Here he found the steward

and two scamen on the floor, covered with wounds, inflicted by the murderous spades. The rest of the ship's company were either aloft or cooped up in the fore-castle. In one corner of the cabin was the magazine containing the muskets and ammunition. Seizing the muskets, Capt. Jones gave them to the wounded men to load, while he set about rescuing the Awashonks.

#### ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED.

The natives were scattered over the deck stealing what they could get their hands on. They plucked up the ring-bolts from the decks and rails and tugged at them when two tons' strain would not have pulled them out. They pried at bolts and straps, picked at nail heads, wrenched down kettles and stove-pipes and threw them into the canoes. The chief, an ill visaged rascal, was at the wheel endeavoring to beach the vessel, but he was not up in navigation. First he put the wheel down, and the sails not filling he put the wheel up. Slowly the Awashonks headed off and gathered headway toward the beach. An Indian who lived in Masipoe, some ten miles from here, cut the braces and the sails were taken aback. A shower of arrows and heathenish maledictions were hurled at him as he sought shelter in the tops. The vessel lost headway, but the chief continued his experiment without the rudder.

The cabin, where Capt. Jones had taken refuge, was lighted by two windows in the stern and a large skylight overhead. When the enemy peered into these apertures a well directed bullet sent them away in hot haste. For over an hour this skirmish between a desperate man and a hundred murderers continued. As fast as the wounded men could load the muskets Capt. Jones would put their contents where they did the most good, and the islanders began to have wholesome fears of the windows and set about devising some better method of attack.

Looking up through the skylight during the quiet that followed Capt. Jones saw the chief at the wheel in his frantic endeavor to beach the vessel. Taking careful aim at his broad, naked chest, he pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through the deck, and having spent its force, rolled along the planking to the chief's very feet.

The savage left the helm, inspected the bullet hole, and then laid a piece of board over the splintered plank; he then returned to the wheel as unconcerned as could be. Another bullet from the musket pierced his heart and the lifeless form rolled into the scuppers.

At the death of their chieftain the islanders fled panic stricken to the shore, and the Awashonks was laboriously put to sea. She soon fell in with a merchantman, Capt. Proctor, and was brought into Wood's Hole by a portion of the merchant crew.

Capt. Jones was offered a master's berth by the owners of the whaler he had so bravely defended, and up to 1864 he followed the sea in that capacity. Three of the crew now live in this vicinity, and two of them bear scars that tell a tale of sore wounds received in the fray.—Falmouth (Mass.) Cor. New York Herald.

### IT LOOKS LIKE MINE.

PEOPLE HAVE OFTEN SAID THIS ABOUT AN UMBRELLA.

They Were Right in the Main, but the Inventor of a Modern Industry Had "Fixed" the Handle—Why the Identity of Canes and Parasols Changes.

A dingy shanty within the shadow of the city hall shelters a singular industry, the leading feature of the establishment being the exchange of umbrella handles.

A visit to the thrifty proprietor unravels the mystery of where unreturned and otherwise missing umbrellas go to. You lose, in any of the too numerous methods by which the feat can be accomplished, the shield which art interposes between civilized humanity and the weeping heavens. You scan the procession that passes your window the next wet day in the hope of detecting the man with perverted morals who has appropriated your property. In vain. You may see a handle like that attached to the umbrella that once was your brown silk, but the covering is black, hence the hope raised by the sight of the peculiar form of the silver or ivory top is dispelled when your eye travels to the dripping cover.

#### A VISIT TO THE "FIXER."

And yet you may have been right in your first guess, though the man who was saving his silk hat from the damaging effect of the downpour may have been innocent of wronging you directly. The black silk he is carrying was possibly ornamented by a handle of totally different pattern when it left the shop and was subsequently loaned or left in a corner of the saloon where the proud purchaser "set 'em up" for his fellow clerks on the strength of his investment. The peculiar handle was too easy of identification attached to its original silken superstructure and the aforesaid dingy shanty was hastily visited and an exchange effected. The visit was made subsequently to that of the successor to your property and that is how you came to have that evanescent ray of hope flash through your frame.

This is no fancy sketch. The "exchange" was visited in all innocence of its real character by a man whose lack of opportunity has hitherto preserved his honesty pure and undefiled in the matter of umbrellas, the temptation to absorb which seems to be irresistible to the average mortal, and he is no better than his fellows in other respects, and given the right conditions he might with his fellows fall beneath the influence of a lonesome but lovely specimen.

But this time he was a victim, not to the loss of his rain defier, but its metal handle. Unequal expansion between it and the stick, combined with faulty cement, had caused a divorce fatal to the good looks of the relic.

"Aber wo ist der anderer griff?" asked the "repairer," his gesture supplying the meaning of what otherwise would have been unintelligible to his visitor.

"The other handle? Why, I lost it, and that's why I came to you to get a new one."

"Ach, that was all very well, but look in your pocket and don't mind me. I know all about that business. Day all lose those handles until dey find out how to know de ropes a little bit. Look again, now."

#### "DEY YOOST 'MAKES' HIM."

The visitor being innocent was hapless to the implication. "What do you mean?" he asked the grinning proprietor of the 7 by 9 shop.

"What I means? Vy, dat you 'made' dot regenschirm—you know what dot means—and you wants to change dot handle for another, so de oder man knows him not again ahrefty, eh?"

"Do I look like a thief?"

"A thief, is it? Vy you must be dumm, nopody scheltens einen regenschirm, dey yoost 'makes' him. He is lying around and you cooms along or some oder man cooms along and takes him up. Dendey all cooms here by me and I puts a new handle on and de next Samstag dot regenschirm to der kirche goes mit de man and de handle stops mit me."

"Aber if you are so dretfully particular I put you a new handle in him for twenty-five cents or half a dollar and you keeps de oder handle and puts him in the stove ahrefty, eh?"

Not knowing at this stage of the proceedings but that the handle he should select might have come from an umbrella of the same shade and general appearance as his own, and thus lead to awkward complications with the loser of the one it originally graced, and not caring particularly to do business with a man who had such loose ideas of the rights of property, even in umbrellas, the would be customer was backing out—there was scarcely room to turn.

"You needn't be feared dot I gife you away. I put you a handle dot was on a black one, and de von you haf is brown, eh?"

But the comparatively fresh air of the alley leading to the novel "fence" had been reached ere this last inducement had been offered, and the job went to a more honest or cautious man.—Chicago Times.

#### How Chamberlain Won His Wife.

A story is now going the rounds about Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's recent wooing and marriage that may interest American readers. By a romantic coincidence Mr. Chamberlain's son, Austin, played an important part in his father's marriage to Miss Endicott. The young man had met the lady at Washington the year before Mr. Chamberlain went there to negotiate the fisheries treaty. On his return he gave such glowing accounts of Miss Endicott that his father determined to meet the secretary's family and took an introduction from his son for this purpose. The sequel is known. The spell of fascination was cast over the father, as it had been over the son, and the older gentleman, perhaps in experience bolder in matters of the heart, wooed and won the lady, who is younger than any of his children, for his bride.—St. Louis Star Sayings.