SPANISH-AMERICAN PICTURES | 3

Drawn by the Facile Pen of an Omaha Lady.

A DESCRIPTION OF HAVANA.

The City of Vera Cruz-Hotel Accommodations—A Stroll Through the City—A Sleepless Night.

Written for the Sunday Bee by Grace Dean Hunt.

Leaving New York on the good City of Alexandria, having skimmed many miles of water, paid a little tribute to stormy Cape Hatteras, gazed upon the smiling banks of Florida, I drew, with a bit of excitement, my first breath of Spanish air off the cost of Cuba.

The land lies low, but the nearer we approach the more rugged and charming it looks, with here a palm and there a group of the same tapering tree. As we pass nearer the shore, cries of children touch the ear, and the open door of a poor little house discloses the table set for supper, a bright turbaned negress standing at its head monotonously waving a fly brush. Dreamily we glide along with a hint now and then of strange sights to come. Quietly we enter the beautiful harbor and

HAVANA lies before us. It strikes me that it must be one of the most picturesque sights in the world. The fiery sun has sunk to rest and Havana is enjoying the cool of evening; her varied colored houses have thrown their windows wide open to entice within the grateful breeze. To me it is a fairy land, with unrevealed delights. Here and there an open portal displays to our wondering eye a charming garden of tropical bloom, and an old wall made beautiful by a vine from which hang brilliant yellow flowers, a feathery paim delicately pencifed against the piush of an evening sky. Sounds are borne to us across the water from the many boatmen, while snorting, puffy, little travelers of the water gather consequentially about us and with a shrill scream inform us that they have arrived. Our ship is boarded by officers and visitors, but they possess no interest for me; I still gaze upon the shore and long to become better acquainted with it. Many ships lie about us from all parts of the world—one stately Spanish ship comes sailing in from many days of quarantine; this precaution being taken that Havana may not

be laid low by cholera.

We decide, with a flutter of excitement, to spend the evening on shore, and at once make our preparations. step into a dancing, blue boat, and are slowly rowed to the shore, with the re-freshing influence of a distant shower blowing against our faces. On the way we pass the Spanish ship, we hear the twang of a guitarra with the accompaniment of clapping hands, and conclude that all is well with her. As we land we are greeted by a crowd of cabmen whose caes are outside the railing, these gentle-men of the cabs being quite as desirous of showing us the tropical elephant of Havana as New York cabmen are of adding a silver lining to their regular fare. About us in this weird light stand the boatmen in startling effect, in their costume of white pantaloons and shirt, surmounted by a blue or red cap. We take a cab and enter the city; it is quiet in this lower part of the town and a strange feeling creeps over me that it is a dead, all-forgotten place; a musty odor, as it were, prevades the fascination of it. Now we pass a group of sailors in foreign dress, now a beer saloon yound about whose tables sit other sailors, telling their yarns--I suppose. We pass Columbus tomb and the plaza, and dash into a well-lighted street. The street narrow, while on either side are bril-liantly lighted, luxarious shops, all of which are open for business-tor many people do their shopping at night to escape the heat of noon-day.

The shops strike me as being very at-

The shops strike me as being very attractive, and, womanlike, I desire to be sure on this point. It not being the custom to alight from one's carriage, I remain seated while an obsequious clerk brings to me what I wish, namely, a Spanish fan. It is a paper fan, on which is depicted a bull fight; indeed, quite Spanish; but my companion depresses me, very much, by telling me that it was, undoubtedly, made in New York.

Let us go on until we reach the Prado, or principal promenade, in the new part of the city, and a very beautiful part it The Prado is brightly lighted, marble walks surround it and cross it, flowers bloom, and it is thickly studded with seats, on which the sight-seer may rest and note the gay throng as it moves to and fro, and listen to the lively Spanish music with its undercurrent of sadness. Facing this pleasure ground are two or three fine looking hotels, the handsome Tacon theatre, one of the largest in the world, and the Louvre; the latter an attractive restaurant. Imagine a very large room with its floor of colored marbles, the ceiling supported by columns incased in mirrors, wide windows reach to the floor through which (leave this to the imagination) sweeps the breeze. Tables for one or two dot the room with whiteness.
Will it add to the picture to
fill the remaining space with
the blue smoke of Havana's choicest cigars and with her exceedingly good look-

Ing men?

I was the only lady present on this particular night, but was not made to feel my singularity. They knew me to be a stranger within their gates and treated me with the ever-existing courtesy of their country. They brought us acceream fit for the gods, with charmingly thin, delicately rolled cakes. But time rolls on, even here, so out we pass into the sensuous night. The Spanish tongue greets us on every side, music echoes round about us, the scent of flowers is wafted on the air; it is intoxicating and we are loth to leave it, but the stroke of a late hour compels us to reach the dock and search for our boatman, at last found fast asleep; we shake him gently, he responds with what seems to me to be a forcible word. How damp and prosaie the ship seems after the fairy picture of Havana by

The next day we lifted anchor and slowly sailed away, out past grim, gray Moro castle, the noble protector of Havana, out to our future home in

I will not weary you with an account of our passage over miles of sunny water, but will at once laud in La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz (the Rich Town of the True Cross). For one moment I must linger here, to hold the shell of lost sound to my longing ear, to hear again the music of the lap-lap of the waves of that southern sea. I stood on the deek, and the gentle night with her soft air spoke to me of an evening of long ago, when I stood with my mother in our old-fashnoned garden away in dear Massachusetts. By her side I watched the helly-hocks nod in the breeze. We stood facing the west, speaking of the there shining planet, Jupiter. Yes, the planet shone as brightly as yonder one, while now, instead of flower beds at our feet, are lattle rippling waves; instead of the circling swallow, sea birds twitter about us, and instead of old-fashioned pink goes, warm water weeds way to the coming of our ship. A vision

of past happiness, with promis' of return in the rising glory on our left—the southern cross. I had read that Vera Cruz, as seen from the water was picturesque, but it did not impress me so, it presented the appearance of having been sunk deep down into the water, and walled about with hot sand, allowing only a dome or two to show above it. Indeed, only one thing prevented me from completely breaking down, and that was the vision of the snow capped volcano of Orizaba rising up, up into the light, pointing to a purer atmosphere; it led me to think of better things, and to forget for the moment this infernillo, the perpetual home of yellow jack.

yellow jack.

We landed at 2 o'clock on a Sunday, in what, it seems to me, must be unusual heat even here. Our trunks were passed by courteous custom house officers, and we four ladies, thankful for the escort of a young man of Vera Cruz, set out on foot for the Hotel de Diligencias. I observed with much bitterness of spirit that our escort did not offer to carry either of my large handbags. I afterwards learned that it would not have been the correct thing for him to have been seen carrying

them.
On leaving the custom house, one strikes straight ahead into the heart of Vera Cruz, an oasis in this desert—her plaza. Indeed it is a charming spot. The fountain in the center is surrounded by dark and light green tropical growth, enlivened by brilliantly hued flowers, and, could such a thing be possible, the falling water would cool the atmosphere. Orange trees lend the pertume of their flowers blent with that of the English violet.

Encircting this are marble benches which are in turn encompassed by marble walk with yet another row of benches upon which the common people may rest and look upon the aristocracy as it promenades within. People of still lower class are not admitted within the precincts of the plaza. Separated from this bit of green by a narrow and well paved street stands the Hotel de Diligencias. We gladly enter its portal and behold a dark, musty, ill-smelling patio (court) at the farther end of which is This we ascend and observe a stairway. on the first landing a solitary door. Passing this door up we go to the wide corridor surrounding the court. Here is situ ated the office, and here, around several billiard tables, are gathered some of the "swells" of Vera Cruz, short in stature, with pale faces, dark hair and eyes-the eves not as narrow as those of the sons of Cuba, but quite as deceptive in ex-

The court is open to the sky above, the sleeping rooms all open upon the corridor, likewise the dining room. We found with chagrin that all of these rooms had been taken by the outpourings of a French steamer lately arrived so my sister with the other two ladies were consigned to a room in region of the kitchen region of the kitchen (truly an infernal region, while I and my little girl were put into the room of which I had noticed the door on the landing. This was a double door, two leaves shutting together, and possessed three keyholes, but, I hoped, no more than one key. On opening it there was disclosed a large unfurnished room with an uneven brick floor and one window. grated, looking into the court. Yet another room opened out of this with window and balcony on the street; it happily possessed an ill-looking bed, table and chair. Not a light, not a bell to call the reluctant servant.

Thinking that a drive would pleasantly pass the time away meanwhile, I proposed to my sister, who could speak French, to interview the landiord, a Frenchman, in regard to a carriage. He could not, or rather would not, understand, but finally admitted that only women of a certain class ever enjoyed that pleasure in Vera Cruz. With somewhat dampened ardor I returned to my room and sought diversion by gazing from my balcony at the waiting turkey-buzzards aloft, or at the passers-by. The men seemed to have nothing better to do than to return my gaze, accompanying it with a most gallant bow.

the warning ringing in my ears to eat no fruit and drink no wine, for yellow fever had begun to scourge the town, I entered the dining room. But how distasteful was the sight of meat and lish. Setting aside all fears, I drank my portion of sparkling wine and ate of the lucious fruits. How strange the sounds that come to us from without. At each quarter of an hour chimed the many bells, borse cars hurrying by, blew horns at every crossing; now the discordant scream of a strange bird, the tinkling bells of the poor, illused, ill-fed donkey-all bounded and encompassed by the intense heat.

Night coming brought the captain of our ship and stroll through the city. Out from the dimly lighted court we passed onto narrow, but well paved, clean streets; streets reeking with the smell of cooking, for in many doorways sat scantily clothed women cooking over little stoves, tortillas, the fiery enchiladas and such dishes as please the Mexican.

The alameda is made beautiful by rows

The alameda is made beautiful by rows of palm trees, particularly so at night when they are illuminated by the flitting light of huge fireflies. Little boys catch these and sell them for a cent or two. We saw ladies ornament their dresses and hair with them, bright points of light amidst their dusky braids.

Near here is the much frequented built

ring, a place where their peaceful Sunday

enjoyment is found.

Returning slowly to the plaza we found we found it illed with gay people, some in evening dress, the ladies all bonnet-less and wrapless. All doors stood open, and nearly every one with its bright light invited you into a restaurant. In front of each door, on the sidewalk, stood little tables where one could sit, eat, drink, smoke and await the breaking of dawn. We chose the interior of one of the restaurants, so enjoying, for the first time, one of those delicious mint juleps, for which Vera Cruz is so justly

lamous. On reaching the hotel I bade my friends good night, and bravely entered my dungeon. I should, so was told, close my window or be poisoned night air. I chose the latter, and, locking my sister out, determined to go to bed. One feeble candle lighted my room, but it being so much like a little ghost I extinguished it, and then discovered I had no matches and no possi-ble way of calling for any. The light from the street had to suffice. I dared not undress, and I could not lie down on the bed as its little inhabitants ran up and down the once white curtains, ready to feast on my weary limbs had I been foolish enough to repose them there. Finally I drew my chair into the doorway between the rooms and gazed at the outer door. I was soon rewarded for so doing by seeing a light flash for one instant across the above mentioned keyholes, and under the door. The second flash promised to make the night an interesting one. Peering through the hitherto useless keyholes, I saw two men who occasionall pressed the door with their hands, and it being old and shaky would yield a little. With them, hard and yet harder, I pressed the door on my side. After hesitating a few seconds they disappeared. In the bright light of day I look back upon this, as upon a bad dream, suffering in fear of their return, the torments of hideous night transfer.

of hideous nightmare.

Nothing more happened to disturb my repose, which consisted in sitting in a chair, holding up my feet to escape the life of the floor, listening to imaginary as well as real sounds. At last, stepping onto the baleony, I watched the men sweep out above-ground drains, the odor arising therefrom being nauseating in the extreme. It was towards morning and a sense of repose visited all living

things, as yet, that blanket of heat awaited the rising of the sun, before enveloping all things. Children's voices still sounded from the plaza where night is never known to in-

nocence or guilt.

The flush of dawn brought my sister. We wearily but gladly gathered together our traveling articles and stepped forthwith into the air. How perfectly beau with into the air. How perfectly beautiful was the morning, for as yet it was
cool. We enjoyed the most delicious
cup of coffee I ever drank,
accompanied by light pastry,
seated at a little table on the
sidewalk. A few peopte still lingered in
the plaza and I wondered if they felt as hey looked, tired of living the ceaseless round of insufferably hot day, making the monotonous turn of the plaza night after night. Lights still burned in a bil liard room near by, and the beggars, seeing us to be strangers, bid us a polite buenos dias, with an eye to charity Ragged urchins with their bright eyes watched as through our coffee, and so auxious were they to carry our bags to the station that their competition brought it to a matter of but a few cents. Not it to a matter of but a few cents. reluctantly we walked to the station, and as we slowly moved out of it, the slight mist lifted and Vera Cruz stood out in the glaring light of the sun, hot and unattractive.

Notes About Old Folks.

Isaac Harlow, of Phillips, Me., was a drummer in the war of 1812. He can drum still.

Mrs. Margaret Slusser, a Clarke county, O., pioneer, died at Dayton, O., May 20, aged ninety-four years.

Mrs. Catherine Reed, of Essex, V., died a few years ago, aged 103 years and seven months. She became a member of the Methodist church over seventy years ago.

Of those famous octogenarians, Simon Cameron, George Bancroft and W. W. Cocoran, Cameron is said to be the most active in mind and the youngest in spirit.

Wendell Lansing, senior editor and proprietor of the Plattsburg Sentinel and the Essex County Republican, died re-

eighty years old.

Thomas Kenton died at his home, near Mount Olivet, Ky., on May 12. He was ninety-nine years old April 11. Simon Kenton, the famous Kentucky pioneer, was his great uncle.

cently in Keeseville, N. Y. He was

URBANA, May 21—Louis Waugh died at the county infirmary this morning, at the advanced age of 99 years and 10 months. He was the oldest man in Champaign county.

At a meeting of the old settlers of Chicago, held on the 19th inst., the following dispatch was received from San Francisco: Dear Friends: I send greetings, love, compliments to the early settlers of Chicago. I still live, am healthy, just under 100. N. C. Walton,

John M. Peabody died May 19, at Buf-

John M. Peabody died May 19, at Buffalo, N. Y. He was born at New Lebanon, N. Y., on March 10, 1800, and was therefore past 87 years old. Mr. Peabody was a member of the Connecticut legislature in 1846. His wife died about nine years ago. He leaves one son and two daughters.

Mrs. Sapronia Pierce died May 4, at Chesterfield, N. H., aged 101 years and 11 months. She was born at Smithfield, R. L. June 14, 1775. Her maiden name was Mann. She was the last of four Chesterfield centenarians. One died at the age of 101 years and 1 month; another at 101 years and 5 months; another at 104 years and 3 months.

Col. Platt Adams, a veteran of the war of 1812, died in New York City May 12. He was born in Greene county, December 20, 1792. During the war of 1812 he raised a company in his native village, and was proceeding to the front at its head, when the war was ended. For awhile he was associated with John Thompson in the publication of Thompson's Bank Note Reporter.

Orrin Harris, aged eighty-nine years, of Rochester, N. Y., was standing in the crowd in front of the court house watching the display of the Harden fire extinguisher. He is very feeble and when the crowd fell back he was unable to move. He was thrown down, trampled upon by several persons, and sustained serious injuries. He was carried to his home where Dr. Adams was called to attend

Oconee (Ga.) Enterprise: Mrs. L. W. Branch, who now lives in our town, is now eighty-seven years old, and is quite lively and industrious yet. She came to town to live with Mr. O. F. Johnson on the 28th day of December last, and up to this date she has knit seven pairs of gloves, ten pairs of socks and cleven pairs of stockings. She leaves in Atlanta in a few days to visit her daughter, Mrs.

Dr. Richardson.

Mrs. Rhoda D. McIlvain, aged seventyeight, and for lifty years confined to her
bed from spinal trouble, caused at childbirth, died May 16, in Carlisle, Ky., within a stone's throw of her childhood home,
Forest Retreat, being the daughter of
Governor Thomas Metcalfe and sister of
Colonel Lou Metcalfe, at one time a resident of Cincinnati, and who is buried at
Spring Grove cemetery. Mrs. McIlvain
was the mother of four children and
twice married before the age of twentyeight.

Detroit Free Press: "Old Johnny Rippie," a well-known character of Ogle township, Somerset county, is dead, aged eighty-seven. When in his prime he could kick tinware from a store ceiling eleven feet above the floor. Once when quite a young man he was rafting on the Monongabela river. The raft was wrecked and he escaped by jumping over twenty feet to a rock, from which he was rescued. He would place four or five hogsheads in a row, jump out of the first into the second, and so on to the last, then jump backward to the first with apparent ease.

The oldest workingman in Boston is said to be Martin Collins, who was born in Nova Scotia in 1797. By engaging in trade between his home and several ports in Maine and Massachusetts he had, when forty years old, acquired a snug property, but a commercial crisis reduced him to poverty. He went to Boston, found work slack and pay small, and to fight staryation he opened a cobbler's shop, and has been a repairer of boots and shoes ever since. He now lives in East Boston, and, though over ninety-three years of age, works industriously

every day.

Adam W. Spies, long known as a merchant in Maiden lane, New York, and now in his eighty-sixth-year, is one of the oldest New York firemen living. He and Thurlow Weed studied grammar together and when he was old enough he joined Engine Conpany No. 5. That was in 1818, and No. 5 was the crack company of the day. Some of his fellow menbers were Thomas B. Goelet, Wm. H. Smith; afterwards a wealthy hardware merchant; James Whitlock, Isaac N. Townsend, Francis Hah, a the well-known editor, and Richard Demill. Mr. Spies used to hold the pipe, and says that the deeper the mud and snow and the bigger the fire

the more he enjoyed the work.

John A. Brunet, aged about eighty years, a dealer in patent medicines, was found dead in bed in Philadelphia recently. Since the death of his daughter, who kept house for him, about two years ago, the old gentleman has lived alone, with the exception of occasional visits from an old man, who did his errands. Yesterday at noon the man called, but no answer coming to his ring at the bell, the aid of Sergeant McCloskey, of the Third district, was secured and a back window being forced open "Dr." Brunet was found lying dead on his bed in the third story. He had been last seen about 10 o'clock on Saturday night. The sergeaut found secreted in various parts of the house money amounting to \$2,700, which was taken care of by the coroner's mes-

THE CIDDY CIRLS OF COTHAM

Glimpses of Fashion's Fickle Followers in the Big Metropolis.

A GLARING SUNSHADE NUISANCE.

Catching Costumes for Coaching—A Blushing Bouquet of Summer Hosiery—Dancing Dots and Veils and Bognish Photographs.

New York, May 28 .- [Correspondence

of the BEE. |-The fashionable and weal-

thy New York girl is always something in particular, but she rarely remains that thing more than ten or fifteen days. She devotes herself resolutely to diversion, and she uses a sport up quickly. Just now she is making life lively for fast horses of the road, in saddle and vehicle. The pleasures of indoors have become unseasonable; the field employments are not arrived and so there is an interval to be filled by driving the trotters and gallopers. The new feature of fun on wheels is that belles sit alonside their husbands, brothers and fathers in what are called road wagons. Heretofore the exclusively elegant creatures might ride out in any style of carriage that had a coachman to it, but exquisite usage forbade them to sit in the open light wagon so long coupled with the incidental races of the up-town thoroughfares. For example, no lady of the Bonner family was ever seated with Robert Bonner in such a wagon, behind his famous horses; nor was the late Commodore or Wm. H. Vanderbilt, vouchsafed the company of wife or daughter in their road driving. The present May has brought a radical change. It is still socially criminal for a maiden to drive with a man, but a feminine relative of the owner of fast horses is permitted to rub elbows with him while he holds the reins over his equine prides. Only yesterday in Central park. saw a brash sort of equipage roll up to Mount Saint Vincent. Two rich brown horses were hitched by scant and plain harness to a square-boxed, one-seated wag on, in which sat a youngish man with a slight monstache and incipient side whiskers, while at his side snuggled a stylish woman in dark gray from hat to hem. The horses were the famous Al-dine and Earl Pose, whom Wm. II. Van-derbilt used to drive. The man was Fred. W. Vanderbilt, heir to some of Bill' millious and these pets. The woman was his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt. She was leading the brand nev fad of riding out with the owning drivers of fast nags. It must be admitted that the mode cannot become very general.

A SCARLET PARASOL on top of a coach, or a crimson on a race course, bloom out and light up the landscape, but a red parasol is a glaring nuisance on the street, and especially on those avenues where building and blasting is in operation. Over on the St. Nicholas boulevarde, this same after noon, a procession of carriages wound mercily along, when suddenly the omni ous waving of the red flag, that usually indicates an impending explosion amid the neighboring rocks, appeared some distance down the road. The first team, driven by a short-sighted old sport, halted, and he held up a warning hand. Five carriages stopped, ten, twenty, forty, eighty, a hundred and sixty. You know how they multiply. Then they waited in a mass. No explosion. Another wait. Still wayed the cautionary signal. wait. Stil waved the cautionary signal. Finally, some of the whips grew desperate. One man ventured a little in ad vance of the short-sighted party, and shouted: "Why in the thunder don't you let 'ergo?" Presently, all saw the flag approaching. Something dreadful was expected to occur. A good many got ready to turn round and seek the safety of distance. Then, the red flag began to resume a different shape. On she bore and what was it that had stopped all car riages for ten minutes but a blamed red parasol. Two girls had been talking down by the steam drills, and if their conversation had been more interesting those wagons would have been there now,

perhaps. THE SPECTACULAR IN DRIVING is furnished by the New York and Pel ham amateur coach which runs daily between Madison square and the Country club. It is conducted ostensibly like a regular transportation company for any who choose that mode of conveyance be tween the city and Pelham and intervening points. In reality it is restricted to the carrying of ultra fashionable people. for the stray passenger who should wish to engage a place on the box would find that all places had been taken for weeks ahead. Patrons of the institution make up little parties among themselves, limiting the number in each case to just enough to occupy all the desirable seats in the coach. The best part of the show is the start. I was just turning into Fifth venue yesterday, when I heard the mellow toots of the bugle announcing the coming of the coach. Presently it came into view around the corner of Twenty sixth street. It is a gorgeous black and yellow affair, drawn by four handsome horses. The driver in the regulation coaching livery, green coat, crimson vest, light brown trousers, tall white hat and top boots, flourished a long whip as he reigned the horses up to the curb in front of the hotel entrance. The guard, similarly attired, sat at the back with his long, straight horn at his lips, blowing harmonies in rapid succession and with charming ease. Several young and elderly ladies and gentlemen came from the hotel to the sidewalk and a hundred or two passers stopped to watch the op

eration of getting on.

The driver and guard dismounted, the first going to the heads of the rear span of horses where he remained standing picturesquely holding the check rein. A uniformed bell boy came from the hotel and formed a similartableau at the heads of the front span. The guard went into the hotel office presumably to get the manifest of his cargo. When he came out he opened the door of the coach and produced an iron step ladder with a hook at the end which he caught into the forward step over the wheel, allowing the other end to rest on the walk. The passengers had been meanwhile earnestly debating the relative positions they would occupy on the coach top, for none of them, of course, proposed to sit inside the coach.

of them, of course, proposed to sit inside the coach.

THEY COULD NOT BE SEEN THERE.

The guard waited patiently by the ladder for a decision on this important point. Finally an elderly lady said that she would sit on the front seat if so-and-so would. She went to the ladder, looked up at the high box, shut her lips together determinedly, grasping her skirts with the left hand to get them away from her feet, seized the handle of the step with the right and began to climb. She had been on a coach before and knew the way, for after mounting two steps she let go her skirts and assisted herself with both hands in getting to the top. Her skirts were looked after by her elderly escort and the guard, although the guard was amoly competent to do that alone. He held them from her feet in front with his left hand and with his right pushed them up and held them down from behind so that a minimum of ankle was exposed to the wondering crowd. And when she slid into her lofty seat he tucked the swaying and recreant garments about her shoes into exactly their proper position. A young lady was already to fol-

low. She took her skirts in both hands as a woman does when she is going up ordinary steps, to a horse car, for instance, and in this improper way had got part of the distance up when the guard protested that only one could sit with the driver, and she had to get down again. Another discussion ensued and then the guard placed the ladder convenient to the next seat and the young lady started up again. The guard had her all to himself, for the elderly escort who was at the head of the party was occupied in tossing to the lady who had already mounted, her wrap. It took nearly all the breath out of his pompous body to do it, but he succeeded. The young lady got half way up the steps in her own fashion when she paused and trembled. She tried to look down at her feet, but the ladder was so steep she could not see them. She pretty nearly lost her bal-

ance, and the guard said:
"Don't mind your dress, lady; just you go right along up, and grab the side of the seat and I'll take care of your dress."
And he did with such perfection of grace and deference to the proprieties that no one could tell whether the hose above the elegant congress gaiters were black, silk or white balbriggan. Probably they were pearl gray to match her

SIX OTHER LADIES. young and elderly, were assisted to their perches and then the men mounted. There were five of them, and they had just room enough to bestow themselves in the chinks and on the edges and leave a comfortable seat for the guard beside a handsome girl dressed as if she were out for a climb up the Alps. The guard leaned his ladder against a lamp post for a moment muttering, with a saturical smile as he did so: Never yet seed such a lot of green 'uns." Then he re-opened the coach door and took out several footstools which he tucked in under the ladies feet. He put the step-ladder back inside and told the driver that he was all ready. The swell Frederick Bronson had been standing by quietly, now and then putting in a word to end the numerous discussions as to who should mount next. At this moment he went to the it up somewhere inside, took out a tall white hat, put it on and climbed up to the driver's box. He manipulated the the driver's box. He manipulated the reins as if he knew as much about them as the hired driver and called the guard up to him for a whispered conversation. The hired driver did not get on and the coach rolled away without him. As the wheels began to stir the guard ble succession of toots on his horn, and then ran around to the rear of the coach although it was well in motion, and climbed lightly up to his place beside the handsome mountain climber. moved rapidly up the avenue, the presence of the exhibition being announced to all residents and passers along the route by the "Tan-ti-vy tivvy tivvy ti-i-ivee!" of the long horn. DANCING DOTS IN VEILS.

An occulist must have invented some of

the popular veiling now in use. It en-hances his income beyond belief. The dancing dots on lace tissue raise the very mischief with women's eyesight. When a veil is tightly tied about a woman's head, as is now the fashion, the dots are stationary, but the panorama that passes the vision is obstructed by thin dots and has the same effect as if they were jump-ing incessantly about. One day I rode a mile or so on an elevated train with my eyes on the houses that were whirling past. I had on a veil of some colored ace on which was squirted pretty good sized dots of some pasty composition that looked like beads. When I left the train, to my horror, everything was a dazzle. I could not perfectly make out a single object. It was impossible to read a sign, and for over an hour I was in perfect misery. That experience frightened me I never wear one of those pronounced dotted veils so long as I am not blind Another pleasant result of using the veil on which dots are daubed with little gots of paint can be found as the hot weather fairly sets in. They are struck off on the face of the wearer, and give her the ap pearance of having recently got out of the small-pox hospital. A sort of dia-mond net lace of black silk is very popular just now, and the effect of wearing one's face tightly tied up in it I saw the other day in Delmonico's. A stylish girl in much black beaded grenadine wearing a small bonnet of straw had her head lashed up with the fashionable didmond net. She gave her order and drew off her gloves, faced the light from the window, as her youthful and plump countenance allowed her to, and slowly untied her veil. She was spirited off in little squares just as those gophored wafle cakes are baked. Ten tables away you would have said she was the wors scarred woman by small pox you ever saw. The soft pink flesh on her nose and cheeks had pressed through the meshes of that tightly banded veil, and for one-half hour, and how much longer I don't know, she was in a frightfully marked

condition.

ROGUISH PHOTOGRAPHS.

New York girls are having their photographs taken in roguish costumes. There is a female photographer in Broadway to whom they flock. I saw a dozen specimens of her work. One young creature was taken in a night gown. It was no old-fashioned muslin affair, but a creamy, silken, clinging robe, which showed the wearer hadn't slipped it over a street toilet. The filmy lace was disposed wherever a bit of lace could be used. The confining ribbon at the breast that just held the robe together, came out effectively in the picture.

tively in the picture.

"What do you suppose she was taken that way for?" I asked.

"That's a 'good night' for some friend's album," was the reply. "The most stylish society girls come here to have their pictures taken for exchange. It's the thing to have a collection called the 'peck-a-boo gallery."

"Good mercy! isn't it shocking. How

do they know you destroy the negative? 'abey have to take my word for it. One picture represented the subject i skirts and corsets, sitting on a low couch tying or buttoning a boot. No mortal woman ever buttoned a boot with her foot in such an attitude, but it exhibited any amount of the unemployed limb, and made a comical picture. Another girl was evidently playing "this little pig went to market," as she sat on one chair with her foot on another, and held her self in a difficult position by her big toe Another, in the most diaphanous cam bric undergarments, had her really beautifut hair let down, and she held one tress of it uplifted on a comb. This was a "good night" picture, I suppose, or perhaps "good morning." Then the collection got wild. Three slim-Jim school-girlish figures were grouped for the three graces, twined and twisted back as they do in the celebrated group in the foyer of the opera house in Paris. That made me laugh. There seemed to be more elbows and knee pans visible through the robes that should belong to six women, and I had to count them several times before I was satisfied they were constructed properly. A very pretty woman, in that one popular garment, was photographed with her face to mirror and her back to the public. A beautiful picture represented a young mother in a loose morning wrap with a huge and replendant bath towel on her knees, and a six-months-old naked baby lying there. This photograph had a dreary companion, for in less than a month atter it was taken, so the woman told me, her husband, who is operator at another establishment' went to the home and took a likeness of the little creature in its casket prepared for burial CLARA BELL.

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REMARKABLE AND ROMANCIC

ot rd Suicide of a French Marquis in the City of Boston.

LOVE LETTERS AND LEGAL LORE

The Codman Will Case—Tax Dodgers and Governor Ames—High Toned Sports at a Steeple-Chase —Theatricals.

Boston, May 25 .- [Correspondence of

the BEE. |-Boston has lately become

identified with the French nobility in a

peculiar and sensational way. We have

not only witnessed the suicide of a real marquis, but we have had him right here in our midst; have lived next door to him for the last ten years and remained blissfully ignorant of the fact of his royalty all the time. The Marquis de la Tourasse, however, did not live as noblemen us ually live, and that is why we brushed hartily past him on the street, giving him no more notice than a pitying glance. His story is a sad one, and is but the repetition of the lives of many men of his stamp who are victims of gambling and dissipation. About ten years ago the Marquis de la Tourasse lived in magnificent style in a beautiful villa just south of Paris, amid all the luxury which wealth and station can give. In France the office of notay is a position of great responsibility and trust, and in this capacity the marquis held in trust about 700,000 francs. He went wildly into speculation losing all his own great property and finally all that he had in trust. His wife sacrificed her own private fortune to satisfy a part of his numerous creditors, and to escape the rest he fled in disgrace to America. and has been living on Chapman street in this city, earning a miserable living as a teacher of foreign languages. He married a second wife here, who died about two months ago, leaving him with two small children. A short time ago he wrote to his daughter in France asking her to come here and live with him, representing that he held a high position in this country. The real object of this letter was, however, to get his daughter to come and take care of his two children. The daughter came about two weeks ago, but on discovering her father's circumstances she determined to return to the comforts of her mother's home in Paris, but her father was equally determined to keep her here, and grew frantic in his efforts to persuade her to remain. Last Thursday she boarded a Boston & Providence train for New York. The invincible marquis followed her, and there was an unusually sensa tional scene on the cars. Seeing that his entreaties were of no avail the unfortunate marquis ran to the platform and met instant death by throwing himself under the wheels as the train was outling away from Canton. A few days later the petite form of Marie Therese, the daughter, was seen in the undertaker's office in Canton. She insisted on seeing the remains of her father, and when the coffin hd was raised, showing the mangled face of the late marquis, the delicate girl fell away in a swoon. The body was temporarily interred in a Catholic cemetery and will

later be removed to France. THE GREAT CODMAN WILL CASE. The gossips which abound both within and without that dainty little world called society have had an abundant supply of working material since the now fam ous Codman will case was resumed before Judge McKinn in the probate court last week. The details of the affair are intricate, but the bare fact that a few months ago a wealtny Bostonian, named J. Amory Codman, died, leaving a greater part of his estate, estimated at \$115,000 to a Mrs. Kimball, to the exclusion of his wife and daughter, was enough to create man and her daughter naturally institut ed legal proceedings with a view o breaking the testator's will on the ground of his having been subjected to undue influence on the part of Mrs. Kimball The part of the trial which has excited the most interest is the trunk full of love letters from Mrs. Kimball to Mr. Codman, which were brought up and read by the contestants. Mrs. Codman sat on a front seat, dressed in deep mourning. while tears frequently crossed down wasted cheeks as the passionate epistles were read by her lawyers. Of course there was the usual number of interested female spectators, who very quietly exchanged meaning glances as the tender words of the infatuated but impecunious 'Violette' were read in evidence. correspondence was voluminous enough, covering a period of fourteen years. It was loud in protestations of love and requests for cash, full of sweet phrases in foreign tongues, which tried the lin-guistic faculties of the lawyers, and made fun for the audience. The case promises rare developments.

Next to the Codman will case, Governor Ames' veto of the Beverly division bill is conspicuous as being the cause of too many heated and ill-chosen remarks. Boston like any other large city has its full quots of tax dodgers. Beverly Farms is a beautiful suburb of Beverly, where some of the wealthest people of Boston have summer residences. The claim of these summer residences is that they pay high taxes without complete fire and police protection. A bill has passed both houses of the Massachusetts legislature incorporating the town of Beverly Farms and of course separating the Farms from Beverly proper. Governor Ames has

taken exceptions to the measure and de

clines to sign the bill, but unfortunately in his message the governor has not apparently based his veto merits of the but on the way it was put through. Mr. Ames does not accuse any member of the legislature of having received a bribe, and he even says that if the bill involved only the question of a division of the town of Beverly, he would hesitate to set up his opinion against that of the egislature; yet since it appears by investigation that some twenty-thousand dol lars has been spent in-lirectly to influ-ence the action of the legislature, he deems it his duty to the commonwealth, and to the maintainance of a wholsome public sentiment, to strike an emphatic blow at such a corruptive practice. It is quite improbable that the bill passed over this veto. It is not a bill of prime importance, politically, yet the republicans of the house do not feel particularly cheerful about it and general effect of the veto state politics is as yet very hard to determine. It is not expected that the affair will materially detract from the political harmony of the republican party in Massachusetts. BOSTON SPORTS.

It was a fine day for the in auguration of the Country club sports last Saturday, out at Clyde Park, Brookline, and a finer lot of gay turnouts would be hard to imagine. Not only were all the fashionables of Boston there in elegant equipages, but New York was also well represented by Mr. E. Barry Wall, the well known king of fashion and prince of dudes, and a generous delegation from the highest ranks of swelldom. It was a huge, fashionable display that glittered in and about the club house, each party vying with the others in friendly shows and grandeur, and it is no wonder that the members of the club rubbed their hands with glee as the club rubbed their hands with glee as the club rubbed their drove up and deposited their elegantly attired loads of

guests. The floral display and musical programme were features of the occasion, but the greatest interest naturally centered about the exciting and dangerous steeplechase contests. The meeting of the club has so far been a magnificent

success.

In the way of lesser amusements the events most worthy of notice are the appearance of Daly's New York company in the "Taming of the Shrew" at the Museum, and Manager Stetson's revival of "The Mikado" at the Globe.

FRANZ SEPEL.

Mrs. Katharine Courne, of Rochester, N. Y., has just celebrated her 100th birthday. She is a very well preserved old lady, and is as brisk as most women thirty years younger. She sews much, and her eyesight is so good that she can read or thread a needle without the aid of glasses. During the past winter she has made several quiits, and the length of the stitches is as uniform as though they were made with a machine.

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