SOME TALES OF MATRIMONY.

Senator Hawley's Lovely Bride-Elect—An Attractive Woman.

LILLIAN SMITH'S MARRIAGE.

The Romance of a Hired Man—An Unkind Typewriter Girl—A Queer Colorado Wedding.

Winning the World.

C. C. Lord.

At once to fame his song addressed,
He hoped by one ascending star,
His gifts in grateful themes expressed,
To all the gates of praise unbar
And win the world.

Time pressed, yet he, though seeking still
Through patient years, as each rolled on,
No mighty place on earth could fill,
Though falling not; somewhat he won,
But not the world.

Then a rare maiden, fair as sweet,
Approached and smiled and fain to hear,
Sat down in raptures at his feet;
Then all life's plaudits filled his ear—
She was the world.

How Lillian Smith Was Married.

London Topical Times: All visitors to the "Wild West" are acquainted with this remarkable young lady. She and Miss Annie Oakley carry the palm between them as "shootists." Miss Smith is of medium height, as plump as a partridge, and as good natured as she is brisk in her merry prattle.

"Now, Miss Smith," I remarked, "when I say the word 'go!' will you just start off and tell me as much about yourself as you would care to let the public know?"

"Certainly; the public can know all about me that it wants."

"Very well. Are you ready? Go!"

"Well, I guess you know I'm married?"

"I guess I do, and that Jim Kid is the happy possessor of a charming and talented little wife."

"Get along! Shall I tell you how I got married?"

"Yes, I should like to know all about it."

"Well, in the first place, my parents were very much averse to my receiving any attention from the opposite sex; they said I was very much too young. I didn't think so. You see, since my birth I had always associated with my elders; I never had any children playmates, so I I suppose I may consider myself prematurely old. Well, now, I'll just take you into my confidence. My mother was determined I should not marry anyone, and my father seemed to have taken a decided aversion to 'my Jim.' They tried everything to prevent my seeing him, and I used to worry myself to death about it. This was at Erastina, Staten Island, N. Y., last August. But I soon hit upon a plan.

A SWEET RUSE.

"I suddenly developed a mania for ice creams, which were sold in camp, right below the line of tents, and I used to be always down there eating them. Jim's tent was down at that end and when my father and mother thought I was filling up and making myself ill with creams I used to drop them like a shot when they were not looking and pop into Jim's tent and have a quiet flirtation. Jim had a boy scout always on the watch and when mother or father was coming down the walk he would give a whistle and I would dive into the ice cream shanty again. This sort of thing went on until the 27th of September, when we made up our minds something had to be done. All the camp knew that I was dead in love with Jim, and he with me. My parents wouldn't listen to anything Jim had to say, so we had to decide for ourselves. Well, on this night I got a lady friend to come and stay with me, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place the next morning. Buck Taylor had his tent moved in the opposite direction to mine, and constituted himself master of the ceremonies. You will see what he had his tent moved for. Well, the next morning, the 28th—I shall never forget it—as we were going to breakfast, my father caught me talking to Jim, which nearly sent him mad; he got into a terrible rage and forbade me ever speaking to Jim again. This was very funny, you will admit, considering we were just on the point of getting married.

BEFORE THE MARRIAGE.

"As to Jim, my father said he would shoot him with a shotgun if he ever caught us together again. Only fancy; and this hardly an hour before he was going to take me for better or worse. Things were getting very uncomfortable, when Buck Taylor strolled up and asked me to come and look at the nice way in which he had fixed up his tent. Father let me go and when we got there we found Jim and all the cowboys assembled with the justice in the middle of them, and he marrted us straight away. Just think, it was all over in a minute. We don't waste much time on the other side, do we?

"I went back to my parents and never said a word. Jim made himself scarce. I meant to let them find out for themselves, and so they did, for the papers got hold of it and the first thing I saw my father reading the next day was "A Marriage in Camp.' There was a scene, you bet. My mother said she would kill herself if it was true, and my father promptly whisked me 200 miles away from New York and put me in solitary confinement, where I remained for weeks. Eventually I got permission to go out one day to buy some ribbons, and I at once took the opportunity of jumping on the cars. After about fifty miles of the journey was done a policeman came looking into all the cars. My parents had telegraphed to stop me. Fortunately a gentleman, who subsequently turned out to be a friend of Jim's—and, strange to say, knew me, but I didn't know him—got hold of the policeman and told him he would point out Lillian Smith; and when he came to me he told the policeman that I was not a bit like her, so he never even asked my name. I was glad when I got to New York. I can tell you. I went straight away and joined my husband. This was the 22d of November last, and I was married September 25. Quite a long time back was't it? When we left for England a reconciliation was effected with my parents, and we are all very happy now. You know there is an old saying, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure." Old sayings are not always true, and I have proved this one to be so, for I would not part with my Jim for anything."

Romance of a Hired Man.

Pittsburg Telegraph.

"This hired man had loved her long,
Had loved her best and first and last,
Her very garments as she passed
For him had symphony and song."

So I quoted to myself the other night as I heard this story. A dozen or so years ago a young man in Harrisburg was employed as man of all work about his house. He was a comely youth as to face and shape, and he was intelligent. There was something in him above the menial, and, as subsequently transpired, all that he wanted was a chance, and he would go up higher. It happened that in the gentleman's house was a very pretty daughter accomplished and gay, quite a society girl, but sensible for all that. Seeing her every day it was the most natural thing in the world for the young fellow—the "hired man"—to fall in love with her, and one bright day he braced himself and told his love—told her that to him

"She was the one and only lady,"

as he had said it with all his heart. But the girl was not looking with favor on hired men—just then. She was shocked.

"She told her sire,
The portly squire,"

after reproving the young fellow, and the venerable parent fired him. But the young man had blood. He gathered together his earthly possessions and faced toward the west. He took Greeley's advice and landed in one of the mining towns of Colorado. There he went to work as a prospector. Do you know what the life of a prospector means? It means hope deferred—it means continual disappointments—hard work, toiling and digging and hunting until death itself would be a welcome release.

The young man went through it all He didn't miss a trick. Many a time he wanted to lay right down and pass in his checks right then and there, but the sand in him wouldn't let him. He kept digging away in a perfunctory sort of way, until one day he struck pay dirt, and all at once he found himself the possessor of great riches. Struck it fat, just like many another poor devil in the last ditch. He sold out well, and then sat down to think. His first thoughts were of the Harrisburg girl who refused him. Ah, the old love was still there, brethren, still there. He resolved to try again. Gathering together a nice wallet full of boodle he hied him east, and at last landed in Harrisburg. The girl he loved was still there, but turning the corner of old maidism. Father was dead, and things had not gone right. She was poor. The young fellow hunted her up. There was a scene that I hope you will not insist upon my describing, and last week there was a quiet wedding that did not get into the papers. And this is why I begin this story with the quotation from one of Joaquin Miller's poems.

Senator Hawley's Bride-Elect.

Philadelphia Times: Social circles, not only in Philadelphia, but in Washington and other cities, have taken a special interest in the announcement of the engagement and prospective early marriage of Miss Edith A. Horner, of Philadelphia, to United States Senator Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut. General Hawley, who was at the head of the centennial celebration in 1876 in Philadelphia, has celebrated the constitutional centennial of 1887 by finding in Philadelphia the lady who is to share in his future honors and successes. They met on shipboard during Miss Horner's visit to her relatives in England during the summer, and it was at the constitutional celebration festivities of week before last that the engagement was arranged and announced. Miss Horner will retain her position at the Blockley hospital until November, and the wedding will take place soon afterwards. There are few chapters in real life that surpass in romance the history of this brave, well-born and well-bred English girl, who has devoted so much of her life to the alleviation of human suffering, and who from a home of luxury crossed the sea to enter the pauper hospital of Philadelphia to help make it a pleasant nursury for the neglected sick of a great city, and who is now about to wed an eloquent and honored United States senator, the foremost man of his state.

Miss Edith A. Horner is now about thirty years of age, but in consequence of an active life and much out-of-door exercise, like most English women, she does not look her age. She is above the medium height, with a good, rather full figure and well poised head. With gray blue eyes, light chestnut hair, slightly inclined to curl, very pleasing features and a most charming manner, Miss Horner is recognized wherever she goes as an attractive English gentlewoman of the highest type.

An Unkind Typewriter Girl.

Detroit Free Press: Lawyer Leonard Swett, of Chicago, has returned home from his wedding tour with his bride, who used to be a typewriter girl in his office, and they are enjoying the reading of several hundred letters of congratulation which accumulated during their absence. The gem of the collection is the following:

LEONARD SMITH, Esq., DEAR SIR: Your typewriter is kinder than man. Of the latter I can only say:

She clicks the keys
And she tickles the bell
With a practiced ease
No tongue can tell.
Her nimble fingers fly,
And I?

Well, I sit by
And watch the girl,
So sweet, so shy;
And my brain's awhirl,
For I love her tenderly,
And she?

Well, she tickles the bell
And she clicks the keys,
And if I should tell
My love, she'd freeze
My blood with a scornful "You,"
Whew!"
And so I congratulate you.

Pacified His Mother-in-Law.

San Francisco Report: Johnnie D. Thompson, clerk in a Montgomery street clothing house, becoming deperately in love with a Jewish young lady of this city, recently married her without his mother's consent. After the marriage he telegraphed her the news, for she was living in Sacramento. Vowing that she would never forgive her rash son the lady arrived at Jackson street wharf aboard the Apache last night. The young couple were there to greet her, but as they were about to walk aboard the steamer the escaping steam and darkness caused them to miss their footing. There was a loud splash and the bride and groom seemed in danger of drowning but the bride is a good swimmer, and while the husband lustily yelled for help as he floundered about, she grabbed him by the hair and held him up until assistance came. The brave act pacified his angry mother-in-lay, and there was a hearty "God bless you, my children," when the wet pair landed.

Reality in Dreamland.

Oakland Tribune: Twenty years ago a bachelor in Oakland dreamed of visiting a family consisting of parents and two little girls, who were unknown to him in his waking hours.

From that time forth he continued to dream of them for a score of years. He saw the children grow from childhood to womanhood. He was present at the closing exercises when they graduated. In fact, he shared all the pleasures and griefs of this family.

His friendship to the dreamland friends seemed so real that he often remarked that he felt certain he would know them in reality at some future time.

Two months ago he saw in a dream the husband die, and from that time he ceased to dream of them for the first time in a period of twenty years. About six weeks ago he was astonished at receiving a letter from New York city, the writer being the widow of a cousin of his, with whom he had never had any intercourse since his boyhood, over thirty years. The widow wrote that she wished to make San Francisco her future home. After exchanging a few letters it was arranged for him to meet her and the two daughters at the Oakland wharf upon the arrival of an eastern train on a certain day. On their arrival imagine his surprise to see his dream friends. They were equally so when he related his strange series of dreams in which they figured. He told them incidents connected with their past lives which he could not have known under ordinary circumstances. He described their former home, even to the furniture and household ornaments, which was correct in every particular. The sequel is that he recently married the widow and is living happily in this city.

Wang Kee Will Wed.

Chicago Herald: Wang Kee, a moon-eyed Celestial, who works at the Commercial hotel, smiled a sweet, celestial smile as he tip-toed up to Clerk Salmonson, of the marriage license department of the clerk's office yesterday, and asked if he was Cupid. He was accompanied by a lawyer named Abbott, and soon was in possession of a license to marry Augusta Smythe, a twenty-four-year-old German girl. Wang said he was twenty-six years of age, and promised the clerk that he would adhere to American customs and raise his family without pigtails. The astute Chinaman pretended to have been converted, but when he removed his hat to swear his cue was seen to have been neatly folded in a knot on top of his head.

Queer Colorado Wedding.

Leadville Democrat: On the arrival of the Salt Lake express at Salida an aged-looking man of dissipated appearance, accompanied by a handsome young woman, stepped from the train, and, repairing to the Monte Cristo hotel, requested that a minister be summoned, as they desired to be married. This was complied with, and soon the twain were made one. The newly married wife retired to the privacy of the chamber which had been assigned to the couple. Not so, however, with the husband. He proceeded to fill up on whisky.

On returning to the hotel the man actually forgot that he had been married. He went up to the parlor and sank into a drunken slumber on the sofa, entirely forgetting that his young wife was in an agonizing suspense on account of his not returning.

Next morning when she learned the true state of affairs, she paid the hotel bill and left the town in disgust, before her newly made husband was awake.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Miss Bishop, aged fourteen, eloped the other day with John Lee, of Oconee, Ga. The groom is sixty-three years old.

The biggest wedding in sight in Europe is that of Helen Betty de Rothschild with Baron Gustavus Van de Haar. The lady has a snug fortune of $30,000,000.

Mr. J. F. Wright, who advertised for a wife about a year ago, is now the proud father of a bouncing boy. Our advertising rates can be ascertained by inquiry at the counting-room, says the Minneapolis Tribune.

It is rumored in Paris that Count and Countess Telfener have separated. Countess Telfener is the younger sister of Mrs. Mackay, and on her marriage with the count she received a handsome dowry from her brother-in-law, Mr. Mackay.

Miss Mary Hurst Purnell, eldest daughter of Littleton B. Purnell, and Dr. Elgin Ralston Lovell Gould, of Washington, D. C., statistician in the United States bureau of labor and lecturer at Johns Hopkins university, were married Tuesday afternoon at Woodland, Baltimore county, the residence of the brides father.

A very romantic marriage has just taken place at Starke's station, Ga. H. S. Haines, a telegraph operator at Dalton, and Miss Ella Phillips, an operator at Sugar Valley, courted over the wires and met by appointment at Starke's station, where they were married under a big hickory tree. They went from there to Dalton and then departed for their respective posts of duty.

There is a young man in Dakota in hard luck. He fell in love with a girl, but her parents did not like him. In attempting an elopement he succeeded in getting his sweetheart out of the house only to be arrested for burglary by the cruel parent when he stole back after her clothes, and to be committed to jail by the justice of the peace whom he had retained to marry him.

Edwin McElroy, who was married Sunday night on the stage of the Buckingham theater, in Louisville, to Miss Agnes McDonald-Fuller, of Chicago, is spending his honeymoon rather lonesomely in a cell at the jail. Mr. McElroy is manager of the Stetson Vaudeville company, while Miss Fuller was one of the stars. The ceremony was performed on the stage of the theater in the presence of an enthusiastic audience. A supper and congratulations followed, and it was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the newly wedded couple retired. There was a knock at the door, which the groom opened only to be confronted by a constable armed with a writ, who insisted on McEloy paying a week's board for his company at once. This he could not do and he was led away to jail, leaving his bride to meditate alone.

TABLE SERVICE.

New trays have a basket-finished surface and scalloped edge. Others are in satin finish, and a novelty has what is called a spun finish.

Many of the most elegant sets of fine table ware are done by private order, and are almost unknown outside of the circle of friends who dine from them.

Ice cream sets are either in oblong or square shapes. Cream is frequently served in long bars, in which case the oblong dish with square corners is preferable.

Cut glass is growing in favor, and is very generally used. There are, however, some specimens of pressed glass that only an expert can distinguish from that which is cut.

Pickle castors and regular castors for seasoning vary but little in style from those with which we are familiar. A new pattern is in the shape of a wheel, and is exceedingly pretty.

Vegetable dishes are shown in several shapes. The square, low dishes are perferred for breakfast uses. They have covers, and are either in solid color with bands of gold, or in white body with colored decorations.

New oatmeal sets have cream pitcher, bowl, and the plate upon which the bowl is placed. The new decorations are in gold and filligree upon dark grounds; brick red, chocolate color and blue clay color are popular.

At family breakfast the hostess pours the coffee and sends it by the waiter, or, if the table be small and the family relations intimate, the cups are handed about by those who sit next to the hostess and the servant is dismissed.

Water sets are in basket pattern and also in satin surface with floral decorations. The newest sets have pitcher, drinking cup, slop bowl and tray. New ice pitchers are larger at the bottom and smaller at the top than formerly. Very few have procelain linings.

Dishes for sauces of various sorts, bone dishes, roll trays, dishes for boiled corn served on the ear, asparagus dishes, cheese dishes, sardine, scolloped oyster, pudding and butter dishes are but a few of the lesser pieces that go to make up the harmonious and complete whole.

New celery dishes are in long slender boat shapes, with ends turned up gondola wise. Berry dishes are shown in various elegant decorations, many of them with the kind of fruit they are intended to hold, either on the stalks or in masses; small deep plates or dishes come to match the bowl.

The foundation of the table service is laid by what is ordinarily known as the English dinner set, which may consist of about 125 to 135 pieces, according to fancy. To this number is added every variety and form of dish, plain or fancy, that ingenuity can suggest. Again, the dinner set; there are some hundreds of pieces that must be added to make up the fashionable complement.

For breakfast sets there are fruit plates on which oranges or grapes are served. These are often done in most elaborate style. One handsome set has a fruit bowl and twelve plates. The bowl has a wreath of grape leaves and fruit around the upper edge, and oranges, peaches, pears and other fruits in the most perfect colorings and with the varying green of their respective foliage.

Game sets have been the subject of no little care and labor, with what results the superb specimens now on exhibition will best illustrate. The deer, buffalo, wild boar, pheasant, turkey, grouse and water fowl of all sorts are used in the decorations. They are for the most part shown in their native wilds, the forest, hillside, stream and mountain lake, forming the most charming and appropriate background and surroundings.

Fish sets show some attractive novelties in design. Among the most beautiful are borders of sea green, with sea weeds, coral shells, the lotus, and almost every form of marine plant and flower. An order recently filled by a private artist of note was for a fish set in water blooms, sea lilies, pond lilies, and similar flowers were shown in quite large size, and below were miniature fish of various sorts.

There is a difference of opinion as to the most desirable form for the plates on which oysters are served. Some ultra esthetic people insist that the indented plate with the place for each of the oysters is too much like the restaurant, and they serve the oysters on a plain plate. This is, however, a matter of individual opinion, and does not prevent the use of any elegant and costly oyster plates upon the most fashionable tables.

Coffee cups have returned to the old form with straight sides. The wide flaring shape was beautiful, and preferred by some people on account of its graceful curves, but it cools the coffee too rapidly, and the straight shape has for this reason superseded it in popular favor. Saucers are rather small and shallow, broad on the bottom, and curve sharply up at the edges. Breakfast plates are smaller than formerly, and the latest shapes are very flat.

Meat sets ordinarily consist of sixteen or eighteen pieces. The platter, one or three vegetable dishes (the former is the usual number, although some dinners have more than one vegetable served with the roast), a gravy tureen and sauce boat if two kinds of sauce are served, and twelve plates. Accessories in the way of bone dishes and the like may be made to match or not, according to fancy. The colors are strictly in accord with life, and the rims of the dishes are either in solid color with gold decoration or in fancy designs.

Designers and manufacturers of fine china seem to be at variance upon the subject of soup plates. New samples are shown in deep shapes with broad bottoms, while others are very flat, so shallow, indeed, that there is the greatest difficulty in handling them when filled. They vary in size also, but the best taste and judgment approves the deeper plate of medium size as the more sensible and it will doubtless supersede the other altogether. New tureens are in bowl shapes or square. In the former style are some beautiful specimens in decorative designs. Some of them are not unlike punch bowls or salad dishes.

Meat sets are handsome and characteristic. One that has attracted a great deal of attention is done in landscape with domestic animals grazing. Beeves, fat and sleek, stand in a shallow pool or drinking from a running stream, while others lie about on the grassy banks with looks of contentment on their gentle faces. Sheep and lambs stand at a watering trough. Small and half grown pigs gambol on a lawn, one particularly fat and mischievous fellow having overturned a pot of plants at which he looks in evident surprise. Several calves stand by a low gate, one resting his head on the shoulder of his fellow.

While decorated china has for some years past been the object of a moderate degree of interest, yet artistic taste has done its utmost toward the production of single pieces and entire sets that are in a truly artistic sense masterpieces of decoration. Since regular courses have become customary, not alone for dinner, but for breakfast and other meals, the cultivated tastes of the hostess have demanded variety and profusion in tableware, the former as a gratification to herself and entertainment for her friends, the latter for convenience and safety, as hasty washing of plates is necessarily attended with delay and danger from too rapid handling. It has, therefore, come to be the custom in well-to-do households where the formalities of fashion are observed to have the service for each course as distinct and characteristic as possible, every effort being made to secure decorative designs and shapes that shall best suit the purpose for which the ware is intended.

EDUCATIONAL.

The largest university in the world is Oxford, in England. It consists of twenty-one colleges and five halls.

Miss Rose Cleveland has begun her duties as teacher of American history in a young ladies' boarding school near Central Park, New York.

Prof. Newton, of Yale, says that the freshman class this year will number over 200 and be the largest on record. The scientific school will have 100 students in the new class.

The election of the wife of Senator Blair to be a trustee of the New Hampshire normal school, is said to be the first instance of a woman being chosen to a state institution there.

Professor Lucy M. Salmon, the new occupant of the chair of history at Vassar college, began her career as an educator in Iowa, having been for six years the principal of the McGregor high school.

Prof. Dana, of Yale college, reached San Francisco last week from Hawaii, where he spent one week studying the crater of Kilauea. He had examined the volcano forty-seven years ago, and found on his recent visit that it had not aged as much as he had in the intervening years.

Rufus Magee, our minister to Norway and Sweden, has given the Indiana state university, in which he was once a student, a copy of a map made in 1482 and 1486, showing the geographer's idea of the world at that period. The original was found in an old Russian library by Baron Nordenskiold, the Arctic explorer, and the only other copy in this country is owned by Harvard university.

The Indian children of Alaska no longer wear a tag of tin with a number, in order that if truant from school they might be identified. School commences in September, and continues forty-four weeks. In addition to primary English branches, the boys are taught blacksmithing, cooperage, carpentry and cabinet making, and the girls are instructed in sewing, knitting, cooking and different household duties.

It is stated on good authority that there are now in New England 191,000 people who can neither read nor write; 322,000 in Pennsylvania and 241,000 in New York, while the total of the whole country reaches nearly 6,000,000, or ten per cent of the population. It is reasonable to believe that, outside of the great cities which have public libraries, sixty per cent of the population never read anything but the personal items and locals in the newspapers.

One of the boys at the Byran, Tex., agricultural and mechanical college has been paying his own way by working on a farm. A few weeks ago he found that he must abandon his studies for a time or run in debt. Some of the other boys learned of the situation, put their heads together, raised $100, and loaned it to him for six years without interest. They also voted that the money, when paid, should be left with the treasurer of the college as a permanent loaning fund for use in similar cases.

A Dummy Waving a Handkerchief.

Newark News: It is a custom among railroad men whose homes are situated within view of their passing trains to be always on the platform of the cars and to salute their wives or other members of the family, who are generally at the window at the time when the trains pass. The conductors and brakemen have come to regard it as a duty on the part of their families to be at the window. A certain conductor on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, whose home is near Orange, is very particular to have this custom observed, and only discovered yesterday that his wife, for an indefinite period, has been circumventing him by having a dummy dressed in her clothes near the window with a fluttering handkerchief that gave her husband the dea she was there waiting to salute him.

FOR THIS WEEK.

We call special attention to our enormous stock of

BOYS' CLOTHING!

Suits for $1.50, $1.75, $2, $2.50 and upwards.
Our large line of single pants, for 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, $1, $1.15 and upwards.
Our large line of flannel shirt waists.
Our large line of boys hats and caps from 25c upward.

Fall Overcoats.

Our $6.50, $7.50, $9 and $10 fall overcoats are the greatest wonder to our competitors, who cannot understand how we can do it. But never mind, "we get there just the same," and nobody need go without a fall overcoat when they can buy a splendid worsted coat for

$6.50.

Hats.

Our hat department is simply immense this season, and for $1.25 you can purchase a good stiff hat equal to hats bought elsewhere for $2. Other stiff hats for $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.

Our soft crushers sell for 50c and 75c.

Soft Hats from 75c Upwards.

Underwear.

Our line of underwear is selling at lower prices than has ever been seen before. We call your attention to the goods shown in our window which we are selling at

75 Per Cent Cheaper than other Houses can Sell Them for.

NEW YORK & OMAHA CLOTHING CO

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WHERE MAGNOLIAS BLOOM.

An Old Omahan Describes the Beauties of Florida.

THE VILLAGE OF ASTATULA

The St. Johns River—The Products of the Country — Some Poetic Nooks—The Delightful Climate.

ASTATULA, Lake county, Fla., Oct 3.—To the Editor of the BEE: Having been a resident of your prosperous city for some years past, and now a resident of this state, and having numerous friends among your readers, who are ignorant of the vast and fertile country contained in this peninsula, I wish to give them a few facts in regard to our part of the sunny south, which comes as near being a poor man's country as it is possible for any land to be.

Lake county is an offspring of the old counties of Orange and Sumpter, and is now only about three months old, but is taking many steps forward in the line of advancement.

It is situated in what is known as the lake region or orange belt of Florida, commencing with the St. John river on Lake George on the north and east, extending south and west embracing the sheets of water called Lakes Eustis, Dora, Beauchairre, Harris, Griffin, Lady and little Lake Harris, with Lake Apopka, an inland sea as it can truly be called, twenty-nine miles in length and seventeen in width, affording a protection from the cold north winds and frost, containing as it does, a decidedly fertile and healthy section of country.

THE ST. JOHN RIVER

with its magnificent steamers serve as one of the many outlets to the north, and with five lines of railroad connecting for all points at Tavares we find no trouble in regard to transportation, and the traveler, producer, and business man can find ample and good means of transit for their lines of merchandise.

Lying directly south of little Lake Harris and west of Lake Apopka, we find a continuous chain of high land or hills called Apopka mountains.

Standing on the crest of the highest we see some twenty miles to the northwest the growing city of Leesburg, at the head of Lake Harris. Then directly in front we find the enterprising town of Astatula looming up out of the pines. To the east is seen Tavares, the great railroad center of south Florida, and Mount Dora, a beautiful village, both overlooking Lake Dora.

On the south we find the broad expanse of open county around Lake Apopka, while in the distant haze the shape and smoke of two handsome steamers are to be seen plowing their way around the shores, gathering up the products of the market gardener and orange grower, and distributing supplies for the numerous business houses to be found at each landing.

Here on this crest the most fastidious critic of nature can stop for hours, and, resting in the cool shade of the pines, fanned by gentle breezes wafted from the gulf and ocean, and when his reverie is over, he descends with ever the same conclusion—

IT IS COMPLETE.

Down the mountain side we wander, at each turn finding some new scene or flower to attract and divert. Through the Double Run, with its cool and mossy banks and fish innumerable, on through the dense Hammock, where we find the magnolia, sweet bay palmetto of every description, and ferns of all varieties, from the delicate maiden hair to the larger varieties, whose leaves measure fully six feet to the top. Everything is to be found here that is looked upon with wonder and admiration in the greenhouses and conservatories of the north.

Coming out of the Hammock we pass through a belt of live oak gnarled and twisted and into the high pines once more with fragrant breezes blowing the scent of the sweet bay berries toward us, we arrive at last at the village of Astatula, named very justly from the Seminole language (Astatula meaning sunbeams.)

In the evening the sun going to rest over the western hills sheds its beams for miles across the waters of the little Lake Harris, and dirict to the hill on the east side where the town is situated.

This prosperous village, located in the dense pine and Hammock land, has steadily improved in spite of the hard freeze of two years ago, and with good railroad and lake transportation bids fair to become one of the most prominen towns in south Florida.

We find here the rich pine land of first grade for orange and other members of the Cetrus family and the hammocks abound with decayed vegetable matter and nearer the lake the much beds which are so beneficial to the market garden.

Among the crops that are raised here for profit and home use we find the orange, lemon, lime shaddock or grape fruit guava, bannana, pineapple, pinto peach, LaConte, pear, Japanese persimmon, Muscatel grape and last but not by any means least the strawberry.

OF OTHER PRODUCTS

people are giving especial attention to the following: Corn, cotton, jute, hemp, artichoke, asparagus, cassava, tomatoes, string, and lima beans, peas, squash, watermelons and others of the same nature.

One of our citizens cut from a Muscatel grape, two years old this summer, over one ton of the fruit, and found ready sale for same at twelve and a half cents per pound. Another picked from a three-year-old Pinto peach tree two and a half bushels of fine grade fruit, and as this peach comes in bearing in May the product finds ready sale at $12 per bushel in Jacksonville.

Not wishing to weary my friends with too much of a good thing I will simply say, come down and spend a few weeks this winter with us, and while those gentle forty miles an hour thirty-five below zero zephyrs are blowing across the Nebraska plains, you can pull off your coat and go fishing, or eat oranges with us.

LENOX.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Braiding is immensely popular.

Mrs. Cleveland wears a 5½ glove.

China crape is much used for bridesmaids' dresses this fall.

All the silks of the season are very soft, with lustrous surface.

Immense buttons are features in the garniture of fall costumes.

Royal purple will be the fashionable color for the coming season.

The rage for the antique in jewelry is every day more marked.

Trim figures would be more conspicuous if some of the trimmings were discarded.

Ribbed silk underwear grows in favor and is shown in vests and union suits of various kinds.

A charming house dress for the winter is of gray silk, with little clusters of wine red stripes.

New soft felt bonnets and hats are brought out in all the fashionable shades to match costumes.

Most of the tweed costumes are now made suitable for utility walking gowns, without any additional wrap.

A woman waiting for a train in a New Haven railway station the other day had eight cross-eyed children with her.

Very low-crowned bonnets have appeared at last, but it is safe to assert that it will take fully two seasons and perhaps more to make them general.

Whole dresses of black or colored Lyons velvets will be much worn this winter, and the handsome new plushes will also be used in the same way.

Gay Roman-plaided or Persian-striped ribbons, about an inch and a half wide, are worn again, but mostly under velvet or linen turn-down collars.

A concert toilette has the full front and skirt in Henrietta cream-color cloth, with ruby velvet waist, trimmed with garnet-beaded passementerie.

Miss Francis E. Willard will preside over the national convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., November 16 to 21.

Green leather is a new caprice for bags, belts, card cases and purses. This new leather is a light green tint and is in raised designs, like those of repousse silver.

It has been learned that extremely tight lacing produces softening of the brain. It has long been known that softening of the brain produces extremely tight lacing.

Miss Oloff Krarer, of Ottawa, Ill., a native Esquimau, from the eastern coast of Greenland, has been lecturing in Chicago. She is thirty years and is only forty inches high.

A startling novelty is the introduction of blue gloves. They come in shades of Gobelin blue, so fashionable at present, and many of them have the strips between the fingers white.

"Does your wife play the piano?" "I am sorry to say she doesn't." "Does she play any kind of a musical instrument?" "None whatever." "Hey! That's a rare accomplishment."

Fur is to be a popular trimming the coming season for indoor and morning dresses. Chinchilla fur is also to be popular for trimming gray velvet, with which it forms a graceful contrast.

The proportion of men to women in the medical profession is thirty-five to one. There are now 2,500 women holding first-class medical diplomas, and all of them have won their sheepskins since 1850.

The 1,000 girls employed in a Liverpool factory have been organized into a fire brigade, with regular apparatus and drill. They have several times demonstrated their efficiency when the factory was threatened with destruction.

Mrs. Cleveland is reported as saying that she would never sit for a photograph again while she remained mistress of the white house. Some of the prints used as tobacco signs are said to be the cause of her taking this resolution.

Stella Davis, a young woman living at Fort Saunders, Wy. T., appropriated a horse, saddle and wedding dress and started out to see the country last week. She reached Laramie in time to be welcomed and cared for by the sheriff.

Many of the new plaids are conspicuously large and gay in pattern, but there are cases of other designs, especially among rich, expensive materials, that are exceedingly tasteful and attractive, blending with plain fabrics with excellent effect.

The silver girdles which have grown so rapidly in favor the past season, it is predicted, are to be superseded by ropes of beads, links of passementerie and fur rolls, matching a suit entire from head to foot—dress, hat, gloves, shoes and stockings—is again to be the mode.

An odd fancy in stockings is to wear two pair, the outer one being of silk or net, with broad meshes. Red net is worn over black silk stockings, blue over gray and pink and heliotrope over white. For those in mourning come black ones, to be worn over under-stockings of white.

There is a revival in the fancy for jerseys of both silk and wool, but they are no longer plain and closely fitted, the preference being for various gathered waists, some having yokes, while others are shirred on the shoulders and drawn down in plaits to meet a pointed half-girdle of velvet.

Plush mantles for the autumn are made in visite shape with sling sleeves, and fancy vests covered with beading or gimp the shade of the plush. Another model is a simple shoulder-cape reaching to the waist-line, with long scarf-ends that extend in some cases quite to the foot of the dress-skirt.

Mrs. Mitchell, the widow of Alexander Mitchell, the Milwaukee railroad magnate, has quit that city and will live in California. She had a dispute with her son, John L. Mitchell, who decided to sell the fine Mitchell mansion in Milwaukee, and that is said to have prompted her change of residence. Mrs. Mitchell is paid $20,000 a year from her late husband's estate.

A pretty girl set up a boot-blacking chair in Wall street. She was an alert creature of sixteen or so, dressed in jaunty neatness, and altogether an object to make the brokers turn around for a second look. But her enterprise failed. No man had the moral courage to mount that chair and submit his boots to the brushes of a girl, and she got no customers.

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