

IN A SOUTHERN CITY.

HOW THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS KEPT IN FLORIDA.

A Writer Describes the Pretty manner in Which the Christmas Festival is Kept in Florida—The Day Like one in July—Church Customs.

Christmas in Florida is an novel experience to northerners. There the manner of observing this holiday is more like a Fourth of July celebration than anything else. It is true there are some of the characteristics of the northern observance, but the incessant firing of torpedoes and fire-crackers in the middle of the day, and the display of pyrotechnics in the evening rob the day of much of its mythological and sacred significance. In the relation of one's personal impressions of the manner in which Christmas is observed in that far away southland the reader will perhaps better understand the novelty of such an experience than were one to write in a general way.

We arrived at Orlando, the county seat of Orange country, in the central portion of Florida, the evening before Christmas. There were two in our party, an artist and the writer. We had come direct from a northern city and the sudden transition from scenes of mud and ice to those of sunshine, fruit and tropical verdure was both novel and striking. We were

"In the realm of flowers, a perfumed land." Orlando is a typical little city of the 'New South,' and like many of the western cities it has grown into unexpected proportions within a remarkably short period. Strolling through the streets the evening of our arrival, we were particularly impressed with what seemed to us the preparations that were being made on every hand, not for the celebration of the natal day of Christ, but rather those that usually characterize the approach of Independence day. The show windows of the stores were filled with fire crackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of torpedoes and other fireworks. Here and there impatient boys—whites and blacks—were throwing torpedoes on the stone sidewalks and prematurely touching off fire crackers, whose reports sounded unusually loud in the stillness of the night.

Christmas dawned like a July day in the north. With the first appearance of streaks of light in the eastern horizon the ringing notes of the mocking bird disturbed our early morning slumbers and before the sun appeared full and red the demonstrations in honor of the day was resumed in the street below our hotel window. In the outskirts of Orlando there are three or four pretty shining water lakes and the country immediately surrounding is diversified by scores of other shimmering bodies of water. A programme of aquatic and field sports had been arranged, which was to be carried out on one of these lakes and on the semi-circular ground surrounding it. The races came off in the afternoon in the presence of thousands of spectators. The people came in carriages, wagons, carts, on horseback and there were a great many on foot. Whole families from the country drove to the edge of the lake in carry-alls. They brought their dinners and their appetites with them. While waiting for the appearance of the athletes they spread out their lunches on the greensward and leisurely ate them. The people were in holiday attire and the panoramic view of the lake and grounds suggested the scene surrounding a race track or in a baseball park on the Fourth of July in the north.

In the forenoon we drove to Winter Park, five miles from Orlando. It is a beautiful little summer resort whose chief attraction besides the salubrious climate, is a fine hotel, which occupies an eminence midway between two picturesque lakes. On this winter day the front side of the hotel was literally covered from the lawn to the roof with matted, running rose vine, displaying thousands of white roses in bloom. Large oak trees, whose branches were festooned with Spanish moss, studded the banks of the lake. Here and there the princely magnolia with large, fragrant white blossoms, was seen. There were also orange groves, with the long rows of stately trees loaded with golden fruit, alternating between avenues of light sand, glistening in the sunlight. And such a scene in midwinter!

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the boat races on the lake in Orlando began. Those over, there were running and hurdle races, high jumping and other expeditions. All the events were spiritedly contested and the spectators enthusiastically applauded. Throughout the city from early morn until late at night torpedoes and firecrackers were discharged almost incessantly and there was frequent booming of cannon. In various portions of the city there were lawn parties during the December evening, with the usual accompaniments of Chinese lanterns and the cream booths. Brilliant

displays of fireworks were made from the hotels and private residences, where the customary Christmas turkey dinners had been served in the middle of the day.

But it was only in the churches that the holiday was observed as it is in the north. In the Baptist church there was a big Christmas ship, whose evergreen-trimmed masts extended to the ceiling and whose flower-bedecked bow and stern touched either side of the sacred edifice. Bright little sailor lads wearing natty suits of blue and white manned the attractively decorated ship with the reckless abandon of old salts. Pretty maidens dressed in white and carrying tinsel wands distributed the Christmas presents to the young people as they were handed down the gangway by the merry crew from the resources of the boat's capacious hold. In the Presbyterian church there was a good, old-fashioned Christmas tree, whose branches hung low with their burden of candies and toys, which were duly handed out to the impatient Sunday school scholars. There were similar exercises held in the other churches of the city.

Having witnessed the city folks' manner of celebrating the holidays, we visited the negro quarter, just outside the city limits. We soon found that Christmas night in a southern negro settlement is full of novel attractions to the northerner. The soft light from the moon illuminated everything almost like day. No one loves a holiday better than a negro, and those residing in Florida are, generally speaking, extremely lazy. If they have enough to eat and drink today they give no thought for the necessities or desires that to-morrow may bring forth. But still, if every day were a holiday these dusky sons of Ham would consider the advent of Christmas one of the high days in the yearly calendar. This negro settlement resembled more a scattered collection of barns and sheds than the habitations of human beings. And yet these rough boarded huts and houses had been cleaned up and decorated specially for this holiday, for the negroes have a superstition that if they allow their homes to appear dirty and unattractive on Christmas there will be an overwhelming number of hoodoos following them before the new year is half over. It was a warm evening and one felt comfortable without an overcoat, although this is not usually the case, even when the thermometer during the day registers a temperature of nearly 100 degrees in the shade. Through the latticed windows and open doors we caught glimpses of little Christmas trees, small negro boys and girls playing with their new toys and occasionally a whole family gathered about a table eating turkey or possum, hoe cake and pumpkin pies. Outside one hut there were two colored boys devouring a watermelon. In the lower part of this settlement we came across a large, rickety, barnlike structure whose interior was illuminated with one large kerosene lamp and a dozen flaming pine knots. The dilapidated structure was filled with negro men, women and children, dressed in variegated colors. A patriarchal looking colored preacher was exhorting those present to fix their minds on heavenly things and make good resolutions to forego chicken stealing and wandering in the white folks' orange groves after night-fall for at least a week afterward.

"Bruderen an' chillun," said the preacher, "I tell yoah in cas' yoah doan looks out an' wandah away from yoah nabus' hen-coops Ol' Santa' gab'l yoah right up an' no mo' Christmas turkee an' dolls an' candy cums down de chimneh anodah andeversery of de Lawd's buthday."

After the preacher had gone in this style for a few minutes he suddenly began to sing, the whole audience joining in the chorus of a Christmas song, with which they were evidently quite familiar. It ran something like this:

Shin' on, shin' on,
Doan git weary, chillun,
Shin' on, shin' on,
Oh, Jerusalem.

Again the white-haired old preacher warned his flock against 'bad behavin',' after which they sang another stanza as follows:

My ole missus' promis' me,
All cross ober Jordan,
When she died she set me free,
Oh, Jerusalem.

Every other line was sung in chorus in a sort of weird chant, without any regard for time, save the regular tapping of the feet of the singers on the pine floor.

When the unique congregation dispersed many of the youths and maidens formed in a body and proceeded a mile down the road, where a good old-fashioned negro dance was in progress. It was held in a large barn, whose frame exhibited many transparent places. It was situated in the midst of a 160-acre orange grove. The two northerners leaned against the roadside fence and listened to the music from the negro orchestra's violins and banjos for hours, now and then catching fragments of that romantic song, 'Suwannee River.'

As we wended our way toward the city a colored quartet sitting about one of the little cabins sang that old plantation melody:

'A' de darkies am a weepin',
Massa's in de cold, cold ground. . . .

A refreshing breeze was blowing from the gulf and the plaintive strains of the famous song were wafted sweetly through the swaying pines.—J. D. Spitzer, in Detroit Free Press.

Thanksgiving Letter.
Saved From Certain Death.
Paine's Celery Compound
Renews Another Life.
Twelve Years Work of Medical Men Did Not Effect a Cure.
Kidney Disease Surely and Permanently Banished by Paine's Celery Compound.

A terrible record of suffering and misery! Twelve years a martyr to kidney disease and other serious ailments! Money spent for medical attendance and a vast variety of patent medicines, and no cure! Such disappointments and failures added to physical and mental agonies were sufficient to drive many a sufferer to the verge of insanity. Deliverance from suffering and disease was long and earnestly prayed for, and a kind Providence directed a friend of the suffering lady to advise her to make a trial of Paine's Celery Compound. It was used. There were no blank disappointments; no vain experiments; no waste of hard earned money. Relief and cure came to gladden the soul. Mrs. George Stone, of Eganville, Ont., writes about her case as follows:

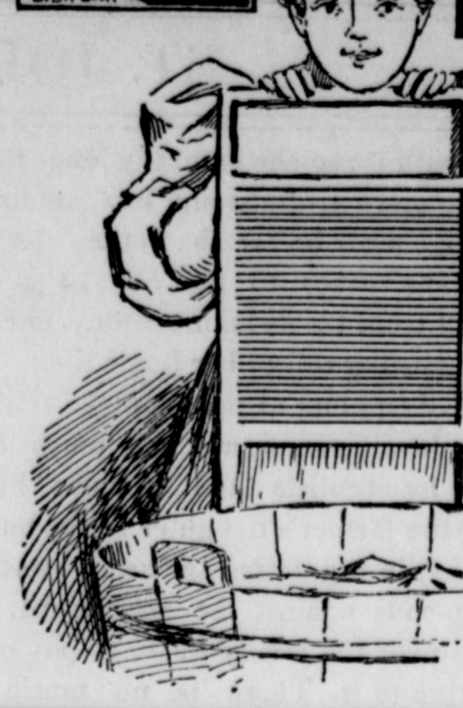
"For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good results. My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines. I was advised, however to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a fair trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to anyone suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles."

Not in Stock.
The Strand Magazine says that an English pitman was asked by a friend who was very bow-legged, to buy when next in town, a pair of stockings for him. On the following pay-day the pitman entered the shop of a well-known hosiery to make the purchase. The shopman was most obliging, but having shown the intending purchaser nearly every pair in stock he at last thought it time to ask for a more minute description of what was required. 'I've shown you nearly all we have,' said he, 'and I'm sure our stock is second to none. As we've hitherto given satisfaction in all classes, it is strange that we can't suit you.' 'Well,' said the pitman, 'what I want is a pair o' bow-legged ones.'

"Well,"
said the bright woman who had asked for Pearline, to the grocer who wanted to sell her some imitation of it, "whether you do sell more of these other things or not, there must be something in Pearline which makes the flies avoid it. I notice that all the Pearline packages are clean and fresh. All the others are fly-specked!" This is a true story. Everything is true that we print about Pearline. The thing in Pearline that keeps flies off is its popularity. It doesn't stay on the shelves long enough to become soiled. When women want washing made easy, without any risk of harm, they must have Pearline. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.



Send it Back



NO ONE KNOWS
how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with **SURPRISE SOAP**, until they try. It's the easiest quick-est best Soap to use. See for yourself.

NIAGARA'S RIVAL.
Great Plant That will be an Important Distributor.

Niagara's great rival, the power distributing plant at the Lachine Rapids of the St. Lawrence river, above Montreal, will, it is hoped, be completed by the first of the new year. This is the harnessing of the Lachine Rapids of the great St. Lawrence river, which presents many engineering difficulties, owing to the formation of the river channel at this point, and the extreme cold experienced in winter, making it necessary so to construct the dam that the floating ice will not interfere with the regular operation of the plant.

The work has begun by the construction of an artificial canal along the north shore of the St. Lawrence river above the Lachine Rapids, and about five miles from Montreal. The main dam of the work, running out from the shore, consists of a series of isolated piers of masonry and concrete, and is constructed about 3,500 feet down the river to the ice tenders. These piers are made to form the flumes to take the turbine wheels and shafting which generate and deliver the power. The sixty turbines will operate under a head of 12 feet, and will develop 200 horse-power each making a total of 12,000 horse-power, all the year round. There are three power houses in which will be located the electric generators, four in each power house, each of about 1,000 horse-power. The generators are coupled to a jack shaft, and six of the turbines are connected to this shaft with bevel cone gears thus transmitting to each generator the power of six turbines, or 1,200 horse-power. The building extends the full length of the main dam, and is 42 feet wide, excepting at the power house, where it is 60 feet. The original idea of the company was to generate the power merely and dispose of it on the jack shaft, and to lay out a large portion of the adjoining grounds into factory sites. Recently, however, it was decided to bring the power into Montreal, and dispose of it there.

In addition to the great development of water power of the Lachine Hydraulic and Land Company has decided to lay out its property adjoining the work in the form of a model town. The property will be divided into building lots, drained, graded, supplied with water, electric heating, besides having its own electric railway to Montreal.—Electrical Engineer.

A Justice's Small Fee.

"We want to get married!" exclaimed a young couple in union to Police Captain Bamford at the West Orange (N. Y.) police station. The captain told the young man and the blushing young woman that he was not in a position to tie the knot, but a messenger was sent to the home of Police Justice Condit, nearly a mile away. The justice had retired for the night, but dressed himself and answered the summons. The first question the bridegroom asked the justice as he entered the court was: "How much do you charge, judge, to marry people?" "Oh, anything, from 50 cents up," said the magistrate, laughing. A consultation between the would-be bride and bridegroom followed, and then the latter finally said: "All right we are ready," and the two were made man and wife. As the certificate was handed to the bride by the justice the bridegroom dropped a dozen pieces of coin into his hand, and the two left the court. After counting over the pennies and nickels the man had given the justice discovered that he had 50 cents. Cost of the certificate and other expenses reduced the magistrate's fee to 9 cents. He said a few things and then went home.

SHATTERED NERVE AND PARALYSIS.

Shattered Nerves Developed Nervous Prostration—Nervous Prostration Developed Total Paralysis of One Side—Great South American Nervine in the Teeth of Most Adverse and Complicated Circumstances Overcomes All, and Restores Wife and Mother in Good Health to her Family—These are the Written Words of Edward Parr, Surry Centre, B. C.

"My wife was taken bad last August with nervous prostration, which later on developed into paralysis of one side. We tried many remedies, but all in vain. I thought I would try South American Nervine, having seen it advertised in the New Westminster, B. C., papers, and I am glad to be able to say that the result after taking three bottles was an astonishment to myself and family. It worked wonders for her and we can not speak too highly of this great remedy." No case too acute or of too long standing to defy its wonderful merits.

A PEDLAR'S EXPERIENCE.

ILLNESS BROUGHT HIM ALMOST TO THE VERGE OF THE GRAVE.

Pale and Emaciated, Suffering From Excruciating Pains in the Back, Life Became a Burden and Death Was Thought to be Not Far off.

From the St. Catherines Journal.

It is a curious pathological fact that spinal complaint has sometimes actually been mistaken for Bright's disease, and there is no doubt many have been maltreated for Bright's disease when spinal trouble was the real malady. Geo. T. Smith, pedlar, of St. Catherines, is one who thus suffered. His narrative is as follows:—"In the fall of 1894 I began to experience alarming symptoms of what I thought to be spinal trouble. I resorted to lotions, plasters and other remedies, but to no avail, as I continued to grow worse. At this point my friends advised the services of a physician, which I gladly submitted to. The professional man made a minute examination, and pronounced mine a case of Bright's disease, which quite naturally gave me a severe shock, as I deemed the death sentence has been passed upon me. The doctor said that he could alleviate my sufferings, but remarked that it would only be a matter of time with me. However, I accepted his medicine, and took it according to directions with no beneficial results. In the meantime a friend procured a remedy said to be a cure for Bright's disease. This medicine I took, but with no effect whatever. Ten months had passed away and I had become so haggard, emaciated, stooped and miserable that my friends had difficulty in recognizing me. In fact they, like myself, harbored the most painful apprehensions. At this juncture an aunt came to visit me, and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Like a drowning man reaching for a straw I did so. To my great surprise I soon noticed an improvement, the pain in my back began to leave, my appetite improved, my color returned, and by the time I had used eight boxes not an ache or pain remained, and I am as able to travel about to-day as previous to the attack. I know that I owe my restoration to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I urge those ill or suffering to give them a trial. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and shallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

An Anecdote of Rubinstein.

The following anecdote of Rubinstein is told by the Italian tenor Marconi to Theodore Tracy, who tells it in turn to the musical Courier. One day during a visit to Rubinstein his little son came tripping eagerly into the music-room. Approaching the father's side he nestled beside him and said: "This is my festa, papa, and I want a present." "Very well, my son, what shall it be?" "A waltz, papa, a new waltz, all for myself and now." "What an impatient little son it is!" exclaimed the great musician; "but of course, you shall have your gift. Here it is—listen! And for you," turning to the distinguished tenor, "I will play my 'Nero.'" "It seems almost incredible," says Marconi, "but then and there I witnessed and heard the most remarkable phenomenon. The maestro improvised and played a charming waltz with his left hand, giving me at the same time with his right hand the splendid overture!"

A Judicial Mot.

The best judicial mot ever recorded is that of Sir George Jessel, the late master of the rolls, when sitting with Mr. Justice Bacon. A demented and enraged suitor who had been unsuccessful threw an egg at him in the corridor of the courts which narrowly missed the judge's head. Smilingly Sir George turned round and calmly remarked to the astonished bystanders, "I think that must have been intended for my brother Bacon!"