

WITH TROOPS AT TAMPA.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING WHILE WAITING FOR ORDERS.

What the New York Men Call "Flub Dub"—What the Lady Newspaper man Finds to Write of in Tampa—How the Press Censor Gets in his Work.

TAMPA FLA., June 11.—The last man down from New York calls everything he does not like a flub-dub. Then, following his line, and feeling as I do this morning I will call everyone in Tampa (barring one, of whom I may not write) a flub-dub. I am quite sure the generals are all flub-dubs, otherwise they would not keep us poisoning here on the razor-edge of expectation. The man who dropped the sand in Tampa and forgot to put up any shade trees—why, this latest New York word is not strong enough to describe him with. The bar-tenders at every corner must be of the worst kind or they would put less salt in their beer and fill up the cocktail glass. The man who charges fifty cents for a ginger-ale high-bal is the flub-dubbiest of all mortals.

Enough of this; when I sit down to write of war I must not spill ink on flub-dubs. Tampa, Florida, is the gathering place of war-eagles and buzzards from east to west, north and south. Here is the only place to see them in all their glory. The sand streets are filled to overflowing with them. The pine groves and orange groves around about groan under the weight of their tents. The air rings with the braying of their bugles and mules. (Wait! is that noise a mule tries to make a bray or something else.)? I have it on good authority that these same mules have, like other military folk, developed the drinking habit. Every one of them gets away with 15 cents worth of water per day and then asks for more. From close observation I find that their dry diet consists of what I call "scrub-palms." They use their tails to keep away the flies.

I did not intend to write about the Arizona outfit of 96 men that put in here last week, but talking of mules reminds me of it. "Take your hand away from your gun, Pete, I didn't mean anything unkind!" A good-natured, handsome Westerner called Johnson went about through the prairies and the deserts out there in the West and gathered together as many gray-eyed, lean-featured cow-punchers, mule-packers, and bunco-busters as he could lay his hands on. Then he got into the train with them and in the course of time slid them off at Tampa. "This drink will stand a dash more of ginger," said he, looking at the camp.

The Hon. Teddie Roosevelt thought so too, and a few days later poured in 1060 "rough riders," made up of half-breeds, railroad clerks, cowboys and college undergrads. Mr. Johnson's gang, with be coming modesty, says that Mr. Roosevelt's fellows are not in it, but as Mr. Roosevelt's "terrors" return the compliment I will not pass any judgment on either.

The war correspondents here range in age from twelve years to ninety. There is a lady newspaper man (please excuse the bull) who writes about the macaws and monkeys which infest Tampa. There are parrots here (in cages) and she evidently mistook some little niggers for monkeys. But I still think it an unpardonable mistake!

I had never seen any army in my life (barring one regiment of Canadian Infantry) until I came to this "seat of war," and I am glad to be able to say that this is the finest army that ever had the good fortune to come within my range of vision—(barring the one regiment of Canadian infantry). The men wear trousers, shirts and hats. The officers wear shoulder-straps and smoke cigars.

You will think me very brave to write like this but there is another man here with the same name that I have, and my hopes are that he will receive the kicks intended for me.

I don't know very much about the Cubans and I have written all I know. I wrote it in a letter to a New York paper so I have no doubt that everyone has read it before now. As I write this the military press-censor, a young lieutenant with a dry humor (not a thirst) spreads himself all over two aspiring daily men. They begav making their "copy" when I did and now they go out with four words a piece to wire home, and their beautiful stories are in the scrap basket. Oh, the cursedness of war! I wonder will he see what I am doing and want to read it. He won't if he knows how sad it makes me feel for men to read my stories before they are in print. Joy! he has run a blue pencil through a whole page of someone else's stuff and gone away with the impression that I am writing a love letter. See the advantage of looking sentimental.

Someone with a pair of Mexican spurs is marching up and down the verandah for his own amusement. The spurs jingle in

a truly war-like manner and my courage rises. "Cuba Libre!" I shout (under my breath) I would write it if I was sure of the spelling and shout it aloud if I was sure of the pronunciation. I would like to tell you about the start for Cuba we are going to make some day but the press-censor won't let me and I don't know anything about it. People talk about long lines of troopships down at Port Tampa, but when I was down there last, people were giving their whole attention to long lines of something else. Considering the climate, this was very unwise of them. Port Tampa is nine miles from Tampa and much worse. There is not even an orange tree or a live-oak down there to cast a shadow. The cavalry and artillery camps welter and swelter in the godless sun. The heat comes in from the bay instead of cold breezes. It is a good thing that one of the cavalry regiments there is the ninth-colored. These fellows don't object to the eternal, dry, eye-crawling climate at all.

A few days ago we had the first rain seen in Tampa since December. The water was luke-warm and came down in drops the size and shape of foot-balls. It kept it up from the noon of one day till the morning of the following and the sand continued to look wet for nearly two hours after it had stopped. The orange leaves recovered their healthy green color and the spiders came out and took the air. But now it is as dry as ever and we console ourselves with the thought of the rainy season in Cuba.

A war correspondent, a friend of mine, went out yesterday and bought himself a pair of india-rubbers for the Cuban campaign. He says they will keep his feet dry and warm when it rains. I say that we will fire them overboard on our way across.

We have a mess here, formed of three men and the prospects of a cook. Each member of one mess has a tent, 7x7 a folding chair, a blanket, a canteen, and equal shares in one table, one frying-pan, one coffee pot and the prospects of the one cook.

We do not expect to do our own cooking but if we do it will be our own fault for not hustling around and connecting with one of the regimental messes. We hope that the soldiers, out of the kindness of their hearts will pitch our tents for us.

The army is going to transport and move about our baggage—take us over free of everything but meals, and sell us grub from its own stores. Seriously—it is the finest army, and officered by the finest men I ever hope to clap eyes on. I will go out and drink its health in ice-water from the hotel cooler.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Orange Grove Hotel, Tampa.

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Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Won by the Old Songs.

Malcolm Stuart of Nashville, Tenn., fell in love with Lottie Nettleton the very moment that their eyes met. But the course of true love was not smoother in their case than it is with others, and the girl's poverty and humble birth where great and glaring faults in the eyes of the proud old Highlander, biding at home. He wrote to his son and commanded him to abandon his love quest until he should meet a lass of his kin and be ready to settle down in the home of his father. Malcolm read the letter and then went to read the story in Lottie's eyes which was widely different in style and argument; and before another fortnight he cabled to his father:

"Lottie and I were married Tuesday and I am bringing her home to you, sir."

The greeting to the bride in the stately home was courteous, but her young heart chilled and frightened. Then, after a day or so, she was asked to sing, and when once she began to speak through her music her blood grew warm and courageous. It was a daring thing for an alien to do, but the girl was playing for the love of her loved one's kindred. So, while the old man nodded by his fire, she began to sing "Highland Mary."

There was a little stirring in the old armchair as she finished the song, and then, quite naturally, but, oh, so softly, she essayed "Annie Laurie," "The Banks O' Doon," and "Bonnie Charlie." Memories of other days stirred the Highland father's soul as the sweet young voice rang on; and as she began the "Land O' the Leal" his hand fell on her shoulder.

"Ah, lassie, gude lassie; there's a Scotch bird in your throat, whate'er yer blood is, dearie. Na wonder Malcolm's heart took wings. Gie me a kiss, then, Lottie."

And as the young man, heart-sore and angry with his father for his reception of his bride, entered the room, Lottie was pressing a daughter's kiss on the old man's

cheek and singing with him a north country ditty. "I cud aytan' again the bonnie look o' her, lad," he exclaimed, to the son. "But he songs o' auld Scotland hae won me!" — Chicago Journal.

YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Brought About by a Fall Which the Back Was Severely Injured—The Pain at Times Almost Unbearable.

Mr. Geo. F. Everett, a highly respected and well known farmer of Four Falls, Victoria Co., N. B., makes the following statement:—"Some years ago while working in a barn I lost my balance and fell from a beam, badly injuring my back, for years I suffered with the injury and at the same time doing all I could to remove it, but in vain. I at last gave up hopes and stopped doctoring. My back had got so bad that when I would stoop over it was almost impossible to get straightened up again. When I would mow with a scythe for some little time without stopping it would pain me so that it seemed as if I could scarcely endure it, and I would lean on the handle of my scythe in order to get ease and straighten up. At other times I would be laid up entirely. After some years of suffering I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try one box. Before I had finished it I saw the pills were helping me. I bought six boxes more and seven boxes completely cured me. It is three years since I took them and my back has not troubled me since. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an invaluable medicine and I highly recommend them to any person suffering likewise. I consider that if I paid \$10 a box for them, they would be a cheap medicine."

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"Arriere Pensee."

(From the Galaxy, 1869.)

He wraps me round with his riches,
He covers me up with his care,
And his love is the love of a manhood
Whose life is a living prayer.
I have plighted my woman's affections,
I have given my all in all,
And the flowers of a daily contentment
Renew their sweet lives ere they fall.
And yet—like an instrument precious,
That playeth an olden tune—
My heart in the midst of its blessings
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when beneath the branches
I stood by a silent stream,
And saw in its bosom an image,
As one sees a face in a dream.

I would not resign his devotion—
No, not for a heart that lives;
Nor chance one jot my condition
For the change that condition gives.
I should mourn not more for another,
Nor more for another rejoice
Than now, when I weep at his absence
Or welcome his step and his voice.
And yet like an instrument precious
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart in the midst of its blessings
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when beneath the branches
I stood in the shadowy light,
And heard the low words of a whisper,
As one heareth a voice in the night.

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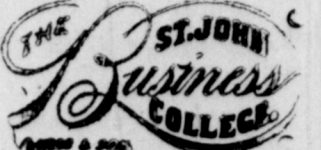
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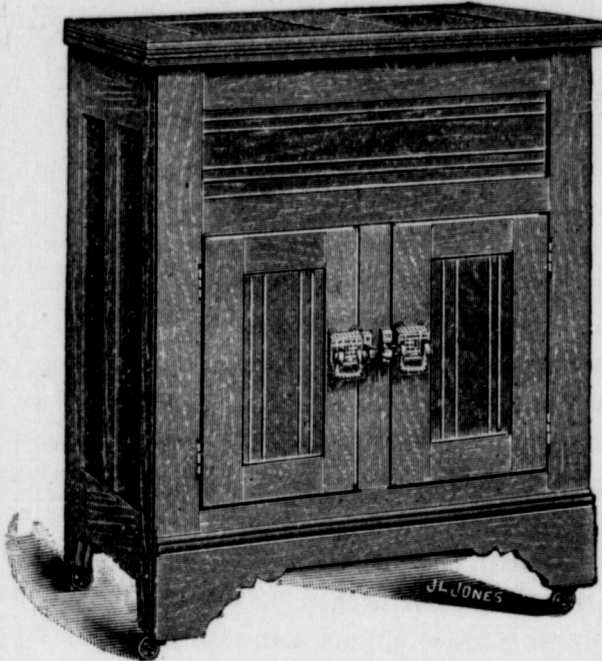
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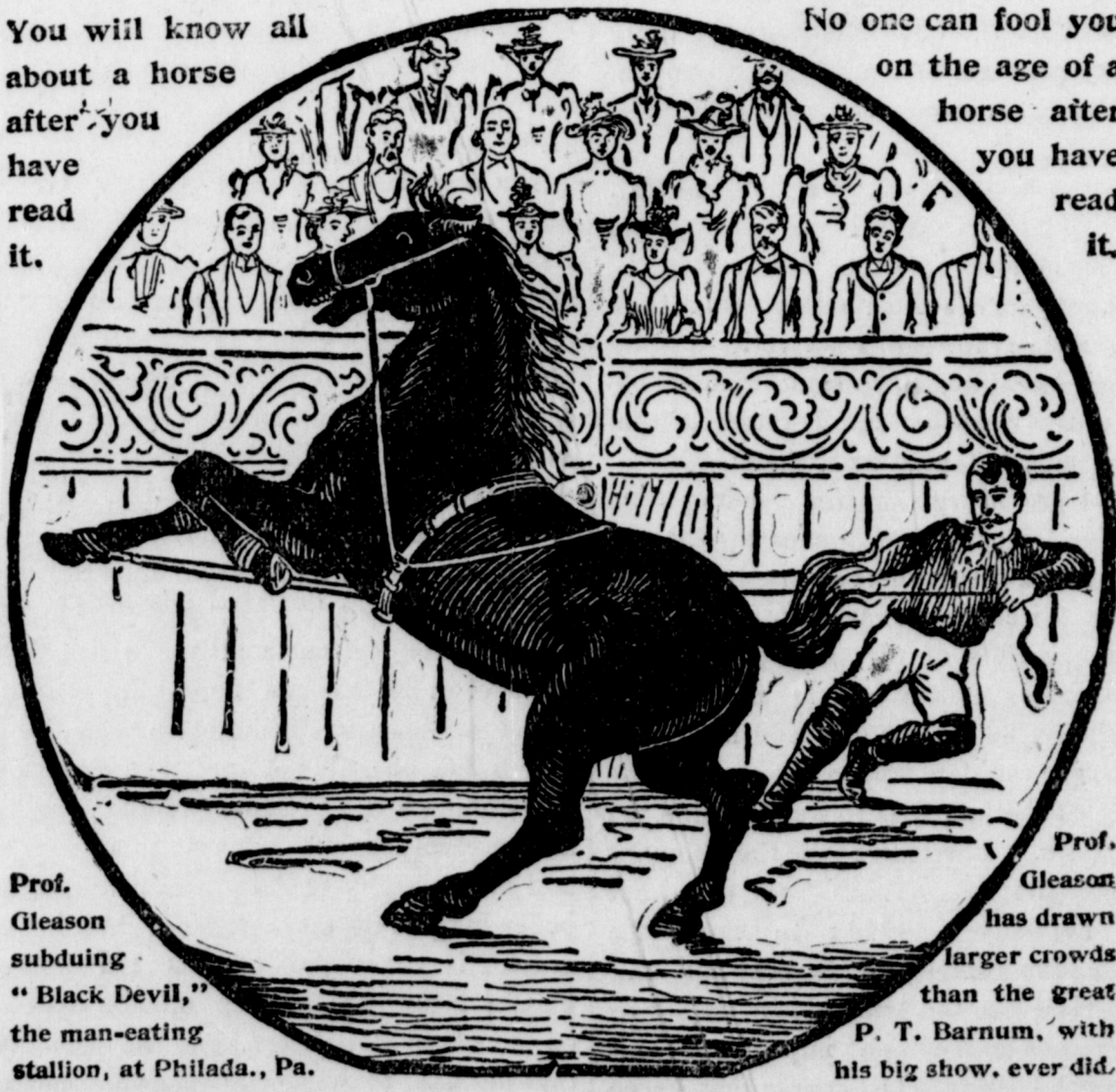
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