

Around the room are mottoes formed of similar letters. They are as follows:

"Remember the sick and wounded soldiers."
 "Stand by the Flag."
 "In God is our trust."
 "Freedom for all."
 "All for our Country."
 "Little but Plucky."

The point of the last motto is in the fact that a couple of tiny specimens of the Stars and Stripes are the subject of the pithy remark.

At the book stand in the Children's Department there are some excellent works offered for sale. Among them is a beautiful little volume, printed on fine tinted paper, and handsomely illustrated, which is entitled the "Children's Hour." The entire book is a contribution to the cause, and among the contributors to the work, in the various departments, of paper, printing, binding, &c., are Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., CHAS. J. PETERSON, CHAS. MAGARGE, COPPER & FRY, EDWARD GASKILL, J. A. SPEEL, MILLER & BURLOCK, WILLIAM RUTER, and PAWSON & NICHOLSON.

MRS. McDONALD.

Yesterday, a rustic gentleman, while strolling through the Fair, with his intended hanging upon his arm, stopped to gaze at the display made at one of the tables. Pointing to a fine picture upon the wall, he inquired who it was. "The Madonna," was the reply of the polite attendant.

"Oh!" replied the gentleman from the agricultural districts; and remarked to his companion as he moved off, that "Mrs. McDonald must be a plaguy pretty woman!"

From the Children's Department visitors can proceed direct to the Children's Exhibition Room, where Signor Blitz, and other kind-hearted performers, are ready to entertain them; and to the "Skating Pond" and "Ball Room."

"THE DAYS OF SIXTY-THREE."

This agreeable poem, written and published for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, was written by a lady of this city, who has derived her inspiration from the highest source—her patriotism and sympathy with the trials and perils of the soldiers. The subject is as follows:

A veteran of the days of sixty-three is seated beneath the shade of his orchard, before the door of his ancestral home. Half a century has passed away since he fought with the conquerors at Gettysburg, and it is now the eve of the 4th of July, 1913. All around is peace and plenty; the sun is setting and the flocks returning home. But, as the shadows lengthen, and the stillness of evening descends, the force of contrast brings back to the mind of the old soldier the struggle through which he passed, and the friends and comrades who fought by his side. His grand-children, who see the change, soothe him with their caresses,

and beg the story of the war. This is told in spirited and melodious words, vividly depicting many of the striking scenes through which we have passed. The whole closes with a just and grateful tribute to the Sanitary Commission. We trust that this little work, which costs only fifty cents, and can be found on many of the more important stalls in the Fair, will meet with a ready sale, and, by adding to the funds of the Commission, answer the only purpose the writer had in view.

.....As it is said that two of a trade never agree, we take pleasure in refuting the calumny by stating that several gentlemen of the pharmaceutical profession have agreed admirably in aiding the Sanitary. We are requested by several ladies to return thanks to Mr. WYETH, of Walnut above Broad, for very liberal gifts in great variety, of perfumery and fancy wares, and also to Mr. ALFRED TATEM, of Locust and Fifteenth, for the zeal manifested, not only in giving to, but in laboring for the cause. We would ourselves acknowledge indebtedness to Messrs. ESTLACK & ROHBER, of Eighteenth and Market streets, for their zeal in collecting subscriptions for *Our Daily Fare*, and their kindness in supplying us in the hour of need, with needful "furniture" for our table.

.....Gentlemen and ladies writing notices of goods for exhibitions, for our Gossip, are requested to study brevity.....We are requested to state that the celebrated Genoa ivory crucifix, brought to this country by C. EDWARDS LESTER, subsequently sold for ten thousand dollars to the Cosmopolitan Art Association, and now in possession of "Right Reverend Bishop NEUMAN," is on exhibition at the west end of Union avenue.....A gentleman who has been "provided for," thus tells us the tale of his sorrows: "Lately, while strolling through the Fair, a black-eyed damsel, of the Floral department, was very much too clever for me. She said, 'You will find a letter, Mr. ———, in the post-office.' I got it—found much point in it, and went back to my floral friend. I taxed her with having written it, but it was not her handiwork. 'If you will find out who wrote the letter, I will buy a bouquet from you,' said I; 'Agreed,' said she. A half-hour after I heard a voice, 'I've found out who wrote the letter.' 'Ah, I'm delighted to buy the flowers; who wrote it?' but the tender bud answered, 'I only promised to find out the name, not to tell it to you.' I sadly paid my money for the bouquet; but was't it a good 'sell' of the flowers? The lassie promises, however, that if I buy another bouquet tomorrow, she will tell me whether or not she will give the name of the fair writer of the clever letter."

Our restaurant, capitally as every-thing is done there, cannot offer anything so rich as the following exact copy of a card sent *The Daily Fare*, from Havana:

THE BOTH WORLD HOTEL
 Num 80 San Ignacio Street
 PLAZA VIEJA.

In this establishment set as the European style receives lodgers which will find an splendid assistance so in eating as in habitation therefore the master count with the elements necessary.

One who has "gone in on the Indians four times," as he expresses it in his note, desires us to call the attention of the public to their exhibition, and declares that for ab-originality it is unequalled. They have not as yet given the great stamp—on—your—friend's—foot—Zea-maize, or Green Corn dance, but as soon as Ne-na-no-kim-me-na-no-now, or Tobacco-made-of-pot-herbs has recovered from the last roast pig he devoured, we may look for the event; during his convalescence, the following lines are recommended to his attention:

Oh, red man of the forest,
 How queer you make me feel,
 To think your dinner, how'er cooked
 Is always—Indian Meal!

Chorus—in Choctaw—

Ota keyo urt imemiss Lucy!
 Ota keyo urt imemisslong!
 Ota keyo urt imemiss Lucy dear!
 Andk cept heba bywar m!

"Modern English poetry, the third specimen," reaches us in the following form:

IN BOREAM.

Dusk glamouring browns the evening sheen
 But if Fates' colors tell no lie,
 All this unto myself is I,
 And I myself smaragdine green.

But am I truly to be damned
 In the wild whirls of fibrous fate?
 And a voice cried—with desolate
 Dry souls the bag of Heaven is crammed.

If I myself were only I,
 Or Self were something more Myself,
 Still reaching to the Inner Shelf
 Where the Soul's wash is put to dry.

So would I weep—but weeping still
 I wander in the eventide,
 And see the boy his donkey ride,
 While sparrows lounge athwart the mill.

And so the answer wendeth far
 A shimmering out-word o'er the down,
 Through the gralled splores of that dun town,
 In-heavening you violet star.

The remaining thousand verses are omitted by universal and agonized request. It is easily made, this poetry—one ounce of Pre-Raphaelite art to a peck of I's and Me's—the whole flavored with some extremely slender metaphysics and gasps over predestination.

.....At the West Philadelphia table there is a very beautiful object, which we commend to the attention of the public, the most elegant fabric of beads and embroidery ever worked by woman's fingers. It is to be given to the unailing friend of America, Mr. BRIGHT of England.