TWO SUMMER BOOKS.

for Prince Charlie.

peries of magazine articles by Richard bries, an English essayist, whose marger of style makes anything that he may sto say most pleasant reading, have been sered into a volume under a title that fits season well, "The Open Air." The book s opened with a chapter that will deter ce is given in every line that the autrying very hard to say something pretty. He succeeds beyond a d portrait of Saint Guido is that of a little child n a field of wheat who has learned the language of all nature, and talks with the birds, the trees and waving grain; but when one takes a book for summer reading and finds it a fairy tale, when not so labeled, and a childish fairy tale at that, he is apt to drop it with-

If he does he will miss a rare treat, in this all the beauty and delicacy of the first without its weakness, and a series of word picre perfect in every detail, and more true to life in England, it would be hard to

St. Guido has a moral in the lesson that the wheat tries to teach that men do wrong to shor constantly for greater wealth instead of time to the enjoyment of all that nature of-fers. "If your people do not gather the flowers now, and watch the swallows, and listen to the blackbirds whistling, they will never pick any flowers nor hear any birds' songs. They think they will; they think that when they have toiled a long time, aiat all their lives, then they will come to the flowers and birds and be joyful in the sunshine. But no, it will not be so, for then they will be old themselves, and their eardull and their eyes dim, so that the birds will sound a great distance off and the flow ers will not seem bright"

Guldo is a beautiful picture, but it is a pit, that it was hung at the entrance of the ga lery ; further in it might have found a better and the moral of it greater force.

Next we come to a group of English pear ant women returning from a day's hard labor the barvest field : hard-handed, ragge and uncleanly samples of the class that in these modern days has replaced the ancien yeomanry of England. Cursed by most bit artist as one whose life they thought a dream of pleasure, while theirs had little to relieve

or labor has won them splendie But their labor has won them splendid physical development and perfect health, so that in words we have a glowing picture that is beautiful, because in nature strength and beauty go together. In the evening this group is found the centre of a drunken crowd in an ale house. The tragic contrast of light and shadow gives a charm to this "golden brown" painting that proves it a masterniese.

e is a sunny chapter on the British wild flowers that suggests John Burroughs in the wood and field lore, but the splendid illustration that our magazines have given to Mr. Burroughs' work is not needed here. We have the pictures all in words. "The stream arranges the sand in the shallow in bars, minute, fixed undulations : the stream arranges the sunshine in successive flashes. ting as if the sun, drowsy in the heat, were idly closing and unclosing his eyelids for sleep;" this is the light reflected on the vanit of an arch by the stream that

as beneath it.

The smallest of the pencilled branches of the bare ash tree drawn distinctly against the winter sky, waving lines one within the other, yet following and partly parallel, reproducing in the curve of the twig the curve

From marigold to violet, from a spreading oak to the falling feather of a swallow, the artist passes easily and skillfully until the reader's pleasure is mingled with wonder at that verges so closely upon bathos as to risk the marring of it all. Mr. Jefferies becomes ecstatic over the eyes of a herd of cattle, "their great beautiful eyes which need but a tear or a smile to make them human." Without these such eyes, so large and full, eem above human life, eyes of the immor

How marvellous the inspiration of genius that can enable a man to compare with the eyes of the immortals the thoughtless eyes of placid cow engaged in the manufacture of

Next is a picture of "Sunny Brighton," with its crowds of visitors and idle men, all living in the open air and winning from it the health that makes the women of Brighton the most beautiful of England. He gives us brilliant pictures of them in the strong white sunlight peculiar to this town, which he calls a Spanish town in England, the Seville of Britain. "Very bright colors can be worn in summer because of this powcan be worn in summer because scarcely no-erful light; the brightest are scarcely no-ticed, for they seem to be in concert with the

And through all this are constant references to the sea, blue in the light of the sun or grand and dark in stormy weather, the salt breeze that blows from over it, and the white sails of the fishing boats. "The beauty and sails of the fishing boats. "The beauty and invision of the ships and the magic of the

There is sarcasm and humor, too, in this artist's pen, in spite of his admiration for the tyes of cattle. "When it was arranged that a military band should play on the Brunswick lawn it became the fashion to stop car-riages in the road and listen to it. Fre riages in the road and listen to it. quently there were carriages four deep, while the gale blow the music out to sea and no one heard a note. Still they sat con-tent."

He walks through a pine woods and listens o the humming of the wasps as they gather arpentine among the highest oranches. He s the mysterious markings on the win of butterflies. "The antiquity of Egypt is nothing to these signs—they date from un-fathomable time. In them the sun has written his commands and the wind inscribed deep thought." Sitting in the garden after a walk it is pleasant to watch the eve swal lows feeding their young on the wing. The young hird follows the old one; then they lace each other and says a h other and stay a moment in the all while the insect food is transferred from beak to beak; with a loud note they part." His portrait of an English farm laborer is simply horrible, but evidently drawn from life, and we are glad to pass from it to the more pleasant chapter on the bathing at Brighton.

OCEAN BATHING IN ENGLAND. "To day the ground swell was more active

waves closer together, not having had ne to forget the force of the extinct gale. the waves clo Yet the sea looked calm as a mill pond, just be morning for a bath. Along the yellow line where sand ar es meet, there stood a gallant band, in

uniforms, facing the water. Like the srial legions who were ordered to charge ocean and gather the shells as spoils of war, the cohorts, gleaming in purple and gold, extended their front rank—their fighting line one to a yard—along the strand. Some tail and stately; some tail and stender; some well developed and firm on their limbs; some gentle in attitude, even in their war dress; some defant; perhaps forty or fifty ladies; a splendid display of womanhood in the bright sunlight. Blue dresses, pink dresses, purple dresses, trimmings of every color, a gallant show. The eye had but just time to receive these impressions as a were with a blow of the camera—instantaneous photography—when, boom! the ground well was on them, and, heavens, what a hange! They disappeared. An arm proceeded here, possibly a foot yonder; tresses located on the surface like sea weed, but body they were gone. The whole rank, from and to end, was everthrown; more than that, varwholmed, buried, interred in water like haroah's army in the Red sea. Crush! It ad come on them like a mountain. The ave, so clear, so beautifully colored, so cool drear ereshing, had struck their delicate blas with the force of a ton weight. Down and Galling gun. Down she went, frantily and vainly grasping at a useless rope; war, with water driven into her nostrie, the fragment, a tiny blade of sea forced into her throat, choking a crush on the hard pobbles, no ther bad, with the pressure of a ton weight makes in the earn—ground along the blade with makes in the earn—ground along the bad, with the pressure of a ton weight makes in the earn—ground along the cohorts, glesming in purple and extended their front rank—their fight

the beach, each pebble leaving its own par-

ticular bruise, and the suspended sand using the eyes."

"Then the wave left her, and she awoke from the watery nightmare to the bright sunlight, and the hissing foam as it subsided, prone at full length, high and dry like a stranded wreck. Perhaps her head had tapped the wheel of the machine in a friendly way. I fancy I see one slip limply to cover; but the main body rose manually, and picked way. I fancy I see one slip limply to cover but the main body rose manually, and picket their way with delicate feet on the hard, hard stones back again to the water, again to

hard stones back again to the water, again to meet inevitable fate."

Relying on the accuracy of the above and the tales of traveiers, we hardly know whether to commend the pluck or condemn the folly of the fair bathers of Great Britain. To American bathers who are blessed with firm sandy beaches, and are exempt from the miseries of bathing machines, the suggestion of a dip in the ocean under the difficulties described would be treated with contempt. described would be treated with contempt. Haif the pleasure of bathing is in the froles on the beach, races to warm the blood when over chilled by the water, and we can hardly nagine any punishment not described Dante's Inferno, that could excel in misery ocean on a with bathing in the rough stones, with bathing n within striking distance of your head. rope stretches as the men at the capstan g-round, and heave up the machines one by one before the devouring tide." . . . "1

one before the devouring tide."

"I is perfectly comfortable (watching them, be means), perfectly joily and exhilarating, a preferable spot to any other. A sparkle of unshine in the breakers, a dazzling glean rom the white foam, a warm sweet air, light and brightness and champaginness; alto-gether lovely. The way in which people lie about on the beach, their legs this way and their arms that, their hats over their eyes, their utter give themselves up expression of attitude is enough in itself to make a reason-able being contented. Nobody cares for anybody, they drowned Mrs. Grundy long ago." Now this last applies to all genuine American seaside resorts, and we can heartily congratulate our transatiantic friends on the mutual murder of Mrs. Grundy. She has no

matter whether one drops asleep in the read-ing of it; but for a man whose life has little excitement in it, and who therefore want plenty of the imaginary article, there has juseen published another book, that we will warrant as full of blood and thunder as any dime novel: but at the same time historicali occurate and ably written. We allude ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S KIDNAPPED

There is nothing very startling about the plot of this story, no novelty in the incidents. or even in the characters chosen, but the book has had an enormous sale in England, and we predict an equally large sale on this side of the ocean. Davie, the hero, is a Highland lad, who sets out from home in search of a fortune, his father having died; and the climate having become unhealthy for him ever since his unfortunate presence at the assassination of a man who had proved false to the clan. He goes to see an Uncle Ebenezer whom he finds living the miserable life of miser in the half ruined family mausion of the House of Shaws, and who receives nephew with scant courtesy. In fact onduct is such as to arouse Davie's suspisions that all is not right, and one night whe there is a thundersform a gathering the o man tries to murder him by sending him the uncompleted stairway of a tower, but there is a thundersto lash of lightning reveals the danger just i ime to save the hero from a fearful t o death. At his reappearance unharmen the niserable Ebenezer faints and Davie proceed to arm himself and then to lock the revived Ebenezer in his room. Then a message come o the uncle the next morning from easily persuades Davie to go with him to the port where the vessel lies at anchor, that the might see a lawyer, who would explain family matters to Davie. Once at the port it soon happens that Davie, who had never seen i ship, is decoyed on board of the brig Cove nant by Captain Hoseason, his uncle's part ner. But just before this happens he learns from an innkeeper that his father was the rightful heir of the House of Shaws, and that it was commonly reported that Ebenezer, who was a younger brother, had gained the property by foul means. Davie grows wary and keeps his uncle always in sight, but as soon as he reaches the vessel he is knocke? sense less by a blow from behind, and only revive when the vessel is out at sea. Revives to find that he has been kidnapped and is on h way to the Carolinas to be sold as a slave Many a white man was so sold into slavery

over Refore we lead must quote a bit of Mr. Stevenson's descrip-tion of him. Davie comes down to his first breakfast in the house of his father's and finds "the table laid with two bowls and tw horn spoons, but the same single measure of small beer,"

in America in those early days, aye many sold themselves to pay the cost of the passage

"Perhaps my eye rested on this particular with some surprise, and perhaps my uncle observed it, for he spoke up as if in answer to my thought, asking me if I would like to drink ale—for so he called it." "I told him that such was my habit, bu

not to put himself about. "Na, na," said he. "I'll deny you nothing in reason."
"He fetched another cup from the shelf,

and then, to my great surprise, instead of drawing more beer, he poured an accurate half from one cup to the other."

"There was a kind of nobleness in this that took my breath away; if my uncle was certainly a miser he was one of that thorough

breed that goes near to make the vice respectable."

On board the brig Davie is terribly abused by the drunken mates and crew, but at last, in a fit of drunken passion, one of the mates murders the half-witted lad who had acted as cabin boy for the officers, and Davie, who ikes his place, is better treated in memor of the tragedy. One stormy night the bri runs down an open boat, and all its crew ar lost save one active little man, who clings the bowsprit and is brought on deck. I proves to be a brave little Highlander, wh is taking money from the clans to their friends in the land of France. He is both well dressed and well armed, but he makes no ecret of his mission, and in pargaining wh Captair. Hoseason to be set ashore in France or Scotiand, he displays a belt of gold. The captain determines to rob and murder him, but the man, whose name is Alien Breck, happens to be in the officer's round hous happens to be in the officer's round house, where it would be difficult for a number of men to rush in and overpower him. Davie overhears them plotting the attack, and goes at once to prepare him for it. Allen is as full of fight as any Texan of our day could be and he keeps the door with his good broad, sword, while Davie defends the skylight with an armful of pistols, and together they conquer the crew.

Then the brig founders in a gale off the Isle of Mull, but of course Davie and Allen Isle of Mull, but of course Davie and Allen

Isie of Muil, but of course Davie and Allen Breck are among the few survivors. Davie, who is of the Campbells and for the King, finds himself in many a tight place among the followers of Prince Charile: but a button from Allen Breck's coat, given him in acknowledgment of his galiantry in the

ight on the ship, serves as a passport in his Ourney across Scotland.

The trials and the misery that the High landers endured in those brave days, when they were so firmly loyal to the Stuarts; their never broken spirit, their courage and heir fierce revenge; all these eleme

their fierce revenge: all these elements are worked, most skilfully and powerfully, into a story that rivals in interest and historic accuracy any of the Waverly romances. It may be said that it is but a story for boys, and that will be true, but it is well, in sum mer weather, for us to renew our boyhood by a glance at those rough early days when men imperiiled life for something eise than gold, and life was more full of healthy pleasure, for it was passed more in the open air. ure, for it was passed more in the open air.

And this is the moral of both these books that men of our day should see more of

Who can paint like nature : Can imagination boast, amid its gay creation, lines like hers, Or can it mix them with that matchless skill? After reflection we say it can't!

Dudes Among the Indians. The Crows are further advanced in civilization than any other tribe on the continent. So far have they progressed in the ways of the whites that the young bucks and even the middle-aged fellows affect dandyism. the whites that the young bucks and even the middle-aged fellows affect dandyism. There are many dudes among these people. The young men bang their hair in front, and lot it fail gracefully in long braids down the back. In summer, especially if the weather is very hot, the males wear no clothes to speak of, excepting a breech-cloth or cloud girded about the ioins. This breech arrangement is in some cases bespangled and as handsome as the trunks worn by a circus performer. To add to their other attractions they paint their bodies all manner of colors and wear no end of eagle's feathers. Every buck has a little case studded with brass nails in which are contained paint, feathers, a looking glass, and a variety of light and airy Mother Hubbard costumes, highly-colored stockings, (usually a faming red.), and paint their hair and person but one shade, a bright vermillor. TWO VIEWS OF IT.

FISIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE PROM. DIE PERENT POINTS OF OBSERVATION

How a Young Woman Saw It. Who Had a Gal lant and Devoted Cavalier; and How Her More Matter of Fact Aunt Did Not See It.

[One of the clever articles in the current number of the Atlantic Monthly is entitled 'Six Visions of St. Augustine," Fla. It wil be read with special interest by people who have been to Florida, and who know how differently an experience there may be reported without any intention to teil an unuth. The story is told in six letters from different writers to the same person. The following, selected from them, will afford i fair idea of the article, - Eps. 187.1

a Mrs. Marquiret Etheridge Maynard i w York City) to Mrs. Rujus Hill, Andors

Sr. Augustisa, February 22. Your letter, my dear friend, has just arrived, and I instantly sit down to give you my frankest opinions of St. Augustine. In the first place the climate is most disagree. able. I know they tell you it isn't, but it seems to be a principle of the Floridians not to tell the truth. The main industry of the state is deceiving strangers. You read in the newspapers of the weather we found last month. I thought we should perish. My room had a fireplace, and Rawdon's had room had a breplace, and rawdon's had a stove—which smoked. My dear, I had to sit wrapped up in furs, with my feet on the bot-water bug, feeling, for all the world, just like the Greely party. There was not a sign of steam, or furnace, or any other kind of warmth, except stoves and fireplaces, in the house, and the halls were like Greenland. I always had to put on my bonnet and cloak to go down to the parlor.

Well, their oranges are all frozen, and I

think most of the trees are gone, too, though they pretend they are not. And you need not think you will get lovely tropical fruit, for you won't—nothing but oranges, and they are either stale (picked before the frost) or hall frozen. They are rank poison; but what do these greedy Augustines care that we are losing our health eating their pesti-lential fruit? I expected to revel in delicious figs, dates, bananas, Japan plums, pine cious figs, dates, banamas, Japan proms, pine-apples, alligator pears, guavas and all the other things those romancers that write the Florida circulars pretend you are going to have in a "semi-tropical climate." I even had visions of eating bread-fruit. One man said it grew in Florida, and I thought it might as well grow in St. Augustine as any-where else. Well, my dear, there is noth-ing, nothing in this wicked world but poor oranges. Sometimes, it is true, for a few days you can get some mean, green little Nassau bananas, and once two pineapples strayed over from the same place. I saw some cocoanuts in the pod (I suppose they call it a pod; if they don't they ought to), and I asked the man if they were fresh. He said: Well, yes'm, pretty fresh. I got 'em' bout two months ago. They ain't for eating, exactly; people like to take 'm home peanuts fruit. And I think it perfectly

legious!
But to return to the climate: all January was herrid. After the cool we had weeks of rain and fog. There is a great deal of fog here, and a great deal of rain; and when it isn't rainy or foggy the wind blows a gale really never saw such a tempestuous place It goes without saying that you can't walk My dear Helen, don't delude yourself with any notion of walking here! Figure to yourself streets without a vestige of sideyourself streets without a total walk, unless you choose to call a little rag-ged, humpy rum of concrete, about a foot wide, a vestige. It certainly isn't anything say it is a remnant of the old Spanish pave-ment. Probably,—or the Mound Builders! The whole town is built on sand mixed with sharp little shells, which cut into your shoes and nearly drive you frantic. This is ankledeep everywhere. You don't waik in St. Augustine: you wade! And the dust is something dreadint. But you wouldn't want to walk, anyhow. The streets are so narrow omething dreaded. But you wouldn't wan o walk, anyhow. The streets are so narrow hat pedestrians have to retire into the shops when two carriages pass each other. always have to walk single file, so as to doorway. Of course they drive the horses, and especially ride the horses, at the top of their speed—these negroes would rather run over you than not! I suppose it doesn't add much to the perils of the street to have no drainage, and to see grangs sking, respectively. drainage, and to see orange skins, papers and every other kind of rubbish flung into the streets for you to tread over ; but it certainly is unpleasant.

is unpleasant.

Asto drives: I taink the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to forbid driving horses through these sandy roads. I should want to discharge my coachman if he treated my horses so. And there isn't anything but sand and swamp. And right here I may as well free my mind about the drivers. They are liars from the cradle to the grave. I paid a colored man four dollars the other day to take me to Magnolla grove. One of the things I went South to see was magnolias. We drove, and we drove. drove, and we drove. It was hot and sandy and dusty, and I made him go slowly on ac-count of the horses. Finally we stopped, My dear, there was just one magnolia. The driver flicked the tip of his whip at the lone

magnolia. "Dat's it," said he.
"Where's Magnolia grove "I asked.
"Dat's it," said he,—"yes'm."
"But where are the rest of them " "Dey ain't no res'," he replied.
"But why do they call it Magnolia grove.

then ?" I inquired.

"Kase of de magnolia," he said.

This same man told me that the old market in the plaza was the old slave market, and that his mother was sold there; and it never was anything more romantic than a fish market. And he told me that a scrubby old cemetery, where he took me for a dollar, was the Huguenot cemetery, when there never were any Huguenots buried in St. Augustine; there were never any Huguenots in St. Augustine, anyhow. What's his name killed them all before they got here, and they weren't buried anywhere, poor things. I read all about it in the guide book after I ot home; that man was lying the whole

I have to squander my money on then still, because I can't walk in the sand : I'm giddy, though I am not young, and I can't walk on the sea wall : there is nothing but sand and sea wall in Augustine. You ask about features of interest; there's a feature for you—an awful structure, hardly three feet wide, without an inch of railing between you and eternity, or, at least, ruining your clothes. One side is the bay, and the other side the sand of Augustine, five feet below. Oh, that's not much of a fall," your nephew says; but I haven't the figure for failing, and I leave the sea wall to young Salisbury and my nicce. By the way, he is a delightful fellow, and, cutre none, I lancy Emmy thinks so, too.

thinks so, too.
You want to know about excursions. Well, the least objectionable is to North Beach, You can get over in a sail boat, if you aren't seasick and don't value your life; or you can take a dreadful little steamer (by climbing a ladder and walking a plank), and then prob ladder and walking a plank), and then prob-able have to wait an hour on the sand in the sun for it when you go back. There isn't anything to see but a beech. Then there is Matanzas, where you sail forever, and are likely to have the wind desert you, and be obliged to spend the night nowhere in par-ticular. ticular.

And there is a simply fiendish excursion to Anastasia island. You go over in the steamer—at 'east I did—and when you get over you see a tramway built on piles, with a ditch on either side, and no room to fail out of the car, just merely a few planks for the horse to go over. a disch on either side, and no room to fail out of the car, just merely a few planks for the horse to go over. The rails are of wood and ail worn out; and there is a decrepit, ramshackle old platform on wheels, with a canopy, which they call a car; and one poor little white invatid horse to drag it. Of course they load that car until it creaks and sways in the most awful manner, and then a brutai boy whips the poor horse along that dreadfully unsafe road. All this sick-ening peril is to get to the light-house. Then, if you like, you can jump into the bayonet bush, and scramble over to the beach. When you get back to the shore you generally have to wait an nour; but you will have plenty to do fighting sandfiles. Then, if the tide is out, you will have to escape to the steamer in small boats half filled with water. Ours had no carlocks, and the man stood up and paddled with an oar, and didn't know how. Actually, I wonder that excursion didn't shatter my herves entirely. After we were all in the steamer, towing the boats along, that boat swamped—swamped before our eyes. Think if we had all been in it!

As to places of interest, there are some ridiculous little city gates (with no wall), an ugly old cathedral, and the fort. The fort is well enough in its way, but don't you let them show you the dungeons; you nearly break your back crawling into the horrid black holes, and you can't sleep all night for thinking of the awful stories they tell you about excess and skeletous and the Scanish Logistics.

too, my dear ; I read about them in the guide In regard to botels—well, perhaps I am too particular. But I can tell you one thing, they charge enough to be good. Prices, generally, are extortionate. "Well, you see, ma'am," said an bonest tradesinan to me, "we have

said an bonest tradesinan to me, "we have three prices: one for ourselves, the people of the town, that's very reasonable; one for the winter residents, that's not so very high; and then we make a special price for the rank strangers!" You will think they do, if you come. Last of all, you ask my advice alsout coming. Do you remember Pande's to the young man about to marry? It is more, too,—don't! Your loving friend.

MARGARET E, MAYNARD.

P. S. I have just asked Rawdon her opinion; and she says that she can't find it in her conscience to recommend a town where they allow will be pasts like them halligators" to be kept in yards, and to swim around

to be kept in yards, and to swim around loose in tarreis in the shop windows. She happened to notice a big one tied to a post in a yard once, and ran for her life, all the way from King street to the San Marco. Another time she saw a paragraph in a paper about Northerners never leaving without an alligator. Now she regularly looks under the bed for them every night. "Most like the 'otel's swarming with them this werry moment, mum," she says, "in land boxes and bath tubs!" Then she gathered her skirts lightly about her with our bard. tightly about her with one hand, and pokes with the umbrella bandle in the other, and gives a little scream at every poke. I asked her why she screamed, and she said, "On, mum, hit's for the hawfulness of it ! I can' I fancy Rawdon will be as relieved as 1 to

go, and we leave for Charleston next Monday. Come there instead. M. E. M. II.

Prove Miss Entity Riberting Liberture to Chronice, Ill.) to Mrs. Runs Hill, Audove Mass.

St. AUDISTINE, February 22. DEAR MRS. Hills-1 know auntie is writ ing you, and I am sure that she is saying something horrid about this dear, sweet quaint, lovely old town. So I have treacher ously borrowed her paper, and as you were so good as to ask me to write too, I am going to do it now, and send my opinions along by the very same mail: I am hoping that you

will open my letter first.
Truly, dear Mrs. Hill, Augustine is levely. The climate is delicious, soft, yet bracing. There is a good deal of fog 1 but the effects on the water are so exquisite that one doesn't regret it, but quite the contrary. Mr. Sailsbury is very good with his yacht, and takes us sailing so often that mamma and I are both in love with the bay. Every day, al-most, we have a splendid sea breeze, and can make all the excursions by sail. I think there is no place like St. Augustine. I feel a though I vere in Spain and England and America at the same time. It is most fasci-nating and romantie; and I feel as though I could never tire of these narrow, winding streets, with their funny little shops, where you can buy alligator tooth lewelry, and shells, and photographs, and the dearest pal metto hats in the world. Mr. Salisbury accuses me of intending to open a shop, I am buying so many, and poor mamma sighs and all home.
You speak of the walks and drives. There

is no end of them. In the first place, there is the town itself. I send you some photographs. Arn't they perfect horrors ? I took them myself. Mr. Salisbury "supplied the human interest," as he calls it, by putting himself in the foreground. It is just his own fault that his hands look sogigantic and that he seems to have three of them in one of the pictures. He would put them out and wave them while the picture was going on. He said that he was representing "one of Mr. Cook's personally conducted tours—being conducted." Isn't he quite too absurd, sometimes? I wish the photographs were good, though, for the houses are so picturesque; built of this queer old coquina stone, all stained and blackened by lichens, with dormer windows and hanging balconie (why they hang, and don't break down is a puzzle to me) and roofs that do a fundred fantastic things no other American roofs dare to do—twist themselves into galies, project over balconies, step down and then project, or hop up and make the roof for a side gal-lery. Now, don't you pine to waik past such houses? Why, the very names of the streets are tempting. King, St. George, Hypolin Kuna, Spanish, Treasury, Baya, St. Franci Tolomato—don't they make you think of Menendez and the Huguenots, and the Mesers and the English red-coats marching in, and Spanish signoritas in black lace veils, and the Seminole Indians, and the Inquisition and guitars, serenading, and everything else nice and romantic? And isn't it inter-esting to think that we are walking on the very pavement that the Spaniards made There are lovely drives all alout; and as for excursions, they are countiess, by land or sea. Now the wild flowers are coming, and I rave over them. Yesterday, mamma, Mr. rave over them. Testerday, mamma, Mr. Salisbury, and I went out on the Picolata road and picked bushels of Jasmine. We left the carriage, and got so interested (finding thicker and thicker trees—you know how that is) that mamma began to think we were devoured by an alligator, and was in an awful state of anxiety. Hawdon bus man-aged to give mamma her notions about alligators as beasts of prey. Then, there are at the sails. North Beach has such a nice beach and the most fascinating shells. Matanzas is weirdly beautiful, with its ruined fort and its associations. And there is a delightful excursion to Anastasia island. You will laugh when you see the droll little primitive laugh when you see the droil little primitive horsecar and ridiculous shaggy white pony that will meet you and take you over wooden rails to the lighthouse. There was such a load of us, and of course aunt Margle lifted up her voice in behalf of the beast. "Boy," I heard her saying, you most'nt whip him. How would you like to be whipped when you were pulling a load too heavy for you?" Dear aunt Margle, she quite hates the place. She has tried three hotels, and is now at a fourth. We are at the first of the discarded ones, and find it luxurious; but when I told her so, she only shook her head sadly, and said, "My dear, you are young: you don't depend on your soup." She has her locked bath-tub and her Vienna coffee-pot and all her traps. Rawdon gets out the tea things every alternoon at four, amitie collects all the old taidues she knows, and they drink tea and abuse the place. They snob me, and they are too old for me to snub them, and it is enraging. There is one horid old trump who They snot me, and they are too old for me to snub them, and it is corraging. There is one horrid old frump who is always flinging my age at me. "What does nineteen know of the merits of a place?" she says.—meaning me. Well, I couldn't know much less than she does! That is awfully ill natured. I do beg your pardon, dear Mrs. Hill, and I will talk about something else, quick! You ask about the places of interest. I am sure one can't help liking the sea-wall (such good walking and such a magnificent year good walking and such a magnificent view,, and there are some sweet little city gates (you see them on all the preserve cans), and the cathedral is a low. the cathedral is a joy; but the best of all the fort. Isn't it wonderful to think of a that those towers have seen,—how much triumph and what misery! They were built by poor Indians and captives, you know, I declare, when I reflect how cruci those wicked Spaniards were, I take solid conitort in thinking of De Gourgues, and of how Drake burned the lort and pillaged the town. I only wish he had burned up old Menendez wheedling the poor shipwrecked Frenchmen into surrendering, and then going off and drawing that cross in the sand, with his alone! And think of those poor, unsuspicious men, with their hands tied behind their backs, coming ten at time; and then just as soon as they reached this fatai mark, the Spaniards stabbing them dead! You will remember that when you then just as soon as they reached this fatal mark, the Spaniards stabbing them dead? You will remember that when you walk along the Matanzas beach. Matanzas, "Place of Slaughter,"—isn't it rightly named? Did you know that Osceola was confined in the fort before they sent him to Charleston? Poor Osceola, I liked his not of Charleston.

Just picture that cruel old thing to Charleston? Poor Osceola, I liked his not letting them kill women and children. And that was fine, too, about the council, when he dashed his knife through the treaty, crying, "The only treaty that I will make is with this!" But you will imagine that I am Tennyson's brook, that goes on forever. I will stop—no, I won't, until I tell you about prices. I think them very reasonable, when you consider how short the search.

you consider how short the season is, and that there is nothing but the season to live on. Who can wonder that they make all they can out of us whitethey have the chance. they can out or us while they have the chance: Fow please pardon this long effusion, and don't let it prevent your coming. Always, dear Mrs. Hill, affectionately yours, EMILY E. LAWRENCE. P. S.—There are good riding horses here, and very good tennis grounds. It is amusing to watch the game, even if one does'nt play, so I mention it. Mr. Salisbury is the best player here.

An Opening For Him. "You say you were in the Union army during the wa

"Yes, sir, I was af Gettysburg."
"At Gettysburg? Well, I suppose you have, written a magazine article about the mistakes of the battle?"
"No, sir, I have not."
"Why, my dear sir, you needn't beg. You are the only soldier living who has not written an article on the subject. Why, man alive, you are a freak. You can get \$100 a

A TRIP THROUGH VIRGINIA. THE LAND WRERE POCAHONTAN AND JOHN SMITH LIVED.

An Indian Settlement in the Old Domini Which Preserves Many of the Customs of the Original Red Man of the Forest, Cheap Lands to Settle On.

pectal Correspondence of INTRILIDENCES. WHITE ROCK, Aug. 9 - Romancoke Station five miles from West Point, and thirtyour from Richmond, on the Richmond & Danville railroad. It takes its name from the bern of Cart. Bob Lee, which is close at hand; and it is just at this station that my friend James Hays bought a tarm of one hundred and twelve acres. The house is close to the station, and one hundred yards from a whart on the Pamenki, which river it overlooks giving a beautiful view of vessels passing up and down for a distance of ten miles Arrangements are now being made for establishing a posteriles at his learner Or this place there is a new hour . ber growing to pay for It, and n costs bu two thousand dollars.

In the low sandy ground of the river bettom lands sweet polabes and peanuts are an excellent paying crop, some growing as high as six hundred bushels of the former to the

Jameslown is but thirty miles from West

Point, and it was in this very country that Pocohontas roamed in all her pative freedom, with the tribe of her father, Powhatan. Fo this was the stamping ground and hunting park of that chieftain, and it was probably it this section of it that this dusky become w nobic and generously saved the life of the redoubtable Capt. John, and indeed tradition points to a large spring underneath a venerable tooking oak as the ventable spot This is only in tradition, but as facts of history it was at this place that the battle of Roman okes; was fought with the Indians of that name. It was one of the bloodnest battles lought with the aborigines by the early Engish settlers; and many were slain on testl odes, among them being Col. Henry Chaforme, son of an Haglish mobleman. His burial place is about a mole from the railroad station in a grove of seven walnut trees, and marked by a large stab, part of the inscripion of which is illegible, but the date of his teath, lost, is plainly visiting

It is two hundred and three years sin wthi gallant young colonel went forth from merry old England to battle with savages for the conquest of a wilderness and to die in deadly conflict for glory. But what wondrous changes have those two hundred years that rolled above his unconscious totals wrought! Could be but wake to see our marvelous ountry of to-day with its staty millions of freemen, its great cities, its ratiroads, tele-graphs, steambous, electric lights, telephones, wonderful machinery, dailing guns, print-ing presses, to say nothing of the wondrous change wrought in the country by agricultural industry, would he believe it was the solonies of his day?

TWO INDIAN CHECKENS A mile or more to the east of this tomb i an old Indian burying ground. It was long ence forgotten, but in building the railroad brough here since the war a deep cut was made through it, and hundreds of skull bones and larger bones were found. There are two Indian villages some ten or twelve miles from this point, one of which we visited and talked with some of the tribe. They are the remnants of the once strong Powhafans, and vere calculated to number in the time of aptain John Smith listeen hundred war tiors. We find that up to the year 1820 they still preserved their language, although at that ime they were reduced to a few families, and were stationed on the reservation they still hold. But now the language has been for-gotten, the Imian costome iaid aside and the people live much as other people would live o the same circumstances. Their reserva-ion contains five hundred acres; they have

They preserve many of the distinctive marks of the Indian, but through inter-marriage with other ruses the pure blood is to be found in but lew of them. They live They live by farming, hunting and usbing, and seem by harming, miniting and hebring, and seem to be contented and happy. Though holding their land in severally they are not allowed to sell it outside of the crite. There are many old buildings to be seen in a drive through the country, presenting all the marks of colonial buildings, high gades, tall narrow windows, red and black linglish brick put in checkerboard style.

A THUBER BUILT IN U.S. Notable among these is West Point church built in 1725. It is built of brick in the shape of a cross, roofed with English state, and floored with gray and white tite, probably from the same country. Much of the original wood work has rielded to the press of years, and been replaced by new, but the whole interior of the church bears evidence to the fact that in its day it was "some church,' and no doubt was the place of worship o many of the ancient men and dames whose names have filled so great and important a part in the history of our I nion. For this and adjacent counties was the home of the Handolphs, Tockers, Clays, Lees and Curtins and no doubt a host of others of those grand old between of the New York Programme of the State of the St old heroes of the Revolutionary days, who defied all the powers of old England and kindled the fires of liberty and independence that biazed forth in all their splendor in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

A line grove of oaks, probably as old as the church, surrounds it, and by measure-ment I found one of them, a white oak, to girth twenty-one feet.

MANY OLD MANSIONS.

Many of the old mansions which were the scenes of legends and stories of the great men and women that fived in them when the kings of England were our monarchs, before Liberty Bell toiled, or Cornwallis had but one of them, "Chelea," was visited but one of them, "Chelea," was visited partly through curiosity but mainly through an acquaintance with the present owner wi resides thereon. He is a Philadelphian, and restness the control of the readers, and is probably known to many of my readers, as he was landlord and proprietor of the old West Philadelphia yards when they were up at Forty first street, before the Pennsylvania railroad in its greed crushed out this private enterprise and started the monopoly yards at Thirty-first Frederick Tishnor is his name, and in the seven years he has owned this old baronical estate he seems to have prospered and lived happily.

prospered and lived happily.

There are many legends and stories concerning "Chelsea," and the great personages that have lived in its ample halls and extended royal hospitality to the chivalry of colonial times, but with these we have not to de now. Eat for a fact it was here that our immortal George courted his Martha, for it was the home of the Curtis family, and it was here that the young widow did what all the power of Brittania could not do brought the here that the young widow did what all the power of Brittania could not do, brought the hero of Yorktown to her feet and made him sue her favor. The house is built of English brick, is very large and roomy, is exceedingly well preserved for its age and beautifully situated on a low bluff on the Mataponi river, just where it makes a curve off to the south and east; a large and shady yard slopes gently down to the edge of the bluff, which is some fifty feet above the water. The house gently down to the edge of the bluff, which is some lifty feet above the water. The house is surrounded by cool and airy porches; inside the rooms are very large, ceilings bigh, with elaborate carving on wainscoting and panels; all finishing is in solid oak, showing that neither work nor money was spared in its construction. And the fact that now, after the lapse of a century and a half, it seems worn but little more than one of our modern built houses are in a decade, shows how well

built houses are in a decade, shows how wel the mechanics of that day did their work. A HOUSE THAT HAS A GHOST. it belonged to the Moore family in the early part of the war and it is said that the spirit of old Mrs. Moore, the last owner, still haunts it, and holds absolute possession of the garret, where, it is said, her money is stored, and she pushes down with an invisible stored, and she pushes down with an invisible power all who attempt to ascend the ladder which leads to it. He this as it may, there is certainly a mystery about it, and we know for a fact none of the present occupants of it have ever entered the garret during their

have ever entered the garret during their residence of seven years.

The negroes of this section are in themselves a study, and worthy of more time and attention than can be given them in this paper. The larger number of those with whom I talked had been slaves of old General Lee, and like all Southerners, they make of him a here without a fault: and the young Capt. Bob is not much less beloved. They are strictly honest ananomaly, stilling fact; for farm implements, coats, harness, &c., may be left on any part of the R. m. and are never disturbed. They are kind, very politic and

day is long and know neither care nor trouble.

The negro of the South is black, mostly as black as obony, and the proportion of yellow ones or those showing any traces of white blood is exceedingly small, thus proving false by direct proof the slander that was so industriously circulated by abolition papers, and yet finds its echo in the Republican papers of to-day, a sample of which I saw in an article in the Philadelphia Necs a few days ago. An abolitionist is represented as addressing a copper-colored brother in this style, when he asked him a question he could not answer, "Were you white you would know, were you black you would believe, but you bear in your face the evidence of the you bear in your face the evidence of the greatest curse that slavery entailed, therefore you can neither know nor believe." A sphinx could surely deliver no greater oracle

than this.

BEDICAL.

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To the Cuticura Remedies I Owe My

Health, My Happiness, and

My Life.

A day never passes that I do not think and speak kindly of the Curicusa Rememors. Seven years ago, all of a dosen humbs formed on my neck, ranging in size from a cherry stone to an orange. The large ones were trightful to look at, and painful to look at their treatment, and all medicines fatled to do any good. In a moment of despair I tried the Curicusa Remeisses—Curicusa, the great Skin Curic, and Curicusa Remeisses—Curicusa, the great Skin Curic, and Curicusa Remeisses, the new Stoomally, and Curicusa Remeisses, the new Stoomally, and Curicusa Remeisses, and the large ones broke, in about two weeks, discharging large quantities of matter, leaving two slight sears in my neck to day to tell the story of my suffering. My weight then was one hundred and siteen sickly pounds, in weight now is one hundred and sixty-one solid, healthy pounds, and my height is only five free five inches. In my travels I praised the curicusa Remeiss, North, South, East and West. To Curicusa Remeiss I owe my statics, at Marrisms, and my tire. A prominent New York druggist asked me the other day, "Do you still use the Curicusa Remeiss I owe my statics, at Marrisms, and my tire. A prominent New York druggist asked me the other day," To own still use the Curicusa Remeiss I own my statics, as have the more own what telements is mit aughed at by praising them to people not acquainted with their merris, but some or later they will come to their senses are sometimes i am laughed at by praising them to people not acquainted with their merris, but some or later they will come to their senses are some times i am laughed at by praising them to people not acquainted with their merris, but some or later they will it come to their senses are some of the curicusa and besides the same as hose

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do in the cranic forms, where the breathing is obstructed by choking, putrid mucous accumu-lations, the hearing affected, smell mud taste goes, threat ulcerated and backing cough grad-ually fastening fixelf upon the debilitated sys-tem. Then it is that the marvellous curative power of SANFORD'S RAIMCAL CURE manifests it self in instantances.

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EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NEGROES, There is no logic in it, and the facts it is meant to contain are badly shattered by this uthentic fact. La the Northern states there is seventy per cent, of the colored population hat bear evidence of white blood, while in the South the percentage of the same class is but eighteen; and I should say in King William county I did not see a dozen copper colored in several hundred full bred. Many have asked me if the people down there were not suspicious and lealous of Northern men: I answer emphatically no! They wel-come all generously, and are anxious to have men with means and character to come them. Recognizing as they do now the fact that they have far too much land and no that they have far too much land and no money, that if their country is eyer put on its feet it must be with the help of Northern men, to all such they extend a hearty welcome, as I have shown you. A great many have already gone down and land is selling rapidly. Of course there are sharpers and rascals there as here at home, so a man must be careful and do things in a business way and use his eyes and not believe all he way and use his eyes and not believe all he hears, or he may get cheated in Virginia as well as in Pennsylvania. The chance to get a good and pleasant home with hospitable neighbors and all the conveniences of civilized life for a conveniences of (villed life for a very little money certainly s great

## To a Man Who Would Marry

Select the girl. Agree with the girl's father in politics and

he mother in religion. It you have a rival keep an eye on him he is a widower, keep two eyes on him. The distressing sneere, sneere, the aerid, watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful inflammation extending to the throat, the swelling of the mucous lining, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in the head and splitting headaches—how familiar these sympathies are to thousands who suffer periodically from head colds or influenza, and who live in ignorance of the fact that a single Don't swear to the girl that you have no gal habits. It will be enough for you to say that you have never heard yourself spore in

Don't put much sweet stuff on paper. It ou do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpos in inflicting upon you the severest punish nent known to a married man. Go home at a reasonable hour in the ever

ing. Don't wait until the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like hat might cause a coolness at the very be inning of the game.

If you sit down on some molasses candy that little Willie had left on the chair, white wearing your new summer tronsers for the irst time, smile sweetly and remark that you don't mind sitting on molasses candy at all, and that "boys will be boys." Re-serve your true feelings for future reference. If, on the occasion of your first call, the girl upon whom you have placed your young affections looks like an nettern and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hours of freeze is unertain, coy and hard to please.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate and thus lay the foundation for uture asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and thronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured

or herself a life of luxury in her ancestra halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a baldheaded parent, who has been uni-formly kind to her, to take you in out of the

EXHAUSTED VITALITY THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errorsof routh, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. 30 pages 8vo. 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gill, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed, Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men for the next 90 days. Address DR. W. H. PARKER, 4 Buillach Street, Boston, Mass. Causes of Lunary in High Places. The death of the king of Bayaria has called forth a great number of essays and treatises on mental insanity and its causes. In one of these the well-known German scientist, Professor Hackel, points out that mental disease is much more frequent among the higher and highest classes of society than a ommon people. He says : " Mental disease GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. are remarkably frequent among sovereigns. The celebrated specialist for diseases of the train has shown that the proportion of luna THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY ics in reigning families, as compared to the of the population of their country, is as sixty to one—that is to say, that lunacy occurs sixty times as often in reigning families as among ordinary mortals. If similar accurate statistics were taken as to the frequency of lunacy among the nobility, it would at once appear that this class also furnishes a much larger contingent of lunatics than non-aristocratic humanity. The cause of this is the un-

How Many Toes Has a Cat -

This was one of the questions asked of a

sertain class during examining week, and

simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency the

principal was applied to for a solution, and

he also, with a good-natured smile, gave

up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by a simple question, hit or

the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighborhood for a cat. When this idea was announced the whole class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out and soon returned successful. A

returning board was at once appointed and the toes counted, when to the relief of all it was learned that a cat possesses 18 toes, 10 on the front and 8 on the hind feet.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Full otion in our lives has come a day When, pausing where two paths divergent lay, We pondered, deep and long, which one to choose,

Fearful that, either followed, we might lose

Or gilmpse of some fair land where shines th

Through furrowed fields, and through the shadowy ranks Of cypress trees that weep upon the banks.

The mournful, hopeless cry, "It might have

The care enjoyment of a happy hour, Or grateful incense of a fragrant flower,

On glant groves, and where the rivers run

We fear to lose so much | but knowing not The changeful chances of our future lot We set out boidly on the chosen track

And then so often comes the looking back,

wrung, Recalls a time, long fied, when lightly hung

As morning dews that on the grasses gleam

Or spoken when 't were better left unsaid : ome written line that we by chance have read-All these can shift the scene with subtle hand, And round our future draw an iron band,

We never think that such a little thing Can ever such tremendous sequence bring, Until too late, and then we backward turn

The page that we have filled, and dimly burn The light of other days in vain regrets

Our hearts we mourn for what we "might have

Ab, soul ! look upward, trusting ; kiss the rod,

A perfect Peace, acaim introubled Rest:— Through these, all things seem right and best. We rise triumphant over death and sin, All pain and sorrow in our joy forget. And looking backward on our "might have

God. From Him, whence lowly we draw near We learn of Love that casteth out all fear; We had a Faith that, in oblivious sea, Wholms every dread and doubt eternally;

Hope unfaltering to us is given ;

Thank God that it was not.

tender Charity, as broad as beaven .

For opportunities gone by. The spirit frets Against its destiny, and deep within

Destroyed the even balance of the beam—
Unknown to us the deep decision made—
And turned our path from sunshine into shade.
A passing thought, a look, a trifling deed;
A word unspoken in an hour of need,

been."

been."

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