

ART IN THE COUNTRY.

A Glimpse of the Young Ladies of the School of Design on Their Outing at Wurttemberg.

SKETCH OF THE QUIANT OLD TOWN.

Its Curious Collection of Old-Time Houses, Surrounded by All That is Lovely in Nature's Gift.

HOW THE VISITORS SPENT THEIR TIME.

Sketching, Fishing and Investigating Barrenism Made Time Pass Swiftly.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



OME, then, my lovely fair.

These rural delicacies—Francis Quarles. He stood alone and undaunted on the threshold of the rural railway station.

The Inn.



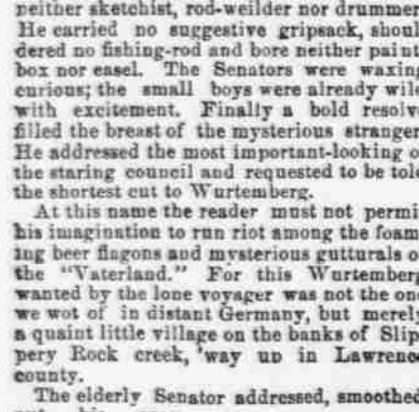
On the Rocks.

As the explorer was proceeding leisurely up the single street, he became aware of a gentleman dressed much after the fashion of an Italian brigand, and carrying a large portfolio, and an unjointed staff.

The Only Visitors.

Commercial travelers, amateur fishermen and artists were the staple visitors to their locality, and this sad-faced youth was neither sketchist, rod-waded nor drummer.

The Senators Were Inquisitive.



The Artists at Work.



The Only Male Artist.

He had been lonely during the voyage from Pittsburgh, among the motley, un-speaking passengers, buried behind their newspapers or slumbering sonorously along the cushioned seats. But here, on the yellow road track, under the waving branches, his loneliness departed.

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A Sketcher Sketched.

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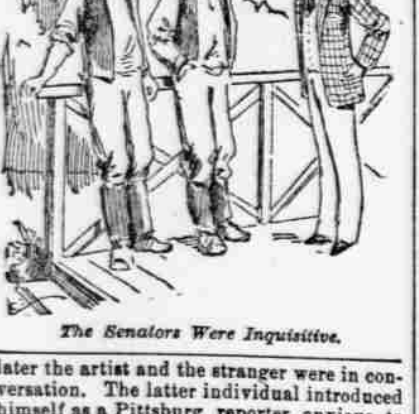
The Artists and Their Habits.



A Musician as Well.

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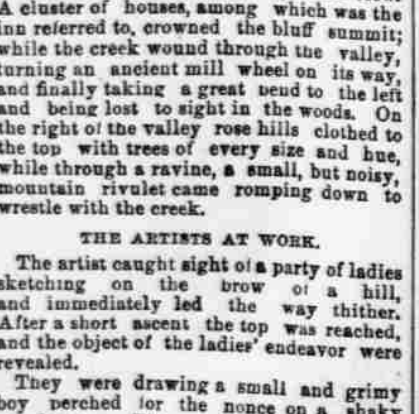
The Home of Fletcher.



A Courteous Prisoner.

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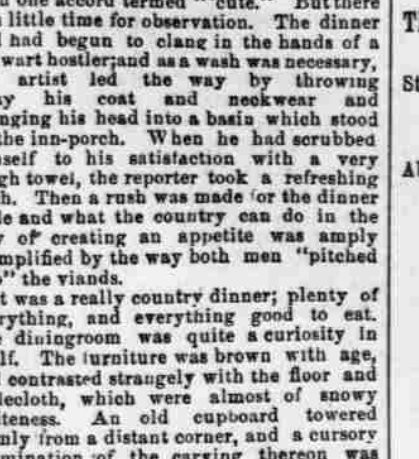
Fire in Flouring Mills.



The Spotted Iron Frauds.

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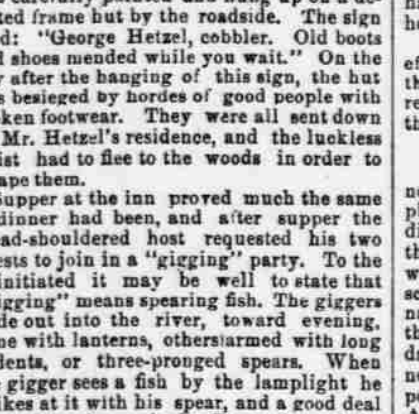
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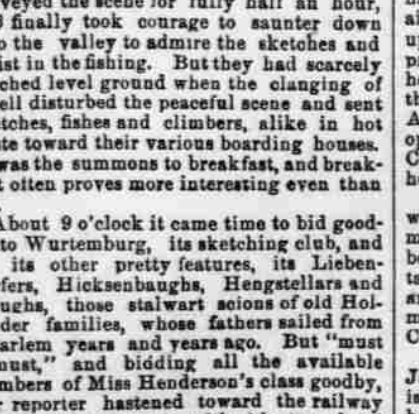
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DOWN IN VIRGINIA.

Chatty Character Sketches Along the Old Valley Turnpike.

THE FARMER AND HIS COMPLAINT.

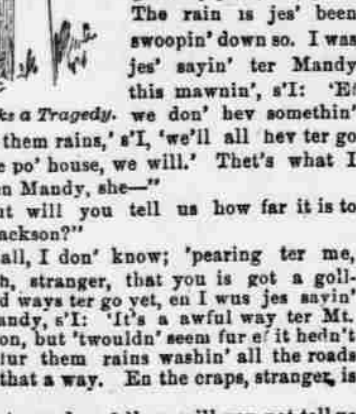
Story of a Wooden Monument That Stands Alone in a Broad Field.

AUNT JAMIMA AND HER POOR POLLY

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

BEAUTIFUL Old Virginia never grows weary of being talked about, and here are some of her unusual features.

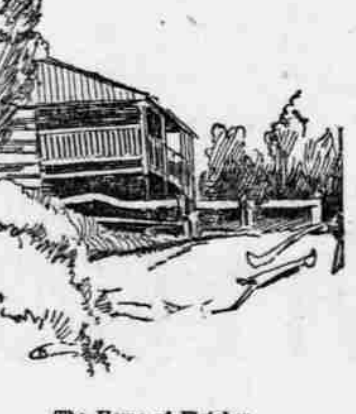
Marks a Tragedy.



The Forks in the Road.

"Them rains, I was er sayin', is been er ruination ter the crops this year. But, yas, oh yas—wall, stranger, it'er 'bout nine miles down that 'I ain't been down there since I, I do, I do, I don't know how far 't is, I do."

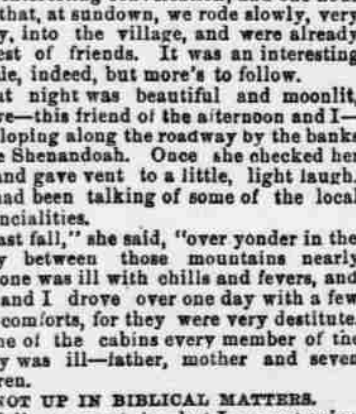
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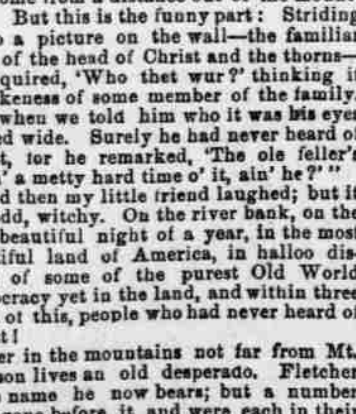
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On Escaping Jail He Apologizes by Letter for Not Visiting the Sheriff.

Fire in Flouring Mills.



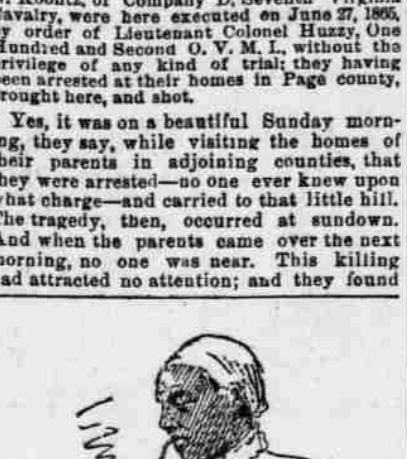
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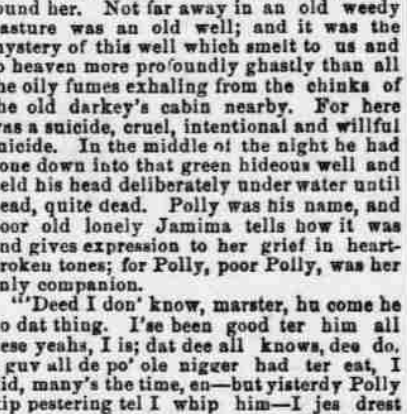
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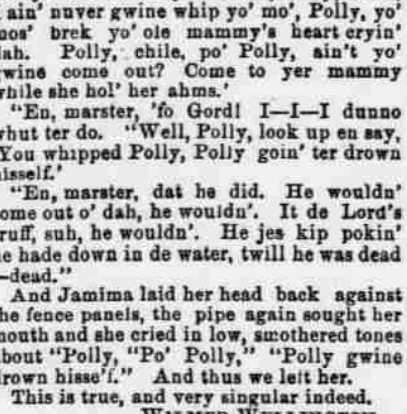
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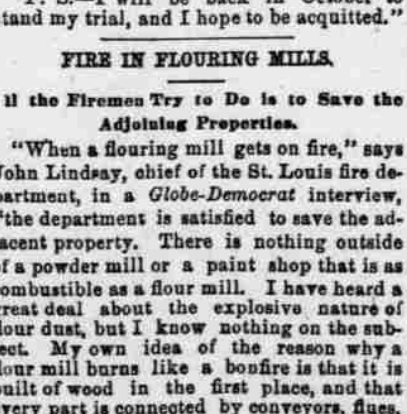
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THE SUNDAY LESSON.

Fifteen Millions of the International Series Published.

AND DISTRIBUTED EVERY WEEK.

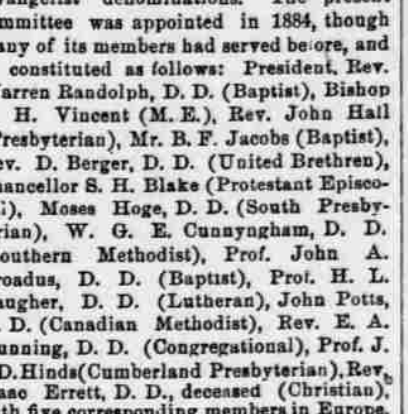
The Work Done by a Committee of the Sunday School Convention.

AN ENTERPRISE IN BIBLE TEACHINGS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The approaching International Sunday School Convention naturally excites some curiosity as to the "how" of the International Lesson Series, now so popular.

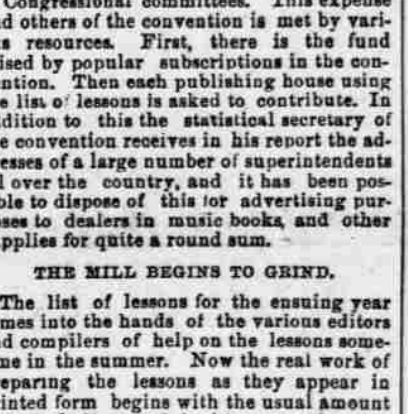
The Mill Begins to Grind.



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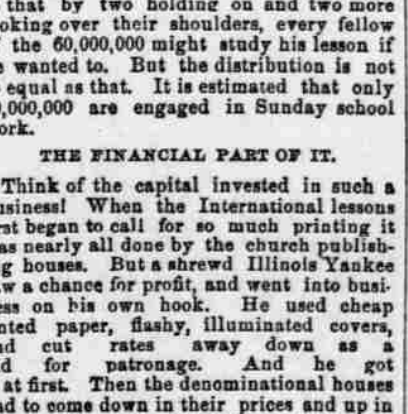
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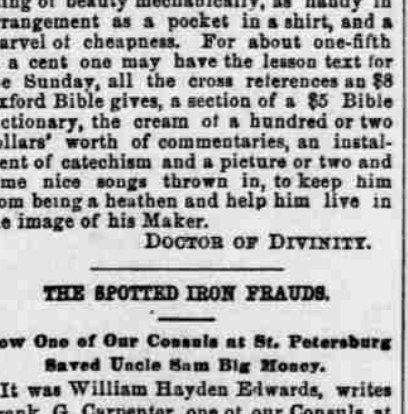
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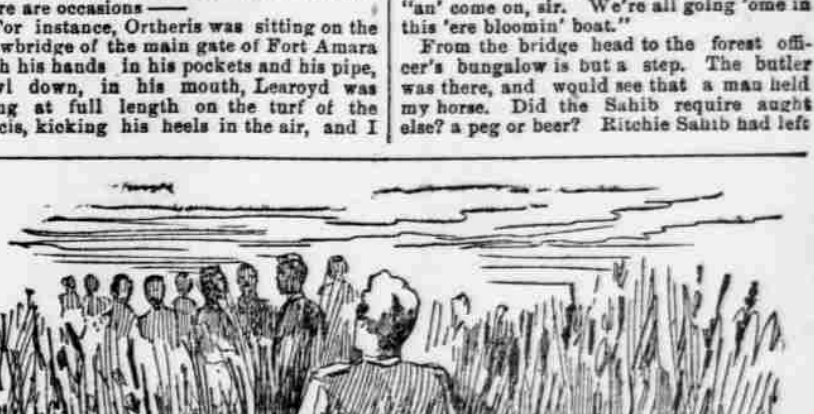


THE BACK BACK.

A STORY OF THE REGIMENT. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY RUDYARD KIPLING, One of the Most Talented of Writers of the Day.

The footsteps within ceased. I heard the dull thud of a knapsack falling on a bedstead, followed by the rattle of arms. Ten minutes later Mulvaney, faintly attired, his lips compressed and his face as black as a thunderbolt, came into the sunshine on the drawbridge. Leary and Ortheris sprang from my side and closed in upon him, both leaning toward as horses lean up on the pole.

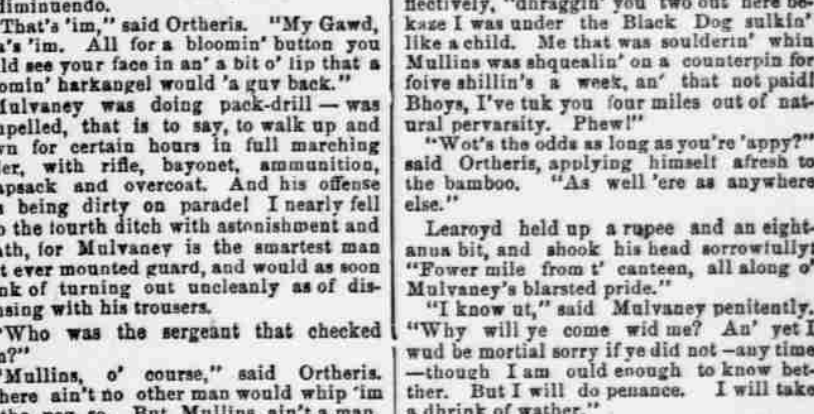
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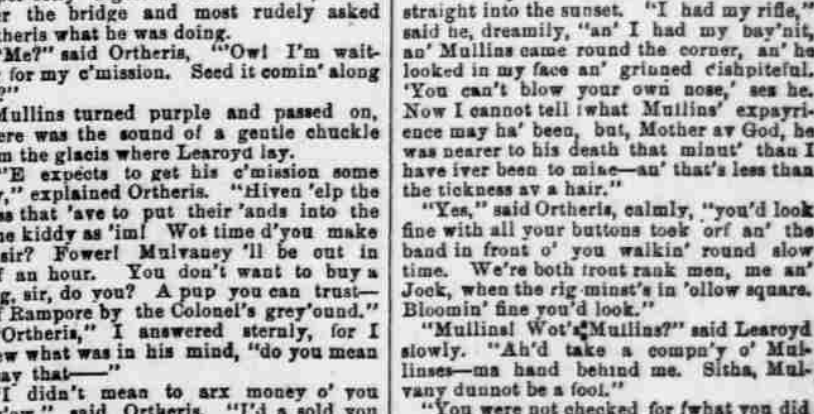
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