



THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN, Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Behind Closed Doors," "The Forsaken Inn," Etc., Etc.

I was riding along one autumn day through a certain wooded portion of New York State, when I came suddenly upon an old stone house in which the marks of age were in such startling contrast to its unfinished condition that I involuntarily stopped...

The great front door which had been fastened by a heavy bolt, which had never been hung, leaned against the side of the house, of which it had almost become a part, so long had they clung together...

Here the doors were hung and the fireplaces bricked and I wondered from whom to room I wondered more than ever why had caused the desertion of so promising a dwelling...

Will Juliet be at home to-day? She must know that I am coming from the farm, this morning, tripping back from the farm, I gave her a look which, she knew, meant that I had something to say...

She gave me an odd look, and then glanced aside at an old man who sat dozing up in the opposite corner. "It is a long story," she said, "and I am busy now; but later, if you wish, I will tell you all we know on the subject."

fields to her father's house, she made a mistake, and I can't always trust my judgment. I am, however, sure of one thing, and that is that if Colonel Schuyler...

Juliet is more capricious than ever. Lemuel Phillips for one is tired of it, and imitating Orrin Day, bade her a good-evening to-night which she does not intend to follow with a little good-morrow.



A ROLL OF YELLOW PAPER WHICH HE THRUST INTO MY HAND.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed, "and has been bringing you that? What ever shall I do with him and his mad ramblings? You will pardon him, sir; he is 180 and upward, and thinks everybody is as interested in the story of that old house as he himself is."

"And I, for one, am," was my hasty reply. "If the writing is at all legible, I am anxious to read it. You won't object, will you?"

"Ah!" she murmured, at last; "I wish the building of that house!" The tone, the look he gave, alarmed me as if he were saying, "You would like it well!" I cried. It was his trade, the building of houses.

"I would build it slowly," was his ominous reply. "I think more than any other of the young men who used to go a-courting here. I have seen it for some time in the looks she has now and then given me across the meeting-house during the long sermon on Sunday mornings, but to-day I am sure of it. For she has spoken to me and asked me to build her a house, and she has given me the plan of it, and she has given me the money for it."

"I have it now," she murmured, "and she has spoken to me and asked me to build her a house, and she has given me the plan of it, and she has given me the money for it."

MANUREY BRIGHTON. The Most Famous of All Well-Known English Watering Places. IT'S AS METROPOLITAN AS LONDON, Yet Filled With the Oldest, Quaintest, Most Charming Features.

THE LAST OF THE SEASIDE SERIES

It is with this sort of flavor and through this tender glamor that all who come, dimly or consciously, know and love Brighton. All else is as at other great seaside resorts, perhaps with the difference that at Brighton the peculiarities of the seaside resort are more pronounced because on a grander scale.

CHARMS MOST VARIED. The vast show ground and gimcrack shops beneath its sea front edge; the wide reach of foreshore, ample enough in area for a million people to stroll and loiter along the shore itself, lined with innumerable sailing craft, rowboats and bathing machines—the old colored van on wheels which has long been a familiar sight on the esplanade, and the sea front from the promenade to the pier, with its shops and its many people, all these are charms that are not to be counted.

Some of the rest of the seaside fairs in England together and the whole of them would not furnish the same variety, ingenuously and pleasantly, as the Brighton fairs. But our coast minstrel and the deathless domestic tragedies of Punch and Judy ever closest hold the vast crowd's heart.

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AS METROPOLITAN AS LONDON. Again, in summer Brighton possesses really more elegance, comfort and entertainment than London itself can boast. The theater singers and actors do not regard Brighton as a mere watering place. The Theatre Royal and Alhambra rival the greatest London legitimate and variety theatres. The hotels are enormous, unnumbered and splendid. The Royal Pavilion is one of the most extraordinary objects, when William IV. was Duke of Clarence, and which are best left untold, is now the home of the grandest of popular entertainments. The magnificent Royal Aquarium is not only a wonderful place for the student of ichthyology, but also provides fine musical and social entertainment. The shops of Brighton are as brilliant and grand as those of Regent street, in London.

OLD TIME RAPID TRANSIT. About a hundred years ago the London mail coaches were the only means of transport at a mad gallop during daylight, and the present steamship service between New Haven and Dieppe was foreshadowed by a similar run daily between Brighton and Dieppe. The route was advertised as bringing London and Paris 90 miles nearer than the way of Dover and Calais, and a train of coaches ran daily between Brighton and Dieppe.

DUCKING A MONARCH. Who has not the memory of broad-beamed Martha Gunn, "the principal bathing woman on the beach of Brighton, and the one who was ducking King George, and who can still be seen here in a hundred bygone photographs, as well as her own original self, in a weird corner drawing, being a black-headed boy in lawn, with chestnut curls the shaft of King of an unsavory memory, with the cobalt sea at her feet, and a lone bathing machine, labeled "The Old Ship Inn," in the swirl perspective? It is a sight that may draw a smile on your face past many a weary journey.

BOOMING THE SANITARY FEATURES. How he must be chuckled to himself when he sent broadcast through Britain that great treatise, "The Efficacy of Sea Water in Glandular Diseases," and saw Brighton and its surroundings so rich as to be in the time of the pilgrims. The old joker knew that the universal British pulse and pulse lay just beneath the universal British good sense; and by the time the boom of the peacocks' adaptability and efficacy of Brighton salt water in particular, a stream of people and gold were flowing toward this one cove of the sea that has never ceased increasing.

EXTENDED TO OCTOBER 1. Dr. Copeland and Hall extended the Period of 85 Treatment Until That Time—Adequate Reasons.

Dr. Copeland and Hall extended their period of treatment for 85 a month until October 1. It was intended that all desiring it should have an opportunity of placing themselves under treatment at this favorable season and availing themselves of this merely nominal rate. A large number have called and written expressing themselves in this way:

Something About the Nature and Results of the Disease—The Experience of Miss Mary Schaffer. At this climate catarrh is unquestionably the cause of more deaths than any other disease. At first it is as a rule a little thing, merely a cold in the nose. But as it progresses, one cold is not entirely cured before another follows. A succession of colds constitutes chronic catarrh, and a healthy constitution will suffer only inconvenience from what most persons still regard as a trifling ailment.

CATARRH IN OUR CLIMATE. The vast show ground and gimcrack shops beneath its sea front edge; the wide reach of foreshore, ample enough in area for a million people to stroll and loiter along the shore itself, lined with innumerable sailing craft, rowboats and bathing machines—the old colored van on wheels which has long been a familiar sight on the esplanade, and the sea front from the promenade to the pier, with its shops and its many people, all these are charms that are not to be counted.

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