[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

Darling! I've told my love for thee,
To the silent stars at night,
And it seemed as the stars of heaven, they listened to me,
And their pale eyes grew more bright.
While my soul went out in its words of love,
To those distant, unknown spheres,
There came a peace from their worlds above,
Dispelling my doubts and fears.

Darling! I told my love to the wind,
As it rose o'er a bank of flowers,
And I bade it go thy brow to find,
And bathe it with perfume showers.
I bade it whisper in thine ear,
As it kissed thy darling cheek,
The words I knew you would love to hear,
If I were but there to speak.

Darling! I knelt in my lonely room,
When my soul was heavy with pain,
As it felt that saddest of earthly doom,
To love and know it is vain.
And I knew how broken and crushed my heart,
Where the foot of fate had trod,
While you and I were so far apart,
And I told my love to God.

T. J. D.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

We are obliged to confine our praise of *Harper's Magazine* now-a-days to the letter-press. So far as *Harper's* purports to be a periodical explained or rendered attractive by the fine arts, it is more and more an insult to the improving taste of the country: the character of its engravings worsens while the public demand grows higher. The works of native art it engraves have been getting more vulgar for some time back, until this month the magazine effects its righteousness by not having any. As to the cuts transferred from foreign publications, the originals in all the later cases might put in a complaint similar to Fulsborve's in "Hard Cash," "They broke the second and eighth commandments both, over me, first stealing my property and then adulterating it." In the present number the transfers in the first article, and those in Mrs. Muloch Craik's and Mr. Justin McCarthy's novels are savagely chopped and then pasted in muddy gray.

The literary matter of the August number is compiled with all *Harper's* tireless industry and skill. The foreign country victimized this month is Japan, and *Harper's* picks the bones of the retired and exclusive-natured Nippon quite clean for its brood of insatiably curious readers. It avails itself for this purpose of the book entitled "Our Life in Japan," by two officers of the British Horse-guards, selections from which were long ago laid before the readers of this paper.—"South-Coast Saunterings," by Moncure D. Conway, we are glad, in common with all readers who love the *indiscretions* and personalities of literature, to see renewed once more. Mr. Conway still strays along the borders of the Mamelon, among a population who he thinks have many of the qualities of the French just opposite; he imparts country gossip about the Marquis of Bute, William Gilpin, Robert Owen the Socialist, Southey and William Allingham.—Those two papers are the best, but there is originality in "Recollections of the Alhambra," by a "Lady of Rank." Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Hours in Palaces." As Spanish history is not much studied, our readers may be amused with the following account of the treatment of a daughter of Henrietta of England, Maria Louisa, Queen of Charles II., in the court where Philip III. had been politely roasted to death, in strict etiquette:

CHARLES II. AND MARIE LOUISE.

His sumptuous palace described by the English embassador, and is truly ghastly: "The King's ankles and knees swell, his eyes bag, the lids are red as scarlet, and he has at times a greenish-yellow; the whole crown bald. He hath a mouth and underlip like those of the ass whole; for his nether jaw, like that of Charles V. at a more advanced age, stands so much out that his two rows of teeth can not meet; to compensate which he has a prodigious wide throat, so that a liver or gizzard of a hen goes down whole."

The poor imbecile King did his best to amuse his wife, but not with much effect. He used to play with her at *joncets*—which appears to have been an amusement of the nature of that known among us as *spillikins*—for half our hours a day. The King had a frightful jealousy of everything French. He had been jilted by the Terra Nueva that his wife was of a light nature, and that, coming as she did from a light Court, every precaution was necessary. The poor idiot was jealous at the sight of anything French; he could not even endure the sight of Queen French parasols, and cried, when he entered her apartments, "Fuera, fuera, perros Franceses" ("Begone, begone, ye French dogs!)

The Queen had two parrots who talked French, and these with her spaniels were her chief companions. Disappointed as it appeared she was likely to be now, the fruit of children, which, however, the King persisted in looking for, she concentrated all her affection on these pet creatures. But the Terra Nueva, herself hating all things French, and trusting to a libel uttered on the part of the King, one day, that the Queen was out for a drive, twisted the parrots' necks. On the return of their mistress she called for her birds and her dogs as usual. At the mention of her birds the maids of honor looked at each other without speaking. The truth, however, was told: and when the Canaveron Mayor appeared to kiss the Queen's hand as usual, the poor spirit of Marie Louise could endure no longer; she gave the Terra Nueva two or three slaps with her fan, and gave him a slap on the cheek.

The rage of the she-griffin, the descendant of Fernando Cortez, the feudal proprietress of Sicily and Spain, with her principality in America, was tremendous; she collected all her *four hundred* ladies, and went at the head of them to the King to ask for redress. The King betook himself to the Queen, and asked for an explanation; the Queen replied, "Senor, esta es un antojo" (Sir, this is a longing of mind). This *antojo* was devised with delicious malice by the young Queen. For not only in the case of a royal lady, but in that of the humblest woman of Spain, the *antojo* had a prescriptive, inviolable privilege. To be called a Spanish lady, enlighted with the *antojo* and disgnificance, and declared to "fix Queen that it" she was not satisfied with two slaps of the face she might give the Terra Nueva two dozen more.

As for her spaniels and parrots, these were surrounded with such rules of etiquette that it was a matter of great difficulty for her to get out on horseback. If the King was not by her she had to mount quite unassisted! It was death for the people even to touch a dog belonging to Spain. On one occasion the Queen might have had a fatal accident had it not been for the audacity of two cavalier. She was obliged to mount from her carriage door to the back of the horse which was placed before it. One day while the King was looking from a window of the palace at Aranjuez, her Jesse, a spirited Andalusian, reared before she was well in the saddle, threw her to the ground, and dragged her along with one foot in the stirrup. Two gentlemen, Don Luis de la Torres and Don Jaima de Soto Mayor, who were standing near, after some hesitation rushed to her rescue, but immediately after the fall, whether her dress or courage they ran to saddle their horses and escape from Court. However, friends interceded with Charles II., and their flight was made unnecessary.

Two articles mildly scientific are, "Can we Foretell the Weather?" and "The New Theory of Heat," in which the old opinion that calorie is a substance is repelled. Justin McCarthy's excellent novel "My Enemy's Daughter" reaches the twenty-fifth chapter, and "A Country Lady," by Mrs. Muloch Craik, becomes very effective and artistic, with its simple means, in the single chapter that is spread on. "The Chair, Book, Table, Record and Drawer, in their several departments, are full and interesting. We will conclude by quoting Mr. Curtis's graceful notice, in the Easy Chair, of the death of whose principles of life cannot be too often or too long upheld among the teachers and pupils of the present school of daily journalism:

CURTIS ON RAYMOND.

Mr. Raymond's biography has been given with affectionate detail in all the papers; nor is there any difference of opinion as to his remarkable ability and accomplishment. It seemed at one, for many years ago, as if there were an almost equal consent of opinion as to his want of earnest conviction and of high purpose. But there were probably very few, who heard in the gloomy church on the stormy summer evening of his funeral who had not at last perceived the injustice of this estimate, and who were not willing to pay Mr. Bonner's wish—"If this were trimming, would to God there were more trimmers!"

Indeed, there has been a curious and most agreeable want of mere eulogy in all that has been said of him. The tone of eulogy has been most tender, whatever the estimate of his character and career; but everything has been the result of a real impression and a thoughtful consideration. The key of his life, and of the peculiar impression his death produced, is questionably, and by common consent, the judicial mental temperament which refuses to acknowledge that there are sides to any question. He lived at a time when there was the most remarkable tendency to transfer to one side, and of not weakening the assertion by the counter-declaration that the other was nearly as good. A man who has defended the Proulhon, whether after all property is not robbery, will have a very gentle feeling for the thief.

But with Mr. Raymond there was no question of the end, but of the means. Here again he fell upon a time when the means seemed often to involve the end, and to obscure one method rather than another was necessarily to work for a different result. This position cost him the confidence of the political party with which he had always acted, and which had often honored him. But this loss of confidence, of which he was perfectly aware, however painful to him, however it may have baffled his hopes and ambition, did not embitter him; and where is there the public man who ever more generously owned what he at last has learned to be a mistake, or who, by his treatment of his own error, more raised himself in the general estimation of men?

This is not the place, however, nor is it our purpose, to do more than to add one word of cordiality and grateful remembrance to the eloquent praise that has been uttered. In this working world and country Mr. Raymond died of overwork—a man yet not fifty years old. He never spared himself; and he has not lived usually among the other orders of life he teaches us to do in that respect what he did not. He has left the book to keep his name fresh. His service has been mainly that of the great journalist, and that fame is brief. But in the history of the profession which he loved he will always be honorably mentioned; and with his journal his best fame will be associated.

Harper's Magazine is sent us by Turner Bros. and by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Last Days of a Condemned Man" and "Claude Gueux," Victor Hugo's powerful and eloquent pleas in behalf of the abolition of capital punishment, have been translated into English, and Carleton the publisher will issue them in one volume next week.

INTERMITTENT PERIODICITY.—*The Kaleidoscope*, a scientific "Intermittent Periodical," will be started next week by Carleton, Publisher, New York. It will be profusely illustrated, and the Brothers Tripkex, who edit it, promise to issue a number every little while.

ART-STUDY IN THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL AT PARIS.

NO. VI.

"Style" and "Quality"—The Routine of Work—Eugenie.

Our *académies*, or studies of the figure, after all the care they receive, finish by sticking about the studio, by being used for envelopes, and serving as palimpsests of a variously beautiful and disrespectful nature, and, generally, by being handled without gloves. And then the professor—his Saturday morning visit to the studio, his inspection, his criticism, are also accompanied with illustrations, where the crayon deeply drives its plowshare over the most dainty surfaces, leaving devastation and disfigurement behind. Of course, these impromptu diagrams become the elements of value in the picture; but it is striking at first to see the relish with which the professional weapon will scathe and blacken the best daubyisms of the stump or brush.

"Bad. Bad. Strongly bad. Bad as design. Bad as to movement. Bad as to feeling. Bad as to color." This minute dissection, enforced with a repulsive gesture that set the disciple's easel reeling, was perhaps the unmitigated I have heard. It closed with a look—the professor musing upon his pupil, while his passionless eye sank deliberately into that of the unlucky youth. It was a long look, grace son of a quite famous cattle-painter and of a lady who, perhaps has a great-uncle who a Malay's, peaping from under a shadowy, treacherous eyelash that is never fully lifted and not often lowered; but the principal feature the flag was struck at this signal encounter, and young Jacques soon slunk off to reappear no more that day. The terms of criticism most commonly heard from M. Gérôme are those of picturesque and sinister, and of discrimination. "Too insipid, too *mollet*," this is said of the head, or of the French say, the skin: "*étudié*," this condemns our anatomy, when it has the look of being "patched" on the surface rather than woven under from the bone: "*riche sentiment*," this picture is not sufficiently applicable to a Delia Cruscan elegance, but has been heard over a drawing of the Lancosen expressing too much passion and motion instead of the wonderful, caught in rigidity of the original: "you have not seized the movement," this is one of the commonest of our difficulties; the word may apply to the most insignificant things, as the sweep of a lock of hair, the lay of a fold of drapery, or of uniterns on the fold; the expression of a supine hand, etc.

Outside the walls within which M. Gérôme's opinion reigns as law, I believe the work of the master instead of forming a foil for the style envy or detraction. "That spreader of sickly movements," these figures painted with the rant-jelly"—such are the disparagements I have heard applied to the limner of the Dead Cesar. I confine myself to quoting the opinions of painters, who usually restrict their comments to a brother artist's *technique*, without verging at all upon the broad question of his *morale*. The public at large, I believe, has been certain of the influence of that striking succession of dream-shadows which have been leaning for the last twenty years from under his firm hand. I have seen them nearly all, from his first painting, which was the out-Raphael Raphael in self-conscious maidenliness and repose. His principal pictures, as my reader is aware, divide themselves into two classes: there is the class in which a murdered corpse lies in the extreme foreground, in company with the executioner, with the wounds carefully bleeding; and there is the class in which Gérôme's peculiar unclothed woman stands "beautiful for ever" on her rostrum, thrown at the beholder in the same pay way. I have my opinion, in common with the world of the external public, of the delicate quality of these representations, while still preserving the disciple's enthusiasm for the mysterious ability with which they are executed. The unearthly freshness and "condition" of all that reeking butcher's meat; the insulted nakedness of the unclothed woman, who is never innocently nude or unconscious of raiment, but always stripped exceptionally, whether she be the Almeh, or the Cairene slave, or the Queen of Lydia, or Cleopatra emerging from the roll, or Phryne unveiled by Hyperides—this active killing and skinning for the sensation market is, I believe, very coolly estimated among the citizens of the painter, who is husband to the daughter of a great picture-merchant, while the habit of another woman's jealous husband remaining in his arm attests the sincerity of his experiments in both of his principal genres. I rely upon these patent or notorious facts as lightly as possible, and confine my attention to the painter's merely professional co-pot of Gérôme—a power, I think, akin to that of the ablest dramatist, or sometimes, or whatever dramatist makes his business the expressing of himself fully and neatly within his limitations. The result of a real painting ever seems so skillfully wrought upon architecture-painting, since the day of Veronese, as the Death of Cesar. Have figures and architecture, treated with a sense of landscape, ever meet so harmoniously in one composition?

In adjacent rooms, Cabanel teaches quality and Gérôme style. The pupils have perceptively opened peep-holes in the partition between the two ateliers, though I believe not so much with views of exchanging and catholicizing the propagandism as from certain inferior motives. When a model of Cabanel's is sitting up her hair, there is always a benevolent wrangle on our side ready to spread the glad news and allow the Gérômaists to cop the lesson. Through these crevices we can, if we choose, see the benefits of instruction from the neighboring professor. Cabanel, who could have learned from Gérôme a better disposition of the leading lines in his "Paradise Lost," which has been compared to a sprawling panel of super-lounging, teaches splendor and texture; Gérôme, who could never have painted the Cleopatra of Cabanel's fawn sinking into the white side of the nymph, explains *temperance in mastery* with admirable insight and system. The pupils, unknown to the official oversight, have opened on a community of schools. There is even the mention of personal and bodily communication. No rule is more strict than that which forbids the inmates of one *atelier* to visit the interior of another. Yet, by means of certain elevated and unnoticed windows in the dividing partition, a transit can be effected by persons of a daring and gymnastic turn. The first time I saw this was one Sunday morning when I happened to be working in view of the lofty casement of our little vestry, which apartment, I believe, was suddenly lit by a living figure; it was the apparition of a singularly handsome young man, who chose for his visiting-costume the uniform in which Adam is supposed to have done his horticulture. This figure descended like a Mercury, came into broader light among us, shook a cigarette with one of our fellows, had a good chat, and vanished like a moonbeam at some alarm in the corridor. It was a favorite young model. The pupils were aforesaid make as privy to many such visits, noises that may be going on in the *atelier* Cabanel, who is long nose a sallow crimson bonnet, and whom the rest were burlesquing, teasing and teasing, by the hour, until from aside the door suddenly entered, followed by its owner, who was cringing, bowing and possibly apologizing. The model, I believe, was probably illuminated his life up to the date. Eugenie entered rapidly, smiling and ejaculating, with the air of a woman charmed at the sight of a man, and the pupils saw the Emperor was examining another part of the building, and had an "inspection" of the *ateliers*. A stout gentleman, plainly dressed and of the easiest possible manners, waited on the Imperial Majesty, and received the proper salles and jokes.

A pretty boy, who sat in front of the Lapin, with his back to the door, had not observed the sudden invasion. Before he knew what was happening a hand had been placed on his shoulder, the down on his chin, and a kind question about his work had the effect of frightening very, very deeply the poor lad. He was not entered by an honest woman, and a youth who had been conversing and joking with a lady, "Why, you see, *la dame*, the Lapin brought a red nightcap, and I thought there would be no harm."

His awkwardness provoked a pretty, ringing laugh. The stout gentleman then laughed in bass, and our boys in various broken falsettoes, according to their age. The Empress gave an unprepared and lighted the ceiling, and vociferating Mozart as they drop—these obviously are not arias conventional, but they are not very striking in the *atelier*. They are quite within its atmosphere, and do not perturb the quiet diurnal order there. The better conditioned of the students have attained a Buddhistical tranquillity and absence of nerves, and will sit cross-legged on a color-box, in front of the pile of jess-paper on which is delineated the sacred Cesar, and will not even be disturbed by such interlutions. It is a school where no one need attempt to study who cannot concentrate himself upon his task while the company around shall be fighting, disputing, engaging in pillow-fights and quoits, or perhaps throwing the whole force of its lungs into an abominable catchchorus. In the midst of Pandemonium the harmonious structure of his art must rise like an exhalation. The true evens of school life are the schedule and the advance; not the descriptable things, not the holidays and junketings, not the diversions and recreations I have attempted to portray. What is really the week's affair to the Beaux-Arts man is his academy. On Monday he hits the pose, which is always vigorously pronounced and spirited; on the model's part, when first assumed, the flag that may be thrown into the attitude while the figure is perfectly fresh can never be caught in the pictorial net of the artist. On Tuesday the artist has become absorbed in the complications of light and shade. On Wednesday the master comes, and perhaps rejects nearly everything that has been done, disfigurings and blotting the sketch from one margin to the other. The model, drooping upon his dais, may hear little resemblance to the elastic attitude of the drawing, and the student is accused of attempting to idealize. "You have been trying to modify nature from your conceptions of the antique; you have emoulded the head, braced the shoulders," etc. The study is altered in the spirit of realism, until all the stark and pitiful ugliness of the model's basis-lineaments are laid bare. The difficulties of a life "academy" is that, although the example before you is a moving, changing object, now braced, now drooping, now turned a little to the right and now to the left, the student owes to a brother artist's *technique*, without verging at all upon the broad question of his *morale*. The public at large, I believe, has been certain of the influence of that striking succession of dream-shadows which have been leaning for the last twenty years from under his firm hand. I have seen them nearly all, from his first painting, which was the out-Raphael Raphael in self-conscious maidenliness and repose. His principal pictures, as my reader is aware, divide themselves into two classes: there is the class in which a murdered corpse lies in the extreme foreground, in company with the executioner, with the wounds carefully bleeding; and there is the class in which Gérôme's peculiar unclothed woman stands "beautiful for ever" on her rostrum, thrown at the beholder in the same pay way. I have my opinion, in common with the world of the external public, of the delicate quality of these representations, while still preserving the disciple's enthusiasm for the mysterious ability with which they are executed. The unearthly freshness and "condition" of all that reeking butcher's meat; the insulted nakedness of the unclothed woman, who is never innocently nude or unconscious of raiment, but always stripped exceptionally, whether she be the Almeh, or the Cairene slave, or the Queen of Lydia, or Cleopatra emerging from the roll, or Phryne unveiled by Hyperides—this active killing and skinning for the sensation market is, I believe, very coolly estimated among the citizens of the painter, who is husband to the daughter of a great picture-merchant, while the habit of another woman's jealous husband remaining in his arm attests the sincerity of his experiments in both of his principal genres. I rely upon these patent or notorious facts as lightly as possible, and confine my attention to the painter's merely professional co-pot of Gérôme—a power, I think, akin to that of the ablest dramatist, or sometimes, or whatever dramatist makes his business the expressing of himself fully and neatly within his limitations. The result of a real painting ever seems so skillfully wrought upon architecture-painting, since the day of Veronese, as the Death of Cesar. Have figures and architecture, treated with a sense of landscape, ever meet so harmoniously in one composition?

In adjacent rooms, Cabanel teaches quality and Gérôme style. The pupils have perceptively opened peep-holes in the partition between the two ateliers, though I believe not so much with views of exchanging and catholicizing the propagandism as from certain inferior motives. When a model of Cabanel's is sitting up her hair, there is always a benevolent wrangle on our side ready to spread the glad news and allow the Gérômaists to cop the lesson. Through these crevices we can, if we choose, see the benefits of instruction from the neighboring professor. Cabanel, who could have learned from Gérôme a better disposition of the leading lines in his "Paradise Lost," which has been compared to a sprawling panel of super-lounging, teaches splendor and texture; Gérôme, who could never have painted the Cleopatra of Cabanel's fawn sinking into the white side of the nymph, explains *temperance in mastery* with admirable insight and system. The pupils, unknown to the official oversight, have opened on a community of schools. There is even the mention of personal and bodily communication. No rule is more strict than that which forbids the inmates of one *atelier* to visit the interior of another. Yet, by means of certain elevated and unnoticed windows in the dividing partition, a transit can be effected by persons of a daring and gymnastic turn. The first time I saw this was one Sunday morning when I happened to be working in view of the lofty casement of our little vestry, which apartment, I believe, was suddenly lit by a living figure; it was the apparition of a singularly handsome young man, who chose for his visiting-costume the uniform in which Adam is supposed to have done his horticulture. This figure descended like a Mercury, came into broader light among us, shook a cigarette with one of our fellows, had a good chat, and vanished like a moonbeam at some alarm in the corridor. It was a favorite young model. The pupils were aforesaid make as privy to many such visits, noises that may be going on in the *atelier* Cabanel, who is long nose a sallow crimson bonnet, and whom the rest were burlesquing, teasing and teasing, by the hour, until from aside the door suddenly entered, followed by its owner, who was cringing, bowing and possibly apologizing. The model, I believe, was probably illuminated his life up to the date.

CITY ORDINANCES.

COMMON COUNCIL OF PHILADELPHIA.

(CLERKS OFFICE,
PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1869.

In accordance with a Resolution adopted by the Common Council of the City of Philadelphia, on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of June, 1869, the following Bill, entitled

"An Ordinance to authorize a loan for the payment of ground rents and mortgages."

JOHN ROESTER,
Clerk of Common Council.

AN ORDINANCE TO AUTHORIZE A A loan for the payment of ground rents and mortgages.

SECTION 1. The Select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia do ordain, That the Mayor of Philadelphia be and he is hereby authorized to borrow, on no less than par, on the credit of the city, from time to time, seven hundred thousand dollars for the payment of ground rents and mortgages had against the city, for which interest has been paid the rate of six per cent. per annum to the end of the year 1869, at the office of the City Treasurer. The principal of said bonds shall be payable and paid at the expiration of thirty years from the date of the same and not before, with interest, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, on the coupons of the certificates therefor in the usual form, coupon certificates of which shall be issued in such amounts as the lenders may require, but not for more than one thousand dollars, or, if required, in amounts of five hundred or one thousand dollars, and it shall be expressed in said certificates that the loan is made by a sinking fund and interest accrued are payable free from all taxes.

Sec. 2. Whenever any loan shall be made by the authorities of the City by force of this ordinance, annually appropriated out of the income of the corporate estate, and from the sum raised by taxation, a sum sufficient to pay the interest on such loan, and also a further sum of three-tenths of one per centum in the par value of such certificates, to be paid quarterly out of said income and taxes, and the sinking fund, and its accumulations are hereby specially pledged for the redemption and payment of said certificates.

RESOLUTION TO PUBLISH A LOAN BILL.

Resolved, That the Clerk of Common Council is authorized to publish in the daily newspapers of this city, daily, for four weeks, the proposed ordinance entitled "An Ordinance to authorize a loan for the payment of ground rents and mortgages." And that the Clerk of Common Council be and he is hereby authorized to publish in the daily newspapers of this city, daily, for four weeks, the following Bill, entitled "An Ordinance to authorize a loan for the payment of Ground Rents and Mortgages." And the Clerk of the last stated meeting of Councils after the expiration of four weeks from the date of the first publication of the ordinance, this Council one of each of said newspapers and on the day in which the same shall have been made. jel20 2415

PROPOSALS.

ANTHRACITE COAL FOR THE NAVY.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
BUREAU OF EQUIPMENT AND RECRUITING,
WASHINGTON, July 15, 1869.

SEALED PROPOSALS for furnishing Anthracite Coal for the Navy, to be delivered during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1870, will be received at this Bureau until 10 A. M. on 14th August, 1869.

These proposals must be endorsed "Proposals for Anthracite Coal," and addressed to the undersigned.

The coal must be of the best Buck Mountain or Beaver Meadow, or of a kind equal to them in all respects, for the purpose intended, and must be of such sizes as may be from time to time required by the Secretary of the Navy after the reception of the bids.

Specimens of the coal proposed to be furnished must be stated in the offer.

The quantity of coal to be delivered at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, or on board of the building, and in such other places as may be designated by the Bureau, at the contract price, will be required to be from time to time required.

Preference will be given to the responsible and reliable producers.

Proposals for less than a cargo will be considered, but no proposals will be entertained for less than one hundred tons.

Proposals for a cargo or more must state the number of tons per diem at which the party can deliver the coal.

Proposals for less than a cargo must state the number of tons per diem at which the party can deliver the coal, and the price per ton for the quantity specified.

Proposals for a cargo or more must state the number of tons per diem at which the party can deliver the coal, and the price per ton for the quantity specified