

Our Special Correspondent Visits The Picnic!

HUSBANDRYMENS ENCAMPMENT A BOOMING SUCCESS.

The Wheel of Fortune Turns Again—Hundreds Lost
and Won at a Single Spin—Thousands
of People on the Grounds.

GUSTUS AND FRALEY WERE THERE.

J Murphy Tries in Vain for the Revolver—Who Wins
the Walking Match?—Farmer Watches it
from Day to Day—Marvelous Display of
the Fair Sex—Miss Herr takes a
Prize—List of Tent Holders.

GRANGE PARK, September 10th, 1891.

Once more again another year has rolled around, and the "Patrons of Fakirs" meet for a week of glee and revelry.

The first dawn of this a new week brought to our minds, most vividly, the scenes of years gone by, mingled with many a happy recollection.

As I gaze about me I am most impressively reminded of the immortal words of Columbus, as he first unfurled the proud standard of Spain upon the Rockbound coasts of Maine and burst forth in poetical strain "Comrades, Comrades, ever since we were boys, sharing each others sorrows, sharing each others joys." What would the grand old Poet not have said, could he but have gazed for one short moment upon this display of brotherly and sisterly friendship?

EARLY MONDAY MORNING.

Train after train unloaded its burden of human freight upon the grounds,—Gustus was there. Like the locusts of Arabia the students of P. S. C. infested every nook and corner of the white crested camping place. In the words of Tennyson,

"Forward they rode and well
Into the walking match
That female sell
Charged the "4-10,"

One brave frock coated knight, mightier than all the host of opposition, followed by an admiring mob of undergraduates, made rapid transit toward the show tent from which proceeded the melodious tones of "Hail to the Chief," and in front of which the limber jawed man proclaimed to the gawking public the degree of perfection to which physical culture had attained on this terrestrial ball. "Three hundred and twenty miles in three days just think of it," he exclaimed, "and yet you stand around here, for the mere sake of the nominal price of ten cents." It was too much. In surged the vast mob. All day long they hung around that ring like flies around a cup of *vesta* coffee. Wildly the cavaliers cheered the valient women, but they all not louder than that one (?) Prof.

CORPORAL R. W. DICK, OF HUNDINGTON

having just arrived upon the scene on his special car (which had been placed at his disposal by the War Department,) elicited thundering applause from the excited mob of bystanders by his marvelous feat of blowing one hundred and fifteen pounds on the wind testing machine. He was ably seconded by Mr. F. N. Josephus, who with phenomenal grace forced the dial to one hundred and twelve pounds. Other brilliant records would doubtless have been made had it not been for the untimely appearance of Geo. R. Rastus, who with ones tremendous inflation completely shattered the apparatus.

Not satisfied with this wholesale work of destruction, the now excited mob of student vandals dragged Rastus away from the clutches of the infuriated fakir and "sicked" him on to the phonograph, which the afore-named gentlemen immediately atomized by the use of one geological term containing twenty four syllables.

HIGH NOON AT LAST.

Students, fakirs and husbandrymen mingle freely together, partaking each of his noonday meal of oyster crackers, raspberry lemonade and peanuts on the half shell, except a few unfortunates