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### HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead
and gone—
And all her sisters married off, and none but her
and John
A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sort o'
way,
And him a blame old bachelor, confirmder every
day!
I'd known 'em all from children, and their daddy
from the time
He settled in the neighborhood, and hadn't ary a
dime
Ef dollar, when he married, fer to start house-
keepin' on!—
So I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead
and gone!

I got to thinkin' of her, and a-wundern what she
done
That all her sisters kep' a gittin' married, one by
one,
And her without no chances—and the best girl
of the pack—
An old maid, with her hands, you might say, tied
behind her back!
And mother, too, afore she died, she ust to jes'
take on,
When none of 'em was left, you know, but Eva-
line and John,
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young men
must be bline
To see what a wife they'd git if they got Eva-
line!

I got to thinkin' of her; in my great affliction
she
Was such a comfort to us, and so kind and neigh-
borly—
She'd come and leave her housework, fer to he'p
out little Jane,
And talk of her own mother, 'at she'd never see
again—
Maybe sometimes cry together—though, fer the
most part, she
Would have the child so reconciled and happy-
like 'at we
Felt lone'ser'n ever she'd put her bonnet on
And say, she'd rally haf to be a-gittin' back to
John!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say—and more and
more
I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens 'at
she bore—
Her parents both a-bein' dead, and all her sisters
gone
And married off, and her a-livin' there alone with
John—
You might say jes' a-toilin' and a-slavin' out her
life
For a man 'at hadn't pride enough to git hisself
a wife—
'Less some one married Evaline, and packed her
off some day!—
So I got to thinkin' of her—and it happened that
away.

## WITHOUT THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT.

When I looked at Elizabeth as she stood there before me, I understood fully, and for the first time, why she refused to marry me *just yet*, and in my heart I could not blame her.

Picture to yourself a fresh and charming young girl in brave attire—that is, in a silken robe made ridiculously long and looped up ridiculously high, with a defiantly flaring affair of ribbon and lace and feathers towering above a most bewildering arrangement of puffs and frizzes, from which elaborate structure one poor little golden curl had escaped and run away over her shoulders; with silver bangles upon her perfect arms, and jewels in her bits of ears, and a delicate perfume floating like incense about her—and you have Elizabeth as she appeared that summer morning when we discussed the momentous question of our marriage and its possible consequences. She was speaking:

"I mean to say, my dear boy, that we could never live upon what you earn—never! It would barely give us bread. Don't frown, Julian; you know that I would only be a drag upon you. I am such a helpless, ignorant creature. I can dress and dance, and play the piano a little, and I don't believe that I know a girl who can do any more. It is a great mistake, I suppose, letting us crop up into such worthlessness; but there! the mischief is done, and we can't help it, can we? Of course not. Now see, dear, you must remember that father refuses to listen to us, and as I have not a penny of my own——"

"You do not need a penny!" I interrupted, angrily. "Will not my life, with all its years and possibilities, be yours, to reign over for ever?"

"Nonsense!" laughed Elizabeth. "Come now, get to work, like a brave fellow, and paint something grand—something that will make you famous. Can't you?"

I shook my head despondently.

"At least you will try?"

"Yes, and fail once more."

"I lose all patience with you!" exclaimed my companion, her blue eyes flashing, warningly. "You provoke me past endurance. What! Am *I* not worth trying for? Paint portraits, then, and leave off those fussy old historical things. Why, some men have become famous at portrait-painting—haven't they?"

"Oh, as for portraits, yes," I answered, nonchalantly. "I am quite willing to venture upon that field, for there is Miss Talbot—she has offered me a sitting more than once."

I glanced furtively at Elizabeth, and saw that my shot had told. Her eyes fell, a vivid flush stained her cheeks, and that pretty, pouting nether lip quivered piteously. Only for a second, however. Then she looked up fearlessly, and said, without a tremor in her voice:

"You speak of Miss Talbot because you think that I am jealous of her. You are wrong. I do not pretend to deny that I have been jealous—frightfully so, even—but that feeling is dead now, Julian, and you have just killed it. Ah, believe me, I may be very silly in many respects, but I have my own ideas about some things, and especially about lovers, and can tell you, sir, that the man I love is placed as far above other men as heaven is above the earth. He cannot do anything dishonorable; but if you——"

"Well, and if I should, what then?" I asked, mimicking her emphasis.

Elizabeth dismissed the subject with a wave of her little white hand.

"It is three o'clock!" she exclaimed, looking at her watch. "Goodness! Aunt Janet will be frantic. I am going, Julian."

"You will come again to-morrow to see this picture?"

"I think not; I may be busy. Wait, I must leave you these—some fresh, sweet violets; I gathered them expressly for you."

I received the little cluster of flowers indifferently enough. That Elizabeth had worn them on her brsom and blushingly detached them was to me a matter of small import then.

"Tell me good-by, please," she murmured.

"Shall it be good-by or farewell?"

She did not answer, so I kissed the tempting lips that were raised to mine, said something—I don't remember what—something cold and cruel, no doubt, and presently stood alone upon the threshold of my studio, listening to the rustle of a silken robe, the tinkling of bangles, and the clinking of little bottines as she sped swiftly down the stairway. Then I returned to my work, grimly resolute.

"That chapter in my life is ended," I said, to myself. "It was very sweet, but very silly. To-morrow I will write to the poor child and release her from all her promises. Little simpleton! She has her ideas of what a lover should be, has she? By Jove! she was sensible in refusing to marry me. And I not only imagined that I was in love, but fancied that she—bah! I am an idiot! A girl like that, and so mercenary—and, by heavens! not ashamed to tell it, either! Well, I suppose she will marry some rich fool. I hope so."

I have said that I went to work; it was not so—I could not work. Somehow the sunlight seemed no longer to freshen and brighten up the room. It was a gloomy place at the best, but now it seemed horribly lonely and cheerless.

Then, too, thoughts of Elizabeth and of my miserable position were half-crazing me, for, despite my pretended indifference, I was madly in love, and knew it.

"By all the gods of pagan Rome she shall be my wife, if she cares enough about it to wait for me!" I mentally exclaimed, for, like an inspiration, a plan of action had suddenly suggested itself, and I resolved to lose no time in putting it into execution.

I had a friend—an old college chum—Fred Denbigh, a royal good fellow—free-hearted, open-handed, and as loyal as a Scot. Putting aside my brushes, I sought Denbigh; then we dined together and soon afterward I returned to my room alone.

Late that evening, when I went out again, I could have met my principal creditor and safely defied the danger of recognition. I had sacrificed my beard—that profusely flowing beard which, if somewhat untidy, was also of that picturesque kind mostly affected by artists. I had sacrificed it without a pang, and by so doing had completely destroyed my own identity.

In point of fact, I was now a tall, well-built, and clean-shaven young fellow, not altogether bad-looking, and certainly attired with the most scrupulous regard to neatness and refinement.

Nor was I Julian Vancourt—I was plain John Warner, and I was to start at midnight for the West, commissioned by Denbigh to look after certain claims in which he had an interest.

Two weeks later I read in a New York paper a long account of the mysterious disappearance and supposed suicide of Julian Vancourt, an artist of recognized ability, who, after years of honorable endeavor, had attained an envied position in his profession, and bade fair to become one of the greatest historical painters of the age.

I laid aside the paper with a curious sort of shiver; I felt like a man might feel who has just seen his own tombstone. But, then, I was dead, you know—legally so, at least. A letter from Denbigh followed close upon the paper. Here is an extract:

"The pictures went off like wildfire. Each brought a fabulous price. Everything is sold, and Colonel Shinstone bought your 'Jephtha's Daughter,' because it resembles his daughter, I suppose. At any rate, he has it. He was at the sale, looking grimmer and sterner than ever. I have heard that ——is ill. No one seems to see much of her, and her friends say some spiteful things about her and the dead man, poor girl!"

I was a wretch; but there, it was too late now to undo what had been done, so I went about my work with a will, and in that way sought to lessen any regret that might arise at the loss of so close a friend as that poor beggar of a painter. Maybe, after all, there was a deeper regret for someone else, but if there was, I never acknowledged it, even to myself. Yet, as the months wore on, and the anniversary of the day upon which I had last seen Elizabeth drew nigh, I became restless and unhappy, and finally I did a very silly thing. I took from their hiding place a little cluster of dried violets, about which a faint perfume still lingered, and I am not ashamed to say that at first I could not see them very clearly for the tears that rushed to my eyes. One of these I detached, and folding it carefully in a sheet of blank paper, addressed it in a disguised hand to the woman who was dearer to me than the life of my heart.

And that was the only bit of sentiment which I permitted to creep into the dreary black years of my self-imposed banishment, although there were times when I felt as if I must go mad, so unutterable was the sense of loneliness and desolation that would overcome me.

Yet, despite all this, despite the dread of what *might happen*, I deliberately and determinately turned my face away and walked in the path I had chosen.

And at the end of five years I was a rich man! I could scarcely realize it. That poor beggar, Vancourt! Here was a lesson for him, to be sure. A clear case of energy, industry, and simple business tact against genius and fancy and a painter's palette—and the painter's palette was distanced.

Well, no matter; I had money and I was going home. Through all these years a vague, shadowy phantom had walked by my side, mocking, consoling, luring me ever; but that spirit was exorcised now, and in its place came ecstatic visions of a sweet girl-woman, Elizabeth! I was going to her, and in the blue sea of her laughing, loving eyes I would drown every care and regret.

Five years! And five times, upon each anniversary of our last meeting, I had sent her a faded violet—only that, a faded violet! But the poor little flower had gone to her freighted with such a wreath of hope and fate that surely in some dumb way it must have told its story. Five years! And Denbigh had given me but scant information concerning Elizabeth in all that time. True, I had never made any inquiries about her, nor had I seen my old friend since we parted so long ago, yet he might have known how I yearned for a word—a single word that would tell me ever so little of her. It was a day in midwinter when I reached New York. The cold was biting and the air was whitened with the falling snow. Yet for me it might have been a day in midsummer, so light was my heart, so warm and glowing all my dreams.

'Twas Denbigh whom I first sought out. My old friend was in his studio, hard at work. He met and welcomed me warmly enough, but great heaven, how the fellow had changed! No longer frank, free and jovial, he had become reserved and quiet, even taciturn. I confess that the alteration shocked me inexpressibly.

"And Elizabeth?" I had questioned, as our hands met.

"She is well," he returned, briefly. "And not married yet," he added, answering the eager inquiry in my eyes.

"Well, I shall see her presently; but first we will dine together, my boy, you and I."

For a moment Denbigh was silent, then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Julian, we can never break bread together again. I have been false to my trust. God help me, I love Elizabeth Shinstone!"

"You love Elizabeth Shinstone?" I repeated. "You?"

"Could I help it? Was I to blame? Am I more than man? And the wrong-doing was yours—yours alone! An angel stood in your path, and, blind fool that you were, you turned aside from it. An angel, I say! Oh, Vancourt, old friend, kill me if you will, but don't look at me like that. Before Heaven I swear that I have fought against this thing, but——"

"And she—Elizabeth?" I interrupted.

"I have never breathed a syllable to her that you might not have heard. You see, there are still greater depths of treachery that I have not reached. No, I have not told it to her"

"Then you must tell it to her!"

Denbigh's haggard eyes met mine questioningly.

"Go to her," I continued. "Tell her and hear her answer."

"Are you serious?"

"As if I stood upon the threshold of eternity. If she is what I believe her to be, I need not fear; if she is not—well, even then I shall know it at once. Go!"

"Julian, surely you love her still?"

"Yes, I love her; but the woman I marry must come to me without the shadow of a doubt to cross our lives. Go! But remember this: Say nothing of my return, not even if—if all is as you wish it!"

So I waited there in Denbigh's studio while he went to win the one for whom I, in earnest faith and true loyalty, had worked so long and patiently. How those three weary hours of my solitude dragged on I cannot tell; but ah! what tender memories, what frightful forebodings, what glimpses of heaven, what tortures of the nether world, were mine! Had I but known her better, known her as she was—a weak, vain, frivolous creature! Ah, had I been less of a fool! A fool? Ay, thrice-sodden, for who but a fool would have exposed the woman he loved to such a temptation? Yet here the old thought would steal back upon me, and I would cry aloud:

"No! I have done right to send him. If she comes to me at all, she must come without the shadow of a doubt to cross our lives."

At last there came a step upon the stair, a hand upon the door-latch. I arose. It was Denbigh's servant, and he gave me a sealed envelope. I tore it open and read:

"Go to her. She does not know you are here. Do not wait for me. Go at once!"

Ah, my friends, my friends—I had battled bravely, and, thank heaven the victory was mine.

And so at once I went that way I had so often dreamed of going. It was almost night, and the gray ghosts of houses loomed up like spectral shapes in the long white streets.

Looking back at it all now, it seems like a dream, just as it seemed then when at last I stood in Colonel Shinstone's drawing-room, and some one was coming toward me with a wondering look in her beautiful eyes.

Not a pale, unhappy, simply attired creature. That I detected at the first keen glance. Not a nun, a recluse, a sweet, sad saint, but a girl in all the flush and glory of early womanhood, whose rich attire seemed but the fitting frame for such radiant beauty. My heart gave a great bound, but I took courage to call to her:

"Elizabeth!"

She sprang to me with a glad little cry. Ah, yes, my beloved was in my arms. I felt her warm breath upon my cheek, and her eager hands were clasped about my neck, whilst away behind us—far, far behind us—fell all the ugly shadows of our lives.

"I have come for you," I said.

"And I have waited for you," she answered. "My violets came back to me with tenderest words of hope and comfort, Julian. Ah, my dear, my own, own dear! I do not know what you have been doing all this while, away from me, but I am sure that it is something great and noble?"

Well, she is mine at last. My sudden disappearance and long absence were plausibly explained to the public, and I am bound to acknowledge that the critics were quite kind; they retracted nothing of all they had written in my favor. Still I cherish a firm conviction that they are only awaiting their opportunity to fall upon and demolish me; hence am I exceedingly wary. Let me add that my wife came to me without a penny. It was my will and hers as well. And our home is like heaven. I suppose that is the reason why, whenever the old fever seizes me, I paint angels only—angels that look like Elizabeth, every one of them.

Denbigh is in Europe, making himself famous, I hear. Well, *he* has genius, poor fellow.

Now, my friends, if you fancy that the years had worked any change in the little woman of whom I write, you err. Nor would I have her changed. I want her just as she is, my type of truth, of womanliness and of perfection—*my wife, Elizabeth!*

## HUMOR.

THERE is said to be a town in the United States which has not remarkable natural advantages, but its name has been mislaid.

YOU can't always judge the size of a man's bank account by the artistic beauty of the picture on the outside of his office safe.—*Somerville Journal.*

BESSIE—How radiant Clara looks! I wonder if Jack has proposed? Maude (Clara's rival)—Proposed! You mean you wonder if he has accepted.—*Town Topics.*

TO EVERY young lady in hopeless despair
At the size of her feet or the hue of her hair.
There's this to be said
Put your soul into bread.
Your ideals in pies, and you'll surely get there.
—*Burlington Free Press.*

HE—How do you find the oysters, Miss Smith? She—They are simply delicious, and I am awfully hungry, too. He (to waiter)—Bring another plate of crackers.

LOVING aunt (to erring nephew)—It would be useless to speak to your uncle, Charles. You know what a strong will he has. Charles—Ah, just wait till it goes to probate!—*Life.*

THE freak who writes and eats with his feet is proud of the flexibility of his big toe. He says it has earned as much money by its writings as ever Harriet Beecher Stowe did.—*New York Tribune.*

TIME, 3 a. m.—Old Guzzler has let himself into the hallway of the house next to his, by his latch key, and is preparing to go to sleep on the door-mat. Old G.—There's no place—*hic*—like home!

A SIX-YEAR-OLD boy, whose father is a musician, was very restless the other night and couldn't go to sleep. Finally, as a last resort, he called out: "Papa, please play your cornet; that always makes me tired."

BELLE (from New York)—May I come in, please? St. Peter—I don't know—you went to the theater during Lent. Fair Gothamite—Yes, but I always took my hat off. (And the angels lifted their voices in welcoming song.)—*Life.*

"DID your son take the valedictory in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring. "No, indeed, he didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw."—*Washington Critic.*

BEGGAR—Will you give me a dime, sir? I'm deaf and dumb. Gentleman—Deaf and dumb? Beggar—I mean I'm blind. It's me twin brother who is deaf and dumb, sir. We look so much alike that I get mixed up myself sometimes.—*Troy Press.*

GUEST (who had been elegantly served with almost nothing)—"Now, waiter, that I have struggled through eleven courses of cut glass, silver and air, I begin to feel hungry. Bring me some corned beef and cabbage and a glass of plain, every-day water."

LAW professor—What constitutes burglary? Student—There must be a breaking. Professor—Then if a man enters your door and takes five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary? Student—Yes, sir, because that would break me.

JUDGE (to prisoner)—It's disgraceful that there are such men as you to prey upon the community. Did it ever occur to you that you are worse than worthless? Prisoner (mildly)—Ef twuzzent fo' sech men as me, yo' wuddent be drawin' 'er big sal'ry ebbery yeah.

APPLICANT—Is this the place to apply for a pension? I'm an old soldier, sir, and up to the present time I haven't asked the Government to give me a cent. Now I want assistance. Pension Agent—You want a back pension? "Certainly; that's where I was shot."—*Waverly Magazine.*

INVALID—O, Annabel, I'm so glad you've come; I had the most horrible dream last night; I dreamt I died and that I met that horrid Susan Dingley with the angels, and her halo fitted her ever so much better than mine did me, and her wings were too beautiful for anything!—*Life.*

MRS. ANGLAYS (to recently imported butler)—Simpkins, I am going to give a dance Tuesday, and I would like you to assist in the supper-room. Simpkins—Sorry, mum; himpossible, mum; we 'ave harranged to 'have a swarry dansantry in the servant's 'all on that very hevening.—*Town Topics.*

SHE stood by the open window, and, as the old man came into the room, with a finger on her lips she bade him hush. Then, as last notes of a lawn-mower in the adjoining yard died away, she turned with a look of rapture on her face. Ah, papa," she said, "isn't Wagner simply exquisite?"—*New York Sun.*

DAMASCUS is to have street cars just like any modern city.

## CONEY ISLAND.

### Some of the Interesting Scenes and Characters Encountered at the Famous Resort.

### A Governor and a Dude as Drawing Cards—High Prices Charged for Everything.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

No summer resort in the world contains such contrastingly high and low degrees of character as Coney Island. One end of this stretch of ocean beach holds two big hotels, where guests pay higher prices, on the average, than are exacted at any house in Saratoga or Long Branch. At the other extreme of Coney Island are to be found in wonderful profusion all the elements of cheapness suitable to an excursion place within quick reach of the city. The different sections of Coney Island bear such distinctive names as Manhattan, Brighton, West Brighton and West End, and each has its distinct characteristics. Go to Manhattan and you will see that mixture of elegance and coarseness illustrative of people with plenty of money to spend according to

their various tastes. Here I encountered such standard and staple human wares of summer correspondence as Berry Wall and Tom Ochiltree. Berry has one excuse for being allowed to live, and that is his pretty, refined and delicate-looking wife. Berry is in rather more than his usual trouble over his debts, which he never pays, and which some creditors are foolish enough to try to collect by law. He is a deadhead here, as he can be at almost any summer hotel, because landlords deem his presence of value in providing something for paying guests to see and talk about. Governor Hill is a more dignified deadhead, and the flag of the Governor floats over the house in his honor while he is within. His Secretary will go to the office, ask for a bill, and be told that there is none. That will end it, and is according to usage.

"That is the prettiest sight I have seen today," said Governor Hill to the writer, "and I have been the length of the island amusing myself with odd scenes."

What he saw so admiringly was simply a quiet group, consisting of a neat young nursemaid with one chubby youngster in her arms and another tugging at her white apron. Such servitors of rich children are surely in summer luck. They get most of the ease and many of the luxuries of the place, with wages besides, and, in case they are comely, men are generally democratic enough to admire them quite as heartily as

though they were mistresses instead of maids.

One of the hotels at this end of the island is kept as exclusive as possible to its boarders. Transient traffic is not encouraged, and it is hard to tell what wouldn't be done by a presumptuous excursion party who undertook to spread their own luncheon anywhere on the premises. But this rigidity of rule is not applied to those who come prepared to pay the high prices for food and lodging. The house quarters the same variety of people to be found at the Saratoga or Long Branch caravansaries, where the sporting element is strong and folks with sensitive fastidiousness are constantly shocked by touching elbows with human miscellany. The other hotel has a big band of music, an acre or two of restaurant, and all the liberty possible to reasonably behaved visitors able to pay extravagant prices for food and drink. It is here that the most strikingly dressed summer girls in creation can be seen. Two specimens sit on the piazza, listening to the music and gazing coolly on the observant crowd, as I make notes for this letter. Their hats are marvels of picturesque millinery; their striped black-and-white bodices assert themselves emphatically, and one toys with a long-handled quizzing glass, while the other daintily dabs her nose with a big rose. They have come down from the city for an afternoon of sea

breeze and banqueting. They do not mind their lack of male escort, and yet they are decorous enough in conduct, although flamboyant in attire.

Not far off sat a pair of contrastingly different excursionists. The white-bearded and spectacled old man, as I happened to know, was a Columbia College professor, and the girl was his daughter, and especially interesting to me as an example of how fashionable a young woman of extreme culture can be when she tries. No stranger who saw her exquisitely modish costume, exactly correct and tasteful in every quiet detail, and aware of the amount of careful thought that has to be bestowed upon that tasteful sort of dressing, could imagine that her pretty head was packed full of book learning. But it was so. I would print her name, only that there is no use in overloading her mail with letters from men who would scramble for a chance to woo a maiden who combines so much knowledge and presentability.

A good proportion of New-Yorkers practice the old annual custom of escaping from the Fourth of July. They have done this annually without skipping a year, and therefore have not learned that the racket of Independence Day has of late been almost silenced. Without any military parade or public fireworks, the anniversary is quiet as compared with its former turbulence. There is some ringing of bells and firing of cannon to bring in the Fourth at midnight, but after that the making of din is left to boys. The urchins are willing enough, but their resources are apt to be exhausted before noon, and so the rest of the day is not productive of very loud patriotism. But the well-to-do people flee from the city just the same, and so the hotel portions of Long Island have this week been crowded to their utmost. Politicians of note have elected and defeated Presidential candidates with assiduous discussion, Wall street men have theorized about that dullness of speculation which has left them hardly money enough to take any costly summer diversion, and the horse-racing in the neighborhood has commanded the usual attention.

Many a group on the grand stand at the race course is remarkable for its lionizing of some gray old fellow by fashionable young girls. This is explained by the fact that he is the owner of a stable of racers, and at all events an established authority in turf matters, and the belles are glad of his guidance in making their wagers. The hansomest dude alive stands no chance with them at these times, because the girls have no confidence in his youthful horse talk, and their eagerness for tips is one of the most amusing sights of a race day. Feminine betting has been so general at Sheepshead Bay this summer that one could hardly find a woman

on the grand stand, no matter what her social grade, who is not openly and often excitedly risking her money.

Pleasanter to look at than any of the sophisticated people at this resort are the multitudes of children. Coney Island is only a stretch of sand along the ocean edge of marshes, and the wind and water of every violent storm makes changes in its outlines. The sand is heaped into dunes, but when which are occasionally miniature ponds so shallow that the youngsters can wade in them. Several of these sheets of unruffled water are used by the children for the sailing of toy yachts, and a removal of shoes and stockings, and a rolling up of trousers or pantalets makes a boy or girl ready for the sport. Thus, while the surf on the beaches exposed to the ocean are peopled by frisky adults in sometimes risky bathing costumes, the smooth shallows present more innocent spectacles of juvenile outing.

I have already remarked the high prices charged for everything at this end of Coney Island. Not only are the figures on the restaurants' bills of fare bigger than those of Delmonico, but the viands are seldom satisfactory, not so much owing to the bad quality as to delay in serving them. To get a meal here one has to wait and scramble for a place and generally submit to the annoyances of an incompetent or careless waiter, no matter how generously he may tip him. But when I chatted with a landlord about the extravagant charges, and suggested to him that moderation in that respect would ultimately bring more profit, he brought a spy-glass and directed me to look to the eastward, where I would discern a very large building on the shore some miles away.

"What do you show me that for?" I asked.

"Because that structure is an illustration of how a big seashore hotel doesn't always

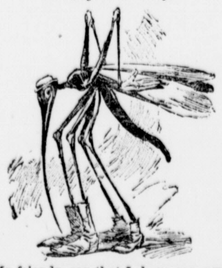
pay," he replied. "That is the largest building ever erected for a hotel at a summer resort. It stands on the beach at Rockaway, and it has been without a tenant ever since an abortive attempt was made to open it four years ago. Its projectors believed that it was going to be a magnificent success, and they impressed their views upon capitalists to such an extent that a clear million of capital was secured. The late William H. Vanderbilt, John Mackey, and other equally astute financiers bought stock, but they can't get any solid, experienced hotel man to open it for them, and they don't care to take the risk of running it themselves, so it remains empty. I make a practice of showing it to everyone who tells me, as you have done, that an outsider knows more about keeping a hotel than I do."

The fast and furious fun of Coney Island is to be found at Brighton, West Brighton, and the West End. Here are to be found a multiplicity of side-shows and other devices for catching the dimes of the afternoon and evening crowds from the city. Just now one of these is a genuine encampment of gypsies. There are half a dozen swarthy men and women, speaking with a strong rural English accent, but distinctly gypsy-like in appearance. The women tell fortunes, and sell love-charms. Another enterprise which thrives to some extent on sentimentality is devoted to the portrayal of future husbands and wives to curious swains and maidens. You purchase a square piece of tin, overlaid with some sort of chemicals, and when you dip this into water a face is developed on it.

One of the showiest young women at the swell end of the island is a serio-comic singer in four variety shows at the other extreme. Once in the afternoon and again in the evening she makes two rounds of these resorts, like a milkman or letter-carrier, delivering pieces of melody in each. In that way she gets an aggregate salary quite sufficient to maintain her at a first-class hotel, and leaving her sufficient time in which to dawdle in the guise of an affluent belle.

KAMERA.

### An Object of Pity.



My friends say that I have consumption, and advise me to partake of fresh blood. Where, oh where is there some? —*Judge.*

Jean Bonnet, a presumably crazy Frenchman, mounted, a few days ago, to the top of the famous July column in the Place de la Bastille, Paris, and proceeded to undress himself in the presence of a party of ladies who were there sight seeing. Some men arrived in time to pull him back, just as he was about to leap to the pavement below, and held him until the police came.

The waltz enters upon its one hundred and first season with apparently customary favor. It is fortunate that the dancing teachers have decided that it should be danced slow during warm weather.

### Cool-Air Drying.

A new American process for rapidly drying timber, hides, wool, grain, and other substances surcharged with moisture has been attracting considerable attention in England. It is called the cool dry-air process, and consists in passing through the chamber containing the moisture-laden material a continuous current of furnace-dried air having a temperature between 80 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit. The moisture is absorbed by the air in so remarkable a manner that oak logs are reported to have been finished in nine days, although natural drying would have required three or four years. The temperature is so moderate that delicate fibers, fabrics, and chemicals are not injured.


**Cured of Malaria.**

22 FLORIDA ST., ELIZABETH, N. J., March 17, 1884.

I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for the last five years. Some two years ago, after having been sick for upwards of six months with malaria, I found myself with an enlarged spleen, dyspeptic, and constantly troubled with a headache, and my kidneys did not act very well either. Having spent most of my money for medicine and medical advice, I thought to save expense I would use ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, two on the small of my back, one on the spleen or ague cake, and one on the pit of the stomach, just under the breastbone. I continued using the Plasters about thirty days, changing them every week. At the end of that time I was perfectly well, and have remained so ever since.

GEORGE DIXON.


Sims Reeves still gets $50 for singing two songs.

Yes, he loves you now, 'tis true,
Lass with yes of violet hue,
Lips as sweet as honey-dew,
Bonny little bride!
Will he love you as today,
When your bloom has fled away,
When your golden locks are gray,
Will his love abide?

Yes, if it be true kind it will survive all the inevitable wastes and changes of life. But, it is every woman's desire and duty to retain, as long as she can, the attractions that made her charming and be oved in youth. No one can keep her youthful bloom or equable temper if weighed down and suffering from female weakness and disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy for these troubles. Sold by druggists.

Barnum's partner, Bailey, is building a $200,000 home.

### Inventions of the 19th Century.

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machine,
Cars running by night and by day,
Houses lighted by gas and heated by steam,
And bright electricity's ray.

The telegraph's click speeds like lightning released,
Then the telephone comes to excel it;
And, to put on the finish, the last but not least,
Is the famed little Purgative Pellet.

Last but not least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellet, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum of human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

The crop prospects in the West and Northwest are unusually good.

### An Offensive Breath

Is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify.

Five-eighths of the flour imported into Brazil comes from the United States.

The remedy for baldness recently discovered by H. A. Fechter, of New Haven, Conn., seems to be almost infallible. It is performing some wonderful cures, and physicians are watching its effects with much interest. A circular giving the history of its discovery can be obtained free, by writing to the discoverer.

Read Sarsaparilla Tonic Pills Adv.


Dutcher's-:-Lightning FLY KILLER

Is quick death; easily prepared and used; no danger; flies don't live long enough to get away. Use it everywhere freely; rid the house of them and be at peace. Don't take anything just as good." There is nothing like the genuine Dutcher's. FRED'K DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

for Shot Guns, RIFLES and Pistols. IDEAL RELOADING TOOLS. Send for free Illustrated Catalogue. Cheapest and best. Ideal M'f'g Co. Box 1064 V, New Haven, Conn.

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$100 to $300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1013 Main st., Richmond, Va.

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COLLEGE N. E. OHIO NORMAL Can field, Ohio. All expenses $140 per year. REV. E. B. WEBSTER, Pres.

Cleveland, O., Homoeopathic Hospital College. Session 1888-'89; organized in 1850; 1100 graduates. For catalogue address William T. Miller, M.D., 661 Superior St.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell manufacturing outfits of Campaign Badges, Portraits, &c. CHAS. FRANK & CO., 26 Church St., N. Y. City.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 31; round, 14 Pills.

Gold is worth $900 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $100, but is sold at 25c. a box by dealers.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

A citizen of Ty Ty, Ga., has a lamp, the wick of which has been burning for four years, with good prospects of it lasting through the fifth.

A large whale of the finback species has been lying on a barge at the steamboat dock at Astoria, near New York, for the past two days, having been towed from Boston. The monster is 62 feet in length and weighs 60 tons. It was captured off Cape Cod in June by the Smith whaling crew, by whom it was sold to Sag Harbor parties, who had it embalmed at Boston at an expense of over $1,000

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand sewed welt $4 shoe, which equals custom made shoes costing from $6 to $8.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE is worn by all Boys, and is the best school shoe in the world.

All the above goods are made in Congress, Button and Lace, and if not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

P N U 31

THE LIVER.

Works with the Stomach and the Stomach with the Liver. You must have good bile to have perfect digestion, and free liver action to have pure blood. Therefore beware of a congested Liver, which is nothing more than a thickened and clogged Liver. The great reducer of congestion is Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

BILIOUSNESS.

An early and ugly form of liver trouble. It is blood poison. The Liver is not taking the bile ingredients from the blood. Treat it with Schenck's Mandrake Pills and make it do so.

BREAKING DOWN

If you have neglected the laws of health too long and feel that your lungs are involved in any way, send for Dr. Schenck's new book on the Lungs, Liver and Stomach. It is sent free, and will be of infinite service to you.

Dr. Schenck's Medicines: PULMONIC SYRUP, SEAWEED TONIC, MANDRAKE PILLS are sold by all Druggists. Full printed directions with each package. Address all communications to Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Sees some of her Poultry die each year without knowing what the matter was or how to effect a remedy if she does recognize the disease. This is not right, as at an expense of 25 cents (in stamps) she can procure a 100-Page BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser (not an amateur, but a man raising for dollars and cents) during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases; how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening; which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject. Sent postpaid for 25c. PUBLISHER'S BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

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