A STORIED STREET.

The Great Strand in London, and People Who Have Lived in It.

"He who is tired of London is tired of existence"—*Dr. Johnson.*

Charles Lamb said of London that the beauties of Nature were dead, insipid and unsatisfying as compared to the fullness of life in the great city. "The crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steam of soup from the kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me without the power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life."

Indeed, the most careless must find here almost every phase of life—the great and the small, the rich, the poor and all the happy betweens; the philosopher, the clod, the wicked, the good, the gay and the melancholy, the poet, and the one in whom imagination has evidently never kindled her fires. All the stories of life are to be read here. And this is all the present. When we look into the past, so rich with interests every one of which has left some mark on the city, one finds that even the Londoners who delight in knowing their town, are never done exploring it, and for strangers—a week, a month or many months still leaves one unsatisfied.

The Strand, though a storied street, is only one of many which have memories of great men and great days in their history. To tell of some of the people who have lived in the great houses that faced it in the days of long ago, when it was the fashionable part of the town, and nobles built their mansions fronting it, with gardens that sloped back to the Thames, is simply to retell much of England's history. In those fashionable days, though it was a muddy, rough road abounding in pitfalls, and the lords and ladies could only go about it on horseback or in chairs, so that the Thames was the great thoroughfare and the boatman plied a busy trade with his gay little boat. These same boatmen made a sturdy protest against the introduction of the hackney cab, and secured grants in their own favor for many years; but finally horses and good pavements won the day, and though the boatmen on the Thames are still very busy, they do not carry fine ladies and gentlemen about calling as they once did.

The present of the Strand, with its press of humanity, some grimy with dusty, sweaty toil, and others pale with work in the dark little rooms way off from the street; great wagons carrying supplies crowd the busses, carrying all manner of people; busy men and women hurry to and fro; young men and young women find each other beautiful and brave, and begin again the story of the world; babies toddle, and the aged totter about, and lazy rich and lazy poor complete the picture. As Dr. Johnson said: "I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross."

At Charing Cross is a memory of a pretty piece of England's history. Here was the last of the crosses that Edward I. put up to mark the places where the body of his queen, the pious and modest Eleanor, was rested on its last earthly progress as they were carrying it to Westminster. There were eight other crosses to mark the journey of the loved dead. This last one was demolished by the Puritans in 1647, but recently a faithful copy has been put up to keep the old story of a king and his queen in mind.

The great House of the Archbishops of York was on the Strand; later it became the property of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and an anecdote of Lord Bacon, told in "Aubrey's Lives," has its scene in the garden:

"Lord Bacon, being in York House garden, looking on fishers as they were throwing their nett, asked them what they would take for their draught; they answered, so much: his lordship would offer them no more, but so much. They drew up their nett and it were only 2 or 3 little fishes. His lordship then told them it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied they hoped to have had a better draught; but, said his lordship, 'Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.'"

This house in the years after became the property of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who sold it, but insisted that the streets cut through the property should be named after him, and it was so. The streets were and are named respectively "George," "Villiers," "Duke," "Buckingham," and two of them were once connected by a little lane named "Of," so that his title was complete. The funmakers of that day called it the Duke of Buckingham's litany.

THE STRAND.

Many are the lives seemingly worlds apart which have come here to take part in London's history. Peter the Great once lived in Durham House on the Strand, and it is said that he took pepper in his hot brandy of nights. Dickens lived in the same house for a while, and then tells us that David Copperfield had a "singularly compact, desirable set of chambers" here. In a great house that was not far off, Lady Jane Gray, "a Twelfth Day Queen," was married in 1553 to Lord Guildford Dudley. The first step in that unhappy bit of history when the English crown was put on a girlish head, too young, and too gentle to wear it. This same house Queen Elizabeth gave to Sir Walter Raleigh, but he was turned out after her death by the Bishops of Durham, who claimed the property.

But a truce to reminiscences of Sir Walter Raleigh and Dr. Johnson; of Lady Jane Gray; of King Kamehameha and his queen, of the Sandwich Islands, who died of the measles in this neighborhood; Chaucer, who was married here; the gossipy Pepys, who lived across the way, and all the other creatures of the past who flit across one's memory, regardless of their proper dates and of sentimental and historical incongruities. One cannot see it all in a day, nor tell a half at one time. Another temptation, at least, to a stranger in London who is not familiar with the types of faces, is to hunt for Little Nells, Dorritts and Doras, Pendennises and old Maj. Pendennises, Lauras, Becky Sharps and Amys, and the hundreds of acquaintances who have come to us from books that said they were once here.

—ELSIE POMEROY MCELROY.

AS THEY VIEW IT.

Veterans' Opinions of the Pension Question.

Griffith J. Jones, Mayoworth, Wyo., writes: "I am an old veteran; was in the 2d Wis. Cav. four years; cannot do a day's work to save my life. I have three boys old enough to go in the service, but what encouragement have they to enlist? I only get $8 per month, and have two discharges and a good recommendation from my Captain. My father died in the service and my brother was in three years."

James Milm, Rockford, O., writes a few words on the inequality of the pension system, as he sees it: "John Andrews, 44th Ohio, 72 years old, marched with Sherman to the sea, gets no pension; David Milm belonged to the 43d Ohio and 42d Mo. Mil., 73 years old, gets no pension. These old soldiers can see younger soldiers all around them who receive from $8 to $12 per month, and can still work and earn some money. The Government has not forgotten these younger ones, but the Government has surely forgotten some of the older ones."

C. A. J., Gamaliel, Ky., writes: "I think there is only one well-established rule for the old veterans to work by; that is for everyone to vote for such as will advocate our cause and work for us, and let us all work together to this end. In this way only can we bring about a remembrance of the pledges and promises made by the Government in its darkest days of peril. We can secure justice only in this way. Now, with all the earnestness of my heart, let me implore every veteran in the United States to adopt this rule. And we ought to raise an organization of this kind and let the two old parties know that if they give us justice we will do likewise by them. Now, old comrades, let each one look to our interest when we come to the polls next time."

J. R. King, Sugar Grove, Ill., writes: "I was much impressed by your editorial in The National Tribune of Oct. 6. It is exactly true that thousands of old soldiers had no idea of ever applying for a pension until the evil days came. The time came, and unexpectedly, to thousands of us, and reluctantly we applied for a pension. Certain citizens and a certain class of newspapers immediately raised the cry of fraud, coffee-coolers, paupers, etc., and, for the matter of that, are at it still, and will continue the howl as long as they have breath. I made a small calculation a few days ago, and find if the Government will pay me as it does and has paid the bondholders, that on the 1st of October, 1898, I had in the Treasury of the United States, $3,634.08; which would give me a pension of $12 a month over 25 years.

"My soldiering was done in Oregon and California, and the Pacific Slope maintained the gold standard from start to finish, and the greenback passed for half a dollar. If you purchased anything, the price of the article was in gold, and you paid $2 for one. So you see we soldiers lost all there was to lose. While the gold standard was maintained the greenback was the medium of exchange. I claim, therefore, that I have not been paid in full, and it seems to me that it is about time to settle up. The National Tribune stated not long ago that pensions are a per capita tax of nearly $2 for every man, woman and child in the United States. Of course, old soldiers help pay that tax."

T. C. Gulliver, Co. C, 50th Pa., of Santa Monica, Cal., served four years; was in 23 general engagements, wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, had a piece torn out of his leg on May 12, 1864; has hemorrhage of the stomach, chronic diarrhea, and weak eyes. He did not apply for a pension till 1889, and in 1892 got $12 a month. "But in June, 1895, Lochren cut me to $6. As I could not live on $6 and could not work much, I had to go to the Soldiers' Home. In April, 1896, I applied for restoration; was re-examined at Los Angeles, and think the doctors did me justice; but the claim was rejected on the ground that no injustice was done me in reducing the rate from $12 to $6. It would seem that the old soldier is a back number."

C. H., Walton, N. Y., gives as his idea of the best way to remedy the trouble in regard to pensions to have a meeting of the old soldiers, select some good man, and have him go to the President with the request to look into the matter of pensions. If he does not do anything, ask for the removal of Commissioner Evans. If this be refused, for several thousand old soldiers to march to Washington and demand their dues.

Thos. Day, Co. K, 3d Ill. Cav., Wing, Ill., writes: "I was injured severely in service from '61 to '65; am afflicted with hay fever, heart trouble and other injuries. I did my duty, if I was well or ill, if I was able to go at all, so I haven't a good hospital record. I received notice that I was not disabled in a pensionable degree under Cleveland's Administration, but it seems as if the Pension Commissioner is still under the same influence. If McKinley is friendly to the old vets, he can well show it by putting in office a Commissioner who will do justice to the thousands of poor, old, diseased and broken-down Union soldiers, whose only crime is that they preferred to do their duty and face the music, well or ill, if they could crawl, than go to the hospital."

An Acquired Talent.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Ma, Mr. Boxer was speakin' about pa's gettin' a medal for the way he fought at Santiago, an' he said pa wasn't a natural born fighter."

"What else did he say?"

"He said pa acquired it all since he was married."

"Well, you just run right over to Mr. Boxer's and tell him I want to see him as quick as he can get here."

Nurse and Spy

The Adventures of a Woman in Hospitals, Camps and Battlefields.

BY S. EMMA E. EDMONDS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The services of Emma Edmonds, the famous Union nurse and spy, are here related by herself in a manner that has seldom been surpassed in narratives of the dramatic sort by women. A native of New Brunswick, but full of sympathy with the principles for which the Union armies fought, she entered the service of the Government. Her efficient labors in the different hospitals, as well as her arduous duties as field nurse, Orderly and spy embrace thrilling and touching incidents. She has told of the doings of McClellan's army, of the Seven Days, Malvern Hill, and the retirement to Harrison's Landing.

CHAPTER XVI.

While we remained at Harrison's Landing I spent much of my time in the hospitals. In our own hospital we generally managed to so assort and arrange the patients as to have all of the same temperament and disease together, so that we knew just what to do and what to say to suit each department. We had our patients divided into three classes: one was our working department, another our pleasure department, and a third our pathetic department. One we visited with bandages, plasters and pins; another, with books and flowers; and the third, with beef tea, currant wine, and general consolation.

"A NUMBER OF PAPERS FELL FROM ITS POCKETS."

I used to watch with much interest the countenances of those men as they lay fast asleep, and I often thought that I could read their characters better when asleep than when awake. Some faces would grow stern and grim—they were evidently dreaming of war, and living over again those terrible battles in which they had so recently participated; some groaned over their wounds, and cursed the rebels vigorously; others grew sad, and would talk in the most pathetic tones, as if the pain borne so silently through the day revenged itself now by betraying what the man's pride concealed so well while awake.

Often the roughest grew young and pleasant when sleep smoothed away the hard lines from the brow, letting the real nature assert itself. Many times I would be quite disappointed, for the faces which looked merry and pleasing when awake would sudden y grow dark and hideous, as if communing with some dark spirits of another world.

I received a letter from the Captain to whom I had given my horse for the use of himself and three companions on the retreat from before Richmond. He wrote that he had given my horse in charge of one of the Quartermasters of Gen. G——'s brigade. But upon finding the Quartermaster I was politely informed that he had bought and paid for the horse, and of course I could not have it. I said nothing, but went to Gen. M——'s Headquarters and procured an order which brought the horse in double-quick time, and no thanks to the Quartermaster.

EVACUATING THE LANDING.

A month passed away, and everything remained quiet at Harrison's Landing and vicinity. The troops, having rested, began to grow tired of the routine of camp life, and were anxious for another brush with the enemy. The vigilant eye of McClellan noted the impatience of the men, and he daily kept urging the necessity of reinforcements, and protested against leaving the Peninsula, as retreat, in his opinion, would prove disastrous both to the army and the cause. Our commander's patience was well nigh exhausted, as the following brief dispatch of July 30 indicates:

"I hope that it may soon be decided what is to be done by this army, and that the decision may be to reinforce it at once. We are losing much valuable time, and that at a moment when energy and decision are sadly needed."

About this time an order came from Washington for all the sick to be sent away, without giving any definite information with regard to the intended movements of the army.

Aug. 14 orders came for the army to evacuate Harrison's Landing. None knew whither we were going, but notwithstanding every pains was taken to conceal the destination from the troops, it was evident that we were retreating; for the ominous fact that we turned our backs toward Richmond was very suggestive of a retreat. This had a demoralizing effect upon the troops, for they had confidently expected to advance upon Richmond and avenge the blood of their fallen comrades, whose graves dotted so many hillsides on the Peninsula, and whose remains would now be desecrated by rebel hands. The men were deeply moved; some wept like children, others swore like demons, and all partook in the general dissatisfaction of the movement.

On the morning of the 15th the whole army was en route for parts unknown. Our destination proved to be Newport News—a march of nearly 70 miles. It was well for us we did not know it then, or probably there would have been more swearing and less weeping among the soldiers.

IN SUSPICIOUS QUARTERS.

So far as I was personally concerned, I had a very pleasant time during that march. Mr. and Mrs. B——, Dr. E——, Nellie and myself made up a small party, independent of military discipline, and rode fast or slow, just as it suited our fancy, called at the farm houses and bought refreshments when we were hungry, and had a good time generally.

We stopped at a farmhouse one evening during our march, and engaged lodgings for the night. The house was very large, and afforded ample accommodations. It was the first one on the Peninsula at which I had seen a strong, healthy-looking man attending to his farm, as if there was no such thing as war in the land. The lady of the house was an active, business-like sort of woman, and went to work to make us comfortable. But there was evidently something in or about that house which was not just right, and we had not been there long when I detected suspicious movements, and drew the attention of Dr. E—— to the fact. The man seemed very uneasy and restless, going from one room to another, shutting the doors very carefully behind him, carrying parcels upstairs in a half-frightened way which increased our suspicion.

I proposed to our little party that they should remain while I rode back to the army for a detachment of the provost-guard. My proposal was agreed to, and I started back in the direction of the main column.

The family seemed alarmed, and asked a great many questions concerning my departure, to which I replied: "I am only going a short distance; I shall probably be back by the time supper is ready."

I made all haste after I disappeared from view of the house, and in an hour I was on my way back again, having succeeded in finding the Provost-Marshal and getting a Corporal and six men to go with me. They entered the house boldly, and told the inmates that they had been informed that there were rebels concealed in the house, and they had come for the purpose of searching it; adding that they would not disturb anything, if their suspicions were unfounded.

The lady said she had some sick persons in the house and did not wish them disturbed, assuring them that her family were all Unionists and they would not harbor any rebels whatever. But all her excuses and pretensions did not deter the guard from accomplishing their object.

So marching upstairs, they searched every room. In one room were found four rebel soldiers, or guerillas, all of whom pretended to be very ill. Dr. E—— was called to examine the patients, and pronounced them well as he was. In another room were two officers. They made no excuse at all, but said that they were the landlord's sons; had been in the rebel service, and were now home on furlough. They said they had been home ever since Stuart's cavalry raid at White House, and were waiting for another such dash in order to get back again.

The provost-guard marched them all back to Headquarters, which was "in the saddle," and our little party thought proper to take shelter that night under the wing of the main column, instead of at a farmhouse where we were not sure but what our lives would pay for that piece of information given before morning.

The army marched on until it reached the transports. Some embarked at Yorktown, some at Newport News, and others at Fortress Monroe. The troops were literally worn out and discouraged, caring but little where they went or what they did. They were huddled on board of transports, and were landed at Aquia Creek.

Gen. McClellan finding his army, as he had anticipated, much depressed and discouraged in consequence of the retreat from the Peninsula, sent the following appeal to Gen. Halleck:

"Please say a kind word to my army that I can repeat to them in General Orders, in regard to their conduct at Yorktown, Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Courthouse, and on the Chickahominy, as well as in regard to the Seven Days and the recent retreat. No one has ever said anything to cheer them but myself. Say nothing about me; merely give my men and officers credit for what they have done. They deserve it."

The Army of the Potomac had performed an enormous amount of labor in making intrenchments, constructing roads, bridges, etc., and did it with the most gratifying cheerfulness and devotion to the interests of the service. During the entire campaign they had fought 10 severely-contested battles, and had beaten the enemy on every occasion, showing the most determined bravery and invincible qualities it was possible for an army to exhibit. They had submitted to exposure, sickness and death without a murmur, and they deserved the thanks of the Government and the people for their services.

On arriving at Aquia Creek, we found ourselves the victims of another rainstorm. Five of us went on board of a little steam-tug, and thus escaped a severe drenching during the night, for we had not yet seen our tents. We did not remain long at Aquia Creek, but were ordered to embark immediately for Alexandria, Va. When we arrived there, Pope's army was in danger of annihilation; and, consequently, as fast as the Army of the Potomac arrived, it was ordered to Pope's assistance; one portion in one direction, and another in another direction, until it was cut up into sections, and Gen. McClellan was left at Washington, without an army or anything to command except his staff.

A GENERAL'S REQUEST.

Immediately after arriving at Alexandria I started for the battlefield, where a portion of McClellan's army had gone to reinforce Pope. Everything seemed to be in a confused state. There was no definite information with regard to the force of the enemy in that direction, and it seemed impossible to obtain any from reliable sources. McClellan's troops were ordered to the front, under new commanders, just as they came off the transports in which they arrived from the Peninsula, without any rest, or a proper supply of clothing, shoes, or blankets; all of which they much needed, after such a march as they had just accomplished.

While the battle raged and the roar of cannon was reverberating over the National Capital, McClellan sent the following request to Gen. Halleck:

"I cannot express to you the pain and mortification I have experienced to-day, in listening to the distant firing of my men. As I can be of no further use here, I respectfully ask that, if there is a probability of the conflict being renewed tomorrow, I may be permitted to go to the scene of battle with my staff, merely to be with my own men, if nothing more. They will fight none the worse for my being with them. If it is not deemed best to intrust me with the command even of my own army, I simply ask to be permitted to share their fate on the field of battle."

The troops under Pope were several days in the vicinity of the Shenandoah Valley, with no rations but those they found in the fields, such as fruit, green corn, and vegetables. They certainly were in a poor condition to fight, and there was evidently a lack of that cheerful, enthusiastic spirit which had characterized them on the Peninsula.

AGAIN A CONTRABAND.

I was ordered by Gen. H—— to pass the rebel lines, and return as soon as possible. I took the train at Warrenton Junction, went to Washington, procured a disguise, that of a female contraband, and returned the same night. I passed through the enemy's lines in company with nine contrabands, men, women, and children, who preferred to live in bondage with their friends, rather than to be free without them. I had no difficulty whatever in getting along, for I, with several others, was ordered to Headquarters to cook rations enough, the rebels said, to last them until they reached Washington.

The officers generally talked in low tones, but sometimes would become excited, forget that there were darkies around, and speak their minds freely. When I had been there a few hours, I had obtained the very information for which I had been sent. I had heard the plan of the morrow discussed, the number of troops at several important points, and the number expected to arrive during the night; and this, too, from the lips of the Commanding General and his staff.

The rebel lines were guarded so strongly and so faithfully, that I did not dare to return that night, but waited anxiously for the dawn of the morrow.

Early on the following morning, while assisting the cook to carry in breakfast, I removed a coat from a camp-stool which stood in my way, and a number of papers fell from its pockets, which I instantly transferred to my own. I then hurried my arrangements in the tent, lest the documents should be missed before I could make my escape. Breakfast was announced, and I suddenly disappeared.

Going toward the picket-line nearest the Federals, and seeing an old house in the distance, I went and hid myself in the cellar. Soon, firing commenced in different directions, and grew hotter and hotter, until the shot and shell began to shake the old house in which I had taken refuge, and by and by it came tumbling down around me.

A part of the floor was broken down, but still I remained unharmed, and did not attempt to leave the ruins. I remembered that good old Elijah remained in the cave during the tempest, the earthquake and the fire, and afterward came the still small voice. So I waited patiently for the still small voice, and felt secure; knowing that the Lord was a sure refuge, and could protect me there as well as in a drawing-room in the quiet city.

It was not long before deliverance came, and the rebels were obliged to fall back and take a new position. When the firing ceased, I was safely within the Federal lines. I went immediately to Headquarters, and reported myself as having just returned from rebeldom, gave a brief relation of my experience, and delivered the documents which I had brought from rebel Headquarters. These proved to be orders intended for the different corps commanders, with instructions how and when to move, so as to act in concert with the entire plan of the morrow, and insure the capture of Washington.

During those battles and skirmishes of Pope's memorable campaign, I visited the rebel Generals three times at their own campfires, within a period of 10 days, and came away with valuable information, unsuspected and unmolested.

SECOND BULL RUN.

While the second battle of Bull Run was in progress I was a part of the time with the Confederates, and then back again to the Federals, having made my escape while the battle raged most fiercely by concealing myself in a ravine, and watching until the rebels charged upon a battery. While they were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight I escaped, unobserved by friend or foe.

The last of these visits was made the night before the battle of Chantilly, in which the brave Kearny was killed. I was within a few rods of him when he fell, and was in the act of returning to the Union camp under cover of the extreme darkness of that never-to-be-forgotten night. I saw him ride up to the line, but supposed him to be a rebel officer until the pickets fired at him, and even then I thought they had fired at me, until I saw him fall from his horse, and heard their exclamations of joy when they discovered who he was; for the one-armed General was known throughout both armies for his bravery and brilliant career, and the name of Kearny had become a word of terror to the rebels.

When I learned who was their victim, I regretted that it had not been me instead of him whom they had discovered and shot. I would willingly have died to save such a General to the Union army. But he was taken, while I, poor, insignificant creature, was left; but left with a heart and soul as fully devoted to the Union cause as Kearny's was; only lacking the ability to accomplish the same results.

BURYING A PICKET.

I lost no time in making good my escape while the attention of the pickets was drawn in another direction. When I came to our lines I found it almost as difficult to get through as I had found it on the other side. The night was so dark I could not make any sign by which the pickets could recognize me, and I was in the depths of the forest, where the rustling of the leaves and the crackling of dry branches under my feet betrayed my footsteps as I went along. However, after crawling up pretty close to the line, and getting behind a tree to screen me from the bullets, if they should fire, I managed to make myself understood. The picket said, "All right," and I passed through in safety.

Coming within the lines, I saw a group of men kneeling on the ground digging a grave with their bayonets, with the least possible noise; for the picket-lines were within half musket-shot of each other. One of their comrades had been killed, and they were thus preparing his last resting place.

"They buried him darkly at dead of night,
The turf with their bayonets turning."

But there were no "struggling moonbeams," nor glimmering stars, to shed a ray of light upon the midnight gloom of that solitary funeral—naught save the vivid flashes of lurid flame which the lightning cast upon the sad scene, lighting up for a moment the surrounding forest, and then dying away, leaving the darkness more intolerable.

After reaching Headquarters and donning another costume, I was dispatched to Washington with official documents to McClellan, who was now in command of the defenses of the Capital, and had control of all the troops who came streaming in from the disastrous battlefield. I arrived in the city just as the morning light was breaking, drenched from head to foot, and looking as if mud was my native element.

I went to Gen. H——'s Headquarters. No one there could tell me anything more definite than that the General had been gone all night, carrying out Gen. Halleck's orders and making the best possible disposition of the troops as fast as they came in, for the whole army was now in full retreat. After two hours search I found him, delivered the dispatches, and returned to Washington, where I remained until the next day, being completely tired out, not having had a night's sleep for five nights previous.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE—Thrilling and pathetic incidents of the battle of Antietam are included in the next and more than usually interesting installment.

When You Meet in Japan.

Brooklyn Citizen.

Nothing is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other, they slacken their pace, and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other; then they bow low, so as to bring the face on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed.

A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of undertoned falsetto, each trying to outdo his friend in rapidity and extravagance of language, while the palms are diligently rubbed.

At last the climax is reached and each endeavors to give the precedence to the other. For some moments, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues; then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, with a look of extreme relief.

THE "ROYAL LIMITED."

Most Superb Daylight Train in the World.

The "Royal Limited," the imperial train of the famous Royal Blue Line, running between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, is presented to the public as the climax of 19th century trains. Although there are nine fast trains daily in each direction between these cities in the Royal Blue Line series, all elegantly equipped and making phenomenally fast schedule, the management of the Royal Blue Line, consisting of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Philadelphia & Reading Railway and Central Railroad of New Jersey, realizing the value and class of travel between the Nation's Metropolis and its Capital, at once requiring the highest standard of railroad equipment that can be furnished exclusive for first-class travel, as well as the corresponding quickening of time, has been induced to equip two trains with the very latest patterns of Pullman cars, which are scheduled to make the entire distance in the remarkable time of five hours.

The "Royal Limited," properly speaking, is a dual train, composed of observation, parlor, buffet smoking and dining cars; the entire equipment being especially made for this service by the Pullman Company. The two trains are exact counterparts of each other, and leave New York and Washington simultaneously at 3.00 P. M., arriving destination 8.00 P. M.

The parlor cars, "Empress," "Czarina," and "Queen," are superbly finished in vermilion wood, with an inlay of Persian design. The ceiling is of royal blue and the upholstery of the same color, except in the ladies' toilet, which is of dark olive green, the ceiling decorated to correspond; the drawing room being finished in harmony with the main parlor of the car. The general design of the interior of the main parlor is Persian, whilst in the drawing room and ladies' toilet the design is renaissance. A beautiful effect is given both to the exterior and interior of the cars by oval windows with opalescent glass placed in the toilet rooms and passage ways. The cars are the most palatial and largest ever built. They are seventy feet in length, with every modern improvement and appliance, including wide vestibules with anti-telescoping device, empire deck, steam heat, Pintsch gas, air pressure water system, and have a capacity for thirty-four seats.

The unusually large space devoted to the ladies' dressing room is a novel feature of the car. It is most beautifully furnished in dark olive green, the ceiling being decorated to correspond. It is provided with dresser with large plate glass mirror, on each side of which are cozy corner seats, and in another corner is a bookcase and stationary washstand. The room was especially designed for the comfort and privacy of lady patrons.

The observation smoking cars—"Jupiter," "Mercury" and "Neptune"—are of the same general appearance on the exterior as the parlor cars, except that the observation end is recessed with a deep platform. The full seating capacity of each of these cars is thirty three, including fourteen chairs in the smoking compartment. The parlor compartment is finished in vermilion, richly inlaid, the ceiling is blue and aluminum, and the chairs upholstered in royal blue. The smoking compartment is finished in Circassian walnut, exquisitely inlaid; the chairs upholstered in olive green leather; the ceiling of red and gold, the general design being of Italian renaissance. The car is provided with writing desk and material, a very important necessity to the traveler.

The buffet is also one of the exquisite features. It is provided with the daintiest china and cut glass, and the larder is supplied with all the choicest viands conducive to an appetizing luncheon.

The dining cars are the very latest patterns which have left the shops of the well-known name of "Pullman." These cars, the "Waldorf" and "Astoria," are placed in commission bearing the names of one of the greatest hostelries in the world, far-famed for its excellent culinary triumphs. The service, which is under the direct control of the Passenger Department of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, is unsurpassed. The menu consists of every delicacy in season, daintily served and tempting to the appetite of the most pronounced epicure.

In the introduction of the "Royal Limited" the Royal Blue Line again asserts its claim of superiority of passenger train service in the oft repeated phrase—"Finest and Fastest Series of Trains in the World."

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snowstorm.

No need of this snowstorm.

As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

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melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this: it prevents their formation.

It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address,

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Cut this ad. out and send to us, state number inches across top of your buggy seat in front, from outside to outside, and we will send you this Buggy Top by freight C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, the greatest bargain you ever saw, and equal to tops that retail at $15.00, pay the freight agent our special price, $6.80, less the $1.00, or $5.80 and freight charges. The freight charges will average about 30c. for 500 miles.

THESE TOPS ARE BUILT TO FIT ANY BUGGY OR ROAD WAGON. You can fit them on in 20 minutes. Made from 24 oz. best rubber drill, head and back always lined with No. 8 XX cloth, side curtains unlined, 3 or 4 black japanned steel bows, japanned prop nuts, wrought iron shifting rail, patent buttons, which makes it adjustable; full length back curtain with glass window, valance front and rear. 2,000 WILL BE SOLD UP TO US. Order to-day. WRITE FOR FREE BUGGY CATALOGUE. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.) CHICAGO, ILL.

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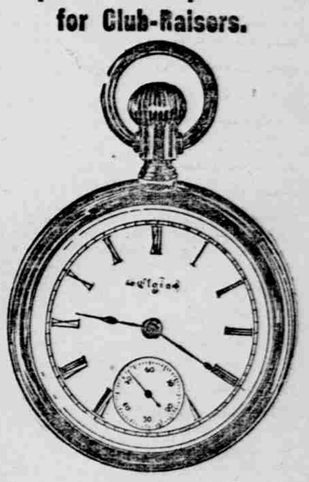

We have just secured a new Elgin watch, the make of that famous company, which needs no recommendation for excellence of its work. This watch is a stem wind and stem (pendant) set movement. The case is nickel and is the same clear through. The movement has all modern improvements, such as compensation balance, hair spring tempered in form, with the best dust-proof device. It is open-face, with a porcelain dial. In fact no better timepiece was ever made, and it is warranted by the manufacturers. This guarantee we assume.

This watch will be sent as a premium, postpaid, for a club of only 10 yearly subscribers, with 50 cents added money for the incidental expenses of packing, postage, etc. For the watch itself we make no charge, but give it free as a premium for the club.

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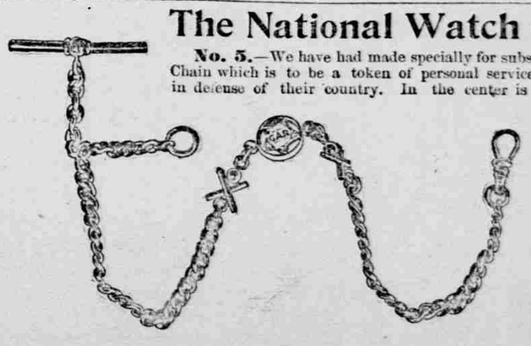
The National Watch Chain.



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