WHERE SEA AND MOUNTAIN MEET

THE BEAUTIES OF MT. DESERT AND BAR HARBOR ARE NUMEROUS AND NOTEWORTHY.

ISLAND-GEMMED FRENCHMAN'S BAY IS HISTORIC.

Bar Harbor, Me., August 3 (Special).—Bar Harbor is one of the watering places where many leaders of fashion are accustomed to pass the summer months. Perhaps that is all that need be said, for the stamp of approval which they have placed upon the resort is sufficient to give it especial interest to the general public. Bar Harbor rests nestling at the foot of Green Mountain, facing Frenchman's Bay, one of the most beautiful stretches of water in this country, surrounded by deep pine forests and purple mountain ranges, with mornings of sunlight and freshness that seem entirely different from what the city man ever knows; with strange, wild beauties of sea and country so united that the place is forever a marvel and a continual change. It is one of nature's rarest gems, and fairly called the queen of American summer resorts. And those who gather here are not left to an insipid routine of gayety and frivolity. The charm of the surroundings offsets the weariness of conventional life.

The history of Mount Desert and Bar Harbor is quaint and interesting. Sieur de Monts, a Huguenot, serving under King Henry IV of France, came sailing into the West early in the seventeenth century. With him were Baron de Poutrincourt, afterward founder of Port Royal, and Samuel de Champlain. A settlement for the purposes of colonization was made on an island at the mouth of the present St. Croix River. A short time afterward Champlain, accompanied by twelve Frenchmen and two Indians, set out along the coast upon a voyage of discovery.

They finally made an island twenty-five leagues to the westward of the St. Croix settlement. This island Champlain speaks of as being "some four or five leagues long. From the sea it gives the appearance of a range of seven or eight mountains. The summits are all bare and rocky. The slopes are covered with pines, firs and birches. I named it Isle des Monts Desert."

HOW SETTLEMENT BEGAN.

Ten years later an expedition set out from France with the idea of establishing a colony in the country near Nova Scotia, which colony was to confirm by occupation the grant made by the French King to one Mme. de Guerchville of all North America. Lost in the fog off the Maine coast, the expedition found itself one fine morning close under the cliffs of Mount Desert, and came to anchor near Bar Harbor. They did not intend remaining, but being solicited by some Indians to help save their chief, who lay ill on shore, the missionaries in the party responded. Their observation of the inland beauties so impressed them that they persuaded the rest of the colonists to disembark and to settle on the island. This was done, but in a short time the little French colony living in peace with the Indian tribes was attacked by an English warship and completely destroyed. With the dispersion of the Mount Desert colony the dream of Jesuit dominion on the coast vanished.

A century and a half elapsed before the coming of the first permanent English settlers to Mount Desert, but the island does not wholly disappear from history. The great hills were landmarks that no sailor could miss, and many a voyager hailed them from the lonely sea. In the three years that followed the fall of Quebec and the expulsion of the French from North America a tide of immigration poured into Eastern Maine, bringing a hardy race of settlers into every bay and harbor from Pemaquid to St. Croix. The pioneer on Mount Desert was Abraham Somes, who came in the summer of 1761 from Gloucester, and settled at what is now known as Somes Sound. He was soon followed by others. In a short time grist and lumber mills were running, houses had sprung up, fisheries were discovered. Sir Francis Bernard, Governor of Massachusetts, obtained the island as a grant from the Crown, only to have it taken from him at the time of the Revolution, in which he opposed the Americans. Half the island was subsequently restored to his son, and the other half was given to the descendants of the first French settlers. The name of the French owner was Monsieur Bartolemy Gregoire, and his wife Marie Theresa. They lie buried in the quaint little graveyard at Hull's Cove.

BEAUTIES DISCOVERED.

The story of the island for the next fifty years is uneventful. The population steadily increased, and was composed of seafaring folk, thrifty and self-reliant. It was not until 1860 that the charm of Mount Desert began to be talked about. Wandering artists or parties of college students on vacation trips had discovered the beauty of the bays and islands and the grandeur of the desert mountains. Whittier and Weiss sang of the island legends and of the rude vigor of the landscape, while Church and Brown and Hart painted the crags of Great Head or the ironbound and surfbeaten islands of Frenchman's Bay. At first Southwest Harbor was the more popular resort, but when, in 1868, the steamer Lewiston began making landings at Bar Harbor, the exquisite beauty of its position, backed by the mountains and looking out on the island gemmed bay and across to the hills of Gouldsboro' soon made the village the summer home of many "Westerners," as the local speech denominated the inhabitants of Boston, New-York and Philadelphia. The first cottage to be built was by Alpheus Hardy, in 1867. It cost nearly $300, and the ground where it stood is now worth $100,000. Other simple houses for summer occupation followed, but not until about twenty years later was the rapid change from hotel to cottage begun. Then the value of land rose by the hundredfold. Fine houses began to be built, streets were laid out, and all kinds of improvements followed. Clubs were organized, and smooth lawns replaced the rocky pastures and steep hillsides. Land improvement companies grew up by the score. Seeing the increasing popularity of the island there was great rush to buy tracts of land that it was thought would bring fabulous prices. Many were fortunate, and some great gains were made from a few dollars invested, but there were also many failures in the wild speculation that resulted.

STEADY AND RATIONAL GROWTH.

When the excitement and abnormal condition had passed away Bar Harbor began to grow rationally and steadily. Each year saw the arrival of a greater and greater number of wealthy persons, who bought land and built handsome summer homes. Bar Harbor quickly passed through the evolution of one of the most popular American summer resorts. At first it was a primitive place, and those who lived in the hotels and boarding houses in 1865 had to exist largely on climate and scenery. The village was an unkempt agglomeration of wooden shanties, and the life of the "rusticators" was altogether of an out-of-door character—easy going as to costume and informal as to manners and customs. The Rodick became widely famous, and the celebrated "Fish Pond" was known and talked of all through the East.

Bar Harbor has not yet reached the point of its utmost development. As a summer resort it is more than half a century old, and in that time it has passed through varying phases of existence. From its beginning as an odd and picturesque corner of the world, where artists might sketch from nature's most delicate handiwork; from a few rude fishermen's huts and scattered camps gradually there grew up an enthusiasm for the place among a few wealthy Boston and New-York men, who found here a peaceful isolation. They came here and lived in a rough and ready fashion. There were only a handful of them, and the life they led was a jolly, wholesome one. They boated and rode and picnicked in a fashion that seems strangely out of place to Bar Harbor as it now exists. The beauty and charm of the place, coupled with sketches that had been made by visiting artists and exhibited throughout this country and abroad, could not fail to attract more people.

So the summer population grew, and as the lines of steamboats and railroads converged upon the place a group of well known men saw here the opportunity for a great real estate investment. Tracts of land were purchased at a low figure, and a systematic booming of the resort was begun in Boston, New-York and Philadelphia. In an incredibly short time people began to visit the resort in constantly increasing numbers. The town sprung up almost in a year, land values went soaring, hotels, mammoth for those times, were erected and the fame of Bar Harbor was secure. It became the resort for statesmen, diplomatists, leaders of fashion and finance, celebrities of all kinds. The late James G. Blaine would go nowhere else in the summer. His was one of the first of the handsome cottages built here, and his fiat, "There is only one Bar Harbor," attracted hundreds of persons.

LIFE OF THE PLACE CHANGED.

The Hotel Rodick was then the centre of life. A thousand guests once crowded its corridors and porches, and every night there was dancing and music, straw rides, moonlight sailing parties and a score of other youthful pastimes that have gone now, just as the Rodick has passed out of the life of the place and stands a decaying, forlorn looking landmark, its doors barred and the porches, once thronged with merry groups, falling to pieces. It is an eloquent reminder that Bar Harbor has changed. The free and easy existence of fifteen years ago, before the dress suit and visiting card began to reign, has given place to a somewhat more carefully ordered and conventional style of living.

Mount Desert, on which Bar Harbor is located, is the largest island on the New-England coast. It contains a hundred square miles of territory, and upon this comparatively small area can be found fifteen mountain peaks, varying in height from 700 to 2,000 feet above the sea level, a score of ponds and lakes, from a few acres to several miles in area; deep gorges, and picturesque glens, bold promontories and broad stretches of forests, sparkling streams, bays, harbors, coves and indentations of every variety and form. In the northeast corner, where the waters of Frenchman's Bay meet to mingle with the broad Atlantic, is Bar Harbor. At the base of the highest mountain on the island, on a plateau environed by wooded heights, with blue waters washing the shore, stands Bar Harbor.

The town is like a small, perfectly appointed city. The great sums of money invested here have brought every improvement. The streets are wide and clean and lighted by electricity. Commodious, well equipped stores are occupied as branches of the big metropolitan establishments. Clubhouses, rich in architectural beauty, are for the wealthy and fashionable.

Girding Bar Harbor, like watchful sentinels against their ancient enemy, the sea, are the famous Porcupine Islands, picturesque outcroppings that make the marine view more beautiful. From the town a network of fine roads covers the island, opening up to the tourist its beautiful woodland and lake scenery. Many bridle paths penetrate the innermost recesses of the mountain country, leading the artist to his favorite haunts and the angler to the scene of his sport.

THE WELL KNOWN SHORE PATH.

There is no walk more famous in America than the Shore Path, which extends from the steamboat wharf southward along the shore of the bay to Cromwell's Harbor. It is said to resemble the sea wall at Ostend, although of a gentler beauty. It is only a footpath, and it is well so, for an innovation in the shape of driveway would destroy the romantic scenic effect. Looked at on some lovely evening in August it is a beautiful picture. The moon, just risen above the hills across the bay, sheds a broad band of silver light over the waters which break in tiny waves against the jagged shore. Away off in the distance to the south shines the warning light in the tower of Egg Rock Lighthouse, like a brilliant star on the horizon. To the north are the many twinkling lights of the yacht fleet at anchor in the harbor. Just off shore looms a black mass rising from the waves—the steep, bold cliffs of the Bald Porcupine. The path by the rocks is illumined here and there by streams of light from the windows of the cottages nestling among the trees. Sweet smelling pine boughs form overhead a deep arch. Back from the path are the sloping, velvety lawns and landscapes made beautiful by artists' hands.

It is, however, as a resort for fashion that Bar Harbor takes precedence. Many representative Americans, from furthest West as well as from the largest cities in the East, have homes here that are small palaces of architectural beauty, erected at great cost.

The Kebo Valley Club is the leading social organization. Originally it was a country club, situated in the hollow of Kebo Valley, a few miles from town. Before the destruction by fire two years ago of the original clubhouse it was the scene of many receptions and balls, theatricals, flower shows and varied forms of entertainment. The annual tennis tournament, which was second to that at Newport, took place on the club's courts. There was a half-mile running track, and polo and gymkhana racing. Every afternoon the club verandas were thronged with listeners to the open air concerts. It was here that the visiting naval squadrons were entertained, and no large affair was a success unless given at the crack club. There gradually grew up a set that was known to be identified with Kebo. It was the more up to date, amusement loving element, and it made life here extremely gay. With the abolishment of the running track and coming into favor of golf, Kebo ceased to be a country club, and became one devoted to golf instead. Just previous to the change it had been running down somewhat, and the new fad was the means of restoring it to popular favor. In a little more than five years there has developed what is, in the opinion of players like Vardon, Nichols and other professionals, the finest nine hole course in this country, with greens that are not excelled abroad. This has been largely due to Waldron Bates, who has worked ceaselessly to perfect the links, which is now one of the greatest attractions the resort possesses.

The year after the old clubhouse was burned to the ground a smaller building was erected that was to meet more the needs of the golfers than those which attended the country club. It was made large enough, however, to continue the well known dinner dances which are so distinctive a feature of the summer entertaining here. The club is to-day the most popular institution here, and its list of subscribers and members includes the majority of the cottage element.

THE OTHER CLUBS.

The Mount Desert Reading Room is distinctly a men's club. It is located on the shore of the bay and is the recognized post of all the prominent visitors, yacht clubs and visiting naval fleets.

The Ladies' Club, which adjoins it on the left, is unknown country to the majority of summer people. Card playing, Friday afternoon receptions, tea and musicales are about the limit of its usefulness.

The Pot and Kettle Club is a unique organization modelled after the plan of the "Rabbit," in Philadelphia. Its membership is restricted to the men, and a requirement is that an applicant must be able to cook, serve and eat his own food. The club gives many little dinners and receptions, in which the members officiate in every particular, preparing and serving the food to their guests. It is a genial institution, and in the year of its existence has thoroughly established itself. The president of the club is Colonel Edward Morrell; the vice-president John Harrison.

There are two yachting organizations known as the Bar Harbor Yacht Club and the Mount Desert Yacht Racing Association. The former is restricted to a special class of raceabouts and the latter includes all the remaining classes. The raceabout class is particularly popular here and lends itself well to the racing conditions that prevail in this locality.

The Canoe Club is an outgrowth of the fine boating facilities of the resort. It has three hundred members, and at one time occupied a cosey little clubhouse on the northern shore of Bar Island, where it held weekly receptions in the height of the season. The clubhouse has been abandoned, and there are held, instead of the weekly receptions, two or three garden parties at the home of Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Canoe Club parades are pleasing features of the life here.

Squadron week at Bar Harbor is probably the most distinctive feature of the summer. It has gradually grown to be a custom for the American warships composing the North Atlantic Squadron to visit here in the latter part of the season. Their coming is attended by much gayety. For a week or more every variety of entertainment goes forward. Thousands of sightseers are attracted to the island, and last year, when both the English and American fleets were here at the same time, Bar Harbor seemed transformed into some populous city. The town on these occasions is decorated with fluttering flags, national airs are heard and a hurly-burly of excitement prevails. It usually concludes the season, for with the departure of the ships the entertaining dies away, and the cottagers retire to a quiet life of informal affairs and much out of door sport.

SUCCESSFUL HORSE SHOW.

The horse show and fair is a new institution, begun last season. It won instant recognition, and was one of the most successful affairs that has ever been held here. The dates for the show this season are August 20, 21 and 22. It promises even better things than heretofore, for W. C. Whitney, James B. Haggin, Mrs. Alexander Van Nest, Colonel Monell, George Vanderbilt, E. G. Fabbri and other well known persons have taken it up.

Driving is the favorite pastime at Bar Harbor. Every one indulges in it. The buckboard is one of the peculiar institutions of Bar Harbor. The original vehicle of that name was rudely fashioned out of two pairs of wheels with a couple of planks stretched between them, and seats nailed or tied to the planks. The gentle swaying motion of the board while travelling at full speed over the hilly roads is simply delightful, and no person who has ever ridden on one wishes to use any other kind of a vehicle here.

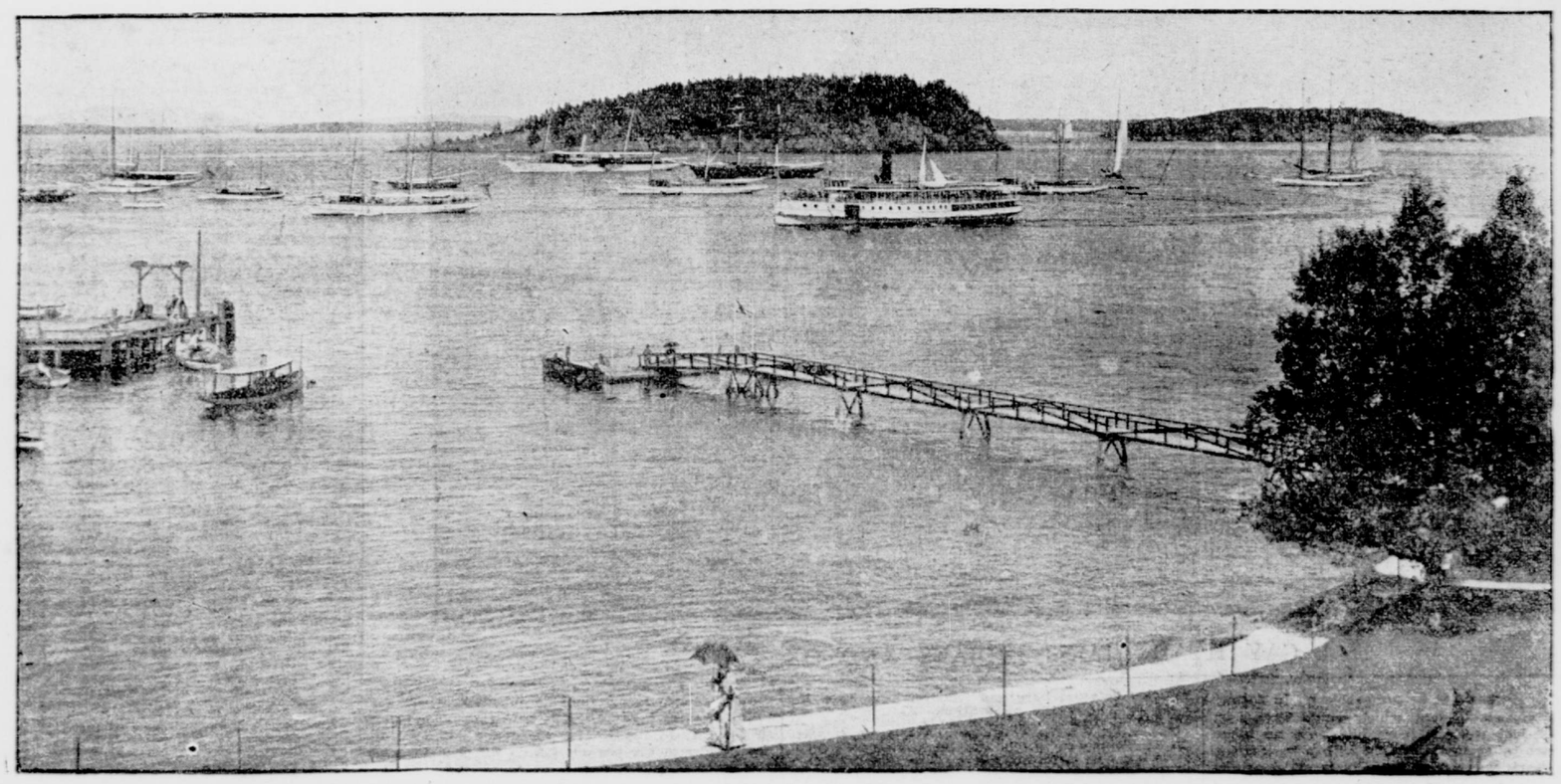
The drive up Green Mountain is famous, and probably the most popular here. The Eagle Lake road is followed for a mile out of the village, then turning sharply to the left the ascent is begun through a forest of pine, spruce and birch trees.

As the road rises higher and higher there appear through the foliage glimpses of Eagle Lake from below; ahead rises a succession of peaks, each one in turn seeming to be the last. Finally the woods are left behind, and the road comes out upon the open ledge. There stretches before the eye a matchless scene. To the right, sparkling in the sunshine, are the waters of Frenchman's Bay; beyond is the mainland, a seemingly endless chain of mountain peaks, rising one above the other until they are lost in a blue haze. Katahdin, lifting its grand head toward the clouds, marks the limit of the view. To the westward, across the spur of Sargeant's Mountain, one can see the head of Somes Sound, with its pretty little village among the trees; and away in the distance is a blue strip of water, a portion of Penobscot Bay. Below lies the village of Bar Harbor. Beyond that the "thunder of the long Atlantic swell."

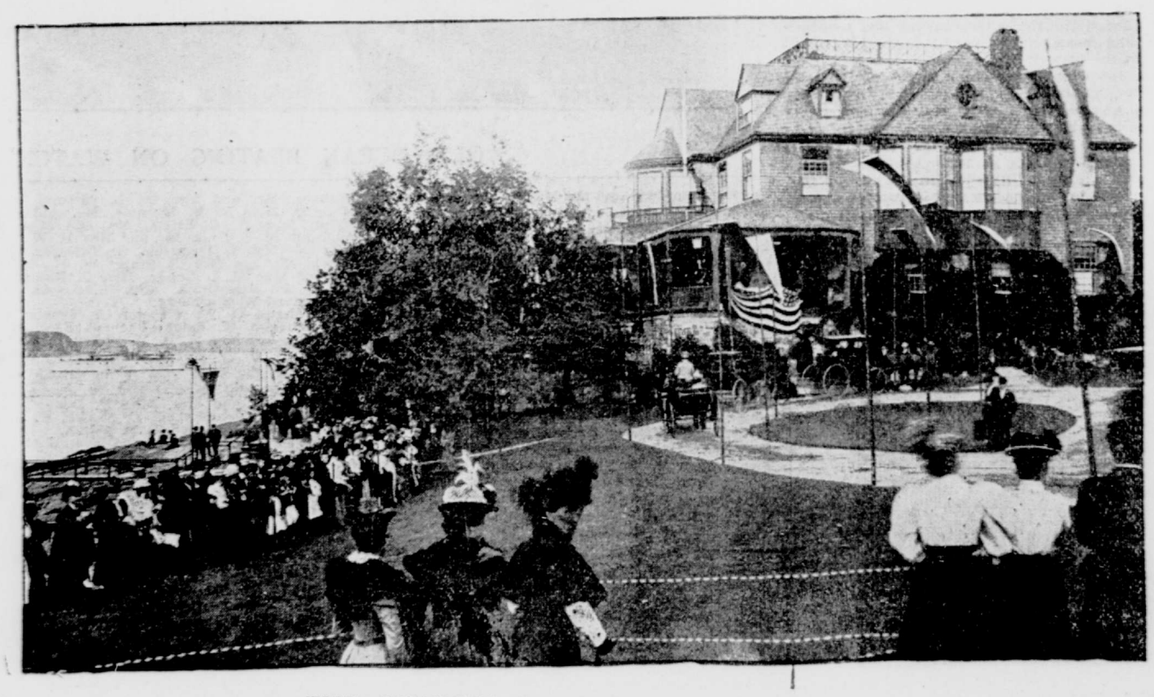
The Atlantic drive leads around the island by the shore. Its level is far above the sea, winding along the cliffs, beside the open ocean, and finally turning inland through the beautiful mountain gorges.

The Break Neck drive, the Bay drive and the Norwood are marvels of scenic beauty.

One cannot formulate an adequate expression that will fairly describe all the charm, the grandeur, the beauty of the scenery, the brilliancy of the social life and the healthfulness of the surroundings.



YACHTS AT ANCHOR, BAR HARBOR.



THE READING ROOM, MOUNT DESERT.

GAY SEASON AT BAR HARBOR.

Bar Harbor, Aug. 3 (Special).—The days of August have brought with them the real season. There have been several notable events this week, and in particular was the reception of Captain Bush, given in honor of General McCook.

The dinner dance at the Kebo Valley Club on Saturday night was the first August success. There was a great deal of entertaining previous to the dance, and at the club those who gave dinner parties were Mrs. W. F. Draper, Mrs. Charles B. Wright, E. J. Curley, L. Milvaine Luquer and T. G. Condon.

The harbor has been busy this week, steam yachts and sailing craft in profusion running in each day. The raceabouts had two good contests. Wednesday's meet was particularly interesting because of the presence of the Helen, belonging to J. Montgomery Sears. She made a first class showing in her trial race, and all but defeated the heretofore invincible Rip. On Saturday Edgar Scott was defeated by A. Y. Stewart with the Bobs. The Helen finished third. The Cherub and the Iroquois were fourth and fifth.

The Mount Desert Racing Association, which includes most of the boats not in the raceabout class, will hold regattas this month. The present membership of the club is as follows: Frederick May, the Rosalind; W. P. Draper, the Kebyun; Arnold Watson, the Beatrice; H. I. Drummond, the White Heather; A. Howard Hinkle, the Senta and the Anaqua; Mr. Pulitzer, the Zamiel, and John Randolph, the Adelaide.

The women's putting contest at Kebo on Saturday again proved that this event is one of the most popular of the season. Mrs. D. B. Catherwood, of Philadelphia, proved to be the winner of the match with a score of 42. Miss Fannie McLane was second with a score of 45.

The regular weekly tournament in the morning was won by C. R. Auchincloss, who is playing fast golf this summer. H. Thatcher finished second.

Mrs. Henry Dimock, sister of William C. Whitney, accompanied by her daughter, arrived this week. Mrs. Dimock expects to stay until the middle of September.

Mrs. C. S. Chickering, of New-York, entertained at luncheon on Saturday at the Wasgatt cottage. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry Whelen, Mrs. Hormess, Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Hunt-Slater, Louis Niles Roberts and Mr. Goodrich.

A. Howard Hinkle, who has been in Newport endeavoring to persuade the New-York Yacht Club, or at least a portion which has not yet disbanded, to sail a long race to Bar Harbor, returned this week. He has offered a valuable trophy, and it is not yet certain whether he will succeed in getting the boats here.

Mrs. Charles B. Wright entertained at dinner and cards Tuesday evening, the guests being Miss Willing, Mrs. John B. Morris, Mrs. Condon, Mrs. Gerard, Miss Newbold, Miss Draper and Mrs. Drayton.

Plans for the horse show have been practically completed. Cups for the various events have been given, and the entry list shows such names as Whitney, Newbold, Haggin, Barney, Van Nest, Sanborne and Morrell.

MIDSUMMER GAYETY AT SAYVILLE.

Sayville, Long Island, Aug. 3 (Special).—The first golf tournament ever held in Sayville took place on the grounds surrounding the Hotel Elmore. The guests at the hotel and a number of cottagers participated in the game. Miss Etta Jones took the first prize, Edward P. Townsend the second and Mrs. J. W. Covert the third.

Those who have arrived at the Hotel Elmore this week include Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Fitter, Edgar Allen Fitter, Carsten A. Fitter, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. White, William J. Spence, Mrs. Florence Powell, William A. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cullen, John C. Peyser, Miss Ethel M. Lethbridge, Henry H. Barnard, D. W. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Warner and Miss Elizabeth Horr.

At the Hotel Delevan the arrivals are Mrs. Theodore E. Smith, Miss Edith Duane Smith, M. G. Crosswell Smith, B. M. Peck, Miss Blair, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Harriott, the Misses Harriott, Edward P. Harriott, James Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Woods.

The opening of Sayville's new opera house is set for next Wednesday evening.

The Sayville Hook and Ladder Company's annual fair was the greatest success of any fair ever held in this place. The receipts were exceedingly large and go to replenish the treasury of a worthy public institution.

The old Breese place, at Great River and Great South Bay, has been purchased by W. Bayard Cutting, jr., and he will at once begin the work of transforming it into a country seat. It is within sight of W. K. Vanderbilt's Idle Hour and only a short distance from Oakdale, the country place of W. Bayard Cutting, sr.

F. G. Bourne, of Oakdale, is having an automobile house, with a capacity for six vehicles, erected. Mr. and Mrs. Bourne, Miss May and Marjorie Bourne went to the city last Sunday and boarded Mr. Bourne's steam yacht Colona, and have been enjoying the annual cruise of the New-York Yacht Club.

The horse show continues to be the leading topic of interest at Bayshore. The officers of the association have arranged to remain there for the rest of the time before the show in order to give it their undivided attention. The number of entries has far exceeded the expectations of all, and everything now points to the greatest event the South Side has ever had. Work about the stands and grounds is being rushed, and everything will soon be in readiness for Bayshore's most interesting event.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, of Brooklyn, was the guest of Frank Jones, of Sayville, last week.

Controler Bird S. Coler and family, of Brooklyn, have arrived in Patchogue.

WRONG EITHER WAY.

From The Chicago Post.

"The idea of a man holding one office entering upon a campaign for another one!" exclaimed the politician. "It's outrageous. He can't help using his official position to advance his own interests."

"But the man in question has just resigned."

"What! Resigned! Well, that's a despicable trick to gain public favor. I didn't think he would do such a thing."

BLOCK ISLAND.

GREAT INCREASE OF VISITORS COMES WITH AUGUST.

Block Island, R. I., Aug. 3 (Special).—The arrival of August has been marked here by a great increase of visitors and attendant gayeties. The hotels are full of guests, and throngs are seen on the beach and on the golf links. Many of the cottagers are entertaining guests who participate in the social pleasures at the hotels. There are nightly hops at the Ocean View and Manisses hotels, with occasional concerts.

On Wednesday evening the Brown University Summer Club, assisted by Myron P. Davis, humorist, gave a concert at the Ocean View. This club is popular on the island, and is always greeted with enthusiasm.

Large parties left the island on Tuesday morning to witness Fête Day at Newport. The steamer Danielson took the parties over in the morning, returning after the illuminations.

Swordfishing still continues excellent, and the fishermen are enthusiastic. Fishing parties go out daily from the Manisses and return with big catches. The schooner Edward H. Smead brought in nine large swordfish on Tuesday, one of them weighing 378 pounds.

Judge Davy and his wife, of Rochester, N. Y., are spending the month of August at the Ocean View. A party of nine girls from Brown University are spending a week with Miss Myrtis Millikin at Bonanza cottage and have enlivened things considerably there. J. A. Roosevelt of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is staying at the Ocean View. C. C. Speiden and family, of Summit, N. J., are spending this month at Bonanza cottage. J. R. Rooks, proprietor of the Park View Hotel, New-York, spent a few days at the Manisses last week.

Both steam and sail craft are constantly running in and out of the new harbor. Among the yachts anchored here last week were the Clytie, the Kitten and the Wemalla, of New-York.

New-York arrivals for the last week are:

Ocean View—Julius B. Bartlett, Miss B. H. Sperry, John Sperry, J. E. Pindle, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Felt, Arthur T. Hardy, Mrs. Stanley Houseman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Geer, Olive E. Geer, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Davy, George G. Guild, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Schloss, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Adams, J. M. Rousseau, Robert L. Bundy, Perry Miles, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Wheeler, jr., Mrs. C. A. Risley, B. Smith, C. Rich, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stevens, E. A. Dorrell, Mrs. F. D. Bassett, Mrs. R. M. Starkey, Alexander McGarren, Thimas Dusenbery, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodruff, Dr. Edward T. Dobbs, R. G. Brown, Dr. Lucy M. Hall-Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Moffat, M. Kohlman, T. Tripp, D. C. Babbitt, C. W. Byram, Miss Jessica Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wells, Clarence E. Perry, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Gallet, Mr. and Mrs. William Hays, Mrs. I. N. Sheldon, Daniel E. Leary, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Claggett, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Taylor, Mrs. H. M. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, Walter L. Smith, George C. Foster and wife, Clark A. Miller, J. Nitan, Clarence Johnson, Mrs. R. C. Dorr, Mrs. M. C. Saunders, J. H. M. Olwau, O. D. Oliphant, A. Shoder, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Hirsh, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Latham, Mr. and Mrs. T. Wall, Miss Elaine Wall, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Barrett, W. Graufuer, F. Holtmayer, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton L. Clark, J. M. Coward, A. D. Woodruff, George H. Phillips, F. D. Maca and children, George R. Elliott, H. J. Brigham, Thomas A. Newell, L. H. Howe, Mrs. F. R. Brown, Mrs. C. B. Knapp and J. P. Paulding and wife.

Manisses Hotel—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Spaight, E. L. Cooke, L. S. Chadwick, F. F. Chadwick, F. Mell, G. Alanson Lessey, J. Ferris, Max Riedel, Mrs. F. Eddowes and daughter, J. F. Munckwitz, Mrs. C. Keene, Miss Gertrude Keene, Miss K. Hoffman, the Rev. A. T. Ashton, Mrs. A. T. Ashton, Miss L. S. Ashton, A. L. Benkert, Alexander Just, J. T. Kenney, P. A. Greene, Addison Bennett, Joseph H. Beale, C. J. Island, M. S. Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes and daughter, Miss E. D. Johnson, Miss Totten, H. L. Aupert and family, Harry A. Brinor, Theodore C. Wanz, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Welling, Mrs. Thomas Welling, C. W. Wisner and Josephine McKensie.

Eureka Hotel—Francis Shaffer, D. U. St. John, R. P. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Newell, Samuel Gleen, Joseph Meehrs, Robert Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Douray, jr., Thomas F. Spain, Harry F. Barlo, L. W. Jones and family, Miss W. B. O'Reilly, Miss A. M. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuhn, Grace S. White, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. West, Mrs. Ewenstrom and Robert Nelson.

The National—F. M. Trimm, Miss May L. Colebrook, William M. Bowker, Miss L. E. Bowker, W. H. Wilson, H. B. Denison, L. H. Denison, A. A. Thompson, Grace T. Conway, Mrs. A. E. Mitchell, W. J. Whiting, Emily W. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Moffet, Edward A. Keith, Y. Gerhards, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cogan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Ryer, Willard N. Baylis and F. M. Trimm.

AT FIRE ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE.

Fire Island, Long Island, Aug. 3 (Special).—The tide of popularity which set toward this resort last year is again resulting in large numbers of recruits to the ranks of the summer colony, and the social season is proving a successful one at the Surf Hotel.

Yachting and fishing, carried on in conjunction, are the most general pastimes here, the conditions being unequalled at any other Long Island resort. Large schools of bluefish afford rare sport to the guests at the hotel.

A point of particular interest among visitors here is the Fire Island Lighthouse. While most of the trips to it are made in the day, it is at night, perhaps, that it may be visited with the best advantage. By mounting the tower and stepping out upon the lookout gallery a unique and splendid spectacle is afforded at night. The whole dome of the heavens from the centre to the horizon is crossed with bars of misty light, revolving majestically on the axis of the tower. These luminous bars, although clearly defined, are transparent, and distinctly reveal the clouds and stars behind them. Then, after the keeper has explained the delusion, it is pleasant to divert attention to the sea, where, from the high position on the gallery, may be observed the lights twinkling in the cordage of passing vessels or beaming with steadiness from the lightship or boats anchored in the bay.

Late arrivals from Manhattan at the Surf Hotel are W. S. Sayer, W. L. Maher, Mrs. Maher, J. M. Laflin, W. W. Wilson, C. G. Faber, Miss H. C. MacLaren, Mrs. H. Smith, Charles Faas, John Maher, C. M. MacLaren, Miss L. S. MacLaren, Charles E. Titus, Mrs. Titus, Lester Schutte, Charles E. Schutte, Mrs. J. A. Lambrecht, Charles A. Stadler, Mrs. J. F. Stock, O. A. Polo, E. R. Lazarus, Miss Frances Stock and R. A. Filan.

A DIFFERENCE.

From The Denver Times.

"Sir," he said to the manager of the store, "I want to warn you against that clerk at the ribbon counter. I understand he has a wife in the East and left her on account of his bad habits, and his character, sir, his character"——

The visitor became emphatic and excited.

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the manager; "you were saying something about his character."

"Well, sir, they say"——

"Ah, quite a difference, my dear sir; quite a difference. My friend, such people as you may establish a reputation for a man, but you can't touch his character. A man's character is what he is; his reputation is what people say he is. Good-day, sir."

And the young man at the ribbon counter just kept on working and didn't feel a breeze.

ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE

INTEREST IN FISHING REGULATIONS—FAST YACHTS ON THE RIVER.

Alexandria Bay, N. Y., Aug. 3 (Special).—The annual international meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River will be held at the Thousand Island Yacht Club house, on Welcome Island, August 7. The association has not met on the American side now for three years. A large attendance is expected.

The most radical measure to be considered will be some method of stopping the netting for bass at the foot of Lake Ontario. It has recently become known that the law specifying that no net should be set within a mile of any shore is being violated. Chief Fish and Game Protector Northup recently ascertained on a trip to the lake that one net alone was taking out tons of bass, which are being shipped to city markets. It is said by members of the association that more bass are taken out by these nets in some days than in a season on the river by rod fishing. It is known that the bass run into the river from the lake in large quantities in the spring and return in the fall. One of the functions of the association is to take the initiative in bringing such cases before the State Legislature.

Governor Odell is an honorary member of this organization, and strenuous efforts are being made to secure his attendance on this day. Should the Governor attend it will be, no doubt, the largest gathering of members of the association that has ever assembled.

The muskallonge, pickerel and bass are biting as well as ever. It is no uncommon thing now to bring in a nine or ten pound muskallonge or pickerel, and big strings of smaller ones, with bass, are to be seen on the greens in front of the various hotels for exhibition.

The first of the series of yacht races under the auspices of the Thousand Island Yacht Club was held last Saturday afternoon on the triangular course in Chippewa Bay. The Challenger, owned by Commodore Ingle, crossed the line first and won the handsome cup donated by J. H. Oliphant, of Brooklyn, and the Akabo, owned by the Haydons, of New-York, finished a very close second.

August 21 has been chosen for the annual reception and ball of the Thousand Island Yacht Club at the clubhouse, on Welcome Island. This is the one night of the season when the clubhouse is opened to the friends of the club, and is the most brilliant social function held at the clubhouse during the season.

The twenty-second annual meet of the American Canoe Association will open on the Island of Mudlunta, one of the Admiralty Group, next week Friday. The location, which is in Canadian waters, is an ideal one for camping out, and an unusually large crowd of canoeists is expected to be present and line the shores of the island with their tents. Races of all sorts will be run off, and business of much importance will be transacted at the meetings.

Golf is much more popular on the river this year, and all the links are in use morning and afternoon. Tournaments are being held every Saturday at the Thousand Island Golf Club links, on Wellesley Island, near Alexandria Bay; the Frontenac links, on Round Island, and the Gananoque course, near the Gananoque Inn.

Governor McLeod of Connecticut was on the river the last week, before and after taking the trip down the rapids to Montreal and Quebec. He stopped at the Hubbard House.

A new steam yacht has been placed on the river here as a public boat, and makes a new and interesting trip to Kingston and return. It is the Idler, formerly the private yacht of ex-Senator McMillan, of Detroit, and now owned by Captain H. W. Visger, a brother of Captain Walter S. Visger, who now makes the tour of the islands, with his small yacht, Captain Visger, which was originated by their father thirty or forty years ago. The yacht is 126 feet long, finished in mahogany, upholstered in plush, and has a speed of sixteen miles an hour. The hull is painted black. The yacht cost $45,000 when new, a couple of years ago.

A new private boat has made its appearance on the river in the last week, which has set all the mechanical experts and yacht owners to talking. She is the gasolene yacht Erro, owned by Alexander T. Brown, of Syracuse. The boat is 35 feet long, with a beam of only 6 feet, and is built something on the plan of the government torpedo boats. With a four cylinder gasolene engine, any cylinder of which can be operated independently of the others, which develop seventy-five horse power, the craft can make a speed of twenty miles an hour easily, and Mr. Brown did not intend to build a racing machine, either, but merely a pleasure boat. The engine takes but little room, and produces no disagreeable smell. This leaves ample space for and aft for cabin room. Mr. Brown intends to build another boat this summer, about 75 feet in length, with the same style of gasolene engine, which will be purely a racing craft. The engine and the boat itself were designed by H. Leighton, of Syracuse. Many patents on the engine were taken out by Mr. Leighton this year and Mr. Brown, as well as the inventor, believes that a boat can be built using this style of engine which will easily outstrip the fastest steam yachts. As it is, many of the speediest ones on the St. Lawrence have been left behind by the Erro since her first appearance, a little over a week ago.

Although the St. Lawrence Club has been opened for only two weeks, the owners of this newest hotel on the river have announced to the public that an addition of seventy-five rooms will be built and ready for use by the opening of next season. The addition will be three stories high, and will be so situated that every sleeping room will command a view of the river. The entire ten acres in the club property will be transformed into lawns by next summer. The new water system, with its reservoir on the top of the hill, is now in use.

E. M. Brown, Miss Margaret Leonard, Alexander Leonard, Thomas D. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Collins, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Baker and Isaac P. Smith, of New-York, and Jesse Goodenough, of Brooklyn, are stopping at the club.

C. M. Curtis, of Cleveland, is building a large observatory and clubhouse on Gypsy Island, near Point Vivian. The house will be built of rough granite taken from the island itself.

A progressive euchre party was given in the parlors of the Thousand Island House Tuesday evening. The men's prizes were won by Captain Capehart, U. S. A., of Washington, and C. J. Wylie, of Rome, and the women's prizes by Mrs. S. Stutgart and Mrs. Kenmore, both of New-York.

General Fitzgerald, of New-York, is now the guest of Major Henry Van Duser, on Safe Island. General Fitzgerald arrived Saturday on S. R. Van Duser's yacht Vacuna, which met him at Grenadier Island, Lake Ontario.

A party, composed of H. W. Vogel, J. Lincoln and Miss Vogel, of New-York, chartered the yacht Mignon on Tuesday and went to Rouse's Point, where they had unusually good luck fishing. A shore dinner was served on the Point.

The weekly golf tournament at the Gananoque Inn golf links was won by J. S. Fischer, of Brooklyn. Miss Adams, of New-York, making the next lowest score.

Fifty-eight of the guests of the Inn enjoyed progressive whist last Thursday evening. Prizes were won by Mr. Flagg, of New-York; Mrs. F. W. Foyer, of Brooklyn; Miss Maud Cowen, of New-York, and Master George Newcomb, of Brooklyn.

GOLFING AT EASTHAMPTON.

Easthampton, Long Island, Aug. 3 (Special).—The oppressive heat which prevailed here in the early part of the week dampened the ardor of the most enthusiastic golfer, and all forms of outdoor social gayety were temporarily suspended, to be resumed later.

Lolling about the broad verandas at the Maidstone Club or indulging in an occasional dip in the breakers at the beach has occupied the days and evenings of the summer visitors, to the almost total exclusion of the activities which marked the earlier days of the season.

Judge Jackson, of the Supreme Court of Cincinnati, is spending the season at the Maidstone Inn. The Saturday golf handicap, which began last week, is being held to-day on the Maidstone links. The winner of each contest receives a pewter mug, while at the close of the season the winner of the largest number of mugs is rewarded by his fellow members.

The Tuesday golf tournament for women is appreciated by the women golfers at this resort, more than twenty entries having been received for the first game. Miss Isabel Nash is acting as official handicapper, the fairness of her handicapping evoking general approval.

Late arrivals to register at the Maidstone Club include George H. Boynton, the Misses Helsin, George H. Lathrop, H. M. Brookfield, A. E. Blackman, Mr. Murray, Herbert G. Thompson, Alexander Cameron, jr., Miss C. W. Kellogg, Mrs. Langdon Keating, Miss S. Barnum, Robert G. McGregor, Miss L. Trowbridge, E. Lansing Satterlee, M. H. Davidson, Miss Mary Coles and Reginald Johnson.

At the Maidstone Inn—Mrs. C. N. Thorpe and Miss Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Schuman, Mrs. F. C. Heald and Miss Heald, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woods and Miss Marjory Woods, Miss J. E. Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jerome Edwards, A. S. Plummer, George Ingraham, Edward W. Southworth, Dr. F. B. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Hastings, Miss Nettie Hastings, Harriette Hastings, Mrs. Charles W. Benedict, Miss C. L. Benedict, Arthur L. Burnham, Thomas Phelan, M. A. Phelan and Alfred C. Phelan.

A PITLESS PRUNE PRODUCED.

From The San Francisco Bulletin.

Adding to his