IS BEAUTY'S REIGN OVER?

A FRENCH AUTHORITY SAYS THE CLEVER WOMAN NOW RULES.

The Women Whom the World Reverses, Declares M. Prevost, Are Famous for Their Works, Not for Their Locks—Many Facts, However, That Tend to Refute This Theory.

M. Marcel Prévost has made a sensation in Paris by declaring in *Figaro* that the reign of beauty is over and that the woman of brains is gradually assuming the throne so long given over to the queens that have swayed events through the power of their face and form, the delicacy and glow of their complexion and the glory of their tresses. Women like Mrs. Krüger and Mrs. Gladstone, Prévost declares, are the ones who really dominate the world. In the future beauty will be relegated to its proper position as an unimportant part of a woman's power.

A statement of this sort coming from a Frenchman is a serious one. If spoken by one of the professors of the University of Chicago, who have recently gained fame by declaring blondness a disease and central hair-parting a symptom of masculine degeneracy, it might be taken as a joke. But Frenchmen have always been first to bow at the shrine of beauty. They have made beauty a profession and their women are famous for their exquisite charm, their taste in dress and their grace of manner, all these qualities combined producing a beauty which is much more than skin deep.

Were a vote taken as to the popular opinion on this subject it would very probably result in a vast majority of dissenting views from those of the French writer. Beautiful women have never asserted their charm so powerfully as now in the beginning of the new century. While the athletic woman has taken the placeof the more delicate beauty of several years ago, she is still a beauty, tanned of throat and arm, large waisted and with a stride like her brothers. Yet her sway over the hearts of men and therefore over the world has never been questioned by the woman of brains.

The woman of brains, however, is certainly an important factor in modern life, yet her influence is largely educative. She does good through whatever she may accomplish in science or in art, but she is rarely a recognized power in society or in the professional or business world to which she belongs. Whatever she may have attained in the way of position or importance is due usually to her own abilities. She is rarely launched on the top wave from the under current and kept on the very crest of the foam as her beautiful rival is, although the latter may be without the brains of a hen.

That beauty and brains are not congenial associates can be proved in a moment by a list of the women who within the last twenty-five years have accomplished anything through their mental attainments. The greatest woman artist, the three greatest women writers of England and of America and so on along the line of women doctors, astronomers, playwrights, lawyers, and in other callings in which so many have achieved success, you will find an aggregation of notably plain faced women. The dramatic profession is the only one in which the possession of brains has permitted the good looks of the artist to remain, yet even in this field the greatest women are not of the beauty type.

The feminine brain develops under pressure. Too much study dims the eyes and bends the shoulders. Too much thinking makes the aspect serious and the view of life too ponderous. Mental cultivation teaches women the injurious influences of tight lacing and high heels, the unhygienic qualities of powder and rouge and chemically colored hair. The woman of brains gradually abjures all these and at middle age finds herself a large waisted, sensible person with a plain face and a skin that has never known face massage. She does good in various ways and exerts an influence for good on all who come in contact with her, is perhaps a perfect mother and good housekeeper, but she never exerts one iota of the charm, nor possesses the power to accomplish the brilliant successes of life, which, undoubtedly, she will not rate as successes, that her well-corseted and well-preserved rival wields.

Even in the colleges the really able girl is always regarded as queer. She absolutely must possess some other attribute to charm and must excel in athletics or have the power to amuse or forego the potent charm of popularity with her fellows. But the girl "grind" of the college classes is more or less left out of the frolics and the fun. She does not approve of them; she thinks everything is frivolous which is not connected with her studies; in fact, she is a first-class bore in the estimation of the other girls. She may carry off the honors at her school and the success she has achieved dooms her possibly to the career of a teacher or female professor. She goes on in her serious and high-minded way, imparting intelligence to others, a power for good, but possessing power in a wordly sense not at all, while the beauty of the class who has a trace of cleverness, not brains in her make up, will leave her university to accomplish all sorts of things in the way of attaining wealth and social position and power that sometimes sways nations and all by means of her roseleaf cheek or her dazzling smile.

A doctor who aids women in their chase after beauty said in relation to this topic:

"It would be interesing to know what Prof. Burt G. Wilder of Cornell, who makes a study of brains, has to say on the subject of the constant war there is between feminine beauty and brains. The professor will say, probably, that education and brain development can only result in added beauty, but the professor will look at the matter with the eyes of the soul. If he were confronted with a collection of photographs of the notably clever women of the century he would find few beauties among them from a physical standpoint.

"It is idle to assert that the reign of beauty is over. It never possessed the value to women or the potent influence that it does to-day and it is recognized now as a necessity. Take the thousands of establishments the country over that are devoted to the beautifying of women. Count if you can the physicans that have grown enormously wealthy in their practice of eradicating defects and building up the muscles, the skin and the form. Imagine the armies of hair specialists, manicures and masseurs that exist to-day in comparison with the condition of things twenty years ago!

"In those days a woman born plain was recognized as an unattractive girl and was kept in the background. Beauty was then looked on altogether as a gift of nature and the pretty girl began early to garner all the attentions, the beaux, the bouquets and the candies. She was the belle of the winter and the summer and had plenty of suitors to pick from when she wished to marry. But beauty making is a science nowadays and even the most ordinary looking girl can be brought to a state of attractiveness in figure, carriage, color and even feature, that takes her at once out of the ugly girl class. If beauty were losing its influence in the world the change would be marked by a falling off in these lines of work, whereas there is a perfect furore for means and aids to beauty.

"The pretty woman rarely endeavors to cultivate brains, as she very early learns that she has no need for them in her all-conquering advance. The clever woman invariably cultivates beauty. No more potent instance of this can be found than in the person of Mme. Bernhardt, who has won fame and distinction the world over by her great talents yet has employed a physician whose sole duty it is to preserve the skin and the youthful appearance of the great tragedienne who devotes far more time than is imagined to the work of keeping herself attractive in appearance.

"The beauty whose charms are on the decline or who is fighting the great enemy to beauty, obesity, is a perfect martyr to her good looks. I know of one woman whose life for the last ten years has been practically a torture. She has been on a strict diet and obliged to exercise constantly to keep down the increasing avoirdupois. The body massage which she undergoes trice a day is not at all a pleasant ordeal. Massage given to take off flesh is extremely hard to stand; it is practically a violent kneading. Recently this heroic woman discovered that her wrists and ankles were getting too heavy and the fatal second chin was asserting itself. She has met every new attack on her beauty with immediate defence and the last treatment adopted is that of tightly wound bandages upon the wrists, the ankles and about the throat. In these she tries to sleep each night. This is a specimen of the value that some women place upon their beauty."

DIGNIFIED DUCKBILL'S FALL.

Uncle Hiram Westfall Tells One on His Friend Elder Wiggins.

"A certain amount of dignity is a good thing in man or beast," said Uncle Hiram Westfall reminiscently to the crowd at the corner grocery store, "although it needs more than a big chest expansion to carry a person successfully through life. And when one is making good on pure dignity alone it is a great mistake to go hunting trouble that isn't coming your way. It was a disregard of this prudent maxim that led to the downfall of Elder Wiggin's famous dignified duckbill. The good elder was the owner of one of the finest collection of ducks and geese that could be found in the State. He had all kinds of fancy breeds and between the sale of eggs and the ducks the elder was making good money, and at the expense of mighty little exertion on his own part, which was an important consideration to the pious old man. While the ducklings were small and stayed about the yard nothing happened to jar the elder's condition of complacent happiness. As they grew older and began to wander about however, both the ducks and the elder began to appreciate that this world is not one big duck paradise. Near the elder's farm was a big pond in which the ducks used to swim. The woods ran down near the edge of the pond on one side and in the woods were hawks, and wildcats and skunks, all of whom seemed to think the ducks were intended as much for their benefit as for that of Elder Wiggins. The result was a decrease in the visible supply of ducks and sorrow in the heart of the good elder. Seeing that he didn't have much to do on the long summer days I advised the elder to accompany the ducks on their pilgrimages and protect his feathered proteges. But the elder didn't look at it in that way.

"'I've been like a father to those ducks,' he said earnestly, 'giving them food, and water and fostering care. But when it comes to traipsing out in the hot sun, following them about all day, I draw the line. I'm too worthy and tired a man to turn duck herder in my old age.'

"The elder argued that as the devastation of the ducks was due to animals, it was up to him to find some other animals that could protect his pets. First he tried a dog. The dog was all right for driving away cats, he was less enthusiastic when it came to skunks, and he wasn't in the game at all where the hawks were concerned. Then the elder introduced a couple of game cocks as guardians of the ducks. The gamecocks were plucky and pugnacious, but they were outclassed by the skunks Besides that, the gamecocks couldn't follow the ducks into the water and in a little while the hawks learned to wait until the ducks were swimming and then swoop down and take their pick. Elder Wiggins was in despair.

"'If I could find some animal that would be a protector of my ducks on land and also accompany them on their joyous swimming expeditions, I might make good at the animal guardian game. But I don't know of any animal of that sort, and I suppose it is too late in the day to expect a miracle, even if it's only a little one and for the benefit of an emine ntly deserving old man.'

"About a week later the elder was looking in the dictionary and came across a picture of a queer-looking creature called a duckbill. It seemed to be a cross between a beast and a bird, having a bill like a duck's and webbed feet, but the body of an animal. The dictionary said it lived in Australia. The elder was the most pleased man in the county when he struck that picture.

"'There's the very creature I've been searching for,' he said in satisfied tones. 'He don't look like a short distance sprinter, but I guess he can keep up with the ducks on the land best des being their guide and companion in the water. And I think that any hawk or skunk that catch es a glimpse of that Australian cross-breed will do a hard thinking act before he meddles with Elder Wiggins's ducks.'

"The elder had a cousin in Australia and that same elder wrote and asked him to send a good sample of a healthy duckbill. Probably the cousin was surprised when he got the latter, the demand for duckbills being light, but after a long wait the much desired duckbill finally arrived in a bird box plentifully provided with air holes. The elder fed him and gave him water, and then took his new pet out to the lake and let him enjoy a swim. The duckbill was evidently a pretty tame specimen with a kindly disposition and it wasn't but a little while before he came to know the elder and would follow him about, waddling along the ground like a very clumsy, overgrown puppy. Then the elder decided it was time to put his duck-protecting plan into operation. He led the duckbill out into the yard, where the ducks were gathered eating their evening meal.

"'Ducks, Mr Duckbill. Mr. Duckbill, Ducks,' said the elder, introducing them as if both the ducks and the duckbill could understand what he was saying. 'These ducks are in your charge, Mr. Duckbill, and I'll hold you responsible for them.' Then he gave the duckbill some corn and drew back a little so as to let the ducks have a chance to get acquainted with their new friend.

"Maybe the ducks and the duckbill didn't understand the exact words the elder used in introducing them, but they appreciated the substance of his meaning. At first the ducks looked at the duckbill in a mighty puzzled manner. He had the bill and the feet of a duck, but they had never seen a duck of respectable family with that kind of body. It was plain, though, that they soon made up their minds that if he wasn't a duck he was some relation to the family and they did their best to make him feel at home. They got on so well together that the next morning when the ducks left for the pond Elder Wiggins sent the duckbill off with them.

"There's no denying that duckbill earned the title of 'Protector of the Ducks.' He wasn't a handsome animal, but he had an air of placid dignity about him that was mighty impressive. Wild animals are always shy of anything new and the hawks and cats and other duck destroyers plainly didn't know what to make of the duckbill and were inclined to give him and his attendant ducks a wide berth. When the duckbill got back home that evening he was so conceited that he wouldn't eat with the ducks, but took his food off to another corner. There he ate it in a slow, solemn way, chuckling to himself as if he was the hottest thing that ever came down the duckbill pike. I warned the elder that pride goeth before a fall for duckbills as well as men.

"The next morning the duckbill, followed by his attendant ducks, started for the pond. Just before they were ready to plunge in, a skunk came sneaking through the bushes, looking for a chance to pick up an unwary duckling. Then the skunk saw the duckbill and turned tail. If the duckbill had only been content to let well enough alone nothing would have happened. But the haughty duckbill felt his dignity was outraged. He started after the skunk. The furry intruder fled. The duckbill followed until he had cornered the skunk. Then the skunk, irritated and driven at bay, protected himself after the manner of his kind.

"The duckbill had travelled over a good deal of the world and had many experiences. But here was a brand-new one. And it was one that no amount of dignity could withstand. The duckbill withdrew, not in his usual calm, placid manner, but as fast as he could waddle, the most disgusted duckbill between there and his native Australian wilds. He hurried to the pond and plunged in near where the ducks were swimming. Instead of gathering about their protector according to custom, the ducks looked on him with coldness and seemed inclined to give him a wide berth. The duckbill was so busy with his other troubles that he didn't mind being left alone. In fact, all that day he acted like a duckbill who was searching for his astral body, or at any rate would be glad to get rid of his ordinary one.

"This ended the duckbill's career as a protector of ducks. His main asset had been his dignity, and it is hard for the most self-respecting duckbill to be dignified after a close encounter with an enraged skunk. After that if a skunk attacked the ducks the duckbill always had business on the other side of the pond. The result was a prompt decrease in the number of Elder Wiggins's ducks. The good old man felt heartbroken over the failure of his duck-protection scheme. He made several efforts to train the duckbill to tackle the skunk game again, but all failed through the lack of enthusiasm and interest shown by the once proud duckbill. In the end Elder Wiggins sold his pet to a travelling circus.

"'He was a duckbill of talents,' the elder used to say in saddened tones, 'a duckbill who would have left his footprints on the sands of time, if he had only appreciated that there are situations where a rubber coat is more protection than an excess of dignity.'"

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HE DEALS IN ILLUSIONS.

A Store in New York Where Patrons Are Magicians, Amateur and Professional.

One of the most interesting shops in New York is a little, unpretentious-looking place on Sixth avenue not many blocks from Twenty-ninth street. It is devoted to the sale of "magical apparatus, ingenious puzzles, illusions, scientific and other novelties." In fact, every device known to the conjurer's art can be found there. The other day a SUN reporter who chanced to be in the neighborhood was attracted by a grewsome looking skull in the shop window. After close inspection it was found that the skull was a papier-maché affair, but so skilfully fashioned as to withstand all but the closest scrutiny. Several pictures of Mephistopheles, surrounded by complicated apparatus, playing cards, mysterious-looking boxes, wands, &c., were also shown in the window.

The proprietor of the shop is a German who speaks English fluently. Scenting a prospective customer when the reporter entered the place, he asked: "What can I do for you to-day?"

"I would like to buy a few cheap parlor tricks," was the reply; "something to mystify and amuse my friends."

The proprietor placed on the counter half a dozen of his wares including several packs of playing cards, puzzles and time-worn tricks.

"You see there are very few new things among the cheap kind," he said. "We cannot afford to sell the latest inventions at low prices becaus e it costs considerable to manufacture them and besides if we did everybody would have them and the articles would become common and lose their charm. I know that we would have a ready sale for all that we could make but it would only be for a very short time."

Then the proprietor went on to tell something about the business.

"I have been in this line about thirty years," he said; "My father and grandfather preceded me in it. We have a large factory in Germany and are the only importers in this line in America. We have a catalogue which contains over 1,000 items. Most of the tricks are standard and have been used by conjurers for many years. Once in a while some new trick is invented but to tell you the truth we don't bother our heads about them because we have all we can do to meet the demand for the old ones.

"About the newest and best trick now on the market is the hypnotic plate. A performer with the aid of a small contrivance can make a plate dance on a table at will. Another good thing is the 'Head of Ibicus.' A skull modelled after the original of the celebrated Dr. Gall with a moving jaw is placed on a glass plate that rests on two chairs. The skull answers questions by nodding or shaking. A glass cover is then placed over the skull, but it continues to do as before. It tells the ages of persons; moves from right to left, smokes, whistles, opens the jaw and is altogether a lively skull. Persons from the audience may go on the stage and examine the thing, but they will not discover the secret of the trick.

"Legerdemain and magic are to-day more popular than ever. People are becoming more interested in the mysteries of conjuring and there is a big demand for our goods."

Business Before Pleasure.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

The old man was smoking his pipe on the that porch as the young man left the house.

"Things have changed since I was a lad," suggested the old man.

"How so?" demanded the young man.

"In my day when we went courting we did not burn one gas jet, let alone two."

"Possibly," suggested the young man pointedly, "if you had fallen heir to some Gas Trust stock about that time it might have made a difference."

Thereupon the old man went into the house and told his daughter that when it came to a question of getting a real good business man in the family she could have his consent at any time.

DENVER SOCIETY ENTERTAINED.

The Last Public Hanging Partook of the Nature of a Social Function.

From the Denver Times.

As a story teller veteran Detective Sam Howe cannot be beaten. To-day the conversation drifted to the repeal of the law making death the penalty for murder. Of course Sam had to tell about some of the hangings in the old days. The most interesting of the many was the last legal public hanging.

"Up to '86 all the hangings were public," began the detective. "In those days a hanging was a big event, people flocking to the scene that lived miles away. The crowd that witnessed the last legal public one, that of the negro, Andy Green, who was hanged July 27, 1886, must have numbered almost 20,000. I remember the day well. I was a detective at the time, and was detailed to assist in keeping order. Before I continue I think it best to give a short outline of Green's crime. He and another negro named John Withers held up and killed Joseph C. Whitnah, a street car driver. Withers confessed the whole crime, turned State's evidence and is now serving a life sentence in the pen.

"The scaffold was erected in the bed of Cherry Creek, midway between the Broadway and Colfax avenue bridges. The day was a beautiful one, but intensely hot. Think as you might, the heat had no deterring effect on the crowd. Men, women and children living for miles around and many of them refined, came to the execution. It in a way partook of the nature of a society event. The hanging was divested of solemnity by the enormous crowd, who seemed to find pleasure in the gruesome spectacle about to be enacted. The death scene was relieved of some of its ghastliness by the roughly-constructed scaffold, which had no steps.

"The colored murderer was standing on boards raised a few inches from the ground The whole scaffold was such a simple contrivance that it did not resemble an engine of death at all. Compared to the modern scaffold, it was a mighty crude affair. The 'drop' consisted of merely a rope and a weight to pull up the murderer.

"It was about 1 o'clock when the procession left the county jail. Andy Green, the murderer, was attended by Sheriff Cramer, the Rev. William Grey of Zion Baptist Church, the prisoner's chaplain, and Edgar Capyless, his attorney. Before the execution there was talk of a band of music, but at the last moment it was omitted. At the very head of the procession was Col. Chivington and a posse of police. Then followed some deputy sheriffs and then came the prisoner and those having him in charge and lastly a number of hacks and other vehicles with visitors.

"The candidate for the gallows was attired in a nobby suit of black diagonal. He wore a white shirt and black slippers. His appearance was particularly striking, as Green, when arrested, looked very much like a hobo. The prisoner seemed to realize the gravity of the situation fully. The crowd, on the contrary, took the situation lightly and was very boisterous. The first thing on the programme was the reading of the death warrant, which was done by Sheriff Cramer in a voice that not once faltered. When the reading was finished a choir sang the hymn, 'Why Not To-night?' Green joined in the singing. Then followed a number of good-bys between the prisoner and some friends. The last act of Green's life was his dying speech, which was a résumé of the crime.

"After he had thanked all his friends for kindness shown him and forgiven his enemies the rope was fastened around Green's neck. While the choir was singing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' the stone was dropped and the death struggle began. For fully fifteen minutes the crowd eagerly watched every twitch of the body. At the expiration of that time the body was cut down, and the crowd dispersed, satisfied that it had been rewarded for its trouble in coming such a distance."

IT'S TOMATO CHOWDER NOW.

Disappearance of a Good Old Dish in Which Clams Once Figured.

That good old American dish which used to deserve its name of clam chowder seems to have degenerated these days into a thick, sour-tasting tomato soup. There is scarcely a place in town where one can get clam chowder now as it was made when the dish earned the great measure of popularity upon which its disreputable successor is still trading.

Instead of clams tomatoes have become the chief ingredient, and the result is an indigestible mess that recalls only in name the savory chowder of better days, and nine times out of ten the deluded diner who partakes of it will be afflicted with heartburn for hours afterward.

At the seashore where clams are abundant one would naturally expect to get a chowder made after the old ortnodox fashion, but in the neighborhood of New York at least there remains only disappointment for any one who banks on this hope. Even there the enterprising and inexpensive tomato has won the fight, and it is that product and not the clam that dominates the chowder.

Another instance of the aggressiveness of the tomato is to be found in most restaurants that serve spaghetti. This, too, instead of being an appetising mixture of macaroni and meat gravy, topped with Parmesan, has come to be nothing more than an inspired sauce of tomato poured over the spaghetti. So that it is little wonder that these two dishes—clam chowder and spaghetti—which formerly were so highly esteemed by those who knew good eating, have fallen in favor here, and it seems probable that the time is at hand when they will be found on the lists of only the poorest grade of eating places.

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STMR. "RAMSDELL" LEAVES FRANKLIN ST. PIER week days at 6:30 A. M., W. 129TH ST. 10 A. M. for WEST POINT, COLD SPRING, CORNWALL and NEWBURGH. Connects at CORNWALL with trains for all points on N. Y. O. & W. Ry. Sundays leave half hour earlier and extends trip to POUGHKEEPSIE and RONDOUT.

STMR. "BALDWIN" or "ROMER" LEAVES FRANKLIN ST. week days except Saturdays 4 P. M. Saturdays 1 P. M. for NEWBURGH, POUGHKEEPSIE, RONDOUT and intermediate landings.

STMR. "NEWBURGH" LEAVES FRANKLIN ST. week days except Saturdays at 4 P. M. for CRANSTONS, WEST POINT, COLD SPRING, CORNWALL, NEWBURGH and POUGHKEEPSIE. Saturdays 3 P. M. and from W. 129TH ST., 3:30 P. M.

PEOPLE'S LINE

Albany, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Saratoga, Lake George and Adirondacks.

DIRECT PAN-AMERICAN ROUTE.

Steamers Adirondack or Dean Richmond leave Pier 32, N. R., foot Canal street, at 6 P. M., week days only, connecting with express trains for above points. Saturday night steamer connects with Sunday morning trains for Buffalo, Saratoga, North Creek, Caldwell, and steamer on Lake George.

BLOCK ISLAND, ORIENT, GREENPORT, SHELTER ISLAND, SOUTHOLD AND SAG HARBOR
Via Montauk Steamboat Co.'s Line.

Steamers leave N. Y., Pier 13, E. R., near foot Wall St., week days except Saturdays, at 5:30 P. M. On Saturdays 1:00 P. M. The steamer leaving on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays will not stop at Southold.

TROY BOATS.

REBUILT, REFURNISHED & REDECORATED. Steamers SARATOGA or CITY OF TROY leave West 10th st. daily, 6 P. M., except Saturday. Sunday steamers touch at Albany. Direct railroad connection at Troy for all resorts north and east.
Dining Rooms on Main Deck. Searchlight Display.
Excursions—Troy, $2.50; Saratoga, $6.50.
Send for booklet excursion tours.

CATSKILL EVENING LINE.

Steamers ONTEORA and KAATERSKILL leave foot of Christopher st. every week day at 6 P. M.
Saturdays, ONTEORA at 1:30 P. M. and KAATERSKILL at 6 P. M.
Special trains for Cairo, Palenville, Otis Summit, Haines Corners and Tannersville connect.
FARE—New York to Tannersville, $2.00.
Descriptive folders mailed free.

HUDSON RIVER STEAMER MARY POWELL leaves Dechrosses St, 3:15 P. M. (Saturdays, 1:45 P. M.), West 22d St. 3:30 P. M. (Saturdays 2 P. M.) for CRANSTONS, WEST POINT, CORNWALL, NEWBURGH, NEW HAMBURGH, MILTON, POUGHKEEPSIE, HYDE PARK, RONDOUT, and KINGSTON. Orchestra

HARTFORD LINE

from Pier 24, East River, daily except Sunday at 5 P. M., for Connecticut River Landings, connecting for Springfield, Holyoke, Northfield and all New England points. Send for illustrated folder.

Steamboats.

BOSTON AND POINTS IN NEW ENGLAND

FALL RIVER LINE.—For Newport, Fall River, Boston and all Eastern and Northern points. Steamers PRISCILLA and PURITAN. Orchestra on each. Leave Pier 19, N. R., foot of Warren st., week days and Sundays at 8:30 P. M.

PROVIDENCE LINE.—For Providence, Rockport, North and East. Steamers PLYMOUTH and CONNECTICUT. Orchestra on each. Leave Pier 19, N. R., foot of Murray st., weekdays only, at 8:00 P. M.

STONINGTON LINE.—For Stonington, Watch Hill, Narragansett Pier, Block Island, Boston and East. Steamers MAINE and NEW HAMPSHIRE. Leave Pier 36, N. R., foot of Spring st., weekdays only, at 6:20 P. M. Saturday night westward trips will be omitted from July 6 to Sept. 7 inclusive. Sunday night westward trips will be made during same period.

NORWICH LINE.—For New London, Fishers Island, Watch Hill, Block Island, Norwich, Worcester, East and North. Steamers CITY OF LOWELL and CITY OF WORCESTER. Leave Pier 36, N. R., foot of Spring st., weekdays only, at 5:30 P. M. On Sundays, from July 7 to Sept. 1, inclusive, steamer will leave New London at 10:30 P. M., for New York.

NEW HAVEN LINE.—For New Haven, New Britain, Meriden, Hartford, Springfield and the North. From Pier 25, N. R. Double service weekdays; steamer CHESTER W. CHAPIN leaves New York 3:00 P. M. For Toledo, except Saturday. Dining Car. ST. RICHARD PECK, 12:00 midnight, Sundays, foot of Spring st., steamer CHESTER W. CHAPIN leaves New York at 4:30 A. M. Returning, leaves New Haven 3:15 P. M. A delightful Sunday trip; all day on Long Island Sound.

Hudson River by Day Light.

Pan-American Route with N. Y. C. or West Shore R.R. Palatial Day Steamers "New York" and "Albany." Fastest and finest river boats in the World. DAILY except Sunday.
For the Catskills, Albany, Saratoga, Buffalo and all points East, North and West.
Leave Brooklyn, Fulton St. (by Annex) . . . . 8:00 A. M.
" Desbrosses St. Pier . . . . 8:40 "
" West 22d St. . . . . 9:00 "
Landing at Yonkers, West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Kingston Point, Catskill, Hudson and Albany. Through tickets to Buffalo and all points on sale at leading ticket offices, including those of the New York Transfer Co., who check baggage from residences to destination.
CONCERTS MORNING AND AFTERNOON.

HUDSON AND COXSACKIE BOATS

Leave foot of Christopher St. every week-day at 6 P. M., connecting with Boston & Albany and Albany & Hudson Railroads. Also, Saturdays, steamer ONTEORA at 1:30 P. M. for Catskill with Annex for Hudson.

Travellers' Guide.

Raymond & Whitcomb's
TOURS AND TICKETS EVERYWHERE

Railroad and Steamship Tickets Information about resorts and their hotels, the best routes for reaching them, the cost of railway and steamship tickets to all parts of the world, and other needful information will be furnished on application. Parlor, sleeping-car and stateroom accommodations reserved; baggage checked from residence to destination. Private cars furnished on short notice.

JAPAN This quaint and interesting country will be seen during the time of the chrysanthemum and autumnal foliage and the festivities connected with the Mikado's birthday, and many secluded nooks and corners will be visited. Hawaii and China can also be included.

AROUND THE WORLD A comprehensive tour under the supervision of experienced and competent guides and representatives, including Hawaii, Japan, China, Saigon in Cochin-China, Singapore, Ceylon, India, Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, etc.

YELLOWSTONE PARK Frequent trips to the wonderland, which, with its spouting geysers, immense paint pots, strange-colored and wonderful formations, and magnificent scenery, stands absolutely alone in the whole world. Salt Lake City and the Rocky Mountain resorts may also be visited.

EUROPE Variable routes, the North Cape, the Continent, Great Britain. The tickets provide for superior accommodations. Stop-over privileges.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION Four tours weekly, providing for every travelling and hotel expense, with which can be included the Canadian, New England, and other resorts, if desired.

Tours to Hawaii, California, Mexico, etc. Foreign money, letters of credit, travellers' cheques.
Circulars on application to

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.,
NEW YORK—25 Union Square. PHILADELPHIA—1006 Chestnut Street. BOSTON—296 Washington Street. CHICAGO—109 Adams Street.

SUMMER TOURS.

The following are some of many Tours, suitable for Holiday travel during the hot weather, the fares including hotels and All Travelling Expenses.

NEWFOUNDLAND. Two Tours to this wonderful Northern land, via Halifax and the Bras d'Or Lakes—a fresh field for tourist travel. July 26, 21 days, $170; August 16, 18 days, $155.

BERMUDA. Pleasant Ocean Trips, including four days at Bermuda—9 days in all, $42.50. July 27, August 10, 24, September 7.

ST. LAWRENCE TOUR, visiting the PAN-AMERICAN, Niagara, Toronto, through the Rapids to Montreal, Quebec, Ausable Chasm, Lakes George and Champlain, etc., 15 days, $130. July 31, August 14, 28.

MARITIME PROVINCES. Tour, visiting Yarmouth, Halifax, the Gulf and Lower St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal, Lakes, etc., 13 days, $95. August 1.

PAN-AMERICAN TOURS from $19 up. Independent Tickets everywhere. Programmes free from

THOS. COOK & SON,
261 and 1,185 Broadway, New York.

Railroads.

NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, 42d St., New York, as follows:

Leave New York.	Arrive New York.
*3:15 A. M. . . . Mail and Paper Train . . .	*7:00 A. M.
†7.50 A. M. . . . Adirondack & Montreal Spl.	†10:20 P. M.
*8:00 A. M. . . . Syracuse Local	*6:25 P. M.
*8:30 A. M. . . . Empire State Express . . .	*10:00 P. M.
*9:45 A. M. . . . Fast Mail	*10