

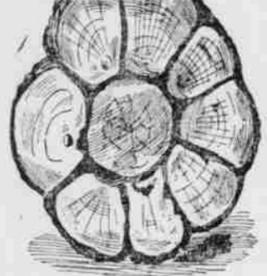
AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

ABOUT BRIDGE-GRAFTING.

How a Virtually Dead Apple Tree Was Restored to Life.

It was in the spring of 1874 that I found a Northern Spy tree in my orchard here in Chautauqua county, N. Y., ruined by extreme cold on immature wood. The bark near the ground was split and bulged out from the wood. It was the only tree of that variety in my orchard, and although six inches in diameter, it had never borne much fruit, so slow is this kind to get to bearing.

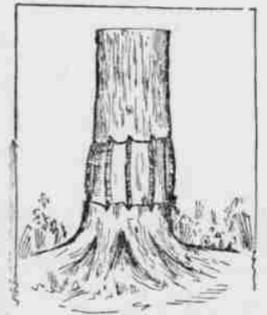
Feeling a little indignant from hope deferred, with my knife I cut off the loose bark, making a girdle about six



CROSS SECTION OF BRIDGE-GRAFTED TREES.

inches wide around the tree. It put out a sickly yellow foliage and lived through the summer. The next spring, noting that nature was making a desperate effort to save its life, and moved by a feeling akin to pity, I concluded to lend a hand to help her and try an experiment in tree surgery. Accordingly in April I selected some thrifty scions from another tree and stuck them in the ground in a shady place to keep them alive, but dormant, till the bark would peel. About June 1 I bridged over the barkless portion of the trunk with nine scions. In doing this the dead bark was cut away and an incision made above and another below the girdle, about an inch long, in the live bark, which was carefully loosened with the knife.

The scions were bow-shaped, and cut slanting, so that their cut surfaces were in line to fit the tree. I pushed the butt end of this scion into the lower cut in the bark and then bent it till the point slipped into the corresponding



METHOD OF BRIDGE-GRAFTING.

cut—see Fig. 2. Grafting wax may be used, but I much prefer soil held in place about the girdled portion by sods or a box.

Eight of the scions lived, and the tree, which was as good as dead for one year, was restored to vigorous life. It has borne bountifully for years, and no one would suspect from appearance that anything had ever been wrong with it. Last fall when heavily loaded with apples, a hard wind broke off the top. I was curious to see a section of my experiment now grown solid with 17 annual rings. I sawed out a section, a photograph of which is shown at Fig. 1. It has been said at some of our farmers' institutes that trees girdled by mice are not worth saving by "bridging," as they are sure to become diseased, hollow and unproductive. Here is an object-lesson for teachers of such theories—17 years and no hollow; only two years lost under treatment; 15 years of production with a promise of many more but for the casualty. Let those who say bridging does not pay figure out the difference if I had replaced that tree with one from the nursery, and be convinced. I have in my orchard several trees that have been saved in this manner, but no other was left over a year before treatment. I neglected this because I thought it a hopeless case on account of its great size.—Leroy Whitford, in Rural New Yorker.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

EVERY horse owner should have a box stall or two in the barn. Box stalls are often convenient and useful.

Some of our exchanges are calling for more pasture and hay, and more stock. With the cattle market glutted, we cannot see the wisdom of the advice.

There is one way to compete in a glutted cattle market—and we may have one for a long time—and that is to breed and feed the very best cattle.

We are asked if there is any difference in jacks, so far as breeding qualities are concerned. Just as much difference as there is between bulls and stallions.

The ordinary man cannot judge a horse when he first sees him. Before you purchase a horse lead him down hill, drive him, and watch carefully every movement.

Does it pay to buy feed for stock? asks a subscriber. It depends, of course, upon circumstances. If we purchase feed we can keep more stock, and that means an improvement of the land. Still feed may be so high and stock so low that it will not pay.

Can blindness in the horse be transmitted? we are asked. We have no doubt of it. There is, or was, a large district in Pennsylvania in which nearly all the horses were blind, and it was believed to be the result of breeding from blind stock. The laws of heredity operate very curiously.—Farmers' Voice.

IN GOOD CONDITION.

The Importance of Keeping Machinery in Proper Trim.

During the busy season, at least, it is important to keep all the machinery in good working order. A loose bolt or a missing screw will often cause a loss of many times the cost of a new one. It is not always this damage to the machinery that is all or even the greatest part of the loss, as in harvest or haying the damage to the machinery by a break is small compared with the loss of time and after the damage to the crop. Before starting in to harvest, care should be taken to overhaul machinery that has been used before and see that it is in good repair and ready for work. All bolts should be tightened and if any have been lost new ones should be put in their place. The working parts should be thoroughly cleaned up and well oiled, so that they will work smoothly. It is always good economy to use good oil and plenty of it, at the same time taking care not to use an excess, as too much in many cases is nearly as bad as not enough.

So far as possible avoid leaving machinery standing out in the hot sun when not in use. One of the best paying investments on the farm is a good shed, under which machinery that is used more or less through the season can be kept when not needed in the field.

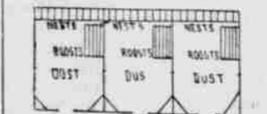
The failure to give proper care to the machinery needed to carry on the work costs the farmer a good deal of money that could readily be saved. A few days' exposure to a hot sun is nearly or quite as injurious as one or two hard storms, and in many cases it would save time to bring it to the house and store under shelter rather than let it stand out, as more or less time is required to adjust it properly. In a majority of cases, machinery will prove cheaper than hand labor and can readily be made to pay a good profit on its cost, provided, of course, it is cared for, so that it can be made to do what should reasonably be expected of it. In harvesting and haying, especially, machinery is necessary when it is important to push the work as much as possible, taking all reasonable advantages to save time. It is very often the case that machinery is damaged more by want of proper care than by using it. Costs less to buy machinery in good working condition as long as it is worth repairing than to use as long as possible without any work and then be at the expense of giving a thorough overhauling, saying nothing of the increased risk of a breakdown at a time that a considerable loss would be occasioned. It rarely pays to manage machinery on the make-shift plan; it should either be kept in good working condition or be discarded for something that is worth keeping in good repair.—St. Louis Republic.

HANDY POULTRY HOUSE.

Its Designer Has Used It with Success for Some Time.

The accompanying sketch shows a laying house which I have been using with success for some time. It can be made of any size and for any cost you may feel able to afford. The one illustrated shows accommodations for sixty hens, or about what any farmer's wife will care for for the house and what

extra dozens she may have to sell or trade. It is convenient, simple of construction. Each pen is 36x16 feet, ample for a flock of twenty laying hens or pullets, and affording them more comfort than a smaller space would provide. The nest boxes are placed along the floor and roosting perches provided with each compartment. Each pen is connected with the other by means of a door opening from one pen to another. The floor is of wood, this being preferable in a laying-house to earth. If anything is wanted upon the



floor, clean, sharp gravel is the best article to use, as it can be easily renewed and it provides grit for them to use in grinding their food. The building should be about twelve or fifteen feet high, with ventilating windows in the upper cupola, the windows being opened in hot weather, giving pure air and perfect ventilation to the building.—J. W. Caughy, in Farm and Home.

Management of Hen Manure.

The most valuable property of hen manure is ammonia. If allowed to liberate it loses its value as a fertilizer. For the better preservation of the droppings a loose earthen floor of dry road dust is best, for it catches all of the droppings of the fowls when not on the perches, and the frequent dusting covers them and prevents the liberation of the ammonia. Common ground plaster is excellent to mix with manure. It can be sprinkled freely on the droppings during night and put away in barrels in a dry, cool place till needed. The dropping board should be movable, taken out every morning and scraped into the barrel and then shake a heavy layer of plaster over the manure each time; about ten parts of plaster (gypsum) to one of manure. A fine tooth rake made for this use will gather the loose droppings, which can be treated in the same way.—Stockman.

The Cellar's Ventilation.

Ventilation of the cellar is a problem. In the summer the windows may be kept open, but in building a barn or house with a cellar underneath, ventilation in winter must be considered. Of all methods that have been tried that of a chimney with an open fireplace has been found the best, as a fire not only permits of ridding the cellar of a portion of the moisture, but creates a draught which carries all foul air upward.

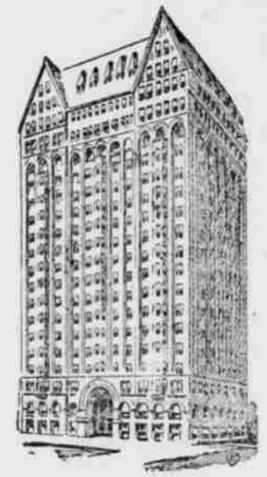
WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

Interesting Observations of a Man About Town.

Restaurant Waiters and Their Peculiar Methods—Chicagoans Too Busy to Eat Properly—Queer Effects of the Floods.

Did anyone ever study out why it is that a waiter in a restaurant will always do things in the very way that takes the most time? Probably no one ever did except the waiters themselves, and they don't know why, but they do know how. You go into a restaurant in a city like Chicago and tell the waiter you have not much time and would like to be served as speedily as possible.

"All right, sir," he says. Then what does he do? Does he take your order at once and give it to the cook to prepare while he brings you the plates, knife and fork, etc.? Not at all. He will go leisurely, fill a glass of water for you, bring your napkin, and the "set-up," that is, the plate and other paraphernalia; then, last of all, he will hand you the bill of fare and fall into a listless attitude of waiting. Perhaps that is why he is called a waiter, because he makes you wait, and sometimes waits for you but seldom on you. How much could be saved to the guest if the waiter would take the order first and



THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

transmit it to the kitchen and then perform the other necessary duties while no time is lost! One would think that experience would lead men to economize time, but probably the waiter finds true what many have found before, namely, that the more work a man does the more is expected of him. And perhaps he is not to blame, for he gets very poor wages. Six dollars, eight dollars and ten dollars is good pay for him, including board such as it is.

Every occupation develops peculiar afflictions, and so the waiter's trade, I am told, has a most remarkable one. They say that if a man has walked the hard marble floors of our great eating houses for ten years or so, his foot gives way, the arch of it falls down, and the man steps on the floor with his whole sole. Of course, all elasticity is gone and he just drags along instead of walking as other men do. Some waiters who have been at the trade for twenty years or so present a truly pitiful spectacle on that account.

The waiters in Chicago have had their usual spring strike, paraded the streets, had a good time, secured some concessions after annoying the restaurants and the public a good deal, and in a few weeks or at most a month or two will be working again at the same rate and the same hours, ten or twelve hours a day and half a day Sundays. But they have served some good purpose. They have given certain labor leaders the opportunity to show the politicians what a pull they have, that they can tie up an entire industry and cause hundreds of men to lose their jobs. On such a demonstration these self-made leaders can live a year at least.

Speaking of restaurants reminds me of that letter in the New York Sun a short time ago "roasting" Chicago. Among other things the restaurants were run down. It would be difficult to reply to a good-natured criticism of our restaurants, there can be little doubt about that. Chicago knows how to do business and to make money. It has yet to learn how to spend money. Not that Chicago people are stingy. By no means. But they have not yet learned how to live. To live well does not mean to spend much money, nor does the spending of much money necessarily secure good living. Chicagoans remind me of a boy just verging on manhood, who goes out in the company of men and gets the notion that if he treats as often as they do and spends as much money he is having a great time. I was out the other day with a friend or two and we sauntered into a little place where one could get a good glass of wine. We drank port wine. My friends tossed off their glasses at one draught. I sat for awhile and sipped my wine, wholly unconscious of doing anything unusual, till, when I sat down the empty glass, one of the party pulled his watch on me and said:

"It took you just seven minutes to drink that glass of wine."

I paid no more for my wine than they did for theirs, but I venture to say I got ten times as much satisfaction out of it.

In that sense I think it is true that Chicago people, in fact, all our western people, have yet to learn how to live, and in that sense our restaurants are at fault. The food is good, the service satisfactory, they are well ventilated and conveniently located. But they are all business. If one goes there to feed he will be satisfied. If one goes to enjoy a meal he will have some difficulty in making the waiter understand it, and he will not be in a very comfortable, retired place. This

is intended more for a hint than a criticism. A few good restaurants that are comfortable, quiet, retired, yet respectable, would pay well during the world's fair and forever after, for it requires but to show this thing to make it popular. Chicagoans are quick to learn and apt to recognize their own comfort.

A new restaurant has been started on the top floor of the Masonic Temple. It is airy enough and high above the busy din of the city, about 250 feet above it, in fact. One should be able to get rest there and be able to enjoy a meal and good company. Beautifully illuminated with electric lights of all colors, it forms a continuous and attractive sight of an evening. In the summer time next year, I am told, there is to be a roof garden attached to this restaurant. It ought to be a cool place of a summer evening and will be a novelty of surpassing attraction.

People in Chicago and other places afflicted by the recent rains have been advised to boil their drinking water. But, as a friend said to me the other day, many people prefer to let the water boil for the boiling for them, and, considering the low price of beer, owing to the beer war, this plan may find some favor. There is some complaint about an alleged inferior quality of the beer since the war commenced. But one thing is certain, all beers are boiled a considerable time, so the water is sterilized, whatever else there may be in it. This is not a beer puff. Those who have artesian well water will probably continue to prefer it to most other beverages.

The rainy season has some queer consequences. There is a story told of a man who came here at the time of the recent democratic convention and in the wee hours of the morning was trying to find his hotel. He "navigated" up to a man who was going in the opposite direction in a condition similar to that of this man, and asked him:

"Shay, stranger, is that up there the sun or the moon?"

The other one leaned up against a lamp post and took a long look at the luminous object. Finally he said:

"Dunno, m' friend, I'm a stranger in these parts myself."

That is a story for which I cannot vouch. But the following is true: I have a friend who never drank a drop of liquor in his life, honor bright. But on the Fourth of July evening, one of the first days we had without rain, we took a walk, and through the clouds appeared a little bright object.

"See the balloon there!" exclaimed my friend, pointing to it.

I could not see a balloon.

"One of those little toy balloons," he explained, "with fire under them to heat the air and make them rise."

I looked closely, following the direction in which he pointed.

"That's a star," I said. "You have forgotten what they look like."

After a little he admitted that it was a star.

One of the queer outgrowths of the world's fair is the attempt recently begun by the mayor to dislodge about a dozen big and small excursion steamers that have for years made their landing place at the foot of Van Buren street on Lake Michigan. The Lake Front park was turned over by the city to the world's fair, and the officers of this organization want to begin building wharves and to carry out their contract with the syndicate which received the privileges for the exclusive right to transport passengers by water to Jackson park. So they want the lake front and the mayor ordered the vessels to move. But they would not move and they are showing fight. Some of the oldest vesselmen in Chicago, like the veteran Capt. John Prindiville, say they can't make them move, because they are on government waters. A small riot occurred a few days ago when the police attempted to enforce the mayor's order. The legal fight is expected with great interest.

H. E. O. HEINEMANN.

Centenarians in Warm Climes.

It is commonly supposed that people live to a greater age in cold than in warm climates, but that, like many other generally received opinions, is an error," said a Philadelphian, who has visited many lands. "Population considered, semi-tropical Japan heads the list for centenarians. The southern states can show as many people, in proportion to population, who have passed the three-score-and-ten milestone as can those of New England. The oldest man I ever saw had lived all his life in southern Arizona. He was what is popularly known as a greaser—one-third Spaniard, one-third Indian and the remainder coyote. He claimed to be one hundred and forty years old and could prove up one hundred and thirty-two years by the missionary records. He was totally blind, bent up like a jackknife and the color of leather. He was a pretty good fac-simile of the mummy of Rameses III. As I looked at him I thought of those unfortunate people described by Dean Swift as unable to die, and wondered if the flying island had not landed Gulliver in Arizona."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Mrs. Stings—"Last night you came home with a story of sitting up with a sick friend. Now what excuse have you this time?" Mr. Stings—"To-night, my love, we (he) all gathered (his) round his beer."—Inter Ocean.

"This is the most unkindest cut of all," Marc Antony remarked when he saw a portrait of himself in a Roman newspaper.—Boston Transcript.

He—"Is it true that you are engaged to Mr. Bartow?" She—"I don't know; the society papers haven't announced it yet."—N. Y. Herald.

VARIETY is the spice of life. If a man has nothing for supper to-night, he doesn't want it for breakfast to-morrow morning.—Birmingham Leader.

"WHAT is the lightest summer fiction you know of?" "The summer girl's I love you!"—Chicago News.

"It's easy to catch on," as the fly remarked when he lit on the fly paper.—Philadelphia Record.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

The Road from Washington to Cabin Johns Bridge.

Favorite Thoroughfare with All Classes of Society—Diplomats and Statesmen in Handsome Turnouts—History of a Famous Bridge.

(Special Washington Letter.)

The vicinity of Washington abounds in beautiful scenery and pleasant drives, but the favorite thoroughfare with all classes of Washington society is the road to Cabin Johns bridge. Every bright Sunday the owners of fast horses, and of those not so fast, hie them to the boundary of Georgetown, that quiet little annex to Washington, and take the conduit road to the bridge. It has been so ever since the bridge was built in 18— and it will probably remain so forever.

Let us follow this red-wheeled road wagon, in which the "sporty" looking gentleman is explaining to his friend, evidently a stranger, the different places of interest along the way. We will be sure to see all there is to be seen, as he and his gray mare are a feature of the road every pleasant Sunday.

After leaving Georgetown we follow along the banks of the Potomac for about a mile and then make a turn at right angles to the river only to take a parallel road a little higher up. Before we turn, however, let us take a look back at the city. How pretty it looks with the Aqueduct bridge spanning the river at the end of Georgetown and the Washington monument and capitol in the distance. Right opposite us, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, are two houses picturesquely situated among a grove of trees and with the American flag flying from their tops. We had better, however, admire them from the safe distance of the Maryland shore; as, despite their innocent appearance, they are said to be the home of the great American tiger.

Now let us continue our drive. For a short time we lose sight of the river, although traveling in the same direction. As we get upon higher ground we come in sight of the first reservoir. This is a beautiful sheet of clear water from which the city is supplied with alleged aqua pura. It is hard to explain the transition from the clear water of the reservoirs to the muddy fluid which issues from the faucets in our town houses at this season of the year. Pretty country villas dot the landscape in the neighborhood of the reservoirs, of which there are five. An electric road is in operation by a roundabout route from Georgetown to Glen Echo, in consequence of which a "boom" is on and the real estate dealers are flourishing.

Leaving the first reservoir we pass over a comparatively level stretch of ground until the road takes a sudden dip and we pass over a bridge spanning another reservoir. Up the hill on the other side we come upon the road again, which is here as smooth as the track at a racecourse, and along which it is a pleasure to drive. The horses seem to find a similar enjoyment in carrying their masters along at an increased rate of speed, and here it is that the fun comes in and the numerous "brushes" take place. Let us stop for a few minutes on one side of the road and watch the steady stream of Washington society drive past. In the van comes a blonde young man in a very high dog cart. He is from New York and came here with the spring races and, making "a big stake," became so charmed with Washington life that he has remained ever since. He will not be able to hold his lead long with that heavy-wheeled cart. Immediately behind him, and in marked contrast, comes the brougham of Senator Stockbridge, who takes a drive in the country every pleasant afternoon. Here is a bookboard with four young people out for a Sunday's frolic. That fine-looking old gentleman with the gray side whiskers is the British minister, Sir Julian Pauncefote, and that smooth-faced man in the red-wheeled Brewster brougham right behind is the vice president, Mr. Morton. That

blonde-mustached man driving the team of bays is Campbell Carrington, a prominent criminal lawyer of this city, who, it is said, has a different pair of horses for every day in the week. That fine-looking old man with his handsome wife is Senator Stanford, of California. They drive their pair of well-known black coach horses, Major and George, and their landau is an object of much attention and admiration from the occupants of the other vehicles. That gentleman-looking gentleman with the brown beard is Senator Proctor, of Vermont, and few teams in the city can pass that pair of silver sorrels which he is driving before the red-wheeled landau. Here comes what looks to be a pretty close race. Hon. Archie Bliss, of New York, with his spanking team of bays hitched to a side-bar trap, is slightly in advance of his friend, Senator Manderson, who is driving a little trotting mare with a record of 2:38 to a light Kennington road wagon. The Brazilian minister, Senor Mendonca, is out on horseback accompanied by his outriders, who wear a livery of dark green with flowers and cockades of vel-



CABIN JOHNS BRIDGE.

low, the colors of the Brazilian legation. That gentleman in the "C" spring brougham, who is just getting out of the way of that pair of young fellows who are racing to the bridge, is Secretary of the Navy Tracy, who prefers his pair of coal blacks to the faster equines of his friends. F. M. Draney is the veteran of the road and has driven fast horses for the past twenty years. For a long time he drove his trotting stallion, Rutherford B. Hayes, who could go close to 2:30, and now he has some of Hayes' get. That handsome gentleman driving the pair of well-matched bay mares is Col. Ainsworth, of the war department, and beside him is his friend Frank Conger, who is enjoying himself immensely behind his bay mare Never Tire.

Now let us fall in line at the rear of the procession, satisfied that there will be many other teams to follow us. Yes, there is the rumble of the heavy wheels of a victrola and we can see its single occupant as the carriage passes by. Do not stare! It is Madeline, the queen of the demi-monde. Is she not beautiful as she reclines gracefully upon the cushions of her trap, looking neither to the right nor to the left and recognizing no one? She will soon be out of sight, and out of sight out of mind, so let us turn our attention to the natural beauties of the drive. We are now nearing the ruins of the famous Glen Echo, that beautiful sylvan retreat o'er which poets raved but two summers ago. Nothing remains of the glory and splendor of this charming spot but the arched gateway of undressed pine boughs. There is nothing left to remind us of the beautiful parquet hall, which seemed a glimpse of fairyland with the fountain and flowers in the center and the band playing Wagnerian melodies and harmonies from the balcony. No longer does the Washington young man bring his best summer girl to stroll around the rustic bowers of this modern Arcadia on the banks of the Potomac. In one night the fire fiend destroyed the work of months. Nothing was spared. There is some talk of building a new Glen Echo, but the man who undertakes it will have to be very painstaking indeed to come up to the expectations of the thousands who have visited Glen Echo in the past and who will be satisfied with nothing short of their former amusement Mecca.

Only a few rods from the site of this river palace is the National Woman's Chautauqua, an educational institution much affected by ladies of uncertain age and given a wide berth by the rising generation. The aforementioned electric road which runs from Georgetown to the Chautauqua affords unlimited opportunities to the truly good to worship at the shrine of knowledge.

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HANGING ON TO THE REAR.

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Leaving this classic town let us fall in line again behind this smart young man in the natty spring suit, who enjoys the proud distinction of having in his backboard the prettiest girl on the road. The effect is somewhat spoiled, however, by the spectacle of two ragged country urchins hanging on to the rear of his trap. After leaving the Chautauqua the residences become scarcer and we can see the waters of the Potomac shining through the trees on the bank. At this point the river is quite shallow, being near the "Little falls," or, more properly speaking, the "Little rapids." At intervals along the way from Georgetown are road-houses with accommodations for man and beast where the thirsty travelers may be cared for.

Just up this hill and on to the level, we are in sight of the bridge. From where we now are it appears nothing more than the conduit road with stone railings on either side. As we drive on the bridge we are still unable to appreciate the magnitude of the arch. It requires a view from another point to realize the extent of this great stone structure. Looking from the parapet of the bridge to the chasm of Cabin Johns creek, 101 feet below, is very apt to make us dizzy, so we will cross to the opposite side, stable our horse and stop at the hotel for a few minutes. There is a crowd of thirsty visitors making for the bar to get a glass of the mint julep for which this hostelry is celebrated. "Very sorry, gentlemen, but we serve only soft drinks here; but if you will walk into the dining-room I have no doubt the waiter will be able to supply you with what you want, at a table." What a farce!

Out on the piazza we will take the flight of winding stairs leading down to the ravine of Cabin Johns creek, at the base of which we can examine the bridge at our leisure. It is erected of immense blocks of granite, and leaps the ravine at a single arch of 250 feet. It is a wonder in the history of bridge building, being the largest stone arch in the world. It was designed and erected under direction of Jefferson Davis when he was secretary of war, and his name was cut in the keystone of the arch at the time. During the war, however, some one with more ardor than discretion destroyed the inscription and it has never been replaced. The bridge cost the government \$257,000. There is an opening in one corner, a dark hole like the entrance to the infernal regions. The few visitors who explore this cavern look relieved when they emerge from its gloomy interior into the bright sunshine of the summer afternoon.

SMITH D. FRY.