MARVELOUS MOSCOW

Old-Time Capital Still the Center of Russia's Political and Commercial Life.

THE SUMPTUOUS CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOR

Hundreds of Millions of Dollars Expended on Exterior and Interior Adornment.

ORIENTAL EXTRAVAGANCE OF ORNAMENT

Religion the Life of the Russian Peasant, Influencing His Every Act.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MERRY MOSCOVIANS

An Evening at the People's Park and the Ermitage Gardens—The Inevitable Variety Theater—At the Races—Russians Inveterate Gamblers.

Moscow, Sept. 25.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Moscow is still the capital of Russia. The czar lives at St. Petersburg during a part of the year, but the center of Russian political and religious thought is Moscow, and it is now the center of commercial Russia as well. The greatest railroads of the empire come to it, the biggest of the Russian factories send their smoke into the blue sky above it and its business blocks are among the largest in the world. It has the finest churches of Russia, and the people consider it so holy that they make pilgrimages even from the borders of the Black sea and from the edges of Siberia to pray at its shrines.

The mightiest citadel in the world is the Kremlin, which stands in its center, and the treasures of its churches are unsurpassed by the cathedrals of Rome or the mosques of Constantinople. We hear but little of the Greek Catholic church, but it has one of the most lively religions in the world today, and the holy synod of Russia has a capital of $25,000,000 which it can use as it pleases, and its income is something like $6,000,000 a year.

I visited this morning the Church of Our Savior which was completed only a few years ago and which surpasses in beauty any church of modern times. It was built to commemorate the deliverance of Moscow from the French and has cost about $40,000,000, or three times as much all told as we have spent on the capitol at Washington. This church stands on the banks of the Moscow river just outside the Kremlin and its great gold dome may be seen blazing out under the sun from any part of Moscow. It covers almost two acres and it is built of a clear, white stone in the shape of a Greek cross. It has golden cupolas at its corners and a Russian dome in its center, and these cupolas and this dome are covered with copper and plated with polished gold. It took 900 pounds of gold to plate this dome and there is more than $1,000,000 worth of gold upon it. This dome is in the shape of an inverted Bermuda onion and if you can imagine an onion of gold the top of which is just 100 feet in diameter you may get some idea of this million-dollar golden onion which crowns this temple of the Savior. The cupolas cost $800,000 to gild and there are bells within this church which have cost nearly $1,000,000. The biggest one here cost $300,000 and it weighs just thirteen tons.

Treasures Laid Up in Churches.

I have visited the temples of India and the interior of this new Russian church reminds me of the wonderful architecture which you find at Delhi. It is finished like a jewel and it is a beautiful mosaic of marble, gold and wonderful frescoes. Its altar is as delicate in its combination of precious stones and marble carvings as a lady's breastpin and this altar, before it was enriched by its golden icons, silver ornaments and sacred pictures, cost nearly $500,000. The marble in the building cost almost $2,000,000 and the floor and walls are of wonderful marbles of malachite and of lapis lazuli. From the floor, running around the entire church, there is first a dado of jasper. Above this runs a panel of white alabaster and marbles of different colors succeed one another until they lose themselves in a great frieze of carvings and frescoes by the most noted of the Russian painters. Everywhere there is gold and gold carving. Golden pictures hang upon the walls. Twelve hundred golden candelabra hold as many candles under the cupolas, and all the vessels used by the priests are of solid gold. Upon the walls are golden texts from the scriptures shining out of the white marble and the church is lighted by thirty-six windows of stained glass, each of which is ninety feet high.

This church will accommodate 10,000 people and when I entered it this Sunday morning it was packed to bursting. Upon its steps were the usual number of dirty beggars, and I found that of the 10,000 worshipers 9,000 were peasants. The priests who conducted the service wore clothes of gold and silver cloth and the chief priest had on a tiara set with diamonds. The service was very impressive and nearly every one in the church participated in it. The priest droned out a sentence and these 10,000 heads bowed in unison. He uttered another and the thousands knelt upon the floor and pressed their heads against the marble. As the service went on 10,000 hands crossed 10,000 breasts at the same time and of the 10,000 faces I did not see one that was not sober and reverent. During it the music of a great choir of men and boys swelled up through the vaulted arches, and I could not but feel the impressiveness of the ceremony nor wonder why its gorgeousness so appeals to these people.

Religion is the life of the Russian peasant. It enters into his every act, and though it may be to a large extent a matter of form he devotes the greater part of his life to it, and it cannot but have an influence upon his character.

Catherine the Great's Palace.

Russia is more a land of the orient than of the occident. These people are as fond of gold and precious stones as are the rajahs of India or the priests of Siam. There are 400 churches in Moscow, and nearly every one of them has a golden dome. The holy buildings of the Kremlin are crowned with gold, and there is enough gold plating in Russia to carpet Broadway or to gild the public buildings of Washington. The czar has a palace just outside of St. Petersburg known as Tsarskoe-Selo, which was built by Catherine the Great. It is of vast extent and it was plated with gold. It took nearly a million dollars worth of bullion to do the work, and when owing to the dampness of the climate it began to peel off Catherine ordered it to be painted over. Some Russian speculators wanted to scrape off the old gold and melt it over again, and they offered Catherine $500,000 for the job. She sent them to prison for insulting her with the proposition, and covered the palace with yellow paint. This palace has rooms walled with amber. It has a parlor covered with lapis lazuli, and the walls and ceilings of one drawing room are of the finest tortoiseshell. There are 500 apartments in the palace, and the ball room covers nearly half an acre. Its floor is of wooden mosaic, and there are other rooms in which the finishing is in ivory, bamboo and in bronze. The palace must have cost millions, and it is only one of a dozen which belong to the czar.

I have written you of the wonderful cathedrals of St. Petersburg and of the riches stored away within them. St. Isaac's cathedral cost $16,000,000, and there is $500,000 worth of gold upon its dome. Single columns within it cost $80,000, and the cheapest candlesticks in the cathedral of Kazan are of solid silver. The richest churches, however, are those of Moscow, and I have wandered about through golden ornaments here during the past week until my eyes are tired of the yellow metal, and I long for a change.

Moscow and Its Surroundings.

I find Moscow one of the most interesting cities I have ever visited. It is built upon hill and hollow along the winding Moscow river and it is almost circular in shape. It is twenty-five miles around it, and the shortest street car line from one part of it to the other takes you a distance of nine miles.

In the very center of it is the great fortress known as the Kremlin, which has a vast wall 60 feet high running around it and in which are the old palace of the czar, a half dozen churches, the cathedral and the tall tower built by Ivan the Terrible. This tower is five stories high and its golden dome rests in the air 300 feet above the ground.

I climbed to the top this morning and took a look over the city. A vast ocean of green trees and green houses seemed to move up and down in billowy waves below me, and out of this sea rose the golden spires of hundreds of churches. There were thousands upon thousands of trees and the roofs of all the houses were painted green. I could see the vast dome of the Church of Our Savior near the river, and the Moscow dragged its sluggish course like a black snake in the form of the letter S through the city below.

Beyond the city I could see the smokestacks of the factories in the suburbs and just under me was the triangular walled space known as the Kremlin. This contains about 200 acres. It is paved with cobblestones, and its massive wall is entered by five gates. Each of these gates has a history, and one is known as the gate of the Redeemer, or the sacred gate. It has a famous picture of the Savior above it, and ever one, from the czar to the peasant, takes off his hat before passing through it. Every inch of land about this tower is historic and sacred.

In that church there all the czars of Russia have been crowned, and in the treasury to the left are the thrones of all the emperors of the past and the historic jewels and the choicest plate now owned by the Russian crown. There are $600,000,000 worth of gold and silver and precious stones in that treasury and there are basins of gold there which are as big as a baby's bath tub, and two card tables of solid silver which are worth a king's ransom. There are in this tower two bells of solid silver and the bells of this tower of Ivan the Great are among the most wonderful of the world.

Some Big Bells.

Russia is the land of bells. Every village church has its sacred bell and there are more than 2,000 bells in the city of Moscow. The biggest bell in the world lies at the foot of this tower, and, though it is against the laws, I took a photograph of it this morning while the guards were not looking. I posed a young Russian upon it while I snapped my camera and I had another photograph taken with myself standing beside it.

This bell was cast in the fourteenth century, but the tower in which it was hung was burned again and again, and when it fell about two hundred years ago it was broken into pieces. It was cast in a larger size and it is said that the ladies of Moscow in a frenzy of religious enthusiasm threw their jewels into the metal and this rendered it so imperfect that when it was rung a great piece broke out of its side. It fell to the ground during a fire which occurred about a hundred and fifty years ago, and it has never been restored. It now stands on a granite pedestal and it is as big as a good sized two-story house. It is fifty-five feet in circumference, is two feet thick and the piece which has been broken out of its side is taller than a man and you can walk into the hole where the piece was and you find yourself in a sort of a bronze tent. The piece lies on the ground beside the pedestal and though the bell itself is of dark green, this piece has been so polished by the people leaning against it that its edges are as bright as a brass breastpin. This bell weighs more than 200 tons, and it would take 400 good horses to pull it if it could be loaded on a wagon.

The biggest bell that strikes is in the tower of St. Ivan. It is only half as large in size as the bell at the foot of the tower, and it is, I judge, about twenty feet high and fifteen feet in diameter. You could hardly put it in the average cottage parlor, and it has a tongue which weighs hundreds upon hundreds of pounds. It takes about six men to make this tongue strike the bell, and I tried to push it from one side of the bell to the other, but I found that I was not strong enough to move it.

In the People's Park.

The city of Moscow has about 800,000 people. It is a growing city and it will be the biggest city in Russia in the future. St. Petersburg relies entirely upon its official classes to keep it alive, and if the capital should ever be changed it will go back to the marshy waste that it was before Peter the Great founded it.

The Muscovites are among the most enterprising people in Russia, and they have many institutions here worth notice. They have Sunday schools for the teaching of the working classes and there are night schools for the same purpose.

The Moscow university is one of the largest in Russia, and it has from time to time been the hotbed of nihilism. It was founded by Peter the Great, and it has 2,700 students, which is more, I think, than any college in the United States.

Many of the merchants of Russia are very wealthy and some of them have very curious tastes. One of the merchant princes here has a palace which is painted dead black, and it is the most funeral looking house I have ever seen. It lies within a stone's throw of the Kremlin, in the heart of the city.

I went out one night to the People's park to see how the Russians amused themselves in the evening. I found, perhaps, 10,000 people moving about under the trees in couples or in groups, and a quieter crowd I have never seen. There were all sorts of amusements going on, from the "American Hill," as the roller coaster is called here, to the dance under the trees and the shooting gallery, but there was no noise and no loud talking. Young girls, as well dressed as our girls of America, moved about without their hats on, in light summer costumes, chatting together, and there were family parties and parties of friends enjoying the evening. There were thousands of children, and a curious feature of the life was the tea parties which were given in little bowers of green. These bowers were cut out of a bushy thicket and in each bower there were a table and seats. Each party paid a few coppers for the use of this—a teapot and a samovar of hot water. Many families brought their tea with them and made it themselves, and, by buying a roll or a piece of cake of the numerous venders of these articles about the grounds, they could have a supper in the open air for a very small price.

Amusements of the Moscovians.

Leaving the People's park I drove to the Ermitage gardens. This is one of the institutions which you find connected with every large city of Russia. It is a sort of open air concert and garden combined. You pay a certain amount for the privilege of the garden and the concert is free. There is a restaurant connected with the garden and between the acts you may get your dinner, a cup of tea or coffee or a bottle of wine.

A curious thing about the concert is that it is a sort of a mixed variety show, and the young ladies who take part in the performances are by no means of the highest character and they are known not to be so. They dress very modestly in black, and the night that I was at the Ermitage gardens there were at least fifty of these girls ranging in age from 16 to 25, and of all the various shades of Russian beauty. They were all dressed alike and they sang from time to time on this open air stage to a crowd of about 500 men and women. Between the acts they moved about among the people, talking to every one and ready to take a glass of wine or a cup of coffee from any comer without an introduction. There was nothing immodest about their actions, and they were apparently well treated by all classes. I found a similar garden at Nijni-Novgorod and they exist everywhere in Russia.

The Russians are fond of amusements and they have excellent theaters. One of the largest theaters in the world is here at Moscow. It is beautifully finished and it will seat 7,000 people. Its six galleries are draped in scarlet velvet and its stage machinery is of the best. St. Petersburg has a theater that will seat 3,000, and I heard Materna sing at the Aquarium there to at least 4,000 people. There are five regular theaters in St. Petersburg, and during the summer there are a number of open air theaters and the parks are filled with people every night.

Here in Moscow I have spent some very pleasant days at the races, and the Russians run good horses and bet high. Pools are sold just as they are at our races and both men and women bet freely. There seemed to be no restrictions as to betting at the race course, and these people take very naturally to gambling. Every one plays cards, and even at the family games no one thinks of playing without stakes. Lotteries are prohibited by the government, and the only ones which have been permitted for years were those for the benefit of the famine sufferers through which millions of dollars were raised.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ROYAL KEW AND ITS GARDENS

What May Be Seen From the Upper Deck of a London Omnibus.

WORLD'S GREATEST BOTANIC WORKSHOP

Marvels of Royal Kew's Museums—Ready Reference and Advisory Bureau on Botanics for all the Nations—An Invaluable Scientific Aid.

[Copyrighted 1892.]

LONDON, Sept. 26.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—"Hus is downtrod, the Lord knows, but hus 'as our reg'lar boutings, cheap enough to get to, and warlouser than can be named in a jiffy."

Thus spoke a hearty London stoker, who sat beside me on top of a fourpenny Hammersmith 'bus. Along with him were his buxom wife and four red cheeked children. It was early of a Saturday afternoon, and there was not a happier family, "downtrod" or otherwise, in all London.

"My missus 'ere," proudly clapping his huge hand on his wife's abundant knees, "an' Hi an' the yonng uns be goin' o'er to Kew.' Missus loikes w'ere she can plunk 'erself flat t' grass, tho' Hi allus says, 'Poll, grass an' rheumatiz grows t'gether,' an' the young uns romps an' gallops like mad. Hi says, 'Poll, them young uns'll waste their-sel's to bone from 'oppin' an' steamin' round Kew. But Poll says back to me, 'Scat, Handrew, hit makes 'em sleep like haldermen an' heat like paupers,' an' so Kew hit is if it takes my last bob for hour houting. Been to Kew, sir?"

No, I had not, but I should be glad to see the gardens, I told him.

"W'y, Lord bless hus! come right 'long wi hus. Hit'll do ye good, sir!"

And so it did, for I kept in the delightful company of the "downtrod" all the way out on the pleasant journey, returned to the city with them, and never lost sight of them until the blazing evening lights of the winding Strand shone on the tired family safely ensconced on the deck of a Whitechapel 'bus, which whirled them away to their lowly home in that world's foulest slavepen—the east end of mighty London.

Enroute to Royal Kew.

It is an interesting little journey by underground railway, by river or by road to royal Kew. Interesting below ground for the glimpses of the folk who live down there in the bowels of the earth—station masters, porters, news clerks and barmaids—out of whose faces, like the Cornish miners, the light and color have gone, and who move about in a desolate, discouraged way, as though hopeless prisoners there. You read pathos and heartache all along these foul underground ways; breathe a prayer that our cities shall never know them; and wish you could whisk all these white-faced toilers with "Handrew" and the "young uns" for a romp about the lovely gardens of Kew.

A thousand historic places and lordly structures are passed should you go by boat upon the Thames. It is not only these and the vast throng of craft you see from your steamer's side, but you recall the royal processions of boat and barge of other days passing and repassing from London to wondrous Hampton Court, and these bear you wraithful company. The whole stream is sounded with music. German bands, Italian bands, Swiss bands, Hungarian bands and Gypsy bands crowd these boats and give good music, too. Swift are the steamers, and a mighty wash is left behind them, while all the tiny boats afloat seem to dance and curvet in your wake to the endless music of the Thames.

Seen from a 'Bus Roof.

From the roof of a 'bus you see miles upon miles of the wealthiest part of West London. Here is Piccadilly, with its aristocratic clubland on the right; Green Park and lordly Buckingham Palace are on the corner, Knightsbridge, Albert Memorial, Kensington gardens, Kensington, Holland Park, Olympia and Hammersmith follow, and then you come to where the hedges, avenues and villas hint of the restful rural scenes of England. Bright indeed is this road to Kew, through busy Hammersmith and drowsy Chiswick, with its nursery grounds and glass houses by the wayside and fine market gardens crowded close by new houses, and dreamful Gunnersbury, where the ancient forests show in dark masses against the horizon. There are lush orchards, too, where the rich fruit dapples the fading leaves, and meadows wavy and rich, where the late buttercups and daisies star the tender green.

And then the mossy bridges, with steep old fashioned pitch and broad, crumbling parapets, where rosy cheeked lasses still linger and marvel as your 'bus goes rumbling by; gray turnstiles leading to brown deep footpaths that wind through gardens and fields, where some one, as in the old days, always tarries and turns to gaze at passers, gazing in their turn, as though the two were the only ones seen in a whole day's journey; the gay but stolid-looking barges lying here and there in the backwater against the shore, and finally, quaint old Kew Green, where the years bring no change and where everything is so little, odd and antiquated that you could feel no surprise if Farmer George and Queen Charlotte with lumbering caleche and six horses came dashing through the gates of royal Kew.

Old and New Kew.

About 200 years ago Lord Capel laid out the garden which has since become not only one of London's most beautiful pleasure grounds, but a scientific institution whose influence and benefits reach to all quarters of the globe. On the death of Lord Capel in 1696, the estate passed into the hands of his son-in-law, who made the place still more famous as the headquarters of English astronomers. Under the advice of the earl of Bute the dowager Princess Augusta made it a scientific establishment, and it was called the "Physic Garden." As early as 1768 Sir John Hill published a catalogue of the plants of Kew. There were then fifty ferns, 600 trees and shrubs and several thousand herbaceous plants. In 1759 the estate was bought by George III. He devoted much money and attention to its improvement. "Farmer George" he was called, in praise by scientists and in derision by taxpayers, for his pains. For a long time after this monarch's death the gardens sank into neglect. It was then proposed to disestablish and disendow them. A protest was raised and the whole kingdom opposed, whereupon the gardens were surrendered by the crown and became a national establishment in 1840.

Then royal Kew in name became royal Kew in fact under the directorships of Sir W. J. Hooker, who remained in charge until his death in 1865, and his son, Sir Joseph Hooker, the renowned traveler and botanist, who succeeded him. The latter is known to every student of botany in the world from his "Flora Antarctica," "Himalayan Journals" and his great work, "Genera Plantarum," and the tremendous importance of Kew as an international scientific educator has been almost wholly due to his genius for compelling its work to cover a vast and practically limitless field.

Scientific Kew.

To faintly illustrate this extraordinary comprehensiveness it may be truly said that wherever in the world classification of new plants is required Kew stands ready to attend to the matter. Wherever new plants are wanted for cultivation these royal gardens will supply them, and this readiness of supply is not at all limited to British subjects or colonies. Where plant disease threatens or pests approach, Kew will consult and advise. Foreign institutions co-operate in all these beneficial relations. Lists of new plants are constantly being published. Lists of seeds matured here are also printed, and the institution wisely goes so far as to exchange these seeds with regular correspondents all over the world.

This magazine of seeds is nominally collected for the benefit of similar associations which may sometime in part return like favors. But any one in any part of the globe applying with a serious purpose for seeds or plants is not refused. At the time of my visit applications lay upon the curator's desk from Oregon, Texas and British Columbia in America; from English shires, from South Africa, Ceylon, India and Guatemala. All were to be served with equal attention. This characteristic of Kew gives the whole world an interest in its resources, proficiency and increased powers for interchange of botanic knowledge and aid.

How the rapidly increasing population of the globe may be provided with food and clothing is regarded as a problem falling within the province of Kew's authorities. The splendid success of the cinchona plantations in India also illustrates the scope of the work at the royal gardens. The Peruvian supply was showing exhaustion. Quinine was becoming alarmingly expensive. Cinchona seeds and young trees were secured in Peru, brought here to Kew and nursed, and finally given successful culture in Jamaica, Ceylon and Bengal, until the annual output from these sources amounts to nearly 100,000 pounds. That was a direct benefit to all mankind.

Botanic Workshop of the World.

It will thus be seen that royal Kew is not only a favorite resort for holiday visitors, but it is the great central botanic workshop of the world; not a flower show nor a pretty park merely, for serious and vast work is accomplished here every year. And nothing is too trifling to receive Kew's candid attention. It is a matter of record that "debate has been gravely held, opinions even have been formed and reported upon such matters as a South African cane, which some gentlemen in those distant parts thought adapted to fishing rods; upon the values of West Africa palm kernels as material for coat buttons, and upon a pithy stem which the government of a West Indies island believed suitable for razor strops."

Kew is now training young men to fill botanic situations in the colonies. Instruction is given in principles of scientific botany, and the general conditions governing horticulture under differing conditions and circumstances. In the end Kew is repaid. Nearly all these men, becoming emigrants, remain enthusiastic correspondents with and contributors to the stores of the royal gardens. Mr. Thiselton Dyer, who became director of Kew in 1886, is only the fifth in a period of 130 years, and is broadening rather than restricting the field of scientific investigation so nobly opened and developed by Sir William Hooker and his son, Sir Joseph.

Arboral and Herbal Treasures.

The gardens and grounds are extensive. Those portions known as the Botanic gardens comprise nearly thirty acres, and the pleasure grounds and arboretum have an area of 270 acres. Beyond, stretching to Richmond, is the old Deer park of about 400 acres, though only a small portion of the latter is accessible to the public. In front of the gardens stretches a broad smooth walk, and dotted about the lawns are noble specimens of Italian, Spanish and Corsican pines. At the end of these one sees the old red brick house in which Queen Charlotte died. To the left is the principal avenue, with flower parterres on either side. In the distance the magnificent palm house rises like a fairy palace, and beside it are tiny lakes with flocks of aquatic birds.

The herbarium at Kew is undoubtedly the finest in existence. The number of specimens now exceeds 1,500,000, duplicates not included. They fill a large structure in the northwest corner of the green, including a great hall added in 1876, fitted with two tiers of light iron galleries. Beginning with the ranunculaceæ on the ground floor they conclude with the grasses up aloft. There is no red tape here to oppose the student. A table stands in each corner for his convenience. All specimens are arranged after the system of Sir Joseph Hooker's great work, the "Genera Plantarum," so that the visitor only has to give the number attached to a particular genus and the portfolio containing the corresponding specimen is before him in an instant.

Kew's Invaluable Museums.

In the garden proper the smaller plants are found in almost endless variety. Altogether there are nearly 30,000 species. Small as is this proportion to the total sum of nature's wealth, the knowledge, patience and labor in forming such a vast collection are in themselves almost inconceivable. Think of 3,000 species of trees and shrubs, 3,000 greenhouse plants, 2,500 "stove plants," 1,200 ferns, 1,000 succulents and 1,500 orchids among this bewildering collection in one compact garden!

The Museum of Economic Botany was established in 1847. Its influence upon trade has undoubtedly since been increasingly felt in the two hemispheres. Every tree and plant known to serve a useful purpose is represented here, with illustrations of the manner of its employment and most valuable use; while the Museum of Timber is a permanent world's exposition of woods. The showing in this from the two Americas and the West Indies exceeds that of the rest of the world in extent and variety; and every great American city should duplicate this timber exhibit. The economic suggestiveness and hints to woodworkers, from the most ordinary necessities of building timbers to the highest possibilities in art woods and woodworking art, would prove invaluable.

To the casual visitor the show places of royal Kew are the great palmhouse and the structure housing the huge water maize of Central America, named Victoria regina by its discoverers in compliment to Queen Victoria.

Botanic Marvels.

The palmhouse is a veritable crystal palace. It is 362 feet long and 100 feet wide. It stands near the center of the gardens, with a broad terrace and the lakes with their aquatic flocks in front. Nearly 25,000 feet of hot water piping are required for its heating. Though sixty-six feet in height, its most gigantic habitant—the finest specimen in Europe of the pandanaceæ—is continually being lopped and pruned to keep it within bounds. There are besides magnificent specimens of the betel, the wax palm, the bread tree, the orange, the coral plant, the coffee shrub, the cocoanut and the tamarind.

A few yards distant is the home of the tremendous water lily, the Victoria regina. Its gigantic leaves and flowers spread completely over its allotted water space of 18,000 square feet in the summer months, while at this season of the year its wide oval leaves, yards in surface diameter, with beautifully curled edges, suggest the fabled shells in which Aphrodite is wafted upon obedient seas.

One never tires of these matchless royal gardens. If I should confess to my abiding, overwhelming feeling while within them, it would be that they or their double were ours. As the setting sun warned me with all other visitors away, and "hearty Handrew, Poll and the young 'uns" joined me for the return journey on the roof of the Hammersmith 'bus, my stoker friend brought me to a clump of American oaks.

"Them ere'll do your furrin heyes good," he remarked with a roar that had a gentle and kindly undertone ringing through it.

How foolish for a wanderer here to embrace these hard old trees like suddenly met friends from home across the sea! But I did. And then we returned quite comfortable and cheery to the great city.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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It is not unusual for colds contracted in the fall to hang on all winter. In such cases catarrh or chronic bronchitis are almost sure to result. A fifty-cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure any cold. Can you afford to risk so much for so small an amount? This remedy is intended especially for bad colds and croup and can always be depended upon. For sale by druggists.

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