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THE NEWPORT CASINO.

I was given a choice of two rooms. The first was small, and its furniture consisted of a bed, a washstand, a cheap bureau, with small mirror, and two cane-bottomed chairs, one a rocker. The Ingram carpet looked as if it had not met a broom this Summer. There were pins everywhere on the floor, mixed with a few brass hairpins. There were several bunches of yellow-hair combs also on the carpet and a number of pink candy drops. A bustle, that must have seen many seasons, occupied the rocking-chair. The dressing-case was littered with empty candy boxes and medicine bottles, and an old tooth-brush in a saucer filled with a nasty black paste was on the washstand. I went on.

The recent occupant of the other room was, I suppose, a man. Doubtless a young man, either good looking or moneyed. A discarded collar disclosed the gender; sprig of ivy, a pond-lily leaf and several sprays of withered flowers told me the story of conquests, of pretty words, of floral mementoes earnestly begged for and shyly given, all to be cast away when he left the hotel.

The chambermaid promising to make the room clean I took it, and went down and joined the desolate string on the piazza. There is a nice drive in front of the piazza and some large shade trees, but it did not make a seat on that piazza worth \$5 a day and extras. A bench in Central Park costs nothing. It gives a view of trees that would make these shed their leaves for shame and drives that surpasses this a hundred-fold, and air as sweet as that which sweeps over Newport after it has kissed the sea.

Some of the people on the piazza were reading, some were gossiping and some were sitting silent as if remembering happier things. I watched them and watched the carriages as they rolled past and I wondered: Is it for this people leave home in the Summer?

Dinner was served at 2 o'clock. Everybody rushed to the dining-room as if glad to have something to do. I followed the others. It was not my dinner-hour, but I rightly supposed that when people go away for recreation and pleasure they must quietly submit to all kinds of discomforts. I ordered what I wanted and the waiter served me with everything I did not want, with one exception—potatoes. When I spoke of it he blandly said they were out of what I had ordered. Late. I was there to see life and find enjoyment, and even if the dinner was worse than one would get in a third-rate New York hotel, still, I was in Newport!

A FASHIONABLE DRIVE.

I ordered a victoria in the afternoon and decided to go driving at the hour when fashion drives. "You are here to spend your money and I'll see you don't take any home with you," is the hotel-keepers' motto.

"What do you charge for a carriage?" I asked.

"Five dollars," was the reply.

"For how long?"

"Five minutes, or an hour, or three hours, all the same."

I took it for an hour. Even if I was in Newport I decided to endeavor to let the highway robbers realize as little as possible from my account.

The most churlish could not say anything against the scenery at Newport if they wished. Nature has done its very best, and the fresh sea air, and man, and man's wealth, have made the fashionable portion of the town a series of most exquisite pictures. The streets are level and smooth, though narrow. Rows of trees and greenward border most of them, and grand homes surrounded by exquisite lawns, grace them all.

A number of these shady streets, with their well-kept grassy borders, run down to the edge of the high cliff that overhangs the sea and there they form into circles for turning.

Facing the sea and fronted by an immense ex-

king, wore a soft India silk of red and white stripe. She looked very pretty and bright as she sat at her table, surrounded by five gentlemen, including Mr. Mackey and her son.

If the guests at the hotel knew the Mackeys, they were certainly better behaved than the public usually is. There was no staring, and if there were any nudges they were imperceptible. The Mackey table did not differ from the others in the dining-room except that the napkins placed in the goblets were creased several times. Those served the other guests were in the goblets in one plain fold.

After dinner I took a look at some of the residences of Newport. Mr. August Belmont's home is completely hidden by a high fence and fruit trees. Mr. Chauncey Depew's house just peeps over the top of a neat of trees, but as it rests on an elevation the view of the sea from its windows and piazzas must be superb. At John Jacob Astor's they cling to red brick and sandstone, for their English wall at least, as they do in their town property. William Astor is satisfied with an iron fence. Mr. Van Alen's high white-stone fence looks rather harsh in contrast with the beautiful dark green hedges near by, and effectually hides his exquisite white-stone mansion and beautifully kept grounds from all but the friends who dare to enter the high pillared gate.

The new houses in the outskirts are mostly built of gray stone and are located on high moss-covered points of rock. Every way one looks one gets the outline of most artistically constructed houses against the blue sky. One of these homes was occupied—the others are not completed.

Sir Julian Goldsmidt and Lady Goldsmidt, with their two straight-through-English daughters, were also guests at the hotel. They did not condescend to eat in the public dining-room and the guests only caught glimpses of them as they went to and fro from the hotel. Marshall P. Wilder met the Goldsmidts in London and they renewed their acquaintance at the hotel in Newport.

THE DREADFULLY STUPID EVENINGS.

The evenings are something dreadful at Newport for people not in the swim. There is nothing to do but to sit in the long hall and look at each other, studying out one another's effects and defects. This long hall was lined with chairs and these chairs were occupied by the guests of the hotel, the people who were there to enjoy themselves. There was a large number of old women and a third as many old men, an even number of middle-aged people, some ten or fifteen young ladies and three young men.

The old people talked to each other in whispers or sat in silence. The middle-aged sat in silence or read novels. The young women read novels or sat in silence. One of the young men was a stranger. He called to see a young woman who occupied a chair in a corner off from Peacock row. She was the proudest young woman in the hotel, for hadn't she a man all to herself? The second young man had a high collar, a lisp, a nasal tone, a face like a mud-sucker, a forehead three-quarters of an inch high, wavy hair, parted in the middle and combed down over his ears, and six women, two old, the others young.

I have read stories of living caricatures of men, but I never saw or heard one before. He gossiped about everybody in sight and knowledge; he talked about the women's dresses in that tone coming down through his long, thin nose, until I felt dizzy; he hisped and stuttered and tried to look pretty, until I got a wild desire to go over and pull his nose, to see if he could forget his affectations, or was his manner natural? I am sure the woman who raised him is dead or insane. I know she could not live to be called his mother.

The third young man sat down at the end of Peacock row. He was alone and unknown, and he looked as blue as an indigo bag—as desolate as a dead tree in a tropical garden. I suppose he came to Newport to have a good time. Poor thing!

There was an orchestra in an alcove off Pea-

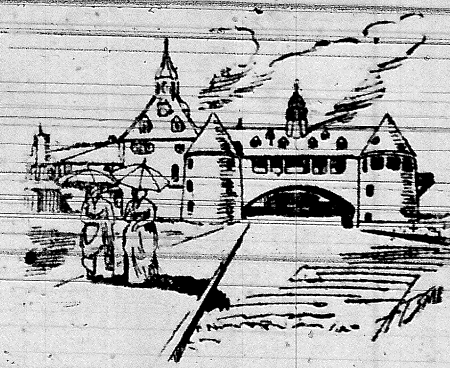
At the Pier.

The bathing is really the only thing I found interesting at Narragansett. The Pier is the direct opposite of Newport in many ways. While Newport is a Summer city of home life, Narragansett is a Summer town of hotel life. The hotels are comfortable, too—that is, of course, the most prominent ones. Most of them are in full view of the beautiful sea, divided only by wide green lawns, a board walk and a famous drive—or fashionable, I think, is a better word—that stretches along the beach just out of reach of high tide.

The Narragansett Casino, where the most delightful little dinners are given, surpasses the Newport Casino both in architectural beauty and position. A cut-stone corner of it stands at the water's edge where a beautiful view can be had of the sea and where a breeze is always stirring. This is connected with the main building by a stone bridge that spans the drive.

When I was there nothing of consequence was going on except novel-reading, and the amount of novel-reading that is done at Summer resorts is truly astounding. I suppose the reason is that the people are at a loss for anything better to do.

The first thing in the morning the young women, and old ones too, come down with paper-backed novels in their hands; the men with newspapers. At the tables morning, noon and night the young woman scans the pages of her paper-backed novel wholly oblivious to everything else—until her food is placed before her, then—



THE CASINO AT THE PIER.

I rather think this reading contest is too general to be sincere. It has the appearance of a fad. Most fads are harmless, however; even if not, there is every excuse in the world for these Summer resort people who cherish fads. There isn't anything else, goodness knows, to help them kill time. As I said before, people eat and read and lounge about the hotel piazzas until 11 o'clock. Then they turn their faces towards the bathing beach. They don't seem to take much interest even in the bathing, which is excellent and the beach superb. They stroll down there merely because there is nothing better to do. Picture to yourself an immense horseshoe beach stretching back, wide and sandy and smooth, having just been washed by the waves, for some fifty or a hundred feet, to be met and bounded by a board walk lined on the one side with low bathing-houses, their gay flags floating in the breeze, and on the side nearest the sea by marquees, public and private.

Along this hemmed-in walk the people weave back and forth displaying their clothes, proud as peacocks. Under the marquees sit those who have tired of walking or those who have failed to secure an escort. You can be sure of one thing. The young woman who gets an escort neither sits down nor goes in bathing. Why? Well, she wants him all to herself. Her friends—feminine gender—can't join in her walk, but they could if she sat down or went in bathing, and it's so awfully nice at Narragansett to have a man all to one's self that she would give up her dinner to keep him by her side.

The prettiest girl at Narragansett doesn't bathe. Oh, dear, no. It's too common, too vul-

to finding more beauty in art than nature after a while. Certainly the non-bathers—male—followed these pretty creatures down to the water's edge and watched them, entranced. They certainly made a pretty picture in among the dripping rats who were in for fun, not show.

"Surely that pretty girl is not going into the water with that jewelry on and those costly pins in her hair, and, by Jove! her hair dressed as if for a ball," exclaimed an unsophisticated man to me.

"No, indeed, she won't let the water catch her above the waist," I replied, and he watched her curiously. They all went in and remained there for some time, but when they came out they were perfectly dry above the waist.

GOSSIP, GOSSIP, GOSSIP.

Of course the people sitting along the board walk gossip. If you sit near them you can know the history of everybody that passes or bathes.

This girl with the golden lace, on a black gown, that matches the golden shade of her hair, makes all her own gowns. She is poor and she wants to make a show, so creditably, I say—she makes her own clothes. They snorted over it. This girl, just passing, in the white gown, with parasol, low shoes, gloves and hat to match, has made a dead set for the young man in a white yachting suit with her. She has been here several seasons without success—matrimonially—and she is doing her level best with this young man, who is several years her junior. Miss "Whiteness" strolls on up the beach, conscious only of the young man at her side, till they are almost lost to view, and then the gossips turn to others.

This man in a yellow and black jersey bathing suit, who has virtually put his clothes upon a limb but hasn't gone near the water, is desperately in love, fondly in love; still while all the world loves a lover this bit of world at Narragansett whisper and laugh about him. Why? Because he is in love with his own handsome face, with his heavy dark mustache, with his large shapely form.

He hangs over the rail and poses on the walk and the sandy beach, laughing and jesting with a number of pretty girls. Now what would you think of those girls, reputable young women, if they would permit a man to approach them in his underclothes and hold a conversation with them? Or what would you think of a man who would be guilty of such an act.

Well, underclothes would be the height of respectability beside this armless, legless, little else than waist, bit of black and yellow jersey-cloth. You can think the pictures that funny journals make of people having bathing suits painted on them are exaggerations. I did, but I have never seen one that could exaggerate that jersey suit. Creighton Webb was at Narragansett. He also went in bathing in a jersey suit. I have forgotten if his suit was the light blue one I noticed or not. If not, the blue one was on a man just as good-looking, and just as much "stuck" on himself.

Hamlet was there. He wore dead black woollen tights and a black woollen shirt. His hair was long and dark, and he was determined to show himself to the people. The water was too far away for him, so he made pitiful attempts to be sportive and playful with a St. Bernard on the beach. The dog's lip actually curled in disgust, but this allowed the sportive Hamlet to jump around him, stick in hand, and show his suppleness as well as his shapely legs.

After a while I came to the conclusion that I rather liked the tights. It was such a relief after bare legs and big feet.

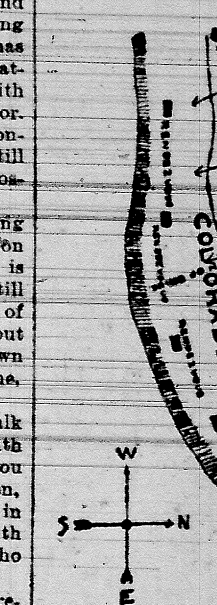
An hour later the people left the marquees and moved down closer to the bathers, taking their chairs with them. Two hours later the beach was deserted and the dining-rooms were crowded. Later in the day the lazy lounged on the piazzas, the sentimental strolled down the board walk, the moneyed drove. Narragansett has prettier girls than Newport and more young men, still Newport is the summer city of America—if one has money.

NELLIE BLE.

Pensive soda-water into tough frontier of the hunt were of lariatists, "chats," the preachers of the a Congregational swung his Winche lowed the chase and rest of the boys.

Although hunting gone out in Wynton wolf-hunting, yet having for its scenery dressed square miles and attracted wide-coming people.

The rapid settling many wolves and the repeal of a Territorial Legislature the incentive to kill resulted in their numbers. The story from this condition and coils fall easy gray wolves or coy were pulled down away from the her longed. Hundred reason by the cattl enu Wyoming, and the outcome.



THE SCENE
 Many of the ranch which the drive were experienced had studied the picture a general and ing battle or a sea from which the p extends from Che miles to the Nebra distance of twelve is almost level and muddy creeks, w Colorado and Wy braska, where the
 The plain travers in on the south by Cliffs of limestone Bluffs, which form heris belonging to valleys. In Chalk I none of any great afford shelter to the coyotes. Sally fastness, the wolve-juicy calves and col security.

A SMALL
 At daylight yett ranch in the west herders and cowboys took the field again inforced from Chey mounted men and b from other parts of in the chase. A larg on horseback and drive.
 At 7 o'clock the lo mand of ten captain and moved forward. Organ ranch, where the line started, the ring. As far eastwa