

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance; If not paid in Advance, \$1.50.

VOL. X.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

No. 49.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge.—Hon. James McSherry.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.
Orphan's Court.
Judges.—Geo. W. Shank, John H. Keller, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—H. F. Maxwell, Chas. A. Eyer, Jos. G. Miller, Thos. Hightman, Simon T. Stauffer.
Sheriff.—Alonso Benner.
Taz Collector.—Charles F. Rowe.
Surveyor.—William H. Hillery.
School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Rutzahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examining.—Glenn H. Worthington.
Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public.—Paul Motter.
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knott, I. M. Fisher, Jas. F. Hickey.
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Edw. Wenschhof.
School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, Joseph A. Baker, C. T. Zacharias.
Burgess.—William G. Blair.
Town Commissioners.—Joseph Snouffer, Jas. O. Hopp, Oscar D. Fraley, P. D. Lawrence, Jas. F. Hickey, Victor E. Rowe.
Town Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.
Taz Collector.—John F. Hopp.

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PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WEST.

Daily, except Sundays, Daily

STATIONS. Mail, Pass, Fst M.

Hill Station, Baltimore..... 8:00 4:00 4:10

Union Station, "..... 8:05 4:05 4:15

Penn. Avenue, "..... 8:10 4:10 4:20

Fulton Station, "..... 8:12 4:12 4:22

Arlington, "..... 8:15 4:15 4:25

Rockville, "..... 8:20 4:20 4:30

Frederick Junction, "..... 8:25 4:25 4:35

Frederick, "..... 8:30 4:30 4:40

Shippensburg, "..... 8:35 4:35 4:45

Chambersburg, "..... 8:40 4:40 4:50

Westminster, "..... 8:45 4:45 4:55

Gettysburg, "..... 8:50 4:50 5:00

Carlisle, "..... 8:55 4:55 5:05

York, "..... 9:00 5:00 5:10

Hagerstown, "..... 9:05 5:05 5:15

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THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land where all have been.

Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along its meadows green,

Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises only seem

Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a dream;

And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it is to-day—

'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy children play.

And the things they know and see there are so wonderful and grand,

Things that older folks and wiser cannot know nor understand.

In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in their caves,

See the palaces of cloudland and the mermen in the waves,

Know what all the birds sing of, hear the secrets of the flowers—

For the Land of Little People is another world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for when nursery time is o'er

Through the Land of Little People we may wander nevermore,

But we hear their merry voices and we see them at their play,

And our own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they,

Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and flowers—

For the Land of Little People is a fairer world than ours.

—Auckland News.

OLD LEGENDS.

BY LOUISE A. LEBESNE.

Scattered through the romantic valleys of the Black Forest are many mineral springs famous for their healing power and charming on account of their picturesque environs. Nearly all have a wild story or a fanciful legend connected with them, which the guides in this romantic region are always ready to recount to tourists. Some of the most noted of these springs are at Petersthal (Peter's Valley), near Sulzbach. A legend of the country gives the following account of their origin:

Long years ago there lived in the Black Forest a wise and good King, whose noble deeds and kind heart won for him the protection of a fairy.

The King had on one occasion delivered this fairy from an imminent danger. She had assumed the form of a nightingale and while thus disguised she was pursued by a falcon, who was in reality a great magician and her bitterest enemy. But the King, who happened to be hunting that day in the Black Forest, shot the falcon and the fairy escaped.

Now this King, who reigned over all the country from the Rhine to the Neckar, had only one son, gentle and handsome like his father, but so frail that no one thought he would live to inherit the kingdom.

Of course this was a great grief to the King and his lovely wife. The best physicians and the most learned astrologers were summoned to the court and loaded with gifts of gold and precious stones. The doctors prescribed powerful drugs and the magicians used their most potent spells, but all was of no avail.

The King lamented and the Queen wept, while the young Prince grew thinner and paler from day to day.

When the sun shone and the flowers bloomed his attendants would take him out among the mountains, where he loved to gather wild roses and chase butterflies.

On these occasions they often met parties of the country folk going and coming, and among them were generally some who were poor and needy. If the Prince had any money in his pockets he always gave it some of these unfortunate people.

On one of his excursions he met a good old dame who appeared to be weak and infirm. She walked with trembling steps, and held out her hand to ask alms. The child searched his pockets. They were empty; but he took off his little cap and gave it to the beggar.

"Here is my cap, good mother," said he. "It is made of fine velvet, and the stone you see in the buckle is a real topaz. You can easily sell it for money enough to buy you a good bowl of broth and a warm cloak."

Suddenly the old woman disappeared, and in her place was a pretty nightingale, which perched

on the top of a hawthorn near by, and nodded its tiny head to the Prince.

"Because you are kind, like your noble father," said the nightingale, "I will tell you something for your advantage. Whenever you feel yourself growing weary in your walks through these mountains take off your cap and call aloud three times: 'Sing, nightingale, sing!'

A spring of water will gush out at your feet and you must drink freely of the water that flows from it."

Then the fairy nightingale warbled a sweet song, flew up into the air and disappeared.

The next day the King's son, while in pursuit of a beautiful butterfly, felt that he was getting very weak and faint. The advice of the nightingale came to his mind. He took off his cap respectfully and cried out three times: "Sing, nightingale, sing!"

Immediately a spring flowed out from a hollow rock near him. He drank of the cool water and felt his strength revive.

And so it happened whenever the Prince went out in the mountains numerous springs appeared, clear as crystal, and of such wonderful virtue that it was not long before the child was entirely cured, to the great discomfiture of all the physicians of the country and the joy of his parents.

Since then the springs, called forth by the fairy nightingale, flow with undiminished regularity, and their healing virtue is known far and wide.

From the baths at Rippoldsau and Wildbad a broad road conducts the traveler to the valley of the Wildersee. It passes through the very heart of a venerable forest of pines, their branches garlanded with festoons of gray moss. Here a noisy brook leaps and gurgles over its rocky bed, dashing its crystal spray over the huge stones along its margin. These stones have a rich purple hue that contrasts beautifully with the pale green of the thick turf. Their peculiar tint is owing to a species of lichen with which they are covered. They are found only in this part of the valley, and within the area of a mile.

The guides relate that this valley was once subject to the power of evil spirits somewhat akin to the families of the gnomes and the goblins. These hostile powers committed numberless crimes. They led astray solitary travelers on their way through the forest and harassed all who attempted to cross the valley of the Wildersee. Terror reigned in the land. One morning the Prince Palatine, who had gone out to hunt the evening before, was found dead in the forest, and on his forehead was a flame-colored mark of five fingers that seemed burned into the flesh.

Now, a holy recluse lived in the valley at this time—a devout man, who passed his days in prayer and meditation. The peasants in the neighborhood, terrified at the strange death of the Prince Palatine, ascended the mountain by the road leading to the hermit's cell, which was surmounted by a rude wooden cross, and implored the man of God to come to their assistance.

"I am ready to aid you," was his reply. "With God's help I will meet your enemies, and may He give me strength to overcome them! Confess your sins and do penance, to the end that my efforts be not in vain."

The same evening he quitted the hermitage. His white beard descended to the ground, and he walked with bare feet over the rocky path. On reaching the valley he asked those who had invoked his assistance to bring him a wand of osier, a strand of thread and a bundle of wisps of straw. The peasants feared to inquire of what use these simple weapons might be in his approaching encounter and hastened in respectful silence to comply with the request.

"Now," said he, return to your homes and pray that the Holy Virgin will lend me her aid,"

Night came on. The evil spirits swooped down on the valley, filling the air with shouts of unearthly laughter. They jumped like cats, frisked like monkeys and danced a real devil's rondo. The good hermit was on his knees in the midst of the large white stones, worn smooth by the waters of the neighboring torrent, that were thickly scattered around the spot where he awaited the coming of the geni.

The demons scented the blood of a Christian and rushed at the hermit. Their eyes shone in the darkness like coals of fire. The good man made the sign of the cross; then he fastened the thread to each end of his wand, after the fashion of a bow, and discharged one of his wisps of straw into the air. A weird cry followed the flight of the sacred missile and two flaming eyes disappeared.

The infuriated demons now circled over and around the hermit like a swarm of vultures. A second arrow sped on its fatal errand, and another devilish face was missing from the infernal throng. At last the bundle of straws was exhausted, but not before the enemy's rout was completed.

At daybreak the mountaineers hastened with fearful hearts to the scene of the conflict. They had heard the unearthly cries of the demons all the night before, and trembled for the safety of their revered protector.

"Who knows?" they said to one another; "perhaps the good hermit is killed."

But they found the holy man alive and unharmed. He was praying fervently. The great stones around him were crimsoned with the blood of the demons, which had flowed from the wounds made in their invisible bodies by the hermit's consecrated arrows.

After this there was no further trouble from the evil spirits; but tradition affirms that the rocks in the valley still bear the marks of their unhallowed blood, in memory of the pious recluse and his victory over the powers of darkness.

The Schluchsee is the largest lake in the Black Forest, and one of the most picturesque. During the spring and summer it is a great resort for invalids from Strasburg and Heidelberg, attracted to the bracing quality of the air and the fine water in this vicinity.

The lake itself affords excellent bathing, which is said to be a great restorative in cases of chronic disability or slow convalescence. The origin of this curative power is explained by another characteristic legend, which, although it excites the ridicule of the physicians of to-day, has nevertheless the merit of accounting for a fact otherwise inexplicable, like its sister stories of the Black Forest.

At the period of the Crusades, there lived in this country a brave warrior called Conrad von Feldberg. He accompanied Godfrey of Boulogne to the siege of Jerusalem, where his stout lance had laid many a fierce Saracen in the dust.

Conrad was also the companion and friend of Tancred, and Raymond of Toulouse. After he saw the Crescent go down before the Cross, and had kissed the Holy Sepulchre with his pious lips, he prepared to return to the land of his fathers, where he was the possessor of a lordly castle in the Black Forest. Here, too, a fair maiden, to whom he was betrothed, awaited his coming with an anxious heart.

The brave Crusader reached the Rhine land in safety, and arrived in the valley of the Schluchsee. One evening, as he was passing through the forest, he came to a lake which he did not remember having seen before. It was a lovely and peaceful spot. Night was at hand; the turf was cool and soft; and Conrad, weary from his long journey, could not resist the temptation to repose. He commanded his soul to God and lay down on the green sward with no thought of danger near.

At this era the Schluchsee was haunted by fairies, who had many

traits in common with their neighbors, the Willis, or dancing spirits of the Mammelsee. Soon a beautiful female form arose from the tranquil waters of the lake. She saw the young Crusader sleeping in the moonlight and gazed on his handsome features with admiration. Then she enveloped him in her long sea-green tresses and began to chant a weird melody that had power to cast a spell over any one who should hear it even in slumber. While she sang her feet moved lightly to a magic measure and seemed to caress the smooth surface of the lake.

In a few moments Conrad arose like one in a dream, and followed the fairy, who extended her white arms toward him.

Conrad felt the water glide beneath his feet, yet he did not draw back. Still the fairy sang her strange melody, and still Conrad advanced. But just as she held out her arms to drag him down into the enchanted lake, a consecrated relic that he had always worn around his neck fell into the water. All at once the lake vanished, and with it the beautiful sprite who had risen from its crystal depths.

The good Crusader, saved by his piety, returned home and espoused the maiden of his choice.

—Adapted from the French of Amadeo Achard.

What a Railway Superintendent has to do.

The Superintendent of a railway in this country who has, let us say, three hundred miles of road in his charge, has perhaps as great a variety of occupation, and as many different questions of importance depending upon his decision, as any other business or professional man in the community. Fully one-half of his time will be spent out of doors looking after the physical condition of his track, masonry, bridges, stations, buildings of all kinds. Concerning the repair or renewal of each he will have to pass judgment. He must know intimately every foot of his track, and in cases of emergency or accident, know just what resources he can depend upon, and how to make them most immediately useful. He will visit the shops and round-houses frequently, and will know the construction and daily condition of every locomotive, every passenger and baggage car. He will consult with his Master Mechanic, and often will decide which car or engine shall and which shall not be taken in for repair, etc. He has to plan and organize the work of every yard, every station. He must know the duties of each employee on his pay-rolls, and instruct all new men, or see that it is properly done. He must keep

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

CAKE OF THE HAIR.

Some Sound Advice for Women Who Want Fine Locks.

Hair must be carefully cultivated to grow even in length, supple, silken and graceful in color, says a writer in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*. Every thing is encouraging for the improvement of the hair, if time can be given it. The same treatment will not do for different kinds of hair by any means. Strong, stiff, naturally moist hair needs a weekly shampooing and daily and nightly brushing, with exposure to the morning and evening sun, which is a great stimulant to the hair. Thin, soft, dry hair needs tender care, but with either the first step toward improvement is thorough washing of the scalp and hair, which collects dirt its entire length.

To cleanse it the various alkalis, borax, ammonia, carbonate of potash and washing soda are used, and the strong hair will bear them, but they burn the life out of thin, dry hair. Most hair washes are used entirely too strong. Soap bark is really better than any thing I know, except the shampoo powder of "the fatal sisters," which leaves the hair luxuriously silky, instead of flying like thistle-down. Pour two quarts of boiling water on a teaspoonful of soap bark, let it cool till pleasant, comb the hair smoothly from the face, part it and scrub down the parting with the shampoo brush like an exaggerated tooth brush, wetting the skin well with the decoction. It lathers well, and the whole head should be gone over, making twenty or more partings, the hair rinsed in plenty of clear water, combed and wiped smoothly, not rubbing it ferociously, and tangling it, which breaks it. The Venetian ladies dress their hair through a crownless hat, and let it stream over the brim to dry, and you may follow the example, sitting in the sun, if possible, an hour. Light is a great stimulant and preservative to hair, and it is well to open it when dry and let the wind blow through. The sun will cause the natural oil of the hair to flow—or the head may be held to the fire until the dry hair feels moist. A smart brushing night and morning, careful braiding before sleep, and an hour spent once a month clipping all forked ends, will insure a rapid growth of hair, if the general health is good without other treatment. If you want a stimulant at night rub a little oil of lavender in the roots of the hair with the shampoo brush. Do not irritate the scalp by hard brushing. Regular care is better than over-doing.

Thin, fragile hair is best cleansed with the yolk of a fresh egg, rubbed in the roots with the fingers, left on fifteen minutes and washed off in warm, soft water. The egg is nutritive as well as cleansing to the hair, and may be used twice a week, wiping the hair and drying in the sun. Then comb, and stroke the hair smooth with the palms of the hands, gently and briskly, fifty to one hundred times. This stroking is better than brushing daily. A gentle current of electricity applied to the scalp every other day is excellent for weak hair, and is nearest to a specific for baldness, partial or entire. To keep hair from falling nothing is better than the old-fashioned tincture of sage and rosemary which, as no Northern gardener grows rosemary, I leave the druggist to prepare. The wild white sage of the Rocky Mountains has great virtue as a stimulant to the hair. These two pleasant herbs are worth all the rest of the pharmacopoeia for the hair, lungs and nerves.

All bones from the table should be broken and packed in wood ashes, the mass to be kept slightly damp. In the course of a few weeks they will be soft, being attacked by the potash of the ashes, the result being phosphate of potash, one of the best fertilizers that can be produced.

Door-knobs and bell-handles of the famous are now being collected as souvenirs in London, imitating the old fashion of preserving the knockers of the great houses. These knobs and handles, if not a lot of proper things to a door.—*Boston Transcript*.

In setting hens you should arrange your nest so that the hen will not step down upon the eggs. This brings the breakage to the lowest possible figure.

Terrible Ordeal.

Instances are not uncommon of men who have displayed remarkable courage and fearlessness, and have faced even death itself, until all danger was past, and then have broken down utterly, and been as cowardly as children ever after. A writer for the *New York Sun* gives a thrilling incident of this kind, which happened in India. On one of his many trips up the Little Rangoon river, he camped one night with a party of British officers who were out on a hunt. The leader of the party, and the best shot and bravest man in it, was Major Curtis, a man about forty years of age.

He had killed more wild animals than any other white man in the province. Armed only with a revolver, he had entered the bungalow where a murderer was concealed, and taken him away from a crowd of his friends, and delivered him up to justice.

He had swam the river amid the alligators, and he would stand for the rush of a tiger or the spring of a panther with a laugh on his lips. They said the major did not know what fear was. He, perhaps, thought so himself.

The camp was on the bank of the river, and only a temporary one, and no tents or covers had been erected. We sat around the fires until a late hour, and when we rolled ourselves up to sleep the Major and I were only about four feet apart, with nothing between us. The camp grew silent at once, and everybody was soon sound asleep.

I was just dozing off when I thought I detected the crawl of a snake near me, but after listening closely for a minute, I concluded it was a lizard or an insect. The air, the earth, the forests, the waters of India are full of animal life by day and by night.

A camp no sooner grows quiet than wild rats and mice, lizards, great beetles and three or four kinds of squirrels begin to prospect around, while night birds circle about, and the wolf, the jackal, hyena and other animals draw near. Snakes are always to be feared, but if one started at every suspicious sound he would never get an hour's sleep.

Daylight was just coming when I opened my eyes. I was on my left side, turned toward the Major, and I noticed that he was on his back. Close beside me was a revolver, which I had slipped out of his holsters the night before that I might have it handy in case of need.

Not another soul in camp was yet awake so far as I knew, and I lay listening to the noises in the surrounding forest while daylight continued to grow stronger. I was about to arise, when I suddenly saw the head of a serpent lift itself above the Major's breast and wave to and fro.

I shut my eyes for a few seconds and then opened them to see the same sight again. I even tried it again and again, fearful that I was dozing and not wishing to believe what I plainly saw.

It certainly was the head of a venomous serpent, a species closely resembling the American black snake, and as deadly as any serpent in India. It waved its head and darted its tongue for a moment, and then settled back into a coil.

As soon as his head went down I felt for my revolver and drew back the hammer. The click, click, alarmed the snake, as I knew it would, but by the time he had elevated his head again I had my arm out stretched and the muzzle of my revolver within two feet of him.

It was a snap-shot and had to be made on the instant, and it was by pure good luck that I sent a bullet through his ugly head. He was writhing and flopping about as I sprang up, and was dead as I bent over the Major.

The snake had crept out of the bushes and upon the Major's breast early in the night. It was not more than midnight when he awoke and found the serpent coiled up, and he knew that any movement on his part would result in certain death. For three hours and a half he rested on the broad of his back, never moving a muscle, with his eyes wide open, and that serpent head part of the time waving to and fro within six inches of his head.

When I bent over him he was helpless. When we got him off the ground he sank down again and began to weep, and it was fully two hours before he would talk to us. The result of his experience was that he became a perfect physical coward, starting at the slightest noise, and was ready to run from a house dog.

Why Hours and Days are Divided as they are.

Why is our hour divided into 60 minutes and each minute into 60 seconds simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs of 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into 60 minutes. A parasang is about a German mile and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang.

The whole course of the sun during the 24 equinoctial hours was fixed at 24 parasangs or 720 stadia or 360dg. This system was handed on to the Greeks and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived at 150 B. C. introduced the Babylonian hours into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches and allowed our dial to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of 60 minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.—*Baltimorean*.

A new use has been discovered for tobacco. A father, whose child was dying of membranous croup, remembered how deadly sick he was the first time he chewed tobacco. Having a cud in his mouth, he opened the child's mouth and placed the tobacco therein. The father knew that it was a desperate act, and he waited in great suspense for the result. It came and quicker than he could hope. There was a sudden convulsive movement and the poor little child was nearly doubled for an instant, and writhed in agony; then she threw herself forward and there shot from her throat a chunk of almost solid phlegm two inches long and having through in a passage no larger than a small lead pencil. After a few moments of retching, the little one lay quietly back and slept calmly and sweetly, and the next day was playing about the house with all her wonted vivacity.—*Western Tobacco Journal*.

Intricacies of Our Language. Our French friend who comes in and sits on the corner of our desk and reads our exchanges says he cannot get the hang of the English language. "Look at this," he says. "Here is one story about a boy. It says: 'His mother kissed him and he kissed her back.' What for he kissed her back? And here is one sentence worse and worse: 'He went fishing and his mother whipped him on his return.' My, my! What is such a funny language!"—*Washington Post*.

JOHN CAHILL and his five-year-old boy hardly speak as they pass by. It came to pass a few days ago that the youngster got into some mischief that called for a severe reprimand and slight corporal punishment. Mr. Cahill administered both, but as he was about to leave the room he heard the boy say to his mother: "Mamma, I think it's about time you got me a step-father."—*Bridgeport Farmer*.

"ANOTHER lie nailed!" shouted a bad small boy as his father's wig was snatched from his head by a spike in the door.

It is said the inventor of the roller skate realized a million dollars for his invention.

Scribner's Magazine

For 1889

The publishers of Scribner's Magazine aim to make it the most popular and enterprising of periodicals, while at all times preserving its high literary character. 25,000 new readers have been drawn to it during the past six months by the increased excellence of its contents, and its second year with a new impetus and an assured success. The illustrations will show some new effects, and nothing to make Scribner's Magazine attractive and interesting will be neglected.

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MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S serial novel "The Master of Ballantrae," will run through the greater part of the year. Begun in November.

A CORRESPONDENCE and collection of manuscript memoirs relating to J. F. Millet and a famous group of modern FRENCH PAINTERS will furnish the substance of several articles. Illustrated.

The brief end papers written last year by Robert Louis Stevenson, will be replaced by equally interesting contributions by different famous authors. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will write the first of them for the January number.

Many valuable LITERARY ARTICLES will appear: a paper on Walter Scott's Methods of Work, illustrated from original MSS., a second "Shelf of Old Books," by Mrs. James T. Fields, and many other articles equally noteworthy. Illustrated.

Articles on ART SUBJECTS will be a feature. Papers are arranged to appear by Clarence Cook, E. H. Blashfield, Austin Dobson, and many others. Illustrated.

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