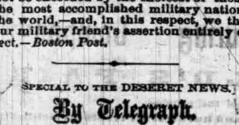


looked gayer than it did a few days ago, early on a fine, fresh morning in June, when the flower of English nobility and the cream of London society were crowded together at the entrance to Rotten Row to together at the entrance to Rotten Row to watch the Household troops march in to be reviewed by the Duke of Cambridge. Much has been written and said of the beauty and fashion to be seen during the season in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other European capitals, but not even the Champs Elysees in their palmiest days, the Prater, or the yet mora famous Unter den Linden could produce so perfect a coup d' will as that which met our view that morning. Trees, the growth of cen-turies, shaded the beautiful ride with their luxuriant foliage on either side; velvety turies, shaded the besutiful ride with their luxuriant foliage on either side; velvety turf, brilliantly green, stretched away as far as the eye could reach; the well-gravel-led walks were lined with gay parterres of the lovellest flowers; besutiful women, in the freshest of morning toilettes, chatted and laughed and flirted, and strolled about on the "shady side of the Row;" distin-guished looking horsemen were grouped together in picturesque confusion under the trees, discussing the latest olub on dize, or the chances of the Lords in opposition; whilst the scarlet coats of the military winding up through the "Ladies" winding up through the "Ladies" Mile," the flashing of arms and weapons in the sunlight, and the grand outbursts of military music lent ad-ditional charm to a scene which was one of the most brilliant it has been our fortune

to witness. When two regiments of Guards had marched into the "rendezvous" in the centre of the park, fronting the flagstaff of the reviewing officer, the gay throng dispersed in the same direction, and intrenched itself behind the line of

yelping, across the open space, and had been driven back again with the butt end of a rifle, when there was seen slowly end of a rine, when there was seen slowly winding up through the trees, the Com-mander-in-chief with his staff. Slowly and slowly they came: as bright as gold, scarlet, blue, silver, plumes, lage, orders, and ribbons could make them. Birst, two sides-de-camp in scarlet and gold; then



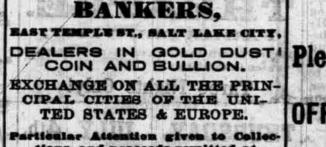
write in earnest appeals to America to send forward aid. Rev. J. H. Shedd writes: "In many places half the population have perish-ed. \* \* In Ispahen 14,000 are of-

ficially reported as having died. \* In Shiraz and vicinity whole families have died off, and in some instances the corpses have been devoured by the sur-vivors. Thousands more must die in the towns and villages, unless relieved

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