

SUMMER DAYS IN ENGLAND

Lrs. General Crook's Seven Months' Sojourn in Europe Ended.

BUFFALO BILL'S INDIANS IN ST. PAUL'S

Happy Hours in Hopvine-Scented Kent—Historic Home of Immortal Marston—There's No Place Like Home.

LONDON, June 8.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]—All England just now is clothed in a mantle of rich green, broided with flow.

ers of a thousand hues, and when my friends tell me that only a few days ago the hills were all in shades of brown, I can only say that London was all darkness and gloom, and it seems incredible, she is so fair and beautiful now. The parks are beautiful beyond description, and there are so many. In Victoria park, one of the smaller parks, and rarely visited by the excursionist, is a remarkably beautiful fountain of Gothic architecture, erected and donated by Baroness Burdett-Coutts, which cost about \$30,000.

Last Sunday we were at St. Paul's, that grand building erected by Sir Christopher Wren, whose remains are deposited in the vaults, when we were startled and surprised to see Buffalo Bill's Indians march up the grand aisle with great pomp and array, and themselves beneath that grand dome, under that great bell that is never tolled save at the death of some of the royal family, touch its deep tones as it strikes the iron swell far over this big city, with the same quiet dignity they sit at their councils. In this cathedral are deposited the remains of the "Iron Duke," whose statue stands in every square and park in London. The body of the great Nelson also lies here. Here, too, in a beautiful room, is the monument to a grateful country as erected to its greatest heroes. A magnificent sarcophagus, too, to Gordon of Egyptian fame, and on this day it was decorated with wreaths and flowers. It was thrilling to see these dusky warriors of the plains, from the far away land of the setting sun, taking calmly their seats in the temple dedicated to God, a part of some of the greatest men of England—warriors, painters, poets and priests. These Indians, too, had been in the city, and I saw that those men whom England delights to honor. Heroes, too, they had been, though heroes in a bad cause, if fighting for their pitiful homes and their loved ones.

Colonel Cody in Camp. Apropos to Indians I hear that some mistaken philanthropists are trying to prevent Colonel Cody from exhibiting the Indians. I think if they could see the work Colonel Cody is doing in civilizing them, and teaching them how much better it is to do something to help them than to let them starve, they would change their minds. They are well fed and well clothed. To their camp free access is given to anyone who desires. When I have been there it was crowded with people, and a very good class of people, too, who are interested in seeing and learning their habits. It is a model of a reservation, with shrubs and flowers. Colonel Cody lives in camp with the Indians. His tents, consisting of a large tent for the men and a smaller room, took me back to my frontier days. Our tents, though, were not so elaborately finished; certainly we did not have a large picture of the Virgin Mary hanging in our tent, and the Virgin Mary, in the picture, is depicted as a woman in a long dress, with a crown on her head, and a scepter in her hand. The picture hangs in a conspicuous place in the tent, and seemed like the face of a dear, familiar friend to the foreign legion. If it were not for the stately towers and graceful spires that rise above the fences surrounding the encampment of the Virgin Mary, I would imagine myself in far-away Wyoming, or farther away Arizona.

There are many charming excursions from London that can be taken in a day. Every morning at 10 o'clock evening coaches leave our hotel (the Victoria) for some charming spot. The first of these is to the Tower of London. Here, the queen, occupies the castle at present, so we could not get permission to enter the private apartments, but could only see St. George's chapel, a beautiful and charming specimen of Gothic architecture, and the royal vaults. Windsor is the most magnificent royal domain in the world, so it is said, but not having seen it all I cannot vouch for it. Certainly the situation, the splendid grounds and the grand, massive buildings, with their towers and towers, is most impressive.

Sarcophagi of Sovereigns. The royal vaults are very interesting. Here lie the remains of many of England's sovereigns. Here is the tomb of that much-maligned man King Henry VIII, and one of his queens, Lady Jane Seymour; Charles I. and Princess Charlotte, whose tomb is one of the finest. This chapel, which is called the chapel of the Garter, because it is used for the installation of the knights of the Garter. In the high, round tower, which is the center of the castle, is the tomb of Scotland, that ill-fated monarch, was confined.

On the way to Windsor we stop at the home of William Penn. Here Gray is buried and a monument erected to his memory, and it is here, it is said, he wrote the first issue of the English language, his "Essay in a Country Churchyard"—it is not the finest, certainly the most famous. A short walk brings us to the house of the Duke of Devonshire, who took the title of Marquis of Devonshire. Another charming excursion we have taken for a day is to Richmond and Hampton Court. Hampton Court is a little stately leaves Westminster bridge, taking you to the river, past the houses of parliament, whose members are seen in the distance, steeply is beautifully reflected in the water; past Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the archbishop of Canterbury; past Chelsea, Putney, and the bridge of the stone arches; past the picturesque village of Kew and the beautiful Botanic gardens—here the river is decorated with many magnificent boats, a lucky is it clothed with majestic trees and shrubs—then we take a point and arrive at Richmond, took a carriage and drove to the river, where one of the most beautiful towns in any land. We stop and enter the little old church that contains the tombs of James Thomson, author of the seasons, and Keen, the famous actor. A little further on we are shown a gateway that is the site of a palace built by Henry VIII, and where Henry VIII often held his court, and where his daughter, by the beautiful Anne Boleyn, died. Then we dine at that historic inn, the Star and Garter, where Henry VIII, in a modern hotel, where they give you a luncheon fit for the gods, and for a wonder do not overcharge.

Home of the Gallant Sidney. The manor of Penshurst was given to Sir William Sidney by King Edward, son of Henry VIII. Carved on the stone gate tower is this inscription in old English: "The most religious and renowned Prince Edward VI. of England, Francis and Ireland, gave this house of Penshurst, with the manor, lands and appurtenances thereto belonging, unto his loving and beloved servant, Sir William Sidney, knight baronet, serving him from the time of his birth unto his coronation in the office of chamberlain and steward of the household, in commemoration of which most worthy and famous king, Sir Henry Sidney knight of the most noble order of the Garter, lord president of the court of Wales, lord marches of Wales, some lawyer to the aforementioned Sir William, caused this tower to be built, and the excellent stone of the manor to be erected, anno domini, 1557."

Here lived Sir Philip Sidney, Algernon Sidney, the patriot, who was beheaded in 1683, and after a long imprisonment, was buried in the church of St. Andrew, near the manor of Penshurst. There many beautiful pictures, one to Thomas Dudley, brother of Anne, in the Sidney chapel is a graceful monument of Robert Sidney, who was earl of Leicester. There many beautiful pictures, one to Thomas Dudley, brother of Anne, in the Sidney chapel is a graceful monument of Robert Sidney, who was earl of Leicester. There many beautiful pictures, one to Thomas Dudley, brother of Anne, in the Sidney chapel is a graceful monument of Robert Sidney, who was earl of Leicester.

Opposite is Twickenham, where, for so long lived Pope, when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Sir Francis Bacon, Horace Walpole and hundreds of the bright and clever men and women that lived and moved and died in the most interesting race of the hotel, which is situated on a high hill, one has a view that can hardly be surpassed for picturesque beauty. It is simply encircling, the broad sweep of the river as it makes a curve at the foot of the hill, the magnificent trees, the grass of "meadow hill," and across the river, the gradual ascent to the hills covered with grand and gigantic trees, with here and there a tower of some castle rearing above, the little villages on each side of the river, with its graceful spire of a church pointing heavenward—all forming a picture that is to be remembered.

Opposite is Twickenham, where, for so long lived Pope, when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu called "the smallest married of mankind" from the back of Strawberry hill, the famous villa of Horace Walpole. It was long the residence of the Marquis of Blandford, one of the clever and picturesque characters of her time. It was when visiting the countess of Walgrave that General Senece wrote a few lines of that fascinating and stirring game of poker which came near costing him his political life. The charming hostess had the miles printed and made into an attractive little book to distribute among her friends and the enemies of a clever, great and good man used it for his diversion.

On the monument is a medallion bust of Pope and his inscription:

Heroes and kings your distance keep: In peace let your poor poet sleep: Let Homer blush, and Virgil too.

To Hampton Court.

After luncheon we drove through Richmond park. This park is eight miles in circumference, filled with beautiful trees, dotted with handsome villas that face the Thames. Our driver, who was loquacious, told us the names of the houses, and as he drove by. The handsomest and most interesting was the country residence of Lord John Russell. From Richmond park we drove a quarter of a mile to the village across the river, into a beautiful modern little town with new houses, mostly of the Queen Anne style of architecture. In the grounds this park were four rows of the most magnificent horse chestnut trees in full bloom. The trees are so large and so old, they have been cultivated until they are perfection. All through the park the deer roam, and so gentle they approach near enough for you to give them a good look, and they will come from Bushy leads into the grounds of Hampton Court. The grounds are beautifully laid out with charming avenues and vistas, and in one of the glass houses, he showed us a grape vine planted in 1765. It was 100 feet high and in some seasons yields over 2,000 bunches of grapes.

Hampton Court palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey and presented by him to his royal master. It was added to by Sir Christopher Wren and for more than two centuries the residence of the English sovereigns. Henry VI was born here. Henry VIII married Blois Mary here. Philip of Spain and Elizabeth were married here, and here Queen Elizabeth held court. Even down to George III the English sovereigns have lived in the palace, and the windows of great men to have apartments in some portions of it.

It is a splendid structure of red brick and white stone, with a central tower, the oldest of the clock tower, has the armorial bearings of Cardinal Wolsey and his motto, "Domina mundi adiutor." On the facade are medallions of the Roman emperors. Presented to Wolsey by Pope Leo X. There is a fine line of columns by Wren. On the grand staircase, which is the finest in the world, are some allegorical paintings more curious than handsome. In the great hall are most interesting tapestries, fine paintings and a collection of armorial bearings and masters. It would require more than a day to see them all. We took a train back to London, passing through a charming country and numerous towns and villages.

Off to "The Wells."

A few days ago we went to Tanderidge Wells to visit our friend, Mary Anderson, who has made the "Wells" her home since she left the stage and married a farmer. The bridge is thirty miles from London. The scenery along the road is exceedingly pretty, passing through beautiful hop gardens, low hills, and a few scattered houses. At Chislehurst lives the beautiful Empress Eugenie, and her husband, the Emperor Napoleon III. Her husband, the Emperor Napoleon III, was a man of great power and influence. He was a man of great power and influence. He was a man of great power and influence.

There are many quaint legends of how these springs came to be so impregnated with iron. One, Mr. Navarra told me, was that St. Dunston, after he had plucked the nose of a giant, and had cut off the nose of the giant, he dropped them into the spring to cool them, and the spring was ever after impregnated with iron. In the last century the medicinal property of the waters was considered wonderful. Doubtless the invigorating and tonic quality of the air was more efficacious than the iron waters.

Visiting with Mary Anderson. We found Mary Anderson as loving and charming as of old, simple and unaffected, and so happy in her married life that I fear we will never see her on the stage again. Her home is a simple, comfortable one, just such a home as we would wish for our fair friend, Mr. Navarra, who, in a charming and beautiful house, "The Wells," showed us the sights and beauties around the hills. A typical English inn, all covered with ivy, from whose door the landlady, who has been ready to step out to lead us into the low, long room, with deep window sills, the furniture covered with bright, cheery, and an old-fashioned deep red carpet. The place where Mary spent her honeymoon. It was an ideal spot for lovers. From every window, looking out over the rolling hills, the hills and the high rocks that give the name to the place—High Rock. There was an old-fashioned garden filled with willow-herbs, lavender, and other flowers, and a few flowers of our childhood, that filled our souls with joy and longing.

There is a radius of a few miles are some marvellous residences, and one of these is Eredale castle, belonging to the Nevilles for more than four hundred years, its towers, battlements and turrets, and its walls, with ivy that one hardly sees the stone. There is Penshurst, with its wonderful baronial hall, its ancient stone staircase leading from the hall to the state rooms. The hall is a masterpiece of Gothic architecture, and the rooms shown to visitors are the most ancient and interesting. All the rooms have very fine ceilings and rather gloomy, and the hall is a masterpiece of Gothic architecture, and the rooms shown to visitors are the most ancient and interesting.

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He was also sleepy. "Oh, Charlie," she chirruped, "I heard from you today." Charlie looked gloomier than ever. "Don't say anything, dear," she pleaded, for she knew her husband's opinion of her father. "He has heard of our baby, and though he has not yet determined to forgive us, he has sent us a check for \$5,000 for dear baby's sake."

At first the young husband's face showed a gleam of pleasure, then it shadowed again. "Aren't you glad, Charlie?" she asked with a quivering lip. Then he smiled joyfully. "Yes, darling," he whispered, "but we should have had twins."

A Lesson in Consistency. Minneapolis Tribune: First Jeffersonian Democrat—What does the platform say about the tariff? Second Jeffersonian Democrat (reading it) says we must take care in revising the tariff not to injure any domestic industries, but legislate with due regard to capital and labor involved.

First J. D.—Good! Now, that's the right kind of talk! That's what I want to hear! That breathes the true democratic doctrine. Second J. D.—Hold on! That was knocked out because they said it was republican. First J. D.—No! Well, what did they put in its place of it? Second J. D.—They denounced the whole idea of protection as a fraud and say it unconstitutional to legislate so as not to injure domestic industries and with due regard to capital and labor involved.

He Wanted a Job. Chicago Tribune: "Any situation vacant on this paper?" asked the caller, a slender, wiry pilgrim with an intellectual face and a witted collar. "What kind of a situation?" said the editor. "Heavy editorial," "None vacant," "Literary criticism—any chance in that department?" "No, sir," "I can write intelligently on art. Do you need an art critic?" "I am sorry to say I have no vacancy in that department, either."

Happy Burmese. Burmah must be a heavenly place for women. In that country the members of the fair sex select their own husbands, and when they tire of them procure a divorce for the asking and marry again.

How is Your Blood? I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed. S.S.S. cured me permanently. WILL C. HEAVY, VANDERBILT, N. Y.

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Itter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALLACE MANN, 1001 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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It was their first baby, says the Detroit Free Press. The young mother was in a perfect rapture. It was an ugly baby, but she did not know it. Happy young mother. All of them are like her. But the father had dark misgivings. His salary was only \$15 per week and babies are expensive luxuries.

One day, when the baby was about a month old, the father came home from his desk and found his wife radiant. She was even happier when the baby was out of her sight. "What is it, Jennie?" asked her husband.

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