

with the beautiful, curiously carved articles peculiar to this country. Here are the famous Swiss watches, clocks and bells, the sweet toned musical boxes, the odd looking sabot and stork, and pails that would captivate the sweetest maid that ever "went a milking."

Leaving Switzerland, we come to France,

LA BELLE FRANCE.

Here by a strange magic we see and converse with many historic characters. The monarchy in its golden age of luxuriance is brought to mind by the imperious Pompadour whose queenly bearing and elegant costume transports us to the days of the old regime when France was regal and luxurious. Then we see fair Josephine the martyr to Napoleon's mighty ambition and yet resplendent in her beauty and majesty, and latest of all comes *La Reputique française*, with her lesson of *fraternité et égalité*, upon all of which the exiled Eugenie gazes with silent comment. As a contrast to this grandeur and elegance there is the "good sister" who brings consolation to high and low alike in her peaceful ministries; near her is the simple Breton Shepherdess and several young pretty Arle flower maidens offer a pleasing contrast to the mighty ones of earth whose glory was not their joy, but often their sorrow. We would fain linger in the sunny land of France and listen to the converse of their beautiful fair women, but to make the tour of this great world we must pass on and now we come to

SPAIN.

The flutter of a fan, a glance from a pair of bright eyes beneath a gracefully draped mantilla, and we stop before the curtain hung mirador, with its marble pillars, tiled floor and ivy clad wall, the tinkling of a fountain on one side and the ringing sound of glasses on the other. Beside the sparkling waters a soft-eyed Juanita lingers to say a few words to the thirsty student; in an arbor, covered with vines, against whose brighter leaves the dark clusters of the grapes hang temptingly; the stately Spanish consul and the dashing bull fighter, gay in silver and scarlet, sip the harmless wines of their native country or to smoke the cigarette for which the "Espagnol" is celebrated. From the mirador, a slender dame looks out upon the moving world, for here the lovely ladies of Spain are allowed the liberties denied them elsewhere. All around the air is heavy with the odor of sweet roses and blossoming heather, as we pass beyond the mirador and hasten to

ITALIA.

Here we find ourselves in a beautiful Italian garden. The sweet odor of flowers floats out upon the air, and we are drawn toward one of the gorgeous gardens for which sunny Italy is famed. A daintily furnished salon overlooks this "garden of gardens." We descend the marble steps and go toward the fountain throwing the water in shining spray high into the air.

The marble colonnades wreathed in blossoming vines are a fantastic background for the gay assemblage we meet. Here in muffled cloak stalks a sinister brigand, brushing against a gaily clad flower girl; a curly headed fisherboy lingers boy-like beside the stand where the gallant courtier deftly rolls the famous venetian puff cigarettes; a gondolier leans idly against the fountain, waiting for a possible *scalde*; "Gaily the Troubadour" touches his guitar to the delight of the music loving Italian. From fair Como, from the Via Roma and the Vesuvius crowned Neapolitan Bay, come the picturesque Roman, offering flowers, fruit, macaroni and the odd lava ware to the stranger, who finds here an earthly paradise.

TURKEY.

In Turkey we paid our devoirs to the Sultan, who kindly favored us with an interview with the Sultana, and several other Turkish ladies whose brilliant attire was most dazzling in its orientalluxuriance. The Seraglio with its rich draperies and rugs, choice cabinets, and ornaments presents a fine interior, leading on one side into a garden of eastern plants and flowers filled with the aroma of orange blossoms and other rare flowers. In the Mohammedan Mosque we find the priest engaged in prayer, and only look within to see the bejewelled altar at which he is kneeling. But to visit Turkey and not see the bazaars is scarcely to see the country, and we forthwith confront the conscienceless sensale whose importunity is appeased only by purchasing his wares. And what beautiful wares this Bazaar presents for sale. Fruits and spices, rare embroidery, oriental rugs and curtains, all demand attention. Here may be had the Turkish fez, Turkish delights and other *recherche* articles. But eastward ho! is our motto, and we are off for

INDIA.

The wide-open windows, matted floor, bamboo chairs, the rich draperies and tiger skins, the tall jars of Benaric ware, the rugs and cabinets of oriental embroideries, the swarthy white-robed attendants who, with many salaams, offer pungent currie, chetney and snowy rice, to the visitor seated beneath the slender palms, proclaim the nation that hails our Queen as Empress. Gliding noiselessly here and there, clad in the strange ceremonial dress of the Hindoo, the soft-eyed women bring us the beautiful indian embroideries, or show the ebony and alligator skin divans and chairs and the thousand and one pretty, useful and ornamental articles. To linger here, reclining on the soft cushions, lulled by the dreamy eastern air, is a temptation that we find difficult to overcome; duty calls and we must hasten onward, and after our trip through India, we find ourselves in

JAPAN.

The feature of this country that interested us most was the Japanese Tea House, where we enjoyed our first cup of real

Japanese Tea. A delightful roseate hue pervaded the house from the colored lanterns hung round. The various Japanese goods that ornamented the room divide our attention from the tea that was daintily served by the beautiful Japanese girls, who seemed to have control of this department. And what beautiful wares they were. We of course came away laden with sovenirs, for who can resist the inimitable Japanese bric-a-brac.

UNITED STATES.

Here we sit down by the humble cabin of the good old Uncle Tom, and hear the story of slavery days, while Topsy assures us that she never was born but simply "grewed." But yonder is the fair "Liberty," the controlling genius of this great land, she does not scorn the lowly slave; no, Uncle Tom is her especial protege. But what anachronism here?—can that be Miles Standish beside the puritan Priscilla? Where is John Alden? Yonder he stands; not bold enough as yet to speak for himself. But what an illustrious band we have come among. Yonder is the father of his country and his worthy wife; the great Franklin is at his printing press; again, we see a saintly quakeress; a General Putnam; Brother Jonathan, and last but not by any means least in importance is a veritable Young America, who threatens to overshadow all these other worthies and take advantage of the good Liberty's favors.

But, hurrah! hurrah for Canada! Here we are again in our native wilds of

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

A wigwam at whose open doorway sits a squaw with the friendly "How" upon her lips, "How" we say and pass in upon the deerskin rugs where are three or four more sisters, the air is fragrant with the balmy breath of sweet hay, whose presence is revealed in the quantities of beautiful 'basket-work' the "sisters" offer us. The slender birch canoe is more to our liking but no "one boat you take *this*," and we are shown perfect miniatures of the larger beauty. Here Canada, "this land of ours" and the vivacious bright eyed French Canadienne, linger in the home of their less civilized sisters, a picture of perfect harmony and peace.

To Our Readers.

The Ladies in charge of the International Tea Room would like us to say that contributions of refreshments will be gratefully received. Any of the following will be acceptable, Oysters, escalloped or raw, Salads, Ice Cream, Fancy Dishes, Cake or Biscuits. Kindly send to the Tea Room.

On Tuesday the Fair will be open from 2 until 6 during which time the admission will be 15 cents. This is to allow the little ones a chance of enjoying a trip among the Nations where much will interest and amuse. Be sure they see the Fairyland of Dolls.