

Park, where the great Centennial Exhibition of 1876 was held. It is very extensive, but to my mind too near the black dirty city to compare for beauty with the smaller Druid's Hill Park at Baltimore.

Some fine glass-houses remain, as the only relic of the exhibition, and are filled with a splendid collection of tropical palms and plants.

Philadelphia has some very excellent "dry-goods stores," notably "Wannamaker's," a sort of glorified Whiteley, where every conceivable article can be obtained at a fairly reasonable cost.

We haunted the place by day, and dreamed of it doubtless by night. There were so many absolutely necessary last thoughts: some sort of shady hat, some attempt at spring clothing, some ante-mosquito mixture, quinine, eau de cologne, and sal volatile; the hundred and one things which are so indispensable to comfort, but such a nuisance to pack. Worst of all came the culminating agony of weeks of discussion over the great ticket question.

Just at this time the "cut rates" as they are called (tickets issued at an almost nominal price) were constantly tantalizing us by their absurdly low advertisements, \$50 and even \$30 from Philadelphia to San Francisco, the ordinary rate being \$125!