

Our American Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)



indications of a station. The names were very unique, "Chew Roads" causing a general laugh on the train.

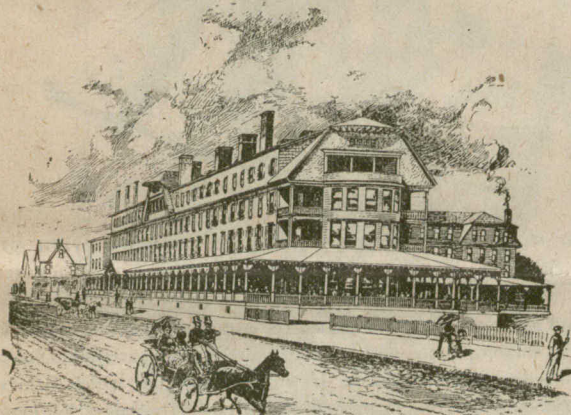
On leaving the Jersey Central for a branch-road running to the coast, the landscape was pleasantly varied; beautiful peach orchards in all their pink glory fairly bewitched us. We rode through miles of the deep pink bloom alternating with thriving villages, where the chief industry was fruit canning.

We caught our first glimpse of the ocean just as the sun was setting in unusual beauty. As we watched it sink beyond miles of waving grass and gleaming water, we were entranced with the beauty of the scene, it seemed like a wonderful dream.

In a few minutes we reached the station; it was quite dark, the hackmen and hotel runners were howling and our rosy dreams were rudely dispelled.

Tired and hungry, on reaching our hotel we dined and retired, hoping to renew our delightful dream of the sunset, but instead—perhaps because of dinner—we dreamt the engine had broken down and stranded us near "Chew Roads."

The main attraction at Atlantic City is the board-walk, four miles long and about twenty-five feet wide, skirting the ocean. On one side as far as the eye can reach rolls the broad Atlantic; on the other is the "infinite variety," which is said to be woman's charm-



THE BRIGHTON.

bazaars—Turkish, Japanese, Yankee—shooting-galleries, book and candy stands, baths, fortune-telling and weighing machines, sun-parlors, "merry-go-rounds," and soda fountains, everything to occupy the idle and tempt their dimes.

We bought ottar of roses from a Turk. He was genuine, we were sure, but the perfumes is more than doubtful. The Japanese bazaars were interesting and everything was remarkably cheap, so we bought more than we could conveniently carry. In one bazaar there was a Japanese woman and her two children, round-faced, black-eyed little girls about four and five years old. I tried to coax them to stand still for a picture, but they ran into the rear of the store and hid, taking possession of the candies first, however.

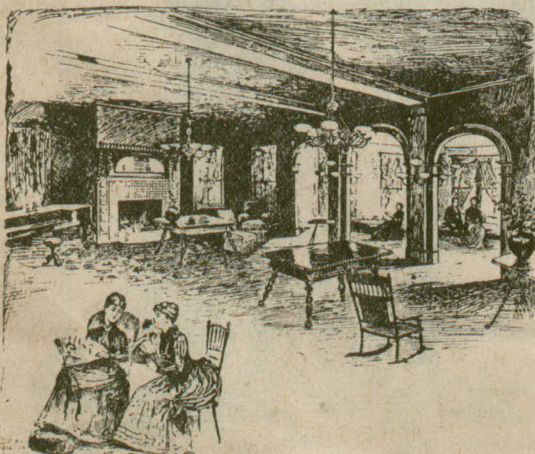
Going into a "merry-go-round,"—it is enclosed in a big glass house and heated—we were surprised to find a number of ladies riding, while about fifty were sitting in the chairs with their fancy work or books. It seems this is the general meeting and gossiping place, to which most of the ladies from the numerous hotels flock for a talk after a promenade on the board-walk.

"Will you take a swim?" I asked.

"You are crazy," responded my friend, drawing up her fur collar.

"In the Natatorium," I mean. "Don't you see, 'Hot Salt Baths?'"

We went in to look about first. I put my hand in the tank. It felt icy. The air was as cold as the water. We hastened out into



BRIGHTON PARLOR.

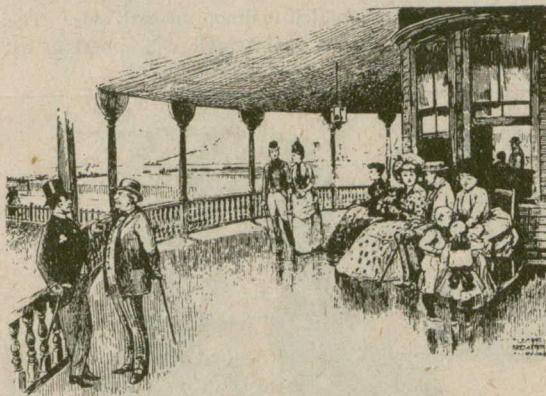
the sunshine leaving our "swim" until we returned to New York.

Resolved to "do" the town thoroughly, we shot, or watched the male contingent shoot at a squirrel perpetually jumping over a log, dropped our pennies and had horrible fortunes pointed to us, bought and tried to eat "Only original salt-water taffy," rode in the electric cars, and gathered clam shells on the beach.

One morning we devoted to the light-house and life-saving station. The light-house keeper, a very fine looking old man has been in charge for twenty years, during which time he has been away but two weeks. The tower is one hundred and eighty-seven feet high and the light can be seen a great many miles. He said how many but I am anxious to establish a reputation for veracity I won't repeat it.

The life-saving station is just back of the tower. We were shown the life-boat, the car, which is like a tightly covered canoe; the cannon used to shoot the line to the distressed vessel, and the rockets which will carry a line to a vessel two miles away. The coast here is dangerous and they have had sometimes as many as eleven wrecks in a season, to which they have rendered aid.

An afternoon was profitably spent on the "Stafford," a whaling bark that was stranded on this coast about two years ago. It has



THE SEAWARD SIDE OF THE PIAZZA.

been drawn up beyond the water line and fitted for visitors, and for ten cents apiece we not only saw the vessel, but heard an extremely monotonous lecture on the "whaling industry." What was formerly the deck is now enclosed and hung with pictures of different species of whales. The lower part of the vessel, which is unaltered, was of much greater interest to me. I went into the "fo' castle," and tried to imagine listening to one of Clark Russell's sea tales in that room, not more than seven feet square, not more than enough head room to stand upright, with bunks for twelve or fourteen men and no ventilation except from the hatchway, which must be closed in foul weather. I will read the "fo' castle stories" with a sense of being smothered after this. Even the captain's cabin is not much more than a closet. Any boy with a desire to go to sea will be thoroughly cured by half an hour on the "Stafford."

I have not spoken of the hotels; they are perhaps not so numerous, but would be as hard to number as the sands on the shore. I started to count as I saw them but my arithmetic failed. The Mansion, Lraymore, Windsor, Brighton, Shelburne, United States and Hadden Hall are among the largest. The hotels generally are well appointed and the fare is excellent. Each hotel has its band of music and sun-parlor. We had excellent music and every night the dancing-room was filled with beautifully dressed girls and an



MUSHROOMS.

occasional, very young man. When I find a hotel where there are enough men to be partners for all the pretty girls, I will write you about it in capitals.

DAISY DEAN.

Be Independent.

Nothing conduces so much to success as independence.

People who are always waiting for help usually have to wait a long time.

Assistance is not always to be had for the asking. No matter how incompetent a man may be, there is always something he can do for herself.

Never "wait for dead men's shoes," for you are very likely to be disappointed.

As for girls, don't sit still and hope a rich man will marry you, while your father and mother toil for your daily bread.

Go to work! Home labor will not injure you. Don't be afraid to soil your hands.

Sew, teach school; or, if you know how to cook, and can do nothing better or more remunerative, go into some one's kitchen and earn your livelihood. If your means place you beyond such need, be independent in another way; learn how to help yourself as much as possible.

We like women who can do their own cooking or washing, and thus become independent of servants when they go off in a huff.

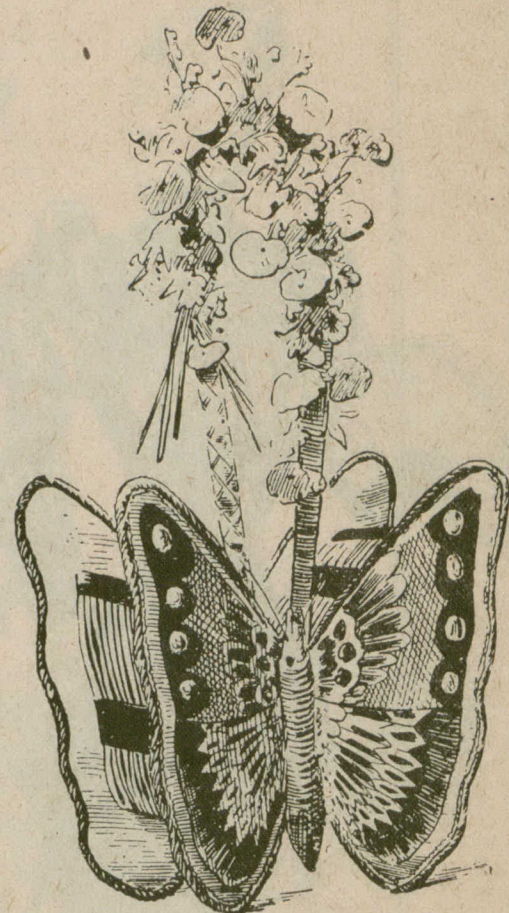
Give a helping hand when you may; and if in need of assistance yourself, gratefully take it if it is freely offered, but never wait for it.

Independence is always honored; therefore be independent, and by self-reliance show that at least you are deserving of success.

Handiwork.

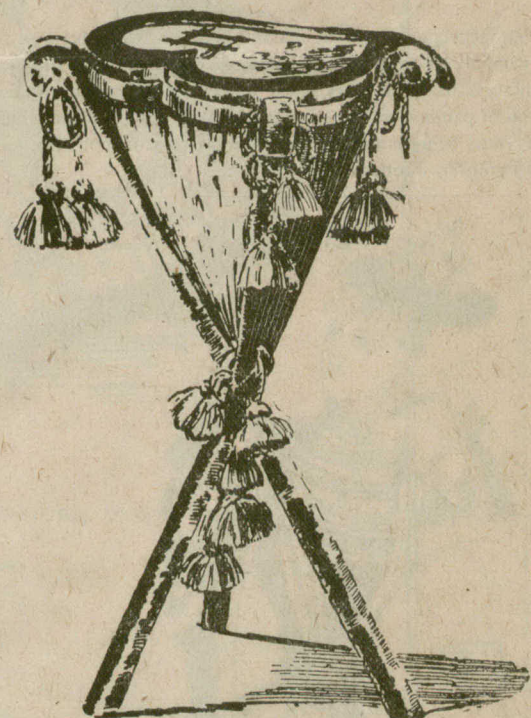
Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

BUTTERFLY WALL POCKETS.—It is made of stiff cardboard covered with velvet and satin embroidered in bright hued silks; a



BUTTERFLY WALL POCKETS.

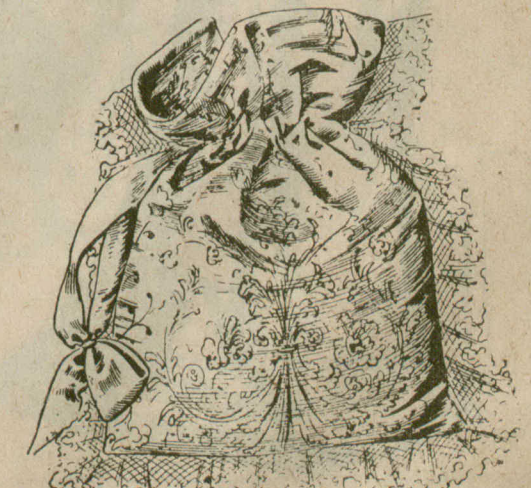
satin bag is placed between the two shaped pieces of cardboard, and it is suspended by a wire covered with floss silk and entwined with flowers.



FANCY TABLE.

FANCY TABLE.—It is of gilded wood with a heart-shaped top enameled and painted; below is attached a bag of India silk which is useful for containing sewing implements.

FLOWER SACHET FOR THE TABLE.—Pink satin embroidered in gold and trimmed with gold lace and bows.



FLOWER SACHET FOR THE TABLE.