





THE BURNING OF HIS BOWS.

A Glorious Indian Summer Day Calls on the White People.

The Indian Summer of Saturday afternoon shows gloriously over the city. Not with the scorching heat of July, nor with the shifty glare of a midwinter day, when, despite its bright glare, the keen air penetrates alike through bare and fur, but with a happy and lowliness known only to dwellers in this glorious climate, where such a charming season as Indian Summer comes to gladden every sense, and where "parting summer's lightning shows" delays with us for a brief season, ere Jack Frost fastens his vice-like grip alike on land and water, and the first white flakes of snow are seen flying through the air, to warn us that winter is at hand.

A glorious day truly was Saturday. Not too warm for the lightest, noisiest-kind of a spring, or rather fall, overcoat with boots to prevent the ladies from promenading in figures unbecomingly with cloaks or dolmans. The citizens of both sexes took advantage of the day, and never in any season did our fashions get more varied. In the forenoon, the streets of King-street, present a gay appearance than on the last day but one of November, in this year of grace, Anno Domini, 1894. The charming weather, made us everywhere in good spirits—brought them up to speak—and smiles were the order of the day. The promenaders were dressed in their best, and so were the shop windows, which did our fashions that day. It was the day that I undertook to do King-street. I thought I was well enough prepared to be seen anywhere, and so, having in my later years, I joined the throng of promenade promenaders. I commenced at the Rossin House and soon found myself following in the wake of a charming-looking high-toned young lady, who was accompanied by two of the most elaborately dressed acquaintances I had seen in my life. Still the lady was young. Still the lady was young. Still the lady was young.

Along the sidewalks were drawn up many elegant equipages, from the heavy carriage and coach, with the footman standing in the middle, to the lightest and most elegant of the motor cars, with the driver and the passenger. The lady who was the center of attraction, was dressed in a very elegant and becoming manner. She was wearing a high-collared dress, with a lace trim, and a large hat, with a veil. She was walking with a graceful and easy gait, and her face was lit up with a smile. She was the center of attraction, and every eye was turned to her. She was the center of attraction, and every eye was turned to her.

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