

THE SPRING AND BOTTLING HOUSE

GLENN SPRINGS.

Its History from Its Discovery, with Personal Sketches of Its Habitués.

BY MRS. T. SUMNER MEANS.

"The cynnet finds the water, but the man is born in ignorance of its element. By sin the blood—his spirit—insight denied And crossed by his sensations. Presently he feels it quicken in the dark sometimes; Then mark, he reverts, he obeys— For such dumb motions of imperfect life Are oracles of vital Deity Attesting the Redeemer."

It is an idea of some French writer that the constitution of mineral waters is analogous to that of the serum of the blood. Such a speculation is authorized, if not sustained by watching the reviving effects of mineral waters on the human system. To draw a strict line of demarcation between ordinary and mineral water is scarcely possible. The excess of mineral constituents or temperature are often so undefined, that it is only by the therapeutic action, they can at all be classified.

The water of Glenn Springs is as pronounced in its effects on the body as that of any Spa in the United States, and the appropriate sphere of this water in the treatment of chronic diseases, and its tonic properties in nervous prostration, etc., are thoroughly recognized by the medical men of South Carolina, and the adjoining States. Its local reputation has long been established, and, despite the fact of its lying far in the interior of the State and off of the direct line of railroads, it is every year increasing in popularity and patronage. The late Dr. John Darby, in a private letter written whilst he was Professor in the University of New York, said: "I use it frequently in my private practice here, by sending special orders for it. If it were on draught or in bottles in the city, as other mineral waters are, I would introduce it to general notice. In certain disorders it is invaluable."

Its therapeutic action in cases of dyspepsia, diabetes, gravel, inflammation of the bladder, dropsy, jaundice, anæmia after fevers, from enlargement of the spleen, etc.; chronic diarrhoea, diseases of the skin, nervous affections and a whole category of female complaints, is markedly beneficial; in many instances sufferers having been, through the use of the water, restored to perfect health.

The climate is good, the country undulating, and the country town of Spartanburg only twelve miles distant; the State Asylum for Mutes and Blind; the pretty gorge of Gollygity Falls, are all pleasant drives to relieve the visitors from monotony.

Those persons who are in the advanced stages of pleuritic find the water fatal; it accelerates the course of the disease by acting specifically on the bowels, the patient becomes rapidly exhausted. Whenever a confirmed consumptive chances to visit Glenn's Spring the proprietors advise them not to taste the water.

It has been an interesting task to trace the history of this spring back to its discovery. The first settlers of this portion of the backwoods of South Carolina found the spot a quagmire, and known to the Indians as a "deer-lick." It was soon noticeable to them, too, that the cows loved to browse around it, and lap the water that settled here and there amid the black mud in little pools. From the peculiar smell pervading the mud, it came to be designated as the "Sulphur Swamp."

This section then belonged to North Carolina, and was in Mecklenburg County. For many years after the State lines were established it was known as the "New Acquisition." We find it constantly so called in the Documentary History of the Revolution. Later on it took the name of Ninety-Six District, but finally the quagmire fell into the lower edge of a county laid off and named Spartanburg.

The curative qualities of the spot were revealed by a commonplace accident. During the Revolutionary war, from the unavoidable filth of camp life, scabbies, or as it is vulgarly termed, "the itch," was the plague of the rank and file of the American army. After the war, the irritating disease "stuck closer than a brother,"

and returning soldiers infected their families. A man living in the neighborhood of the "Sulphur Swamp," with a round dozen quivers in his bows, had every one broken out with scabbies. One day the cows did not come at milking time, one of the boys of this family going out to look them up, found them in the quagmire. In getting them out, he fell in, and came home covered up to the neck with the black ill smelling mud. It was a lucky souse, for in a few days he found himself entirely well of the hateful "itch." The father must have been a man of thought, for he took the cue, marched the whole family up to the swamp for a mud bath, and the result was they were all healed. True, some of them, had to dip more than once, but finally all were cured. Of course such good luck was told from one to another, and the place was resorted to by the country folks for miles around, and used for mud baths, by those affected with skin diseases.

A long dry spell of weather in 1800, or thereabouts, dried up the "Sulphur Swamp," and revealed at its edge a clear, running spring. Many free stone fountains were dried up at their sources, and a family living near the spring were glad to use the water. It had a queer taste, and curdled when soap was put in it, yet they felt assured that it was good to drink and soon grew to like the peculiar flavor belonging to it. Other water, after drinking from the new spring, seemed to lack seasoning. It came to pass, therefore, even after the drought was broken, and other springs were convenient, the family would often prefer the water of this spring. A drowsy old kinsman visited them, and it was suggested that the queer tasting water might help him. Its action on kidneys and skin was unmistakable, and in a few weeks he was convinced that the use of the water had benefited him. He continued to drink it, until he was restored to health.

From this, the first cure made by Glenn Springs water, until now, each year individual cases, have shown conclusively the recuperative properties belonging to it. And many sufferers gratefully acknowledge the benefits received from its use.

The tract of land then comprising a thousand acres, on which the spring is situated, was sold early in this century for three hundred dollars. An old Baptist preacher, Mr. Johnson, was considered, in getting that price, to have made a sale. Somewhere between 1815-20 a Mr. James P. Means built a two-story frame house on a hill near the mineral spring. Strange to say, part of this house is still in use. The water was sufficiently known as a curative agency to create a demand for a boarding house in the neighborhood, and he had at all times under his roof some visitors using the water for their health's sake. Mr. Means sold the place in 1825-26 to Mr. John B. Glenn. The tract of land belonging to the spring was now reduced to less than five hundred acres, for which he paid eight hundred dollars. Up to this time it had been called "the Powder Spring," the order of the water, from the presence of sulphurated hydrogen, being similar to that of water which had been used to wash out a gun. Now, that its use had grown into popular favor, Mr. Glenn enlarged his house, and opened a regular inn for the travelling public. He was a man much beloved by all who knew him, and finally the mineral spring took his name, and has ever since been definitely known as Glenn's Spring.

The capacity of his hotel did not at all meet the demands of the public, and Mr. Glenn built a number of log cabins on the hillside, leading to the spring, to rent to families. Gentlemen, from the adjoining districts, by permission, built cabins for their own use, and Glenn's Spring came to be the summer resort of many prominent country families.

Let us make a seeming digression, to say something of these people who first brought Glenn's Spring into general and permanent popularity. For many years the stamp of individuality was recognizable on the company who congregated there

Among these early habitués of Glenn's Spring were the Sims and Sheltons, representative fox hunting squires, such as Fielding painted. Farnandis and Norris, sparkling wits, even if it was scimitar edged at times, its very brilliancy restored good humor; Dr. Maurice A. Moore; a Sir Roger de Coverly, who clung to the ruffle shirt and courtly bows of an old school gentleman; Gist Neckolls, Clowney, Rogers, consecutive Representatives from the First District in Congress; Williams of Laurens; Rice of Union; the Smiths and Bobos of Spartanburg; Irvine of Greenville; Moorman, Pierson and McLure of Newberry, are the names of the first drinkers of the "medicine waters." Shadows fitting across the face of the camera, so ghostlike, we cannot print their pictures here. Enough to say: they were men and women of the old South. It was in the summer of 1835, that fifteen gentlemen, then at Glenn Springs, conceived the idea of forming a stock company to buy the property of Mr. Glenn, and build a fine hotel.

It was during a cold this year that Dr. McMahon, of Union County, quite a young man, fell into ill health. His father was a man of wealth, and the son at once consulted the best physicians in the State. Finding himself growing steadily worse, he went to New York and Philadelphia, and had the opinion of the most eminent medical men in the United States. All gave the same diagnosis. His heart was incurably diseased, and they advised him to return home and accept the inevitable. His father, to soothe the declining days of the young man, put servants, horses and carriage at his command. The invalid went to Limestone Spring, then a popular summer resort. Whilst there, some one advised him to go to Glenn Springs, and try the mineral water for his case.

The drowsy man catches at a straw; he went immediately to Glenn Springs, and began to drink the water. In ten days he felt that he was more comfortable than he had been in months. At the end of a month he



EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT GLENN SPRING.

went walk several hundred yards. He returned home to let his father see his improvement, but returned in a short while, and remained, steadily drinking the water for five months. At the end of this time he felt himself perfectly restored to health; he entered on the active life of a country doctor, and continued in this career until an advanced age, without any return of the disease that had so seriously menaced him an early death.

It was this notable cure, which formulated the idea of a stock company to a reality. The charter was obtained in 1836 under the name of "The Glenn's Spring Company;" Dr. Maurice A. Moore, President. They gave Mr. Glenn fifteen thousand dollars for the property, and at once got a plan for a hotel. The specifications called for the best heart pine, post oak and poplar materials.

You have heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay. That was built in such a logical way it ran a hundred years to the day."

It was on this plan that the Glenn's Spring Hotel was built.

The strongest oak. That couldn't be a slit nor bent, nor broke. The floor was just as strong as the sills, And the panels just as strong as the floor."

The main body of the house was to be sixty feet square, three stories and a half high, ceilings twelve and ten feet in height. Three wings, two stories in height, fifty feet in length. Dining room, drawing room and ball room, fifty feet each. Mr. Murray, a notable landscape gardener, was employed to lay out the grounds and set out forest trees. The old man

laid out the money of the company so rapidly that they were fain to stop him before he had carried out his ideas. But the beautiful trees now growing in the campus, shading the cottages and walks, were planted under his supervision. Handsome furniture was ordered from New York for parlor, dining room and card rooms. A fine meat and pastry cook was secured, and a string band employed. The company determined that all the auspices of the establishment should be in fine style. July, 1838, the new hotel was opened. The public showed its appreciation by giving a liberal patronage. Traveling was then done on dirt roads; private vehicles and public stages constantly rolled up to the door, bringing loads of visitors to Glenn's Spring July, August, and part of September, the house was full, and often crowded. The season, however, was too short, and the expenditures had been too lavish for pecuniary success, and after about five brilliant social seasons at the Spa, the company found themselves well nigh insolvent, and the property was bought by Mr. Murphy and his nephew, Mr. John C. Zimmerman. The latter gentleman was for years the popular and successful proprietor of Glenn's Spring. He sold it in 1853: since then it has changed hands several times, until it was bought by the present owners. These gentlemen have shown no small amount of energy and ability in the management of the place, and, since Glenn's Spring has fallen into their hands, have done much to restore it to its old standard as a popular and pleasant summer resort. Belonging themselves to an old and influential family, first rate people are naturally attracted to a health resort over which they preside. Their gentlemanly demeanor and honorable dealings compel the respect of all who sojourn under their roof. In harrying over the outlines of the history of our Spa, we have omitted individual sketches, without which the story of the old watering place would be incomplete.

There were from the opening season of 1833 up to the war in 1860, many men, frequenters of Glenn's Spring, who made the history of South Carolina. In ante bellum days the Constitution of the State did not allow its Chief Executive during his term of office to leave the State, and the Governor was glad to fix for several weeks each summer, and often for the whole season, his headquarters at Glenn's Spring. Judges, United States Senators and Representatives, congregated there, and some important decisions of the Supreme Court were written out in its precincts, and more than one State paper of importance drafted in the shadow of its walls.

Slowly walking up and down the campus, in the times of which we speak, summer after summer, was to be seen the tall, wasted form of Chancellor Harper, the beautiful integrity of whose private life adorned the office which he filled. Every one recognized Judge Harper as a truly great man. The legal opinions were quoted in English and European courts; and it was his strong intellect that coined from the inalienable sovereignty of the States, the doctrine of the right of secession. Calhoun grasped the idea, and became the earnest apostle of the new political creed, thereby forfeiting all hope of national honors.

Col. William C. Preston, the silver-tongued orator, was a brother-in-law of Harper's and always a strong Union man. After leaving the United States Senate he was made President of the South Carolina College. He always spent a part of his summers at Glenn's Spring. He used to say that, in spite of his partiality for his native Virginia, he was forced to admit that no waters of the Old Dominion built up his broken down nerve force as the water of Glenn's Spring.

Judges Butler, Hugor, Cheves, DeSaussure, the Johnsons, both Chancellors and Judge, Elmore, Seabrook, Hayne, Laborde, Barnwell, Pickens, O'Neal, men of all shades of thought and profession, came to drink and be healed. "Ah! gentlemen!" said Col. Preston. "Think you not Ponce de Leon made a mistake in his bearings; had he come up higher he might have found here the water for which he searched?"

It was in 1847 that the survivors of the Palmetto Regiment, heroes of Monterey and Resaca de la Palma, came to recruit from w-uounds and the effects of the hardships of the Mexican War. Gladden, Eves, Cary, Styles, Brooks and others, carried off the honors, petted and admired by all; any civilian was thrown over mercilessly to give a dance to one of the Mexican Volunteers.

Col. Brooks used to tell a good thing on himself. It occurred that summer. We all know that invalids claim a sort of heroism from their weakness, and the common run of sick men, give them half a chance, will tell the minutiae of their case to any listener. Col. Brooks said that he rode up to the Spring one day, a young man who stood by, sprang forward, assisted him out of his carriage, helped him into the pavilion, handed him water, and kindly remarked, "You seem very feeble, sir!" So much interest from a stranger opened the flood gates, and Col Brooks incessantly entered on the history of his case. For a while a respectful, sympathetic interest was lent, but the recital grew exhaustive. "—it, sir! you are used up generally!" interjected the gentle stranger. The diagnosis was a true one; Col Brooks bought a summer place near Glenn's Spring and his flag-bearer for years pointed the tale, when he told it.

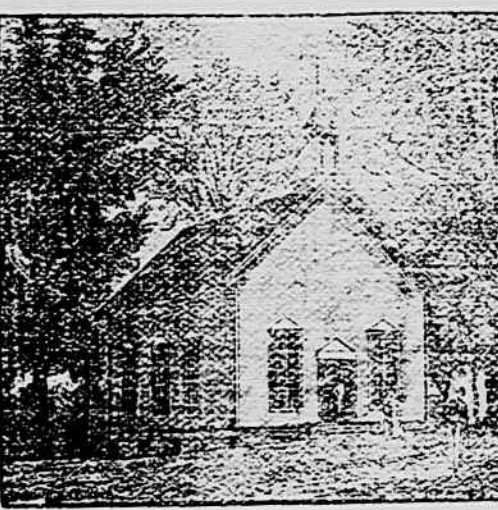
No story is complete without a woman, and the annals of Glenn Springs have two, Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Farnandis; any sketch of the place would be very faulty were they not introduced. Mrs. Bacon was the widow of Judge L. Bacon's famous delinquent Ned Bacon. In 1840 she was brought on a bed to Glenn Springs. Her stomach was tender at all food, to such a degree was she reduced, that she was faintly fed and emaciated. At first a teaspoonful of water was as much as she could retain. For days a larger dose would nauseate her intensely, but by the end of a month, she could quaff off, and retain two or three tumblers full in succession. By the end of the season she could walk up and down the steep hill to the Spring, and on what she chose. For the rest of her life, thirty years, (she lived to be ninety) she kept well; she came,

however, every summer for a month to Glenn Springs, drinking the water, she said, to insure herself against a return of dyspepsia.

Mrs. Farnandis, 'Aunt Sally,' as she was long called, was one of the landmarks of Glenn's Spring. The first summer the hotel was opened she was there the whole season, and came un-failingly every year afterward until the opening of our civil war. Soon after her marriage, whilst still a young, pretty woman, she had a fall, from which she received internal injuries which never healed. Glenn's Spring water, whilst it could not cure made her very much more comfortable. Warm-hearted and generous-natured, entering into the joys and sorrows of all around, uniting in kindness, cheerful in affliction, she was for years the central figure at the watering place.

No one of the therapeutic effects of the water is more valuable than the tonic properties, that enable the steady drinker of alcoholic liquors to give up his accustomed stimulant without letting down his nervous system. Men whose condition, when away from the effects of the water, seems to demand the moderate use of stimulants, can, while drinking the Glenn's Spring water, not feel at all the need of their toddy. It is said that the economy of the universe supplies for every curse a blessing; for every poison an antidote. It is certain that any man who desires to quit the habitual use of stimulants may do so by spending a summer at Glenn's Spring, and drinking freely of the mineral water.

There is quite a little village around the Spring. Soon after the hotel was built in 1838, some of the stockholders built summer houses. A store and post-office were opened, some persons who liked the climate for summer, concluded to become permanent residents. A male academy was opened, and year after year there have been now and then additions. In 1850 an Episcopal church was built, and it is a great pleasure to church folks to find a pretty little con-



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT GLENN SPRING.

secrated horse of prayer, with semi-sacred services, in which they may refresh their souls by the way.

Within the last few years the Presbyterians, too, have built a neat house of worship, which is regularly supplied with preaching. In the old days, before these places of prayer were built, visiting clergymen often preached in the hotel parlor; it was there that Dr. Thornwell, when quite a young man, preached for the first time his celebrated sermon on "The Judgment," knocking the candle out of the candle-stick in one of his fervid gestures.

A good string band discoursed music for the accommodation of the dancers. Youth and beauty chased time with flying feet. Beneath the shadow of the oaks, hearts were lost and won, and the silvery moon inspired poetic effusions now and then. Here are some verses written the summer of 1859 by a boy poet:

"THE NIGHT WHEN FIRST WE MET."
 "Oh, wilt thou, when thou'rt far away,
 At thine own peaceful, beautiful home,
 When thou art happy, bright and gay,
 With not one darksome hour of gloom,
 Think of the lonely poet-boy,
 Who never, never will forget
 That brightest hour of greater joy—
 The night when first we met."
 When on life's stormy ocean tossed,
 When all is dark and drear as night,
 Thy prayers will save him almost lost,
 And make his lonely pathway bright,
 Then, Mary, wilt thou think of me,
 And, Mary, canst thou ever forget
 That brightest hour of all to me,
 The night when first we met!"

"Mary" was a beautiful blonde, the rhymer, William M. Martin, the first martyr of the Confederate war. He died from illness incurred in camp life, the first Southern soldier who lost his life. He and "Mary" belong to the land of shadows.

The season of 1860 was the most brilliant that Glenn's Spring ever knew. There was at one time that summer, tabernacled in hotel cottages and private houses, a thousand visitors. Driving, games and dancing gave pastime to pleasure seekers, as freely as the spring ran water for the invalids. Little recked the young and gay how many would fall in battle; how soon sorrow and suspense was to throw a pall over the bright panorama.

Since the war, in spite of the fact that Glenn's Spring is not on a railroad, and has only a country market to rely upon, the old resort has still a good patronage.

A new feature of the place is the "Bottling House." This is established at the spring. The demand for the water is steadily increasing, and it is shipped in cases of one and two dozen quart bottles, east and west. The water is also kept on draught in many of the principal Southern cities.

One word in conclusion, to those who drink Glenn's Spring water: "Be temperate in all things," may apply even to water drinking. Take one or more tumblers full before breakfast, not more. After breakfast, if you are able, go for a spring, sit in the pavilion, and drink as much as you conveniently can. During the afternoon and night drink moderately of the water. At the end of three weeks for a few days, drink less, then resume full rations. This advice is based on the observation of years, by a medical man of the first order of talent, and it is confirmed by two practitioners of Spartanburg, who have been familiar with the effects of the water from boyhood, and have for years watched its therapeutic action from a scientific standpoint.

Glenn Springs numbers its patrons by the hundred in every County in this State, and the pictures herewith presented will be familiar to many of our readers who have experienced the pleasures of a visit to this popular resort, so charmingly portrayed by Mrs. Means. Those contemplating a trip for health or pleasure, during the coming summer, should not fail to arrange for a part of the time at Glenn Springs, especially if they have not been there before.

Bachelors' Night Robes. One of the most effective is of white silk, with tiny magenta dots on it. It reaches to the ground and is beautifully hemstitched; the collar is a broad one cut in sailor fashion and thrown back far enough to expose the neck very well. The sleeves are full and have deep cuffs, and on the left side is a pocket in which is stuck a white silk handkerchief with a monogram in mauve on it. The cuffs are of mauve silk caught with white sleeve links, and the collar is also of the colored silk. A soft white silk tie is knotted in front in sailor fashion. The neckerchief is enormous; that is performed so thoroughly with violet that even two or three visits to the cleaner's will not dispel the odor. A more feminine-looking robe de nuit is of pale rose silk, with its collar and cuffs edged with lace, and a cravat of lawn and lace, such as the gentlemen of the court of Louis Quatorze wore. The height of folly, or harmony, as you may choose to call it, was reached by a—a—a something—I should hate to call it a man—who mounted Jeoply, in a material sense, for an uncle who left him a pile of money. His sleeping robes were of white silk, with cuffs, collar and pocket of black crape, with a black bordered handkerchief with the other adjunct.—New York Letter in Philadelphia Times.

Kerosene and Stoves for \$1.00 at E. E. Remberts & Co's.
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 Cleanable Refrigerators.—Burnett & Bell, etc.

There are times when a feeling of lassitude will overcome the most robust, when the system craves for pure blood, to furnish the elements of health and strength. The best remedy for purifying the blood is Dr. J. H. DeLeon's Sarsaparilla. 75c.

SINCE WITHDRAWING FROM THE firm of A. P. Levy & Co., and at the solicitation of numerous friends I have decided to open a first-class saloon on Liberty Street, opposite J. Rittenberg & Sons' grocery, and I can be found there at all hours, having just opened up as fine a stock of Liquors and Segars as has ever been brought to Sumter. I extend a cordial invitation to all my friends and patrons to be brought. Respectfully,
 Jan 22 A. P. LEVY.

PLUMMER JOHNSON. BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, SUMTER, S. C.
 IS PREPARED TO DO ALL WORK entrusted to his care, either in the make up of new work, or mending line and guarantee satisfaction. Terms low. Call and see me at Shop, next door to Moises & Lee's law office. Dec 4.

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF. TO THE DEFENDANTS, John J. Miller and Jessie Miller. You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the said County, with notice of appointment of a guardian ad litem for said Jessie Miller, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office, in the city of Sumter, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.
 Dated, April 22, A. D. 1890.
 BLANDING & WILSON, Plaintiffs Attorneys.
 April 23-6

FOR SALE. LANDS FOR SALE. J. R. HARVIN, Agent. THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND Most Perfect Tonic. Quinine and Iron Tonic Capsules. A sure and prompt cure for malaria, chills and fever, yellow skin, loss of appetite, general and nervous debility, biliousness, and all ailments which arise from a disordered liver, or from lack of iron in the blood. A box of Tonic Capsules, which are guaranteed free from mercury or any thing at all injurious, will be sent free, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or postal note, by the proprietor, ARTHUR J. MITCHELL, 161 Graham St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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 THE GIRARD, of Philadelphia.
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Kept during the season and will be delivered to holders of tickets.

E. CARDARELLI, Corner Main and Sumter Streets, Sumter, S. C.

April 30. Notice to Absent Defendants.

State of South Carolina, SUMTER COUNTY. In the Court of Common Pleas.

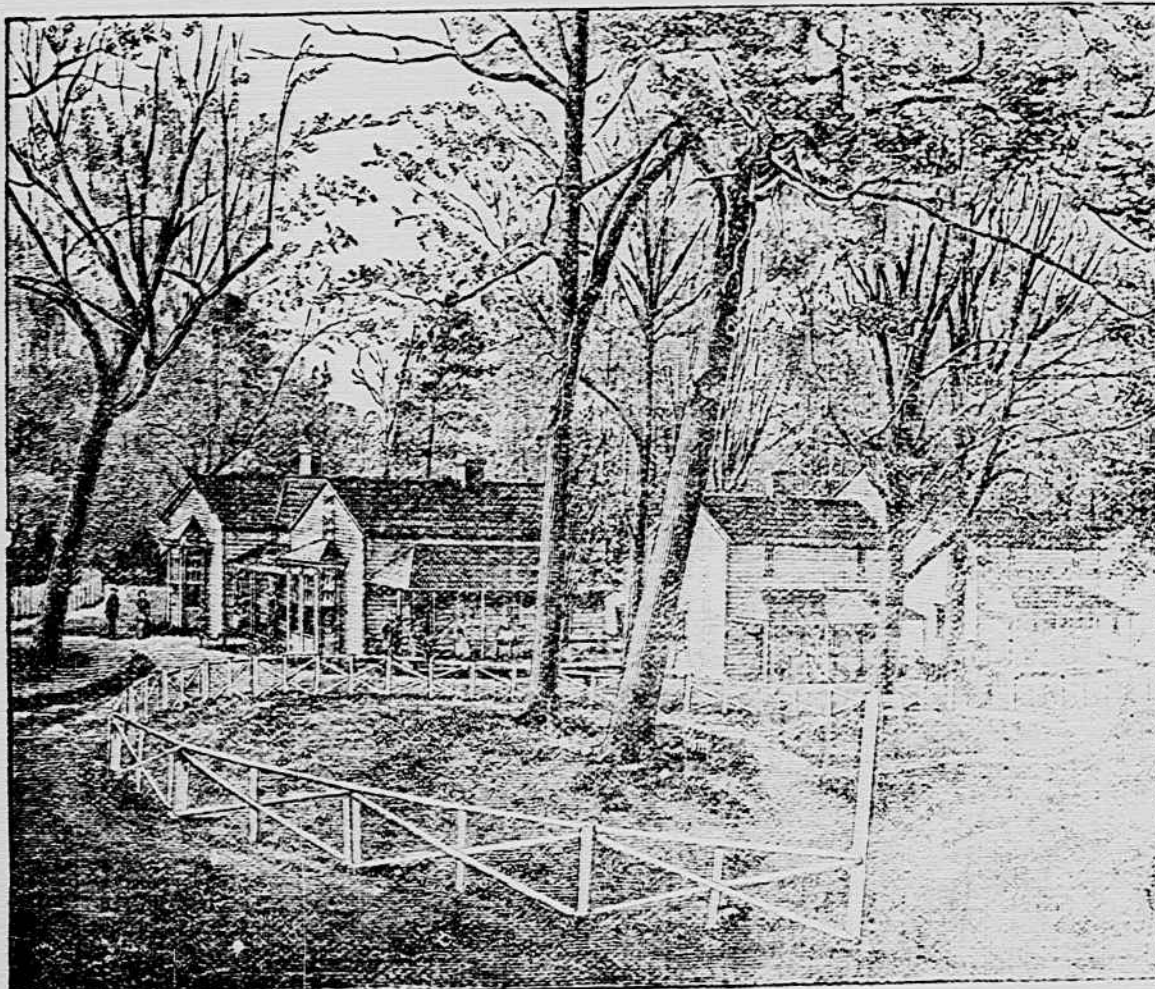
William A. James, Administrator, with the will annexed of William J. Reynolds, Deceased, Plaintiff, against John J. Miller, Dessie Miller, Joseph Miller and Laura Westbury, Defendants.

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF. TO THE DEFENDANTS, John J. Miller and Jessie Miller.

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NORTH ROW OF COTTAGES, PART OF CAMPUS IN FRONT OF HOTEL, AND PATHWAY TO SPRING.



THE NEW ROW OF COTTAGES AND PART OF CAMPUS IN FRONT OF HOTEL.