



Millinery Opening.

GEO. WYMAN & CO.
invite you to their Opening of Millinery, Saturday, March 28, when they will show many exclusive shapes and late novelties in Pattern Hats and Bonnets. Our display in this direction far exceeds all former efforts.



At the same time we will show you everything new in Shirt Waists and Skirts.



At the same time we offer for sale the best line the market affords of Spring Wraps, Capes and Jackets. In the above you will find many exclusive designs. Do not forget the date, Saturday, March 28. Our Shoe Sale will continue until the goods are closed out.

COME AND SEE US.
GEO. WYMAN & CO.
South Bend, Ind.

Store closed evenings except Saturday.

BICYCLES

FROM
\$30 to \$100.

Cash or on Easy Payments.

Agent for 20 Different Wheels

J. W. BEISTLE,

At H. E. Lough's Jewelry Store.

BUCHANAN RECORD.

D. H. BOWER,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1896.

The American Newspaper Directory for 1896 according to the latest circulation of any weekly published in Berrien County.

The committee appointed to district Bertrand and Buchanan townships to be canvassed by the Bertrand and Buchanan S. S. Union, met at the home of F. C. Berger, Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Members of the committee present were O. J. Roberts, Mrs. Anna Fuller, F. C. Berger and Frank R. H. des. Meeting was opened with prayer by chairman O. J. Roberts. The township of Buchanan was divided by school districts and assigned as follows: Miller district and Coveny district to be canvassed by the Miller S. S. The Kelsey and Colvin districts to be assigned to Kelsey school. Wagner district to be canvassed by F. C. Berger or a committee to be appointed by himself. Brocous district assigned to Mrs. John Brocous and assistants chosen by herself.

Portage Prairie Evangelical S. S. is to canvass all of Bertrand township east of Buchanan road. The remainder of Bertrand township will be divided by the road running west of Howe school house to Bakertown school, thence to Mt. Zion church and west to the end of the township. The northern half to be canvassed by Dayton S. S. and the southern by Mt. Zion S. S. The canvass is to be made as soon as possible and is to be completed by the last of April.

Mrs. Henry Bradley is head of the committee of Kelsey and Calvin districts. Mr. Frank White for Dayton, Mrs. Della Scott for Portage Prairie school. Each school is to appoint its own canvassing committee, and to do as soon as possible.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EVANGEL.

EDITED BY
REV. O. J. ROBERTS.

This column is open to any who have any communication bearing upon practical Sunday School work, or has any views concerning the progress of the work. We select correspondence along these lines from all workers.

Normal Sunday School Lesson.

Review first quarter, 1896.
Lesson material—Luke, Chaps. 1-12.
Central text—Luke, 9:25.

One of the practical questions in Sabbath school work is: How best to conduct the Quarterly Review? I do not claim any superior wisdom in this matter, but I offer a few suggestions bearing upon the question:

a. It is important to have Reviews weekly, monthly, quarterly and annually; and they should be Reviews, not something else with this name attached. A Review is a review.

b. The character of the Quarterly Reviews depends upon the character of the work done in the classes. It is not a test school work done in the classes, then there cannot be a review in any true sense. If all the classes, or a majority of them, work on the ideal principle, which ought to obtain in every school, then the lesson assigned and a recitation in some form required, that the Review can be conducted by each teacher, otherwise as a Quarterly Review conducted by the superintendent or pastor.

c. The Review for the Primary Department, suggests for this Quarterly Review. Have a prepared chart or page it upon a black-board, at following: Logic—Jesus, the messenger from God to man.

1. The Messenger came in fulfillment of all the prophecies concerning him in promise, type, shadow and certainty of Old Testament time. He was an ideal Prophet, coming according to divine purpose, with a specific work to perform.

2. The advent of this Messenger, in its immediate announcements and its environments, was intensely human in its manifestations so as to place him, from the very first, in closest contact with those he came to help.

3. The mission of Christ-anity to be benevolent, practical, world-wide, business-like, intensely in earnest, and designed for definite results.

4. Christ's teachings are marked by great simplicity, richness of illustration, and always with this aim of making known the will of the Father.

5. Christ is great power with men, came in His love for them, and sympathy with them.

6. There was a progressive development in the character and work of Jesus. So there is in the individual believer and in the Kingdom of God in human history.

7. Christianity is the only religion that teaches the truth concerning the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

8. Endowment with Holy Spirit power qualifies us to meet all life obligations, and fills with the grace of the spirit.

If the Review is conducted by classes, this same scheme may be used by supplementing questions.

Normal Training Lesson.

a. The Sunday school idea, we know it today, is a comparatively modern institution.

b. The Sunday school idea, however, goes back at least as far as Abraham.

c. The Sunday school is a growth, a development from a great root-idea.

d. The Sunday school idea, i. e. imparting religious instruction according to a definite plan was a part of the Old Testament economy. See Deut. 6:7-9; 2 Chron. 15:3; 17:7-9; Neh. 8:1. References to schools for religious instruction are found in ancient Jewish writings, outside of the Bible.

e. The early Christian church had Sunday schools. Preaching and teaching are kept distinct in the New Testament.

f. Catechetical teachings classes characteristic of the Reformation.

g. There was a revival in Sunday school work in the 18th century. There is authentic evidence of Sunday schools in America as early as 1674, but the modern movement dates from the 18th century in Gloucester organized in 1715, 1780, in 1787 there were 200,000 pupils in the Sunday schools of Great Britain.

h. The International Lesson System was instituted in 1872, and has been a marvelous forward movement yet open to more serious criticism.

i. The Bible Study Union, formed a few years ago, is an intelligent, scholarly effort to remedy some of the defects of the International system. It is in one judgement the ideal S. S. system, and many of the best Bible students intelligent Sunday school workers feel the same.

PERSONAL.

W. C. Hathaway was in Niles, Friday.

W. A. Palmer was in St. Joseph, Friday.

Sim Belknap of Niles was in town, Tuesday.

D. L. Boardman was in South Bend, Tuesday.

T. C. Elson went to Berrien Springs yesterday.

J. O. Becraft was down from Dowagiac, Tuesday.

H. Messenger was over from Cassopolis, last week.

L. B. Cross of Dowagiac was in town yesterday.

E. D. Gifford of Oronoko was in town yesterday.

W. E. Van Ness of St. Joseph was in town, Tuesday.

H. P. Boone of St. Joseph was in Buchanan, Saturday.

W. R. Shankland of Benton Harbor was in town, Friday.

Mrs. S. Arney went to Niles, Monday, for a few days visit with relatives.

W. H. Honeyman of Vandalla, Mich., registered at The Earl on Saturday.

Miss Grace Palmer has returned from a visit to friends at Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Morley of Glenora visited Buchanan friends, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers of South Bend visited Buchanan relatives, Sunday.

Dell Jordan, who has been attending school at Lansing, is at home this week.

Mrs. Alice Atwood of La Grange visited Buchanan friends the past week.

Mr. John Carr of South Bend has been visiting Buchanan relatives, the past week.

Miss Ida Roberts went to St. Joseph yesterday to take the teacher's examination.

Miss Dorsey Brown of Niles was the guest of Mrs. Mary Straw of Portage street, yesterday.

Wilford C. Stryker passed his final examination at Chicago, last week, returning on Saturday.

Mrs. F. B. Eaglesfield of Niles visited Mrs. Wm. Pears on Front street, Thursday last week.

John W. Needham has returned home from Valparaiso, where he has been taking a special course.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roberts, who left here for Indiana a few months since, have returned. Mr. Roberts has secured employment in the Axle Works.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Russell returned, Tuesday, from their winter's visit with their son at Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Alex Emery was called to Glenora last Thursday, by the illness of her mother, returning home Monday.

L. J. Hopkins of Cassopolis was in town, Tuesday, looking over the outlook for a telephone exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Morgan of Watertown, S. Dakota, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cunningham of Clark street.

Mrs. W. M. Blowers returned, last week, from a six week visit with her son, Geo. I. Blowers, and family at Kalamazoo.

Miss Mary Koonz of South Bend and Mrs. L. Dotte Orland of Benton Harbor spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eaton.

Mr. W. Paul went to Cincinnati, O., Friday, where he has secured employment. Mrs. Paul has been in that place for several months.

Mr. W. Paul went to Cincinnati, O., Friday, where he has secured employment. Mrs. Paul has been in that place for several months.

Mr. W. Paul went to Cincinnati, O., Friday, where he has secured employment. Mrs. Paul has been in that place for several months.

GLENDORA.

Frank Hunter visited his mother, in Buchanan, on Friday and Saturday.

The repairing of the Christian church is still in progress, and will soon be ready to use.

The Endeavor Society will give a sugar social, at the home of Mr. Wright on Tuesday evening, March 31. A general invitation is given.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet at the home of Mrs. B. O. Markham, Wednesday, April 1.

Godlip Kool killed a hog, recently, which weighed 720 pounds. He tried out a barrel of lard, put down a barrel of meat, and still had a barrel and left.

We are glad to see Chas. Orris able to be out, although he is unable to walk. A few of his friends met at his place, one day last week, and cut him twenty cords of wood. He says friends are handy, sometimes.

BERRIEN CENTRE.

Fishing in the St. Joseph river is the order of the day, by several of our citizens.

Warren Veach will move to Pucker street, near Morris Chapel.

Master Frank La Crone has been quite sick with a gripe, for a week past. His father, Dr. O. A. LaCrone of Kalamazoo, attended him.

Miles Murphy has moved his goods and chattels from Newton county, Ind., to Berrien county, and has rented a farm in the western part of this township.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Stinebaugh start for Arkansas today, where he has rented an extensive farm, and will engage in agricultural pursuits.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brocous of Buchanan were here Monday and Tuesday, and was in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. Brocous' aunt, Mrs. Mary Webster.

Susan Mary Webster, widow of Harvey Webster, was born in Orange county, N. Y., July 26, 1832, and died at Berrien Centre, Mich., March 22, 1896, aged 63 years, 7 months, after an illness of ten days with typhoid pneumonia.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the many kind friends who assisted us during illness and death of our dear mother and grandmother, Mary Webster.

J. P. SHAFERS AND FAMILY.
LAUREL WEBSTER.

BENTON HARBOR.

Three fires on three successive days.

O. C. Howe of Buchanan was in the Twin Cities two days last week, on business.

A large fruit syndicate has been organized here and has absorbed the West Michigan nurseries.

Miss Anna Bailey, whose sister was murdered eleven days ago has nearly recovered from the wound in her neck.

Those who took the civil service examination are anxiously awaiting results from Washington.

The Republicans of the city held caucuses in the various wards last night. City convention to tomorrow night.

A twenty-months-old child of Charles Tibbels fell from a high chair last evening and broke its collar bone.

Peach trees have wintered finely and if April and May are favorable there will be an immense crop of peaches.

Peter Rinehart and wife have been sadly afflicted this winter. The dread disease, diphtheria, has swept away all but one of their seven children. Last Friday the house into which they had just moved was partly consumed by fire. It required the united efforts of three persons to prevent the half-crazed mother from rushing back into the flames.

Three hundred and thirty convicts is the result of the revival meetings so far. They may close this week. Services will be held in Conkey's hall all day tomorrow and business men have been requested to close their stores from 10 to 12 o'clock. Most of the merchants have agreed to do so. All the saloon keepers promised promptly, providing the druggists would do the same. Three of the seven refused, with the result that the liquor element scores one more victory over christianity.

Hawaii, the "Pearl of the Pacific."

The Ninth of a Series of Letters by JOHN R. MUSICK.

Author of "The Columbian Historical Novel," "Brother Against Brother," etc.

(Copyright, 1896, by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.)

A Journey to the Great Volcano.

A Mysterious Plantation Owner.

Of course, no visitor to the Hawaiian Islands fails to see the great volcano Kilauea. The journey to this volcano can be made in a number of ways.

The Wilder Steamship Company runs a line of steamers from Honolulu to Hilo, which there connect with a stage. This stage takes one to the Volcano House, about three miles from the crater.

On Dec. 10, I boarded the Kilauea, a steamer of the Wilder line, for Hilo. The next morning we were at the island called Waialeale, where there was a large sugar plantation for which our ship was bringing some heavy machinery. As the vessel was anchored here a mile from shore, the transportation of this ponderous machinery to land was an interesting sight. Two of the boats were lowered

and lashed together with ropes and heavy beams of timber. Then the great engine was started, and the boats were towed ashore by the natives.

The water in this bay is so clear that the depth of forty or fifty feet. Schools of fish, some weighing twenty or thirty pounds, could be seen swimming about the ship. The water was so clear that one could see the bottom of the bay.

When the cargo for this port had been all taken ashore, we continued our voyage down the coast to the island of Hawaii, which with its miles of stone fences and brown earth, seemed a barren waste. But as we proceeded, the scene changed. Huts and mills in abundance, with green pastures, cane fields, and forests succeeded barren wastes. Then soon, as we steamed along the shore, the snow-capped peak of Mauna Kea arose before our vision.

Hour after hour we steamed on over the stony earth, relieved occasionally by groves of trees, and now and then evidences of civilization and former occupancy in the form of an empty house built at the foot of the mountain.

That night we reached Pahala, which is a village plantation of between eight hundred and a thousand inhabitants. Of these two at least are white, the others being Japanese, Chinese, and native. I saw but one white man and one white boy. The great whistling at the plantation mill blew, shortly after our arrival, and an army of Japanese men and women came from the fields with hoes on their shoulders, and went to their miserable little huts.

These Japs are a lot brought to the islands on contract labor system. They are called coolies, and are but little better than slaves. Their importation is beneficial only to the large plantations, but an injury to the islands, as they are paid twelve dollars per month per month and board themselves. It is said that a Japanese can live on one dollar per month, sending the remainder to Japan.

I was informed that I must lodge with a Chinese family. The thought, was unpleasant, but it was either with the Chinese or out on the street. A Chinese cook prepared my supper, and I was then shown to my room which was a small hut, with a thatched roof, and a pig sty. It was a small hut with two rooms, and the one on the "monks side" I was to occupy. My room was eight by ten feet, had a square window, a bed, a table, a chair, a mirror, a basin with soap in it, a mirror which, by actual measurement, was four by six inches, a hard bottom chair, a steamer chair with sailor's feet, and a table for the examining table. I was informed that this gorgeous apartment had been rented to another party who had kindly consented to occupy less commodious quarters for a few days.

The apartment was supplied with fresh reading matter in the form of a copy of the Hawaiian Gazette one month and two days old. Dingy, dirty, musty with oilum fumes, the place seemed a veritable den of iniquity and depravity. The darkness and dinginess of the apartment were strongly suggestive of pitfalls and assassination while, as if in mockery surroundings, some one was heard to say in a low voice, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The aroma of a pig sty was highly flavored with the odor of saddles, freshly oiled harness, and a smoky kerosene lamp which had not been cleaned and trimmed more than once in its lifetime.

At last I ventured to lie down on the bed. The apartment next to mine was occupied by Celestials, but for what purpose I never knew. The sound issuing from it, being sometimes suggestive of a sausage factory, sometimes of a laundry, dyeing works or planing-mill. This adjoining apartment was certainly no better than my own, but after nineteen Chinamen of all ages had entered it, I became tired of counting, and sought peace in sleep.

At last the sausage-mill ceased, the laundry grew quiet, the whistles of the planing-mill ran more smooth, and the mosquitoes satisfied their wants, at my expense. I slept until rosy morn; I might have slept longer had not a cow in the street, and the only window awakened me by a unearthly bawl. My landlady provided me a breakfast from which a Whittington square tramp would turn with content. I then charged me Delmonico prices for his "accommodations."

To saddle up and leave Pahala was a luxury. I changed guide here. Taking a native boy named Harry with me, we started on our journey through Kona to a place called Kailua.

At noon we reached the village of Waiohine (sparkling water), where we met Mr. Meincke, a German gentleman, who with his wife and two children, was on their way to a coffee plantation. On learning it was our intention to stop at the Kibuku ranch, the home of Colonel Norris, he assured us that it was very doubtful if that individual would entertain us, as he was bitterly opposed to white men. Ten miles beyond his ranch, however, was a deserted house in which we had better stay. If Colonel Norris refused to accommodate us.

We set out for Kibuku, and reached it 5 p. m. By this time dark clouds obscured the skies, and chilling winds sweeping down from snow-capped Mauna Kea, were blowing a pouring storm. The ranch is a small village of houses and barns enclosed in walls of stone. We soon came upon a Chinaman and Kanaka skinning a bullock near the gate. The white man standing near them, with a long stick in his hand, was an old man whose tall form was slightly bent, and his hair and beard a yellowish white. His eyes were sunken, and his sinister, and there was a "never-smiled-gain" expression on his face.

"Is this Colonel Norris?" I asked, approaching and extending my hand. He made no answer and only looked at me with a cold, dead stare. "I am neither; I am an author," I answered.

"You can't deceive me," he cried, striking his stick on the ground. "You are a preacher and a missionary. A white man, opposed to royalty and in favor of annexation. You stole all the land of the natives."

I tried to assure him that I had never stolen an inch of Hawaiian soil, save what I had taken with me, but he was not a missionary, and being an American citizen, had no interest in their political wrangle over annexation, or the question of white rule.

In vain I appealed to his humanity, to the fact that he was a white man himself, that he had 180,000 acres of the natives' land, more than all the missionaries combined yet it was no use. I had to go.

For ten miles our course lay across the black lava flow of 1887. This flow is black as charcoal and hard as flint, with sharp bristling points on every square foot, and no running water. No vegetation can be found. The blackness is relieved only by the white bleaching bones of animals which have perished, it crossing it. On, on, and on, the course lay, and the blackness of night, and a threatening storm, we pressed for ten miles. Then we entered a forest where the trees grew far apart, and the ground was covered with much grass and ferns. At last, when our tired horses were almost ready to sink from exhaustion, we came upon the deserted house, and, overcome with our exertion, threw ourselves on the floor and, without a word, fell asleep.

Colonel Norris is a mysterious man. Some say he is from Virginia, and was a colonel in the Confederate army; others say he is from England. He has no relatives, is immensely rich, and will allow no woman, or child, or white man on his premises, and is opposed to the missionaries, and loyalty to ex-Queen Liliuokalani.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

banks in fiery waves and throwing up clouds of molten ash, making one of the greatest and most awfully sights imaginable.

From the lake we went to the great sulphur cave. Though the thermometer stands at over one hundred in this cave, it is cooled by the water which flows through the walls, and the steam of sulphur and alum hang like golden and iceles from the dome of the cavern. It was too hot to remain long, so we hurried out, mounted our horses, returned to the Volcano House.

Next day, with guide and horses, I set out from the Volcano for the great Kona district, the land of stone and coffee. Hour after hour we steamed on over the stony earth, relieved occasionally by groves of trees, and now and then evidences of civilization and former occupancy in the form of an empty house built at the foot of the mountain.

That night we reached Pahala, which is a village plantation of between eight hundred and a thousand inhabitants. Of these two at least are white, the others being Japanese, Chinese, and native. I saw but one white man and one white boy. The great whistling at the plantation mill blew, shortly after our arrival, and an army of Japanese men and women came from the fields with hoes on their shoulders, and went to their miserable little huts.

These Japs are a lot brought to the islands on contract labor system. They are called coolies, and are but little better than slaves. Their importation is beneficial only to the large plantations, but an injury to the islands, as they are paid twelve dollars per month per month and board themselves. It is said that a Japanese can live on one dollar per month, sending the remainder to Japan.

I was informed that I must lodge with a Chinese family. The thought, was unpleasant, but it was either with the Chinese or out on the street. A Chinese cook prepared my supper, and I was then shown to my room which was a small hut, with a thatched roof, and a pig sty. It was a small hut with two rooms, and the one on the "monks side" I was to occupy. My room was eight by ten feet, had a square window, a bed, a table, a chair, a mirror, a basin with soap in it, a mirror which, by actual measurement, was four by six inches, a hard bottom chair, a steamer chair with sailor's feet, and a table for the examining table. I was informed that this gorgeous apartment had been rented to another party who had kindly consented to occupy less commodious quarters for a few days.

The apartment was supplied with fresh reading matter in the form of a copy of the Hawaiian Gazette one month and two days old. Dingy, dirty, musty with oilum fumes, the place seemed a veritable den of iniquity and depravity. The darkness and dinginess of the apartment were strongly suggestive of pitfalls and assassination while, as if in mockery surroundings, some one was heard to say in a low voice, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The aroma of a pig sty was highly flavored with the odor of saddles, freshly oiled harness, and a smoky kerosene lamp which had not been cleaned and trimmed more than once in its lifetime.

At last I ventured to lie down on the bed. The apartment next to mine was occupied by Celestials, but for what purpose I never knew. The sound issuing from it, being sometimes suggestive of a sausage factory, sometimes of a laundry, dyeing works or planing-mill. This adjoining apartment was certainly no better than my own, but after nineteen Chinamen of all ages had entered it, I became tired of counting, and sought peace in sleep.

At last the sausage-mill ceased, the laundry grew quiet, the whistles of the planing-mill ran more smooth, and the mosquitoes satisfied their wants, at my expense. I slept until rosy morn; I might have slept longer had not a cow in the street, and the only window awakened me by a unearthly bawl. My landlady provided me a breakfast from which a Whittington square tramp would turn with content. I then charged me Delmonico prices for his "accommodations."

To saddle up and leave Pahala was a luxury. I changed guide here. Taking a native boy named Harry with me, we started on our journey through Kona to a place called Kailua.

At noon we reached the village of Waiohine (sparkling water), where we met Mr. Meincke, a German gentleman, who with his wife and two children, was on their way to a coffee plantation. On learning it was our intention to stop at the Kibuku ranch, the home of Colonel Norris, he assured us that it was very doubtful if that individual would entertain us, as he was bitterly opposed to white men. Ten miles beyond his ranch, however, was a deserted house in which we had better stay. If Colonel Norris refused to accommodate us.

We set out for Kibuku, and reached it 5 p. m. By this time dark clouds obscured the skies, and chilling winds sweeping down from snow-capped Mauna Kea, were blowing a pouring storm. The ranch is a small village of houses and barns enclosed in walls of stone. We soon came upon a Chinaman and Kanaka skinning a bullock near the gate. The white man standing near them, with a long stick in his hand, was an old man whose tall form was slightly bent, and his hair and beard a yellowish white. His eyes were sunken, and his sinister, and there was a "never-smiled-gain" expression on his face.

"Is this Colonel Norris?" I asked, approaching and extending my hand. He made no answer and only looked at me with a cold, dead stare. "I am neither; I am an author," I answered.

"You can't deceive me," he cried, striking his stick on the ground. "You are a preacher and a missionary. A white man, opposed to royalty and in favor of annexation. You stole all the land of the natives."

I tried to assure him that I had never stolen an inch of Hawaiian soil, save what I had taken with me, but he was not a missionary, and being an American citizen, had no interest in their political wrangle over annexation, or the question of white rule.

In vain I appealed to his humanity, to the fact that he was a white man himself, that he had 180,000 acres of the natives' land, more than all the missionaries combined yet it was no use. I had to go.

For ten miles our course lay across the black lava flow of 1887. This flow is black as charcoal and hard as flint, with sharp bristling points on every square foot, and no running water. No vegetation can be found. The blackness is relieved only by the white bleaching bones of animals which have perished, it crossing it. On, on, and on, the course lay, and the blackness of night, and a threatening storm, we pressed for ten miles. Then we entered a forest where the trees grew far apart, and the ground was covered with much grass and ferns. At last, when our tired horses were almost ready to sink from exhaustion, we came upon the deserted house, and, overcome with our exertion, threw ourselves on the floor and, without a word, fell asleep.

Colonel Norris is a mysterious man. Some say he is from Virginia, and was a colonel in the Confederate army; others say he is from England. He has no relatives, is immensely rich, and will allow no woman, or child, or white man on his premises, and is opposed to the missionaries, and loyalty to ex-Queen Liliuokalani.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

The American Amateur Photographer for February is exceeding in the number of the articles and illustrations of interest to the amateur and the professional alike. The illustrations are both more and more interesting. The Photographer or the Amateur is a full and complete guide to all the latest and best of the photographic art. Published by G. W. Kent, New York.

The American Amateur Photographer for February is exceeding in the number of the articles and illustrations of interest to the amateur and the professional alike. The illustrations are both more and more interesting. The Photographer or the Amateur is a full and complete guide to all the latest and best of the photographic art. Published by G. W. Kent, New York.

The American Amateur Photographer for February is exceeding in the number of the articles and illustrations of interest to the amateur and the professional alike. The illustrations are both more and more interesting. The Photographer or the Amateur is a full and complete guide to all the latest and best of the photographic art. Published by G. W. Kent, New York.

The American Amateur Photographer for February is exceeding in the number of the articles and illustrations of interest to the amateur and the professional alike. The illustrations are both more and more interesting. The Photographer or the Amateur is a full and complete guide to all the latest and best of the photographic art. Published by G. W. Kent, New York.

The American Amateur Photographer for February is exceeding in the number of the articles and illustrations of interest to the amateur and the professional alike. The illustrations are both more and more interesting. The Photographer or the Amateur is a full and complete guide to all the latest and best of the photographic art. Published by G. W. Kent, New York.

The American Amateur Photographer for February is exceeding in the number of the articles and illustrations of interest to the amateur and the professional alike. The

