

How little we care for the world outside;  
 How little we care for the next day after—  
 The thought of trouble goes up like a bubble,  
 And bursts in a bubble of mirthful laughter,  
 Oh! the bliss of it! Oh! and the sweet of it—  
 Melody, motion, and young blood melted;  
 The dancers swaying, the players playing,  
 The air, song-deluged and music-pelted.

“Every alternate evening there is dancing at the Earlinton. The ‘older night’ is filled in with entertainments—games, readings, and concerts. On every alternate Saturday night is a regular full-dress ball. The town is alive with excitement on these nights. The trees and balconies are hung with colored lights. The spacious dancing parlors and bronchade halls, for which the Earlinton is famous, are a blaze of light and beauty. A full orchestra is in attendance. Those who do not partake have a panorama of bright eyes, dainty tulles, flowers, and flying feet for enjoyment—and.

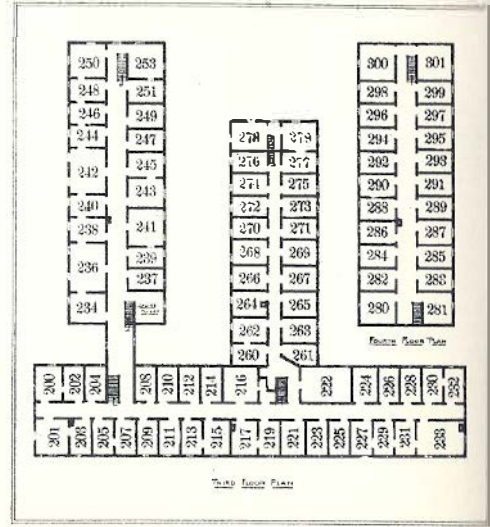
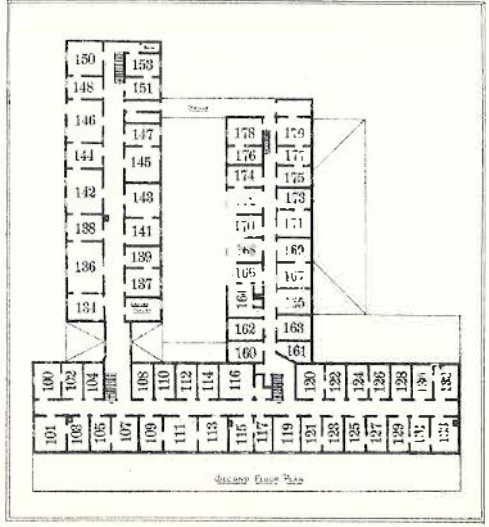
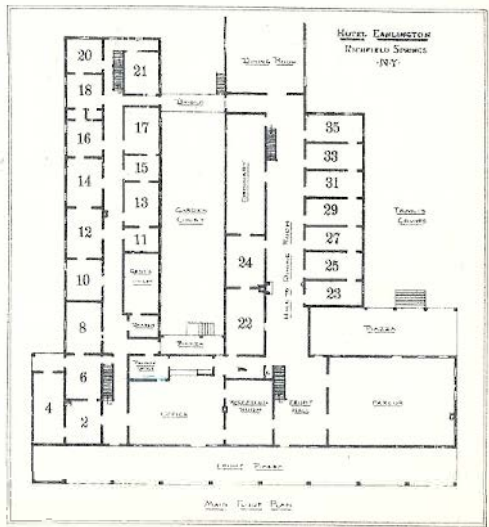
“Oh! the deal of it. Oh! and the sweet of it!”

“Here, too, the children are not forgotten. The opening hour of the dance is given over exclusively to the little ones, and, for the time, the Earlinton ball-room is a veritable fairy land, and admiring friends and relatives look lovingly on.

“By twelve o’clock, however, every night, the little nest of mirth and bustle has simmered quietly down to the drearily murmur of leafy trees. All have retired after a day well spent in Nature’s own health-making laboratory.

“The piercing points of electric light, like angel-benches, and the steady beams from the great hotel offices streaming out into the still streets, stand guardian over a sleeping band of just as happy, contented, healthy, and sleepy people as summer resort ever held.

“Ah! my dear friend, pack up and meet us at Richfeld. As I said, we will guarantee you satisfaction, and feel certain that after this first session spent there, you will make Richfeld Springs your summer headquarters for the rest of your natural lives.”



RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N.Y.

THE

HOTEL EARLINGTON

THIRD SEASON

OPENS JUNE, 25<sup>TH</sup>

—\*— 1890 —\*—

EUGENE M. EARLE, Owner & Proprietor.

EUGENE M. EARLE & THOS PARKES

At The CAMBRIDGE Fifth Avenue & 33<sup>d</sup> St. NEW YORK CITY.

UNTIL JUNE 20<sup>TH</sup>



## ÷ HOTEL \* EARLINGTON ÷

is located on the main street, facing the Park and new Bathing Pavilion. Under its present management many important changes have been made, and it now ranks with the best hostelries in the country. The appointments of the house are modern, and include an elegant Hydraulic Passenger Elevator, Electric Lights, Electric Bells, Porcelain Flush Closets, and Baths on each floor.

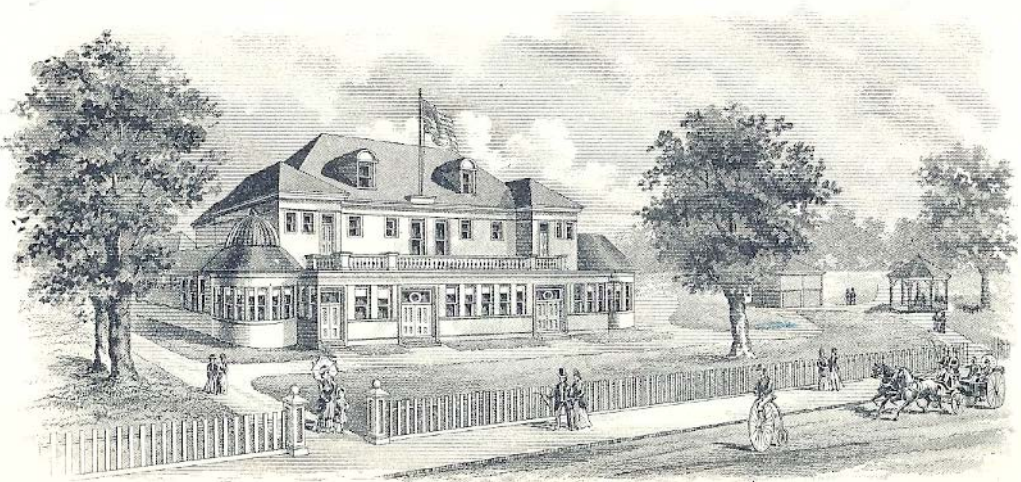
Stuhlebine's Orchestra of twelve pieces has been engaged for the season, as usual.

A branch of Dickel's Riding Academy, of New York, will be in connection with the hotel. First-class Livery. Superior accommodations for private equipages.

Special thought has been given to providing every possible amusement. The most modern Billiard and Pool Tables, Bowling Alleys, Lawn Tennis, Archery, Rifle Ranges, and Base-ball grounds are all on the hotel premises; also private grounds for the children, with swings, hammocks, etc.

The water supply of Richfield Springs is probably the most abundant and purest of any watering-place in the country. A Hyatt filter, with a capacity of half a million gallons per day, has lately been added.

The system of "gun barrel" sewerage is as perfect as modern science and a naturally favorable location can make it. Connection with these and the introduction of an entirely new system of sanitary plumbing throughout the house make it possible for the Hotel Earlington to offer accommodations under conditions favorable to perfect health.



NEW BATHING PAVILION, FACING THE EARLINGTON.

## THE BATHS.

The new Bathing House, now being constructed, will be completed for the opening of the season. It is after plans of John Du Fais, architect, 337 Fourth Avenue, New York, and is the most complete bathing establishment in the world. It contains sixty-seven sulphur bath-rooms, eight private baths, Turkish and Russian baths (with sulphur vapor), a sulphur swimming bath, pulverization room, inhalation rooms for the treatment of catarrh, bronchitis, etc. Douche rooms, electric rooms and sun bath, resting rooms, two gymnasia, barber shop, and manicure room. The whole will be under the personal direction of Dr. CHARLES C. RANSOM, who will have offices in the building.

THE CHURCHES in the village are: St. John's (*Episcopal*), Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, St. Joseph's (*Roman Catholic*), and Universalist.

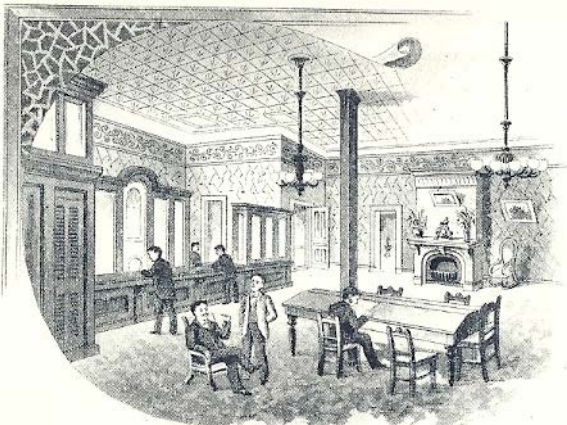
## DIRECTIONS FOR REACHING RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

### FROM NEW YORK

Through Drawing-Room Cars to Richfield Springs every morning, Sundays excepted, via N. Y. O. & H. R. R. R. By D., L. & W. R. R. (taking the Barclay or Christopher Street Ferry), through Drawing-Room and Sleeping Cars to Richfield Springs.

### FROM PHILADELPHIA.

The Morning Express Train, via Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, will arrive at the Springs in time for supper.



OFFICE.

## RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

ONE OF RICHFIELD'S ENTHUSIASTIC FRIENDS RE-  
CENTLY WROTE THE FOLLOWING LETTER

TO A FRIEND IN SAN FRANCISCO:

"You ask me where I shall spend the summer? I answer, unhesitatingly, Richfield Springs. Judge and I have been going there regularly every summer for the past twenty-three years. We are prepared to speak of its merits. Inasmuch as we shall meet some fifty-seven families who have been going there regularly from ten to twenty-five years, you may see we are not alone in our preferences.

"As it costs a good deal to travel to Richfield from San Francisco, you want naturally to know some of Richfield's actual advantages. You are sure to be satisfied and delighted, dear Cecile, and I'll tell you what we will do. We will refund you all expenses at the end of the season if you and the General do not decide to make it your summer quarters for the rest of your natural lives.

"In the foremost place, it is both secluded and accessible. It is but seven hours' ride from New York. It is located neither at a junction, nor at the end of a vast commercial gangway constantly gorged with transient travelers. It hangs, as it were, at the end of a fish-line, lazily dependent

from the main stock, trailing in luxurious *doce far niente* through the cool ripples of the limpid stream of pleasure. Yet, within an hour, the most lastly summoned man or woman can be launched back into the great mid-stream of busy commerce. Arriving there, however, the train goes no further, as though to say: 'Ah! here's the place we have been looking for.'

"You ask: 'Where is the place?'

"It is situated in Central New York. It is ten miles distant from and twelve hundred feet above the historical Mohawk River. The valley of the Susquehanna lies in the opposite direction, and the Springs rest on the elevated portion between

the two. It was at Cooperstown, in the neighborhood of Richfield Springs, that Fenimore Cooper found the exquisite scenery which he describes in his famous books.

"What kind of a place is it? It is not a seashore, neither is it a mountain resort, nor a camping-out district. It is a little hamlet set in the midst of hills, vales, meadows, woods, and sleeping lakes. It is a happy hunting-ground alike for Cupid and the sportsman; a fairy rountain of Nature's gifts; a veritable boyar and introduction to paradise.

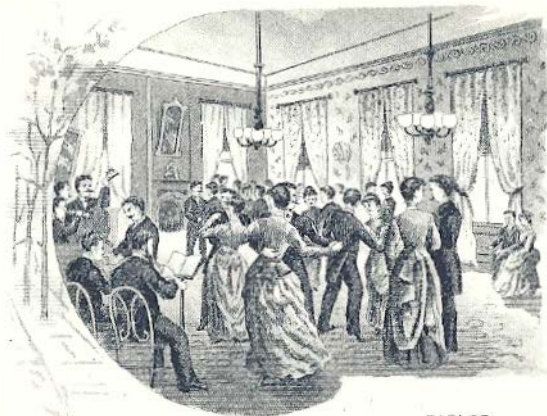
"A few millionaires recognizing the resources of the place for driving, hunting, fishing, sailing and resting, planted in the very prettiest corner of the village the latest modern improvements for the securing of comfort, pleasure, and summer diversion. And then they bade their cultivated and intelligent friends come and share the marvelous city and country combined which they had provided.

"Richfield Springs is the most unique union of the old-fashioned and the modern that you can imagine. The appointments of an ante-revolution home and a Fifth Avenue palace stand side by side. Four or five trains a day run in there, yet frogs croak within sound of the depot. An ox-cart may be seen making its way through the pretty streets, and it meets my lady's latest novelty in phaerons at the foot of the hill. The belle of Gotham, garmented in an imported costume, may warm her pretty feet, encased in Parisian boots, between the most improved steam pipes or before a grate which Martha Washington would recognize. Some guests burn candles in their chambers for the primitive and old-fashioned color it gives. Chained lightning, however, dangles over the heads of more progressive spirits, and there is gas in every room.

"Driving and riding are amongst the principal features of entertainment. The tree-dark lanes of the town, with 'roads' for ten and twenty miles' circuit, literally swarm with conveyances of all modern designs. Family parties and groups of friends stay there with horses and carriages for the entire season. Members of driving parks,



BILLIARD ROOM AND BOWLING ALLEYS.



PARLOR.

and personally managed by Mr. Eugene M. Earle. Mr. Earle has been identified with the famous Earle hotels of New York, and is a thoroughly experienced hotel man. The Earlington accommodates about 400 guests. Not being the rendezvous for a miscellaneous crowd, as large hotels at summer resorts often are, it is rather a home than a hotel. A delightful spaciousness is everywhere the feature of the house. People accustomed to the tiny boxes of rooms at seashore hostleries and country places open wide their eyes at the size of the sleeping-rooms in this hotel—such air in every apartment, such light, such accommodation. In an hour it can be transformed into a winter snuggery. Steam heat is everywhere; and when the rainy

club men, and scions of wealthy families establish regular stables and take thither four-in-hands Victorias, Surreys, coaches, buck-boards, breaks and gigs and tandems. Local liveries furnish everything, from a Washington coach to a baby buggy. Still-water fishing is exceptionally fine. Trout fishing in the thousand brooks offers great sport. The lakes about abound in bass, perch, pickerel, etc. The woods are full of woodcock, partridge, squirrel, and game of all kinds. Where on earth can man find more tempting dinners of fish and game than are to be found at one of the admirable road-houses which punctuate the popular drives about Richfield Springs?

"Horseback riding is another royal privilege of the place. One wakes early in the sweet summer mornings and sees pretty equestriennes springing into saddles and dashing off, with groom or cavalier, for a gallop before breakfast. Many a happy city home has had its beginning in this charming morning canter.

"The Hotel Earlington Stables are annually the headquarters of some forty horses from the famous Dickel's Riding Academy of New York. Professional and polite masters are there to train, assist, and accompany parties of enthusiastic equestrians, who, like swift-winged arrows, rush thro' shaded lane by rise of sun, by moonlight ray or twilight's hazy hour."

"This Earlington Hotel, by the way, is one of the two principal hotels at Richfield. It is owned

days come, there is the ruddy glow of huge logs in the great, open, old-fashioned fire-places, with poetical crane and kettle. The great house is covered with rich carpets, even to the outer doors. Even the office is like a cozy parlor. The scene from the piazza, comprising as it does the large green park and picturesque spring, the shaded avenue with its stream of handsome Richfield turnouts, the picturesque dresses of the guests, the children, the lovers, the aged, would make an exquisite study for a painter. It is, indeed, Cupid's hunting-ground. No less than an average of fifty engagements are annually consummated under Earlington auspices at Richfield. A wit staying at the hotel decided it was the 'sulphur' in the air which was productive of so many 'matches.' But what need of sulphur, for

*All thro' June the west wind free  
The breath of the clover brings to me;  
All thro' the languorous July day  
I catch the scent of the new-mown hay.*

*And besides,  
I can see it all, as a dreamer may—  
The tender smile on your lips that day,  
And the glow on your cheek, as ice rode away  
Out into Richfield weather.  
And a love-light shown in your eyes of brown—  
I swear there did!—as we drove down  
The crowded avenue, out of town,  
Thro' shady lanes together,  
Drove out under Otsego's skies,  
That glowed with wonderful crimson eyes,  
And with soul and spirit and heart and eyes  
We silently drank their splendor.  
But the golden glory that lit the place  
Was not alone from the sunset's grace;  
For I saw, in your fair uplifted face,  
A light that was wondrously tender.*

*And then  
In the youth of the year, when the birds were build'g,  
When the grass was showing on tree and hedge,  
And the tenderest light of all lights was gilding  
The world from zenith to outer edge—  
My soul grew sad and longingly lonely,  
I sighed for the season of sun and rose—  
I said, 'tis in Richfield, and that place only,  
Lies love, contentment, and blest repose.*



LADIES' RECEPTION ROOM.

"One of the greatest drawbacks to comfort, at most suburban resorts, is the fact that many of the hotels, even when first-class in appointments, are behind the best city hotels in the matter of cuisine. This is a point which cannot be made against the Burlington. A bill-of-fare is provided every day which would do credit to any hotel in New York. Fresh fish from the lakes, fresh game from the woods, fresh vegetables from the gardens, fresh chickens, milk and cream direct from the dairy, are daily re-enforced by supplies from the New York market, and secure a gastronomic variety and excellence, of which any city hotel might boast.

"The Richfield driving park, nestled in the midst of surrounding hills, is the scene of contests between some of the best known racers and trainers and spectators in the country, owned by gentlemen simply for their own pleasure. Wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts attend these races, which have none of the disagreeable surroundings usual with races, but retain all the legitimate excitement. The grounds on race-day, are lined with family turnouts of the most elegant description, and the scene is vivid with the gay palanquins, ribbons, and dainty gresses of the fair visitors. But there are no shouting book-makers, no confusion, and nothing to which the most exact taste can object. Rowing and sailing contests, tennis and bicycle tournaments offer amusement to those who have no love for the horse. Besides, the Hotel Burlington is the Casino of Richfield. Mr. Eugene M. Earle, with a love of sport equal to that of a college sophomore, has built, in addition to his hotel, an immense court devoted entirely to games, where tennis, shooting galleries, billiards, bowling, swinging, and promenading may all be enjoyed at the same time, with gay, happy audiences of non-participants. The shooting gallery, one of the finest in the country, attracts belles, beaux, lawyers, and society matrons in the use of the rifle, pistol, and bow-and-arrow.

"Some of the prettiest dresses in Richfield may be seen in the commodious bowling alley, where favored swains are granted the privilege of chalking down the winning figures in some giant contest. The tennis court is shaded by shapely trees, which look like stately chaperones, guarding the happy young people below, alike from intruding rays of sun or moon.

"In addition to the amusements held out by Richfield to people who are well, the place abounds in mineral and sulphur springs, inviting the attention of the invalids of their medicinal virtues. There is no sulphurum, but absolute freedom from gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, and catarrh is almost sure to result in the case of those suffering from these troubles. It has recently been discovered that hay fever can not only be relieved but cured there. The list of prominent society and professional people and ministers who can testify to this is a long and important one.

"This year, in the park opposite the Burlington, has been erected one of the most complete bathing establishments in the United States. It will include sulphur, Turkish, Russian, and all baths, extensive and refreshing, also a grand swimming pool for ladies and gentlemen.

"It is astonishing to note the improvement that takes place in the general looks, especially the complexions, of those from the city, both young and old, after a short time at the Springs. The way to see it is to compare them with new arrivals. I do not know whether it is the general air of the place, which is like sunbeams floating over a flower garden, the sulphur gas in the vicinity of the Springs, the bathing in sulphur water, the exercise they are coaxed to take by the exquisite scenery, or the freedom from social cares. Certain it is, the rabby muscles grow firm, wrinkles disappear, and the complexion, besides losing freckles, yellowness, and other imperfections, becomes fair and soft and clear.

"I cannot imagine a more perfect supplement to the season of physical culture, in which our city belles have been indulging, than a summer at Richfield Springs.

"What shall we do with our children? is a question which, more than any other, troubles the weary man and woman who desire the company and welfare of their little ones through the most delightful portion of the year. From its rural surroundings and the enterprise of its leaders, who value the children's health, this is indeed a Rich-field for our little ones. No covered-up hotels, burning streets, forbidden conservatories, and savage laws, excluding our future men and women from Heath's own fountain. At no summer resort in the country can children have such freedom and swing as there; the whole town is like Central Park without any signs 'Keep off the grass.' The children's quarters are so arranged, in doors and out, that, while knowing that the little ones are perfectly happy and well cared for, no one need ever be troubled by one of them or see them without desire to do so.

"Should I tell you, dear friend, about a day at Richfield? In the first place, we use the daylight hours! We rise with the first birds of bird music and sunshine because we feel like it. We have retired before seven; have breathed pure air all night. We feel bright and strong and full of ambition. We can nap again through the day, in doors or out, for it is everywhere cool, clear, and soothing. We are off for a spin, a stroll, a sail, or a canter, and come back lavenous!

"There is no crowded, crushing, clashing, nerve-tearing, stuffy dining-room, but a great light airy room, where for all the stir and dispatch of breakfast, everything is so orderly and quiet that no one realizes the number of people that are sitting about. Costumes are fresh and dainty, and the incidental wear, riding hat and tennis jacket suggest the delight, but nothing that will follow breakfast.

"At ten, the bowling alleys, shooting galleries, and tennis courts are crowded, and a right merry time is had of it till the approach of dinner hour.

"Ah! the tempting odors that greet our appetites, whetted by the merry rugged sport; the picture-like tables of the great Burlington dining-room, with their dainty lunch and service and banks of flowers, the white aprons of the waiters, the immaculate dress of the gentlemen, the fresh, bright coiffures of the girls, the matrons' rich costumes. Dinner over, too early to drive, we stroll on and up the spacious piazza, where the gentle rustle of vines and flowers fan our brows. Hark! stealing to our ears the sweet, low tones of 'Marguerite,' the stirring strains of 'Faust,' the 'March Militaire,' or the jolly 'Comic Parade.' It needs not a music lover to enjoy the hour that follows, while the most excellent of bands is discarding music to suit the happy and the sad, the young and the old.

"Here come the carriages filing up! Into that family carriage, with coachman and footman, one of the leading spirits in New York's commercial life, with his excellent wife, charming debutante daughter, and little son. A whisk of the wheel and away they go. There goes a young married couple—got here two years ago. Four young swains in their brake. Here's a young man about to initiate a fair friend in the mysteries of the new tan buckboard. A party of four ladies—a Surrey with four gentlemen—a Victoria with a happy family party. Here come the horses already saddled for a riding party to Otsego!

"What is this next dash and rattle? Here comes the 'McGowan,' drawn by four spirited horses. Six beauties with their escorts mount their large hats, ribbons, veils, and driving jackets flashing and fluttering. The call is sounded on the horn, and another happy party has gone!

"Then the still, quiet hour that follows—so delicious for 'catching up,' and then return—the resting, the chatting, the dressing, the delicious evening meal. Then the dance of youth!

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 How little we care for the next day after—  
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 And bursts in a bubble of mirthful laughter.  
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