The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XX--No 37. LANCASTER, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883. Price Two Cents.

STOVES, LAMPS, &C.

FLINN & BRENEMAN.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

FOR A HANDSOME PRESENT NOTHING IS MORE DESIRABLE THAN ONE OF OUR ELEGANT

Library or Parlor Lamps.

CHANDELIERS FOR GAS OR COAL OIL.

A NEW AND ELEGANT STOCK AT LOW PRICES.

Stoves Heaters and Ranges, Slate Mantels.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Tin Roofing and Spouting.

FLINN & BRENEMAN,

No. 152 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

ESTABLISHED 1785.

WINES AND LIQUORS!

At REIGART'S OLD WINE STORE, No. 29 East King Street.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

We have just received direct from the Island of Madeira the following Wines:

Verdelho, Vintage 1870; Sercial, Vintage 1840,

Which we offer to our customers, together with our old 1840, 1845, 1847, 1848 and 1857 MADEIRAS; and FINE OLD SHERRIES.

BRANDIES as follows: Vintage 1830, 1840, 1845, 1850, 1858. Fine Old RYE WHISKIES, JAMAICA SPIRITS, N. E. RUM, &c. FRENCH CORDIALS, Burgundies and Clarets.

We have the following Champagne Wines: Felper Heidsieck, G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Dry extra quality and Extra Dry, L. Roederer's Carte Blanche, Pommery Sec, Veuve Cliquot, Yellow label Dry, Krug & Co.'s Private Cuvee, Jules Champlon. And the

GREAT WESTERN EX. DRY WINE,

From the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, at Hammondsport, N. Y.

This is the Finest American Wine in the market, having been awarded the highest honors the following Expositions: At Paris 1867, Vienna 1873 and Philadelphia 1876.

H. E. Slaymaker, AGENT.

S. CLAY MILLER,

Wines, Brandies, Gins, Old Rye Whiskies, &c.,

No. 33 PENN SQUARE, LANCASTER, PA.

GIBSON'S WHISKY BOTTLED A SPECIALTY.

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.

JOHN L. ARNOLD.

PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,

GAS FIXTURES, OIL FIXTURES,

TIN ROOFING, SLATE ROOFING,

Steam Fitters' Supplies, Patent Cold Case Heaters.

Finest Work, Best Workmen. Leave your Orders at

JOHN L. ARNOLD'S,

Nos. 11, 13, 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

HUMAN GUANO.

GRANGER FERTILIZER CO.

HUMAN GUANO.

Composed of Pure Human Excrement and Urine. Unrivaled for Wheat, Tobacco, Grass, Corn, &c.

—SOLD BY—

WM. H. JONES, No. 1621 Market Street; C. B. ROGERS, No. 133 Market Street; GRAHAM, EMLEN & PASSMORE, No. 631 Market Street; J. RIBER & SON, Branchtown, Philadelphia, and responsible dealers generally.

OFFICE.--No. 333 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

C. MUSSELMAN, Agent, Witmer, Lancaster county, Pa

BOOK AND STATIONERY.

JOHN BAER'S SONS.

SCHOOL BOOKS,

School Supplies and Stationery,

LARGE STOCK AT LOW PRICES,

AT THE BOOKSTORE OF

JOHN BAER'S SONS,

Nos. 15 and 17 NORTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER, PA.

TINWARE, &C.

JOHN P. SCHAUM.

FURNACES and RANGES

OF ALL KINDS

REPAIRED.

Call and see the New Improved WROUGHT IRON COLD CASE

Radiating Portable Furnace,

The Cheapest and Best FURNACE in the Market

MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY BY

John P. Schaum,

24 South Queen Street,

feb27-1yd LANCASTER, PA.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

J. E. ROTE.

There has been such a demand for LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS that I was compelled to get a VERY LARGE CAMERA BOX to meet the demand. We can now make you a PHOTO as small as the smallest locket will hold up to a 5-inch face, to fit an 18x22 Frame.

J. E. ROTE,

No. 106 North Queen Street

june5-tfd

THE DISCHARGE OF PUS FROM THE ear is sometimes very profuse and constant, so that it streams from the ear. This is more apt to be the case in young children.

Diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat—also Chronic Diseases successfully treated by DRS. H. D. and M. A. LONGAKER. Office—13 East Walnut street, Lancaster, Pa. Consultation free. 113-3tdW

BOILERS, &C.

THE COLUMBIA BOILER WORKS.

Thomas Fairer & Son, Props.

We are prepared to take any kind of Boiler Work, Tank Stacks, Piping or any kind of Sheet Iron Work, light or heavy, Furnace Work a specialty. Having had an experience of 20 years our reputation stands foremost. Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to. Works at the SHAWNEE, ROLLING MILL, COLUMBIA, PA. oct1-1w*

BEST STEAM ENGINE

AND

BOILER WORKS.

Call and examine our Stock of Engines and Boilers and get prices.

Portable Engines,

Horizontal Engines,

Vertical Engines.

Saw Mill Pumps,

Mining Machinery,

Pulleys and Shafting.

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS,

STEAM FITTING.

JOHN BEST & SON,

No. 333 East Fulton St.,

LANCASTER, PA

P. O. Box, No. 94. oct13md&w

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS AND GUNNERS.—All persons are hereby forbidden to trespass on any of the lands of the Cornwall or Speedwell estates, in Lebanon and Lancaster counties, whether inclosed or uninclosed, either for the purpose of shooting or fishing, as the law will be rigidly enforced against all trespassing on said lands of the undersigned after this notice.

WM. COLEMAN FREEMAN
R. PERCY ALDEN,
EDWARD C. FREEMAN,
Attorney for R. W. Coleman's Heirs.

o15-tfd&w

MEDICAL.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

I OWE MY

Restoration to Health and Beauty

TO THE

Cuticura Remedies.

(Testimonial of a Boston lady.)

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the *cause*.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Rough, Chapped, or Greasy Skin.

Cuticura Remedies, are absolutely pure and the only Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers, free from mercury, arsenic, lead, zinc or any other mineral or vegetable poison whatsoever.

It would require this entire paper to do justice to a description of the cures performed by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

Eczema of the palms of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat and usually considered incurable; small patches of letter and salt rheum on the ears, nose and sides of the face.

Scald Heads with loss of hair without number, heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of sores.

Itching, burning and scaly tortures that baffled even relief from ordinary remedies, soothed and healed as by magic;

Psoriasis, Leprosy and other frightful forms of skin diseases, scrofulous ulcers, foul sores, and discharging wounds, each and all of which have been speedily, permanently and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when physicians, hospitals and all other remedies failed, as proven by a vast number of sworn testimonials in our possession which we will cheerfully mail to any address.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1. Soap, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTY For Rough, Chapped and Greasy Skin, Black Heads, Pimples and Skin Blemishes use CUTICURA SOAP.

CATARRH!

Sandford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored, and ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of sleep, etc., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for $1. ASK FOR SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

COLLINS'

Voltaic Electric Plasters.

For the relief and prevention, the instant it is applied of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Stomach and Bowels, Shooting Pains, Numbness, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilious Fever, Malaria and Epidemics, use Collins' Plasters, (an Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster) and banish all pain. 25c. everywhere.

Sept1-1ydW,S,&w

BENSON'S POROUS PLASTERS.

LOG ROLLING.

While Wrestling With a Fallen Tree a Lumberman Receives Consequential Damages.

While on a hunting excursion in the great coal and wood region near Carbondale, Pa., the writer met William Coll, a lumberman. Accustomed to life and labor in the forest from early manhood he was a true Knight of the Axe. Many a tree had fallen before his ringing strokes and fleets of rafts had borne away to market the sawed products. Coll is a character and if Oscar Wilde is right in saying that all movements in unhindered labor are graceful, our friend William, stripped for his work, and attacking a tree as Richard I. assaulted the heavy doors of Front de Beef's Castle, must have presented an admirable picture.

One day however—but let him tell the story himself, as he told it to me:

"I was out in the woods, you know, trying to start a log down a hill. Thinking I could get a better purchase on it from the lower side, I tackled it there with my log-rolling hook and threw my weight on the lever. She started, she did, but as luck would have it, before I could get out of the way, she rolled right over me. If it hadn't been for a lot of small limbs and brush lying in the road, which lifted her up, she'd a crushed me flat. As it was I got up without a broken bone, but with some mighty bad bruises.

"Then you were all right," said his auditor.

"Not by a blamed sight, stranger. I took cold, rheumatism set in and if I hadn't heard of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS and used 'em, it's my opinion I should never have made another chip fly. But the capcine took hold quick, and I'm 'bout as good as new. But there's one thing you kin calculate on—I shall never wrastle with another log unless I have the advantage of the ground. For, as I told you before, if it hadn't been for them benches I'd've been smashed so, you could 'a sold me for a door mat."

The Capcine is the thing for rheumatism. It doesn't keep you waiting. The word CAPCINE is cut in the centre of the genuine. Price 25 cents.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

s19-1mW,S&w

LOCHER'S

RENOWNED

COUGH SYRUP

is a pleasant, safe, speedy and sure remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Influenza, Soreness of the Throat and Chest, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, Inflammation of the Lungs, and all Diseases of the Chest and Air Passages.

Price, 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.

Prepared only and sold by

CHAS. A. LOCHER,

s12-1d NO. 9 EAST KING ST.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.—THE Great English Remedy. An infallible cure for Impotency, and all Diseases that follow loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the money, by addressing the agent, H. B. Cochran, 137 and 139 North Queen street. On account of counterfeits, we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper; the only genuine. Guarantees of cure issued by us. For sale in Lancaster by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., N. Y.

april2-1yd&w

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHURCHES, ETC.

A Sermon by Spurgeon and His Appearance—A Ride on the Thames—Other Features of the Great Metropolis

For the INTELLIGENCER.

A visitor in London who has several days to spend there and desires to live economically as well as pleasantly, should not go to one of the great hotels, but to one of the many private houses where there are apartments to let.

Lodgings in London.

In the central part of the city, in the neighborhood of Russell and Bedford and Bloomsbury squares, lodgings may be had, especially in the summer months, adapted to every taste and—pocket. My lodgings were a few doors from Russell square and nearly opposite the British museum—a very central and convenient neighborhood. Here I had a room—rather high up, it must be confessed—and was served with a nice little breakfast, for a price which in one of our cities would seem ridiculously small. And, by the way, it seems to me that London is the cheapest place to live that there is in the world. I sometimes dined and lunched in an elegant marble restaurant in High Holborn—palace, I was about to say, for it is palatial in its splendor—where, for about 1s. 6d. I was served with one of the most delicious chops in the world, with potatoes, bread and butter, and a pot of tea; and for 3s. 6d. a regular table-d'hote dinner of seven or eight courses. In ordering a chop or steak, I may say, one does not go to the dining room, but to the "grill room." In some English restaurants there are three departments—the "buffet," for tea and coffee, cold meats, pastry, etc.; the "grill room," for chops and steaks; and the dining room for a regular dinner, or "ordinary." Perhaps most readers are aware of this, but I was not, until I went to London.

Return from the Continent

I did as I suppose many European tourists do—made London my headquarters, from which I made excursions to Paris, to Germany, and other places of interest. But what of my Sunday in London? Well, I spent too Sundays there, but I purpose to speak only of one. That morning early I arrived at Harwich (*Harridge*, we must call it) from Antwerp. Of course we all had to pass through the custom house and have our luggage (they don't call it *baggage*) inspected; but as I had no luggage except a small satchel, and no foriegn importations except two very small bottles of the "only genuine" eau de cologne, I was soon through the ordeal. By about six o'clock I was whirling along toward London, in company with three London schoolmasters—jolly fellows—two of whom I had met on my passage down the Rhine. Arriving in due time at the Liverpool St. station, I was driven to my lodgings, where, after ridding myself of the soil and dust of travel, I sat down at about 9 o'clock, to a fragrant cup of tea. (In England, I may remark, parenthetically, one everywhere gets good tea. In this country the reverse is true.)

A Learned Companion.

I had for my companion that morning Prof. J——, of the Allegheny theological seminary, a fellow lodger whose acquaintance I had made some days before. He was engaged in the study of some of the treasures of the British museum bearing on Biblical literature. One of these—if treasure it may be called—was the noted (or notorious) Shapira manuscript of Deuteronomy then on exhibition there; and this formed an interesting subject of conversation. The professor, in common with other scholars, had arrived at the conclusion that the MS. was a forgery. I found him a very agreeable companion, doubtless very learned, and certainly very modest. As we were finishing our meal, he asked me whether I would go to church, informing me that there would be an opportunity to hear two of the most celebrated preachers in London: Mr. Spurgeon, in Exeter Hall, at 11 o'clock; and Canon Liddon, in St. Paul's at 3; and of course I gladly assented, though travel-worn and weary.

Going to Hear Spurgeon.

We started early, hoping to obtain admission by ticket, in advance of the miscellaneous throng; but when we arrived in the Strand, opposite the Hall, there were already a large number of people—perhaps a hundred—crowding every inch of space about the door, and extending out to the middle of the street; and we decided to get as near as we could and take our chances with the rest. While we are waiting, I may explain that Mr. Spurgeon's occupation of Exeter hall (the hall of the Y. M. C. A.) is but temporary, pending certain repairs that are making in his "Tabernacle"—an immense church built expressly for his use some years ago, at a cost of $175,000. Formerly his congregation worshipped regularly in Exeter hall. In about half an hour the front door was opened, and then such a rush and crush! When one was fairly in the current he was borne right along whether or no, being as powerless to help himself as if he were in the rapids of Niagara. This was all very well for those who were directly in front, but alas for those who had to turn the corner! There were women with children in their arms, and I really feared for their safety. But everybody was good natured, and the proprietors of the day was observed as well as was possible under such circumstances. There might have been a little *silent* swearing, for aught I know, but I heard nothing worse than a little extra emphasis. When, crushed and perspiring, the crowd reached the inside of the hall, it was divided into two streams which flowed, in a rather tumultuous way, across and around the vast auditorium, dropping its human atoms into all the vacant seats. All this seemed very incongruous and improper, but it was soon over, and the people had time to wipe the perspiration from their faces, and smooth out their rumpled clothing — and feelings, before the beginning of the exercises. Mr. Spurgeon is not yet present, so I will take time to look around. The hall is a large one, seating, I suppose, about 3,000 people. The seats are curved, facing toward the east end, where there is a large organ, on a platform or gallery about 10 feet high. This platform seems intended for a choir or orchestra, but on the present occasion it was occupied by part of the congregation.

Arrival of Mr. Spurgeon—Description of the Great Preacher

Presently several elderly gentlemen ascend the steps to the platform and take reserved chairs in the front row, and I am made aware by the hushed interest that pervades the congregation that the great preacher has arrived. He is seated in the centre, behind a small desk that will serve for a pulpit or a music stand (the hall is often used for sacred concerts). He is a rather large man, weighing, I should think, when in good health, nearly two hundred pounds. He has not been well of late, and is not well now, he says, so that his clothes hang rather loosely on him. Now he rises to announce the hymn and I get a better view of him. There is nothing "clerical" about him—no white tie, or solemn, sanctimonious look; if you met him on the street, not knowing him, you would take him to be a well to do farmer or a prosperous tradesman of the Cheeryble pattern. He has black whiskers surrounding his face, a large mouth, a strong under jaw, a Grecian nose, rather deep set eyes, a wide but low forehead, with heavy eyebrows, and a full head of black hair, sprinkled, I think, with gray. He looks to be about fifty years old. (He is, in fact, as I since learn, in his fiftieth year.)

Reading the Hymn, Etc

He announces the number of the hymn in a loud, clear, ringing voice—rather sharp in quality and pitched pretty high—that penetrates every nook and corner of the room; and then proceeds to read the hymn. There is no monotonous singsong about his reading; he evidently feels the sentiment of the poem, and is determined to make his hearers feel it too; hence he interprets and enforces the language of the hymn as he proceeds, by apt and forcible remarks. And he does this, not in a pedantic and didactic manner, but with genuine, spontaneous feeling; and it is evident that he has enlisted the sympathy of the audience at once, and is carrying them right along with him. As he finishes the reading, he urges all to join in the singing. Then the audience rise, and a man at his left, with lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, begins to sing with might and main, and there is a pretty heavy volume of sound comes up from the congregation. There is a great organ in the gallery, as I have said, but it is unused, much to my regret. It seems to me that the organ's deep bass and rich concords would have added an element of grandeur to the mighty chorus. It is genuine congregational singing, however, which certainly has its advantages as an expression of praise and worship. As the singing ceased at the end of each stanza, Mr. Spurgeon read, in his ringing voice, the words of the next, in the old-fashioned prayer meeting style; and this gave the exercise still more of a popular character. The prayer, like the singing, was earnest and fervent, and, unlike many public prayers, seemed to be really addressed to the Almighty, rather than to the audience. The chapter from the Bible was read in the same manner as the hymns—accompanied by a running comment and application; and with the same effect,—to show its pregnancy of meaning, and impress the lesson strongly upon the minds of the hearers.

The Sermon.

The sermon was based upon Acts xx., 24: "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself," etc. It opened with a glowing eulogy of St. Paul; then went on to show the value of the gospel that Paul was willing to die for, and to urge upon Christians the duty of living for it. There was not much in what he said that was new, or striking, or profound, and yet it did not seem trite or commonplace. He spoke extemporaneously, and yet he used good, idiomatic English, and never hesitated for a word. Unlike most extemporaneous sermons, it would bear reporting verbatim. I had often wondered what there was in his preaching that continued to draw such immense crowds for so many years without diminution of interest, and I now endeavored to learn the secret of it. There is no secret about it. The reason is perfectly obvious to every one who hears him; it is, as we have already seen in his reading and his prayer, the intense earnestness of the man, that fuses his audience into one glowing mass—his simplicity, his genuineness, his wealth of homely illustration and practical suggestion. He has none of the tricks of the orator, and yet he produces the most profound oratorical effects. Strength is perhaps his leading characteristic—one would infer as much from his massive jaw and firm features; but yet the element of beauty is not wanting. I remember with what touching and exquisite effect he related an allegory—a dream, he called it—teaching the tenderness of mercy. A benighted wanderer in his distress fled to the house of Justice for shelter, but was sternly driven from the door; then, lured by the lamp of Truth, he sought her door, but she also refused him admission; then he sought the abode of Righteousness, but with a like result; finally, weary and disconsolate, he came to the home of Mercy, who opened wide the door and received him with a loving welcome. I wish I could recall the exact language; the story was exquisitely told and produced a marked effect.

A Ride Up the Thames.

After entering the hall I became separated from my friend, the professor, he going with one stream and I with the other, and I did not meet him again until the next morning. After the services were over, being alone, I wandered rather aimlessly along the Strand for a time, looking at the prints in the windows, etc., then turned down, near the Somerset House, to the Thames Embankment. The boats were shooting up and down like shuttles in a loom, and, yielding to the fascination of the river, I went to the nearest pier and bought a ticket for Chelsea. The day was bright and beautiful, as London days go—they are never as bright as ours—and the ride up the river, under the Waterloo, Westminster, Lambeth, and several other bridges—past the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Cleopatra's Needle, Lambeth Palace and many other objects of interest—was very enjoyable and refreshing. Arrived at Chelsea, I took passage back on the same boat (the fare is only 4d.) and landed at St. Paul's pier.

The Chimes of St. Paul's

I arrived opposite the west front of St. Paul's just as the chime began to play. The "Bow-bells," made famous by the story of Whittington and his cat, were also ringing; and what a clatter they both did make! Perhaps I ought to apologize for the word "clatter," but *sic justitia*, etc. Chimes are very beautiful—a long way off. In that case distance lends enchantment to the sound by softening the tones and destroying the harsh jarring produced by the prolonged vibrations; but near by they are not generally very musical. Most of these chimes are now rung by machinery, thus superseding the bell-ringers whom we see in pictures, tugging away at the ropes. I happened to be in the tower of the cathedral of Utrecht a few days before, when the chime of forty-two bells played for five o'clock, and saw the revolving cylinder, with its cogs, etc., like a huge music box, as it "ground out" the required tune. In some places (as at St. Mary's, Warwick) the chimes play every day at twelve—a different tune each day; in other places oftener, perhaps every hour. I think I should be willing to save the bells, on account of their associations; but I can understand how their frequent ringing can be—as it really is—a great annoyance to persons living in the neighborhood.

London Smoke.

It is not necessary to speak of the appearance of St. Paul's on the outside; it is familiar to every school boy; but you must not think of it as clean and smooth, as it looks in the picture; art has a way of softening and improving the complexion (if I may so speak) of buildings as well as of persons. How often, alas! the face that in the picture is smooth and fair as Juno's arms, is in reality covered with pimples and blotches! So you will find that St. Paul's, the Royal Exchange, and other fine buildings in London—in any of the English cities, for that matter—are grimed and disfigured by smoke. They are not of an even blackness, however. In the less exposed places the surface is of a thick and sooty black, like the back of a chimney; while in other places the soot has been partially washed off, presenting an appearance like the tear-washed face of a coalheaver. I often thought what an infinite pity it was that the rich and delicate carvings, the lace-like tracery, that adorn the finest buildings, should be thus smutched and blackened. Of course it is due to the softness of English coal, which burns with a thick, black smoke that settles down in flakes and blackens everything it touches. Our Pittsburg has the same experience.

The Interior of St. Paul's.

We enter the cathedral by the west door and pass up the nave towards the central space, where the congregation are assembling. It is early, but already the best seats—those beneath the dome—are occupied. The seats are all free, and everybody has an equal chance. An elegantly dressed lady near me—an American, I suppose, English ladies do not dress elegantly when they go to church—remarked rather petulantly, that this was a very cosmopolitan place. She was vexed that the verger did not show her to a front seat. I find a pretty good seat, and am satisfied. It is supposed, of course, that I go to church to join in the service and listen to the sermon—it is not the day for sightseeing; but while I am waiting, what harm is there in looking around? It is not my first visit—I was present two weeks before; but the feeling of awe and enchantment with which one first enters the noble edifice, is still strong upon me. The eye cannot take in half the beauties of the place at a single visit. In fact, as I look around, the place grows upon me. At first I experienced a slight feeling of disappointment; the interior did seem so vast as I had imagined. But as I look over the vast congregation assembled, stretching away back in the nave and overflowing into the aisles and transepts, the space widens, the distances increase, I cast my eyes upward, and there, 350 feet above me, hangs a noble canopy, a painted sky. Around, in every direction, there are columns and arches adorned with marble flowers and wreaths carved in bold relief; while, stretching away between the columns are vistas through which I see the monuments of departed greatness—dying heroes surrounded by angelic forms and mourned by weeping beauty. Where am I?—in a modern Christian temple, or a Valhalla of the gods? I have spoken of a feeling of disappointment at first; it was owing to the necessity of mentally changing front, as it were—of adapting my ideas to the situation. The cathedrals that I had previously visited were all of the Romanesque or Gothic order, with pointed arches, clustered columns, lofty, vaulted ceiling; and the prevailing effect was a simple and solemn grandeur; but St. Paul's, like St. Peter's at Rome, is of the renaissance order, a central dome, and a perfect wilderness of Grecian and Italian ornament. At first I felt that there was an excess of ornament, but as I became accustomed to it I perceived that there was in it a harmony of effect,

"Like perfect music unto noble words."

As I look around my eye rests upon the famous inscription over the door of the north transept, and I copy it in my note book. It is as follows:

SURSUM · CORDA · HORAS
DOLCEDINE · RERUM · DOMITOR
CHRISTOPHORUS · WREN · QUI · VIXIT
ANNOS · ULTRA · CONSENTA · NON
SIBI · SED · TOTI · HOMINI · PATRIO
LUCTOR · ET · MONUMENTUM · EIUS
QUERIS · CIRCUMSPICE.

The closing words, "Reader, if you seek his monument look around," have a simple grandeur worthy of the place and the subject.

The Services

The service here, as in other cathedrals that I visited, was entirely choral, every part of it, including the Scripture lessons, being intoned or chanted. The choristers, clad in white surplices, numbered about fifty, and were divided into two choirs, sitting facing each other on opposite sides of the chancel. As I have said in a previous article, the effect of intoning a long prayer or passage of Scripture is to me monotonous and tiresome; but the concerted parts, when organ and singers and burst out in a swelling tide of harmony, are grand and impressive. I noticed that the anthem and some other parts of the service were printed on slips and distributed through the congregation.

Canon Liddon—The Sermon, Etc.

Canon Liddon, who preached on this occasion, is an elderly man of fifty-five or sixty, I should say, of medium height, rather spare in features, and with iron gray hair. He is a scholarly and able man and a popular preacher. His sermon was a defence of Christianity, as opposed to the rationalism and agnosticism now so prevalent in the middle and higher classes of Englishmen, and was based on the text "Wisdom is justified of her children." It could not be called a learned argument; it was rather a popular presentation of the orthodox view of the subject. Indeed, he seemed to me to be "talking down" to his audience. His delivery was by no means pleasing. His voice, in the first place, is rather thin and sharp, and he was compelled to pitch it high to make himself heard, giving it a forced and strained effect. The church is so vast that speaking in it is much like speaking out of doors and must be exceedingly exhausting. And I noticed that Canon Liddon had in a less degree the same fault that I marked in the vicar of Stratford—a sing song manner of speaking. Church of England clergymen generally have it, I think; in consequence, perhaps, of their habit of intoning. There was nothing of it in Spurgeon's utterances; indeed, there was in his preaching scarcely anything of the traditional English manner; a stranger would scarcely know that he was not an American. I observed in St. Paul's, as in other English churches, a peculiar pronunciation of such words as *evil* and *devil*, that sounded very odd. They are pronounced *e-vill*, *dev-ill*, etc., sounding the *i* as in *fill*.

After service I had an excellent dinner at the Manchester hotel, Aldersgate street; thence went by underground railway to visit a cousin living at Finchley Road, a N. W. suburb of the city; thence back to my lodgings;—and thus ended my second Sunday in London.

J. WILLIS WESTLAKE.

MILLERSVILLE, Oct., 1883.

Proctor the astronomer has been predicting the world would go to smash this year, but this should not deter people from keeping on hand Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the great household remedy for coughs and colds.

We Challenge the World.

When we say we believe, we have evidence to prove that Shiloh's Consumption Cure is decidedly the best Lung Medicine made, in as much as it will cure a common or Chronic Cough in one-half the time and relieve Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, and show more cases of Consumption cured than all others. It will cure where they fail, it is pleasant to take, harmless to the youngest child, and we guarantee what we say. Price, 10c., 50c. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street. feb7-eod1

MEDICAL.

DARBY'S

PROPHYLACTIC

FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it *after black vomit had taken place*. The worst cases of diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and sick persons refreshed and bed sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.

Impure Air made harmless and purified.

For Sore throat it is a sure cure.

Contagion destroyed.

For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.

Rheumatism cured.

Soft White Complexions secured by its use.

Ship Fever prevented.

To Purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.

Catarrh relieved and cured.

Erysipelas cured.

Burns relieved instantly.

Fears prevented.

Dysentery cured.

Wounds healed rapidly.

Scurvy cured.

An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.

I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick room. WM. F. SANFORD, Eyrie, Ala.

SCARLET FEVER CURED.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, Tenn.

I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.

N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.

DARBY'S FLUID IS RECOMMENDED BY Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia. Rev. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D. D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y. Jos. LECONTE, Columbia, Prof. University, S. C. Rev. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University. Rev. GEO. F. PIERCE, Bishop M. E. Church.

IS THIS PENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.

Perfectly harmless. Used Internally or externally for Man or Beast.

The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street. jan14-lyeod&w

SMALL POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED.

A member of my family was taken with Small Pox. I used the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks and no others had it.—J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.

DIPHTHERIA PREVENTED.

The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.—A. STOLLENWERCK, Greensboro, Ala.

Tetter dried up.
Cholera prevented.
Ulcers purified and healed.
In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.

The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

RHEUMATIC SYRUP.

A Limb Saved

And a Family Made Happy.

Mr. Philip Moore, of West Webster, Monroe County, N. Y., says: "My daughter, now eighteen years old, has, for the past eighteen months, been afflicted with rheumatism in a very severe form. One year ago it settled in the knee, since which time she has been unable to touch her foot to the floor or move her limb without suffering the most excruciating pain. Her limb was fast growing out of shape, although we were doing for her all we could, having used all the remedies we could hear of and that were recommended for rheumatism, none of which benefitted her in the least. Her case was pronounced incurable by the physician and by our neighbors, and all believed that she would be a cripple all her days, and that her limb would never be restored to its original shape. But I am happy to say that to-day my daughter is entirely free from all rheumatic pains, and that she can walk with perfect ease, having thrown aside her crutches, and her limb seems as strong and perfect as ever: all from the use of your wonderful medicine "Rheumatic Syrup," which we consider one of the best medicines ever introduced for purifying the blood, and I only regret that all others who are afflicted with rheumatism can not know of its superior merits. You are at liberty to use my name if it will do you any good, and I shall be only too glad to tell any and everyone what it has done for my daughter." PHILIP MOORE.

Rheumatic Syrup

is the greatest Blood Purifier known, and will do all that is claimed for it. Send for pamphlet of testimonials and read of those who have been cured by its use.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Rochester, N. Y.

o14-1yd&w

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.

HIGH & MARTIN.

LAMPS! LAMPS!

—AT—

CHINA HALL.

We have now open a Large Line of

LAMPS, LAMPS.

IN POLISHED BRASS, FRENCH BRONZED AND EBONY AND GOLD FINISH.

LIBRARY LAMPS, HALL LAMPS, CHANDELIERS.

Fancy Parlor Lamps, Glass Lamps,

CLEVELAND NON-EXPLOSIVE, STUDENT LAMPS.

Examine our Stock before purchasing.

High & Martin's,

15 EAST KING STREET.

LANCASTER, PA.

HE HAS COME.

THE DUDE.

Club House, Prince Teck, Grenadine, Flats, Tubular, } TIES.

—AT—

ERISMAN'S,

No. 17 West King Street.

Opposite Cross Keys Hotel.