## TAR'S BACKSLIDING

Gillett-Tobiah, by baptism-drove
the muddy road and stopped at Stemoy's front gate. It was a Sunday
on in early spring. The first thaw
in a the sun abone down warmly,
a roots of the houses and bars and the
rig drifts of anow in the fence-corners
ad dazzingly bright beneath it. The
of Biar's two-scated buggy dripped
tud, and the tall red horse was well
ad.

es Pinney's place was severely neat particulars. The square house was tithe yard was undecorated, save on each side of the brick walk, and tical flower-bed whose bareness was for by the large pink sea-shells which windows were rolled up as nearly as tile to the same point, and gave a see of chair-backs set close against the

he door opened before Biar could alight, a girl came out. She wore a red-and-k checked shawl over a black alpaca , and she came down the walk with a

being dressed up. Her thin, freckled face more a pleased look.

"Good-afternoon, Louise," said Biar.

"Good-afternoon, Biar," the girl responded.

"I was all ready, and I thought there many in o need of your getting out and companies."

"The climbed into the buggy unassisted.

the climbed into the buggy unassisted, d ant down on the front seat beside the og-legged, light-haired, serious-visaged

and sat down on the front seat beside the long-legged, light-haired, serious-visaged young man.

The mud splashed up on them as they started away. But Biar was "keeping company" with Louise Pinney, and it had not outered their heads to omit their usual Sunday afternoon drive because the going was bad. Neither were they disturbed by their lack of a single buggy. The two-seated one was all that Biar possessed, except a lumberwagon, and they would not have stopped at that if it had been a condition of their going.

"I should think this was first-rate sugar weather," said Louise, as they jogged along. "You hain't tapped yet, I a pose?" "We're going up to the sugar-bush to-torrow, if this warm spell hangs on," Biar

They drove on silently after that. Neither as much of a talker, and it did not occur to bem to talk for the sake of breaking the tune. They often rode for niles without peaking, and without embarrassment from the allence. Blar flicked the norse occasionally with the frayed tip of the whip; Louise at quiet, her plain face lighted with a simple

"Mis' Baldwin's got a visitor," she said, as they came in sight of a long, yellow-painted house. "She's got her cousin from over in Dodsonville; Mandy Sawyer's her name. Her folks are away from home, and she's staying to Mis' Baldwin's while they're gone. I was down to Mis' Baldwin's yester-day, and she introduced me. She's a real lively acting girl."
"Is that her?" said Biar.

He was gazing admiringly at a young girl who was standing at the Baldwins' front gate. She was fitteen at the most, but she was tall and plump, and there was a marked pretension to style and gayety in her blue, silk trimmed dress, her white beads and the ribbon on top of her head. She was pretty, too, from a rural standpoint—she had red cheeks, sharp blue eyes and a profusion of light curls, which fell about her round face in the manner of an old-fashioned china

"How d' do, Miss Pinney," she called out.

Biar was staring at her broadly, and she gave him a pert little nod. He turned to look back at her as they drove on, and she returned his gaze boldly, shaking back her

curls jauntily and swinging herself on the "She's pretty good-looking," said Blar but that was a feeble expression of the ad miration with which Miss Mandy Sawyer's

blooming charms had overpowered him.

Blar generally dropped in at Stephen Pinney's two or three evenings a week; it was a bat week he did not come. Louise put on her black alpace every evering and took it off at half-past seven. Plar never came later than half-past seven, and there was no need of keeping it on after that time and wearing it out. She did not know why he did not come; but she had full trust in him,

and his non-appearance did not rouse her suspicions. But Lyman Baker came in tosuspicions. But Lyman Baker came in to-wards the end of the week with a piece of Lyman Baker had been mildly attentive to Louise before Blar Gillett's succession. He had not admired her particularly—he flattered himself that he knew a good-look-ing girl when he saw one: but he had estab-lished an envisible resultation as a lady's ing girl when he saw one; but he had estab-lished an enviable reputation as a lady's man, and to keep it untarnished it was necessary that there should be no girl in the neighbor-hood who had not "gone with" him. He had bestowed his preterence on Tilly Dill-ingham of late; but he was leaving Tilly se-verely alone at present because she had had "other company" when he had invited her to the last sociable. He was a short, bony young man, with small dark eyes and a

ung man, with small dark eyes and a ominent tooth. He had clerked for a onth or so in a shoe store in the nearest town, and this metropolitan experience showed itself in his spotted cravat and his celluloid cuff-buttons. There's a smashing girl down to Baldwin's," was Lyman's opening remark. It was a term which had been frequently em-

ployed at the shoe store,
Stephen Pinney, his wife and the "hired girl" were in the sitting room. If it had been Biar they would have retired to the back part of the house, because Biar was "steady company," and steady company was never infringed upon by the family in concern.

general.
"I met her and Biar Gillett out walking jest now," Lyman pursued. "They say they're going together."
Louise looked at him, Her thin cheeks

Louise looked at him. Her thin cheeks grow hot and then colorless. Stephen Pin-ney and his wife and the hired girl looked at her anxiously, and the former addressed a remark to Lyman Baker concerning the working out of taxes on the read. He himworking out of taxes on the road. He himself was road-master, and he didn't calculate to have any shirking this season.

Louise sat silent, smoothing down her black alpaca—Lyman had come before half-past seven—and saying nothing. But when he finally got up to go, she rose also.

"Be you certain it was him?" she said.

"Who?" said the young man."

"Be you certain it was Blar?"

"That I met walking with that girl that's to Baldwin's? Oh, land! yes," Lyman responded.

Sponded.

The hired girl looked sharply at Louise she stood without moving after Lyman had gone.
She was not a cook, nor a servant—she

would have resented being called such; she was a "hired girl." She was on equal terms with the family; she ate at the same table, o cupied the sitting-room when not engaged in the kitchen, and entered into the family

discussions.

"I declare for't, Louise," she said, with sympathizing asperity, "if Fd take on to worry. Biar Gillett ain't the only feller in the world—great spindle-legged thing!"

Louise only looked at her silently. It was beyond her power not to worry; it was beyond her rower to be snything but attent.

Louise only looked at her silently. It was beyond her power not to worry; it was beyond her power to be anything but utterly lost and miserable under this great calamity; and she was too simple and honest to pretend to anything else. She had never thought much about her feelings towards Biar Gillett; but now she realized dimly that the pale-haired, solemn-faced young man was in some way necessary to her happiness, and that now it was probable she had lost him.

She did not give up all hope. Sunday afternoon she put on her black alpaca and red-and-black shawl, and stood watching for him in the front window. She could not believe that he would not come; and when she saw the two-seated buggy coming down the road, with Biar's lanky form on the front east, the dull weight at her heart litted and left her in a joyful glow. The mud was dried to-day; the wheels of Biar's buggy were black and shiny; Biar himself had an unusual air of smartness, and wore a new hat—a wide-brimmed felt. But he drove straight by without turning his head.

The hired girl had been watching from the other window.

"Wal. I never!" she ejaculated.

The Lired girl had been watching from the other window.

"Wal, I never!" she sjaculated.

"He's going down to Baldwin's after her," and Louise, unsteadily.

"Wal, there—!" the hired girl began, with some motive of consolation; but she stopped then, poweriess before the look of sutering in the girl's face. She watched her the helpless sympathy as she went up stairs to take off the black alpaca.

Lyman Baker came in the next evening, and again three days afterwards. On that the state out into the kitchen; it looked as the lyman was going to be steady com-

young man sat in a large rocking-chair

with figured calico cushions and a crocheted "tidy." Louise had been sitting at the table, with its stamped oil-cloth cover and its red-wicked kerosene lamp, with a small pasteboard box before her, whose contents pasteboard box before her, whose cut held she had been soberly fingering over. It held all that Biar had ever given her: a plaid silk handkerchiet, a small tin-type of himself and a red carnelian bracelet. She put the cover on the box and dropped it into her lap when

the visitor entered.

She knew quite well now that Biar had deserted her; that he was drawn away and held fast by the superior charms of another girl, and that he was "going with" her steadily; that there was no hope of regain-ing him. She had settled down into a hope-lessness which was worse than the first sharp pang; and her despair had developed a quiet passivity. She was not troubled by Lyman Baker's visits; she had not the jealousy for her trampled hopes nor the self-assertion necessary for rebeiling against him, even in thought. She accepted him as a

part of her mistortine.

Lyman broke the long opening silence by a remark concerning the weather. He said they had a middling fair spell. He followed it up, after another pause, with a piece of information. formation.
"They say that Biar Gillett and that girl
to Baldwin's—what's her name?"
"Mandy Sawyer," said Louise, raising her

"Mandy Sawyer," said Louise, raising her eyes in quick apprehension.

"They say they're going to be married. They say Blar's been over to the Centre and got a license, and they're going to be married next Sunday night after meeting."

"You don't say so!" said the girl. But she feit no astonishment. The suddenness of the consummation was a fit element in she felt no astonishment. The suddenr the crude young courtship; and she felt it vaguely. Her hands were unsteady, and she rubbed them up and down the little paste-board box. Then she put it on the table and

shoved it away, without anger. It did not shoved it away, without angel.

Seem to belong to her now.

Lyman Baker looked at her undisturbedly. He knew that she and Biar Gillett had been keeping company, but he had no suspicion that she could have given Biar Gillett more than a passing thought, in the

ace of his own superior attractions.
A sudden idea occurred to him which was encouraged by recollections of Tilly Dillingham and the last sociable. He moved about briskly on his calice cushion, staring at Louise. The idea, considered in the abstract, pleased him; his small, dark tace reddened excitedly, and his mouth back in a smile over the prominent

"I guess Biar Gillett don't suspicion but what you're worrying some about him and that girl to Baldwin's," he said. He was thinking that perhaps Tilly Dill-ingham flattered herself that he was worry-

ing about her.

"It'd be a pretty good one on him if you sh'd—if you was to—" be rubbed up his hair, and cleared his throat. "S'posing I run over to the Centre and get a license, and you and me was to get married next Sunday night after meeting, same as him? I guess he'd be considerable surprised." It was Tilly Dillingham's figure, however, which be pictured vividiy to himself.

he pictured vividiy to himself.

Louise stared at him.

"I s'pose it'd be pretty sudden," the young man pursued; he was emboidened by her evident ameziment and awe, and he spoke patronizingly. "But I'd jest as lief do it as not." He was moved to admiration of his own magnanimity. "I'd jest as lief as not." he repeated. as not," he repeated.

His listener heard him dumbly. Her mind was confused; but it was not with specula-tions concerning her own part in the burlesque. Her chief sensation as regarded her lesque. Her chief sensation as regarded her-self was a quiet conviction that nothing would make much difference to her. She looked across at this sudden sulter in un-resisting silence. "I'll speak to your folks," said Lyman. He went into the kitchen, and Louise heard ins voice for a brief space. Stephen Pinney and his wife and the hired girl did not appear to be saying anything.

to be saying anything.

"Wal, I'll go ever to the Centre to-morrow," said Lyman, coming back into the sitting-room and shutting the kitchen-door after him. "And I'll come around for you Sunday night and take you to meeting. I s'pose everybody'll think it's pretty sudden; but I'm willing, if so you be. I s'pose you be? Your pa and ma h'ain't no objections."

"Wal! said Louise, drearily. There did not seem to be anything more to say on the subject, and Lyman took up his hat. He was feeling highly complacent; he had thought no further than of Tilly Dillingnam's astonished chagrin.

There was an unusual attendance at "meeting" Sunday evening.

There never had been a church in the small community. The two Sunday services and the Friday evening prayer meeting were held in the school house. To-night the rough wooden seats, scratched and notched, and carved with initials, were full; for everyhad heard that Biar Gillett and th girl at Baldwin's were going to be married t the close of the service.

Lyman Baker and Louise Pinney sat

ogether on a front bench. The young man was flushed and fidgety; the girl sat motiontess. She kept her hands clasped together under her red-and-black shawl, and she looked shrinkingly towards the door: Blar Gillett and Mandy Sawyer had not yet arrived.

The table on the small platform at the end of the room held a lamp, and there was a candle on the shelf which contained the candle on the shelf which contained the water-pail, with its long tin dipper. A map of the United States hung on one of the dingy wails, which were serawied over with chaik and lead-pencil, and stuck here and there with a paper wad. The blackboard above the platform contained a humorous sketch, whose figures had graduated circles for heads and bodies, and straight lines for legs.

The minister a mild old man with disc. The minister, a mild old man with din eyes and feeble voice, held the lamp over his Bible while he read his text. He had preached for half a century, buffeted about from post to post and taking his buffetings meekly. Now he had found a comparative calm in the little, sparsely attended, unor-ganized church; he had settled into a pleasmeekly. int peacefulness, and fallen back into the

vernacular of his youth.

"For he clave to the Lord!—I hain't no idea," he said, setting down the lamp and taking off his spectacles slowly, "that Hezekiah got none o' them teachings from his father; it ain't likely that Ahaz done noth-ing towards leading him into the way o' the Lord. Ahaz had ben one o' the worst o' the kings o' Judah. He'd ben idolertrous ; he'd broke up the temple and set up altars in every corner of the land, and worshiped idols. There ain't no sort of probability that Hezekiah got none o' them teachings from

The door had opened, and Biar Gillett had walked in, alone. His face took on a darker walked in, alone. His face took on a darker tinge as he met the eyes of the congregation down in the nearest seat, fingering the rim

down in the hearest seat, ingering the rim of his hat.

Louise Pinney gave a gasp. Her face grew white, and she pressed her hands tightly together under her shawl to step her trembling. He was alone; she was not with him; she had not come. That was all she was conscious of. She sat staring across at him; she saw nothing else, and the words of the preacher were a vague murmur in her The discourse wandered on to its end. The

Ine discourse wandered on to usend. The last hymn was given out and sung through. Lyman Baker prevented the benediction by striding up the room, mounting the platform and slapping a folded paper down on the table. He was red and excited, and he was

table. He was red and excited, and he was keeping an eye on Tilly Dillingham.

"It you'll jest do me a favor to examine that paper," he said, with an offhand air which he had acquired at the shoe store.

"Its a license," he added, in explanation to the gaping assembly, "and the name o' the lady—"

But Louise had stood up, clinging tremblingly to a desk.

blingly to a desk.
"I can't—I can't!" she cried, faintly. The
blood rushed back to her white face, and she sank down weakly on her seat. There was an excited hum, and then the formality of the meeting melted away. It became a social gathering—sympathetic, incoming and ladding. juiring and judicial.

A knot of women promptly surrounded ouise. They had immediately compre-ended the entire case, and they were ready

hended the entire case, and they were ready to discuss and advise.

Lyman Baker stood open-mouthed.

"I wouldn't urge her, Lyman," said one of the women, putting into words the popular conclusion. "I guess Louise hadn't really made up her mind. I wouldn't do nothing more about it jest now."

Somebody brought the tin dipper with some water to Louise; but she did not take it. She got up and went to the door, and Blar Gillett, after a moment of hesitation, followed her out.

The meeting dispersed by the standard of the statement of the meeting dispersed by the standard of the statement of the station, the meeting dispersed by the standard of the statement of the station, the meeting dispersed by the standard of the statement of the standard of the statement of the statement of the statement of the standard of the stan

tollowed her out.

The meeting dispersed by lingering degrees, Lyman Baker with the rest. He was looked upon, strangely enough, as something of a lion, and he was composedly aware of it. He went home with Tilly Dillingham's elder sister, as a first step in a gradual and dignified return to Tilly Dillingham herself.

Louise Pinney looked up into Biar's face as they walked along.

"Ain't you going to marry her?" she said.

"Wal, no," Biar responded: "I was calculating to. I s'pose you heard we was going to be married to night?"

"Yes," said the girl.

Wal, we was calculating to be. But her folks come home, and come over to Mis' Baldwin's after her, and they didn't favor it; they thought she was purty middling young. They took her home with em. I ain't expecting to see her again," he added, with some faint conception of the tumult in the girl's heart.
"th, Biar!" she said. She wiped the

per in Frank Leslie. THE REVELATIONS OF A SOUL In a recent number of the Critic, the fol lowing letter from Sydney Lanier to Mr. Paul Hamilton Hayne is so full of helpful,

happy tears off her freckled face. - Emma A.

inspiring thought that we give it to our readers : "My DEAR MR. HAYNE: Your forbearince about that dark rhapsody of mine bankrupts me; but my outstanding obligations lie upon me so sweetly, and so unlike all other debts, that I do not desire to take the benefit of the act relieving insolvents, and 1 refuse to be discharged! I would not of course, have written to any ordinary correspondent what I write to you, for I should very surely bave been told that I was a lackadaisteal fool, who needed work and physic. These wonderful hells into which we descend at all times—who will picture them to one who has not dwelt in them? It s idle to discuss colors with a god has seen As for me, however, the good God has seen singularly against the s idle to discuss colors with a blind man. fit to arm me very singularly against the dark hosts of temptations that dwell in these places. The longing for stimulants, which fraces. The longing for statistics, which is feed in common, I suppose, with all men of like nature, defeats itself in my particular case by awakening a certain Pride of Pain (how foolish this sounds!) which enables mo to defy the whole dammable troop with a wer which seems anomalous, in view of fact that ordinarily I do not think my will is very strong, because my sympathics

which are strong, easily override it, "Indeed, it is not a bad thing that I ge plunged into these awful depths; for O! my friend, they teach me lessons which are beyond the reach of reason, beyond the ut most of thought, beyond time, beyond my-self! Have you ever felt in those good moments when the formulæ of life sink out f memory, and the soul comes to look at things with a sort of Before-World simplicity have you felt at such times that you had no scires, of which one stood, as it were, in the continual background, calm, sedate as eternity; looking with a balf amused smile upon the slips and errors, crimes and con-tortions and struggles of your other self in its feverish life, as if this calm inner self were confident that after all the struggles and fevers, the strangling and fever-ish self will come out pure and whole, calm and strong? What do we mean when we say, 'one is master of him-self.' — one is conscious of himself,' etc.? In these and a thousand similar expressions of common life are indicated some wonderful metaphysicial facts (I hate the word psycholwhich, when the metaphysici to find the true source of their science, will be quickly revealed.

At any rate, these pleasant spring breezes are blowing on my soul, as on a young green leaf; and I way, and sway, rise and fail in the midst of the heavens, with a wonderful ove and happiness appearing me. Ah! the exquisite, intense calms, which are yet full of a strange quickening and stir of birth! I have a boy whose eyes are blue as your Aethra's. Every day when my work is done I take him in my strong arms, and lift him up, and pore in his face. The intense repose, penetrated somehow with a thrilling nystery of potential activity, which dwell his large, open eye, teaches me new

lugs.

1 say to myself, where are the strong arms in which I, too, might lay me and repose, and yet be full of the fire of life.' And always through the twilight come answers from the other world, 'Master! Master! there is one-Christ-in his arms we rest

"Truly your friend, Sydney Lanter,

Nature Could Not Be Improved Upon.

rom the Detroit Free Press. Twas many and many a year ago, as this old, old story goes, that the fine steamer De Witt Clinton plied on these waters between Buffalo and Chicago. On one of these trips the question of ugly men happened to be raised in a knot of passengers, one of which was "Salt" Williams, a man of singular personal graces and wide popularity. Another passenger on that trip was a Buffalonian, whose tearful ugliness was truly appal-ling, and who good-naturedly boasted that an ugher-looking man could not be pro-

"B-bet you a bottle of w-w-ine!" stam-" I'll take you !" replied the ugly passen-

In the hold of the Clinton was a fireman whom "Salt" knew. He was a clear case of superhuman hideousness. Williams went below, called him aside, frankly told him of the bet, and solicited him to go into the cabin and measure mugs with the ugly passenger. "All right, Mist Williams," replied the

"I'm with you. Anything for a They started up the ladder, when "Salt" observed that his companion was practising some extraordinary facial distortions. It was conscientious in him, of course, but his pa-tron seemed to think that special effort in that direction was unnecessary.

"Hold on, f-for heaven's s-a-ke !" he ex-claimed. "L-look j-just as God Almighty made you. You c-c-an't be b-beat!"

Had the Wrong Preacher by the Reard

from the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

There are no two people in St. Pani who resemble each other more closely in personal appearance than Dr. Dana, the pastor of Plymouth church, and Dr. Thomas, the pastor of St. Paul's church. The other day Dr. Thomas entered a barber's shop, and as he sat down in the chair, the barber remarked affably: "I was up to the Olympic the other night and heard you preach. Now, that was the kind of a sermon I like." Dr. Thomas interrupted him, but the barber would not permit him to explain, and he praised the Olympic preacher for about 15 minutes. The Episcopalian divine finally managed to explain that he was not Dr. A few days afterward he related the incident to the Congregational minister, who remarked dryly: "Well, doctor, that is the punishment you receive for not preaching to

A Story From the Maple Sugar State. From the Troy Times.

Several years ago I was at a certain railroad station in Vermont when the track had just been completed, and a lot of "embattered farmers," with their wives and children, were given a free ride, which was, to some at least, their first journey by rail. Their appearance, and more especially their customs and habits of speech, I shall never forget. One old lord of the soil accosted an eiderly maiden with, "Wal, wal, how be you? and how's Eben?" "Oh, we're well," was the reply. "Got done bayin,?" was the next question. "Ob, yes," said the old lady; "we got done hayin' last week, and we've been gaddin' ever since (which being interpreted, meant 'visiting'.) I tell Eben we'd better gad now till his oats is rine." "Wal," said the man, "you'd better come up to our place and gad a spell. My folks would be awful glad. Come up an' gad with us." "Oh," was the reply. " you no gads.'

Small Congressional Majorities

rom the New York Sun. In the present House the Democrats have a majority of 43, including one Greenbacker, who offsets another on the Republican roll. The Republicans have twenty-three mem-The Republicans have twenty-three mem-bers whose majorities aggregate only 10,023, Of this number fifteen of them are below 500 each. The Democrats have twenty members whose majorities aggregate only 6,386, Of this number fifteen are below 500 each.

DEATH.

for the INTELLIGENCES.

Is Death to close the weary eyes, To calm the wild heart-beat To softly fold the busy hands, And still the restless feet?

To rest from all our arduous cares, rom all our struggles cease To join in songs the ransomed sing Of love, joy, life and peace No: Death is what remains for those

That loved the ransomed one; For those who toll with broken hearts From rise till set of sun. For those who wenry cry to God For rest from endless strife; Forsaken, wretched, lost, undone, Sure, this is Death in Life.

-Rachel Laurence

DRIFT.

LAST Sunday evening I heard a sermon or domon, during the course of which the preacher referred to the Hebrew king's claim to wisdom and greatness, as based rather upon his patronage of literature and the aris in his kingdom, by precept and example, than upon his mere political power and royal wealth. The age of Solomon, he said, was to Israel what that of the Pisistratidae and Pericles was to Greece, what the Augustan age was to Rome, and the Elizabethan to England. Then he showed how much more lasting such a renown was and how much higher its character, even in the eyes of the world, than that of mere material prosperity or military conquest. Finally be appealed to his hearers, and especially to the more inluential citizens of Lancaster, in their striving for wealth and prosperity not to confine themselves only to the lower, merely mercantile forms of it, but to cultivate also the higher forms, to do each one his part towards elevating, strengthening and expanding the intellectual and whole spiritual life of our community; to devote more time and money and influence to the encouragement of ar science and literary pursuits, and the culture of the sense of the true, the good and the beautiful among the citizenship of Lancas

IT struck me that the preacher might have said a good deal more than he did in that same direction, and that a good many more of our citizens ought to hear it and take it to beart. For nothing is more certain than that this community needs to have its intellectual life stirred and stimulated to greater ac tivity. It does not by any means live up to its means nor fulfill its duty in this respect. It lives on altogether too material a plane, and rests its prosperity on too exclusivel physical a foundation. Its spiritual growth does not at all keep up with its growth in numbers and wealth. And the result must e precisely the same with the community as it is with individuals. The man who has nothing but money, and uses it for nothing but the getting of more money and the indulgence of his own selfish, physical want and desires, is untrue to himself as a rea man, unfaithful to his fellowmen and his God; and, therefore, though while alive he may be flattered, he is not truly respected. and when dead he is buried and the memory of him is interred with him. But let that man with his growth in wealth, by means of it, grow also in mind, in education, culture refinement, and the case is altogether differ ent. He becomes at once a public benefac-tor. His example and whole influence be-come incentives to others, and mightily fos-ter the intellectual growth and progress of

many more. By inheritance he bequeathes the impulse and taste for a higher life, re-fined tastes and nobler pursuits to his sons and daughters. A positive current (I new intellectual activity is created by hun in the life of the community. And when he dies all this lives on, gathering in strength and extent as the years go by. The man dies, but his life is perpetuated.

of this latter kind : men who shall use their money and influence to further the intellectual growth and culture of the commu-nity, and cause it to keep pace with the city's material increase and expansion.

Says a well-known Englishman, address ing his wealthy countryman, in words as arplicable to us here in this city, and as worthy of being heeded: " It would be use less to ask you to abdicate your power and retreat into some hermitage with a library and a laboratory, without a thought of returning to your pleasant hall in Yorkshire and your house in Mayfair. You will not sell all and follow the Light, but there is a life which you may powerfully encourage, yet only partially share. Notwithstanding the increased facilities for earning a living which this age offers to the intellectual, to time that they are often compelled to give to the satisfaction of common material necessi ties is so much time withdrawn from th work which they alone can do. \* \* 11 is an error of the present age to believe that the time for what is called patronage is alte gether passed away. \* \* 1 cannot be think that the rich may serve the cause of culture best by a judicious exercise of pa tronage—unless, indeed, they have within themselves the sense of that irresistible your tion which made Humboldt use his fortune as the servant of his high ambition." The patronage, however, must be an approciative tronage of the man's work, not of the imself. If an artist, or scientist, or author any kind is the most valuable possession state or city can have, bringing it new and higher life, and the respect and honor of the world, such as no amount of mere material achievement or riches could bring, then surely it is worth the public-spirited citizen's while to use a due proportion of his means and influence in the direct support, encour-agement and improvement of art, science or

NOTHING is more certain than that when there is not enough public spirit to do this the intellectual life will not flourish, unless it be in exceptional and isolated cases. More than most others, the artist and author are dependent upon their environment, not only for growth and success, but for their very existence. First of all, in common with other workers, they need material support, bread and butter and a roof over their heads. equally essential as this, they need also certain sympathetic spiritual environment. They cannot live and thrive among purely mercantile surroundings. They also depend upon a social atmosphere that, if no itself artistic or literary, must yet be appre-ciative. If they don't find this they will either turn from their vocation to pursue a lower, or they will seek some other residence where this requirement shall be supplied. This intellectual atmosphere is what we need first and most of all here in our city. The other requisite, the materia or if you will, financial, will then follow o itself before long.

THERE is a very general impression that physical comforts, or at least anything like wealth, interferes with intellectual activity a queer notion that poverty and want are conducive to intellectual productiveness and excellence. This probably comes from the circumstance that a few of the noted names in literature, art, and science, became noted in spite of poverty. The fact is, however, that these names are much even than is commonly supposed; and that were they suffered much more than they gained from their having to struggle with want. Take, for instance, Kepier in science, What mighty results would not his giant mind have brought forth if he had not been forced by want to devote nine-tenths of his time to casting horoscopes, telling fortunes, making almanacs, in order to get a scant living! Or take Schiller in literature. How many pre-cious hours each day he had to waste on mere back-work, translating French books at a shilling a page, and abie to devote only the remnants of time to the production of his immortal works! How many Miltons bave remained mute and inglorious, and the world so much poorer for their silence, simply because it took all their time and strength to make a living, we shall never know. But we can form some idea of what we have lost from this cause, and are daily we have lost from this cause, and are daily losing, by remembering a few instances where names whom all the world now honors were sayed from their fate by sheer chance, as it were. Such an one was Wordsworth, who, in despair of ever earning enough by poetry to make his daily bread, was about to renounce the muse altogether and seek work on a newscaper, when and seek work on a newspaper, when a friend dying left him 4390, which kept him until he wrote and published his "Lyrical Ballads." Auguste Comte, the modern father of positivism, would probably never have given to the world his system of philo-sophy,—which would have been just as well for the world perhaps!—it John Stnart Mill and some other generous friends in England had not made up his support out of their own pockets, for which they received noth-ing but abuse from the half-crazy savant. Similarly Herbert Spencer's philosophical, educational, and other works, which have simost revolutionized modern thought, were at one time in imminent danger of dying unborn. The great philosopher had sold the very furniture out of his rooms in which he have given to the world his system of unborn. The great philosopher had sold the very furniture out of his rooms in which he lived, in order to pay for the publication of his first book. It brought him no profits whatever. His health was breaking down from clese study, and bodily privations, and possibly, also, from lack of sympathy and appreciation. There was little prospect of his being able to finish even the opening volumes of his system of philosophy, stiff less of his being able to publish them, and least of all of his ever having the means to gather the data for his principles of sociology, the compilation of which alone has since kept three scholarly assistants busily employed for more than twelve years. Just when the

prespect was most hopeless, some influential men interested themselves in his work, the firm of Appletons in this country, among the first and most liberal, and means were devised which insured the publication of his work, secured him comfortable quarters, and enabled him to engage the assistants presided for the processing of his generality needed for the prosecution of his scientific only three instances. Many more might be added. But it is not necessary here,

THE false notion moreover, that poverty has been the nurse of greatness in the in tellectual world, and is conducive to success therein, is further disproved by the fact that an overwheiming majority of all of the greatest works in art and literature were produced under circumstances at least of comfort and ease. A multitude of eminent names occur to us at once in our English literature, not to go back to Greek and Roman times, when nearly every great posand author had his notice pairon, not in refer to men like Voltaire in France, or Goethe at the princely court of Weimar—there is Chancer,

"The nest warbler, whose sweet breath Frelinded those includions bursts that fill The specious times of great Elizabeth With sounds that echo still,"

brother-in-law of the heir apparent to the throne; Sir Thomas More, noble, wealthy, courted and honored by all; Sidney, the brilliant and petted favorite of queen and court; Spenser, less fortunate indeed than these, but still in very comfortable condition: the divine Shakespeare himself not an exception, since his really immortal works, probably were nearly all the fruit of the years when he had acquired both renown and a comfortable living: Bacon brought up in royal luxury; Milton, enjoying every ad-vantage of inherited tastes, liberal education, foreign travel, and an abundant competence: and so I might go on running over nearly every great name. Only enough exceptions to prove the rule.

I pon'r mean, of course, that wealth is in any sense necessary to the highest intellectual life. It is often a langer fatal to it. But I mean that, other things being equal, circumstances sufficiently easy to do away with are and anxiety for the morrow, and to give ifficent leisure for study, are not drances but great helps to intellectual activity. And I do mean also that where these are supplied to the intellectual workers in a community, and to them is added an appreciative, sympathetic social atmosphere, there the chief outer conditions are present for the oduction of great things in science, litera re, art and the whole thought-world there we may look for an intellectual ac-tivity that will bring honor and fame to all connected therewith, much rather and sconer than where these conditions are absent and allowed to remain absent.

That weavy time that comes between The last show and the earliest green. One barren clod the wild field the. And all outcomfort is the sky. —Lary Larram.

What "Old Fritz " Said.

as an aphorism of Frederick the Great Facts are divine things. An andisputes that Or. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis

Henry A. Mott, ir., Ph. D., F. C. S., Prof. Chem. valuable and essential ingredients not present in any other plaster. These ingredients are so perfectly proportioned that the Alicock's Porons Plaster will not cause bilisters or excessive irri-tation, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster." Initiations and counterfelts of this valuable remedy are being Merel for sale; so when purchasing Allcock's Perous Plasters do not fail to see that the regis tered trade mark stamp is on each plaster, as none are genuine without it.

Something new is Dr. Hawo's Teething Lotton o bathe babies gums. It relieves all pain and is armiess. Price, 25 cents. Parents remember Da. Hann's Cough and roup Medicine relieves inflammation of the throat and tubes of the langs and cures cough and croup. Dr. Hand's medicines for sale at Corntan's drug store, 157 and 139 N. Queen

street Price, Ecents. SPECIAL NOTICES.

Curious to think that desks and chairs kill peo-ple, but they do, Taken in large quantities office furniture is fatal as yellow fever. We sit roduce constitution; that begets dyspeptla; beamatism and kidney trouble follow in their athand death code the chapter. You whose ves passed over desks and in the confined air office sought to keep Dr. Kennedy's "Partite Remody "always on hand for the nario-meeds".

How my throat burts! Then why don't you use flate's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toethache Props cure in one minute.

m2z-lwdeod&w

I was troubled with throule catarrh and gathering in the head, was very deaf at times, had discharges from my ears, and was unable to breathe through my mose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Esim was exhausted I was eared, and to day enjoy sound health, C. J. (for bin, 23 Chestnut St., Field Manager Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa.

I amou my second bottle of Ely's Cream Baim, being a sufferer from catarrh since I was a child, but with this medicing I am being, cured. I am on my second bottle of Ely's Cream Baim eing a suderer from entarth since I was a child att with this medicine I am being cured. —Wm ... Dayton, Brooklyn. — mils-2wdcod&w

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constinution, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 73 cents per hottle. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 135 North Queen street.

A Sad Misfortune.

A Sad Misfortune.

Is to raise a nice family of boys and girls and then have them carried into an early grave by that terrible disease Consumption. Heed the warning and check it in its first stages by the promptuse of kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Langs, warranted to cure and relieve all cases. Price Sec. and \$1. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, No. 137 North Queen street. Trial size free. (3)

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you nive a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shioh's Vitalizer - It never fails to cure. For sale by II, B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Brulses, Sores, Ulcors, Salt Kheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilbains, Burns and all Skin Eruptions, positively cures Piles, or no pay re-quired. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfac-tion, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. T Th&S(I) The Population of Lancaster

Is about 30,000, and we would say at least one-haif are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are ac-cording to statistics more nonnerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on us and get a bottle of kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and \$1. Trial size free. Respectfully, H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 North Queen street. (3)

Cologs's Liquid Beef Tonic will cure indize ion, and perpetuate bodily vigor. Take n ther. Of druggists. iu?2-1wdeod&w An End to Bone Scraping.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says:
"Having received so much benefit from Electric
Bitters, I feel it my duity to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my
leg for eight years: my doctors told me I would
have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated,
I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters
and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and
my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters
are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's
Arnica Salve at 25 cts, per box by H. B. Cochran,
Druggist, 137 and 138 North Queen Street, Laucaster, Fa.

T Thas(5)

WHY WHAL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate reject. Price to cts., 50 cts., and \$1. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 157 North Eusem street. A Startling Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with sente Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he pracured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Coids, which had magical effect, and procured a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Discosses of Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes. Trial Bottles Free at Cochran's brug Store, 137 and 120 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. Large size \$1.00.

Than Caster, Pa. Large size \$1.00.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excractating pain of entiting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—dopend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and test female physicians in the United States. Sold everywhere. Eccents a bottle may 31-19dM, W.S. w MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

MEDICAL

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

PSORIASIS.

And All Itching and Scaly Skin and Scalp Diseases Cured by Cuticura.

PSORIASIS, Eczema, Teiter, Ringworm, Lichen, Praritus, Scald Head, Mitk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers and Washerswoman's Heh, and every species of Healing, Barning, Scaly, Pimely Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Less of Hair, are positively cured by Cutterns, the great Skin Cure, and Curriculas Soar, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and Curriculas Resolvest the new Blood Purifier, Internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail. PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

L. John J. Case, D. D. S., having practised dentisity in this county for thirty-five years and being well known to thousands hereabouts with a view to help any who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the Cetacras Remouse cured me of Psoriesis, or Scaly Scalp, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no bels or encouragement.

Newrox, N. J.

Newrox, N. J.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION.

Your Curious Remous performed a wonder-ful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a feaffully distressing craption on his head and face, and who had tried all reme-dies and dectors to no purpose.

J. F. SMITH & CO. TENABRANA, ABE.

MORE WONDERFUL YET, II. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by Ciritura Kanadias. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustrantial of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought be must die. Cure sworn to before a justice of the peace and Henderson's most prominent cit-lzens.

2200 FOR NOTHING. Wm. Gordon, 87 Arlington Ave., Charlestown, Mass, writes: "Having paid about \$200 to first-ciass slowters to cure my baby without success, I tried the Criteria Examples, which completely cured, after using three packages."

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CATARRH.

THE Great Baisannie Distillation of Witch-Hazel, American Pine, Canada Pir, Marigold, Clover Blossoms, etc., called Sanford's Radical Cure, for the humediate relief and permanent cure of every form of Catarth, from a simple Cold in the Head to Loss of Smell, Taste and Hearing, Cough and Catarthal Consumption. Complete treatment, consisting of one bottle Cadisal Cure, one box Catarthal Solvent and one Improved Inhaler, in one package, may now be had of all Druggists for \$180. Ask for Sanrous's Rameal Cure.

Complete Treatment With Inhaler, \$1.00 "The only absolute specific we know of."—
Most Trues. "The best we have found in a life
time of suffering "—Res. Dr. Wiggins, Reston.
"After a long struggle with Cafarrh the Ramcal Criff has conquered Res. S. W. Mosroe,
Lewisbergh, Dr. "I have not found a case that
it did not relieve at once."—Indrew Les, Manchester, Mass.

"AUCST GIVE I P. I cannot bear this pain, it ache all over, and nothing i try does me any good." Backache weakness, Uterine pains, Sordness, Hacking Cough, Plentisy and Chest pains enred by that new, original and degrant antidote to pain and isdammation the Crimeras Anti-Pais Playrias. Especially adapted to ladies by reason of its delicate odor and gentle medicinal action. At Druggists, Soc. five for \$1.00. Mailed tree by Potter Dato & Chemical Co., Boston.

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GERMAN BITTERS!

THIS GREAT ELIXER OF LIFE is a double Distillation of over twenty different kinds of the best German Herbs, this being the only true and reliable process by which the entire Great Medical Virtues and Curative Properties of the liferbs can be produced. We are confident that this great German Tonic will be found the most HEALTH-GIVING ever placed before the public. As a

RELIABLE AND PLEASANT INVIGORANT RELIABLE AND PLEASANT INVIGURANT,
It is absolutely without a rival, and affords
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in all cases of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appette,
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Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Piarrhea, Asthina,
Sick Stomach, Billionisness, Agus and Fever an
other Malarini Disenses.
This Great Medicine For Sale Everywhere.

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Shop girls, sales women and house wives all suffer More or less from weak back or sideache. A fady says "One Hor Plastic worn is 
hours did my back more good than all the remedies lever used." For any sort of pain or soreness of whatever nature, instant relief is given. 
Superior to chest protectors for weak and soae 
lungs. Hor Plastics are made from Burgundy 
Pitch, Canada Balsam and the entire virtues of 
garden Hops. Sold everywhere, 25c, or 5 for 
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(11) Boston, Mass,

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Remove pains and oreness quickly. Compounded from fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Canada Balsam, they are, as thousands of people testify, the best and strongest porous plaster ever made. Always sootbes and strengthens weak and tired parts. Backache, Sciatica, Crick, Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism, Sharp Pains, Sore Chest, Sideache and all pains, local or deep-seated, are speedily curred. A trial will demonstrate their worth Sold by druggists 25c, 5 for \$1.02. HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

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Warranted to eradicate completely and in a short time, the most obdurate corns, hard or soft, without pain. Rold by Geo. W. Hull, Chas. A. Loeher, John R. Kauffman, Dr. Win. Wormley, and at decisive No. 401 West Orange St.

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Registered Physician and Graduate Jefferson
College, guarantees to cure all Blood, Skin and
Nervous Diseases; also Private Diseases of either sex, with purely vegetable remedies.
DR. DALSEN'S GOLDEN PERIODIC PILLS

are Safe, Certain and Effectual, \$2 box. Sen for circular. 1500 N. STH ST., Philadelphia, Treatment by Mail. 127-lyd CATARRH-HAY-FEVER.

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TO ANY MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD, SUFFERING FROM

CATARRH. A. E. NEWMAN, Grating, Mich.

A particle is applied to each nostril and i agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BEOTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y. inly23lycod&ivw GRAINING, &C. INDESTRUCTIBLE GRAINING.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the exeruciating pain of cutting teetls? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOUTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and reiter and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the tasis, and it the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle state, and it the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle state, so the control of the control

TRAPELER'S GUIDE.

LANCASTER AND MILLERSVILLE
R. R.—TIME TABLE.
Cars leave Lancaster for Millersville at 7:00
2:00 and 11:50 a. m., and 2:00, 4:00, 6:00 and 8:50 p. m.,
Cars leave Millersville for Lancaster at 6:00
8:00 and 10:00 a. m., and 1:00, 3:00, 5:00 and 7:00 a. m.

READING & COLUMBIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES, AND LEBANON AND LANCASTER JOINT LINE B. R. On and after SUNDAY, NOVEMBER SIR SECTIONS LEAVE READING

TRAINS LEAVE READING
For Columbia and Lancaster at 7.15 a. m., 12.00
noon and 6.10 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7.15 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.
For Chickies at 7.15 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA For Reading at 7.30 a. m., 12.35 and 2.40 p. m. For Lebanon at 12.35 and 3.40 p. m.

For Lebanon at 12.35 and 3.46 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVII.LE

For Lancaster at 6.25 and 7.15 a. m. and 2.35 p.

For Reading at 6.25 a. m. and 2.35 p. m.

LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster.)

For Reading at 7.39 a. m., 12.46 and 3.46 p. m.

For Lebanon at 6.46 a. m., 12.46 and 3.00 p. m.

For Lebanon at 6.46 a. m., 12.46 and 3.00 p. m.

For Quarryville at 9.35 a. m., 4.46 and 8.50 p. m.

LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster.)

For Reading at 7.46 a. m., 12.50 and 3.50 p. m.

For Reading at 740a. m., 1250 and 230 p. m. For Lebanon at 647a. m., 1250 and 558 p. m. For Lebanon at 647a. m., 1250 and 558 p. m. For Quarryville at 912a. m., 4.30 and 559 p. m. TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON. For Lancaster at 750a. m., 1250 and 750 p. m. For Quarryville at 720a. m. SUNDAY TRAINS.

TRAINS LEAVE READING
For Lancaster at 7.30 a, in, and 4.00 p, in,
For Quarryville at 4.00 p, in,
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE For Lancaster, Lebanon and Reading at 7.10 a.m. TRAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster.) For Reading and Lebanon at 8.08 a.m. and 2.8

p. m. For Quarryville at 5:50 p. m TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST. (Lancaster ) For Reading and Lebanon and 8.16 a. m. and 1.0,

p. m.
THAINS LEAVE LEBANON.
For Laucaster at 7:5a, m. and 3:5 p, m.
For quarryville at 3:5 p, m.
For connection at Columbia, Marietta Junction, Laucaster Junction, Manhelm, Reading and Lebanon, see time tables at all stations.
A. M. WILSON, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHED U.E.-Trains LEAVE LASCASTER and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows:

Pacific Express; News Express; Way Passenger\* Mail train via Mt. Joy No. 2 Mail Train; tagara Express..... 7.40 a. m. 9:50 a. m Ianover Accom..... via Columbia 9:58 a. m Harrisburg Express Chicago and Cin. Ex. | Western Express EASTWARD. Fast Linet

Harrisburg Express

\$10 a. m. | 10/20 a. m. |

Lancaster Accom ar. | 8:55 a. m. | via Mt Joy |

Columbia Accom | 9:56 a. m. | via Mt Joy |

Columbia Accom | 9:56 a. m. | via Mt Joy |

Columbia Accom | 9:56 a. m. | via Mt Joy |

Columbia Accom | 9:56 a. m. | via Mt Joy |

Columbia Accom | 2:58 p. m. | 5:50 p. m. |

Johnstown Accom | 2:56 p. m. | 5:45 p. m. |

Day Express | 0:45 p. m. | 6:56 p. m. |

Harrisburg Accom | 6:45 p. m. | 9:45 p. m. |

The Lancaster Accommodation leaves Harrisburg at \$10 p. m. and arrives at Lancaster at \$15 p. m. |

The Marietta Accommodation leaves Colum The Marietta Accommodation leaves Columbia at 6:50 a.m. and reaches Marietta at 6:55. Also leaves Columbia at 11:45 a.m. and 2:45 p.m., reaching Marietta at 12:01 and 2:55. Leaves Marietta at 3:06 p.m. and arrives at Columbia 5.35; also, leaves at 8:35 and arrives at Columbia 5.37; also, leaves at 8:35 and arrives at 8:56. The York Accommodation leaves Marietta at 7:10 and arrives at Lancaster at 8:35 connecting with Harrisburg Express at 8:10 a.m.
The Frederick Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Fast Line, west, at 2:10 p.m., will run through to Frederick.
The Frederick Accommodation, east, leaves Columbia at 12:25 and reaches Lancaster at 12:35 p.m.

p. m Hanover Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancoster with Niagara Express at 9.30 a.m., will run through to Hanogy, daily, except Sunday. Fast Line west, on Sunday, when flagged, will stop at Downingtown, Coatesville, Parkes burg, Mt. Joy, Elizabethown and Middletown ; The only trains which run daily. On Sunday the Mail Irain west runs by way of Columbia.

WILLIAMSON & FOSTER

A GREAT STRIKE!

MEN'S DRESS SHOES, \$1 10. EOYS' DRESS SHORS, Sec. LADIES BUTTON and LACE SHOES, P. 10

MISSES' SHOES, DOC.

CHILDREN'S SHORS, The

HATS AND CAPS.

MEN'S DARK STIFF HATS, 75c., \$5.00, \$1.25. MEN'S CLOTH CAPS, 100, 250, 500. CHILDREN'S HATS AND CAPS, 25c. PLAIN HATS, 23¢ firite to 13¢, \$1.00. LAP DUSTERS, 65c.

CLOTHING.

GENT'S ALL-WOOL FROCK SUITS, \$10.00. MIDDLE-WEIGHT OVERCOATS. \$0.00, \$6,50, \$7.00, \$7.50.

BOYS' DARK SUITS, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$100. BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS, \$3.50. CHILDREN'S KILT SHIRT WAISTS, \$2.50. SHIRT WAISTS, 25c.

Gent's Furnishing Goods!

PERCALE SHIRTS, 2 Collars and Cuffs, for FARMERS' SUSPENDERS, 100 SILK NECKWEAR, 25c.

> Fancy Colors, \$1.00. WORSTED CARDIGANS, \$1.00. SCOTCH GRAY UNDERSHIRTS, 25c.

ALL-WOOL FLANNEL SHIRTS, Plain and

TRUNKS, VALISES, Rubber Clothing and Umbrelias

At Correspondingly Low Prices.

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