A VERY DULL CAMPAIGN.

FIVE WEEKS BEFORE THE PRIMARIES AND LITTLE STIR.

Stehman in the Lead for Senator and Reinchl for District Attorney-The Literary Bureau Grinding out Abusive Paragraphs. The States for State Delegates Not Yet Made-All For Beaver.

In five weeks the Republican primary election will be held. Thus far there has been very little stir, and the excitement of former campaigns is wanting, all of which is rough on the "boys." Four years ago when S. Kantiman was pitted against John M. Stehman, the campaign was red bot, Then the New Era was uncessing in its efforts to beat Stehman. In this campaign the Eva will keep hands off and many of the friends of that paper are open in their support of Stehman -not because they have any particular love for the senator, but because they know where to find him, and it is claimed that cannot be said of his opponent Abram Summy. The latter pases as a refirmer, but those who know him say be would partake of reform in very small doses,

if elected a senator. The politicians of the county are principally for Stehman this year. He has been and is making a quiet but effective canvass and if the election was held to-day be would beat Summy two to one. Summy's friends say the canvass will be made lively enough before the 22d of May. One rumor is that Hostetter, the Pittsburg millionaire, who is a relative of Summy, will put sufficient boodle into the fight to capture the little bosses and elect Summy.

Summy's friends are waging war on Steh man through paid communications in the papers of the Northern district. Here are some sample paragraphs : SOME NEWSPAPER ABUSE.

"Sam Matt Fridy, the great political wind mill of the county, is the chosen benchman of John M. Stehman in the senatorial con test which is now impending. He was paid in advance by getting a sham office at Harris-burg last winter through Stehman's in-fluence, by which he drew \$807 from the state treasury for doing nothing. Fridy gets his work in by promising the boys how he will take them to Harrisburg when Stehman is elected. Every active follow is to be a paster and folder, and have a free pass ove rairoat and a good time. But, alsa! y's promises are like Stohman's and man's like Fridy's, and both together have feeled 'the boys' so other that it will be hard to make them believe such stories any

M. Stehman should not be re-elected state senator is the fact that he does not and never has represented the people. He is the tool of politicisms and monopolies, but never the servant of the people From the first entrance on the right side of the political tricksters and earn their support, but he has never studied to advance the interests of masses of the people, who bear the burden of government and whose servant he should

Wode for Sthamy on my aggound as a favor to me' is the way Commissioner John Gingerich puts it when electioneering for his landbord, bess, artful dodger, and office-sceking statesman from Robrerstown, whose greatest achievement while senator, in add on to the fridy \$807 treasury grab, procure free passes for his son and himsel and draw seventy dollars a week of the tex payers hard-earned money out of the state treasury for staying at home and attending to his own private business four days in week, only going to Harrisburg Tuesdays and Thursdays and remaining there long ough to vote for if not dodge the apportion ment bill, then returning home on his free pass during a great part of the extra session of 1883. An intelligent public will, I am sure consider these facts and readily see why is that our homes, workshops and farmare annually increasing. Don't wode to

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEYSHIP.

H. R. Fulton has reconsidered his inten tion of being a candidate for district attorney, and there will be a square fight between Reine hl and Weaver for that office. Both large personal following, and in the eastern end of the county—his former home—he is very strong. He is not much of a politician very strong. He is not much of a or he would have made the office long age He failed to make his strength felt in the in He failed to make his strength felt in the in-terest of other candidates the past seven or eight years, and as a consequence none of them feel like going out of his road to ac-commodate him. His greatest strength is in the Northern district, but whether his friends will be able to make a deal on the senatorship that will be to his benefit rematus to be seen. Major Reinochl is work ing hard and counts on a big vote through the influence of his soldier friends. Those who claim to know the politics of the county say Remoch! has the better of the fight, deeidedly, and can not be beaten THE LEGISLATURE.

Thus far nine candidates have appounced Thus far nine candidates have announced themselves as willing to serve their country as representatives at Harrisburg, from the Northern district. They are H. S. Book, East Donegal; Dr. H. K. Blough, Elizabethtown; C. G. Boyd, Penn; C. C. Kauffman, East Donegal; Dr. H. K. Blough, Elizabeth-town; C.G. Boyd, Penn; C. C. Kauffman, Columbia; John S. Kemper, Ephrata; Geo, Ranek, Earl; W. S. Smith, Conoy; Ephraim S. Hoover, Manheim township, and A. G. Seytert, Carmaryon. Kemper and Smith, it is generally concoded, will pull through, and for third place there will be a close content for third place there will be a close contest. Either Ranck, Book or Boyd will win, from present indications. Neither Kauffman, Hoover, Biough nor Seyfert has any show at winning unless there is a great change of sentiment in the district.

Southment in the district.

In the Southern district the candidates are
W. H. Brosius, Milton Heidelbaugh, Wim.
Chandler, Hirau Peoples and A. C. Baidwin. Chandler is running on an anti-railroad diserimination platform, but that won't save him. Indications point to the election of Baldwin, who polled a good vote two years ago, and for the second place the choice will be between Brosius and Heidelbaugh.

Candidates have not yet announced them-selves from the city district. It is known however that Dr. S. T. Davis would like to go back for another term. The doctor say the state tax now is too high, since so large an amount of money has been returned under a new law and be intends if elected to introduce a bill reducing the state fax from three mills to one-half mill.

for this office. Among them is that of Joel L. Haines, ex-chief of police. The retired chief has plenty of leisure now to make a canvass. Will be do it? The name of Walter Franklin has also been mentioned, but it is hardly likely that he will be a candidate against Dr. Davis.

THE MINOR OFFICES.

For directors of the poor and prison inspectors only a few candidates are thus far in the field. William Good, of East Earl, will be one of the successful candidates for poor di-rectors, and Mr. Herr, the present efficient president of the board, will probably be the other successful director. R. W. Bard, who was a member one term, but who was de-

was a member one term, but who was de-feated last year, will have some strength but not sufficient to win.

For prison inspector, Calvin Carter is a candidate for a third term. He has been an efficient inspector and deserves re-election. John H. Miler, who also served two terms at different times, would like to get there again, but Dohner, of East Lampeter, who was deteated a year ago, intends to get there it possible. He will be a strong candidate. THE DELEGATES.

There are a large number of politicians anxious to go to the state convention as delegates, but the slates have not yet been ar ranged. They will be solid for Beaver.
Norris for auditor general will also have the
delegation. For lieutenant governor they
have no choice, but will drop to whoever will
do Senator Mylin the most good four years
hence. The senator it is known has gubernatorial aspirations and will be pushed forward for that office in 1890.

Important News from Adams County. From the East Berlin Record. Lord Gladstone, the English premier, ad dressed Parliament on the Irish question last Thursday.

> I know that naught belongs to me Except the Thought that, full and free, Forth from my soul is flowing, And whatsoever moment's bliss A friendly fortune's fayor is Unstitutedly bestowing. -Gethe

A NEGRO BERMON who Heard It Himself.

W. R. B." in Courier Journal. While traveling in the sunny South 1 has the rare good fortune to spend Sunday at one of those fine old country mansions fo which that land of flowers is so justly cele brated. Though a sfranger, the hospitality of my kind entertainers knew no bounds The choicest viands and rarest wines were a my disposal. Among other things that made my stay with them a time that mem ory loves to recall was the charming talk of their lovely dark-eyed daughter, a queen resebud in a garden full of girls, who jus

Was standing with reluctant feet Where womanhood and childhood meet.

Where womanhood and childhood meet.

On Sunday afternoon there was preaching at a negro church on the plantation, and she and I went to the meeting.

The preacher, though unlearned in books, was a man of rare elequence and power. Only a few times have I listened to such burning words as fell from the lips of the burning words as fell from the lips of this unlettered man. They forced respect, ad miration and even awe. Such was the impression made upon me that afterwards was able to reduce to writing the principa parts of the services. His preaching had a strange effect upon the negroes, especially the sisters, one of whom, in a low, plaintive voice, began to hum "Glory Haliciujah." Loud and more loud she sang until she was screaming at the top of her lungs, at the same time jumping up and down. After a time, becoming exhausted, she sank fainting to the floor, and was carried out into the shade. This was but the beginning, as dozens went through the same performance, and at times were piled up three and four deep. This they termed "getting religion." The service begge as follows:

This they termed "getting religion." The service began as follows:

Bredderin and Sisterin.—We will now open dis meetin' wid prayer. "O Failder, be wid dis people, plew aroun' dem, ditch aroun' dem, hoe aroun' dem, an' see to dere cross-roads an' dere bycuts, an' keep dem from de broad roads an' de highways ob destruction. Bless dis people, O Lord, an' give der listenin' an' profiten hearts. An' now, G Lord, bless de white an' de black, de gray an' de grizzled, for our Lord an' Master, an' de grizzled, for our Jesus Christ's sake, amen.' Now bredderin and a'sistern, sing de good

old hymn

Is your road borgy ha-ah, Full ob trials? Den love de bright an' shin; way.
tio to Jesus ha ab,
He -el 'sist you, ha-ah;
Jen love de bright an 'shiny way.

Afterwards came the sermon, as follows : When Christ came on de yearth, he an' d bit made a bet dat at de las' day dat he, de debil, wood have mo' souls dan Christ, an' befo' Christ should beat him, dat he wood strangle de bables in dere cradles an' toat iem straight off to hell. So when Christ go done his work on de yearth, he put out for to go to hell, an' de debil he knowed he was acomin' so he heated hell so hot dat it would corch a fedder nine miles off. An' when Christ got widin a mile of hell, he stopped an' prayed: "O, Fadder, I am King ob heaven an' King ob yearth: make me king ob hell also." Den he went on to hell, where de debil was a waitin' for to whale him : den he an' de debit had a hand-to hand wrastle, an' Christ he flung de debi An' den he took a nail an' druy it in a pos in der middle ob hell, an' hung a lantern it, an said : "As long as de light holis fer burn, da vilest sinner may return." I le debil he jumped up right quick an' sais to de Lord, wheneber people are agaddered togedder for to worship, dat he would be dere in dere midst, wid a big iron cradie an' trock some ob dem to sleep so they coulden' isten', an' de wooden't hear, an' den som ob dem wood be lost. Now if Christ haden' dung de debil what wood we be dis day None ob us would be here at dis meetin' Now, frens, de debil is right heah, an' i agwine ter roc' some ob you to sleep dis very night if you don't hurry an' get religion. Now, bredderin and sisterin, while you are

getting religion sing de good hyme : Rocky my soul in de boson ob Abraham, When I was a mourner just like you, O rocky my soul. Jesus came an he broughter me fron, Jesus came an' he bron O rocky my son'

THE THO SAMS. How and What They Preach-Their Abandon

ment of Tobacco. From the Chicago Advance, April 8 One remarkable thing about the ministry of both Sam Jones and Sam Small-the two Sams as they like to be called-is the almost entire absence of the emotional element. Indeed, if there is to be a criticism at all on may seem they labor almost entirely on the intellectual side of one's nature. Their jokes, sharp hits, and keen thrusts constitute an entertainment which all classes seem to enjoy, but they do turn men to righteous ness. Along with the smiles and laughte there are some tears and ever so much preaching of righteousness. Mr. Jones depends very little upon the feelings, and teaches his converts to rest thereon not at all. His preaching is something after the manner of Daniel's to Belshazzar: "Break off your sins by righteousness and your in iquities by showing mercy to the poor. Then he takes up the refrain of Isaiah Cease to do evil, learn to do well." says over and over again, in effect: Do not stop to wait for any change of heart. This is God's part. Quit your wickedness—or meanness, as he puts it and begin to do right and you will feel right. He believes with the sainted Rowland Hill that if a man is a Christian every one of his household will know it. His wife and children will find it out first. He puts them in the front rank a witnesses. If you want to know whether a man is a Christian or not, find out what his family thinks. Rowland Hill used to say that a man's dog knows when his master gets religion; his ox finds it out; his horse understands it. He is a different man. Where before he was snappish and a curl where before he was snappish and a curi-and impatient, he is now sweet-tempered, genial, and kind hearted. "What evidence have you that you are a Christian?" said Mr. Spurgeon to a working girl. "I now sweep under the mats," she replied, "That," said the great preacher, "is sufficient." When Mr. Small came here as an accent courrier of the movement he sat in his room entertaining the reporters, smoking clear,

ntertaining the reporters, smoking cigar ettes. He was very emphatic in his denun-ciations of those who regarded the use of tobacco as unchristian. His utterances then vere a shock and trial to many of us, the Christain public waited and prayed and labored with those two men. At last Mr. Small stood up and said: "I give up tobacco in all forms, now and here, forever, so help me God!" The whole audience cheered many rose to their teet. It was a manly stand. His reasons for the change were no less remarkable. He put it on the highest grounds; not because he was convinced that it was wrong, not because others were offended merely, but, he said, "Their criticisms on me for this course I find are making me sensitive and resentful toward good brethren, and I cannot stand that, so here goes," In a day or two Mr. Sam Jones said the same thing in effect, and the whole Christian atmosphere about Chicago was purer and cleaner. We do not say that to-bacco users are unchristian, or that the use of tobacco is necessarily a sin. It is not to be compared with drunkenness, but it is a filthy, often unhealthful and always pensive and useless habit. As Mr. Moody put it when some one asked if a Christian ould use it and still be a Christian. but a very filthy Christian," he replied,

---An Actor's Interview With Cleveland.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, meet ing a correspondent of the Augusta (Ga.) bronicle on a railway train, and talking with him about President Cleveland, recent ly said: "I spent a day with him a short time ago when I was in Washington, and really he presents a pathetic picture—a strong man fighting alone a great battle to which he is plodged; ridiculed by his enemies and doubt ed by his friends. He feels his position keenly. He said to me, 'I have made mis-takes: I see them, many of them, and I takes; I see them, many of them, and I could kick myself when I think about them. but I am only human and am as liable to err as other men. But I get no generous sym-pathy and honest, patriotic counsel. All I hear is bickering and strife and fault-finding among scheming politicians, who have no aim but to get themselves and friends in office. But for the occasional ways of scarce office. But for the occasional wave of popular indersement that breaks its way over the reefs of office-seckers and politicians that hedge me about, and comes to me like a season of refreshing, and a cry of God speed, fresh from the people, I should break down, heart-sick and discouraged."

LOOK OUT FOR IT. About this time some pleasant days we get, For genial are the sun's Bright rays, but don't exchange your flannels

In heavy clothing life may be enjoyed Until the first of May. Till then use every caution to avoid

For thinner ones.

HERE AND THERE.

Talking with a very intelligent iron worker of Pittsburg the other day, who has een graduated into what is known as a higher profession, if it is not in fact, he told me the natural gas development in Western Pennsylvania is something very astonishing, even to those who are surrounded with it. Every glass house in that busy centre of human industry and, I think he told me, nearly every iron mill uses this fuel. One of the results of it is that they are making as good "French plate glass" in the Pennsyl vania works as is made anywhere in the world, and that they admitted they could never do before. Nobody seems to be troubled with any apprehension of the gas going out, and the dangers of explosion are greatly lessened, if not entirely obviated, by he system of escape pipes established as vents to the fugitive gas. This same authorty among workingmen does not believe the Knights of Labor will hold out; he thinks the order is altogether too comprehensive and will break up into the old organizations of each trade for itself. Meantime, however, the average hours of labor may be cut down rom ten to nine. I give it as I got it.

D. McN. Stauffer, the well known engineer traughtsman, antiquarian and man of al knowledge, who is one of the owners and editors of that presperous journal, the Engiseering News, is about to treat himself to well-earned trip to Europe. His vast treas ures in the shape of old letters and other manuscripts, prints and pictures, the twenty years gathering of an indefatigable and intel igent collector, are stored away in places of greater or less security in New York, and many of them are invaluable, being originals of the highest interest. Some day I mean to try and overlook a small portion of them and to tell the readers of this column what Lancaster county historical society he is in

Speaking lately of the easy transformation of names, especially when subjected to new and alien influences. Mr. Stauffer called attention to the fact that a hundred or more years ago the seriveners bereabouts were mostly English, and many of their clients were German. It was not uncommon for the name Herr (pronounced Hare) to be written all through the body of an instrument "Hare," although subscribed Herr. Thus Zimmerman became Carpenter: Beau champ was transformed to Bushong ; stein was changed to Flint in one locality and Gun by another remove. It is true that a Virginia family spell their name Enraughty and pronounce it Darby; everybody knows that Augustus Belmont's name was

When you are in Philadelphia you can safely go to see the opera. " Don Casar." at McCaull's, or Boucleault in "Jill." But there are times between times when it does not suit to go to theatre or opera, and one of these hours you want to put in at the Japa-nese village, now showing in Horticultural hali. I haven't time to tell you all you will see, but nobody disputes that it is a unique and marvellous exhibitor. In their booths ranged along the sides of the hall—which is gay with balloons, fans, lanterns and every conceivable kind of Japanese decoration— there are to be seen at work craftsmen of all kinds. The silk-weaver and straw-plaiter the screen-painter and fan-maker, the tailor and barber, Johor and potter, the etcher and coppersmith, Japanese wife and Japanese baby—go and see them.

A good many years ago-long before older men than I were born-there ran with the machine in the Moyamensing district of Philadelphia young Mike Cassidy. He was a carpenter by trade and a mechanic of every kind by instinct; he wasn't particularly tender about his associations, and the life of the volunteer fireman down that way in that period was not calculated to bring out all that was best in a man. Mike shipped for other ports and drifted here and there, some times working at his trade and sometimes not. When he struck Boston with a com-panion they had \$1.50 between them, and the comrade shipped for a voyage, gave Cassidy his ship money \$2, and with the funds in hand he spent one day at the best hotel in town. Then he went to work. He onit a ne has never swerved from. It was the news of Richard Vaux's candidacy for mayor that called him back to Philadelphia. He came back to take a man in that municipal ontest-a full hand. Some time after it wa over they needed a hand up at Cherry Hill— the Eastern penitentiary—to mend locks. They wanted a mechanic and an honest man. For if he was a botch he wouldn't do at all and if he was a rogue he would only do ill; that kind of mechanics couldn't be trusted with a chance to take impressions of the penitentiary locks. Mr. Vaux knew his man when he sent Cassidy up there to fix the locks. The then warden wouldn't part with him. In his demeanor; his quiet, undemonstrative, determined manner; in his me chanical skill, his industry and the integrity of his workmanship—for where can a man be so honest as in his work-the warden o that day recognized an invaluable person for such an institution. He wanted to keep him, and did. As mechanic and overseer, Cassidy rose to be warden of the place as naturally as water finds its level.

Michael J. Cassidy, esq., warden and main-spring of the Eastern penitentiary, the best-managed concern of its kind in this er any other country

Hon, Richard Vaux, the highest authority on penology, the most experienced prison aspector and the most unselfish worker in s great field of humanitarianism and so

For forty years, I reckon, these two men have been fast friends, and for thirty of them the bent of their minds on one great topic has been so nearly identical, and their asse ciation has been so intimate that, when wanted to see Cassidy, I naturally sought in-troduction through a letter from Vaux. I got it; a very characteristic one, by the way; and I would have printed it but that the party of the second part folded it up and stuck it in his pocket after he had read i with the grace of an autograph hunter.

Hay Brown and myself bad an empty hou on our hands the other day in Philadelphia when the notion to go up and look at and through the Eastern pentientiary struck us is located on Fairmount avenue, in as osely built up a portion of the city as any-here, and the solid blocks reach miles be vond it now. But there was a time, tiffy yond it now. But there was a time, may years ago, when the picture that hangs in-side of the great castellated walls, with green meadows stretched in front, of cows pastur-ing by a purling brook and a tew shantles scattered over the remote outskirts, was a true representation of its surroundings. That was the veritable "Cherry Hill," by which the rogues all know it still. The old man at the little wicket gate in the big barred door tells us he has been there 33 years counting the days and 16 years, counting the nights; I don't exactly understand his addi-tion, division and silence, but his official term has certainly outlived a generation of regues and honest men. The second wisket lets you out of the chamber in the massive portal into a little garden, where all the lors of byacinth are in rich and odorou bloom; and the passageway leads to the cen-tral chamber, or rotunda, of the main build ing, whence all the corridors or blocks of cells radiate and which point commands a

There has probably been a million and half dollars spent on this edifice from one time to another. The front and walls, it perfect order of architecture, are just as the were designed and built nearly sixty year ago, and they will tell you it is the best ma-sourry on the continent. I have no desire to dispute it. When I told Mr. Cassidy how the prisoner with a tenpenny nail or an oyster knife could get out of our jail, he answered quickly; "They'll get out of any place that depends on locks or walls alone to hold them. Supervision is the thing." That is the thing that impressed itself on me as we wandered all over the place. Intelligent su-pervision is what is most needed in prison management. Without it neither walls nor rules will count, and I'm telling this now to impress upon the reader, the taxpayer and the citizen that it is nonsense to talk about a new jail in Lancaster and for Lancaster county unless its people have made up their minds for new men, new methods and new

There is no smell of bad cooking or bad politics at Cherry Hill. I confess to have

gone there with some prejudice against its system, perhaps born only of sympathy with its inmates. It is hardly possible to resist the appeal to one's sensibilities for the case of any one behind a door over which is writof any one behind a door over which is written "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Dickons, even at this remote period from his "American Notes," has impressed the average sentimentalist with the idea that there is something, terrible and tortuous in the system of solitary confinement practised at our Eastern pentientiary. How skillfully, how earnestly, how vividly and how effectually that master appealed to the imagination when he depicted "the immense amount of torture and agony which the dreadful punishment prolonged for years luflicts upon the sufferers." He no doubt was sincere in writing of "the slow and daily tampering ishment prolonged for years igflicts upon the sufferers." He no doubt was sincere in writing of "the slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain," that went on there; he meant well in trying to excite popular attention to the hard cases of men "dead to everything but tortifring anxieties and horribte despair." It may have been, thirty years ago, that the inmate of this place never heard of wife or children, home or triands, the life or death of any single cress. or friends, the life or death of any single crea-ture, " sees the prison officers, but with that exception he never looks upon a human countenance or hears a human voice; he is a man buried alive." He drew pictures that led his readers to suppose there was nothing but misery and anguish and heart-breaking despair; deep meiancholy; hopelessness and helplessness; dejection, heart-breaking and trembling on the edge of insanity about all the convicts in that place.

If it was so then it is not true now. On the other hand, all in all, I never saw anything like a penal or reformatory institution that so impressed me with its rational, hu-mane and effective management. If the ob-ject of punishment is to reform the offender, protect assisty from a repetition of his assaults upon its order and to set an example saults upon its order and to set an example of warning to other evil-doers, I think this penitentiary is doing its work. It is to be presumed the inmates do not feel entirely satisfied with it; it would be a bad sign if they did; but I am told by some of the country judges that prisoners before them often ask to be "sent down" instead of getting a term in " the county jail." That they are hopeless and helpless of breaking out is no represent to the management; none ever no reproach to the management; none ever no reproach to the management; none ever get away. The only point upon which I am uncertain is whether it is terrifying to those who haven't yet got in. After two hours stay I went away rather reluctantly and fully determined that if I was ever put into that position where one has no choice and yet has this much choice, I would vastly preter a cell in the Eastern penitentiary to any cell in any other jail I had ever gone through. There are possibilities of a vast amount of undisturbed work in the quietude of those little chambers.

Now for a few frozen facts. The average man - and the always-above-the-average woman likes to draw her own conclusions sometimes. There are six of these corridors running out from the round chamber in the centre; and four of them have the second-story tiers of cells. There are in all over hundred cells and eleven hundred convicts, so that probably not over half of them are in absolutely "solitary confine-ment." Two of the corridors bad to be planned so that they cannot be viewed di rectly by a man simply turning on his heel, but by an arrangement of mirrors—Vaux's invention, of course,—they are brought into view. The light and ventilation of the place are its charm—if you will let me use that word in this connection. They are perfect. They rob the place of gloom and any of the thick, choky feeling that the ordinary jail compels. Where there isn't enough light the warden knocks a hole in the roof; he knows it costs no more to cover it with glass han to keep it plugged shut with stone. The steam heat is distributed evenly and there is gas all around. A half dozen strong lights and reflectors on top make the grounds as plain as moonlight at night. The stone floors are as clean as a new pin and the side walls as white as the best kitchen in town after the spring house-cleaning. The women are in one block, and there are only 22 of them, all told. As 22 is to 1122, so is the depravity of Eve's daughters to Adam's sons. There are about 40 paid people entrusted with the entire management and work of the jail, including a matron, who looks after the women: a physician—whose little tickets for eggs and toast and milk and broiled steak for his patients I looked at and won-dered what the Dickens would complain of in that—and a moral instructor. There is a copious library from which inmates can or-der books by catalogue; the weekly papers from their home counties are allowed the convicts and any other reasonable period-icals. There is a reservoir within the Vaux and Cassidy built it years gineers were discussing how it couldn't be done for \$50,000 and how it wouldn't hold water when it was done. It has never leaked a drop. There is a mill for grinding tlour, and the wheat is brought in in clean salt sacks. The fine flour and middlings are mixed and convict bakers turn out stacks of sweet, wholesome bread. There are little hot-houses every here and there between the blocks, and last year the pentientiary sold \$500 worth of roses. Every cell on the ground floor has a little yard to it, and the husbandman can get plants for it; the sun gets to nearly all of them, and in some of hem are stalwart and proline grape vines that thrive against the exposed walls. They never let the larmers of adjoining patches of this ground out at the same time, so that as empty yard always intervenes between those who are enjoying as good light and as pure air as we sons of freedom have—better, I suppose, than those who dwell above the ewerage line in Lancaster.

I saw no signs of that abject despair, that woeful exclusion from sight of human face and sound of human voice that wrought upon Dickens so pitifully or which his imagination wrought so graphically. On the contrary I saw a great deal of humanity. Those white-winged angels of mercy and charity, the good Catholic sisters, were assiduous in attention down one corridor; and everywhere there were signs of gracious ministering to the best feelings of our common nature. But I concluded the best standard by which I could judge was a sight at some of the peo-ple I knew. And so I asked for Abe Buz-

"Everybody asks for him," sareastically observed the warden-as if a hero in the popular fancy was apt to not be much of a hero in his. He told me incidentally that Rollin. the rascal who ingratiated himself into the favor of the people of Chambersburg and then robbed their bank, ought not to have feeled anybody; he was a transparent fraud. While we talked Buzzard's cell door flew open and he greeted me cordially; he is associated with a fellow-convict who looks like a German professor. They have a com-plete outfit of carpenter tools and are making very neat-looking wainut chairs. Abe says he can run a lathe very experity. "Of course there is nothing like freedom," he said—and I thought of his eyrie up there on the Weish mountain, overlooking the fat lands in the valley—"but if I must be lands in the valley—"but if I must be penned up this is a great deal better place than the Lancaster Jail." Ike, away off in another part of the penitentiary, looks plous and talks in the same solemn style that was his vogue during his last experience here. He inquired after Mart and Jakeand Joe and a good many other people, and altogether shows no signs of worse keep or depreciated morals. Ed. Sanders interested me. He has a collective conducted himself prefly well and vidently conducted himself pretty well and a a kind of a runner for his block. I rememis a kind of a runner for his block. I remembered him and his crime, and regalled his victim. Dispossionately viewed at this distance, with all the horror attending it, it wasn't murder in any degree; and with this opinion I need not say Sanders sympathizes. He inquired after his old employers and cherishes hopes of a pardon some of these days. He has a little better cell than the average and, like many others, it is tastefully decorated with a profusion of pictures. arranged with some eye for correspond effect.

Lounging in the grounds over near the blacksmith shop I found Louis Sowers, who threw a man out of the mill upon the railroad track at Mt. Joy. He is much better satisfied since he can work at his trade, but longs every month to hear of progress to-ward a pardon, and often as the moon changes buries himself in this train of reflec-tion. He was the only man I saw who even looked pensive. The colored bakers looked as happy as the fishermen who haul in the big seine down at Gloucester, and I fancied I had seen one of them down there. A peep in at the women's department showed the same order and cleanliness; and two Luzorne county boys putting up cigars bragges

Incidentally the warden told me that out of the eleven hundred inmates only thirteen had been mechanics. "Of doctors, lawyers, editors and their like," he said, "we get plenty, but mechanics don't get here." Sowers is one of the thirteen.

John Frankford's eye gives him trouble He has recently gone from the lower to an

upper tier of cells. He is not happy nor con tented. He thinks the Lancaster jail a great deal stronger, and complains especially of the illegality of his transfer; an able Philadelphia lawyer has assured him it can be remedied; and old John hopes on from day to day; and any hour of the night they look in upon him, I am told, he can be seen standing there with his eye fixed on the peep-hole in the cell door. He wants to work, and says he can make eigars with his eyes shut. I had a long talk to him, and he subscribed for the INTELLIGENCER to get the news from home. ited. He thinks the Lancaster jail a great INTELLIGENCER to get the news from home. He took a good deal of interest in the new jail project in Lancaster, and no doubt would like to have a look at the outside of it.

My time was up long before my interest was exhausted or satisfied. I saw the bath. ooms where every prisoner gets a bath once in two weeks. I saw one coming down to his cell with a bag over his head, which seems very horrible, but isn't. I noted that the inmates were plain, brown homemade sults and not the garter-snake stripes of our jail. I learned that the state only appropriates enough money to pay the salaries of the institution, and that the counties pay he maintenance of their convicts, many of whom work out all their expense and more, But the sum of it all was that what is needed But the sum of it all was that what is needed in an institution of this kind is not so much height of towers and thickness of walls as height of towers and thickness of walls as THE MAN. There are rules hanging around, made in 1855, with Mr. Vaux's name to them, but I suspect that he has long forgotten them and nobody else ever reads them. He and his four co-inspectors are selected without regard to politics, and they never regard politics in their work. They know a man when they get him, and they keep him; and when they have him they trust to his intelligence and good sense; and if he does not want to make his work an earnest, permanent study make his work an earnest, permanent make his work an earnest, permanent study and employment he has no business to stay.

And so, you good people of Lancaster may spend a quarter million of dollars to plant a new jail over there on the beautiful knoll across the creek. Its walls may be thick, its towers strong, its boits and bars true and its locks impregnable. But unless you reform your whole system of manage-ment, eliminate this miserable party politics, ment, eliminate this miserable party politics, ment, eliminate this miserable party politics, hunt for men of mind and heart, crush out the spoilsmen of the buil-ring and hog-ring stripe, and make faithful officers permanent in their places, it is of no use to build a new jail. Better set up a whipping-post for the little rascals and send the big ones to the bastern penitentiary.

Sindrad, eastern penitentiary.

DANIEL WEBSTERS CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I believe in the existence of Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world I am taught this by the works of nature and the word of revelation.

I believe that God exists in three persons:

this I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief that I cannot comprehend how one can be three or three one. I hold it my duty to believe, not what can comprehend or account for, but what my Maker teaches me. I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New

estament to be the will and word of God. I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which he wrought establish, in my mind, his personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever he asserts : I believe, therefore, all his declarations, as well when he declares himself the Son of God as when he declares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits o

his atonement.

I believe that things past, present, and to come are all equally present in the mind of the Deity; that with him there is no succes-sion of time, nor of ideas; that, therefore, the relative terms past, present, and future, as used among men, cannot, with strict pro-priety, be applied to Doity. I believe in the doctrines of foreknowledge and predestina-tion, as thus expounded. I do not believe in those doctrines as imposing any fatality of necessity on men's actions, or any way in

ringing free agency.
I believe in the utter inability of any human being to work out his own salvation without the constant aids of the spirit of all grace.
I believe in those great peculiarities of the Christian religion-a resurrection from the

dead and a day of judgment.

I believe in the universal Providence of God; and leave to Epicurus, and his more unreasonable followers in modern times, the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which he does not take the trouble of

Although I have great respect for some other forms of worship, I believe in the Con-gregational mode, on the whole, to be prefer-able to any other. I believe religion to be a matter not of

demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give credit to the truths which he reveals, not because he can prove them, but because He declares them. When the mind is reasonably convinced that the Hible is the word of God, the only remaining duty is to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth, and practise them with a pure heart.

I believe that the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious mean ing of its passages; since I sannot persuade myself that a book intended for the in struction and conversion of the whole world should cover us true meaning in such mys-tery and doubt that none but critics and philosophers can discover it.

I believe that the experiments and subtle ties of human wisdom are more likely t om are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed wil of God, and that he is the most accomplished Christian scholar who hath been educate at the feet of Jesus, and in the College of

ishermen.
I believe that all true religion consists the heart and the affections, and that therefore all creeds and confessions are fallible and uncertain evidences of evangelical piety Finally, I believe that Christ has in Finally, I believe that Christ has imposed on all of his disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains only from what he thinks to be sinful has performed but a part, and a small part, of his duty; that he is bound to do good and communicate, to love his neighbor, to give tood and drink to his enemy, and to endeavor, so far as in him iles, to promote peace, truth, piety, and hap ieving that in the great day which is to merit, no other criterion of character, than that which is already established. "By

A Colossal Statue of Gen. Meade. Alexander M. Calder, the sculptor, has almost completed his colossal conestrian statue of Gen. Meade, ordered by the Fairmount Park Art association, Philadelphia. It will be finished next week, and after being received by the committee will go to the metal workers to be east in bronze. It will cost \$25,000, exclusive of its pedestal. The plaster model represents Gen. Meade as having just reined in his horse, and the animal, with fore feet extended, is in the act of checking himself. All four feet are on the ground, the hind feet having the gripping position of all animals when their forward movement is suddenly checked. The ear are laid back, the neck arched by the pull of the reins and the jaws opened by the action of the bit. In the saddle Gen, Meade site sturdily erect, his feet braced in the stirrups, his gloved left hand holding the reins and his ungloved right hand hanging by his side his ungloved right hand hanging by his saucholding the removed glove and his fatigue cap by the visor. He is looking straight ahead. The likeness is excellent. One butten of his coat is unbuttened, causing a graceful break in the otherwise straight line of the flap, while the skirts are ruffled into folds by his action, and the stopping of his horse. He is booted and spurred, and is seated in the regular army saddle, which, with its blankets and appendages, is perfect in the minutest detail. The statue is about 13 feet high exclusive of the pedestal.

> THE AULD KIRKVARD Nac dreams disturb their sleep In the anid kirkyard; They hear use kindred weep In the auld kirkyard. The mother's heart of care The young, the gay, the fair

Crowd the auld kirkyard. The heart's end beatings cease In the auld kirkyard And aliens rest in peace In the auid kirkyard. Where obbed dark floods of strife,

Dove-like hope, wi' promise rife, Plants the broken branch o' life In the auld kirkyard. -From the New York Mail and Express, --

Pleasant it was, when woods were green, And winds were soft and low, To lie amid some sylvan scene, Where, the long drooping boughs between, Shadows dark and snulight sheen

A TALE OF SWEETHEARTS.

[SY R. O. SIMS, AUTHOR OF " 'OSTLER JOE."] you've gotten an offer o' marriage! There's a brave and a comely lad Wi' a home o' his own a'ready, an' he's sighin

away like mad And frettin' his hones, heart out just for a word And he canna tell if you love him, for your

cheeks give ne'r a sign. He told me the tale bissen, lass-he left me awhile ago; You're making his heart a plaything, and

winna say yes or no. Look in your mother's eyes, lass; nay, dunna droop your head-There's nowt as you need to blush for-a woman was born to wed.

He's roughtn his ways-a miner. He's grimed wi the grime o' coal-Better ha' grime or this hands, lass, than grime on his heart and soul. May be your heart's another's—that finntcking Lunnun chap, s come to town last winter—as'll leave again this, may hap.

Have I guessed your secret, Jenny: is that why you won't have Joe ? You've gotten a finer sweetheart, and the col-Her chap must go? Shall I help you to make your mind up, and to choose between two men? I'll tell you a tale o' sweethearts, and the lass o'

was summat about your age, lass, and a good lookin' lass folks said, Vhen a chap as come to our village, a Lunnuner, turned my head. He came wi' the player people—he came and he staid awhile—
and somehow he won my heart, lass, w' his fine

the tale's mysen.

play-actin style. But I was a promised wife then. My sweetheart was like thy Joe,

A Lancaster lad, a miner, who worked in the mines below, He saw what was up, did Dan'i, and he came to

my feyther's place Wi a look o' shame and o' sorrow deep lined or and he took my hand and he pressed it, and he said in a choky voice, 'My lass, they say in t' village that you're get-

ten doubts of your choice ; that a felly ha' coom betwixt us, that your love for mysen be dead. So it's reet that I stan' aside, lass—ye can marry this man instead."

was free fro' that day we parted-for the word that I wadna speak ; But he stopped to gi' me bis blessin'—he stooped and he kissed my check : And he said to me softly, " Jenny, we cannot be

mon and wife, But if ivver yo' need a friend, lass, why I am your friend for life." went wi'my player lover-we were married in Lunnun town-For a mouth I was up I' the heavens, and then I came crashin' down.

My man got in debt and trouble, and the devil

came peerin' out,

And I was a drunkard's victim-sworn at and knocked about. In a year he had gone and left me-wi' a balrn at my achin' breast— Left me without a shillin', to struggle and do my best; Left me in cruel Lunnun, wi' never a friend

Wi's fever wearin' my brin out, and a bairn as I prayed might die, wandered away wi' my baby-it cried wi' the

hunger pain, and again came the field to whisper " Death ! to my maddened brain.
Kill it!" the devil whispered, and again came the feeble cry ; sod help me I the devil conquered, and I left

the child to die. fied wi' the feet of terror, and ever behind me came phantom that tracked my footsteps, and shouted and called my name that cried to the heavens "Murder!" And

thought in mad descrate That a hundred eyes were watchin -I could see them everywhere. I read in an English paper the news of my husband's fate : ile'd been killed in a drunken quarrel—I was

widowed and free to mate, d many a decent offer, but I answered 'em all wi' " No." I'd a duty to do in England, and I made up mind

to go. hauntin' thought, That mony a guilty felon to the clutch o' the law has brought, And, maddened at last—despairing—tortured

by conscience still, 1 cried, "I must go to England, and the law shall ha its will!" Eight years from that day of horror-eight

years to the very night—
I came to my native village, came in the waning There was never a soul that knew me as passed through the quiet street.

And I thought o' the days long vanished, an the friends that I used to meet. A child looked up at that moment, and seeing my wan, white face, She uttered a cry, and her father in a second

was out o' the place ; was out o' the place; He had seen me, too, at his window, I tottered and turned to dy, But be caught me and strained me to him wi' a passionate, joyful cry.

"Ma has !" he cried, "tha" art coom, then-coom whosm to us here at lastha' waited for thee, my Jenny, this mony a iong year past ; I knew as thy mon had left thee—I knew as thy

mon wur dead-And I thowd you'd ha' coom before, lass." shivered and hung my head,

Will yo' be ma wife?" he whispered. "I ha waited, ma lass, for thee ; I've a bairn as wants a mither—the lassic as yo can see, Will yo' make me a happy mon, Jenny *** Ther I tore mysen away.
'It canna be, Dan,' I answered, "for I go to my doom to-day!

the deed was done—
To cry out that dark night's secret i' the light of noonday sun. A murderess comes to justice to forfeit he wretched life!"

Ite heard me without a shudder, and he an swered, "Be ma wife!

Twe come to my native village-here where

Se ma wife and torget t' past, lass, and howld up thy bonny head, t' bairn as yo see in t' cottage is t' one as tha thowt wur dead ; I sa' thee th' toime that coom here—I sa' as tha worns rect.

An' t' babeas tha laid 1' the snow, lass, I browt to my whoam that neat " The bairs that he found was you, dear—the man I had east away Had been to you as a feyther—you call him you " dad " to-day,

And now you're a woman grown, dear, mine's a story you ought to know— It may help you to make your mind up, 'twixt the Lunnun chap and Joe. What's that ! A knock at the door, lass : why,

your cheeks are like the rose!
You know the knock, for a penny-you've heard it afore-it's Joe's,
What do you whisper, Johny! "You have always loved him!" Then I'll abide I' the ither room, lass-you can tell him his fate yoursen.

A Dressmaker's Bill. from the N. Y. Herald.

A case just tried in one of the London ourts affords an interesting insight into the margin of profit sometimes made by fashion dressmakers. A customer demurred to the excessive charges in a bill rendered and left the dressmaker to suc. The chief item was a thousand and fifty dollars for a white satin gown with a printed train, It was shown that tue entire cost of the gar ment was four hundred dollars, including two hundred and fifty for painting the train. The judge thought the charge was "out-rageous," but remarked that "if people chose to go to a West End tradesman, such chose to go to a West End tradesman, such as Mme. Mercier was, they must expect to pay for it." Had the defendant agreed to give the price charged the court could not have changed it. But as there was a dispute of this point Justice Smith reduced the price to seven hundred and fifty dollars, the sum which the defendant said she had consented to pay. Even with that reduction the dressmaker's profit reaches the handsome figure of three hundred and fifty dollars.

Increased Seminary Co The seminary collections in the Catholic arch-diocese, of Philadelphia, amount to \$35,009,57 for this year, an increase of \$2,396,15 over that taken up last year,

BEDIOAL ENAVORITE REMEDY.

ON THE ENGINE.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. F.

DEAR SIS: I am an engineer on the Old Cotony railroad, and run the Fall River beat train between Fall River and Lewell, residing in Tawaton. For ten years I suffered everything but death from dyspepaia. Often I had such blinding suck headaches that I could hardly see, I think this was due partly to freegular habits of eating and partly to the jar of the engine.

Remember that I had tried every medicine i heard of and had been treated by some of the best physicians of Taunton and Lowell. At this critical time DR. DAVID KENNEDYS FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended to me. It was new to me, and with my experience of medicines, you can easily forgive me for saying that I had not a particle of faith in it.

I had laken it but a few days when I began to get better. The raw and sore feeling had left my stomach and the snapping pains left, my nead, and soon I was all right and have been ever since. It is the only thing that ever did me the least good, and it drove every ache, pain and discomfort completely out of my bedy. Now I keep KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEMENY with me on my engine, and it goes wherever I go.

keep KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY with me on my engine, and it goes wherever I ge.
Why, I believe FAVORITE REMEDY will cure anything. One night awhile ago John Layton, an engineer, who runs the main line boat Iralu from Boston, came on my engine sick as death. He was worn out with work, hat a high fever and was so nervous he almost broke down crying. "Nonsense, John," I said; "cheer up, I've got something on my engine that will set you up in a jirty." I took out my bottle of "Favorite Remedy," lifted his head and gave him a good dose. He went to bed. Two days after I saw him looking esalthy as a butcher. "Dan," he said, "what was that stuff you gave me the other night;" "It was DR, DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, Rondout, N, Y., "said I. "Well, I don't care whose remedy it is, it's the thing for a man on the railroad." So say we all. Yours, etc., DANIEL FITTS.

It is Your Own Fault it you suffer from Head ache, Indigestion or Dyspepsis. One Dollar will

It is Your Own Fault it you suffer from Head-ache, Indigestion or Dyspepsis. One boliar will buy a bottle of Favorite Remedy and cure you. apl-imcoskw

A YER'S PILLS.

Constipation

Is a universal and most troublesome disorder, it causes Headache, Mental Depression, Impairs the Sight and Hearing, destroys the Appetite, and, when long continued, causes Enlargement of the Bowels, and Piles. Constitution is speedily cared by Ayer's Pills.

For a number of months I was troubled with Costiveness, in consequence of which I suffered from Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and a disordered liver. My eyes also troubled me. I was compelled to wear a shade over them, and, at times, was unable to bear exposure to the light, I was entirely

CURED BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills. I have hesitation in pronouncing this medicine to be the best cathartic ever made, stames Eccles, Poland, Ohio, I suffered from Constipation, and, consequently, from Headache, Indigestion, and Piles, for years. Ayer's Pills, which I took at the suggestion of a friend, have given me effectual relief. I commenced taking this remedy two months ago, and am now free from Constipation, the removal of which has caused my other troubles to disappear, and greatly improved my general health.—Wakeeler, Amherst, Mass.

I suffered from Constipation, which assumed such an obsticate form that I feat assumed such an obsticate form that I feat assumed such an obsticate form that I feat assumed Ayer's Pills cured me, completely.—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM.

HOP PLASTERS. Because possessed of fresh and active medicinal agents for the cure of pain and disease. A wonderful strengthening porous plaster, made from Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Camada Balsaus. Apply one to Backache, Crick, Kidney Troubles, Stitches, Sciatica, Eheumatism, Sore Chest of pain in any part. Acts instantly-always soothes—quiets nervousness—ready to apply, All dealers, 2sc., 5 for \$1. Sent by mai for price.

HOP PLASTER CO., Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Proprietors, Boston, Mass. HOP PLASTERS. HOP PLANTERS.
HOW IS YOUR BACK?
What is the use of suffering with Backache,
Pain in the Side or Hip, Sciatica, Rheumatilam,
Kidney Diseases, Crick, Stitches, Swollen and
Tried Muscles, Chest and Lung Troubles, orany
sort of pain or sorchess, either local or deepseated, when a Hop Plaster will give instant relief? Prepared from Burgundy Pitch, Canada
Batsam and the pain killing virtues of Hops.
The best strengthening plaster ever known.
Thousands say so. Sold by all dealers. Malled
on receipt of price, Esc., 5 for \$1.00.

(2) HOP PLASTER CO., Boston, Mass.

HOP PLASTERS.
BON'T BE SWINDLED
By buying something you know nothing about
We guarantee the HOP PLASTER the best-eye We guarantee the HOP PLASTER the best ever known. The virtues of fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Canada Haisam combined, make this plaster highly medicinal and active for the care of pains, aches, soreness, cramps, stitches, crick and local weakness. Drives out pain—smoothes the parts and strengthens, Sold by druggleis and dealers, 2%, 5 for H.00, HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, Mass. Mailed for price. (3)

B. B. MARTIN,

WHOLESALE AND REPAIL DEALER IN All Kinds of Lumber and Coal. Streets, above Lemon, Lancaster, n3-lyd

BAUMGARDNERS & JEFFERIES.

COAL DEALERS. OFFICE: No. 129 North Queen street, and No. 4 North Prince street. YARDS: North Prince street, near Reading

LANCASTER, PA.

M. V. B. COHO. No. 30 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa., Wholesale and Retail Dealer in LUMBER AND COAL.

Connection with the Telephone Exchange. Yard and Office: NO, 30 NORTH WATER STREET

EAST END YARD. C. J. SWARR & CO.

COAL. - KINDLING WOOD. Office: No. 20 CENTRE SQUARE, Hoth yard ad office connected with Telephone Exchange, april-tydMAF.R

GRAND DISPLAY OF NECKTIES.

GO TO KRISMAN'S FOR CAMEL'S HAIR UNDERWEAR,

GO TO ERISMAN'S.

FOR LATEST STYLES
COLLARS AND CUFFS,
GO TO ERISHAN'S CHEAPEST AND BEST

SCARLET UNDERWEAR AT ERISMAN'S. LANCASTE

NO. 17 WEST KING ST. WINES AND LIQUORS.

THE CELEBRATED BOUQUET" AND "OLD ANCHOR" PURE RYE WHISKIES

Are rich in flavor, soft and pleasant to the tast Penn in quality, are excellent stimulants, an they stand without a rival in the market. So at all the leading liotels and by Druggista. As for it. HUMPHREY & MARTIN, Sole Proprietors, [an19-6md] 401 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa

MADEIRA AND SHERRY WINES -AT-Reigart's Old Wine Store

H. E SLAYMAKER, AGENT, Katabilshed IT 6. No. 9 Harr Kins Senaut.

GEORGE ERNST, JR., Carpenter, Contractor & Build

NO. 339 WEST KING STREET.