ousiness the temale takes the lead, with

silent, abstracted air, as if the matter wer

once we become acquainted with it.

readow at this season, is the black-bird, o

Shining black from the point of the bill to the tip of the toes, his color harmonizes with nothing in nature, and his gold-fringed sear

let epaniets gleam through the trees like

look at him is impossible to a black bird

He will walk along a small brauch in such a way that it takes a close look to see that he does not put one foot before the other. He

really sidles, but holds his body in the direc

ength of that, jerking his tail at every ster

and all the time scolding and screaming at the top of his voice, till you are sure the whole bird world will be notified of the pre-

ence of an inquisitive stranger, with suspi

strain, recalling the woods on long summer

pressive of his life or more suggestive of wild nature."

PROBABLY the sweetest singer we have in

our latitude is the wood thrush. Yet I don't

believe one out of a thousand of the cit

sens of Lancaster has ever heard his si

very, flate like and bell-toned notes in their

free and natural sweetness and purity. For he is exceedingly sby. He frequents the

most secluded shady glens and retired nooks

however, worth all the patience and per

verance it costs to hear but a single strain

his transcendently musical, forest-lader thrilling song. Although I never heard his

singing "high on the topmost bough," but always in the low brush and thickets, the

poet who penned these verses in the May Atlantic must have heard him to be able so beautifully to describe his song;

The thrush sings high on the topmost bough-Low, lowder, low again: and now He has changed his tree-you know not haw, For you saw no filling wing.

All the notes of the forest-throng Finte, reed and string are in his root Never a tear knows he, nor wrong. Nor a doubt of anything

Small room for eare in that soft breast : All weather that comes to him is the best

Reminiscences of the War Period.

tanical gardens in Washington, recalls an

there of the Seventh New York regiment is

1861. On the day that the regiment reached

Washington from Annapolis and marched up Pennsylvania avenue, Mrs. Robert E. Lee and her daughter Mildred came over

from Arlington and went to the botanical

gardens for some flowers and plants, which

they wished to set out at Arlington. They

had an order from Senator James Alfred Pearce, of Maryland, who was the chairman

of the Senate committee on the library, and who was the only one whose orders on the

garden were recognized at that period. While the ladies were selecting their plants the band of the Seventh was heard, and Mr. Smith

remarked jocularly to them that he supposed

Lee replied, "Oh! no, that the troops were only summoned to the defense of Washing

not to cross into Virginia." This, it will be remembered, was two weeks after Sumter

had been fired upon, and is another strong evidence of how hard it was at the time to

realize the dreadful struggle which was in

pending.
The Sunday afterwards General Lee, wit

his family, attended as usual the services at Christ church, in Alexandria. At the con-clusion of the services Mrs. Lee and her children drove back to Arington, and Gen.

Lee took the train for Richmond. Hon, John

A. Bingham, of Ohio, had in the meantime gone to Arlington to see Gen. Lee, carrying to him most important messages from Presi-dent Lincoln and Gen. Scott. The intense

anxiety of both Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Scott

Bingnam more than once remarked that had fate directed his steps to Alexandria on that Sunday instead of to Arlington, he believes it more than probable that what he had to say

would have determined Gen. Lee to act di

ls He Conscience-Stricken

Mr. Justice Bradley, of the supreme cour

of the United States, recently delivered in a fraud case an opinion which is reported in

the Albany Law Journal of April 20. The

the greater the fraud intended the more par

n any land where the will of the people i

men whose votes set up Hayes.

In his last days on the bench, does Mr.

Justice Bradiey never wish that history could be rewritten?

Loved Not Wisely.

the handsome daughter of a rich Californian,

while in Europe fell in love with and mar-

ried Count Valensen, an attractive Italian

nobleman. The honeymoon was brief, and

WHEN grief shall come to thee, Think not to fee :
For grief, with steady face,
Will win the race :
Nor crowd ber forth with mirth,

For at thy hearth.
When mirth is tired and gone.
Will grief sit on.
But make of her thy friend,

And, in the end,
Three loveller than she
Will come to thee—
Calm Patience, Courage strong,

And Hope-ere long.
-Henrietta R. Elliott.

Several years ago Miss Affice McCauley,

ferently.

From the New York Sun.

to secure the influence of Gen. Lee on side of the Union is matter of history.

they would run away from home now

ton, and it was well understood they

While he sees his mute close on her new And the woods are full of spring

He has lost his last year's love, I know

For a bird forgets in a year, and so No wonder the thrush can sing

Wm. R. Smith, superi

And he refuses to utter a note if he so as suspects that he is being observed.

ious manners. . .

singing

tion he is moving, so that one is easily ceived in the matter. Then he will ju heavily to the next bough and walk

which the red-wing is the most showy, etc

It happened that much the same view of its case was occupying Miss Helen Ritter at a sense moment; the chief difference being at the aumsmer boarder's view was not desardent upon expression, while that of the native" (as usual) was.

It was what is called a burning fog that

It was what is called a burning fog that day. Miss Ritter was sitting on the clift under a Japanese umbrella. Twenty people were sitting under Japanese umbrellas. Hers, she thanked heaven, was of ivory-color, pinin and pale. No turkey red flaunted flercelly against indigo skies above her individual head. There is a comfort in distinctions even if it so no further than a paper. tion, even if it go no further than a paper sun-shade. Miss Ritter enjoyed the added iddosyncrasy of sitting under hers alone. She was often alone.

idiosyncrasy of sitting under hers alone. She was often alone.

In July the seaside is agreeable; in September, irresistible; in October, intoxicating. In Avgust one does not understand it; one comes up suddenly against its "other side," as against peculiarities in the character of a friend known for years, and unexpectedly putting the affection to a vital test.

In August the sun goes out and the thick weather comes in. The landlady is tired, add the waitress slams the plate; the fogbell tolls, and the beach is sloppy; the fogwhistles screech, and one may not go a-saiting; the puddings and sauces have grown familiar, and one has read too many novels to stand another, and yet not enough to force one back, for life's sake, on a "course of solid reading." In August one's next neighbor is sure it was a mistake not to spend the season at the mountains. In August the babies on the same corridor are sick. In August one has discovered where the milk is kept, and frightful secrets of the drainage are gossiped in ghastly whispers by the guests, who complain of the dimers when the young marries. frightful secrets of the drainage are gossiped in ghastly whispers by the guests, who complain of the dinners when the young married lady who rowed by moonlight with another fellow has left the place and a temporary deficiency of scandal. In August one's own particular beach is swarming and useless, one's especial reef is populated and hideous, nay, one's very crevice in the rock is discovered and mortgaged in the current flirtations, and all nature, which had seemed to be one's horsestead, becomes one's exile. In August one's exile. In August one's exile. homestead, becomes one's exile. In August there are hops, and one wants to go away. In August there are flies, and the

new boarder.

It is the new boarder who is overaudible about the snail shells. Down there in the gorge, where the purple trap glitters at half-tide in great voicanic veins that seem to pulsate yet through the cliff with the fire im prisoned there—who knows when?—and where the beaded brown kelp deepens to bronze, and then runs to tarnished gold in the wet, rich, bully recedence of the clob, the the wet, rich, pulpy recedence of the ebb, the new boarder aboundeth. So the snail— brown, green, orange, lemon, gray and white —the tiny shells mere flecks of color, moved singgishly by their cell of hidden consciousss and will, like certain larger lives that ness and will, like certain larger lives that beneath a mask of stagnation palpitate. The snalls, as I say, interest the new boarder. He saunters down in groups, in clans, in hordes, defiling through the trap gorge— disproportionately feminine, sparsely but in-structively masculine, and eternally infan-tile. He views the attractions of the spot first continuisatically, then calmix now in first enthusiastically, then calmly, now in-differently, and drifts away at the third stage stay. The first day he screams (I must be pardoned if I use the generic masculine pro-noun in this connection) at the snails; the second day he observes them without screaming; the third he doesn't observe them at all. His number is infinite, and his them at all. His number is infinite, and his place is never vacant. His lady types wear wild roses in their belts, invariably succeeded by daisies, and rigorously followed by golden-rod. It is an endless procession of the Alike, or, we may say, of the great North American Average.

Decidedly on the fortunate side of the average is the element that is creening into Fair-

age is the element that is creeping into Fair-harbor—one should say stepping in, for that end of averages never creeps, to be sure—the element not vociferous over smills, and scantily given to floral decoration; an element represented, for instance, by Miss Rit-ter, who, seeking Fairharbor for many a summer because, among other reasons, it gave her that closest kind of secusion, isolaion in a crowd with which one has not his toric social relations, has saddy discovered of late that her dear, rough, plain rocks and waves and boarding-houses are becoming semi-fashionable, with a threat even of class ically abandoning the compound. Already Fairharbor has her hotel and her daily steamer, her band and her "distinguished visitors," her mythical company, organized to sweep up the huge solitudes at five dollars a foot, roadway forty feet wide thrown in, and wells if you can find any water in them. Already she has her landaus and her toilets, her Freuch maids and her ladies who protect the complexion. Already the faithful old stagers, haughtily unconscious, are stared at for their thick boots and beach dresses and gorgeous coats of tan, and their way of sitting in the sand like crabs after their vigorous baths, in which they do not jump up and down, but swim sturilly, battling with the sharp North shore waters, and not expected

sharp North shore waters, and not expected to scream.

Miss Ritter, a conspicuous figure on the cliff's edge above the lava gorge, might be called an unconscious link between Fairharbor past and Fairharbor to be, possessing perhaps the better points in both types of "summer people," luxuriously dissatisfied with them, with herself, with the world, even just now with Fairharbor. In her white flannel dress and white hat, with the pale flame-colored tie at her throat, and the reflection from the pale sun-shade upon her. reflection from the pale sun-shade upon her, she had a select, almost severe look, which was not lessened by any depreciation of effect in motion when she rose and walked. She had a steady walk, and reminded one of a calla as she turned her head slowly and stroof full to yiew, tall and serious.

stood full to view, tall and serious.

There was no sunset that night; it was a dog-day, damp and dead; the fog had thickened, and was crawling in like fate; the bell tolled from the light-house two miles away, and the east wind bore the sound steadily Already the boarder children, who insist-

Already the boarder children, who insisted on going in the skiff, could not be seen an eighth of a mile out at the island's edge beyond the lava gorge; and the fisherman, whose children knew better, pushed them with a kiss from his knees as he drew in his dory for the rescue, to comfort a distracted parent (in a red parasol) and another one (ruppored to be a cheryway). dory for the rescue, to comfort a distracted parent (in a red parasol) and another one (rumored to be a clergyman, but just now in a bathing suit), whose inharmonious opinions but harmonious anxiety were the excitement of the hour upon the beach. The bathing suit had, unhappily for him, allowed the children to go. The red parasol had alwayssaid they would be drowned.

"Don't ye fret," said the fisherman, with a slow grin. "They stole my old punt, an' she leaks so 't'll keep'em busy bailin', and they can't get fur. I'll fetch 'em this time, but next time keep 'em to hum. Why, there ain't a dog in Fairharbor'd set out rowin' thick as this, thout he hed to go for a doctor or see to his trawls; he'd know better. But you land-lubbers never do know nothin'; you don't know enough to know when to be skeered.—H'are ye, Miss Ritter "' as she passed him, suddenly gliding down the cliff, and up the wet, uncordial beach.

"That's like you, Henry. Your tongue is bound to take the edge off your good deeds somehow, like plated silver, whereas you know, half the time, it's the solid thing underneath. Now you'll scour the ocean after those children, and do it just as well as if you hadn't scolded about it."

"Better—a sight better!" chuckled Honry. He ran splashing through the water over his huge red leather boots, pushing the dory of

"Better—a sight better!" chuckled Henry. He ran spisshing through the water over his huge red leather boots, pushing the dory off with a mighty shove. He moved the oars with a tisherman's superb leisure; his massivith a disherman's leisure to the view, the ghostly rower turned and shot back one parting word at the red parasol:

"Look a-here! Jest you stop yowin', won't ye? You'll skeer them young 'uns overboard. Ef you want me to fetch 'eu,

overboard. Ef you want me to fetch em, lemme do it in peace."
With this the log, with whose terrible and mysterious swiftness no man may intermeddle, shut down.

"Like the curtain of death," Miss Ritter thought, looking over her shoulder, when man and took and voice had van shed utterly. She was not given to too much consideration of the lot of her fellow-men, perhaps; her sympathies were well regulated, but not sympathies were well regulated, but not aphilanthropist by avecation; she took people as they came, or went—good-naturedly noting, but not uncomfortably; she had a fouch of the irresponsibility belonging to professional artists; she herself did not even paint teacups.

int teacups.
In Fairharbor, for instance, it would have in Fairharbor, for instance, it would have seen easy to make one's self miserable. She mant to treat her neighbors as a lady hould; but why cultivate neuralgia of the motions over the fate of the ficets? It was

therefore hardly characteristic, and struck ber for the moment, in an artistic sense, curiously, as part of the "effect" of the whole wet, dull atternoon, that she should feel atmost moved by the every-day incident of Henry and the dory and the fog. He seemed to her suddenly like a symbol of the pitcons Fairharbor life; as one puts an eagle, an arrow, a shield, or whatever, upon the seal of a commonwealth or upon coin, so Fairharbor might take Henry; so she gave up her vigorous young life that "went down to the sea in ships;" and so, ghosts before their time, her doomed men trod her shores.

"I believe I must stop and see Etlen Salt about some laces," said Miss Ritter, uncertainly, to the lady boarder, with daisies and a mandarin parasol, now pulpy with the fog, and offering acute temptation to stick one's linger between the ribs—the lady who joined her on the beach. It did not matter about the laces, but it mattered to have to take to

the laces, but it mattered to have to talk to that stack of daisies just then. The lady's leather belt was tight, and the flowers seemed

leather belt was tight, and the flowers seemed to gasp as if they had got into corsets.

This was the lady who atways complained of the breakfasts, and knew how often every gentleman in the hotel came to see his wife. She was an idle, pretty, silly thing: abnormally, one might say inhumanly, luxurious. She were thirty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, because it was understood she was afraid to leave them in the hotel rooms. She gave three dollars to the subscription for the Fairharbor widows of two hundred men

As Helen Ritter struck off alone through the fog, down the lane, behind the wildrose thicket, under the willow trees, and against the big_bowlders, to_Mrs. Salt's little, old, unpainted cottage—picturesquely gray and proportionally damp—she was thinking neither of the daisy and diamond boarder nor of two hundred drowned fishermen, nor even of Ellen Jane and the weekly wash.

So far as her thoughts had So far as her thoughts had organization

rather than pulp, and might have been naushe was thinking—still in that same amus-ing, outside, artistic sense—of herself; looking on, as she looked on at the summer peo-ple and the fishermen, with an unimpas-

noments (generally ours on dull afternoons) when we seem to catch up the whole of life at a handful, and fling it from us uiterly in a kind of scorn that may be wholly noble or trivial, according to the Impulse of the mo

thrial, according to the Impulse of the mo-tion or the direction of the aim.

She, Helen Ritter, of Beacon street, Boston, twenty-eight years old, an orphan, a Brah-man (rich, if one stopped to think of that, and a beauty, memoer of the Trinity church and the Brain club, subscriber to the Provi-dent association, and stockholder in the Athe-enceum, fond of her maid, her relatives, and enseum, fond of her maid, her relatives, her bric a brac and her way, walking to her wash-woman's through the fog, and suffering one of these supreme moments, could have flung her whole personality into Nirvana or the ocean by one sweep of her white-clad arm that day, and felt well rid of it. To be sure, nothing had happened. That, perhaps, was the trouble?

"I am a type," said the young woman aloud. "I am nothing but a type; I have no 'use nor name nor lame' under the skies, beyond standing for the representative, like seople that make the groups in tenrists' pho tographs. I may thank beaven if I don't do it martistically, I suppose; and meanwhile pay my laundress. I wonder why I keep on coming to Fairharbor?" Why, indeed? Helen Ritter to Helen Rit-

ter, in the scorn of her heart and the depth of it, would give no answer to that question, but hit it with her fine, cool look as she would any other social intruder, and pass it by upon the other side. She was young for life to have come to what she called it end.

"Yet the light of a whole lite dies, When love is done," sang the musical boarder in the hotel parlor beyond the rose thicket. The east wind bore the sound over the bowlders, through the willow boughs, driving with the fog, as if both had been ghosts from the hidden sea. Why cling to the old spot where the light of life had once been kindled and quenched? Why dog, like a spirit unreleased, the haunts of that blessed and accursed vitality? No, no. She could not curse it ; no. Whom or what had she to curse? Fate, perhaps or accident, or a man's terrible duliness of intellect before the nature of the woman he loves, or her own doom, or her own "way" that unlucky way which as often wrought her mischief from being misunderstood as from being to biame, but which was none the ess likely to be to blame for that,

"The mind has a thousand eyes, sang the summer boarder with laborious! accelerated emphasis, for the gentlemen had come in from the beach, and were listening, "The mind has a thousand eyes, and the heart but one;

Yet the light of a whole life dies When love is done." ome in out of this thick weather. come in out of this thick weather. Fog's good for your flannel dress; bleach it out; but my! ain't you sloppy? You got drabbled on the beach. Just you step up agen my tubs and let me wash out that hem o' your'n just as you be. I'll stand you up to the stove after, and dry you up a mite, 100, and from you off, and you'll be slick as ever. Pity! I did you up only last Saturday you. Pity! I did you up only last Saturday, you know- There! I'm drove to death, but 1 can't stand seein' good washin' spoiled like that—and you, too, punctual as you are with the price-so many dozen, and so late in the season besides. No : the laces wasn't extry, thank you. I'd be asbamed if I couldn't do a bit of valingeens for you. But there! I was up till two o'clock this mornin' ironin' Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone's fluted night-gownds (thread lace, every scrap.) She had six. I'm drove out of my wits, and Rate had to have one of his spells at three, poor little fellow! just as I'd got a snooze it my close atop of the bed-spread, for it was so hot with the heavy ironin' fire, and us so

near the cook-stove. There !' Photographing the Spirits.

The latest sensation in Washington, D. C. is the photographing of dwellers in spirit land. The studio of the artist who clams to possess this wonderful gift is much frequent-ed, and among those who have had themselves photographed in the midst of shadow for, who is an advanced free-thinker, sat for his photograph, after convincing himself by the most thorough and careful investigation the most thorough and careful investigation of the room and its surroundings that he and the artist were the only occupants. When the negative was handed him for in spection he could not repress his surprise at what he saw. His own face and figure stood out bold and distinct, while surrounding him as with a halo, and reaching far into the background, were male and lemale faces. The outlines of some of these faces were hearly as beld as those of his own, while others were more or less shadowy, although plainly marked, and some only could be made out after long and close inspection. All, however, had that weird and mystic look invariably associated with the dead. The same day another gentleman who made a most brilliant record as one of the most dar-ing soldiers in the Contederate armies of the Southwest was photographed, and on the negative there were imprinted as reclining on his shoulders two angelic heads, which he declared with a terrible earnestness, which would not brook incredulity, were the feat-ures of his wife and daughter, long since passed from earth. To the lovers of the ocpassed from earth. To the lovers of the oc-sult and mysterious all this is affording fresh and delightful sensations, and the credulous and incredulous hall it as something new to argue and wrangle over.

A Costly Blunder. A Paris notary who drew up a will not long ago made a cierical error, which resulted in giving a fortune of 800,000 tranes to the wrong

man. The notary has just been condemned to pay this sum to the disappointed legates. HER BEAUTIFUL EYES O her beautiful eyes ! they are blue as the dew On the violet's bloom when the morning is new, And the light of their love is the gleam of the

sun O'er the meadows of spring where the quick shadows run. As the morn shifts the mists and the clouds from the skies— So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as midday to me, When the lify bell bends with the weight of the

bee,
And the throat of the thrush is a pulse in the And the senses are drugged with the subtle and aweet
And delirious breaths of the air's luliables—
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.

O her beautiful eyes! they have smitten mine As a glory glanced down from the glare of the And I reel, and I falter and fall, as afar Fell the shepherds that looked on the mystics

And yet dazed in the tidings that bade them So I grope through the night of her beautiful

-James Whitcomb Riley.

THERE were some eloquent Easter ser mons preached in our pulpits last Sunday and there was some excellent Easter music rendered in our churches. But sermons and singing all seem stilted and state to me, weak and artificial, compared with the preaching and music I have heard since then on the same sublime theme of the Resurrection and the Life.

"For truths half drawn from Nature's breast, Through subtlest tensor of the Nature's breast,

The preachers and singers I heard in "God's first temples," did not only tell me about a life from the dead; they actually showed it to me. They not only described it; they also did it; preaching and singing their praise even while in the act of awaking rom death and putting on the new

Do you want to see and hear the same grand lesson as God unfolds it day by day, the sublime truth of the Resurrection which at this season he so elequently, forcibly prolaims and manifests in a thousand different ongues and ten thousand different ways! Go forth then, now ere it is too late, and spend a day, a few hours, out in the greening fields. Throw off the shackles of business. Escape from the treadmill of trade. Leave close professional workshop, Forget your close professional workshop. Forget profit and loss. Shut your ears to the clink of dollars and cents. Pause a few hours in the straining struggle for mere physical food and bodily existence. If need be let the body do without its material bread and butter for a day, that your higher, liner, better spiritual self may be fed, and draw new nour-ishment and life from the vivilying sunshine, the retreshing showers, the aromatic breath of Nature which in sweetest fragrance she breathes forth from every tree and flower. from the green grass and teeming soil. Go forth into the moist meadows and see life liv-ing, hear it murmuring in the crystal brooket, thrumming and thrilling as on a thou and silver strings from throat of feathered songster and wing of fairy insect, or whis-pering in magic music through the young leaves, and lush grasses, and tender twigs, that catch the meliow breezes and tune them each to sing their songs of joy and gladness. Out your ear to the heart of mother earth.

"Her inmost bosom, warm and deep, Athrob with beauty yet unborn." and learn to know and love her as you ought learn to accept and appreciate the bounteous gifts she offers, far more and better for the heart and soul of man than those for his stomach alone. Now is the one time to do t; this is Nature's resurrection; these pre-cions days of spring come but once a year. Can you afford to neglect and to miss them with all their health-giving goodness, their beauty and lessons of divine truth? Go forth and enjoy them. Go and see for your-

selves how "From sunny nooks that dream of bloom,
To where gray moss o'ergrows the tomb,
F oats everywhere the precious breath—
The Life that ever conquers death—

This is the joy of spring, indeed; The witness glad to Word and Creed; The lovely parable of Earth That pointed to Immortal Birth."

I SOMETIMES think it is as much a duty as a privilege, in spring especially, to spend some proportion of our time in the companionship of the trees and flowers and birds that we have no right to divorce ourselves as utterly as we do from the Universal Life. But whether a duty or not, we cannot afford to lose our life against the vivifying influences of nature at this season. We need the spring sunshine as much as the trees do. We need the fragrant air, the spicy smell of the up-turned earth. We can exist, but we cannot traiy live without them.

AND of what a world of instruction and enertainment we deprive ourselves, in what a narrow circle of knowledge and activity we confine ourselves, how we shrivel and stint our sympathies, tastes and sensibilities, by our exclusive intercourse with beings of our own little human species, and by our altogether material and self-regarding puruits! Most of us have hardly a conception wen of the variety and extent of the "things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in our philosophy." Take the one department of birds and bird-life, for instance. There are scores and bundreds of people right in Laucaster who have scarcely ever even so much as seen to take notice of a single one of at least a dozen varieties of birds which visit us every spring. They have probably seen and heard the bluebird and obin, certainly the superfluous sparrow, but what do they know of the delicate little virece and warbiers that swarm like bees among the t trees at this time, when

'The opening buds breathe sweetness as they cluster, lips apart" ? They hardly even know the graceful cat bird, or the brilliant criole; while of the flicker, or yellow-shafted wood-pecker, of the red-headed wood-pecker, of the hermit, brown, and wood thrush, and of a score of other woodland and orchard beauties, which can all be seen within a mile of our city during this month, they know nothing at ali. And the worst of it is that they don't even know how much they are Ignorant of I used to think that I was pretty well acquainted with the life of most of our birds, until I came across the charming little book on "Rird Ways" by Olive Thorne Miller, the delightful studies of "Birds in the Push" by Bradford Torrey, and above all John Burroughs' "Wake Robin," "Birds and Poets," and others of his exquisite sketches and bird-studies, scattered throughout his works. They showed me how little I really knew even of our commonest birds; and at the same time they helped me materially to become better acquainted with my childhood's leathered triends and sociable neighbors. Whoever is not interested in the subject ought to read not interested in the subject ought to read these most entertaining little volumes; he will surely and speedily be cured of his unworthy apathy. And whoever is inter-ested should by all means read them, as most reliable and helpful guides in his further pursuit of the subject. Nor is there a better time than this present blooming, perfuned, warbling season, in which to perfumed, warbling season, in which to take these guide-books under the arm, and with their aid explore the beauteous world of

"Just for a day slip off the tother Of hothouse wants, and dare to be A child of Nature, strong and simple, Out in the woods with me."

By the way, that tribe of gay and busy little workers, the warbiers, who usually flit about in great flocks among the cherry, apple, apricot and pear blossoms, seem to b little behind time this spring,-or are the blossoms a little ahead of time? They never tarry in our neighborhood more than a week er two, then they go on north and north westward to the region of the great lakes where they build their nests and breed. I wonder whether the rascally sparrows have anything to do with their tardiness in any large numbers this year? I notice that ever since the blossoms are out the chattering, quarrelling sparrows have been almost monopolizing the fruit trees in our city yards and gardens. And they are terrible bullies. Perhaps they have notified the warblers to "move on," and not given them a chance at the insect-harvest. It would be just like them. Ever since the sparrow immigrated from Germany via England, about twenty-five years ago, our native birds even such large and strong ones as the robin and blue bird, have become more and more scarce in the vicinity of our cities and towns. They are gradually being crowded out by the swarming horde of foreigners.

THE fact is, if we want to study with any satisfaction even the commonest of our spring birds, we have to go out into the fields and woods. Probably the first songsters we shall meet there will be a pair of blue birds flitting from one fence-post along the road to another the male singing his liquid notes in a simple yet peculiarly touching combination over and over again, never wearying of it nor weary ing us. This song to me, next to that of the ing us. This song to me, next to that of the demure little song-sparrow swinging on a swaying reed, or sitting on some roadside post, is the most distinctively and thoroughly expressive of the very soul of earliest spring of that of any bird I know. I never hear either of these sweet and simple singers, but it makes the sunlight seem more golden and the sky of a more transparent blue; it is a prophecy of bicom and blossom, a fragrant sound as it were, an expression of the yet latent, invisible verdure and warmth and teeming vitality of the budding year.

Mr. Torrey charmingly gives us an episode observed by him in the mating manouvres of the blue bird. "One of the females was rebuffing her suitor rather petulantly, but when he flew away she lost no time in following. Shall I be accused of slander if I suggest that possibly her No meant nothing worse than Ask me again? I trust not; she was only a bine bird, re-member. Three days later I came upon two couples engaged in house-hunting. In this AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

one of absorbing interest; while her make follows her about somewhat impatiently, and with a good deal of fall, which is platted intended to hasten the decision. Come Andrew Carnegio calls his last book " Tel mphant Democracy, or Fifty Years' March ome. The says : "the season is short, and w of the Republic." He might more fitly have styled it " Rampant Democracy," for surely come, he says; the season is short, and we can't waste the whole of it in getting ready.'

I never could discover that his elequence produced much effect, however. Her lady-ship will have her own way; as indeed she ought to have, good soul, considering that she is to have the discomfert and the bazard. In one case I was puzzled by the fact that he eagle screams through every page be tween these hids. The blood red cover : the waken scaptre which decorates it; the emblem of a pyramid on its base to represent Republic" and on its apex to symbolize Monarchy," and the quotations from Gladthere seemed to be two females to one of the opposite sex. It really looked as if the fellow proposed to set up housekeeping with whichever should first find a house to bet mind. But this is slander, and I hasten to stone in approbation of the American constitution, and of Salisbury in praise of our Senate, are some of the devices by which its au take it back. No doubt I misinterpreted his behavior; for it is true—with sorrow I con-fess it—that I sm as yet but imperfectly at home in the Siaian dialect." ther appeals to our patriotic pride. This Scotch-American boasts in his introductors page that he has "an intensity of gratitude and admiration" for the land which makes him a peer-while his own denies him po HERE I want parenthetically also to quote litical equality-that "the native born citi another paragraph from this same writer, because of its humiliating truth. "It is asren can neither feel nor understand." And he proceeds through (60 pages to repay his tonishing," be says, "how gloriously birds debt by unstinted praise of his adopted coun may sing, and yet pass unregarded. We read of nightingales and sky larks with a self-satisfied thrill of second-hand enthus-asm, and meanwhile our native songsters,

try, ils material resources, moral presperity and political institutions. He marshals the statistics of its wondrous gro even the best of them, are piping unneeded at our very doors." Why not appreciate the home talent we have? We must if only the young republic has outstripped on the nations of the earth, and he sets no tsounds to his enthusiam. As might be expected, the literary style of the work is not fauitless. In fact there is too much of a style about R wither new discovery nor original sugges-ion. In this country, used to a good deal of oragging about itself, the work will be appre-ANOTHER distinctive spring bird of our vicinity, which you can meet with in every clated, coming from a foreign born citizen but the chief purpose of the book seems to have been to astonish the English reader; and in this It will be a success. Published quent and interesting. Here is the descrip-tion Olive Thorne Miller gives of him. Read it as a specimen of her charming manner; and then go out and verify it by your own observation. "The red-wing himself is the most conspicuous object in the landscape. by Chas. Scribber's Sons.

A Poetess of Hindustan One of the little books of the past year which has mot with a very targe sale is Ednamed Gosse's London publication of the "Aucient Pallads and Legends of Hindugems. Sit down quietly and watch him. Notwithstanding his 'society' life, he has not the slightest repose of manner. He is in-cessantly in motion; to stand still while you dan." by Torn Dutt, the young Indian girl, a touching memoir of whom introduces her ngs to the English reader. She was the agal, and had the typical qualities of her twenty-one. In her short life she acquired a store of knowledge that seems miraculous, and this, joined with a fine poetic fancy, en-abled her to create poems which will no found have a permanent place in English sterature, albeit so little as yet seems to be chown or her. While the air is yet heavy with he performe of the rose and Exster blies this perimen may fifty be transferred from the collection made by Mr. Gosse: bird has been variously characterized, but rarely appreciated. It is, in truth, when heard away from the crowd, a wild, rich PASSET-THE DITTO

Love came to Flora asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen.
The fly and the rose, long, long had been
fly and the rose, long, long had been
fly also that high honor. Bards of power
flad sung their claims. "The rose can never
tower
Like the pain fly with her Janamien"—
"flut is the fly lowerer." Thus between
flower factions are the attrict of Frederick

days, the delightful odor of fresh earth and strong vegetable growth. It is impossible to describe, but no bird's song is more exwer-factions rang the strike in Psyche

lower.
dive me a flower delicious as the rose
And stately as the life in ter pride "But of what color " -" Rose red," Love first Then proyed, -" No, lift white, -or, both pro-And Flore gave the lotus, "reserted" dyed, and "file a mite," - the queeniest flower that blows

A Communicate Book.

Heaven's tiate, A story of the Forest of boan, by Lawrenco Severn, Boston, D. Loth-op & Co., is a novel which attempts to incul ium of a story, and the success attending be effort is very indifferent. It deals with ertain phases of religious life in England sity years ago, representing that the Estab-shed Church of England in those days was tiract them in the emotional exhortations of the Methodists and Baptists. A rector of the time to draw moral inferences from every classed as strictly religious, and yet is far re-moved from the worldly. It will be attrac-tive to neither of these two grand divisions (humanity, because of the wilderness of emmonplace with which it abounds.

The Moral Tone of Some Recent Stories In the December number of Harper's lagarise appeared a short story from the en of one of New England's gifted daughters entitled " The Madonna of the Tubs." It is a story of a somewhat rarer beauty than has distinguished most of the productions of an unpretentions story and does not aspir interesting incident at the time of the arrival to special prominence. It does not seek to portray any particular phase of our conglom-erate life, as do the charming stories of Bret Harte and Miss Murtree. It does not aim race, of which Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Mrs. Jackson's "Romona" are notable examples. Likewise it has little to do with descriptions of natural beauty where that is the principal purpose of the story. As the title implies, its sphere of action is modest and simple, but it is broad and comprehensive and deep, too, for it deals with the love and agony of a human heart. Indeed, at first glance we are apt to think the title misplaced or, to say the least, somewhat premisplaced or, to say the least, somewhat pre-sumptuous. And we wonder how the perven of a genius could portray the divine face is a Madonna from the careworn, tired feaures of a simple washwoman. But the authorese has succeeded wonderfully in this sketch, for it is rather to be considered as a work of almost as true an art as that which looks out from the canvas of Raphael. The story is a monologue, and the hard-working wife of a fisherman on the rough. New Eng-land coast is the heroine. There is little attempt in it to give us a view of that picturesque ocean scenery. But what there is is sketched in such a bold, real manner that, as we listen to the wild beating of the poor coman's heart and then catch the reverbera ons of the waves as they beat against the cky coast, the one seems but the natural itward expression of the other.

It is not intended here to enter upon an nalysis of the story. Such cold-blooded issection belongs rather to the scientist, not to the lover of pure beauty for its own sake, whether it be a flower, a painting or a stors ich as this. We have no desire either t bigage in a psychological investigation and earch out the main-springs of action. It could be a desecration. We can only tearfully listen to the wild wall of that heart-broken woman and her crippled boy as they run down to the coast and cry out for the husband and father to return. For it is a wail that one hears often after the facts of the story are forgotten. And the heart will throb, too, with the keenest joy when after long months of widowed ioneliness that same poor woman's beart is made glad again the return of the husband she

case is Graffam against Burgess. In the course of his opinion Mr. Justice Bradley ut-ters a great moral truth: "It is insisted that the proceedings were story the basis of some observation and to use it as a comparison to point out the evil tendencies of some of our American stories. The short story is a comparatively recent de all conducted according to the forms of law. Very likely. Some of the most atrocious frauds are committed in that way. Indeed, elopment of our literature, and it is a development that should be encouraged. It is well in accord, too, with the spirit of the age which demands a conciseness and brevity in ticular the parties to it often are to proceed according to the strictest forms of law." The most atrocious fraud ever committed literary productions as in other departments of our national life. The long novel will be compelled to give way to the short story which can be read from our monthly magwhich can be read from our monthly maga-zines. Where there is one person who will read with interest the extended analytical pages of Mr. James' "Bostonians," there will be thousands who will be touched by the simple story of the wifely affection and love of "The Madonna of the Tubs," The former is no doubt charming reading to the few intensely literary complessors of Boston few intensely literary connects of Boston who would smile with an air of superiority at a simple tale of love. It is cleverly written, of course, but the criticism of the Ath enseum is an apt one, which is that "the Bos-tonians" would be very interesting reading if it were greatly condensed, but stretched out as it is through two long volumes, it is very soon after they reached California, a suit for divorce was instituted by the countess, on the grounds of cruelty and infidelity. The tiresome." A short story on the contrary will reach the greater number of people, and consequently its influence will be deeper and broader: and then, if it possess a pure moral tone, who can calculate how largely it will purify our national literature and life? Indeed it requires rather more literary skill and a higher order of talent to construct a perfect short story than to write a long novel. One feature that marks "The Madouna of suit failed. Now she is suing to recover \$10,000 which she alleges her husband has appropriated out of her separate property. She is also suing for \$2,000 worth of grain and hay which the countess says the count cut off of her ranch to feed his own stock. perfect short story than to write a loog novel.

One feature that marks "The Madonna of
the Toba" for special approbation is the pure
moral tone of the story. This is a feature
that ought to commend itself especially to
the lover of pure literature. It stands out in
bold contrast with some of the novels that
have been particularly admired lately.

"East Ange" by Miss Woolsen, which
has just come to an end in Harper's, is one
of that kind. This story is fairly redolent
with Southern warmth and beauty. It has
about it all the seductive charm of that fragrant atmosphere. The descriptions of that rant atmosphere. The descriptions of that luxuriant scenery are wrought out by the writer with a rare charm; and the warm ra-diance of her characters is in wonderful cor-respondence. Had the scene of the story been laid somewhere up among the cold

bleak bills of New England we doubt not that the story would be considered positively immoral. That the lovely Garda should fail respectely in love with the interesting ar st, who is the husband of another loes not seem at all incongruous when it all occurs among the delicious grange groves of Florida and beneath the warm Southern noon. But therein lies the deception and from seneath it all there arises a deadly poison. Our moral sense is not so keen among such surroundings. So likewise we are apt to look with a forgiving eye upon young Win throp making love to the sensitive Margare, even though she be the sworn wife of another man. And when a crisis comes the author oss very cumulicity leads us into a Florida swamp, inxuriant with vegetation and heavy with delightful odors in order the better to stille our moral sense. That the husband of the one and the wife of the other are unworthy is a source of regret and pity, but in no sense a pallation or excuse for the great moral wrong committed. Winthrop is a coward and wholly without honor, while seemingly conducting himself with due de-corum and delicacy. Margaret, high-bred and proud, seems not to have yielded to her great temptation, even though she confessed her love for a man not her husband. And her final victory, noble as it is, cannot wash out the stain of her former guilt. The im-pulsive, misguided Garda finds no barrier to her love in the fact that Lucian is already swort to love and protect a wife; while be himself seems to nonchalantly and thought-lessly receive the warm devotion of Garda, even to being impolite to the wife of his tessen. What a wanton disregard of the poliest tie on earth, that of husband and wife It is a picture that would well become the stories of Baseasclo or Zola. Of course it is stories of Besearch or Zola. Of course it is without the coarseness and vulgarity of the former and the avowed immorality of the latter. In this the poison is more delicate and consequently more instinuating. And not to feel the moral shock necessarily be-

> Now "The Madonna of the Tuts" is a tale of love, too, but it is the love of a wife for her husband—a wife with children, one acripple, husband—à wife with children, one acripple, and for that reason dearer to her motherly heart. No comantic love-making under the soft radiance of a Southern moon or in the shadows of orange groves, but the love of a true woman's heart that barns like a beacon light and radiates far out over the rough New England coast. No fair-faced Garda, panting with an unholy love for a man aiready bound to another woman, but a simple heart-broken wash-woman crying in the night for the absent father of her children. This is a tale of pure wifely affection, and eyes full with tears of righteous sympathy as eyes hil with tears of righteous sympathy we think of her long nights of agony and de-spair. The sterling morality of the story is its greatest charm. There is nothing in it to stock the moral sense no allurement to look whilly upon a horrid moral wrong; no violation of the sarred vows of marriage; no false sympathy excited. It it be somewhat highly wrought it at least finds an echo in human hearts, in which it strikes a kindred chord. When we read it we lose sight en-tirely of all the wild natural beauty of the urroundings, for we are looking down into the poor woman's heart and listening to its agonizing throbs. The clear tenor of the story is not hidden by an environment most beautiful and lovely in itself, but which too often serves a doubtful purpose.

trays a not very keen moral perception in

Where there is a moral conveyed by a story it is due to an intelligent Christian peo-ple that it be in accord with the well-defined grinciples of right. Its morality must be wholly pure if we would preserve the purity of our literature and life. The stories of Miss Murtree, for instance, are nothing more than simply beautiful; as works of art in the way of nature descriptions they are inimitable. Her illustrations of the Tennessee dialect are antogether charming and thoroughly wholesome. They are valuable contributions to our literature and as works of art accord with the highest sosthetic taste. Beneath her beautiful word-parating there lurks no poison that arises to taint the moral nature uently it is noticeable that the first part of "East Angels," which is wenderfully full of pleasing descriptions of Florida life and scenery, is vastly superior to the latter part, where the moral wrong becomes more apparent. If we could only condemn the unballowed loves of tarda and Lucian and Winthrop and Margaret, the story would teach a different moral; but the writer has thrown around them such a charming halo that we can do naught else but love them.

Hence the greater decoption and fraud and consequent moral wrong.

If the characters of a story are ideal or facelfully drawn, as in the stories of which "The Lady of Little Fishing" is an example, such a stern rule of invality is not de-manded; but where the writer deals with the ordinary relations of life and introduces real characters that we meet and know, then for the sake of the purity of our national lit-erature, let there be no laxity of morals. For as is the standard of our national literature, so will be the standard of our national life,

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

rimson of the morning, in the whitenes of the room, In the author glory of the day's retreat, in the midnight robed to darkness, or the glean ing of the moon. I listed for the company of his feet.

I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of trailler, On the temple's markle payament, on the

street, Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the wiopes of Calvary, The sorrow of the communof his feet, Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from be

I wixt the chernbim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion
strong and steet,
counds his victor tread, approaching with a inusic far and dim-

The music of the coming of his feet. sandaled not with aboon of silver, girdled not with woven gold, Weighted not with shummering gems and odors sweet,
But white winged and shed with glory in the
Tabor light of old—

Tabor light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.
He is coming, O my spirit t with his everlasting

With his blessedness imortal and complete. He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming

Histen for the coming of his feet. -Lyman Whitney Allen,

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gray, Aver's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and topact to it the lustre and freshuess of youth.

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TRAFELEE'S GUIDE.

ANCASTER AND MILLERSVILLE R. R. -TIME TABLE. Cars leave Lancaster for Millersville at 750 950 and 1130 a. m., and 250, 100, 500 and 820 p. m., Cars leave Millersville for Lancaster at 650 850 and 1000 a. m., and 130, 350, 550 and 750 a. m. READING & COLUMBIA RAILROAD LAND BRANCHES, AND LEBANON AND LANCASTER JOINT LINE R. R.

On and after SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8th 685 TRAINS LEAVE READING For Columbia and Lancaster at 7.15a. in ... or noon and 6.10 p. m. for Quarry ville at 7.15a. in. and 6.10 p. in For Chickles at 7.15a. in. and 6.10 p. in

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. TRAINS LEAVE QUARRY VII. (. 8.

TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE
For Lancaster at 8,35 and 7,15 a. m. acot 2.5 p.
For Reading at 6,35 a. m. and 2.35 p.
For Lebanon at 2,35 p. m.
LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster.)
For Reading at 7,39 a. m., 12,40 and 2,40 p. m.
For Lebanon at 6,40 a. m., 12,40 and 2,50 p. m.
For Quarryville at 9,5 a. m., 4,40 and 8,30 p. m.
LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster.)
For Reading at 7,40 a. m., 12,50 and 3,50 p. m. For Quarryville at 912 a. m., 4.30 and 8.50 p. m. TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON. For Lancaster at 7.30 a. m., 1230 and 7.30 p. m. For Quarryville at 7.20 a. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

TRAINS LEAVE READING
For Lancaster at 7.30 a. m. and 4.00 p. in
For Quarry ville at 4.00 p. in.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRY VILLE For Lauenster, Lebanon and Reading at 7 to a on TRAINS LEAVE SING ST. (Lancaster,)

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

p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE LEBANDS.

For Lancaster at Table in, and Fifp, m.

For Quarryville at Rafp, m.

For connection at Columbia, Marietta Junetion, Lancaster Junction, Manheim, Reading
and Lebanon, see time tables at all stations.

A. M. WILSON, Superintendent.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHED ULE.—Trains thave Lancaster and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows:

| Leave | Leave | Philadelphia | Lancaster | Li29 p. m. | 130 a. m. | 450 a. m. | 650 a. m. | 7,60 a. m. | 925 a. m. | 925 a. m. | 925 a. m. | 1550 a. m. | 1550 a. m. | 260 p. m. | 260 p. m. | 250 p. m. | 2 WESTWARD Pactic Express;
News Express;
News Express;
May Passenger;
Mail train via Mt. Joy.
No. 2 Mail Train;
Niagara Express;
Hadover Accom.
Fast Line;
Frederick Accom. 9:50 a. m.
9:50 a. m.
9:50 b. m.
9:50 p. m.
9:50 p. m.
9:50 p. m.
9:50 p. m.
9:40 p. m.
9:40 p. m.
12:10 a. m.
12:10 p. m.
12: Harrisburg Express. Chicago and Cin, Ex.; Western Express; EASTWARD. Phila Express Harrisburg Express Colombia Accom.... Seashore Express.... Johnstown Accom.... Sunday Mail....

burg at 8:10 p. m. and arrives at Lancaster at 9:30 p. m.

The Marietta Accommodation leaves Columbia at 8:10 a. m. and reaches Marietta at 6:55. Also leaves Columbia at 11:45 a. m. and 2:45 p. m., reaching Marietta at 12:91 and 2:35. Leaves Marietta at 3:50 p. m. and arrives at Columbia at 3:50 p. m. and arrives at 8:50.

The Fork Accommodation leaves Marietta at 12:03 and arrives at Lancaster at 8:50 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 and connecting at Lancaster at 2:25 and reaches Lancaster at 12:35 p. m.

p. m. Hanover Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Ningara Express at 9:50 a. m., will run through to Hanover, daily, except Sun-

day.
Fast Line, west, on Sunday, when flagged,
will stop at Downingtown, Coatesville, Parkes
burg, Mt. Joy, Elizabethtown and Middletown,
† The only trains which run daily. On Sunday
he Mail train west runs by way of Columbia.

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