THE THEATRICAL YEAR

CLOSING A MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON AT FULTON OPERA HOUSE.

A Review of the Dramatic Events of the Year in Their Order—The Kind of Audiences They Had and the Satisfaction That Was Afforded.

When Mr. Blasius Yecker, the proprietor of Fulton opera house, took the train for Fort Scott, Kansas, on Tuesday afternoon, as was noted in these columns at the time, his face wore a placid smile, doubtless due to the fact that the dramatic season in this city for the past year had been up to his very best expectations. Like a wise man, he was seeking some well-earned rest after a length of assiduous devotion to business. The INTELLIGENCER presents below a review of the theatrical events of the year with size of house, quality of performance, etc., which abundantly justifies Mr. Yecker's good humor. The season differed much from that of last year. Then the skating rink was getting in its work to the intense disgust of the theatre proprietor, and empty benches greeted the best of attractions. But, obedient to the law of the survival of the fittest, rinks have gone glimmering, and theatres have gained larger audiences from the reaction that set in against the craze.

It will be noticed that fewer "stars" are in the list of the dramatic events referred to. Frederick Warde, Rhea and Fanny Davenport are in the summary, because they are Lancaster favorites. The absence of other big guns of the stage is easily explained by the fact that we are in the transition stage of cheap theatrical prices. When things thoroughly readjust themselves, we may expect to return to the conditions of yore, when the great actors and actresses of the country will find it to their advantage to put in a night or two in our cultured inland city.

The business office of the opera house is to be entirely remodelled this summer. The plant of the *Footlight* will be removed, a space partitioned off for the bill posters, larger accommodations given to those who come for reserved seats, and the present rather awkward window converted into one of plate glass more in accordance with the general plan of the front of the building. Mr. Bert Rinehart will continue to act as Mr. Yecker's right-hand man in the conduct of the opera house, and the public will be glad to know that the invaluable services of this genial gentleman are to be retained. Herewith is presented a review of the season's theatrical events:

A Review of the Season.

Aug. 24.—Annie Lewis in "A Little Trump." This was a three nights' engagement, business was big and the audiences seemed entirely satisfied.

Sept. 5.—James Wallick in "The Bandit King" company. One night, big house, good performance of the border drama kind.

Sept. 11.—Edwin Thorne in "The Black Flag," one night; a fine play to a fair audience.

Sept. 12.—Lester & Williams company in "The Parlor Match," with Miss Jennie Yeamans in the title role; big business, giving general satisfaction.

Sept. 14.—The Suydam Pantomime company for four nights to fair audiences.

Sept. 21.—Miss Lillie Hinton in a week's engagement in drama; large houses and much popular satisfaction.

Sept. 28.—The Corinne Opera company in one week's engagement in comic opera; good average business and audiences generally well pleased.

Oct. 5.—The Charles L. Davis combination in "Alvin Joslin;" mediocre performance to a packed house.

Oct. 6.—The Louis E. Arnot Dramatic company in a five night's engagement under the management of Mr. Thomas Daily, of this city; fair houses that were well pleased.

Oct. 12.—C. M. Pyke's "Mikado" company; light business and an ordinary presentation.

Oct. 13.—Hi Henry's minstrels; an indifferent performance to a good house.

Oct. 14.—Lang's Comedy company for two nights in "Scheming"; poor business and a light-weight rendition.

Oct. 17.—The Madison Square Theatre company in "The Private Secretary"; large house and very general satisfaction.

Oct. 19.—The Starr-Harris Opera company in a week of comic opera; large business and rather fine presentations.

Oct. 26.—James O'Neill in "The Count of Monte Christo"; fine scenery, excellent dramatic work and a good house.

Oct. 27.—Wm. J. Scanlan in "Shane-na-Lawn"; a light house that was very much pleased with the work of the talented Irish comedian.

Oct. 29.—Miss Jennie Calef in a three nights' engagement to business that kept constantly increasing; fair performances.

Nov. 2—Harrison & Gourlay in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon"; big house, performance did not give satisfaction.

Nov. 3.—Lizzie May Ulmer in "Dad's Girl"; poor business and a fairly good presentation.

Nov. 4.—Samuel Draper company in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for two nights; large business and same old play.

Nov. 7.—Frederick Warde in "Virginius"; a very successful engagement in point of audiences and satisfaction.

Nov. 9.—Lecture course of teachers institute for five nights to packed houses.

Nov. 14.—Frank Mayo in "Nordeck" to only fair business; a fine play.

Nov. 19.—J. K. Emmett in "Fritz in Ireland"; a packed house that was by no means pleased with the performance given.

Nov. 20.—The Madison Square company in "Called Back"; a strong play to a light audience.

Nov. 25.—Gilmore & Gardner's "Devil's Auction" company; a spectacular drama of ordinary worth that was largely patronized.

Nov. 26.—Lester & Allen, with the pugilists Sullivan and Muldoon; a packed house and an average minstrel performance; good statuary work.

Nov. 27—and matinee of Nov. 28.—Lecture and views on the "Battle of Gettysburg" under the auspices of the G. A. R.; good lectures and fairly well patronized.

Nov. 28.—Ben Plympton in "The Mountebank"; a very strong performance to a poor house.

Dec. 7.—Goldie & Steel's Novelty company for three nights; good speciality organization that did an average business.

Dec. 11.—William Redmund and Mrs. Thomas Barry for two nights; fair dramatic work to moderate houses.

Dec. 14.—Bennett & Moulton's Comic Opera company for one week; excellent performances that were largely attended.

Dec. 21.—Fanny Davenport in "Fedora" supported by Robert Mantell; a splendid performance to a good house.

Dec. 22.—J. K. Burke's California minstrels; inferior performance to a large house.

Dec. 25.—Louise Pomeroy in Shakespearean plays "As You Like It" and "Hamlet," for two nights; fine presentations to good business.

Dec. 28.—John Templeton's "Mikado" company; a good house and fair presentation.

Dec. 30.—John S. Murphy in the "Kerry Gow"; a good house and very ordinary performances.

Dec. 31.—Ashton Brothers Specialty company for three nights; excellent variety show to big business.

Jan. 4.—Mestayer's "We, Us & Co"; a very indifferent performance to a small house.

Jan. 5.—George C. Miln in "Richelieu"; fine dramatic work, but poor house.

Jan. 6.—LeClair & Brook's Vaudeville company for two nights; average show and poor business.

Jan. 8.—Arthur Rehan's company in "A Night Off"; good play to a good house.

Jan. 11.—McNish, Johnson & Slavin's minstrels; average minstrel company to only fair business.

Jan. 14.—John T. Raymond in "The Magistrate"; a big house that was also delighted.

Jan. 18.—George Boniface in "Streets of New York"; fair rendition to large business.

Jan. 19.—Gus Williams in "Oh, What a Night"; fair comedy to a good house.

Jan. 25.—Rhea in "An Unequal Match"; average business that gave very general satisfaction.

Jan. 25.—Return engagement of the Louise Arnot Company for one week to very large houses.

Feb. 2.—Bailey Campbell's "Galley Slave" company"; good company to a light house.

Feb. 3.—Ira Kendall in "A Pair of Kids"; a good show to a poor house.

Feb. 4.—Walter S. Sanford's "Breadwinner's" company for three nights; elaborate scenery and good houses.

Feb. 8.—The Atkinson & Cook company with Flov Crowell as the star, one of the most successful week engagements of the season.

Feb. 15.—The Alfa Norman Opera company in "The Mikado"; a good house and fine performances.

Feb. 16.—Flora Moore in "The Toy Pistol"; a poor play to a fair house.

Feb. 19.—Ashton Bros. Specialty company return visit for two nights; very large business.

Feb. 25.—"Old Folks" concert for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., by local talent to a packed house.

Feb. 26.—Pat Rooney's Specialty company; a good show to a light audience.

Feb. 27.—Repetition of "Old Folks" concert to another large audience.

March 1.—Lester & Williams' return visit in "A Parlor Match"; light business and inferior performance.

March 2.—McIntyre & Heath's minstrels; average minstrel show to light business.

March 4.—Ida Siddon's Female Mastodons; fair show to fair audience.

March 5.—Frederick Warde in "Damon and Pythias"; splendid presentation to a packed house.

March 8.—Blind Tom in his wondrous musical work to a good house.

March 10.—Abbey's "Uncle Tom's Cabin company to a good house.

March 11.—Ezra Kendall's return visit in "A Pair of Kids" to increased business.

March 12.—Dan Sully's Corner Grocery; inferior performance to small audience.

March 13.—Return visit of Edwin Thorne in "The Black Flag" to fair business.

March 16.—Salsbury's Troubadours, under the management of Rinehart and Goodhart; good show to a large house.

March 18.—Burr Oak's company for three nights to light audiences.

March 22.—Waite's Comedy company for one week to moderate houses.

March 30.—The Two Johns company; fair performance to good business.

March 31.—Col. George Burton's Florida minstrels to packed house.

April 6—"The Rag Baby"; a good performance to a good audience.

April 8.—The Madison Square Theatre company; a good play to only a fair house.

April 12.—Frank Mayo's return visit in Nordeck for two night; very light audiences.

April 14.—The Madison Square Theatre company in "Young Mrs. Winthrop"; a good play to a poor house.

April 15.—Gustavus Clarke's dramatic company for three nights; passable performances to fair houses.

April 19.—Sam Hemple under the G. A. R. management; good show to very light business.

April 22.—Return visit of Frederick Warde in "Othello"; fine rendition to a large house.

April 28.—Henry Chanfrau in "Kit, the Arkansaw Traveler" for two nights; good performances to fair houses.

April 30.—Mrs. Tom Thumb's company for two nights; Saturday matinee one of the largest of the season.

May 3.—Gray & Stephens' Dramatic company; fine work to large houses.

May 4.—St. Joseph's hospital concert by the choir of the Baltimore cathedral to a large house.

Last night's Gaethian celebration will be followed a week later by that of the Diagnothians, with an engagement of Si Perkins on May 19 sandwiched in between. The theatrical season will probably close for 1885-6 with the Ida Lewis company, which begins a week's engagement on May 24 in a repertorie of tragedy and comedy.

THE CLERGY AND LABOR QUESTION.

They do Not Seem to Know More About it Than Other People.

From the New York Tribune.

Public Opinion of Washington has asked one hundred clergymen representing all the Christian denominations to give their opinions upon the question: What is the proper relation of the pulpit to the labor question? And in its last issue it prints in full a number of the replies it has received. As might be expected, these replies traverse a great deal of old ground and state many axiomatic truths which no one outside of a lunatic asylum or an anarchist meeting would never think of denying. That both capital and labor have rights, that these rights are constantly in danger of being overlooked or ignored, that capital and labor should work in harmony, and that every one would be much happier if the golden rule was universally observed, which it would need a great deal of eloquence to make startling. But simply to state them as desirable things either in a pulpit or a newspaper will, it is to be feared, do little to settle the labor question.

The truth is, and these ministerial opinions bring it out clearly, neither the pulpit nor the pew knows just how to solve the problem of capital and labor. As the Rev. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, says: "Our labor troubles are comparatively new in the economic experience of our country. We are feeling our way along, with such knowledge and experience as we have, trusting that time and the better thought and feeling of both capitalists and laborers will lead to a wise and peaceful solution of the troubles and even perils, through which our country is passing." It is perhaps hardly fair to expect clergy to solve an economic problem which has thus far baffled the wisdom of political economists. But the clergy see clearly that it is a problem that they ought to solve and which they must solve if they are to do their whole duty as Christian teachers. It is not strange therefore that some of them advocate the establishment of chairs of sociology in theological seminaries. A knowledge of the historic theology of the church is very desirable, they say, but a knowledge of the questions that confront the preacher to-day is even more desirable. It may be well to know the rallying cries of the men of the first centuries; but it is far more important to know the rallying cries of the men of the nineteenth century.

There seems to be a practical value in this suggestion, and it is to be hoped that the young clergy will devote themselves to the study of the social and economic questions of the day. For after all they are to preach not to the first century or medieval sinners, but to nineteenth century sinners.

A Tall Tower in France.

The very small success which attended that gigantic enterprise of the sons of Noah does not seem to have in the least deterred a patriot of France from projecting the building of another big thing in towers. M. Eiffel, a French engineer, has submitted for approval to the minister of commerce and industry the plan of an immense tower, which he proposes to erect within the precincts of the Universal exhibition which is to be held in Paris in 1889. His proposed monument would consist of an iron framework 975 feet nigh, through which the wind could circulate freely. In shape, it would resemble a huge lighthouse, having at the top a platform, which in rough weather would swing to and fro like a masthead with oscillations of about a yard.

Visitors would be taken to the summit in a lift, while, on a landing 200 feet in altitude, they could get out and lunch at a restaurant. The French engineer estimates that the undertaking would cost about $1,000,000. It is also suggested by the partisans of the scheme that scientific experiments and astronomical investigations might be conducted on top of the tower with novel and interesting results. With visitors from all parts of the world, jabbering each in their own tongue as they ascend and descend the great erection, if carried out, is likely to bear a striking resemblance to that of Shem, Ham and Japhet.

Victor Hugo's Wide Range.

James Payn, writing of some newly found MSS. of Victor Hugo, says: "One piece is said to describe two lovers lost in a wood where grow poisonous herbs and where they are saved from an ogre king by a romantic brigand; another tells of a mysogynist walking in a flowery mead who meets a damsel who changes his views; another describes the conversion of an atheistical marquis by a believing beggar."

Baltimore in Danger.

Sam Jones' Sermon at Baltimore.

You may call us, indeed, if you wish, two gushing greenhorns from Georgia, to tell you that in forty days the people of Baltimore are to go down to damnation. Yet I declare to you that I believe I stand on this platform commissioned to say that in forty days Baltimore may be overthrown and you swallowed up in despair and death unless you make your peace with your God.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

God does not send us strange flowers every year:
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.

It all comes back, the odor, grace, and hue:
Each sweet relation of its life repeated.
No blank is left; no looking-for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death—winter it must be:
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places,
The old love shall look out from the old faces

IIIIIII!

THE CROP GATHERED LAST WINTER SAID TO BE 50,000 TONS.

Names of the Dealers and the Number of Wagons of Each—The Pioneer in the Business—When the Commodity Was Scarce—Which is the Better Quality?

"Keep cool," is good advice to give any one during these times of strikes and riots, and especially is it so now at the beginning of a hot summer.

Ice is an excellent agent with which to reduce the temperature of summer heat, and the temper of choleric people which often gets above blood heat.

"Go, soak your head in ice water" is advice often given to persons whose stomachs are soaked with something else.

The ice crop of Lancaster, the present season, is estimated at 50,000 tons. Of this aggregate the regular ice dealers have in their ice-houses 35,000 tons.

The brewers, butchers, ice-cream manufacturers, and others who use large quantities of ice in their business, have not less than 10,000 tons stored in their ice vaults, and private families who have ice vaults of their own, have not less than 5,000 tons, additional.

This supply is expected to keep cool the good people of this city until after the dog days.

THE CROP AN EXCELLENT ONE.

The crop of ice now being drawn upon, is an unusually fine one. The past winter was very severe and the streams and springs and ponds in the vicinity of this city were tightly frozen for weeks, together enabling the ice-cutters to harvest an abundance of pure congealed crystal ice from six to fourteen inches in thickness.

The greater part of the ice was taken from the Big Conestoga creek, but large quantities were also cut from the Little Conestoga, from Mill creek, from the fish-ponds north of the city, from the city reservoirs and from neighboring springs and ponds.

NAMES OF THE DEALERS.

Following are the dealers who now supply the city. We place their names according to their seniority in the trade, and give also the number of wagons each has in use:

Peter B Fordney, 3 wagons; Finley Elliott, 2; Samuel Elliott, 1; Simmons & Bro., 2; Wm. T. Youart, jr., 1; Samuel Gruel, 2; John Hartman, 4; Henry Glazier, 1; Isaac Heiney, 1; Piscatorial company, 3; Daniel Brown, 1.

The above named dealers with their twenty wagons and a score or two of assistants are on the street daily delivering the cool chunks of comfort from door to door. Some of their customers, who use large quantities, are supplied two or three times a day.

ICE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In the good old days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" the late Jacob Hartman, the pioneer ice dealer, with one one-horse wagon supplied all Lancaster with ice, and made money at it. Some years later he obtained leave from city councils to erect an ice house on the grounds east of the city reservoir, and to have the exclusive privilege of cutting ice from the reservoir, until his ice house was filled, at the end of which time he was to give the use of his machinery to others who might want to take ice from the reservoirs. No one, we believe ever availed himself of this privelege, and the lease is yet vested in John Hartman, successor to Jacob Hartman.

Michael Steigerwalt was Mr. Hartman's first competitor in the ice business. He built a house and ice on the Conestoga, near Reigart's Landing. He sold out his place to Samuel Taylor, who after the war sold out to Shirk & Weidler, and they, in 1869, sold out to Peter B. Fordney, who has from then to now carried on an extensive business.

Both Mr. Hartman and Mr. Fordney have had their ice-houses several times burned by incendiaries, but each fire resulted in the erection of larger and more convenient structures.

GREAT INCREASE IN CONSUMPTION.

The consumption of ice in this city is now six times as large as it was ten years ago. The heaviest customers are the hotel and restaurant keepers. One of these gentlemen informed the INTELLIGENCER that his bill for ice during the past year was $250. Several others have paid bills as large or larger. It takes an immense amount of ice to keep the beer pumps, liquor refrigerators, and water coolers of a hotel or restaurant supplied.

BREWERS, BUTCHERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

Most of the brewers, as stated above, cut their own ice for cooling purposes in their business, but buy from the dealers to supply their saloons.

Butchers, during the summer months consume large quantities of ice to keep their meats in good condition. Those who depend on our dealers for a supply use from 500 to 1,500 pounds per week.

The ice-cream manufacturers are also heavy consumers. It takes an immense quantity of ice to freeze the thousands of gallons of milk and cream that are used daily in the form of ice-cream, to cool the throats and stomachs of sweltering humanity.

The soda fountains also make heavy drafts upon the ice dealers, but the public will no doubt be astonished to learn that the undertakers are still better customers. "Cold as death" becomes a saying of sad significance when we consider the hundreds of corpses that before burial are enclosed in the ghastly ice boxes, their cold and rigid forms and features being rendered more cold and rigid by their chilling surroundings.

ICE FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE.

But, after all, the best customers of the dealers and the greatest consumers of ice are the common people. Thousands of dwellings and stores and shops and offices are supplied with refrigerators and water coolers, and into these daily the ice merchant empties his wagons. An ordinary sized water cooler will keep constantly supplied for 20 or 30 cents per week, and family refrigerators from 25 to 50 cents per week, according to size.

Families are supplied by the year at from $12 to $25. Those who take ice only during the summer months are charged higher rates.

The usual price charged per 100 pounds is from 20 to 30 cents, the average being about 25 cents.

FAMINE PRICE OF ICE.

The highest price ever charged in this city was in 1872, when Messrs. Hartman and Fordney were the only dealers, and when on account of an ice famine the price went up to one and a-half cents per pound, and hard to get at that. On several other occasions, owing to scarcity, ice was sold at a-half and three-quarter cents per pound.

For three years past, all the ice sold in Lancaster has been cut in the vicinity, and there has been abundance of it.

RELATIVE MERIT OF RIVER AND RESERVOIR ICE.

There is some diversity of opinion as to the relative purity of ice cut from the different sources of supply. Many people prefer the ice cut from the city reservoir, because it is taken from the surface of a still body of water that has had time to settle before freezing, and is therefore more free from impurity than that taken from a large running stream, or from ponds or springs. Others prefer the spring-water ice, on the ground that the water is necessarily purer than that pumped from the Conestoga into the reservoir, or collected into ponds from smaller springs.

On the other hand those who cut Conestoga ice claim that it is the best; that the rapidly flowing stream carries off all impurities and that only the pure water freezes. In evidence of this they show their solid blocks, clear as crystal, a foot or more in thickness, without a trace of organic matter, and without a line to mark its different freezings, while the reservoir and spring-water ice has line upon line to show just how much was frozen each night; while impurities lighter than the water rise to the surface and are frozen into the ice.

"You pay your money and you take your choice." Be sure and take enough to keep cool, both your refrigerators and yourselves.

LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long on oak, three hundred years,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;

THE LICENSE QUESTION.

Judge Rice, of Luzerne county, in a recent opinion, refusing a good many applications for license, against which remonstrances had been filed, delivered the following interesting opinion upon the rights and duties of courts in respect to the granting of licenses:

We need hardly say that we cannot take notice of objections contained in anonymous communications which have in some cases been mailed to us. In this connection we take occasion to say that we know of no method adopted to influence judicial action which is so despicable, and at the same time so futile as this.

These same persons would never hint at attempting to influence judicial action in any other matters in this way. We believe they err in the matter through thoughtlessness and not intentionally. They forget that, under the law, the discretion which is vested in the judges is to be exercised judicially and not according to our private opinions, whims, prejudices, or partialities. We may enter on erroneous judgment and not forfeit the respect of honest men, but a judgment based on private and corrupt representations is deserving of contempt. It would be as much a sin in the adjudication of a liquor license application as in the adjudication of any other question submitted for judicial determination.

WHAT JUDGE AGNEW SAYS.

The general remonstrances presented on the day appointed for granting licenses deserve respectful consideration because they come from associations of Christian women who have no selfish interests to serve, and who undoubtedly have the moral welfare of the community at heart. At the same time we believe that these appeals are based on an erroneous notion of the law, and of the discretionary power which the people, acting through their representatives, have seen fit to vest in the court. Amid the conflicting opinions as to the lawful authority and duty of the court it is refreshing to be able to refer to an exposition of the subject which is at the same time clear and authoritative. In the case of Schlamlecker vs. Marshall, 22 Sm. 206, the supreme court say, Agnew, J., delivering the opinion:

"No object has been productive of more differences of opinion and practice than this in the different judicial districts of the state, some judges holding it to be obligatory on the court to grant every license where the applicant has brought himself within the provisions of the law as to the terms of his application, and others holding that they are not bound to grant any license whatever. Clearly neither opinion is right, the discretion which the court exercises being a sound discretion upon the circumstances of each case as it is presented to the court and not a general opinion upon the propriety, or impropriety of granting licenses. Whether any or all licenses should be granted is a legislative not a judicial question. Courts sit to administer the law fairly as it is given to them, and not to make or repeal it. The law of the land has determined that license shall exist, and has imposed upon the court the duty of ascertaining the proper instances in which the licenses shall be granted, and, therefore, has given to the court to decide upon each case as it arises in due course of law. The act of deciding is judicial, and not arbitrary or wilful. The discretion vested in the court is, therefore, a sound judicial discretion; and to be a rightful judgment it must be exercised in the particular case and upon the facts and circumstances before the court after they have been heard and duly considered; in other words, to be exercised upon the merits of each case, according to the rule given by the act of assembly. To say that I will grant no license to any one or that I will grant it to every one, is not to decide judicially on the merits of the case, but to determine before hand without a hearing, or else to disregard what has been heard. It is to be determined not according to law, but outside of law, and it is not a legal judgment, but the exercise of an arbitrary will. Discretion is thus described: "Where anything is left to any person to be done according to his discretion, the law intends it must be done with a *sound* discretion and *according to law*, and the courts of King's Bench hath a power to redress things that are *otherwise* done, notwithstanding they are left to the discretion of those that do them." Toulin's Law Dict., vol. 1, tit. "*Discretion*." And though there be a latitude of discretion given to one, yet he is circumscribed that what he does be necessary and convenient, without which no liberty can defend it."

"It is the duty of the court, therefore, to hear and determine each case on its evidence and facts; to ascertain the fitness of the applicant, the necessity of his house for the public accommodation as a hotel or as an eating house, (and this involves the number of each in the particular locality) and to see that the applicant has fully complied with the law, before his license can be granted. This is a large discretion and is to be exercised primarily for the public good, and secondarily for the private interest."

MUST BE REASON FOR DISCRIMINATION.

Accepting the foregoing as the measure of the power vested in the court, how is the duty to be performed? Manifestly the refusal of all applications, or all applications of a particular kind, without evidence on behalf of the general remonstrances and against the evidence adduced on behalf of the petitioners would be an arbitrary act, and not the exercise of a sound discretion. The discretion which the court is to exercise is a "sound discretion upon the circumstances of each case as it is presented to the court, and not a general opinion upon the propriety or impropriety of granting licenses." Manifestly, also, unless the judges of this court put aside all other duties, and undertake to decide from personal examination and inspection of the numerous places which we are asked to license some general system must be adopted for the hearing of the applications, and we must depend very largely upon the testimony which is submitted to us. Experience has convinced us that under the most carefully devised system mistakes in individual instances will be made, owing to our lack of information as to the surrounding circumstances. This must necessarily be so in the practical execution of any law by any humane tribunal. The court has no disposition to shirk any duty which the law has imposed upon it, nor to shift upon other shoulders the responsibility for its action. At the same time, when the law makes its our duty "to decide upon each case as it arises in due course of law" it is fair that those who have filed these general remonstrances should know that we must pay some attention to the evidence submitted to us, that we sit here to administer the law fairly as it is given to us, and not to make or repeal it. General remonstrances against the granting of all licenses, or protesting against the granting more than a certain number do not assist the court in deciding which application to grant and which to refuse.

A discrimination between applications must be based on some reason, and so long as the courts continue to be the tribunals for deciding upon license applications they must depend largely upon the testimony of those who live in the vicinity and who are in a position to form an intelligent opinion as to the character of the applicant and as to the necessity for his place.

Let Him Have 'Em.

"Mrs. Dowden, I see that you have a new boarder."

"Yes, and he's a very nice young man, indeed. He's a great scholar, too."

"You, don't say so. What's his business?"

"Well, he's a possessor of belles lettres in the Young Ladies' academy."

"Goodness gracious. I shouldn't think she'd let him have 'em."

Make Him Work His Way.

From the Rural New Yorker.

A fat "puffy" bull is a nuisance. Don't let a bull over feed. Give him plenty of exercise. He never will be fit for service if you pamper him. If you can fit up a harness for him, and make him haul out the manure and do other light jobs, you would be doing business like farming.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian peace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, as vain pretense,
Where centre is not—can there be
Circumference?

That I moreover hold and dare
Affirm wher'er my rhyme may go—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn taste, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man may live apart
From worlds, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart

LAND OF REST AND ROMANCE.

Joaquin Miller in the Independent.

His name is Mexico. But romance and rest is about all that can be said of Mexico as I now find it. For a good many years I wandered about Italy and patiently saw her people ridden to death and borne down to the earth by priests, because there was something more than all that to be said. I saw behind those priests the preservation of art and civilization. Much could be set down and said in their favor, even while Garibaldi and the king of Italy were driving them out and closing up their convents. But here? What is here but rest—the rest of death? I find these people, after centuries, shut up in little mud huts, without air and without light.

Literally without light, these people—a warm-hearted, polite and gentle people—are shut up in mud huts, soul and body. They seem as if they had hardly yet escaped from the clay from which they were fashioned on the day of creation.

And yet this is the sweetest land to look on, to breathe in, to live in, that I have ever found. February flowers are on my hand, and on my table, as I write in the heart of Mexico, (in Chihuahua.) The day has been warm, sweet as May, almost sultry.

"How many such sweet days in the year have you here, senor?"

I asked this question of the polite and kindly old bootblack, born at Chihuahua, as I climbed up the crazy stairs in this crazy old adobe house just now to begin my work. He looked at me, scratched his head with his long claw like nails, and I asked him the question again. He got the idea full in his head finally; and then, like a true, old-fashioned generous Castilian, who always likes to make everybody happy, he said:

"One thousand!"

I gave him a Mexican quarter for his huge and generous account of the many good days in the year down here; and he insisted on scrambling up after me and laying those same claws on my bald, bare head and giving me his greasy blessing.

Speaking of this Mexican money, I may mention that I am at this moment loaded down with it. True, I have only what was, when I set out to cross the border, fifty dollars. But for that fifty dollar greenback I have in my pocket about sixty-five massive Mexican silver dollars. Even their silver here, is say nothing of their paper, is sold at about seventy-five cents, as against our American silver dollar.

They are plowing here now and planting. The forked stick, such as they used in Italy before the people arose and drove the priests out, is the only plow I have been able to find among the people in this fertile plain. The grain is trodden out by goats. The wagons are only old logs sawed off and bored through the centre, with oak poles put through for axles. The oxen still have poles tied to their horns for yokes, as seen in the old Greek pictures or stone cuts of a time out of history.

I went up on the hills, far out of the city this morning, among the people. Goats and sheep and pigs were being herded together. Old little times, it seemed to me. Mexican men lay about, under the old walls, and watched me and their flocks at the same time. Americans you meet wandering about here or working on the railway, tell you they are vicious, and that you will be shot or knocked down and robbed. I know better. These are good people; but oh! so helpless, and so hopelessly benighted. I shall go among them with my pockets full of silver, as long as it lasts, as I went among the people of Italy; and you will find that I shall suffer no harm to the end.

All around, at the foot of these brown and lazy mountains I found little mud huts, full of pretty, brown children; full of silent, patient, black-eyed and miserably clad women. And all so shy. And such dense ignorance everywhere. Not one of the people can read or do aught but tend his few goats and sheep and swine, and drive the patient little "burro," with burrs in his tail and all over his enormous good-natured ears. Not one of these people, big or little, old or young, but takes everything from the lips of the priests for gospel. Great lazy and dirty fellows these priests are, too, to look upon.

But, mind you, I do not think the priests are immoral or mean in any way, as a rule. I only think they are pitifully mistaken. Talk with them? I talk with them all the time; about the country; about the people; about all things of which they know anything, as I used to in other lands. And they all tell me that this is the best that these people are capable of.

The priests of Italy used to say that. And yet see how tall and proud that same priest-ridden Italy stands now.

The Mexican women? Away up here in the mountains, far away from temptation, they are purity itself. Even the most impatient American can find no cause of complaint against these modest and most virtuous women up here in the mountains. They are fond of their children to a degree. Every little bit of trinket or color they can find goes to the little brown baby.

And there is much color here. They make for themselves, with their own hands—these modest brown women—many curious and beautiful bits of color to wear. They weave silk—in a very primitive way, it is true—and they make their fabric glorious with color. And how gracefully the little ladies wear what little they have to wear.

I am struck with the possibilities in every foot of this fertile land. True, not every foot of Mexico is fertile, not by a great deal; but where the ground is rich, it is so very rich. And this republic that now has only eight or ten million souls, all told, may very well sustain one hundred millions.

To give you some idea of the extent of Mexico, I may mention that I am now, here in Chihuahua, several hundred miles in the interior; and yet I am more than one thousand miles still from the city of Mexico. We have too small an opinion of the extent, the resources and the power of this storied and glorious land.

Make it a part of our republic? No. The sooner that notion is disposed of the better for us; and the better by a great deal for the Mexicans.

What they need and must have is a hole in the mud hut for the light to enter in at. What they want for soul and body is simply light.

These great, brown, lazy Mexican mountains that I was wandering over this morning, after a brisk ride on a "burro," are full of strange little settlements, without a single hut with light in it. Yet they are clean, as clean as they can be with four or five lazy dogs, a pig or two tied to the door by one foot, four or five goats, a sheep or two, and all that sort of thing.

I never yet came upon such a land. The relations between the mud and the man seem hardly interrupted. And I am told they die as lazy and patiently as they live. Not far from here a little town was attacked last winter with the smallpox. Four thousand people died and not a murmur was made by any one. No lectures, no subscriptions. Not even a paragraph in a capital newspaper a thousand miles or more away. Nor did the priests abandon them or turn aside. Let the truth all be set down. The Mexican is not a coward. Priest or laymen, he will not run away.

And will not the railroad waken the sleeping people with its scream and rumble? It has not yet done so up here in the mountains, whatever it has done elsewhere. You can see them ride alongside the railroad track all day long. They are satisfied. They sit on their horses, dogs at their heels, like the old cavaliers of Virginia, content to remain as they are; proud, imperious, true, honest and extremely foolish.

From this point up to El Paso, the Texan line, you see thousands and thousands and thousands of cattle. These cattle are owned mostly by the governor of this state. Here is wealth enough to set all these miserable people on their feet; divide up the land, distribute the cattle, settle up the whole state. Nothing of the sort seems possible. I have met the sons of this cattle king and governor of a state. They are most polite and cultured. They speak all tongues, I am told, and are perfect gentlemen. But this is the proud old Castilian notion of things. And there is little help for the land while they and their notions dominate in Mexico. And they will dominate until the people break them up, and they will not break them up until the priests give them permission.

And what is the romance in all this round of life? Why, every day is a dream. And be it remembered that beggars are permitted to dream, and children too can dream. God has given us all this; the poor man can dream and romance and build just as lofty castles in Spain as the rich man; and so life goes on here in one continual round of romance.

Yesterday the little adobe hotel in which I have settled down was thrown into a fever of delight. The son of the landlady had fallen in love with the daughter of a man who keeps donkeys to hire across the street. And what was done? Why, the boy told his mother; and the mother then ran and told the father. Then the father told all his relations, and the mother told all her rela-

tives. And then a big talk, that lasted all the glorious moonlit evening, was held at the mother's house. And so it was that this cup of happiness was handed around, and every one of those two simple households was made most happy. And I set it down as a fact that no secret marriage, or great open marriage of state either, that I have ever heard of, ever gave so much romantic delight and genuine joy. I was asked to share in the festivities—innocent enough, asses milk and *tortera* mostly, by way of refreshments—and I was asked to look at the little blushing bride, and asked to give her a blessing in English. How every one delighted in wishing her joy, this sweet and simple daughter of the man from whom I hire my donkey.

And so life goes on here, a thousand miles from the city of Mexico, two thousand miles from New York, with the great, sleepy old mountains of Mexico, shutting out the active world of trade and toil and hard, patient, sober life.

MAY.

May! thou mouth of rosy beauty!
Month when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine;
Bosom rich and breath divine;
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom laden bowers;
Month of little hands with dainties,
Lovers' love and poet's praises;
Oh! thou merry month complete—
May! that every name be sweet!

—*Leigh Hunt.*

Many persons are afflicted with eruptions of the skin, boils or blotches. Brandreth's Pills, taken freely will, in a short time, cure eruptions, pimples or boils. Cases of long standing require treatment for some weeks, but be assured that the worst fever sores or obstinate ulcers will surely disappear if you persevere with these Pills.

There Are a Few Druggists

Who care to make a large profit on a worthless article than to wait for the prosperity that ultimately results from honest dealing. These are the men who, when asked for a Benson's Capcine Plaster, will recommend some cheap and trashy substitute or imitation, saying it is "just as good." Sometimes they will do up and sell the miserable imitation without remark, allowing the customer to suppose he has Benson's. If the salesman you are dealing with, Deep John, will say he has made a mistake—if not, he has done a good stroke of business. The public are cautioned against John and all his kin. Buy of respectable druggists only. The genuine Benson's plaster has the "Three Seals" trademark and the word "Capcine" cut in the centre.

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Be On Your Guard

Benson's Capcine Plasters are widely imitated. That is the fact. Now, why are they imitated? Because they are the only porous plaster in existence that is really trustworthy and valuable. Benson's Plasters are highly and scientifically medicated, and possess virtues and attributes upon which no others have had any effect whatever. The public are therefore cautioned against plasters bearing the names of "Capsicum," "Capsicine," "Capcine" or "Capsicin," which are meant to pass for "Capcine" (please note the difference) and also against plasters bearing the names "Benton's," "Burton's," etc. When buying ask for Benson's Plasters and see that the word "Capcine" is in addition. The genuine has the word "Capcine" cut or impressed in the body of the plaster and the "Three Seals" trademark on the face cloth.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

The Impending Danger.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths since that appear imminent the with Consumption, should cause every one with a cough, to patronize harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemps Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 10 cents and 25 cents per bottle. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, No. 137 North Queen street. ocl6-lwd&W

Don't give up, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in the head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff. It carries by cleansing and healing. Price 50c. at Druggists.

Ex-Mayor E. W. Tenney, Judge T. F. McCormick, E. H. Sherwood, Bankers; J. Maguire, Banker; G. S. Davis, Banker; and J. O. Tichenor, Merchant, all of Elizabeth, N. J., earnestly commend Ely's Cream Balm as a specific for catarrhal affection. my14-2wd&W

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Burns and all Skin Eruptions, positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Cochran, the Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street