sake" school, by these true and gen

words about our lamented poet of the heart.

He based his action upon a principle that
underlay his whole life. 'I have great faith

THE opening of an "Editor's Study" in

charge of a man like Mr. Howells, in

Harper's Magazine, already so richly fur-

nished in its editorial departments, was a

bright idea. Think of it, one magazine to

bave three editorial writers like George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, and

Charles Dudley Warner, to give us their choicest wisdom and brightest thought in every number of the twelve! Why this alone is worth more than the whole magazine

costs. No, with such an equipment Harper's at least need fear nothing from the upspring-ing of any number of new periodicals of whatever kind or degree of excellence.

I pox'r know how it is with others, but as

for me I invariably pass by all the other at-

tractions, in order, first of all, to get at the

very best, the Editor's Chair, Study and

Drawer. Then I turn to the rest. And

here, too, I notice a certain decided consis-tency in this old "new magazine," marked characteristics that it has held from the be-

ginning, and in which it is sat generis. Among these are its seldom missing finely-illustrated article of travel, as in the June number that of Mr. Allen's "Through Cum-

beriand (sap on Horseback "; or of special historic interest, as the exhaustive one on "The United States Navy," by Rear Ad-miral Simpson, or Mr. Carnes on "The Death of Pope Alexander VI"; or of prac-

Death of Pope Alexander VI "; or of practical, industrial or scientific information like R. R. Bowker's "A Lump of Sugar" in the series on Great American Industries, and E. P. Roe's, "The Home-Acre." Then I always find several first-class serials like those now running in it, Blackmore's "Springhaven," Warner's "Their Pilgrimage," and "King Arthur," by the author of John Halifax, consider the series of these these these

cluded in this number. Besides those there are yet short stories, descriptions, and a rich feast of poetry, so that one can almost appre-

ciate the enthusiastic exclamation a bright

young lady friend of mine made the other day: "I simply couldn't lies without my

I AM glad to see, by the way, that Mr. Curtis

has joined his eloquent pen to that of those who are pleading for the protection of our

birds and in condemnation of their wanton

murder for the adornment of women's

bonnets. He does so in his own inimitable

manner, in the Easy Chair. "The story of

the butcher," he says, "who looked out in

the soft summer moonlight and announced that something ought to be done on so fine a night, and he guessed he would go and 'slarter,' was told to Melissa, who cjaculated

pretty Ohs and Ahs, and said, 'But how vulgar!' Yet had some dreadful Nathan heard the words, and beheld Melissa as she spoke, he would have raised his voice, and

pointed his finger and said, 'Thou art the

woman! For the delicate lady was the wearer of dead birds in her hat, and encour-aged the 'slarter' of the loveliest and sweet-

est of innocent song birds merely to gratify her vanity. The butcher, madam, may be vulgar, but at least he does not kill in order to wear the horns and tails of his victims."

Ir any millionaires could be found benevo

lent and sensible enough to do it, I know

how this modern barbarism could be speed

ily and surely cured. He need only buy

enough copies of John Burroughs' exquisite

work will be done. No one can read these books and ever aner willingly hurt a bird, to say nothing of killing or encouraging the kill-ing of those gentlest and most beautiful of

In last week's Christian Union, I read

that Mr. Julian Hawthorne and Mr. George

Parsons Lathrop will shortly enter the news-

paper world, the former as the literary editor

will give the greater part of his time to the

literary department of the New York Star. If that is true, and I suppose it is, it is bu

mother sign of the growing public demand

business, politics, and society. Speed the day, say I!

A Time For Relaxation

Men who would enjoy life as life should be enjoyed must unbend themselves from

ousiness occasionally-they must have re-

creation, and unless they do they are almost

certain, sooner or later, to pay a heavy

penalty for their neglect of one of mature's simplest and most reasonable laws. The

man who feels that he cannot afford to spend

a day or two, or a week or a month in the mountains or in travel is very apt to find out before his life is ended that he has been

laboring under a serious mistake. If he has

not the means, if he cannot spare the money from his business, then the matter assumes a different form; but there are few instances

in which this lack of means is the real cause

Our Hen-Pecked Father,

Few historic women have been more mis-

understood than Mrs. Washington-his

"Dear Patsy," as General Washington ad-dressed her in his letters. She was what

would now be known as a society woman.

She was beautiful, rich, talented, high-bred

and, it must be admitted, shrewdish. It is a fact little known that the immortal Wash-ington was very much hen-pecked, and the

man whose contemporaries all agree that

never was there so much grandeur in any man's personal bearing, who got as many curtain lectures in the course of the year as any man in the city of Unicago.

An Historic Prayer Book. The little prayer book which Mary of Scot-

and used on the scaffold was sold at auction

the other day. The prayers are the handi-

work of some rare fifteenth century scribe ;

they are written in Latin on vellum. The

pages of the missal are exquisitely illuminated with elegant borders of fruit, flowers

and birds; they are also decorated with thirty-live miniatures by a Fiemish artist, pieces of elaborate workmanship. The little book still rests in the original oak boards,

povered with silk now much worn, in which

A Negro Took the Prize,

The Episcopal theological seminary of

New York city gives a blennial prize of a

gold watch to that member of the middle or

senior class who will repeat from memory the entire service of the burial of the dead

and preach the best extemporaneous sermon

POOR DEAR CHILD!

Picture me in broad-brimmed hat,

Four years old and small at that,

Robbing round in childish glee,

I could see-they were so tall-

So I raised a wailing cry :

Chasing butterfly and bee, While the old folks in the shade

Watched as in and out I played

There they looked and there was I

In that wide, green, white-capped sea All enguifed in daisies.

Lost among the daistes!

I have never since then known

What it is to be alone
As I was, Poor little me!

Out one sunny afternoon In the latter part of June, In a field of daises.

a text assigned one hour previous. This the prize was taken by a colored gradu-

was originally bound.

year the prize was taken to ate of Howard university.

From the Chicago News.

From the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer

iod's animate gitts to man.

THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

HOW JIMMY THACKARA STARTED WITH A WHEELBARROW.

The Dimensions to Which the Adams Expre Service Has Grown in This City-From One Wheelbarrow to Stx Wagous, The Reading Company.

It is within the recollection of the writer of these lines that Gilbert Hill, a rather vener able and scholarly-looking man, was agent of the Adams Express company in this city. This was in 1847.

Mr. Hill received the express parcels at his little newspaper and periodical store in Mrs. Jordan's building, North Queen street, below the North American hotel (now the Hiester house), and detivered them by carrying them under his arm to the residences of thos to whom they were addressed. It was no very severe task, as the parcels were few in number and light in weight, and if perchance there was an excess of parcels, Mr. Hill had an active son, Frank, who assisted him in the delivery, and a pretty daughter, Hannah who kept shop during their absence. By uniting the whole Adams Express business with the little periodical store, Mr. Hill managed to eke out a livelihood for himsel

The Adams Express company, composed of Aivin Adams and W. S. Dinsmore, was first organized in 1840 to carry small and val uable parcels between Boston and New York more rapidly than they could be carried in the slow-going freight trains of that day. The business proved to be a success and E. S. Sanford and S. S. Shumake started an additional line from New York via Philadelphia, to Baltimore; and this branch of the Adams express soon located offices at Lancaster and Harrisburg.

Please remember there was no Pennsylvama railroad in those days. The greatest rail-road in the state and one of the greatest in the country was the " main line," owned by the state, and extending from Philadelphia to Columbia, and at either end of the road were inclined planes, up and down which passengers had to risk their lives in making a trip between the terminal points. All th passengers and almost all the heavy freight were carried by individual owners of cars, the state furtishing the motive power. Light parcels of merchandise were taken charge of by state agents, conductors and en gineers, and delivered at small expense to merchants and dealers. The Adams express languished; advancing age necessitated Mr. Hill to retire from the business, and the com pany looked around for some active young man to take his place. They found him in the person of James G. Thackara.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. THACKARA. In an interview with a representative of the INTELLIGENCER a day or two ago. Mr. Thackara, who is now an invalid, residing at No. 328 Church street, said that he was a native of Philadelphia, that in early manhood he becams a victim to dyspepsis, and his family physician told him he must have a change of labor, diet and climate or he would. die. Having some little knowledge of the Daguerreotype business, he and a man named Mitchell determined to go West and South as far as Nashville, Tenn. They started in 1846 and got as far as Lancaster, where they opened rooms in East Grange street, but were not successful, and separated. Mr. Thæckara then took a place in the book store of John Gish & Co., North Queen and Grange, and remained with them a year. Orange, and remained with them a year. ists, Mr. Hill having retired from the ex-press business, Mr. Thackara took hold of it, and had exclusive control of it in this city for

nearly a quarter of a century.

What wonderful changes took place in the express business during his long term of service! When he began he done as Mr. Hill had done before him; he carried his parcel by hand from house to house. His first day' delivery consisted of two small packages, and for more than two months he managed to carry easily all deliveries by hand. Then business began to increase, and he petitioned for a wheelbarrow, which the company with some misgivings granted him, and with this formidable vehicle he rattled noisily over the rough streets of the city for many months. The reader will remember that in these

days there were no mills; no sidewalks paved with some Biver slabs; no Belgian pavements, and very few macadamized ones, and electric term of been thought of.

THE PIRST BEAVY LOAD The first real heavy load that Mr. Thackara had to carry on his wheelbarrow was a box of castings, to be delivered at the Lancaster gas works, then building (1849). He placed nimself between the shafts of his barrow and trudged along through miserable unpaved streets and alleys until he was within a block or two of the gas works, when he made misstep and upset his barrow and his cast-ings into a trench that had been dug for laying gas pipe. He got out the barrow, but couldn't get out the castings; he reported the fact to the company, and claimed that be

had fulfilled his promise to deliver the cast

ings at the "works," as the trench was a part of the works!

The business continuing to increase, Mr. Thackara petitioned for a wagon and after waiting for several months the company sent him a little covered two-wheeled concer-known as a P. P. It worked pretty well on level ground, but on going up grade the load shifted so much as almost to choke the horse, and on several occasions Mr. Thackara ex-pressed a fear that the horse would be lifted from his feet and compelled to turn a back sumersault over the wagon. He appealed fo a better wagon; his appeal was deemded to be unnecessary and Manager E. S. Sand ford came on to see about it. When he say the ridiculous figure the two-wheeled P. P. cut in going up grade, he ordered it to be rebuilt as a four-wheeled wagon, at Sam Cox's coach shops.

AN INCREASE OF BUSINESS, During the wheelbarrow administration the business in Lancaster did not amount to more than \$40 or \$50 per month, but by the time the wagon was rebuilt (1850) it was run up to \$300 per month, and continued to in-

crease rapidly.
All this time Mr. Thackara was carrying on his little newspaper store in connection with the express business, and he began to think he might indulge in the luxury of boy. George Kerfoot, a bright lad, son of George B. Kerfoot was his first assistant, both in the store and in the delivery of packages, and was found to be a good and serviceable assistant. rviceable assistant, When "Miller's Row" of wooden build-

ings was built on East Chestnut street, op-posite the present passenger depot, Mr. Thackara moved there taking two rooms, hus greatly enlarging his facilities; and when a few years alterwards the passenger depot was built, he removed the express office into the large and convenient room i now occupies.

Under Mr. Thackara's active administra-

tion the business from a few dollars to \$100 a year, \$200, \$300, \$500, \$1,000,\$2,000, \$5,000,\$10,000 and when he was relieved from the agency the business had run up to about \$15,000 a year.

Mr. Thackara though small of stature, was wonderfully active and many of our older citizens will remember with what dex-terity he used to handle boxes twice as heavy as himself. He says he learned the "sleight" from an old darkey who took a fancy to him for some favors rendered.

THE FIRST C. O. D. PACKAGE. Mr. Thackara has many amusing stories to tell of his express experience, one of which we will relate: The first C. O. D. package that came to Lancaster was for John N. Lane, the rich old dry goods merchant. Thackara took it to the store and demanded the expressage. Mr. Lane said he would draw his check for the amount. Mr. Thackara said his orders were to receive nothing but cash. Mr. Laue flew into a rage and said, "Sir, do you refuse my check for such a paltry sum?" Do

orders were to receive nothing but cash. Mr.
Lane flew into a rage and said, "Sir, do you
refuse my check for such a paltry sum? Do
you think I am not good for the meney?"

"Yes," said Thackara, "your check is
good for hundreds of times as much, and if I
were doing business for myself I would
cheerfully take it, but the Adams Express
company demand cash and I can take nothing else!"

"The goods in that box are mine," said
Mr. Lane. "They are addressed to me and

Mr. Lane. "They are addressed to me and
I have paid for them. What will you do if I
reluse to pay you cash for the expressage?"
"I'll take the box back to the office and
hold it until I am ordered by the company to

Mr. Lane looked at him for a moment, and then said, "Young man you are right; be faithful to your employers, obey their orders and you will get along all right.

Thenceforward Mr. Lane and Mr. Thackara were good friends. A few merchants and others "kicked" for a time against the "C.

O. D." rule, but Thackara was inexorable and soon everybody was broken into the arrangement which is now universally accepted.

Although Mr. Thackara was relieved of the

express agency on the 1st of June, 1859, he remained in the employ of the company unremained in the employ of the company un-til 1876, when declining health made it nec-essary for him to seek a less laborious business. Ho opened a store on South Queen street near the public schools which he con-ducted for about seven years, and then re-tired entirely from business, being a con-firmed invalid.

A NEW HAND AT THE BELLOWS. Sher. Smith, the present chief of police of ancaster was appointed agent to success Mr. Thackara, and entered upon his duties June 1, 1869. He brought new vigor and new muscle into the business. He had been a tag boy in the branch office of the Adams Express company at Broad and Locust streets, Philadelphia, at \$13 a mouth, in 1852, when the company had only three wagons in that city; had been promoted to the main office. 320 Chesting street, as oldwagons in that city; had been promoted to the main office, 320 Chestnut street, as plat-form hand, he and one colored man doing all the work; he was next promoted to the money department where he worked for a year, and thence to the receiving desk. Then the war broke out and in 1861 he enlisted and served three years in the 23d P. V. On being discharged he was given his old desk in the express company, where he served for several years and from which he was pro-

several years and from which he was promoted to assistant floor superintendent and on June 1, 1939 as above stated was sent to take charge of the Lancaster office.

On taking possession he received from Mr. Thackara two single express wagons and only one horse, His assistants were Mr. Thackara, Henry Miller, B. F. Adams, bill clerk and Jo. Adams, driver. He discharged Henry Miller and appointed Reah F. Wilson his clerk, and added Fred Adams, George Kepner and Reuben Erisman to his force of drivers.

There was a boom in the express business and Agent Smith increased his carrying

and Agent Smith increased his carrying capacity by adding to it two heavy two horse wagons and one light one horse wagon makwagons and one tight one are wagons making his full complement two double and three single wagons with a sufficient number of horses to keep them in service. The business during Mr. Smith's agency increased from \$15,000 to \$56,000 per month.

Mr. Smith resigned as agent of the Adams Express company early in January, 1815, to take charge of the Philadelphias Reading Express company, then recently established He remained with the latter company only to the following October, when he resigned and went to Philadelphia to work in the in-terest of the Union transfer bagging express. During the short time Mr. Smith was connected with the Reading company its business largely increased and he put an additional wagon on the road.

THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION. Daniel Houser, the present efficient and ourteous agent of the Adams express company in this city, went into office on the left of January, 1875, and for eleven and a half years has given entire satisfaction to the immense and constantly increasing number of patrons of the office. He had a good school-ing before he came here. He had been a young soldier for two years, serving with Gen. Kautz in the department of the Susque-hanna 1883, 1864. He then ran as express messenger for about 9 years, and for three years afterwards was agent of the Adams express at York.

On assuming command of the Lancaster office he made some changes in his lieutenants, but retained all the "old reliables." The business of his office was greatly in-creased by the transfer of express matter to and from the Frederick division of the Pennand from the Frederick division of the Pennsylvania railroad, which was not done under the management of his predecessor. The principal express freight over this division of the road is fruit, berries and vegetables, and to give an idea of the immensity of this class of trade, it may be mentioned that a single dealer, Frank Mettfett, frequently receives as high as 50 to 60 crates per day.

Another cause of increased lator in the office is that there are now seven daily office is that there are now seven dailtrains east and ten trains west, on each of which is an express agent.

The territory embraced in the Adams Ex-

press system extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all roads west of the Rocky Moun-tains, and from the lakes to Richmond, Va. The Pennsylvania division embraces all the railroads in this state, and all the coasts of New Jersey, Debre and Maryland, to Norfolk, Va. Ship as are made at a speed more than double to that which existed a few years ago. It is on record that a dead body was shipped from Lancaster at s.a. m., an that the funeral was held in a Connectica town on the afternoon of the same day.

The receipts and shipments of goods by Adams express in this city averages from live to six wagon loads per day the year round, and yet so admirably is the business idjusted that scarcely over a complaint is leard, though the force of employes has been increased for several years past. The present force is: Daniel Houser, agent: W. B. Reed, clerk: B. F. Adams, night clerk: J. H. Harrison, call wagon and general delivered. Harry Deschler and J. McMichaels

THE OLDEST EMPLOYE. B. F. Adams is the oldest employe now in the office having been appointed June 9, 1865, and been in continuous service. He smiles when he relates the advance that has been when he relates the advance that has been made in the shipment of Christmas presents. He says that on Christmas Isla there came to Lancaster by express one single Christmas poor. It was addressed to the late John Spurrier and carried to him by Mr. Adams. On Christmas 1882 there were eight or nine wagon loads of Christmas presents sent and received, and for two or three days the office was piled almost from floor to ceiling Mr. Adams has been an employe of the company under agents Thackara, Smith and Houser, and has been cognizant of all the changes, improvements and advancement made in express methods. He covalls the time when the little "back rabbit" engines were run at low speed and the express messenger being locked in the car passed the ex-press packages out of a window near the top of the car.

THE PRIDADELPHIA AND READING. The Philadelphia & Reading railroad estabtished an express line of its own in 1872, first only over the main line, but subsequently overall its branches. The first office in this city was in Centre Square, and was opened by Mr. A. M. Wilson, as agent. He started with only one one-horse wagon and the business was for a time very light. When the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and the Baltimore & Ohio lines were consoli-dated with the Reading the business was largely increased in this city additional help was needed to run it. Wilson became general superintendent and Mr. Connelly became agent. He left rather unceremoniously, and Sher. Smith, who had unceremoniously, and Sher. Smith, who had left the Adams company, was appointed in his place January, 1875. Under Smith's management the business increased to such an extent that another single wagon was put on the road. Smith resigned in October of the same year, and was followed by Mr. W. J. Ziegler, the present agent, under whose management the business has increased enormously. Two single and one double wagon are now required to deliver the freight. Mr. Ziegler's assistants now are Aug. Sourbeer, money clerk, (who now are Aug. Sourbeer, money clerk, (who is also ticket agent of the P. & R.): W Coho, express clerk : Samuel McCormick Samuel Rutter and Christian Smith drivers of single wagons, and James Boyle, drive

of double wagon. The Reading company claims by its com-petition to have caused a great reduction in express rates, and to have secured to our citizens a much more rapid delivery of packages than formerly. Its territory, once confined to its own main line, how extends all over the country, and by connection with other lines it ships goods to all parts of the world.

The agents of the express companies, like prudent men as they are, decline to give the exact amount of business done in their re spective offices, but they say the business is constantly increasing and to a man up a tree it is evident the sum total is immense.

---Etiquette in Boston.

From the Boston Gazette, It may be well to inquire whether it is very good taste for persons who have received no cards to a church wedding to push themselves in and appropriate space that properly belongs to the friends and acquain-tances of the contracting parties. Society generally seems to have no conscience in this respect, and the unwillingness that people feel to issue tickets of admission to a sacred edifice is only increasing the evil. In point of fact, it is as much an intrusion to rush uninvited to a church wedding as it is to go to an afternoon tea for which one has

Ir matters not how long we live, but how, or as the parts of one manhood, while here, We live in every age; we think and feel And feed upon the coming and the gone As much as on the now time. Man is one, Lnd he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel With a gigantic throbathwart the sea Each other's rights and wrongs. Thus are we -From Builey's " Festus."

DRIFT.

A WELL known elergyman once had the question put to him, "Don't you find the having so many collections in your church for general causes weakens them all, each collection interfering with the other?" experience is just the contrary," was the reply. "I find that the oftener people give to a good cause, the more they will give, and the more they feel like giving. Instead of interfering with one another, the collections bein one another."

THE case seems to be analogous with our periodical literature. The more magazines the public is asked to support, the more it appears to feel like supporting; probably because the more anybody reads, the more he wants to read. Far from interfering with any of the old established magazines, the host of new ones that has within the last year been springing up really helps them along. At the same time, in nine cases out of ten the helping along is sheer self-sacrifice. The new helper dies in the good work. Untess I am much mistaken this will be again shown to be a fact in the case of the majority of the new magazines, reviews, and quarterlies that have recently been started. One or two of them look as if they had really come to stay, because they occupy a field o their own that before was unoccupied. But for the rest there is no proper raison d'etre, and a few years will witness the funeral o them all. At the same time, however, they will have accomplished a good purpose; for the ranks of the readers of the solid old favorites will have been largely increased.

For my part, every time I read a new comer it makes me appreciate my Atlantic Harper's, and Century afresh. They never taste better to me than after I have read some of the would-be rivals. In reality they have no rivals. Each occupies its own field, and fills it so completely as to leave little room for another. If another would hope for any lasting success, it must discover or create for itself a new sphere. Otherwise it has no

For parely literary excellence The Atlan Monthly still is acknowledged to be without a rival. The high standard it set for itself more than a quarter of a century ago under Mr. Lowell's editorship, has not been lowered since, and is to-day under Mr. Aldrich as high and vigorously maintained as ever. In this respect it has perhaps been the most consistent and unswerving of all our magazines. Strictly holding to its own standard of taste it has ever refused to lower or alter it in obedience to the mutations, whims and fashions, of time that are commonly all too quickly obeyed by our periodical press It does not ask, What do the times demand? but always and only. What does the highest literary art demand? The popular cry for illustrations moved it as little in the past as does the rage for "war articles" affect it at present. Hence from the begin ning it has been the medium through which the most of our leading literary men first reached the public attention. Indeed it has enjoyed almost a monopoly of that brightest galaxy, the generation of Longfollow, Emer-son, Whittler, Holmes, Lowell and a few more. They did much to bring the maga sine up to its high mark, and especially make it the conserver of much of the b poetry our literature has produced. It till conspicuous for this. Its poetry is always still conspicuous for this. Its poetry is always the very best. In every number, too, it has some papers on purely literary topics such as one can find in no other American magazine, as, for example, in the June number. Harriet Waters Preston's article on "A Roman Gentleman under the Empire," Geo. F. Parson's on "Baizac," and the very interesting editorial on "James, Crawford, and Howells," to say nothing of the lavariably charming department of the Contributor's charming department of the Contributor's Club, which is usually the first thing I turn to every month. At present its three notable serials, Bishop's, James', and Charles Egbert Craddock's, are in full swing; while in July, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton begins his series of articles for which many of us are eagerly waiting.

Din I say the article on James, Crawford and Howells was interesting? Well, yes : to to me doubly interesting because of my utter disagreement with nearly all of it! For instance, it concludes thus, after some very mild criticism of each of the three novelists "We may turn their books upside down or inside out, but, after all, are not the books positive additions to the sum of pleasure in this tumuituous, sadly knocked-about world. More than that, we may well put our critieism behind us, or in the fire, if you will, and join in an honest seit-gratulation that James, Crawford, and Howells are telling their stories year in and year out." What "posi-tive additions to the sum of pleasure" has James recently given us? Surely no one can regard "The Bostomans" as such. I know of nothing more dismally tedious in the whole realm of contemporary fiction, unless perhaps it be his "Lady Barberina." And Crawford! Does The Atlantic mean to be ironical? What is there in his "To Leeward," for instance, for which we should "join in an honest self-gratulation"? I grant that his latest, "A Tale of a Lonely Parish," is better than anything he has hitherto given us. But even that is surpassed, distanced, by at least a half dozen novels by other writers. No, I feel that there would be a good deal more cause for self-gratulation if both James and Crawford could be induced to stop "telling their stories year in and year out." Indeed the large space given to James in The Atlantic is a constant source of wonder, and regret, to It seems inconsistent with its high standard of excellence and all its best literary

Mr. Howells, indeed, has added largely to "the sum of pleasure" in the world. An author who has charmed so many with sketches like his "Venetain Life," delight ful stories like his "Chance Acquaintance," "Foregone Conclusion," and others of the same kind, doesn't deserve to have his name and a hid, access of access of have his name unequalifiedly associated with that of Crawford and James, even if he has written much else that is less worthy of him than it would be of them. Yet in spite of much in "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and "An Indian Summer," that is rather in Lance. rather in James' manner than in what might be Howelis', they are all of them novels vastly superior to anything either Crawford or James has written. In many respects
"Sdas Lapham" is one of the strongest
pieces of work of which American fiction

I DON'T know why it is, but somehow even while reading those things of Howells which I most dislike, I feel all the while certain warm liking for the author's personality which makes itself feit so strongly on every page. It seems to me all the time that the man is better than much of his work, has more heart in him, more pure and earnest moral purpose.

This rather indefinite yet very decided feeling I long have harbored towards Mr. Howells, has been strengthened into a positive conviction since I have read who writes in the Editor's Study of the June number of Harper's Monthly. Writing of the Concord lectures on the "Life and Genius of Goethe" he says: "There is a kind of thing—a kind of metaphysical lie kind of thing—a kind of metaphysical ne against righteousness and common-sense— which is called the Unmoral, and is supposed to be different from the Immoral; and it is this which is supposed to cover many of the faults of Gothe. His Wilhelm Meister, for example, is so far removed within the region of the 'ideal' that its unprincipled, its evilprincipled, tenor in regard to women is pronounced 'unmorality,' and is therefore in-ferably harmless. But nostudy of Gothe is complete without some consideration of the ethics of his great novel, and in this particu lar the Concord study of his life and genius is signally defective." These are true and noble words; words such as the mere reader of "A Modern Instance" would scarcely have looked for from its author. It is Howells the man that writes them. Howells the novelist has sometimes nearly forgotten them; while James, Crawford, and not a them; while James, Crawford, and not a few others seem not yet to have discovered the fact at all that the Unmoral which "is supposed to be different from the Immoral" in art, is nothing but a "lie against right-eousness and common sense."

In his very pleasant "study" of the new biography of Longfellow, Mr. Howells, in this same number of Harper's, bears still further testimony to the truth of the principle just referred to, the fundamental position of the opponents of the "art for

CARMINA AFRICANA.

underlay his whole life. 'I have great faith in doing what is righteous, and fear no evic consequences.' It underlay his liferature as well as his life, and it was a conscience that resulted not only in the highest conduct, but the innest art. With nothing narrow, and with finally nothing moralistic, he achieved in the poetry he has left us a blended ideal of goodness and of beauty which is incomparably perfect. It has for some time been the silly fashion in criticism to decrepate its, but these who have sneered. In the days when men knew not realism, and Messrs. Howells and James were not, when romance soared with butterfly wing, toward the Beautiful, and the ideal sentimental poets used to write and minstrels sing a style of ditty yelept negro songs, they treated of dusky Nellies and Kitties and Lillies who had gone before, or lay in the tomb, or had flitted on angel wings beyond the unsome time been the sity fashion in criticals to depreciate its, but those who have sneered at it have unwittingly paid it the highest tribute, for they have called it the poetry of the average human life; and this, without their knowing it, is the universal poetry." pleasantness of overseers and cotton and cane requiring cultivation at their hands. They belonged to the era of impossible Uncle Toms and mammies who said "Bress de Lord" and "Massa," at intervals sufficiently frequent to give the proper African flavor

their conversation.

That a large, rich folk lore of profound is That a large, rich loik lore of profound in-terest existed among the negroes, and that they had a quaint and curious minstrelsy of their own, "had nothing to do with the case" in the opinion of the idealists. When they wished to create a negro in literature they proceeded to shut themselves up in their studies and evolve one. studies and evolve one.

Uncle Remus has discovered the true ne-gro and his folk lore, and George Cable has lyrically discovered his French Louisiana, lyrically discovered his French Louisiana, but the songs of the great masses of the negroes, the commonpiace rollicking "Virginny and Kaintucky niggers" who are scattered all over the South, have as yet received but little attention. These songs are the productions of local poets who could neither read nor write, and who were but imperfectly acquainted with the language. They were for the most part not even deliberate compositions, but the improvisations of barbaric bien etre and lyrism. They treated of the little homely details of every-day plantation life, and only rose to imagery when they became hymns. These African song-makers delight in rhymes of a rough sort, but were delight in rhymes of a rough sort, by not bound by them, content to let the rhythm of repetition and the music serve to give them charm. Very few are of any lengthmostly a quatrain or a half dozen lines with an endless repeated refrain, that served to ex press some momentary emotion or chronicle

m event or fit a favorite air.
Like the words, the music to which the Like the words, the music to which these songs were set is a simple theme constantly repeated, but the music was full of strange, plaintive melody. This plaintiveness is in the music of even the simplest songs. You will hear a wild, pathetic air, and then down some long, level Louisiana road, clad in ragged jeans, his wool burned red by the sun, sianning his bare feet on the distriction. oun, slapping his bare feet on the dusty eart keeping time with his flat hands upon hi hips and shuffling his loosely-hung body about, will come a young darky singing words like these:

Er want er piece er meat En er want er piece er brade ; Er want er piece er hoecake, U'm almost dade.

Mammy, mammy, look at Sam ! Eatin' up de meat en soppin' out de pan,

Sheep and shote walkin' in der paster, Sheep, said shote, won't yer walk er little fast Shote, said sheep, my toe is so', Sheep, said de shote, er did not know. But when the long procession files away t the dark liveoak groves, where they love t bury their dead, they break into barbari chants, pitched in a wild minor key, long-drawn refrains, deep and thunde with many voices, and with words lik

Stater Mary weep, a sister Marthy mou'n, Weepin' over Brer Lazarus' tomb, U'm gwine jine de ban'so true, U'm gwine jine de ban'.

Er look at my han's en er han's look new, Er look at my feet all bathed in dew, 'm gwine jine de ban' so true, 'm gwine jine de ban'. Or this, which has an exquisite cadence

Mr. Ree, come en see! Do thyse'f a no harm Do thyse 'I a no harm:
Mr. Rec, come en see!
Do thyse 'I a no harm,
(Retrain.)
Bow low! Bow low!
Do thyse 'I a no harm,
Paul en Sina bound in juli—
Lo thyse 'I a no harm, etc.

Or still another: books on birds, "Wake Robin," "Birds and Joshuaw fit agin' Jericho walls— Gwine where dey ain' no mo'dyin'— Seven times en de wall come tumbling down, Poets," and especially his latest, "Signs and Seasons," or Torrey's "Birds in the Bush" or Mrs. Millers "Bird-Ways," to give one to every man, woman, and child in the country that has an bonest heart, and the Gwine where dey ain' no mo' dyin', ryin' amen! Good Lord, cryin' amen! Gwine where dey ain' no mo' dyin'.

In the churches, where the excitement or In the churches, where the excitement grow high and young women exhorted each other thus: "Shout, Sis' Ma'v, shout! Take six fer ter hold her. Shout!" and in strong bys-teries fell back into the arms of the best-looking young negro "busk," who would sometimes have half a dozen on his hands at once, the older women and men would sing with fury :

Mefodis', Mefodis' is my name,

od A'mighty, d'liver Danynl

another sign of the growing public demand for genuine literary talent in the daily secu-lar newspaper. Soon, very soon, no paper of any standing will be without its regular literary department, for the report, criticism, and general intelligent treatment of men, things, and events in the literary world, as now it has for the same in the world of business, trollites, and seriety. Speed the He d'liver Silas out der jail, En Jonas out der beiluser de whale, En der th'ee chillum Ishyul out der n'ry tu En der same God Tliver me too,

A great favorite on such occasions was Er seen er ship sailin', er sailin' cross der sea, it is der ship er Zion, comin' fer you en me

Let's git on de boat childun, Let's git on de boat childun, Let's git on de boat, childun, en we will away.

O ! when Er was er mou ner, Er prayed three But now Er am or Christyan, Er prays myse's

Er seen an angel flyin', Er thought Er he'rd him say: 's hise them dimon' winders for ter hear dat Christyun pray." Under the sugar-case shed at night, tak-

ing the first "tower" until 12 o'clock, and throwing cane on the endless-moving "car-rier," the plantation hands would sing, with all their curious pauses, sudden inflections and deep accentuations. One of them, imersonating the master, would sing : Some folks say dat niggers don't steal, But Er caught ten in my corniel: Er mid 'en down, en er tied 'em wid twin En Er neva let 'em up till Er give 'em nine.

CHICARUS. Run, nigger, run !
Der parier roll (patrol) ketch yer,
Run, nigger, run !
Hit's almos' day—
Er jaybird settin' on a swingin' limb,
He winked at me, en Er winked at him.
Er up wid my gun en shot off his chin—
Now, d—n your soul, don't you do dat agis Another version says the jay bird

winked at Steph'n, Steph'n winked at hi Steph'n plut de gun en pull de trigger, Off went de losd eu—down come de nigger. There were amatory poems, too, such as Coffee grows on white oak trees, De river is doatin' wid brandy; Oh : come, my love, en go wid ms, En Er'll feed yer on sugar en caudy. And this tale of disillusioned matrimony

Oh! when Er was single Erlived at my case Now I am married, a husban'ter please. Er husban'te please en childun ter 'tend, Er wish ter der Lawd Er was single agen. And gay bibulous lyries, such as : If whisky was water, En I wus or duck, Er'd dive ter der bottom, En take er iong suck.

Oh, whisky, rye whisky ! Oh, whisky, I cry, Oh, gimma rye whisky, en er'll drink when U'u dry. There were poems of slavery, too, upon which "of mistus" seemed to have deeply impressed herself, as most of them refer to

My ol' mistus promised me When she died she sot me free, Now she's dade en gone ter hell. Er hope de devil serves her well. My ol' mistus lived in clover, When she died she died all over In the tangled Mississippi woods, accom-

panied by the quills, a sort of panpipes, made of the common brake cane, these were Er had a little dawg, his name wuz Rice, He chase der devil mes't every plakti He chase der devil mos't every night; He chase him round de fodder stack, En po' little dawg, he never come back Er went up ter steeple, steeple,

Dere I seen a heap er people ; Some wuz white and some wuz blacker, Some wuz der color er brown terbacker, Er went down d' river, en Er couldn't gi neross; Er paid fi' dellars fer an oi' gray hoss. Er put him in der river, en den he couldn' Er put him in der river, en den ne swim; Er paid il' dollars ter git him out agin. In this Carmina Africana there is occa-sionally a hint of Swinburnian passion for rhythm and melodiousness, as witness the following:

oflowing: Build er house Wid er hammer in his mouf, See de hen sif' de meal, W'ile de rooster dance er reel,

BEAL giory
Springs from the quiet conquest of ourselves;
And without that the conqueror is nought
that the first slave,

—Thomson,

And so on throughout the animal kingdom

A BLOODY SUNDAY.

THE DAY THE PAXTON BOYS SLAUGH TERED THE CONESTUGAS.

The Quiet of Lancaster's Sabbath Broken By the Onslaught of the Troopers-Causes That Led to the Massacre-Smith's Story of the Crime-A Disturbed Congregation.

To one walking the streets of sedate Lan. aster on a Sabbath, the quietness and good order of the staid old city would scarcely call up the fact that little more than a century ago a most atracious murder of detensales Indians was committed where Fulton hall now stands. That was the location of the workhouse (old jail).

Civilization, with its improvements, has wrought many changes, so that occurrences of colonial times exist only in annals, and in the minds of the oldest citizens have resolved themselves into faintest traditions. while important events in a country's history are kept prominently before succeeding generations, deeds of lesser importance fall out of mind and by subsequent resurrection assume a rare interest. The Indian's character and disposition are as mysterious as his origin is obscure. The industrious husband men are now peacefully tilling the rolling acres of fertile soil where erst the skulking red man may have lain concealed in thicket to attack the unwary settler. Thus arose many prejudices against the red man of the for est on account of his barbarity and many injustices done him which have never been

It may be of interest to recall a brief account of the murder of the Indians at Conestoga, but more especially of those confined r sheltered in the workhouse at Lancaster. THE PANTON BANGERS. The Paxton Boys, as they were called after

the deed which is to be related, were composed of a number of men from he settlement at Paxton, Lancaster county, Pa. Paxton was within or near the precinct were all the Indians dwelling therein were supposed to be friendly, and even harbored them. So also at Conestoga, Lancaster, and Reading, Indians were received with im-Reading, Indians were received with implicit confidence, under the protection of the white settlers. But on the northern and western borders of the frontier, depredations and hostilities by the Indians were incessant. Every species of crueity was practiced by them with fire, tomahawk or the scalping knife. At dead of night or in broad daylight, at their meals or in the field, the people, while least suspecting an attack, were pounced upon and generally suffered a horrible death at the hands of the red fiends. Treaties were violated with the most shameful disregard; violated with the most shameful disregard violated with the most snameful disregard; the ancient chain of friendship, in the figurative language of the savage, was seemingly as brittle as glass—broken by the slightest provocation. Under these circumstances, it was natural for men to mistrust even the neutral Indians, notwithstanding their protestations of attachment and friendship for the whites. the whites.

Nor were such Indians always unjustly suspected. The Paxton boys were mostly young, hot-blooded men belonging to Rev. Colonel Elder's corps of Rangers, led by Lazarus Stewart. Stewart was a man of considerable influence in the Paxton settlement. SMITH'S STORY OF IT.

The cause, or at any rate, the feigued cause that incited the men to the murder at Conestoga, Manor township, was the killing of some of the settlers at Paxton, among whom were the mother of one of the Paxton boys and other relatives of them. Smith, one o the Paxton boys, gives a narrative in which he says: "I was an early settler in Paxton, a member of the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Eider. I was one of the chiefactors in the destruction of Conestoga, and in storming the work house at Lancaster. I have been stigmatized as a murderer. No man, unless he were living at that time in Paxton, could have an idea of the sufferings and auxieties of the people. For years the Indians had been on the most friendly terms but some of the traders were bought by the French; these corrupted the Indians. The savages unexpectedly destroyed our dwellings, and murdered the unsuspicious.
When we visited the wigwams in the
neighborhood, we found the Indians occupied in harmless sports or domestic work There appeared no evidence that they were

in any way instrumental in the bloody acts perpetrated on the frontiers." London's Narrative notes that May 16th, 1757, eleven persons were killed at Paxton, Lancaster county. While these and other atrocities undoubtedly engendered the malignant hatred of the Paxton boys, but by to means justified their subsequent actions this is in all probability a partial cause of th

SACKING THE VILLAGE.

Driven to desperation by the repeated murders of Indians and having their suspicions fed by reports from scouts to the effect that they had traced strange Indians to the lines of a settlement, the Paxton men re solved to extricate the Indians. Under cove solved to extricate the Indians. Under cover of night, Dec. 14, 1763, they stole to the settlement. On approaching they were discovered by an Indian, who fired at them and braudished his tomahawk. "Mark him," cried one of the party, and the Indian immediately fell riddled with bullets. Reducing the settlement to ashes occupied but a brief period of time. In the general destruction five other Indians were killed. Immediately upon receiving intelligence of the outrage Governor John Penn issued a proclamation for the apprehension of the murderers. The

proclamation, however, did not have the de ired effect.
The bloody work begun at Conestogs flamed still more the passions of the Paxton men. Hearing that the Indians who had es-caped the 'knife and tomahawk at Conestoga were secured in the work house at Lancas-ter, the Paxton boys, thirsting for slaughter, made preparations to continue their crimina intentions. On the evening of December 26th, 1763, they drew near Lancaster, and or

the following day galloped into town, while the greater part of the inhabitants were worshipping in the churches. They turned their horses into the yard of Slough's inn, and then precipitately rushed towards the work-house The efforts of the sheriff and the coroner to lissuade them of their intentions proved of no avail. Three of them forcibly gained an

entrance; five took charge of the keepers while Captain Stewart, with about twelv men, remained outside. When the helples Indians saw that there were no means of es Indians saw that there were no means of escape or defense, they fell on their knees protesting their innocence and declaring their lave for the English. But their pleadings were unheeded by the infuriated meu. They were mercilessly butchered. The scene was horrible. Near the door of the prison lay an old Indian and his squaw, and across them their two children with scales taken of and heads sulft open. with scalps taken oil and heads split open. One Indian lying near the wall, was shot through the breast, his limbs backed to pieces and his head cushed, the wall near being bespattered with brain.

THE DISTURBED CONGREGATION. At the time services were in progress at the Episcopal church, Rev. Mr. Barton officiating; the doors were violently thrown open, at the same time several persons exclaimed : "Paxton Boys!" "Murder!" "The prison is attacked ?" " They are murdering the Indians," &c. The chief magistrate immediately hastened from the church and sought the services of Captain Robin son, who with a party of Highlanders was present on his way from Pittsburg. He refused according to some reports; according to others, he offered aid, but the profered help was not accepted. The con-sternation was great. When the news of the perpetration spread the citizens rushed wildly lown the street from the court house to the down the street from the court house to the jail. After the Paxton men had committed the dastardly act and had mounted their horses, they gave three cheers, saying, "We have presented the citizens of Lancaster with a Christmas box, and we will present the Philadelphians with a New Year's gift." Then they rapidly rode away before any one attenuited to arrest them.

Then they rapidly rode away before any one attempted to arrest them.

Rev. Mr. Elder did not approve of their plan, which they had resolved to carry out at Lancaster, but being incensed with anger they were easily led away by the impetuous and violent Captain Stewart. Were the Paxton bo ys peaceable citizens? That they were not law-abiding is evident when it is taken into consideration that previously to the murder a council was held at Lancaster whose compacts were conceded and ratified. Then, too, the white settler suffered much from the treacherous Indian, and was, therefore, induced to become suspicious on the slightest hint. Thus prejudice and public sentiment were against the Indian. This gave the Paxton men a certain immunity

from the law. Taking advantage dom and, being, no doubt, of a lacter, they perpetrated the horr which was inhuman and brut

Two birds within one nest t Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair
Firm loague of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together bleet.

A hand upon the latch: A step that hastens its sweet rest to win; A world of care without, A world of strife shut out, A world of love shut in.

-Dora Fernwell. Some Folks

have much difficulty in swallowing the huge, old-fashioned pill, but anyone can take Br, plerce's "Plessant Purgative Peliets," which are composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. For discusses of the liver and stomach, sick and billous headache, etc., they have no equal. Their operation is attended with no discomfort whatever. They are sugar-coated and put up in glass vials.

John Henry pleaded with Annella, And all his passion tried to tell her. She said, "John H., your words you waste, Your teeth betray a want of taste, Your breath offends, me, so I say, Use SOZODONT of stay away."

Teething Babies are happy if their gums are athed with Ds. Hasn's Teething Lotion. Summer—Mothers be careful of your babies with diarrhoss. Dr. Hand's Diarrhosa Mixture cures when everything else falls. Price 25 For sale by II. B. Cochran, Nos. 137 and 139 N Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. 1md3

GEO. W. TOUTLINS, M. D. 78 Cumberland street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes June s, 1881; "I Laze pleasure in recommending Allocek's Porous Plasters in all cases of General Debitity, espe-cially where the pains are severe over the regions of the Kidneys, Liver and Chest; marked improvement occurs as soon as relief from suf-fering is obtained. For Lumbago these Plasers surpass liniments, &c."

Respectable Druggists

Respectable Druggists

Never deceive tha public, but beware of the Cheap John druggists who offer you a plaster called "Capsicum," "Capsicim," "Capsicim," "Capsicim," "Capsicim," "Capsicim," and tell you it is substantially the same as the genuine Benson's Capcine Plaster, or even better. They ask less for the imitation, for it costs less; but as a remedial agent it is absolutely worthless. The reputation of Benson's as the only plaster possessing actual and high curative qualities is the result of many years' experiment and homeable dealings on the part of the proprietors; and 5,000 physicians, pharmacists and druggists endorse it as the best ever made. Protect yourself against deception by boying of reputable dealers only and avoid initiakes by personal examination. The genuine has the "Three Seals" trademark, and in the centre is cut the word "Capcine."

The Same Human Nature.

The Same Human Nature.

Many vain attempts are made to repeat the remarkable success of Benson's Capcine Plaster. This spiendid remedy is known, sold and used everywhere, and its prompt action and unrivalled curative powers have won for it hosts of friends. Imitations have sprang up under similar sounding names, such as "Capstein," "Capstein," etc. intended to deceive the careless and unwary. These articles possess none of the virtues of the genutic. Therefore we hope the people will assist us to protect what are at once their interests and ours. Ask for Benson's Plaster, and examine what is given you, and make sure that the word "Capcine" is cut in the middle of the plaster itself, and the "Three-Seats" trademark is on the face cloth. Any reputable dealer will show you the safeguards without hesitation: If you cannot remember the name—Benson's Capcine Plaster-cut this paragraph from the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria, and Canker Mouth. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street,

THE REV. GEO. II. THAYER, of Bourbon Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

A Walking Skeleton.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes:
"I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on longs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's King's New Discovery for Consumption which did me so much good that I bottle. After using three bottles found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite and a gain in flesh of is pounds. Call at Cochran's drug store, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa., and got a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Discases. Large bottles, \$1.00.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yel-For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. North Queen street.

JUST AS GOOD. Don't allow anyone to make you believe any other remedy is just as good for sick headache as br. Lesdie's Special Prescription, for it is not true. This is the only remedy in the world that strikes at the root of the disease and drives it out. Give it a trial.

From the Pastor of the Olivet Baptist church, Philadelphia, Pa.: I was so troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Gream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner.

From Major Downs, Sing Sing, N. Y.: I was suffering severely with catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour of the first application fielt relieved. Was entirely cured in a few days.—W. A. Downs.

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

A Very Narrow Escape. "Yes, I had a very narrow escape," said a prominent citizen to a friend. "I was confined to my bed for a year and my friends gave me up to ra consumptive's grave, until I began using Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, and arer I am, sound and hearty." Price 50c. and H. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137, North Oneen street, Lancaster.

SLEEP LESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shilon's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No 137 North Queen street.

The Impending Danger. The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that a large majority die with Consumption. This disease may commence with an aparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50 cents and 51. Trial size free For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

Huckien's Arnica Salve. The Beat Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilbains, Burns and all Skin Bruptions, positively cures Files, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect salisfaction, or money refunded. Frice 2 conts per box.

For sale by Cochran, the Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Ps. Th&S

"HACKMETACK" a lasting and fragrant per-fame. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist. No. 137 North Queen street.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kansas, writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively care kidney and Liver Complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels, No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of deliars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (3)

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 16 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by H. H. Cochran, Druggist, No. 139 North Queen street.

KIDNEY TROUBLES.

A Case of Many Years Standing Cured With Six Bottles, in a Man 90 Years of Age.

ALLENTOWS, Pa., May 8, 186.

Dandellon Bittens Co.—Gents: I had been troubled with my kidneys for a number of years, used almost everything without much beanfi until I tried Dandellon Bitters. I used six bottles and am pleased to say I am entirely rid of the kidney trouble, besides my system being toned up so that I feel like a different person. I cheerfully recommend the same to all afficient in this way.

JACOB MUSCHLATZ.

WHY WILL YOU could when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price is etc., in etc., and it, For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist. No. 137 North Busen street.

n this way. lebe-3mdTu,Th,S

MOTHERS! MOTREMS!! MOTHERS!!! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!

Are you dicturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick shild suffering and oryging with the exeruciatis. pain of cutting teeth? It will exist the exeruciatis pain of cutting teeth? It will exist the exeruciatis pain of cutting teeth? It will exist the continue of the