### WHENCE GERMAN POETRY.

when we first came to Germany it was constant effort with us to try to reconcile be delicacy of thought and fineness of touch which one finds in the German literature which one finds in the German literature rith the personal appearance of the people round us. The German men as a general hing make a good appearance. They are consrkably well developed, and give an impression of health and strength. We believe that there are no finer specimens of summity to be found than are seen among the Prussian officers. Their handsome figures, elegant uniforms, bright sabres, and attling spurs make many an old German attling spurs make many an old German attling spurs make many an old German treet lively which would otherwise be dull gh, and they walk with an air which nder our feet." But the German face is, as a rule, any thing but an ideal one. The square features, high cheek-bones, light eyes, and the almost never-failing suggestion of beer in complexion and nose would lead one to think of any thing sooner than of postical fineness and delicacy; and among the less-educated classes you find an ex-pression of stolidity and unimpressibility pression of stolidity and unimpressionly which makes it an impossibility to conceive of a Hans Sachs arising among them. Often fer an hour with Goethe's unparalleled lyrics, or the lovely creations of Schiller's fancy, with the exquisitely delicate thoughts fancy, with the exquisitely delicate thoughts of Heine, Chamisso, Gelbei, Sturm, and sceres of others which we might mention, a half-mile walk upon the street has led us to exclaim, "How could such good things come out of this Nazareth?" But a year or more of acquaintance with these people has shown us that, whatever the face and manner may say, the German mind is essentially a poetical one. This characteristic shows itself in various habits and customs, a few of which in various habits and customs, a few of which we will mention. One of these is the national passion for the woods. There is a con-stant stream of people "nach dem Walde," All the horse cars and omnibuses which go in that direction are crowded with men, women, and children; for as soon as a Ger-man gets a leisure bour he starts for the woods. The city of Hanover, from which we are writing, is surrounded by a charming we are writing, is surrounded by a charming wood, or, more properly speaking, park, full of lovely walks and drives. Every once in a while one comes to a little house where tea, coffes, beer, and bread and-butter may be had. Scattered about under the trees near these houses are any quantity of little tables, with benches and chairs about them. They with benches and chairs about them. They are generally painted white, and have a very clean, inviting look to the weary and hungry. Here people congregate by scores, and spend the afternoon in sipping and chatting, the ladies knitting and the gentlemen smoking. A German is never happier than when sitting under a tree, with something before him to sip or nibble at. A lady giving a coffee party of the confee party of the con

coffee party often invites her guests to some part of the woods instead of to her house. Not long since, as we were sitting in one of these places, a party of perhaps ten gentle-men came and took seats not far from us.

They were evidently some singing club, for after partaking of their simple supper of black bread, sausage, and beer, they drew out their music-books, and under the direc-

tion of their energetic leader practiced their songs the same as if they had been at home. We who had so unexpectedly found our-selves in a delightful concert were more charmed than ever with this pleasant cus-

om of almost living in the woods. A GERMAN COPPER GARDEN. The coffee garden is a sort of sister to thes lodges in the wilderness. Every city is provided with a number of these places of resort, and every pleasant afternoon, particularly Sunday afternoons, they are full of people. They are prettily laid out with flower beds, trees and shrubbery; the latter trained so as to form arbors, where the people sit to take refreshments. The children play and folic on the green, while the father, mother and older members of the family sit in the bowers as leisurely as if there was nothing else to do in life but to sip a cup of codes or the state of the sta drink a glass of beer. The celebrated gar-den of Hanover is called Tivoli. It is vis-ited mostly in the evening, on account of the concert which is given every night from half past six to eleven o'clock. A good share of the music is classical, and the performers of the first class. This long musical treat may be had for about twenty cents, and those who subscribe for the hour can go in for less than half that sum. On entering the place the first thing one thinks of is tairy-land. The eye is delighted by trees, flowers, rockeries, statuary, fountains, rock-work, and, in short uary, fountains, rock-work, and, in short, by everything. Taste, with her magic wand, can call into being, and the whole se flooded with light from 16,000 gas jets. The lights are arranged in graceful patterns on the ides of the booths where the people sit to sides of the booths where the people sit to drink their coffee or ice. Every now and then one sees an illuminated tree, with the lights so arranged that by means of shades they have large bell-shaped flowers depending from the branches. These are artificial, but the deception is so good that you can only feel respect for them. There are two bands, which play alternately, while the people promenade or sit at their refreshments. The ladies crochet and the gootleway whole ladies crochet and the gentlemen smoke. In the gardens of the rich, these places are made with extreme taste, being often ornamented around the bottom with rock-work covered with moss and ferns, and festooned above with rare vines. Here the family drink coffee in the morning and take supper in the evening when the weather will in any way allow it, and their idea of the suitable-ness of the weather for such rural repasts is much more liberal than ours would be. There is seidom a family so poor that it does not contrive to have its "Laute." The other day, in passing a miserable little hovel, we noticed one of these arbors made of beau poles, over which scarlet and white beau poles, over which scarlet and white beans had spread a wealth of flowers. Here, we venture to say, the hard-working father and weary mother have often gathered their flaxen-haired flock around the simple noontide meal of potatoes and pork. The Germans are very fond of flowers. Even the houses of the poor have their tastefully arranged gardens, and the windows, even in the narrow dirty streets, are bright with blossoms summer and winter. The weather is not as warm in North Germany as it is in New York and Boston, and blinds, those enemies of flower-pots, are unknown

GERMAN FONDNESS FOR THE "KRANZ. The passion for the wreath, or "Kranz," which plays so important a part in all German literature, belongs also to this poetical stratum which underlies the national character. When a German is born, his cradle is hung with wreaths, or "bekranzi," as it is called, and on all his subsequent birth-days his chair, table, birthday cake, and all his presents are "bekranzt." If he returns from a journey, the house, and particularly the door by which he enters, is "bekranzt" A bride is "bekranzt" to within an inch of When a German dies he is borne to his grave under a literal burden of wreaths, a part of which are buried with him, and a part used to cover the sands of the new-made mound. And that is by no means the end of the story. The dying German may be sure that his picture will be "bekranzt" until the hands of those who loved him best have ceased to pluck earthly flowers. One of the prettiest of the old German customs of the prettiest of the old German customs is the winding of the bridal wreath. In the eyes of a German myrtle wreath is just as indispensable to a wedding as the clergyman. It is usually made at the house of the most intimate friend of the bride on the day preceding "Polterabend," which we not long since described to our readers. The young ladies who are to be the bride maids are invited, and usually a few others; but no one who has ever had any thing to do with that "sweet little boy with his bands full of darts" is allowed to take part in the merry ceremony; the married and engaged friends must sit in the corner and keep "hands off." Each one who can boast an unconquered heart brings a few sprigs of myrtle and winds them in herself, with good wishes for the bride. Thus, when the happy maiden stands before the altar, har head is crowned not only with the pretty shining myrtle leaves, but also with the tenderest wishes of those who love her best. A little bouquet is made in the same way for the button-hole of the groom. When the wreath is finished, the bride is sent for to come and try it on, refreshments are served, and there is a gay time generally. Of the pieces of myrtle left over there are a so-called "false wreath" and bouquet made. These are worn at the "Polterabend" dance. When the lestivities of the "Atead" are at an end, the bride and groom (these terms are use i only before marriage in Germany; after marriage the happy pair are known only as man and wife) are both blindfolded. The groom takes the groom's bouquet and preceive these hymenesi emblems are supposed to be the Rext who will have a wedding. Did we not all know that "love is blind," we might wonder that the bouquet and wis the should fall into such appropriate hands im det the dodging, laughing company. When a new house is erected, as is the winding of the bridal wreath.

eyes of a German myrtle wreath is

soon as it is boarded in it is hung with wreaths. The family of the owner assembles with other friends, an address is made, and the prosperity of the new home is proposed in a toast, and drank with cheers. The glass of the proposer of the mast is then shivered to atoms, there being an old superstition that misfortune will come to the house if the glass be used again. A supper and dance for the workmen follow in the evening.

evening. THE HARVEST PESTIVAL. The harvest festival, or "Erntedankfest," is another of the straws which show the poetical direction of the wind in this curious old land. This festival takes place only out in the country on the large estates. It is not a general festival. Each nobleman arranges the matter for his own retinue of servants when the harvest is at an end. It is really a feast for the especial benefit of the servants. These estates are often very extensive, and These estates are often very extensive, and require hundreds of people to carry them on. Not far from the castle of the nobleman is usually a little village, where the people live who cultivate the land and take care of the castle and its belongings. Although there are no serfs in Germany, the external arrangement of things remains something as it was in feudal days. The land is all owned by the land. by the lord, and there is the same centring of everything in him, and the same devotion to him and his lamily on the part of servants, him and his family on the part of servants, whose fathers and grandfathers have served the family for generations, and who are as proud of the family name as it they bore it themselves. When the grain has been cut, a day and otten two are given to the servants for feasting. A large cart is trimmed with wreaths and festoons of flowers, and taken to the field, where it is loaded with sheaves of golden grain, and crowned with a wreath suspended from a pole. This is drawn through the village by six or eight horses, all likewise "bekranzt." The pastor comes out and pronounces his blessing upon, or returns thanks for, the rich gifts of the good Father, and then the cart is taken to the barn Father, and then the cart is taken to the barn and unloaded. The whole day is spent in feasting, and the scene of the revel is usually some large airy barn, which has been picely swept, trimmed with linden and cak-leaf trimming, and plentifully afterned with the unfailing wreath hung about on the sides of the haymows and posts of the stalls. In the evening the dancing begins. The peasants are dressed in their best, and some of the costumes are so pretty that they give a very picturesque appearance to the scene. The nobleman and his sons dance with the peas ant girls, and his daughters dance with the overseer or director, who is generally a man of some cultivation; he is, however, not no-

ble, and it is looked upon as a mark of con-descension on the part of the lady to dance

WOMEN IN THE HARVEST PIELO.

While staying upon one of these large es

tates we once saw another very pretty bar-

vest custom. All the ladies were invited to drive out one lovely July morning to see the grain fields shorn of their glory. As we drove to the busy scene we found thirty or thirty-five women at work, some turning the grain, others laying it in heaps, or binding it, as the case might be. They all wore short skirts, many of them of bright colors, light linen waists made with low neeks and short sleeves, and white linen bonnets, something like the American "cape bonnet." picturesque costumes among the graceful sheaves, and the still uncut treasures wavsheaves, and the still uncut treasures waving in the background, made us long for the
skill of a painter to perpetuate the scene, and
led us for a moment to forget the hard lot of
the common German woman. O, strongminded women of America, you who advocate women carrying on farms alone, marketing the produce themselves, and doing
out-of-door work in rain or shine, come to
Germany and look for a while into the laces
of women who have done that thing for eenof women who have done that thing for generations, and you will go home humbled and astonished that you have ever sought such a calamity for your sisters! But to return to our description. As soon as we drove on to our description. As soon as we drove on to the field the women dropped their work and made us their best courtesies. The gentle-man motioned for the carriages to stop, and four of the nicest-looking giris came forward and took from their aprons pretty little braids made of straw and bright ribbons plaited together. At the end of each braid was a bow of the ribbon with besds of wheat hanging out from between the loops. The hanging out from between the loops. The girls came to the sides of the carriages and bound one of the braids round the arm of each lady, repeating as they did so pieces of poetry of several verses in length, in which they wished us long life, happiness, and, most heartily of all, good hustands. Each work way with wormthing of more ingirl went away with something of more in triusic value in her apron than the braid she had taken from it, and we drove off with our fluttering ribbons, delighted with the fanciful little ceremony. The custom is called Das Binden," and has probably been practiced upon the grain fluits of the control of "has Binden," and has probably been practiced upon the grain fields of Germany for hundreds of years. These are only a tew of the many customs which prove that, in spite of an unideal exterior, the German mind holds a strong solution of poetry, and that it needs only be stirred by the finger of genius to crystallize into an exquisite lyric or a mighty Faust.

#### APPROACHING SUMMER RECREATION. A Maryland Journal Points Out Some Destrable

Places for Recuperation. from the Baltimore Sun When the warm days of summer come the desire in every populous community is to shake off the dust of the city and seek "fresh fields and pastures new." The longing for the pure air of the country or for the salt air of the seashore is a revival of the old spirit of the natural man seeking to rid himself of

the conventionalisms with which custom and social environment have bound him. The tense bow requires sometimes to be unstrung or it will lose its flexibility, and in a busy world like ours some relaxation is a necessity. For those the condition of whose affairs or whose circumstances inexorably bind them to pass the heated months in the city, the local parks and pleasure grounds and occasional excursions by water afford temporary and much needed reliet. It is an excellent thing that either by general taxation or otherwise out of the municipal categories and cetter by general taxa-tion or otherwise out of the municipal revenue, or by the enterprise of steamboat and railway companies, these factities for recreation are provided for home dwellers, and restricted as they necessarily must be as compared with the larger liberty enjoyed by the thousands who go to the seashore or the mountains, or house themselves in sum-mer hotels and boarding-houses, the sami-tary value of even these short breaks in the tary value of even these short breaks in the monotony of city life is not unfrequently very great. For those who have the means of going away and the choice of where to go, of going away and the choice of where to go, there is no country in the world that con-tains within itself grander scenery, finer seashore bathing places, so great a variety of medicinal springs, or more wonders of na-ture, from Niagara Falls to those of Yosemite, and from the strange, weird spectacle of the geysers of the Yellowstone to the under-ground marvels of the Mammoth and the Luray caves. What other sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking people go from home to enjoy we can find within our own borders. We have our own Ems and Badens, mountains rivating those which have careful. tains rivating those which have made Switzerland the playsround of Europe, and climates equally tempered as that of the Riviera, Our network of railroads leaves us at liberty to go with ease and comfort withersoever we will, and everywhere there is a scale of prices to suit all purses and a choice of resorts adapted to all conditions of health and all adapted to all conditions of health and all sorts of maladies that medical waters may relieve or cure. The number of seashore watering places is increasing every year. They stretch along the Atlantic borders from Old Point Comfort and Coob's Island by New Jersey and New York to the coast of Maine. Maryland is rich in mountain resorts and country retreats, and will always be a favorite, far and near. Of Eastern medicinal springs, Saratoga, the resort of fashion, with its great hotels, holds its old position. For the purity of her mountain air, the variety of her medicinal waters and warm and hot springs, Virginia stands without a rival at home and unapproachable in all Europe. But go where one may, whether to quiet farms or rural boarding-houses, to the mountains that unfold to the eye their grand bold scenery, and with light pure air that it is a low to preathe or. grand bold scenery, and with light pure air that it is a joy to breathe, or to the seashore with its crowds of bathers, the prime things sought for are health and recreation.

"IT NEVER COMES AGAIN " There are gains for all our losses, There are balms for all our pain: But when youth, the dream, departs it takes something from our hears, And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better, Under manhood a st-race reign; Still, we feel that something a west Followed youth, with flying feet, And will never come again. Something beautiful is vanished.

And we sigh for it in vain . We behold it everywhere, On the earth, and in the air, But it never comes again. -R. H. Stoddard. HERE AND THERE.

The death of Stephen Pearl Andrews lately occurred in New York with scarcely a passing notice from the press of that city, so vigilant of every new subject for sensational journalism. And yet some tifteen years ago, when that coterie of the apostles of a new so cial dispensation, which had such notoriety for a time, was in the plenitude of its influ ence, Andrews was the thinking motor of the concern. I think he first hinted at the Beecher-Tilton scandal that brooded so black and broke so tercifically in the social sky. He was thick with all of the circle that was flooded so luminously with the new light and love, regardless of law, and that sent out the evangelism of Woodhull and Ciallin. He was something of a metaphysician, and I think the scientific propagation of the human family was one of his hobbies. He projected and published one or two numbers of a cosmic sort of publication that the book-hunters and curiosity collectors will yet come to re gard with value for one mechanical feature at least. Its editor maintained, first of all, that no typographic combination was so hurtful to the eye and so repugnant to the aesthetic sense as that of black ink on white paper. This must be got rid of. Then there was an inherent relation between color, or combinations of color, and sentiment. Hence this magazine was made up of variegated leaves, each article being printed on paper and with ink peculiar to itself, and supposed to have some relation to the subject matter of their contents. Thus one article appeared on buff paper, printed in blue ink ; another on green paper with red ink; alot of pink leaves were printed in black, and so on through a foren combinations. It was a curiosity in all respects, and the originality of the con tents was as great as the variety of colors. It

I find this story of Audrews floating round. It is ascribed to one of his old contemporaries :

When I was a member of the Boston bar Stephen Pearl Andrews came there to prac-tice law. He had a logical mind, though it was rather too metaphysical for ordinary use. He was learned in some rare departments of the law, had carefully studied the United the law, had carefully studied the United States constitution, was a cool and inclu-speaker, but he did not succeed in his profes-sion in Massachusetts. This was in the growing days of the Liberty party, in the years 1843 and 1844. Andrews held that slavery was repugnant to a fair construction of the Federal constitution. He supported this view by powerful arguments. The exsupported The exof the Federal constitution, He supported this view by powerful arguments. The executive committee of the Liberty party was in the habit of sending agents through the state in complex to hold meetings. It employed Mr. Andrews and the Rev. Frederick P. Tracy, a young Methodist preacher, whose oratory was more glowing and declamatory than learned and logical. Andrews had prepared and committed to memory a long speech in defense of his constitutional opinions on the question of slavery, which he ions on the question of slavery, which he used to deliver very deliberately, and then Tracy would close with one of his thundering Methodistical performances. He had heard Andrews' speech so often that he knew it by heart. One evening, at a large meeting in the western part of the state, Tracy pro-posed that he lead off, and that Andrews follow with his constitutional argument. Fracy then arose, delivered Andrews' speech word for word, and sat down. It would be difficult to determine whether Andrews was the more amazed to see the wind taken out of his sails in this way, or the audience at hearing such an address from the lips of a shouting young Methodist preacher.

This may recall to a brace of our young lawyers an experience they once had at a political meeting within a circle described by a radius ten miles around flancaster.

Rev. Alexander B. Jack, the Scotchman and Presbyterian, who died over in Hazleton the other day, descendant of a long line of theologians and pulpit orators, had some weaknesses that I believe were kindly in dulged by the generous charity of Mr. Pardee, patron of the church in Hazleton. Withal he was a preacher; of rare parts. If is brogue was broad and his voice husky, but he had fire and the rhetoric growed through his address like lightning in a dark sky he made his hearers listen and his speech had that electrical effect which is the best elocution. Bradlaugh has it. I think the first time Rev. Jack was heard here was when he made his address on "The Bible" in the Presbyterian church, during the meeting of some assembly or synod. It was a brilliant rather than a thoughtful effort; but he came back some time afterwards, if I recollect aright, and gave his lectures on "Burns" and "Scott." Oldly enough when he came to the end of his Burns lecture, going at about forty miles an hour and had o pull up, he seemed to be at a loss for peroration, and suddenly graphed that of his peroranon, and suddenly graphed that of his Bible address, fired it off and the audience did not seem to mind its inappropriateness, I had a printed copy and made the com-parison at the time. Jack used to stay up late and prowl around the streets at all times of the night. He caught his inspiraion from the silence of those hours and saw eloquent wonders in the glories of the mid

night skies. If any college in the country has, by nature formed, a more beautiful and picturesque campus than La Fayette's, at Easton Pa., I have not seen it. The bluff which is its site rises up precipitously from the town and at its foot the swift flowing Bushkill bears its message toward the sea. There used to be a long line of steep stairs leading from the bottom to the top and no student ever broke his neck there. Now there is an easy ascent by roadway and various wind-ing paths broken by tasteful stone stairways. Half-way up a grante monument, surmounted by an infantryman like the one on our ornament to Centre Square, keeps guard over the memory of the college boys who fell in the war. Eighteen years ago, when I made my last visit to La Fayette, we turned in late au d came out early; we were not on very good terms with the faculty and it is not sure I went in the front door not come out the back window. But it is all changed since then. Pardee hall, built and rebuilt by the insurance companies after and recuit by the insurance companies after it was burned down and out, is the most conspicuous building on the campus, but the old college has more of a Latin and Greek look. The Jenks building, observatory and gymnasium, a lot of barrack sylooking dormitories more or less adorn the grounds. Fronting the area are some of the professors' houses. The years is well kent The grass is well kept and the trees are thriving. There is ample level space for base ball grounds and tennis courts; and in the neighborhood quite a town is building up. The views are very beautiful; the growing "berough" of Easton sleeps and wakes—mostly wakes—below. The heights of Phillipsburg look down upon the Delaware, and away up the river is a picturesque gap where the river cuts through e hills. The real Water Gap is not in ght. Up the Bushkill, more handsomely cated than either of our cemeteries, is Easton's common burying ground. There are a good many monuments of taste: the most notable of them is that of the soft-he-sied follow, Bruch, of Philipsburg, who left all of his money to see that his grave was kept green. The lot is beautifully situated, on a slope towards the creek; the monumental sculpture is crowned with a fine figure and two keeding agests are as figure and two kneeling angels are grouped at the foot of it. I believe some \$25,000 were looled away on the job; but the court had to draw the line somewhere, and it declined to give force to that portion of the will which provided that the Phillipsburg cornet band was to march over to the cometery tot once a week for all time and toots satutation to the departed. Even dead people have some rights that courts will compet brass bands to respect, and however delightful to Bruch such strains might have been, the court held that they were not be imposed born beld. that they were not be imposed upon the thousands of other silent people. Do you think Gabriel's horn would have its due effect in a cemetery which had resounded with the alieged music of a Phillipsburg brass band once a week for several hundred thousand years!

But don't send me again to La Fayette o any other college to judge of an oratorical contest. It will not do; I'm sorry for you The auditorium of Pardee hall is a delightful place for public exercises; and the eight place for public exercises; and the eight orators were just as good looking, as graceful, as rhetorical and as thoughtful as any other eight juniors. Each of them undoubtedly was best, and all of course deserved first prize. The three judges, of whom two were men of high attainments and much discrimination, agreed upon a verdict with difficulty and returned it with high hopes. The announcement of the award of first prize was received with mute astonishment by an indignant gallery audience of students; when the second came out the outraged body of the college community had so far recovered its tone expression as to vent some muffled hisses but when, with the third the last hope to the favorite died, there was a torrent of execution that made the meek and humble member of the returning board leap for a back window and take flight down the pre-cipitious campus fromt, three stone steps at a stride, lest the populace hard him through bushes and over rocks into the black waters

of the Bushkill. Up the stream, within the town limits, but among country corn fields, Easton has a silk mill. It is a prosperous industry and gives employment to several hundred hands. All the towns in that section that have slik mills are glad of them. The people who were looking for a site in Lancaster have post poned their intentions until next year.

Over the Easten postoffice floats only th standards of the weather bureau and-nowfealty to "Old Probabilities" is the most offensive partisanship tolerated within its sacred precincis. Dawes still has it. He has fifteen or twenty commissions, believe; and he has stayed a good deal longthan Blaine would have kept him. A pic ture of President Cleveland adorns the office but that won't save him. Few die and nonresign. The Republican party must go. In Easton nobody goes to the postoffice for his or her mail. There are not a dozen boxes in use at the office. The carriers make a round about 6 o'clock, and the delivery system seems to be complete. Only a Democratic postmaster could improve it. So long.

John Kelly was an easy, graceful, foreibl speaker; and his manner belied his appear. ance and his popular reputation. In state or national conventions he was always a figurf interest and commanded attention, not only because he absolutely controlled more votes than any man of his day and genera tion, and that, too, in a close and decisive state, but because of his native individual force, his eogeney and lucidity of expression. The only time I ever came close to him was in the fail of 1882, when I went on to New York to ascertain the mainspring of virulent attacks upon the Democratic candidate for governor here that were appearing in a paper called the Tablet, and purposition there. governor here that were appearing in a paper called the Tublet, and purporting to be a church paper. Mr. Kelly's office was at that time crowded with people waiting to see him, and they were let in one by one, heard and dismissed with as much ceremony as at the White House. He commanded great au-thority and wide influence.

I found my man and got an interview with him through Mr. Kelly, although the latter himself wanted to have up that it resister.

himself wanted to have no part in politics outside his own state and city. I satisfied myself right speedily that the motive of this assault by the speculative editor—he is now dead—was money, and I had none for black- The Tablet went on; but before it circulated the correction had got shead be lie, and the Pennsylvania sharps who were managing the opposition job paid a big price for what was no use to their cause. Mr Kelly wore a glove of velvet over a hand of

The country has yet to find out what kind of a bridegroom its president will make, bu suspect he will do nothing foolish. He has a fine contempt for the "soft" and simpering overs. He once showed me a letter he had serived from a Kansas youth, who was an expectant bridegroom. It enclosed a picture of the writer, taken hand-in-hand with hi sest girl. On the wall—of the photographicallery—hung a photograph of the Democratic president elect and on the floor lay broadside newspaper with a half sheet roos crowing lustily over the gallorius victory; and the letter modestly told how in three short weeks the party of the first part hoped to call the depicted young woman his bride; and to help them along in life he wanted a Kansas postoffics. And Mr. Cleveland quietly said; "Don't you pity the girl that is getting a fellow like that."

It is called over that Alma Tadema, th famous painter,—who assumed the first part of his name to get well up in the catalogues arranged alphabetically,-has engaged to paint a picture of "Mary Anderson" Selemmbo, at the barbarian feast, as she is descending the grand stairway, lyre in hand. To those unfamiliar with our fair tragedienne n this impersonation the information may need some illumination. They who have read that wonderful work of the French master of realism, Flaubert, in the original, or even as very badly " Englished " by M. (rs. ) French Sheldon, will remember that it af forded manifold subjects for French wit and dramatic personation; this is the scene in which the master of the brush is to picture our gifted countrywoman:

" Slowly the torches ignited the trees - it fire spread from tree to tree, until the tal mass of verdure resembled a volcano begin ning to smoke. The clamour redoubled. wounded itons roared, and the elephant

wounded irons roared, and the elephants trampeted through the darkness.

"By a single flash the palace was illuminated from the bottom to its nighest terrace; the centre door at the top opened, and a woman—the daughter of Hamilcar—robed in biack, appeared on the threshold. She came down the stairway that traversed different controlled. down the stairway that traversed obliquely the third story, then the second and the first pausing on the lowest terrace at the top of the stairway of the galleys, motionless, head downcast, looking down upon the soldiers Behind her on both sides were two long processions of pale men, clothed in white robe fringed with red, hanging straight down to heir feet; their heads and eyebrows wer shaven ; their hands, in which they carrie enormous lyres, glittered with rings. They all chanted in a shrill voice a hymn to the divinity of Carthage. These were the cumor

divinity of Carthage. These were the eunuch priests of the temple of Tanit, often summoned by Salammbo to her palace.

"Finally she descended the stairway of the galleys, followed by the priests; and moved forward with her retinue under the cypress trees, between the tables at which the captains were seated, who drew back slightly to watch her as she passed. Her hair was powdered with violet dust, and, according to the fashion of Cansanite maiden. hair was powdered with visite does and, ac-cording to the fashion of Canaanite maidens, it was gathered up in the form of a tower on the crown of her head, making her appear tailer; strands of pearls attached to her tem ples fell down to the corners of her mouth-as worthy as a half-opened pomegranate : or her neck she wore a collection of lumin gems, which imitated in their medley the scales of a sea-eel; her sleeveless tunic, made of a black tissue, starred with red flowers, exposed her bare arms, bedecked with dimonds. Between her ankles she wore; gold chain to regulate the length of her steps and her voluminous dark purple mantle, o an unknown fabric, trailed, making at each

step a wide billow behind her.
"From time to time the priests thridded "From time to time the priests thridded on their lyres harmonious, almost soundless, tones. During the intervals of the music could be detected a faint noise produced by her gold chainlet accompanying the meas-ured patter of her papyrus sandals. At first no person recognized her. It was only known that she lived secluded, devoted to plous practices. During the nights the sol-diers had seen her between the curling smoke arising from fuming censers, kneeling before the stars, on the top of the palace.

"At this moment the moon made her appear very pale, and something of the gods seemed to envelop her like a subtle mist. Her eyes appeared to penetrate far away in the distance beyond terrestrial spaces. She advanced with her head inclined downward,

holding in her right hand a small ebony It is about time to stop the story going the rounds that one of the considerations which impelled Hon. Geo. A. Jenks to resign the assistant secretaryship of the interior and accept the legal direction of the Dubois estate was the pending marriage of his daughter with the beir of that vast fortune. No such social arrangement is pending. The news of it is pure fiction. The estate is eight millions at the lowest. No controversy over the will is anticipated. There may be a dis-pute with the state or the Clearfield county register as to the collateral inheritance tax. \$400,000 is in dispute there.

It is no longer considered necessary for writers, even of books, when they mean the irst person singular to use the first person plural. "We" is a chestnut burr. Drop us.

I am told by very high authority that the speech made before the supreme court of the tate the other day against the constitutionstate the other day against the constitutionality of the auti-oleomargarine law by D. F. Watson, esq., of the Pittsburg bar, was a remarkably able effort. Good man, good cause. Nobody west of the mountains has a better practice or is a better lawyer than Dave Watson. He is a Washington county boy and is not always asleep when he shuts has ever. his eyes.

It looks as f the "frozen idea" has caught on fast. People like to buy their ice cream

in that shape. One of the boys whom I interviewed the other day while he was resting between his wheelbarrow bandles teld me he turned out after 2 p. m., and made 50 cents a day. He was then on his second can of 96 cakes, and expected to finish another before he went to bed. 3x96-288, 288x5c. \$14.40. To the sweet, sweets.

How about the Ear picnic this year? have been told that the grapes will be ripe have been told that the grapes and at Penryn about Saturday, June 19, SINDBAD.

SUNDAY AT THE OLD HOME. The Godly Example of a Pious Father and

Rev. Dr. Vincent in N. Y. Independent. Sunday at my father's house was Sabbath. Not that we called it so; but it was so. What precise twenty-four hours we observed and what name we gave them were matters of no moment to my parents, who, perhaps, never examined the question as between "First Day" and "Seventh Day," as they are mat-ters of no moment to me, although! have examined the whole question from top to bottom. The Sunday of my boyhood was the Christian Sabbath, and was kept in the Christian spirit.

The preparation for the Sabbath was made

on Saturday evening. The wood and coal put in place, the means roasted, the housecreaming of the day completed, and the boots and shoes polished. The boys took their bath, the clean clothes were made ready for putting on in the morning, and at an early hour on Salurday night the household were

asleep.

The rising bell rang at as early an hour of the rising bell rang at as early an hour of the rising bell range. Sunday as on any other morning. Why not? There was no crowding of business on Saturday evening, and, therefore, Sunday morning napping was unnecessary. My father was always an early riser. He did much reading before breakfast. His chil tren were less enterprising; but what ambi-tion did not secure was brought about by word of command, which in those days had great weight, not so much, I fear, through loving devotion as through a wholesome fear of certain consequences which were sure to totlow indifference or irresolution. The norning-bell in my father's house meant all

that it said, and more.

Family prayer was the order before break fast. It was invariable—literally so. The reading of Scripture, a hymn sung through and a prayer, taking what time they would nstituted the programme at my father' nouse, not only on Sunday, but on every other morning of the week—and every even

Atter breakfast such "chores" as had no been performed at an earlier hour were at tended to—with how much reluctance on m part I am a hamed now to confess. It I had only appreciated the value of the religiour resolution and energy put into the feeding of pigs, the watering of horses, and sundry other disagreeable jobs that sometimes fell to my lot, I should not have sung or prayed with any less real and confidence; but my singing and praying would have been worth more to me, and there would have been mor so sad when her son was impatient and disnclined to do uncongenial things if that dear face could look once more on me, I d think I would try to make it brighter by b ng more self-forgetting and submissive, and by putting more religion into my secular work. But alas! the boys and girls generally

For years we had a ride or a walk of two and a half miles to the Sunday school, of which my father was the punctual and faith-ful superintendent. And that Sunday school began at 9 o'clock. Of course we went, and we started so as to be there on time. After Sunday school came preaching, which the children of our family attended—always; and then class-meeting; then lunch or dinner with a dear tamily who were as full o cospitality as they were of Christian friend ship for my father and mother. Whether we yielded or not to their persistent invitation we went home for an afternoon of Sunday school work in the old "stone mill," or in the "Sand Hill School-house," superintend-ed by my father. There was always after that an hour for reading, and it seemed as if everybody in the house read. It was on those afternoons that I consumed the vol-umes of Christian biography in my father's library. Some of them did me good, and some did me harm; but, on the whole, I am

glad I read them.

After "chores" and supper we had a family evening song. It was rarely omitted. Not going to the evening church service, ex-cept on rare occasions, we had time for this home service. For an hour or more we sang—the old hymns: sacred songs from "The Southern Harp," and sometimes the latest revival and prayer-meeting and Sunday school songs. Now and then my father would make a few earnest remarks suggest ed by the hymn we had just song. And there into the night we sat, singing and list-ening, and at last joining in prayer. The inluence of these Sabbath evening-song ser vices follows me to this day.

Beyond the "Holy l'lace" was the "Holy of Holles." For fifteen years that I can remember, it was my mother's invariable cus-

tom to take the children into her own room after the regular Saboath evening-song and prayer I have described. In the darkness, in the twilight, or in the moonlight we folowed her. And there, seated together with out a light, she would talk in a tender way about eternity and duty, about our faults as children, her anxiety about us, her intense desire for our selvation, how we ought to be more patient with each other, more cheer-fully obedient to father, more guarded in our speech, etc. Then we knelt together, and she prayed. And how she could pray! Living with God seven days a week, through al the weeks, when she brought us, her chil dren, to the mercy-seat on the Sabbath even ing, was not heaven opened, and did not the place seem holy ground, and can any one wonder that her children cannot recall those scenes without a thrill and a flood of tear

and a vow of renewed consecration?

Then came the night and silence and protecting wings of God's angels and the blessing of our mother's God hallowing the day, hallowing the house and making the mem-ory of the Sabbaths of my childhood a means of grace, of penitence, of confession, of conse-cration and of faith in the verities of the Christian religion which no arguments

shake.

No, those days were not "too religious," nor were they "a burden." There are just such Sabbaths as we need in this age and in the homes of this land.

An Immense Work.

The work of copying the celebrated frescoes in the Ajanta caves in Bombay, which was segon, under the auspices of the governments of India and Hombay, so far back as 1872, has recently been completed. These cave as is well-known, are situated about fifty-five miles from Aurungabad, and consist of twenty-four monasteries and five temples hewn out of solid rock, supported by lofty pillars, and richly ornamented with sculpture and higher finished paintings. The caves derive their chief interest from these last, which are assigned to periods ranging be which are assigned to periods ranging be-tween B. C. 200 and A. D. 600, thus affording a continuous display of Buddhist art during eight hundred years. Some idea of the mag-nitude of the work which has just been completed may be gathered from the fact that the copies made cover 160,888 square yards of canvas. There are in all 165 copies of paintings, 160 copies of panels, and 374 water-color drawings of the ornamental panels of the walls and ceilings, executed on a reduced scale, with a view to their purchastion. The paintings vary is given from 25 leation. leation. The paintings vary in size from 25 feet by 11 feet downwards. The whole of the copies are to be finally deposited in London and are to be reproduced by chromolithography and the autotype process on reduced scale and published in book form.

A Progressive English Boy. A Progressive English Boy.

They tell of a boy in England who, seeing a great tent in which a panorama or "Bunyan's Pitgrim's Progress" was being exhibited, went, to the ticket-taker and asked if Mr. Bunyan was in. Receiving a negative reply, he remarked that he was sorry, as Mr. Bunyan was his father, and ended with the query, "Of course you'll pass me in free?"

INSTALLATION HYMN. e welcome thee in Jesus' name ; He, the Great Shepherd of the Sheep, To us hath sent thee to proclaim His Gospel and His flock to keep.

We welcome thee in this glad hour His messenger of peace and love; Now may the Holy Spirit's power Fall on thee richly from above. Thy lips be touched with fire divine,

To speak of grace to dying men;
To win the lost the task be thine;
To guide them lest they stray again. The chosen captain of the host, Our leader sent of Christ to be Then shall we serve and please Him most . When with one heart we follow thee. •

Long may thy bow abide in strength; Thy heart be strong each cross to bear Then go, thy work well done, at length The faithful servant's crown to wear.

MEDIUAL.

A YER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Pimples, Boils, And Carbuncles result from a debilitated, in poverished, or impure condition of the blood Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these cruptions and painful tumors, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usua course of Botls which have pained and dis tressed me every season for several years.— tico. Scales, Plainville, Mich.

I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No exter-nal treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

A PERFECT CURE. And I have not been troubled since,—T. W. Boddy, Biver Street, Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much in-paired. Thegan using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in due time, the eruptions had disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—John R. Elkins, editor Stanley Observer, Albemarle, N. C.

marle, N. C.

I was troubled for a long time with a humo which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured mo. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.-Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

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that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.

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R. R.—TIME TABLE.
Cars leave Lancaster for Millersville at 7:06
200 and 11:20 a. m., and 2:00, 4:00, 5:00 and 6:20 p. in,
Cars leave Millersville for Lancaster at 6:00
200 and 10:00 a. m., and 1:00, 1:00, 5:00 and 7:00 a. m.

READING & COLUMBIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES, AND LEBANON AND LANCASTER JOINT LINE B. E. On and after SUNDAY, MAY 30th 488.
TRAINS LEAVE READING

OB and after SUNDAY, MAY 30th 1888.

TRAINS LEAVE READING
For Columbia and Lancaster at 7.25 a. m., 12.00
noon and 9,10 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7.25 a. m. and 6,10 p. m.
For Chickles at 7.25 a. m. and 12.00 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA
For Reading at 7.20 a. m., 12.36 and 3.40 p. m.
For Lebanon at 12.35 and 3.40 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE
For Lancaster at 6,25 and 7.15 a. m. and 2.35 p. m.
For Lebanon at 2.35 p. m.
LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster.)
For Reading at 7.20 a. m., 12.40 and 3.15 p. m.
For Lebanon at 6.40 a. m., 12.40 and 3.15 p. m.
LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster.)
For Reading at 7.40 a. m., 12.40 and 3.50 p. m.
LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster.)
For Reading at 7.40 a. m., 12.50 and 5.20 p. m.
For Chalanon at 6.47 a. m., 12.50 and 5.20 p. m.
For Lebanon at 8.47 a. m., 12.50 and 5.20 p. m.
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m., 12.50 and 5.20 p. m.
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m., 12.50 and 5.20 p. m.
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m., 12.50 and 5.20 p. m.
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m., 12.50 and 5.20 p. m.
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m., 12.50 and 5.20 p. m.
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m., 12.35 and 7.30 p. m.
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m., 12.35 and 7.30 p. m.
For Charryville at 7.20 a. m., 12.35 and 7.30 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7.20 a. m., 12.35 and 7.30 p. m.

For Lancaster at 7:20 a. m., 12:35 and 7:30 p. m. For Quarryville at 7:20 a. m. SUNDAY TRAINS.

TRAINS LEAVE READING For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. For Quarryville at 4.00 p. m. TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE

For Lancaster, Lebanon and Reading at 7.10 a. a. TRAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster.) For Reading and Lebanon at 8.08 a.m. and 3 to

p. m.
For Quarryville at 5:50 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST. (Lancaster.)
For Rending and Lebanon and 8:16 a. m. and 4:01 Por Quarryville at 5.43 p. in

TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON,
For Lancaster at 7:35 a. m. and 2:45 p. m.
For Quarryville at 3:45 p. m.
For connection at Columbia, Marietta Junction, Lancaster Junction, Manheim, Reading and Lebanon, see time tables at all stations.

A. M. WILSON, Superintendent. DENNSYLVANIA BAILROAD SCHED U.L.E.—In effect from May 31, 1886, Trains LEAVE LASCASTER and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows:

Trains Leave Lancasters and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows:

WESTWARD.
Pacific Express:
News Express:
News Express:
Mail train vis Mt. Joy:
No. 2 Mail Trains:
Mail train vis Mt. Joy:
No. 2 Mail Trains:
Mail train vis Mt. Joy:
No. 2 Mail Trains:
Mail train vis Mt. Joy:
Mail train vis Mt. Joy:
Mail train vis Mt. Joy:
Mail trains:
Mail tra

p. III.

The Marietta Accommodation leaves Columbia at 6.10 a. m. and reaches Marietta at 6.55. Also

The Marietta Accommodation leaves Columbia at 5:20 a. m. and reaches Marietta at 5:20. Also leaves Columbia at 1:15 a. m. and 2:55 p. m. reaching Marietta at 1:20 p. m. and arrives at Columbia at 5:20; also, leaves Marietta at 2:00 p. m. and arrives at Columbia at 5:20; also, leaves at 8:30 and arrives at 8:50. The York Accommodation leaves Marietta at 7:40 and arrives at 1:30 and arrives at Lancaster at 8:00 connecting with Harrisburg Express at 8:10 a. m. The Frederick Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Fast Line, west, at 2:10 p. m. will run through to Frederick.

The Frederick Accommodation, east, leaves Columbia at 12:25 and reaches Lancaster at 12:53 p. m. Columbia at 1225 and reaches Lantaster at 1226 p. 18.

Hanover Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Nigara Express at 926 a.m., will run through to Hanover, daily, except Sunday.

Fast Lines west, on Sunday, when flagged, will step at Downingtown, Coatesville, Parkesburg, M. Joy, Elizabethrown and Middletown, † The only trains which run daily. On Sunday the Mail train west runs by way of Columbia, J. E. WOOD, General Passenger Agent. CHAS, E. PUGH, General Manager.

PARKS. &C.

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Meals at the Park, as the Dining Hall will be
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