A NATATORIUM NEEDED.

WHAT A PROGRESSIVE CITY LIKE LAN CASTER SHOULD HAFE.

Why This Town Would Be Largely Benefitted by Such an Institution-Discussion of a Location and the Peasibility and Possibility of its Erection.

Now that the long summer days are appresching, when old Sot gets in his rhost acfeasibility of erecting a natatorium is awakening from its winter sleep and putting on renewed vigor. Said a prominent citizen to the INTELLIGENCER seribe: "I know of no city in the country that stands more in need of a swimming school than Lancaster. You would be startled if I would tell you all the mate Lancastrians to the manner born who cannot swim. And yet when you consider the limited opportunities afforded for acquiring this very necessary art, your sur prise would doubtless be greater that the category of swimmers has its present numer bad strength. Get into any crowd of young clerks, middle aged business men, or heary headed sages. Incidentally ask how many of them can swim, and there will be a quick

desire to change the subject."
"Is it strange that it should be so?" he continued. " Think how far away the Conestoga creek is when the inclimation comes over you to lave in its turbid waters. You a mile under the boiling and broiling sun before you arrive at a point where building may be indulged in without police interfer ence. And, if you have no conveyance, the case with to per cent, of the army of would be swimmers, you must trudge over the dustiest and dreariest of roads. Even this might be endured, if one were towarded with a desirable bathing place at the end o his journey. But this small boon is denied you. A gang of hoodiums usually eccupy the few choice spets, and they take a morbid delight in setting their worst when they are intruded upon by gentlemanly company SOME OTHER THOUGHTS.

With these bins percolating through the mind of the reporter came others, born of seif suggestion. He remembered how, in his callow days when bathing represented the summan beauty of his life, the muddy the summan bosons of his life, the mudy, waters of the Conestoga presented anything but an inviting prospect for his dipping therein. He recalled his emotions of surprise on his first visit to the seashore to find that he could open his eyes under water without danger of impairing his vision. Then, too, his memory reverted to the jagged stones in the bottom of the Conestoga that seemed to have been specially placed there to want his poor text. The long journey to wound his poor feet. The long journey home after the bath, the perspiration and disgust that were evoked by the trainp, and his general tendency to view life through journalised speciacies after his trip—all came back to him. And so with a view of saving the rising generation from going through his harsh experiences, he bethought him i might be well to wield his pen in advocacy of the scheme to make swimming easily a tainable by all at a minimum of expense TRACTICABILITY OF THE PLAN.

Any one who gives the matter careful con sideration will reach the conclusion that a natatorium, or swimming school, would no only be a good thing for Lancaster, but also that it would repay those making the investment. The annoyances and unsatisfactor-ness of crock bathing are by no means exag-gerated in the remarks above made, and all who have tried it will agree that it is strictly true. This admitted, and it being also conceded that in Lancaster, with its 50,000 inhabitants, there exists a demand for swimming becitives, it should not be difficult for of energy and means to provide the supply.

The equipment of a first-class natatorium would be inexpensive after a building was selected, and this latter, it is believed, could be secured at a price not extertionate. Properly the building should be within easy reach of the centre of the town, or at some point that could be arrived at by the street cars. Neprly any kind of building of good size could be remodeled to suit. The Lan caster skining rink or Harterger & Mctui-ly's) rea feetnery will suggest themselves to some as de-raide locations; or if the expense of these is led great, the appearatories of some of the unidings now devoted to uses as bails roight be taken. A good sized tank with a constant supply

of running water during the hours of the natatorium's use would be the chief requi-site after the tanking was secured. The ar-rangement of dressing rooms, etc., would not entail much expense. The Broad street natatorium in Philadelphia contains a tank about 100 feet long by 25 feet broad, and in depth it has a gradual slope of from 2 to 10 feet. A similar institution in Lancaster feet. A similar institution in Lancaster night safely be medelled upon this plan. There they have instructors who will guar-antee to teach boys and girls, young and The morning is devoted to the fair sex with women instructors, and the afternoon to men. Many a fair girl who wins praise at the seaside reserts for her natatorial skill owes it to her lessons from this or a similar THE SANITABY VIEW.

And the sanitary view of the question should not be overlooked. As cleanliness is next to goddiness, a natatorium in Lancaster would cause its patrons to approximate to both. Not that this, however, would be the primary object of its institution, that being included in the learning to swim. But if it ever came into popularity, it could not have any but a favorable effect on the physical habits of those who became its patrons.

Lancaster has its share of bath-tubs and doubtless its due proportion of cleanly citi-zens. But a natatorium would increase the number of the latter, and besides afford to large numbers an easy mode of learning a most necessary accomplishment. It would besides give awimmers an opportunity for the exercise of their skill in this direction that would be a very gratifying break in the

monotony of a summer afternoon. It having been thus successfully demon onstrated that the scheme is necessary and feasible and that it would supply a long-felt want, it remains to be seen whether enough energetic and public-spirited Lancastrians will take hold of the project and carry it along to a splendid success. We know that there are many who will echo the aspiration of the scribe: "So mote it be."

Governor Porter's Popularity

From the Cincinnati Enquirer "I can tell you a tittle story story showing how Governor Porter has attained his great

popularity," remarked a by stander.
"Let's have it?"
"When he was making his canvass for the "When he was making his canvass for the governorship, he was folled to speak in a Democratic county. He went to the place, where he found a committee of Republicans, brass band and all, waiting to receive him. In the crowd he espied a good old Democratic brother, whom we will call Jones. Rushing up to him he grabbed him by both hands and began plying him with questions about the health of Mrs. Jones and all the young Joneses. One of the committee came and told him they were waiting on him. He and told him they were waiting on him. He told them to go on, that he was busy. He then jumped into Jones' buggy and went home to dinner with him, got Jones and all his friends to go to the meeting. The upshot was that the Republicans carried that county for the first time in its history, and by a like campaign be carried the state

"Preity shrewd worker. How old a man "Pretty shrewd worker. Howold a man is he?"
"Upward of sixty, but remarkably well preserved. He has a wonderful following in Indiana. He is personally more popular than any public man Indiana has ever had, excepting Oliver P. Morton and Blue Jeans Williams."

POLLY'S GARDEN When in the west the sun is low, And golden clouds sail soft and slow, Adown the gravelled path I go To water all the plants that grow In Polity's garden.

such feeble plants! An ample share Of sun and rain and genial air, Of daily thought and tender care, Alone can make them bloom and bear In Polly's garden.

And O! the garden of her heart, Of this the unseen counterpart! What magic rule, what loving art, Shall keep the weeds and flowers apart. In Polly's garden,

Dear Lord, we bring it all to thee, As thou wilt, so her tife shall be. Tis ours to water patiently, Till fairest things grow tall and fre

HENRY WARD BEECHER



The strocklyn Divine Who Has Had His Shar of the World's Regard and Condemnation. Henry Ward Beecher comes again to th ront, this time as an advocate of the theory devolution which he intends to show is in no way antagonistic to the teachings of the Bible. In these efforts to which he says he will devote the concluding years of his life he will doubtless draw all eyes upon him. He is the fourth son of Lyman Beecher, and was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24th, 1813. He graduated from Amherst college, Mass., in 1834, and later studied theology at Lane seminary, near Cincinnati. He first settled as a Presbyterian minister at Law-renceburg, Ind., in 1837, removed to Indianapolis in 1819, and became pastor of the Ply-mouth Congregational church at Brooklyn,

During his whole career he mingled to a greater extent than almost any other preacher of his denomination in matters not directly professional. In Brooklyn he was soon known as an earnest opponent of slavery, and known as an earnest opponent of slavery, and very early became known as a platform orator and lecturer. He has always been a strong Republican, with the exception of the Blaine-Cieveland campaign, when he advocated the election of the latter, and has preached a number of political sermons from id-pulpit, nesides addressing a number of political meetings.

For several years he was editor of and a

leading contributor to the Independent, and was succeeded in its editorial enair by Theodore Titton,
In 1870 he became editor of the Carletton

In 1870 he became editor of the Christian Busics, a weekly religious paper. Mr. Beecher has several times visited Europe. In the summer of 1874 Tilton charged Mr. Beecher with eriminality with Mrs. Tilton. He brought a civil suit against Mr. Beecher claiming \$100,000 damages. The trial lasted six months and ended in the defendant's acquittal. In 1878 Mr. Beecher announced that he did not believe in the eternity of punishment, believing that all nunishments are ment, believing that all punishments are cautionary and remedial. He formally withdrew from the association of Congrega-tional churches on account of his change in his belief. He is the author of "Lectures to Young Men, " "Bars and Eyes," Freedom and War," "Narwood," a novel, and many

LORD GIRMOTLES SWEETHEART.



Miss Porteseur. Who Got \$50,000 for Breach of Promise and Will Visit This Country.

Miss Finney, who is probably better known by her professional name as Miss Fortescue, who gained considerable notoriety by her love affair and its subsequent breach of promise suit with Lord Carmoyle, who is the son of Lord Cairns, an ex-lord chancellor of England, made her debut in theatrical life April, 1881, at the Opera Comique, London. n the delightful musical burlesque, "Patience." She made the acquaintance of Lord Garmoyle in 1882. He was greatly impressed with her fascinations, and cultivated ntimacy. In July 1883 he proposed marriage to her and was accepted. Parental sanction was promptly gained on both sides and the engagement made public through a newspaper paragraph. Soon after Lord Gar-moyle told his betrothed that his family held very strong views in regard to the theatre and stage life. They thought an actor's pro-lession was not only full of peril but was un-godly and profane. He was careful to assure her that he did not share these views, but a t his request she abandoned the stage. Miss Fortescue was after this invited to Lord Cairns' house, where she was affectionately Carris' house, where she was affectionately greeted by both Lord and Lady Cairns, Suddenly and without the previous hint that such an idea was entert sined, Lord Garmoyle broke off the engagement, and Miss Forfescue immediately brought action to recover \$50,000 as a salve for the injury done her, and a public acknowledgement by Garmoyle's counsel that there was no ground for breaking the engagement and that her conduct was irreproachable throughout. Atbreaking the engagement and that her conduct was irrepreachable throughout. Attempts to compromise proyed futile, and as public opinion strongly favored the lady, and there is no doubt that had the case proceeded the damages granted by the jury would have exceeded the large sum already claimed, the counsel for the defendant consented without objection to a vertice of £10,000, adding that Lord Garmoyle wished to say that not the slightest imputation rested on Miss Fortescue's character, that she had conducted herself as a high-minded English gentlewoman throughout their intercourse. Thus beauty and worth gained a splendid financial comand worth gained a splendid financial com-pensation for an injury wrought by unfaith-fulness which seemed to have been entirely without excuse. Miss Fortescue is described as being an accomplished linguist, a musician and a thoroughly educated woman. Miss Fortescue is to visit America this autumn Fortescue is to visit America this autumn and her appearance will doubtiess create an immense sensation.

Butler Might Have Been President A. Burrin Philadelphia Times I will tell you the story as General Simon

ameron once told it to me : "Mr. Lincoln," said General Cameron,
"was casting about to find a candidate for
the vice presidency to run on the ticket with
him at his second nomination. It had been
decided by the party managers that Hannibal Hamlin was not available for a second
race. Various names were proposed, but
there were some objections to each one.
Finally Mr. Lincoln sent for me one day and
said: 'I would like you to go to Fortress Monroe and see General Butler, and tell him if he will accept the nomination for the vice presidency on the ticket with me he shall have the taken.

presidency on the ticket with me he shall have the place."

"General Butler was then commanding south of the James and I started at once to convey to him the president's wishes and to urge him to accept. I reached him in due time, and at once delivered Mr. Lincoln's inessage, adding to it such suggestions as I thought proper. General Butler thought the subject over, but finally said:

"No: I cannot accept. I do not think a man should leave the army at such a crisis as this to accept a civil position."

"I returned with the message. Mr. Lincoln was much disappointed. As the result of this relusal the nomination went to Andrew Johnson. So you see a word would then have made General Butler the vice president, and that word he had the power to speak. He would have then become president, after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln,

DRIFT.

THEY are beginning to find out in Eng-land, what we too will discover ere long, that beyond a certain limit the cheapening of literature becomes expensive : low prices are purchased at the expense of high quality The shilling story-books," says a London paper, "are appearing at the rate of some thing like three or four a day. When a good thing like three or four a day. When a good story does happen to make a stir, it is now promptly choked out of existence by another treading closely on its beets, and that in turn dies before well born. Because a story is startling in situation, is told in a certain number of pages, and is sold for a shilling, the belief is widespread that a gigantic fortune follows. MSS, from untrained hands keep pouring id, but probably not one shilling story in every dezen that sees the light pays its expenses. The bookstalls will not hold them, the reputation of the publishers is being ruined by them, and the public is sick of them."

If there ever is an excuse for issning good literature in cheap, paper-cover, form, it is in the case of light summer reading. There I can see that it may serve a good and useful purpose, both for the public and for the cause of good literature. And on the whole it is a matter for self-gratulation that our most trustworthy and honorable publishing houses are giving us some very wholesome, or at east harmless, light literature in such a form and for such a purpose. The Harpers al-ready announce a special series of cheap, paper-covered stories for the summer; so do Lippincotts; I am sorry to see, however, that in both are included some stories that are lit-tle short of trash. Nor is Macmillan & Co's. Summer Reading Series uniformly worthy of the high character of the firm. Scribners' Yellow Paper Series so far as announced contains nothing to which serious exception can be taken, and much that is of the highest excellence, like Cable's Old Creole Days, Mrs. Burnett's That Lass o' Lowries, Guerndale by J. S. of Dale, Stockton's Rudder Grange, and others as good. Of Houghton, Millin & Co's, Riverside Paper Series, it is needless to say that it includes nothing that is not literarily and morally pure and of fine quality; while the paper, print and attractive appearance are to my mind superior to those found in most of the other series I have seen. They began in May to issue the have seen. They began in May to issue the volumes, one every week regularly. Among them are several that have never before appeared in book form, while two. The Cruise of the Alabama, and Not in the Prospectus, are entirely new. For the rest they include some of the most pleasing stories of our very best American writers, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Phelps, Howells, Aldrich, Scudder, Bishop, and others.

For my part, save in very exceptionable cases, I consider it little short of a waste of money to buy books in paper cover and made to last only a season. A book that is not worth preserving is not worth reading even in the hottest weather. My own plan is to utilize the summer vacation to catch up in my reading with the classics of our liter-ature, the standard works of our standard auature, the standard works of our standard authors, modern and not so modern; and to re-read those low great books of literature which demand a fresh perusal every couple of years. And why should not Hawthorne, Holmes, Howells, Aldrich, Warner, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, make as good summer reading as any of the second-rate writers can? And them, of course, we all want in the can? And them, of course, we all want in the very best binding. For their works are meant to keep; and do keep, and grow bet-

BUT I don't mean to talk about summerreading now; though I have a few things I want to say on the subject some other time.

I HAVE just been reading what purports to be a romance of Moravian life intitled "A Victorious Defeat," The name of the author given on the title page, Wolcott Balestier, has by some been regarded as a mere nom le plume, and various quesses have been made as to the true name of the writer. It mate as to the true name of the writer. It was suggested, among the rest, that it was Mos. George Parsons Lathrop, the daughter of Hawthorne, though on what possible grounds I cannot understand. It is true there are so many marks of femininity in the style, mode of thought, and expressions, that I don't wonder it should have been ascribed to a woman. But why to Mrs. Lathrop? What has she done to deserve the charge? She writes a uniformly pure and graceful She writes a uniformly pure and graceful characteristics which are markedly lacking in this little book. I am much more inclined to believe the assertion more recently made on good authority, that Wolcott Balestier is the real name of the author, who "is a young journalist of New York, editor of Tid-Bits." It is also said that he wrote the story when but twenty-one years of age, which no doubt accounts for the frequent defects of style and grammar, and the not infrequent stipshod manner and expr ssions.

IF you can overlook these, and will at the outset renounce all expectation of finding in it anything truly representative or illustrative of Moravian life, you will be able to enjoy what is otherwise a very clever, interesting, and altogether fresh and pure story. Indeed I consider it a remarkable performance for a young man of twenty-one. At the same time even in such an one it is inex-cusable to be continually putting into the mouth of his characters, refined and cultured people, such expressions as "Its a pretty enthusiasm," "its only fair," and such bar-barisms as ""I wish you wouldn't," 'I won't if you ask me not;" or ""You was asking, if you ask me not?" or "a You was asking, was you not?" Perhaps this last grammatical outrage was intentional, as it is put into the mouth of a young Moravian brother of little culture. But why should it be? The brother was a German, Gonrad, and certainly spoke only Gorman; and if so then certainly only the very best German, the Saxon as spoken in its purity at Herrnbut. There are many similar instances throughout the book not only of such gross grammatical errors, but of careless literary workmanship and unpardonable inclegancies of style.

THE plot, however, has the rare merit of being novel and ingenious. The only trouble is that it hinges altogether upon a historically untrue and impossible representation of life in a Moravian village during the first quarter of the present century. The hero, Mr. Keator, is a noble character, well drawn: Reator, is a noble character, well drawn; a little fanatical in his piety, we would perhaps consider him to-day, but not an unfair type of the Moravian of that period. But how in all the world did he a young man, "little more than thirty-live" years old, a cripple using a crutch, and an amounted man, ever get to be a presbyter and pastor of a Moravian "place-congregation". It would have been an impossibility at that lime. And proan impossibility at that time. And upon this impossibility, coupled with another equally unsupposable, depends the whole story. Miss Constance Van Cleef, the heroins, is a sweet and beautiful character, on the whole. She is not a Moravian, though her father is. She is, however, though she has no desire to become a member of the church, no desire to become a member of the church, a probationer (Second impossibility). She is treated as a full member, by being admonished by the pastor not to be on such familiar terms with a young man who is her father's guest, and afterwards officially reproved at a public meeting of the congregation (Third impossibility—if she was no member the church officials could not have any authority over her, and would at most baye thority over her, and would at most have spoken to her father about her case, never in a public meeting). Finally, Mr. Keator pro-poses her name to the Elders' conference, to have it put to the lot whether he might marry her (Fourth impossibility—a minister to propose the name of a non-member was utterly out of the question). This last im-possibility forces the author, who recognizes it, into the very glaring contradiction of sud-denly assuming that she was a church mem-ber, and a member of the Sisters' Choir, which she and the author had all along ex-pressly denied; and which denial was in-deed essential to the plot up to this point!

THESE radical misconceptions of the intri cacies of the early Moravian life and disci pline are the whole basis of the romance. Correct them, and the story falls to th ground, there is nothing left for it to stand on. Mr. Balestier, however, has not failed worse than many before him, than all non-Moravians, who have tried to understand the outer visible forms of old Moravianism without comprehending, that is imbibling and entering into its true inner spirit. He has probably spent some time at Bothleben, Nazareth or Lititz, has certainly studied with considerable care and thoroughness the history, cultus and discipline of the church, and been impressed with its many peculiarities in by-gone days; and from this he imagined that he understood Moravianism. That he has not entered into the first conception of its spirit is evident from his book. For though he seems to try his best to be fair in his delineation of the Moravian customs and character, and plainly displays a warm adon. Mr. Balestier, however, has not failed

sincerest purpose succeed only in misrepre senting and generally caricaturing them.

Bur while "A Victorious Defeat" is decidedly not a "romance of Moravian life," I repeat that for a writer of twenty-one it is very original, fresh and skillfully wrought story. It succeeds in reflecting to some degree the peaceful beauty of its subject, has a pure and wholesome tone, and abounds in passages descriptive of scenes and places that are altogather exquisite and charming. The characters are clearly drawn and handled with much ability: the conversations are generally natural; the action is carried forward with a steady hand, and its interest maintained to a remarkable degree from the first page to the unexpected yet quite satisfying denomenent in the very last chapter. The weaknesses of the story may be attributed to the peculiar difficulty of the subject rather than to the unskillfulness of the author. With an easier subject—and almost any other subject is easier—we have reasons to look for some excellent work in the future from this promising young writer. gree the peaceful beauty of its subject, has a from this promising young writer.

ONE great danger is to be guarded against by our younger writers of fiction, who are carried along by the recoil from the dominant realistic tendency, and the "art for art's sake" school. They need to take great care that, in discarding the photographic method and the tedious analytic process, they do not neglect the artistic style and grace of diction which are the chief if not only merit of the James school of novelists. By all means let them substitute a true idealism for the prevalent crass realism; let them give us a live story in place of the common specimens of lent crass realism; let them give us a live story in place of the common specimens of mental vivisection; they need not be afraid of showing sympathy with their characters, and arousing our feelings with and for them, instead of asking us coldly to look on while with a cynical of flippant callousness they probe into and disclose the hearts and minds of their subjects; but don't let them imagine that for the sake of these wholescome inthat for the sake of these wholesome im that for the sake of these wholesome improvements the intelligent reading public will forego the graces of literary style, or condone a careless, slipshod manner or form of expression. No more fatal error could be made for the success of their worthy cause than to cumber and destroy the effectiveness of their work by neglect of the style. Yet I know that some of them affect to do this intertelligible. tentionally. One of them, a writer whose novels have aroused considerable attention despite their literary defects, boastingly con-fessed to me not long ago, "I care nothing fessed to me not long ago, "I care nothing for style, and pay absolutely no attention to it at all!" His novels show how truly he spoke, and they suffer infinitely from it. What if Hawthorne had been guilty of such

NOTHING is more certain than this, that i unwholesome fiction clothed in grace and beauty is ever to be superseded by whole-some, it can only be by clothing the latter in still more perfect beauty and grace. If Bal-zac and James are to be dethroned, it will not be by less finished and conscientious literary artists, but only by an exercise of care and skill and hard work as great and painstaking or more so than these eminent writers bestow upon their tasks. Form may not be the first nsideration in literature, but neither dare it be only a secondary.

> ---HONOKARY DEGREES.

ome Reflections of Timely Interest at the College Commencement Season, From the New York World.

The season of college commencements is a hand and a shower of honorary degrees will soon take place pretty much all over the country. The whole number of colleges in the United States, as enumerated by the commissioner of education, is 365, the majority of which ought not to be graded above the rank of high school, and many of them send forth graduates whom a first-class high school would be very slow to acknowledge. But all academic graduates are alike made Bachelors of Arts or Science. These degrees, however, with those of Medicine, Law, The ology, Civil Engineering, etc., have more meaning than those of "A. M.," "D. D." and " LL. D." since they testify that a certain course of study has been pursued at least to some extent. They do not pretend to indicate distinction in any particular class If a student is graduated at all, whether his scholarship is good or bad, he secures one, and no one need be altogether misled.

The degree of " A. M." is supposed to dicate a marked progress, and some institutions so regard it, but in the majority of cases any "A. B." can obtain an "A. M." after a certain lapse of time by simply applying for it and paying a fee. The result is that it has become practically valueless, although col-leges do not of their own motion grant it leges do not of their own motion grant it without cause, as a rule. But the conferring of "D. D." or "L.L. D." is supposed to be altogether a voluntary act, and would justly be regarded as a very considerable henor if it had not been hopelessly cheapened by want of discrimination. No elergyman who is really entitled to the degree of "D. D.," as gauged by the old standards, is now helped a particle by it. He is very much greater than his title conveys any idea of, since it aimost invariably accompanies pulpit vapidity of the fashionable sort.

The misapplication of "LL D." is perhaps even more marked. There is something of a traditional awe still felt among aspiring scholars at the sound of those letters, and yet how the title has been abused! Lit-

and yet how the title has been abused! Lit-tle cross-road "universities" bestow it with the cross-road "universities" bestow it with unblushing predigality upon any one who makes pretensions to good grammar and they think will help them along. The big colleges themselves do not hesitate to place this badge of learning on distinguished but comparatively illiterate soldiers. In fact there is now a decided military flavor about the first themselves of deserved reputation. it. If the institutions of deserved reputation thus pervert the honorary degrees, what can be expected of the quack colleges? The probability is that the abuses alluded to have gone so far that there is no chance for reform. And perhaps it is well enough as it is. The people at large at present possess very good capacity for finding a man out. No one is likely to suffer because titles have lost their value. It is a detatable question whether they are not relies of barbarism.

THE EARLIEST FIRE FLY

Fearless little ploneer, Leader of thy race this year! Tiny spark of wondrous light, Wandering thro' the darksome night Of thy vague, erratic flight,

Soon thy light will be but lost Mid thy fellows' brilliant bost, When the meadow lands shati be Gay with mimic galaxy.

Finches prophecy the spring, But thy race, with boider cheer, Say that summer now is here. Now the wild grape fills the air, With a wealth of perfume rare: Roses bloom beside the way Joy and fragrance fill the day: Now the smilight's lengthened hours King with song and glow with flowers. Leader of the glittering band Soon to follow thy command, Welcome, then, thou tiny spark,

Who had taught thee, underground Ere thy wings thou yet hadst found : Who had taught thee thus to sour Thus to flit the meadows o'er, Ere as yet thy cheering flame From its hiding places came Never yet another's light

Seen against the woodland dark.

Having met thy newborn sight How wiit thou the difference know Twist a mate's and rival's glow How distinguish in the dark. Either from a glow-worm's spark Wonderful the mystery-What shall safely pilot thee, With unerring thread of fate To thy only rightful mate :

Wanderer! thus, unto my sight With more than stellar lustre bright Ah! how gladly would I share Courage which can boldly dare Thus to mount on untried wing; Boldly thus thyself to fling. Whither heart within thee leads. Toward higher life and nobler deeds

Thus thou op'nest to mine eye scenes above this star-paved sky He who guides thy feeble race, Pours on man a richer grace. Outward eye hath never seen Canaan's fields of living green; Outward senses hear no song Sung the eternal choirs among But the Son of God inspires, In his saints, those warm desires, And that strong, unconquered will Which the heart with rapture fill. When he calls, they soar away, Freed from all this mortal clay, Finding true the joyous word: Still together with the Lord.

IN NEW ROME.

oaquin Miller in N. Y. Independent. Cortez and horse cars! And the horse cars drawn by mules; and the mules are donkeys! And the driver is dressed like a circus-rider; gay as a cavalier, polite and kind; kind to everybody and to everything but the poor little donkey.

of them. The driver has a big, brass horn, and he blows it at any time in the street. He blows it as Joshua blew whenever a horse, or dog, or child gives him the least chance to make a noise, as a note of warning that he, she, or it is liable to be run down by the donkey and its three managers. Surely everything is done with "a flourish of trumpets" in this Rome of the New World. The policemen here have no beat, A po-

day only about two hundred thousand souls in this city. But I think half a million more exact. For I know how stubborn Indians, and, in fact, all uninformed and superstitious people, are about giving their names and the numbers or their household. They all will fell you that it is death to count their numbers too closely.

the sun will bear! Dook down the street; a load of wood. Look up the street; hay, Look left or right; cabbage, flowers, fruit. In wagous? On mules? Donkeys? Nothing of the sort. The great high rick of hay, wood, flowers, fruit, is borne forward by a single little brown man or woman. Two hundred pounds is not counted an overload

bells about his body where he can fasten them. He, too, does his work on the run. Why don't they introduce the Aztee in New York, and make a telegraph boy out of him? Prescott tells us that before the Spanish conquest these little fellows were accustomed to make as much as one hundred miles a day when bearing letters and dispatches for ontezuma.

Chapultepec. This glorious old fortress, the residence of the late adventurer, Maximillian, but now a fine military school, overlooks all this gorgeous valley of flowers, and I am tempted to tell you just how the old city lies and looks from this storied battlement. You will please open the Independent about the middle. Now mark the white space down between the pages. This white space is the elevated aqueduct flowing east to the cathedral from the lower heights of Characters. Chapultepec. Keep this clearly in your mind tow, and ascend the five or six hun-dred stone steps, tacing the wood-grown for-tress with the noonday sun over your left shoulder, and you will know where

I think maybe this idea will seem toolish to

daras" go up there and bring down ice out of those caves, every day. From them this city receives its ice, brought down on the backs of the patient and mysterious children of the sun. All day, and nearly all night, and for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, there are at least a thousand little barefooted and nearly naked little babies not more than a foot or so in height toddling about the pu lic squares selling ice cream, sherbets, wat ices and so on, all made from this ice which has lain under the sides of these sunny mountains since long before the rich man cried ou for a drop of water from the friend of father A braham in heaven. So much for the right hand upper corner

which the American army entered the City of Mexico after their merciless and most un-necessary war of invasion. But it gives no sign of seige or combat now. Only the great stone columns stand now, and all may come

much more civilized people than we Americans in this respect. For they set up no shafts, or monuments, or statues to their hired fighters. They do not set up statues at all, in fact, to men who make the trade of war a profession. Nor do they celebrate their military men above their civil ones. The old monk who proposed and pushed to prosperous conclusion the war of indepen-

prosperous conclusion the war of independence, is a greater hero than any of those who rode down to battle sword in hand.

No, no nuisance like that which has overtaken us in Washington city disfigures their squares or public walks here. The truth is, if they should set up stones to every hero of every war, they would have room for little else.

stand on the brow of Chapultepec, there is one tall and shapely shaft. Read as we de scend and pass close to the monument, what do you find? It is a monument set up to celebrate the virtues of a schoolmaster. The man who had charge of the military school ies buried here, as well as many of his

ancient lake. The cathedral stands on what was called the highest point in the island on which the ancient city was built before "stout Cortez and his men" came to plant the cross in blood. All the causeways centered here, at the upper end or near the upper extreme of the white line in your paper. To the left of us you see some patches of low wet marsh that has not yet submitted to

low wet marsh that has not yet submitted to the plow, and close under us to the right arises the red arched aqueduct running from here to the cathedral, and beyond you also see some low marsh land. A spot of this description may be detected far away toward the Tottee ruins. But as a lake they cut no figure. The whole region may now be called one continuous flower bed.

Will you lift your face above the mighty wall of mountains that entirely surround us? Contemplate this sky; catch the breath of heaven in your nostrils here in February. Why, you can feed upon this air. It is literally laden with a sense of flowers and of fruit.

Not a cloud. Not a breath of wind. Noth-

And it takes three men to manage one car; and they are kept busy all the time, all three

liceman, in Mexico City, is placed in the middle of the crossing of two streets; and there he stands night and day, day and night, looking up and down, and right and left, four ways for trouble. And I commend this method to other great cities; for it there is anything going on, in this way he can surely see it. No beer for the public guard in Mexico; no chance ever to take a shilling on the sly, as in London. The eyes of the city are on him. At night he has a lamp at his feet. At all times he has a club in his hand, and a bright, ivory handled six-shooter

hand, and a bright, ivory-handled six-shooter at his side.

Order seems to be perfect here. Not a single drunken man or woman have I seen. It is as sober and orderly a city as was old Rome a decade since. And I remember writing it down that in all the two or three years I lived in the Eternai City I saw but two drunken men; one a. German, and the other an American.

Statistics refuse to give me what may be called even an approximate of the population of Mexico City. Some persons have set it down at half a million; others at only half that. One writer insists that there are today only about two hundred thousand souls in this city. But I think half a million more

and whit tell you that it is death to count their numbers too closely.

Looking at the people as I meet them under the palms and amid their seas of flowers under the path of the sun, I should say that at least one-half of them wear sandals, one-quarter are barefooted, and one-quarter only, at a high estimate, wear shoes, or boots.

And the burthers these brown children of the sun will hear! Those down the steer.

hundred pounds is not counted an overlead for these singular little people, who generally carry their burthens on the run or trot. All about the streets at all times you see these carzodayas standing, rope in hand, ready to carry anything in the world anywhere. The monks brought the donkey here from Spain to take the place of these people; but not to much purpose.

And of all picturesque creatures, commend me to the native courier. He is dressed like a prince. He wears silver buckles on his sandals, a silver belt, and plenty of silver belts about his body where he can fasten

I have just returned from the heights of

the city when we reach the summit Here we are! Two hundred feet perpen-dicular, and almost in the centre of a valley as round as this paper would be if you took as round as this paper would be if you took a pair of seissors and clipt off the corners. The white line of the middle, reaching to and beyond the marvelous cathedral, by far the finest edifice in America, divides the city

the finest editice in America, divides the city almost equally.

Away out yonder, in the right-hand uppercorner of your paper, stands Popocatapeti and his faithful spouse, "the lady in white."

Matchless! Gloriously magnificent! so splendid in their sole companionship, so constant and true, so eternal! And do you know that it is a satisfaction to see them together. I think maybe this idea will seem foolish to some. But it is a restful thing to me to look out and up from any place in this round, rich valley, or in the city and see them there together; she in white, veiled as at an altar; he more rugged, yet white also in his everlasting mantle of snow and ermine.

They have made great caves in those cones of snow up there. These little brown "caro-

of your paper. Now look up in the left hand corner. There lie the ruins of the ancient Toltic capital. Before the Aztecs fled to the islands in the center of this valley, this left hand cornre was already the tomb of kings. Of course tradition gropes here, and I haste on from a subject about which I can set down nothing new. I only wanted to get the grography of the great points of interest clear in your mind as we stand here on the heights of Chapultepec looking out over this storied and romantic city of Mexico. Immediately before us and three-quarters of a league distant are the gates of the city by which the American army entered the City

or go at will. You see no marks or signs of the Mexican war anywhere. The Mexicans are a much wiser and a

However, right under our feet here as w

You look in vain for the outlines of the

The richly uniformed cadets lie on the grass and under the trees around you trying hard to read their books. But it is very hard. Heaven seems so near that the things of earth have but little hold on these handsome young denizens on the battle torn hights of ancient and honored old Chapultepec.

REMININCENCES OF JEFFERSON. The Simple Mode of Life of the Father of the

American Constitution. From the Baltimore Sun-Sight-seers and tourists from all parts of the civilized world still occasionally pay their homage at the modest tomb in Monticello's (Va.) graveyard. An excellent coun try road leads from the village to Monticello, his homestead, on a little mountain top two miles off. Three hundred yards from the house, on the right of the road, the eager wayfarer catches a glimpse of the monun erected over his remains, a small granite shaft designed and inscribed as he directed in his will. It was so mutilated and chipped for relies that the inscription became unintelligible not many years ago, and Congres appropriated the money for a renewal of the monument and its railing. The work, a du plicate, fortunately for the good sense and taste of Congress, has been completed, a taste of Congress, has been completed, a highly-decorated railing enclosing the consecrated spot. Not far off is the tomb of his friend, Dabney Carr, and those of his family and relatives. Wild flowers bloom interspersed between and around the graves, and, in the new entlosure, which looks rather bright, they have been planted. The site is primitive, the shaft simple, and the effect left on the visitor's mind is that Mr. Jefferson displayed eved taste in his buried directors.

on displayed good taste in his burial direc

Aunt Polly, an aged negro, who used to wait upon him at table, still lives in Monta-cello. She is evidently pressed with the honor she had of performing this special sergreat man eat. He was a small eater, and great man eat. He was a small eater, and preferred soup and vegetables to meat, wine to whisky, which in fact he did not drink at all. His wines were directly imported for his own use, and were chiefly Bordeaux and Maderia. He was a smoker, though not of cigars; he carried about with him a big cherry stem a foot long and bowled out at the end, into which he would thrust some tobacco leaves crumpled up on the moment, and this he would smoke. The tobacco was grown on his estate, and he esteemed it over all other brands; but he was a moderate grown on his estate, and he esteemed it over all other brands; but he was a moderate smoker, and talking rather than smoking was his forte; as he liked to talk, people liked to listen to him, and of course a lways with marked deterence. He was very liberal in giving tips, or small change, to servants at the houses wherever he visited, and in that day it was the universal practice to tip all mental service. His purse was made of silk, and he kept both its ends well filled out with silver, thinking nothing of giving a quarter or half a dollar to a servant as a gratification. A unt Polly recalls with particular pleasure, in looking back over her career, that Mr. Jefferson always greeted her and shook hands with her every time he returned home after an absence. The politest of men, he shook hands, in fact, with everybody, white or black, whom he knew or who was presented to him. presented to him.

PECULIARITIES OF DRESS. His every-day and Sunday clothes were of homespun grayish cloth and home-make; a roundabout, red vest, both buttoning up around the neck, knee-breeches, home-knit stockings, pumps with silver buckles, and s brood-brimmed slouch hat constituted his outfit in dress. In very cold weather he tied a red comforter around his neck, country fashion. About his linen he was very particular, and the washerwomen in charge as Monticello were careful to do it up exactly in accordance with his fancy. It was with extreme reluctance that he at last laid aside knee-breeches to don the more fashionable pantaloons. When riding out he used it winter woolen and leather "leggings," and however spattered with mud on returning however spattered with mud on returning home he removed them with his own hands seated before a blazing hickory fire. He accustomed himself never to call on others for assistance when he could easily do without; but in those little matters which called for outside attention, viz., cleaning his room, preparing the articles of his toilet, repairing his clothes and keeping them in trim, he was exacting, and his servants were thoroughly drilled to fulfill his expectations. Wherever he might be his deportment was very quiet and dignified, though he could very quiet and dignified, t adapt himself readily to any assemblage. The children of the village and its neighborhood literally adored him as a hero, their own hero, so naturally did he please them, and ladies, of whose society he was tond, were devoted to him. At his funeral a big crowdattended, including all the servants on the place, who exhibited their sorrow in many tears. After his death Monticello was occupied for eight years, and during the interval his bedroom, with everything in it as he left it, was untouched. It was small and simply furnished, usually he rose with the sun, and before breakfast took a stroll around the yard and to the stables. He was a good-looking man, and had sandy hair up to his death, that is to say his hair did not turn gray, nor was he in adapt himself readily to any assemblage. The say his hair did not turn gray, nor was he in the least bald. Crowds visited the house and the least bald. Crowds visited the house and grounds for years after his death, and even after Commodore Levy, of the United States navy, bought the estate in 1834. The commodore's helr now owns it, and has latterly been endeavoring to restore the mansion to its pristine state. It would be a suitable act if the estate should be purchased in the name of the country and given to Mr. Jefferson's nearest kin, some of whom still reside at Charlottesville.

HER AUNT. Miss Lucy sits and twists her thread. And then she lifts her pretty head To glance across the brief expanse Between my mansion and her aunt's.

From her back window I can see Miss Lucy cast a look at me; I wonder if I throw a kiss,

Twill fright away the pretty miss The kiss is thrown-Miss Lucy blushes And from the window quick she rushes But Cupid, ever seeking glory, Mounts upward to the second-story,

And I, his footsteps following, see Her aunt return the kiss to n

A Lucky Man.

"A lucky man is rarer than a white crow," says Juvenul, and we think he knew. However, we have heard of thousands of lucky ones and we propose to let their secret out. They were people broken down in health, suffering with liver, blood and skin diseases, scrofula, dropsy and consumption, and were inchy enough to hear of and wise enough to use Dr. Pierce's "Golden Discovery," the sovereign blood purifier, tonic and alterative of the age. jp-W, & w

Teething Babies are happy if their gums are bathed with Da. Hano's Teething Lotion. Summer-Mothers be careful of your bables with diarrhosa. Dr. Hand's Diarrhosa Mixture cures when everything else fails. Price 25 ets For sale by H. B. Cochran, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

Dyspensia comes from Torpid Liver and cos tiveness. You cannot digest your food well unless your liver and bowels act properly, Brandreth's Pills, taken one or two at night for a week or so, will regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver and ensure a quick and healthful di-gestion. These Pills are purely vegetable, con-tain no mineral and are absolutely harmless for old and young.

The Same Human Nature. Many vain attempts are made to repeat the remarkable success of Benson's Capcine Plaster. This splendid remedy is known, sold and used everywhere, and its prompt action and unrivalled carative powers have won for it hosts of friends. Initiations have sprung up under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicin," "Capsicun," etc., intended to deceive the careless and unwary. These articles possess none of the virtues of the genuine. 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 Seals" 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. (1) Many vain attempts are made to repeat th

When you demand a Benson's Capcine Plaster of a druggist, to expect to receive one. Yet there are, we regret to say, a few druggists of the Cheap John variety who will try to persuade you to accept some worthless substitute with a similar sounding name, such as "Capsicin," Capucin," "Capsicine," etc., prefixed sometimes with the name "Burton or Benton, "Cheap John will sell you one of these wretched initations for half the price of the genuine, as he can well afford to do, its real value being acting, and it costs but little more. Burson's are the only porous plasters that can be depended apon to cure every allment subject to external treatment. They are prompt sure and thorough Protect yourself against deception by buying of Protect yourself against. The genuine bears the "Three Scale" trademark and has the word

YER'S HAIR VIGOR.

PERFECT HAIR

Indicates a natural and healthy condition the scalp, and of the glands through a nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and and disease, the hair becomes thin and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will streng the condition of the condition of the land vigorous growth, and impart to it the is and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and an convinced of its value. When I was if years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so attundated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwatar, Miss.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers. If you are suffering from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order or your mind contused; take Ayer's Sarangarilla. The medicine will restore physical force and clastic ity to the system more surely and spedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stom ach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and became weak and very much emscisted. look six hottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cared—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass. Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

repared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass Sold by druggists. Price, \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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Hor PLASTERS.

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We guarantee the HOP PLASTER the best ever known. The virtues of fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Canada Balsam combined, make this plaster highly medicinal and active for the cure of pains, aches, soremess, cramps, stitches, crick and local weakness. Drives out pain—smoothes the parts and strengthens. Soid by druggists and dealers. 25c., 5 for \$1.00. HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, Mass. Mailed for price. (3)

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Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from In-larious Drugs and Offensive Odors.

A particle is applied to each nestril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents at druggists by mail, registered, 50 cts. Circular sent free. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y. july23lyeod&lyw

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