## THE BAGGAGE SMASHERS. HOW JOHN D. CLINTON AND HIS AID

HANDLE THE BIG TRUNKS.

ous Increase to the Variety, the Char acter, the Weight and the Number of Trunks Carried-The Drummers' and the Theatre People's Trunks,

Many people wonder why it is that so many other people are daily lounging in and about the passenger station of the Pennsyl-vania railroad during the arrival and departure of passenger trains. Of course some of them are there to bid adieu to departing friends; others to welcome friends who have been absent and are expected home; some are there to meet their "mashes" and indulge in what they regard as very sly flirtations, but which to the acute observer are as palpable as the pencil with which we write these lines. There are others who go to hear the puffing and snorting of the locomotive, the shrill scream of the steam whistle as the steam is blown off, the clamor of the bells-brazen bells-as the trains move it and out of the station house; and to gaze admiringly on the mighty engine and per haps upon the broad-chested, bright-eyed engineer, as he touches the lever and makes the wheels go round."

An experience of many years, however, convinces us that a majority of those who as semble in the waiting rooms or on the platform of the station are attracted thither with a view of seeing the "baggage smashers" as the baggage handlers are familiarly called. At almost any hour of the day several

strong two-wheeled, iron-clad trucks may be seen standing in the depot piled high with indescritable assortment of trunks, values, grip-sacks, and all manner of baggage waiting to be shipped by the next train, or standing waiting to receive the baggage from the incoming train. WHEN THE PUN BEGINS.

The moment the train comes to a stand still, the fun commences, and the crowd looks on with delight. A beavy oak plank, shod with iron at either end, is carried to the baggage car and one end of it raised and thrust inside the open door, the other end resting upon the plank floor of the station house. With almost incredible rapidity the contents of the baggage car are slid down this toboggan, and come bouncing to the plank floor below. Big trunks and little trunks, iron trunks and wooden trunks, strong trunks and weak trunks are vemited out of the car like missles from a catapult Down they come all in a heap, and when the corner of a heavy iron-clad weighing two hundred and fifty pounds goes ploughing through the soft leather skin of its lighter and prettier neighbor, the flimsy brass head

ed nais go flying in all directions and groans are heard to escape from the love of a hat or duck of a bonnet stored inside. How Baggage Master Clinton and his assistant, Johnny Heigle, manage to escap trui ka that come rattling down upon them has long been a wonder to the gaping crowd who daily witness their remarkable mances, as they stand neck-deep in a wilder

ness of baggage.

No sooner has the car been emptied of one load of miscellaneous baggag- than it i fitted with another quite as miscellaneous mentioned, piled high with a load of trunks weighing in the aggregate a ton or more, pushed up to the open door of the car and a transfer of the baggage rapidly made. The heavy trunks are rolled over and over, side ways and end-ways, and come down with a thud at every motion, now right side up now upside down, now standing on one end and

The local baggage emptied from each in-coming train is quickly taken possession of by Fred. Brimmer's transfer company or by the drivers of coupes, carriages wagons, when, after the "checks" ! duly scrutinized and turned in to the baggage master, it is carried to the hotel or

residence of the owner.

"How long have you been handling baggage here?" asked the INTELLIGENCER of John D. Clinton, the baggage master.

"Since 1861," replied that officer.

"I suppose there have been a great m my "O, bless you, yes; the baggage business has quadrupled since that time. Then there has quadrupled since that time. Then there were no Sunday trains and only two or three week-day trains east and west; now there are four Sunday trains, six week-day trains east and ten west, all of them requiring the handling of large quantities of baggage."
"How much baggage is allowed to a pas

passenger is allowed to carry 150 pounds as far as his ticket calls for and family 170 pounds; all baggage over that weight is charged extra, the charge being fixed according to the distance travelled. Between Lancaster and Harrisburg the charge is 25 cents per 100 pounds; to Pitts burg \$1.40; to Philadelphia 35 cents; to New

## ork 80 cents, and so on. THE HEAVIEST BAGGAGE. "What class of baggage do you have the

most trouble with ? "With the big trunks of the 'drummers' or 'commercial agents' as they call themselves. When I first began to handle bag

gage here there were no drummers; they not put in an appearance until after the close of the war; then they began to travel, first few in number and with moderate-sized packages; later they came in swarms and with such immense trunks that it was impossible to handle them, and the company was compelled to put a restric-tion upon them, and make the maximum the company was compensed to maximum tion upon them, and make the maximum weight of the trunk 250 pounds. There are some of them now," added the baggage some of them now," added the baggage master, pointing to three or four big trunks standing in the depot ready for The Intelligencer took a look at them.

They were strong wooden boxes about four feet long, three feet deep and two feet wide, covered with leather or imitation leather bound with heavy ash bands securly fasten ed with wrought iron nails and having boile iron braces at the ends of each band, and iron braces at the ends of each band, and having cast-iron corner pieces at each of the eight corners of the trunks. The lids were secured by very heavy hinges and a burgla and gored, and innumerable dents in the hard wood bands and loosened nails in some of the iron braces, plainly showed that the beavy trunks had passed through many a THE NUMEROUS DRUMMER.

"In speaking of drummers, in what branch

of trade are they most numerous?" "Well, they are numerous in a good many branches; but the most numerous are the dry goods, notions and millinery fellows. Some of these have trunks of immense size, much larger than those you are looking at. The company does not restrict the size of the trunk, (provided it will go into the car) but only the weight.

trunk, (provided it will go into the car) but only the weight.

"And who, next to the drummers, are your most troublesome customers?"

"The theatre people; they generally carry large trunks, and very often a good deal of stage property that is inconvenient to handle. Besides a good many of them are very 'up-rish' and seem to imagine because they pish' and seem to imagine because they play king and queen on the stage that they are entitled to royal consideration." "The checking of baggage must be a matter of considerable labor!"

"Yes it is," said Mr. Clinton. "When I came here twenty-five years ago, no baggage was checked further east than Philadelphia, nor further west than Pittsburg. At that time the Pennsylvania railroad company had no leased lines and did business only on their main line, and had no other checks than the local checks you see hanging here". their main line, and had no other checks than the local checks you see hanging here"; pointing to the metallic disks with which all travellers are familiar; "but now we check beggage everywhere, East, West, North and South, and have distinguishing checks for every road over which our baggage

AN IMPROVED OFFICE. The checks, attached to leathern thongs, were hanging on the walls of the baggage room by thousands and in infinite variety. "You have a very convenient office here

Yes, much more commodious than for "Yes, much more commodious than formerly. We used to be cramped up in what was lately known as the Western Union telegraph office; and when we moved into our present quarters one-half of the room was taken up by Dispatcher Boyle's and Carpenter Beard's offices. Now we have the whole room, these two offices having been removed, and the present dispatcher, Builth swords, having his deak in the rear of the room, so that there is ample space for the storage of barrare, for a Western Union taker and a small exclosure to rackson."

The managers came again, and, as ber time was taken away. It wonder what alls the fellow," he solil-oquized, as he went home. As he entered his boarding-house, the servant girl met him in a great flarry. "Oh, Mr. Allison," she exclaimed, "here's a letter for Mr. Milford. Can't you get it to him before he goes away?"

"He's already gone, Jennie, but I'il send itcher and a small exclosure to rackson."

People generally writs their names legibly when the letter did come, it was a broad with the latter did come, it was a broad for the solid that the poor, weak intellect, half stunned by that strange encounter with death, failed day by day, and as a last resort she was placed in the sent of the solid that strange encounter with death, failed day by day, and as a last resort she was placed in the "home," and supported by the revenue of her city.

A Patent Fact.

From the Hebrew Standard.

People generally writs their names legibly when the letter did come, it was a broad for the specific transport of the solid transport o

ages are passengers permitted to take with them into a passenger car?"

"There is no very well defined limit. Gripsacks and small parcels of various sizes and shapes are admitted provided they do not cumber the seats or interfere with other passengers." passengers.

THE BAGGAGE WAGON. "Yes," continued Mr. Clinton, " not only has the amount of baggage greatly increased year by year, but the means of removing lo cal baggage from the station to its destination has also greatly increased. I remember very was no baggage room, and but small mean of conveyance from the station. David Rees on a small omnibus to carry passengers, and behind it was lastened a two-wheeled truck to carry the passengers' trunks. Later John Murphy run a regular baggage wagon, and still later Fred, Brimmer started in with car still later Fred. Brimmer started in with ear-riages for passengers and express wagons for baggage. Ho was followed by Pat Cherry, and Dutchy Rosenfeld, and Jim Carberry and the others, and almost every hotel in the city

the others, and almost every hotel in the city now has its own private wagon to ship the baggage of its guests to and from the railroad station. A year or two ago the transfer com-pany was organized, with Fred. Brimmer at its head, for a more expeditious transfer of baggage to different parts of the city."

Just then the Day Express came puffing into the depot, and Mr. Clinton and his as-sistant. Lohny, Heigie who has been or duty nulling into the depot, and Mr. Clinton and his as-sistant, Johnny Heigle, who has been on duty since 1879 and who has proved to be the right man is the right place, and Calvin Craig, a colored assistant of more recent date, attacked the piles of baggage, both that which was to be received and that which was to be shipped, and the same racket ensued that has been described in the earlier part of this article, and the baggage disappeared in a winkling.

ONLY A WAIF.

A Story Taken From Real Life at the Foundlin Asylum.

from the New York Herald. "A waif, most likely," muttered the police man, as he stooped down to pick up a suspicious looking bundle by the curbstone, at which a well dressed gentleman stood point ing with his cane. As his hands grasped the bundle a feeble wail came from out the folds of the faded shawl, and the child moved

"Only a waif, sir. There's plenty of 'em in this neighborhood," "Well, you'll do something with it, of course? Now, in a case of this kind, what-

what do you do with them?"
"Take 'em to the station house. They'll send it to the poorhouse or foundling

'Quit right. You have a matron, haven't "Oh, yes; there's a matron down't the prison."

Yes. Well, she will know what to do "Yes. Well, she will know what to do and the officer a dollar.

with it," and he handed the officer a dollar.
"I am glad I found it, and called your attention. Ah good night," and the gentleman hurried on his way.

The officer watched him till in the gather-

ing darkness of the evening he disappeared from view, then quietly pocketed the dollar and proceeded to the station house. The child was given into the hands of the matron, and in the morning was transferred to an

Have you ever opened the door into a long, cool ward, with rows of high, white shee cribs, and seen a hundred babies in a hundred different attitudes, some upon the floor, some toddling along and tumbling over chairs and footstools, some just learning to walk by clinging to the rails of their cribs. some filling the air with merry laughter, as they fell pell-mell in a heap, one upon the other, in a game of romp; some few asless upon soft white pillows, under curtains long, white net, and others, just waking in their nurse's arms, scarce knowing whether to laugh or cry? If you have, then you can imagine the home the little wait found.

Home? Yes! Isn't a comfortable bed, plenty of beatthy food, an abundant shelter from storm or cold, sufficient clothing and a nurse, home? Can you sak that each of the hundreds of babies that fill a large institution shall have a mother's care or a mother's love to surround it? Would it be possible to give each babe separate training, to enter into its nature? You ask too much. No, they must be dealt with as a whole, governed by rule, and trained according to the precep-

of the managers.
THE FOUNDLING FINDS A FRIEND. And so it happened that at ten years of age the little waif was a scrub 'girl in the kitchen asylum. When questioned, he teachers shook their heads and whispered "not bright," and she was left alone with

her pots and kettles.

A new matron came into the asylum. Pass ing through the kitchen one day she dis covered the little waif busily washing dishes As she stopped to speak to her she laid he hand upon her shoulder, when the child shuddered and drew back with a look of terror in her eyes. As she did so, the matron's eyes fell upon a reddened neck below her loose fitting frock, and unfasten ing the dress she found that the child's back was swollen and still bleeding from re

outs of the lash.

To her excismations of surprise and clos questioning the child tried to explain, bu burst into tears and soobed out:
"Oh! ma'am, I ain't nothin' but an animal, anyway! Mrs. (mentioning the name of the former matron) says so!" "My child, you are just as much of a hu-man being as I am. You haven't got four feet or horns, have you?

"Weil, then, you are not an animal, an you have just as much right to your life and to love and kindness as I have." "Oh, ma'am, I never had a friend in my life!" she exclaimed with a fresh burst

No, ma'am,'

life!" she exclaimed with a fresh burst of grief.

The loving sympathy of the new matron instantly won the child's heart, and under her genial influence she developed many fine traits of character. The child's attachment became so strong and sweet that she called her "mamma," and the matron did not forbid her. But her intellect, dulled from her birth, never expanded, and at thir teen she was as simple, trustful and ignorant of sin as a babe. Then the managers put her out to service,

the matron removed to another institution and for a few years the little waif was los

UNCOMPREHENDED SIN

Several years went by and the girl returns to the asylum.

"What have I done! what have I done! she moaned day after day, as she tossed upon the bed in delirium ; and then when the final hour came and she lay in agony she looked up in the face of her friend and moaned "They called me an outcast. What did i mean? Will God never love me again? On tell me, am I too bad for God to forgive?" In the morning she lay, pale and weak upon her bed, her babe resting by her side

upon her bed, her babe resting by her side.
A few joyous months passed over her head,
almost happier than any she had ever known.
The companionship of her friends and the
wonderful mother love that filled her heart
as she tenderly cared for the tiny babe,
made the moments golden to her. Even the
dark shadow of her uncomprehended sin
seemed to have vanished, and she was as in-

seemed to have vanished, and she was as innocent and peaceful as her child.

As the babe grew older she played with it
upon the ward floor or carried it upon her
shoulder through the walks in the morning
sunshine. Its yellow curis were bright as
the sun and its blue eyes calm as the gentle
sky they both loved to watch. Sometimes,
as the babe's eyes looked into its mother's
childish face and its soft, tiny hands played
over her cheeks, it seemed as though the
babe understood the deep things that were
hidden from her mind, and that it loved and
pittied her with a strange tenderness beyond
the weak intelligence of earth.

Was it Providence? "The Lord gave,
and the Lord hath taken away!"
In a tiny, pine ceffin, white and still, lay

and the Lord hath taken away!"
In a tiny, pine cetfin, white and still, lay
the babe, and the poor waif bent over it. He
eyes were wide with amazement and pittin
questioning. Her friend pointed to the blue
sky above and told of the beautiful hom sky above and told of the beautiful home where the child, transformed into a sinless angel, played ever before her heavenly Father, and how she watched at the gate of pearl waiting for the coming of her mother, and as they took away the beautiful, silent form to carry it to the Potter's field she let them go without a question, only turning her eyes up to heaven and saying with child-like faith:

like faith:

"My baby is up there. My heavenly
Father keeps her for me!"

The managers came again, and, as her
time was up, the little waif was taken away.
But the poor, weak intellect, half stunned by
that strange encounter with death, failed day
by day, and as a last resort she was placed in
the "home," aituated upon a hill far out of
town, with the crippied and disabled poor,
and supported by the revenue of her city.

his hand into his inner coat pocket, and with an exclamation, drew out a dainty letter, addressed in feminine hand.

"Just as I expected!" he grumbled. course, I forgot it! Why didn't I think of it before we left Newark! I might have mailed it there. Now there's nothing to do but to tell Clara that I forgot it. And, of course, it is important or she would never bave hurried it off with that blot on the corner."

"Waverly!" called out the brakeman The young man arose, and, with the letter in hand, left the car. At this moment, a

in hand, left the car. At this moment, a carriage, containing a lady and gentleman, drove up to the station.

"There's Willis," exclaimed the young man. "He must be going to the city: I'll get him to mail it. Hello, Willis! Going into town?"

"Ah! Bennett, how are you? Yes, my wile thinks she must hear Salvini to night. Anything I can do for you?"

"Why, yes; if it would not trouble you. This letter was handed me this morning, and, as usual, I forgot to mail it. It is quite important, and if you'd just drop it in a box for me, I'd be greatly boliged."

"Certainly. No trouble at all."

Mr. Willis took the letter, put it in his inner breast coat pocket, and hurried away to his train, which had just arrived. Charlie Bennett passed down the board walk to his longetfulness would never occur.

A week later, a small company were assembled in Mr. Willis one feeling that the possible results of his

A week later, a small company were as-sembled in Mr. Willis' parlor. A young married lady who had that day found in her husband's pocket a letter that she had given him several days before to mail, made the statement that she believed that every man in the room had in his pocket missives that he had been entrusted with and had wholly forgotten. Mr. Willis denied the charge, forgotten. Mr. Willis denied the charge, and offered to prove that, so far as he was concerned, at least, it was an unjust accusa-

One by one, he emptied his pockets of tetters, which were all addressed to himself, except the last, a delicate letter, with a tiny blot on one corner. This bore the address of "Henry Millord, 123 West ——street, New

York," A look of astonishment crept over his face, followed by one of dismay, as he recalled the day that Charlie Bennett had entrusted him day that Charlie Bennett had entrusted him with an important letter to mail. This must be the one, though he had not noticed the address. Followed by peals of laughter, he hastened from the room with an indefinite desire to do something, he scarcely knew what, to rectify his error. What should he do? Should he harness up at this late hour and drive two miles to Newark, just to mall this letter, or should he walk over to the station on the chance of finding some one going to town? Just at this moment, he saw, in the moonlight, a man hurrying along saw, in the moonlight, a man hurrying along the walk toward the station, and, recognizing neighbor, he said:
"Oh, Grey, is that you? Are you going

"Yes, I am going to Boston, and I am hurrying to catch the night train. Anything I can do for you?"

"Why, yes; if you will just mail a letter for me. I will be obliged. You can deep it for me, I will be obliged. You can drop it in a box as you go along. It will not delay

"Ob, it will be no trouble at all." So, once more the letter was placed in a breast pocket and started for New York. It was destined, however, to take a much was destined, however, to take a much longer journey. Mr. Grey found himself pressed for time, and, in his haste, entirely forgot the letter. Returning home one morning, ten days later, he caught sight of Mr. Willis, taking the train for New York. The sight of him recalled the forgotten letter.

tepping to the office window, he addresse ent, who stood inside: say, Smith, I want you to do me say, Smith, I want you to do me: will you give this letter to some on who is going on the next train. It is a very important letter, and must be mailed at

sight of him recalled the forgotten letter

on the next train. He'll take it.'

"Tell him not to forget it."
"Oh, he won't forget. He's always doing errands for somebody.

Much relieved, Mr Grey continued homeward, and Mr. Smith put the letter up over his desk, where he would be sure to see it when Mr. Harris came. But, for some reason, Harris did not come. Smith, catching sight of the letter the next morning, cor cluded that, as he was going to town in the afternoon, he would not intrust it to any one else, for fear it might be forgotten, as Grey had said it was important. The letter was, therefore, consigned to Mr. Smith's pocket, just before he went to dinner.

As he arose from the table, his wife re-

marked: "You are not going to town with that coat "You are not going to town with that coat on! Leave it here, and I will sew on those buttons, while you are gone."

Obedient to the wishes of his wife, Smith put on his Sunday coat, forgetting to transfer his papers from the old one. While Mrs. Smith was working upon it, the papers fell to the floor. She picked them up and carefully laid them in a drawer, where they remained until Smith asked for them, several days later. Looking them over, he discovered the letter to Henry Milford.

"Now, that is too bad! I must give this to the first person that goes to town to-day."

day."
It chanced that the first person that appeared was Charlie Bennett. To him Smitt ent with the letter, "Bennett, I wish you'd mail this for me

it's been in my pocket a week now."

Bennett took the letter, and, glancing carelessly at it, recognized it as the very letter given him by Clara three weeks before. "Where did you get this?" he asked

"Where did you get this?" he asked, rather abruptly.

"Grey gave it to me to mail a week ago. I meant to give it to Harris, but didn't see him. Then I thought I'd mail it myself, and forgot it. Do you know anything about it? I hope there's no harm done."

"Oh, I guess it's all right. I only asked because I know the man to whom it is addressed. I'll see that it is mailed."

"It's a shame!" said Bennett to himself, what I did not mail this when it was first.

"that I did not mail this when it was first given to me. This is why Clara has been looking so down-hearted for the last three weaks. Poor girl! Well, it will soon be all The attempt to mail the letter was this

time successful, but it was not so soon "all right" as the brother had prophesied. The day before Clara Bennett had given her letter to her brother, she had received one signed, "faithfully yours, Henry Mil ford," and which, after an avowal of love had closed with these words: "If you re ceive this with favor, give me permission t come to you; but if in your heart there is n to my words, silence is the

Clara's answer was brief. It consisted of but one word, "Come." Henry Milford waited very patiently for week, after sending his important letter. But as day after day passed, and no answer came, he considered his suit as lost, and, in despair, concluded to accept an invitation from an uncle to visit him on his ranch, in

California.

Robert Allison, an intimate friend and a Robert Allison, an intimate friend and a young lawyer, had tried in vain to dissuade him from this step; for he knew no reason why Henry should become moody and despondent all at once, and throw up his hopes of business success and promotion, and start off to California. But his arguments were unavailing. Henry would go.

"Where shall I forward your letters?" asked Allison, as they shook hands at the station.

station.
"There'il be none to forward," was the ungracious reply.
"But I shall want to write to you myself. Where shall I address you?"
"I'll write you after I get settled," was the

Henry turned abruptly away and stepped into the car. A second later, he turned back, and, grasping his friend's hand, said, in a husky voice:

husky voice:

"Good-bye, old fellow, and forgive my rudeness. I hardly know what I am saying, but I won't forget that you have been a true friend to me in these dark days."

"Good-bye," responded Allison, trying to speak in a cheery tone. "You are a little bilious new, but the free life of a rancher, in 'the glorious climate of Californy,' will bring you out all right. I shall expect glowing letters from you soon."

"I wonder what alls the fellow," he solitoulzed, as he went home.

As he entered his boarding-house, the servant girl met him in a great flurry.

THE ROMANCE OF A LETTER.

M. A. Allen in Cosmopolitan.

The evening train from New York to Newark was flashing across the meadows, when a young man, who had been sitting with hat drawn over his brows, apparently thinking deeply, started up, hastily thrust his hand into his inner coat pocket, and,

A bright, beautiful May day was drawing to a close, as a traveling carriage drew up before the hospitable door of John Millord, California. The occupants were a portly middle-aged Englishman, wrapped in various "top coats" and shawls, and a young man, who seemed to be in great pain, and was evidently tnable to alight. "Ello 'ere, cahn't you lend us a 'and ?" shouted the portly individual to the herdsman, who stood near, looking curiously at the stranger. "'Ere's a young man that 'as broke 'is leg. Cahn't you give 'im a lift ?"
John Milford himself heard the summons, and, appearing, bade "the boys" bring the stranger in. The elder gentleman, who gave his name as "Holiver 'Awthorse, of Hivy Lodge, 'Ertfordshire, Hengland," made all due explanations.

due explanations.

"You see 'e would go leaping over the beck, and fell in. 'E couldn't get up; so Tummas, 'ere, and I, we 'elped 'im into the phæton. Then we came 'ere, for we couldn't go on wi' the poor man groanin', and we not knowin' but 'e'd broke both 'is legs, you "Doctors are not so easy to get in these

"Doctors are not so easy to get in these diggin's," said a bystander, "but here's old Peter; he's a nateral bone-setter. He'll fix 'im up all right."
Old Peter, rough as he looked, proved both skillful and gentle. He said that the injury was a severe sprain, not serious, but it might prove tedious, and require absolute rest for weeks. Mr. Hawthorne did not hear this statement with equantimity.

statement with equanimity.
"Now, I cahn't stand that, you know.
We've only time to reach San Francisco be fore the steamer sails. I say, why don't you give 'im some brahndy or gin. Talk about the grandeur of a blahsted country where there's no doctors, and you can't get a decent drink of ale. No, Meacham, if you're not able to go day after to-morrow, I'll 'ave to go without you. That's all there is about

"But, Mr. Hawthorne," expostulated the "I !" exclaimed the irate old man. "You think you're the only chap that can endure living with a crusty old curmodgeon that's traveling for 'is 'eaith. But 'ere's what I'il alleviate the anguish of livin' with me, sir." And he slapped his pocketbook resoundingly.
In this dilemma, old Peter came to the

"There's the old man's nevy," said he to young Meacham. "He hain't been here long, but mebbe he'd go with the old feller. He might find him sort o' amusin'. He'd be as good as a circus to me. Henry Milford would not have been recog-

nized by his New York friends. He wore slouch hat and his trousers were tucked into his boots. But there was that in his bearing that told Meacham that he was not as rude as The young fellow broached the subject of

Henry's taking his place. "Mr. Haw-thorne's not disagreeable to live with; he pays well. He blusters sometimes, but he soon blows himself out. Come, say you will ake my place." The proposition was unexpected, but its very novelty had a charm for Henry; and, atter some discussion of the matter with his uncle, he offered himself to Mr. Hawthorne, and was accepted as his traveling com

panion. Several days after their departure a letter

Several days after their departure a letter reached the Milford ranch, addressed to Henry. His uncle turned it over with a perplexed face.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with it," he said. "I'll ask Meacham."

The young man knew the route that Mr. Hawthorne had proposed to take.

"He intended sailing at once for Yokohama. I believe I'd forward the letter there. Just write on it, 'care of the English or the Just write on it, 'care of the English or the American consul.'"

Poor Clara's much traveled letter reached Yokohama in due season and was sent to the English consul.

After remaining some days in his hands uncalled for, it was passed on to the American consul, where it remained a month, and was then returned to Allison, at New Great was his surprise to receive his letter again, bearing the post-mark "Yokohama." He could also see that it had been to California. There was nothing to do now but wait

enry himself re ral weeks later a letter came to Alli son, post-marked "Vienna, Austria." As it seemed to be the continuation of a former story, Allison concluded that the previous letters from Henry must have miscarried. It closed with these words: Mr. Hawtherne don't like Japan; so we

did not stop on those flowery shores. Our stay here promises to be prolonged; so write me, care United States consul. When I shall return to my native land is a problem I do not try to solve. So long as I and my agreeable employer are as "lappy as we are at present," as he would say, we shall probably remain in partnership. He has a formidable tour marked out: St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Rome, Moscow, Paris, the Al-hambra and the Holy Land, in about this order, I believe. So, you see, we have years of travel before us. Will write you when leisure and inclination coincids.

Allison answered this letter at once; and,

without opening the former one, which he had laid away in his desk, enclosed it and its enclosure in a large envelope, that also bore 111.

Time passed—three months six months year, and no word came from the wanderer.

It never occurred to Allison that his letter had not been received. But such was the After his usual erratic manner, Hawthorne suddenly determined to leave Vienna for

St. Petersburg. While journeying through the Suez canal, they had made the acquaintance of an Eng-lish spinster, a Miss Winthrop, accompanied by a very pretty American girl as traveling companion. Millord felt a languid interest companion. Millord felt a languid interest in the girl, but he had a suspicion that his employer was more than interested in Miss Winthrop. These ladies suddenly appearing in Vienna, the acquaintance was renewed, and Milford was not at all surprised when Mr. Hawthorne announced that he did not, in the least, care to go to Russia, but be-lieved that it would be for his health to seek a more cential clime. This conjugatement

a more genial clime. This opinion seemed to be the result of learning that the ladies were going to Rome for the Easter festivities.

"We might go to Rome for Heaster, too," said Mr. Hawthorne. "It would be a deal more Christian-like than spending that 'oly time among those beastly Russians."

Mifford did not like to seem to be following the ladies, but the more he opposed the ing the ladies, but the more he opposed the Italian trip, the more determined Mr. Haw-thorne became.

"Like as not I'll never 'ave a chahnee to

see a Hitalian Heaster again, and I'm going. You can do as you please."

Of course, the young man pleased to accompany his employer. The days in Rome passed very pleasantly in sight-seeing. The two gentlemen acted as escorts to the ladies. Mr. Hawthorne and Miss Grey would wanter away by themselves, returning to the

der away by themselves, returning to the hotel hours after Milford and Miss Win-throp, with some strange story of getting lost to which the elder lady would listen with an incredulous smile, white Milford was forced to admit that the smitten Englishman wa superior to the national prejudice agains Americans. One day Henry took a little jaunt with sev eral Americans, leaving Mr. Hawthorne as sole escort for the ladies. It was quite late when he returned to his hotel, at the door of

which he met an acquaintance, who greete him with :
"Hello, Milford, you didn't go with you party! Miss Grey looked charming. Ex-pect to go to Florence myself next week. How soon do you go?"

With a careless remark, Milford passed on

to his room, to find it true that Hawthorne and the ladies had gone to Fiorence, leaving word for him to follow. The hasty note left s determined by a vote of the readers of the word for him to follow. The hasty note left for his instruction contained this closing sentence: "Went to United States consul. Saw a letter for you and ordered it lorwarded."

After greeting his friends the next morning in Florence, Milford said he would run out to the consul's and get his letter.

"You won't find it," said the old gentleman. "I ordered it sent to Switzerland."

Milford sat down, disapprented.

the stay in Florence on account of a myththe stay in Florence on account of a inythical letter, and manifested no more anxiety
in regard to it. But Mr. Hawthorne had a
sacret anxiety concerning that very letter.
He was not so sure that he had ordered it to
Zurich, and the more he thought about it the
less certain he became. These fears proved
well grounded. The letter was not at Zurich
and the consul was sure it had never been
there. Mr. Hawthorne grieved so over
its less that Milford could bear him no lil
will.

"Father," said the son of the consul at "Father," said the son of the consul at Carlsruhe one day, "this letter has been here so long that I don't believe it will be called for. Would it not be well to return it to the writer? It is addressed to Henry Milford, and is to be returned to Robert Allison, New York."

York."

"Papa," exclaimed the youngest daughter of the consul, "that must be the Mr. Miltord we met in Zurich. You know he told us of a letter that had gone astray some-

where."

"Yes, I remember it. They were going from Zurich to Paris. We'll send it there."

But Hawthorne did not go to Paris. He had a long walk with Miss Grey one afternoon and decided to go at once to "Ertfordshire, Hengland," and prepare "Hivy Lodge" for a new mistress, a charming American girl, who would brighten up its ancient balls, and add a new logality to its amount attractions. And Milford must go, ten. many attractions. And Millord must go, too, and remain until Mr. Hawthorne had been tegatiy transferred to the care of Mrs. Haw-thorne. So, one day, at Miss Winthrop's quiet home in Camberwell, the transfer took place, and the bride and groom departed, with smiles and tears, for their home at 1vy Lodge. Then Millord felt himself honor-ably released from his duties as traveling companion. Three days after he sailed for America.

One morning in September, Robert Allion found, among his letters, one addressed in his own hand to Henry Mitford, and returned to him as the writer thereof. It bore marks of travel, in frayed edges and innumerable post-marks, legible and illegible. While still examining it, and endeavoring to decipher the many legends it bore, a hearty voice broke in upon his occupation:

"Well, old fellow, how are you, after so long a time?"

long a time Milford!" exclaimed Allison. where under the sun have you come from, and how is it that this letter has come back to me Bewlidered, Milford gazed at the letter

and then, catching sight of his name, he seized it, and, in his turn, began to scan its exterior "Can this be the letter that I have been playing tag with? When did you write it? Did you send it to Vienna?" As he spoke, he tore open the end, and out fell the letter that had been to Yokohama

and back.
"What is this?" he exclaimed. "What is this?" he exclaimed.
And, not waiting for a reply, he hastily tore open that also, and Clara's long delayed missive lay in his hand.
"Where did you get this?" he asked, turning almost fiercely upon his friend.
"It came for you the day you left for California. As soon as you sent your address, I forwarded it to you. It came back to me from Yokohama. That is all I know about it."

With trembling fingers and blazing eyes With trembling fingers and blazing eyes, Milford opened the letter. Only one word met his gaze, the one word "Come," signed "Clara." For a moment, his head swam, and blackness came before his eyes. Then, recovering himself, he said:

"Pardon me, Rob. I have had a severe blow. I am stunned. Let me go away. I will see you again as soon as I feel better."

The letter had reached its destination, after more than two years of travel by land and

more than two years of travel by land and sea, in the old world and the new. Is it ssary to follow it farther?

At a quiet wedding party, a few months, later, the bridegroom said to his best man-"You cheated me out of two years of hap piness Charlie? But I gave you a year of foreign travel

at the expense of some one else. You ought to thank, instead of blaming, me." Milford glanced at Clara as he answered "I thank the postal system that made your carelessness insufficient to wreck my lifetong happiness.'

Some Remarkable Tricks. A Hungarian conjurer in Paris is astonishing the natives. He spreads a new-paper upon any floor and places a chair upon it. His assistant, a pretty young woman, sits down upon the chair, and over her he throws a piece of silk, which barely covers her from head to foot. Then he whisks the silk away and the chair is empty. The trick is done in a strong light and in full sight of the spectators. This recalls the story told by a merry old sallor. A party of American officers in India encountered a Brahmin priest armed with a pair of large brass balls, a twenty foot rope and a small boy. A charitable contribu-tion persuaded him to exhibit which he did in startling fashion. He threw one ball up into the air and it stayed up; then the small boy said good-by and climbed the rope seated himself on the first ball and pulled it after him. The boy then threw the second ball higher in the air and climbed atter it, repeat-ing this operation until he became a little speck high overhead and then faded out o

The Arabian Nights are not copyrighted. A Wise Father.

From the Boston Courie:. Youth-" I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter." Physician — You have " Youth— Yes, sir; I have enough nave?" Youth—"Yes, sir; I have enough of this world's goods to support her in com-fort, even in luxury." Physician—"Yes; I am aware of that, but will you treat her kindly? Will you be a gentle husband?" Youth—"Sir, I swear"—Physician— "Oh! never mind swearing; your intentions are all right, no doubt, but I must be sure that you won't worry and fret the life out of her after you get her. Take off your coat and let me sound you to see what kind of a liver

Annexing Nova Scotia. There are a great many people in the United States who think that there is a bare possibility that Nova Scotia may be annexed o the United States, now that that section of the dominion has voted to secede from the colonial union. A member of the diplomatic corps expresses the opinion that it would be tar more difficult for the province to unite itself with the great North American repub-lic than it is for Ireland to secure home rule England is very jealous of her colonies and under no circumstances would she be likely t relinquish control of any one of them with-out a fight. Nova Scotia is too small a chip

A Serious Sickness.

From the Washington Critic. The other evening the little daughter of congressman was paying a visit to a neigh bor, and the respective mothers were talking of physical allments and their remedies.

After awhile the little girl saw an opportunity to make a remark. "My papa," she said, "always drinks whisky when he is sick." Then she stopped for a minute, her eyes softened and saddened, and she continued slowly: "And roop para is sick nearly all slowly: "And poor papa is sick nearly all the time."

A World Wide Army, The Salvation Army congress lately held

n London was a very remarkable event. More than 2,000 officers and many thousands

of soldiers of the army were present from all parts of the world. In Great Britain alone nore than \$350,000 were contributed within a year to sustain the movement. More than 1,000 girls have been rescued, bineteen homes for the friendless have been established and put in working order. Among the workers those who compose the Salvation Armies of France and Switzerland are especially earnest Hawthorne's Finest Passage. The finest passage in Hawthorne's works,

man. "I ordered it sent to Switzeriand."

Mitford sat down, disappointed.

"Why didn't you bring it with you?"
asked Miss Grey.

"Never thought of it, I assure you. It would 'ave been the easiest thing in the world, now wouldn't it? But it never entered my'ed. Thought he had to order letters forwarded. Believe I'd forwarded my own, it there'd been any there."

"To chasten and subdue. And I have telt A presence that disturbs mejwith the joy of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfaced, whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man it a motton and a spirit that impels

"I think it was Zurich, and we'll hurry"

I HAVE LEARNED.

SOME NOTABLE LADIES.



THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE PRESI DENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Widow of Her Son in-Law's Old Friend-Stately Sensible American Matron, Likely to Be One of the Leaders of Washington Society.

Mrs. Folsom, the mother of the young lady whom the president has just made the first lady of the land," is the widow of the late Oscar Folsom, the former law partner of President Cleveland, Mr. Folsom was killed at Grand Island in 1875 by being thrown from a buggy in a runaway accident Miss Fotsom was at that time only eleven years old, and the manner in which Mrs. Folsom has performed those duties which devolve upon a woman who is left alone in the world to cear a family of children, is evi-

lence of a well-balanced mind and character-stics such as few women possess. Shortly after the death of Mr. Folsom his took her children to Ransomville where, living with an uncle, their prelimi-nary education was attended to. Mrs. Fol-som is a few years the junior of President Cleveland, and a marriage with him was therefore not such an improbable thing. At one time, just previous to the arrival of the Folsoms from Europe, it was rumored that Mrs. Folsom was really the intended of the president, but the rumor was so speedily and emphatically denied as to leave no doub of the president's choice. This denial, in fact, was the first reliable news that came from the White House. Mrs. Folsom sccompanied her daughter to Europe and as-sisted her in the selection of the trousseau, which was so much admired. Mrs. Folsom, on account of her daughter's marriage, will be one of the leaders of

ANOTHER OF THE CABINET LADIES



drs. William C. Whitney, Daughter of Senate

Payne and Wife of the Naval Secretary, For years before William C. Whitney was secretary of the navy, his wife was known in the social circle in Washington, and when her father, Henry B. Payne, was elected to the Senate from Ohio, she became still more prominent. It is said that Mr. Whitney ower some of his good fortune to his con nection with the Payne's, and so highly did Mr. Payne regard him that when Whitney asked for the hand of his daughter in marriage, he was not only willing but anxious

for the union.

Mrs. Whitney, born in affluence, educated by the best masters, and from her birth mov-ing in the best of society, would be a social factor anywhere, but in Washington she is respiendent. Their home, though giving every evidence of great wealth, is furnished with that good taste which education alon can give. According to etiquette the secre-tary of the navy and his wife are the fifth in tary of the navy and his wife are the fifth in precedence, being preceded by the president, secretary of state, secretary of the treasury, secretary of war, and followed by secretary of the interior, postmaster general and at-torney general. Mr. Whitney was an ardent supporter of Cleveland for governor of New York, and to this coupled with his own strong intellectual qualities he owes his present high position, which he has so ac-ceptably filled.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Man Who Talks Much We want to say a word to you who make a liv-ing with your tongue. You certainly must have a clear, strong vaice to engage your listeners. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for sore throat, colds, and hoar-seness is unexcelled. Use and admire For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 13

"Fire Him Out"

This is a common remark when roughs and rowdys insuit public decency by their unseemly ways. Byspepsia is a horrid bore. Fire it out with Bardock Blood Bitters. You can do it, For sale by R. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. Let Truth Prevail. Let the f.cts be known. Let us understand that a boff, or an ulcer, or a carbuncle, or any crupiton or blemish of the skin is sure to wear away and disappear when Burdock Blood Bitters are employed. This wonderful medicine acts directly upon the circulation and the reasons for its use are therefore obvious. For sale by H. E. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Its Equal Yet to Hear From The movements of a mule's hind legs are very variable and uncertain, but Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil takes but one course—it heals and cures. Its equal for asthma, diphtheria, catarrh, cold and sore throat has never yet been sold. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

First Revived and Then Cured "Was troubled for a year with torpid liver and indigestion, after trying everything imagi-nable used Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle revived me and the second cured me en-tirely. J. S. Williamson, Rochester, N. Y. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

No one medicine will cure everything, but it is an incontestible fact that Thomas Extectric Oil will cure a sprain, a bruise, a bite, or an ache, and is also an active and pronounced cure for neuralgia and rheumatism. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen

Hay Fever and Rose Cold Hay Fever and Rose Cold

Are attended by an inflamed condition of the
lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and
threat, affecting the langs. An acrid mucus is
secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a
burning sensation. There are severe spasms of
sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery
and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Baim is a remedy that can be depended upon. So cents at
druggists; by mail, registered, so cents. Ely
Brothers, druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

114-2wdcod&w

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teach? If so, go at once and gut a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOUTHING STRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever need it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magne. It is partsetly and to use in all cases, and pleasant to the use, and is the presentation of one of the

CRATELEWS WUIDS LANCASTER AND MILLERSEVILLE
CATS leave Lancaster for Millersville as 100
200 and 11:30 a. m., and 200, 400 and 220 p. m.
Cars leave Millersville for Lancaster as 600, 200 and 10:00 a. m., and 1:00. 800, 800 and 200 and READING & COLUMBIA RAILROAD LANGASTRE JOINT LINE R. R.

On and after SUNDAY, MAY SOLA 1885, TRAINS LEAVE READING On and atter SUNDAY, MAY 2014. 1885.

TRAINS LEAVE READING

For Columbia and Lancaster at 7.23 a. m., 1860
noon and 6.10 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7.23 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.
For Chickies at 7.23 a. m. and 6.20 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA

FOR Reading at 7.25 a. m., 12.35 and 3.40 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE

For Lancaster at 6.25 and 7.15 a. m. and 2.55 p. m.

For Geading at 6.25 a. m. and 2.25 p. m.

LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster,)

For Reading at 7.20 a. m., 12.40 and 3.40 p. m.

For Quarryville at 9.21 a. m., 5.00 and 8.30 p. m.

LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster,)

For Reading at 7.40 a. m., 12.50 and 8.30 p. m.

LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster,)

For Lebanon at 6.47 a. m., 12.50 and 8.30 p. m.

For Quarryville at 8.25 a. m., 4.25 and 8.30 p. m.

For Quarryville at 8.20 a. m., 4.25 and 8.30 p. m.

For Lancaster at 7.29 a. m., 12.35 and 7.30 p. m.

For Quarryville at 7.20 a. m., 12.35 and 7.30 p. m.

For Quarryville at 7.30 a. m., 12.35 and 7.30 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS

TRAINS LEAVE BEADING Lancaster at 7.30 a. m. and 4,00 p. m. Quarryville at 4.00 p. m. TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE For Lancaster, Lebanon and Reading at 7.10 a.m. TRAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster,) For Beading and Lebanon at 8.08 a.m. and 8.50

p. m. For Quarryville at 5:50 p. m. For Quarryville at 5:50 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST. (Lancaster,)
For Reading and Lebanon and 8:16 a. m. and 4:04 p. m.
For Quarryville at 5:43 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON.
For Lancaster at 7:55 a. m. and 8:45 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 RAILROAD SCHED

Trains LEAVE LANCASTER and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows: WESTWARD. Niagara Express..... Hanover Accom..... Fast Linet..... Frederick Accom..... via Columbia via Mt. Joy... Lancaster Accom.... Harrisburg Accom.... Columbia Accom.... Harrisburg Express... Chicago and Cin. Ex... Western Express;.... EASTWARD.
Phila. Express......
Fast Linet...... arrisburg Express.. Columbia Accom ar... Seashore Express.... Johnstown Express.... Johnstown Express.... Joay Express...

p. m.

The Marietta Accommodation leaves Columbia at 6:40 a. m. and reaches Marietta at 6:55. Also, leaves Columbia at 11:45 a. m. and 2:40 p. m. reaching Marietta at 12:01 and 2:55. Leaves Marietta at 3:50 p. m. and arrives at Columbia at 3:20; also, leaves at 8:55 and arrives at 8:50. The York Accommodation leaves Marietta at 1:10 and arrives at Lancaster at 8:50 connecting with Harrisburg Express at 8:10 a. m.

The Frederick Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Fast Line, west, at 2:19 p. m., will run through to Frederick.

The Frederick Accommodation, east, leaves Columbia at 12:25 and reaches Lancaster at 12:26 p. m.

p. m. Hanover Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Niagara Express at 9:50 a. m., will run through to Hanover, daily, except Sunwill fan through to handay, when fingged,
fast Line, west, on Sunday, when fingged,
will stop at Downingtown, Coatesville, Parkee
burg, at. Joy, Elizabethtown and Middletown,
i The only trains which run daily. On Sunday
the Mail train west runs by way of Columbia.
J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.
CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.

PARKE. &C.

## Ponriin Park Tollial Tativi

ON THE CORNWALL & MOUNT HOPE RAILROAD: To Churches, Lodges, Societies and other select organizations contemplating excursions during the SEASON OF 1886, the company begs to announce that every facility has been perfected for enabling the public to reach this favorite resort, and no effort has been spared to make PENRYN PARK more attractive than ever before. For the free use of excursionists are provided—

BOATS ON THE LAKE, CROOUET. LAWN TENNIS AND BASE BALL GROUNDS, TABLES, BENCHES, SWINGS, DANCING PAVILION, BAND STAND, LARGE SHELTER HOUSE, KITCHEN,

BASKET AND CLOAK ROOMS, AND

OBSERVATORY ON TOP OF SOUTH MOUN-TAIN.

There is also a REFRESHMENT AND DINING KOOM in charge of a competent caterer,
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besides Photograph Gallery, News Stand and
Telegraph Office. No Intoxicating Liquors Allowed on the

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A SPACIOUS DINING HALL,
TWO RITCHENS,
BAGGAGE AND COAT ROOM,
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
While the Arrangements for Amusement con-

TWO KITCHENS,
BAGGAGE AND COAT ROOM.
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
While the Arrangements for Amusement consist of
CROQUET AND BALL GROUNDS,
BOWLING ALLEY,
SHOOTING GALLERY,
FLYING HORSES,
QUOITS, &c., &c.
Tables for Lunchers, Rustic Soats and Senehas
are scattered throughout the grounds. A New
Attraction for the reason of 1886 is
LAKE CONEWAGO,
Covering nearly Twenty Acres, on which are
placed a number of Elegant New Bosts, and
along the banks of which are pleasant walks and
lovely scenery. Farties desiring it can procure
Meals at the Fark, as the Dining Hall will be
under the supervision of E. M. BOLTZ, of the
LERANOS VALLEY HOURE. Those who wish to
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no place so beautiful or affording so much pleasure as MOONT GRETNA.
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Excursions from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad, will be carried direct to the Fark
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phis, or to
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MOTIONA ERISMAN'S.

GENTLEMEN'S Balbriggan and Gauze Undershirts. -THE BEST-

White Shirts NECKTIES, PLAIR AND PANCY HOSIEST,

Literary News, is the following (from the "Marble Faun"): "Christian faith is like a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor possibly can imagine any: stand-ing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

PENRYN PARK.