## WELER'S BANKRUPTCY.

Rebert Millicent was one of the unempt. His trade was burglary, but times had and he was temporarily under a d. To be explicit, he had just come out these, and a prolonged period of penal ritide had somewhat affected his health.

Seeded rest and good living, but unformably the companion and partner of his set recent escapade had disappeared with whole proceeds of their joint adventure. I have mattern worse, nearly all of his attracted colleagues were, at the moment, and or the second section; and those who remained at large found businesses so dull that y could rander him no assistance. He most seel equal, just at present, to resum the arduous duties of his profession, the conscious of his enemies relaxed a little, he me alternative but to remain compara-

Under these sad circumstances Mr. Millimit was naturally very much depressed,
d it grieved his proud spirit to find himmil driven to the unworthy expedient of
begging letter writing. However, the necessity of obtaining the means of existence overcame his scrupies, and his touching appeals
produced some stray contributions. A mong
other persons he addressed himself to was
Mr. Hiram Facet, a wealthy West End jeweler. In approaching this gentleman, Mr.
Millicent did not represent himself in neither
of his favorite characters of a widow with six
children, or a consumptive engineer lately
blessed with triplets. He signed his own
name, and, reminding Mr. Facet that they
had been classmates in the same charity
nchool, frankly asked for a trifling loan for
the sake of old acquaintanceship.

It was perfectly true that the wealthy jeweler and the despised burglar had imbibed
the rudiments of education at the same institution, but Mr. Millicent's scholastic career
had been cut short by some act of depravity
beyond his years, which led to his adopting a

tution, but Mr. Millicent's scholastic career had been cut short by some act of depravity beyond his years, which led to his adopting a predatory mode of life. Mr. Facet, on the other hand, had profited by his opportunities, and had risen in the world. They had never met since their youthful days, but Mr. Millicent had kept a watchful eye upon his auccessful friend, and had long meditated making a raid upon his valuable stock in trade.

making a raid upon his valuable stock in trade.

The burglar was not very sanguine that his application would meet with a favorable response; but he nevertheless waited the result with a certain amount of curiosity. Rather to his surprise, he received a letter from Mr. Facet couched in friendly terms, enclosing a postat order for a sovereign, and requesting him to arrange a private and conndential interview.

Mr. Millicent's disposition was naturally us, and he was inclined to be shy making appointments with strangers, but, as his old schoolfellow left the details entirely as his old schoolfellow left the detailsentirely to him, he selected a quiet public house where he would feel perfectly at home, and expressed his willingness to meet Mr. Facet there on a certain day and hour, which he named. Mr. Facet agreed to the suggestion, and, punctually at the time indicated, he presented himself at the bar of the snug hosteiry, where Mr. Millicent was awaiting him.

The burglar perceived at a glance that his visitor had taken the precaution to disguise himself. He wore his hat over his eyes, his cost collar was turned up, and his features were concealed as much as possible by a muffler. Nevertheless, Mr. Millicent recognized him instantly, and felt slightly awed by his air of respectability and authority. After vouchsafing the briefest of greetings, Mr. Facet inquired whether there was a private room where they could talk without be

Having foreseen this request, Mr. Millicent had engaged the bar parior, whither he conducted his visitor with deference. Mr. Facet ordered spirits and water, and when they were alone together he immediately eded to business

"So you're Bob Millicent, are you ?" he remarked, looking at him keenly.

"Yes, sir," said the burglar, modestly.

"I remember you at school very well,"
continued Mr. Facet, "and I've heard of you

since from time to time. You were con-cerned in that business at Trickett's. I saw your name in the papers."

"That was ever so long ago," said Mr. Millicent, a little uneasily,
"You haven't turned honest, I suppose?"

"You haven't turned honest, I suppose?"
said Mr. Facet, sharply.
Something in his patron's tone caused Mr.
Millicent to check the cauting reply which
rose to his lips, and he responded silently,
"It's bad times for honesty."
"You want a job, no doubt," said Mr. Facet.

"It depends what kind it is. I want money," answered Mr. Millicent. Mr. Millicent could hardly believe his

ears, and he stared at his old schoolfellow in "Are you going to put me up to some

"Yes; if you will promise me, by everything you hold sacred, never to breathe a word to any one of this conversation," said

All right, guv'nor ; I'm straight." You'll swear it ?"

By the boly poker—yes!"
r. Facet fixed his eyes upon him until he had stared him out of countenance, and the

your word, and you've nothing to gain by breaking it, so I suppose I can trust you. Now listen. Do you know my premises in Long street, St. James'?"

"Yes, I've seen 'em."

"And admired the pretty things in the window, I dare say?" said Mr. Facet, meaningly.

ingly.

"There's pretty things there, certainly," responded Mr. Millicent, delicately ignoring the insinuation.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Facet, leaning forward and lowering his voice; "for certain private reasons it would suit me very wall if you paid a preferance. well if you paid a professional visit to my e

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Millicent.
"I would just as soon you did the job as any one else," continued Mr. Facet, in a matter-of-fact tone. It will be well worth your while, I can tell you; and I'll arrange everything so that you won't run any risk

"Excuse me, guv'nor," exclaimed Mr.
Millicent, after staring open-mouthed at his
companion for a considerable number of seconds. "Would you mind saying that over
again ?"

again ?"

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Facet, impatiently. "You heard what I said, and I mean it." mean it."
"May I ask a question ?" asked Mr. Mil

licent, after another pause.

"I can guess what it is, You don't understand why I make this proposal," said Mr. Facet, contemptuously.

"No, I'm — if I do," returned Mr. Mil-

icent, fervor.
"I'm going to file my petition," said Mr. Facet. "What's that?" inquired Mr. Millicent.

"Bankruptcy," explained Mr. Historit, shortly. "Consequently I've no interest in my stock, and the most valuable part of it doesn't belong to me at all. It's lent by the trade—the diamond trade." I see," said Mr. Millicent, with a wink

"A burglary on my premises would drive me into bankruptcy," said Mr. Facet, look ing hard at his companion. "No man can help a misfortune of that kind. In fact," he added, "it would be a good excuse." "You're a knowing one, guv'nor," exclaimed Mr. Millicent, enthusiastically.
"It's lucky for you that I am, for this job
will put a good many hundred pounds in

your pocket."
"I'll stand in, guv'nor, make no mistake,"
said Mr. Millicent, with glistening eyes,
"and I'll act honorable by you—you shall
have your share."
"Pshaw! What do you mean?" exclaim-

ed Mr. Facet, indignantly; "do you take me for a thief? I'll have nothing whatever to do with it. It is your own affair entirely. Understand that, mind."
"Right you are!" said Mr. Millicent, rather abashed.

rather abashed.

"In the case of jewelry, I suppose that no time is wasted by you in taking out the siones and melting down the metal?" inquired Mr. Facet, abruptly,

"It's done the same night," said Mr. Mil-

"It's done the same night," said Mr. Millicent knowingly.
"That you will pledge yourself to."
"If I only get away with the swag, the
stuff will be in the pot within an hour," answared Mr. Millicent, emphatically.
"Very well. Now fill your glass and listen
to me." said Mr. Facet, drawing his chair

The conversation at this juncture became bechnical to be of general interest, relative at tidd to the topography of Mr. Facet's miss, the means of escaping into the state of the side, the exact position of the same of the persons left in area. Suffice it to say that in half an hour leveler had make it perfectly clear to his y that a burglary committed in Long street in a specified date would not entail the heat risk. Every detail had been care-

fully thought out by the astute Mr. Facet, who even made a sketch plan of his shop and

fally thought out by the astute Mr. Facet, who even made a sketch plan of his shop and allowed Mr. Millicent to take an impression in wax of the keys of the safes. The burglar entered keenly into the project, and was filled with admiration at his companion's grasp of an unaccustomed subject.

"Blow'd if it doesn't look as if you was born to the profession, guv'nor," he ejaculated, with perfect sincerity.

"If you get a blank postcard on the morning of the day," said Mr. Facet, rising from his seat and buttoning up his cost, "you may feel perfectly satisfied that at the hour arranged there shall only be one person on the premises, and he shall be dead drunk."

"All right, sir. And lookee here!" added Mr. Millicent, enthusiastically, "If the police find the slightest clue to lead them to suspect it is a put up thing, I'll give myself up and do another stretch. I can't say fairer than that."

han that."

Mr. Facet took his departure, leaving his Mr. Facet took his departure, leaving his old school-fellow in capital spirits, which were fully sustained during the interval which elapsed before the date fixed for the enterprise arrived. He privately thought that Mr. Facet must be mad, not fully appreciating the advantage to that gentieman of an opportune robbery in the circumstances he had described. But he was none the less definited at his conductive and arrival to the second links. lighted at his good luck, and anticipated with keen pleasure the sensation which such a coup would cause in professional circles at

uch a dull season. The blank postcard duly arrived, and Mr. Millicent, having made all his preparations beforehand, was ready for action at the appointed time. He found everything had been arranged by Mr. Facet with scrupulous fidelity and exactness, and the result was that having been instructed beforehand where having been instructed beforehand where the most valuable goods were placed, becontrived to carry out his part of the operation with completeness and dispatch. The next morning's papers announced the robbery in the largest type, commenting upon the unparalleled boldness of the attack and the extraordinary amount of booty secured. Mr. Millicent glowed with pride as he read these encomiums; nor was his satisfaction diminished when it appeared that the police were entirely deceived by the precautions he had taken to make it appear that the burglar had no accomplices upon the building.

It is to be feared that Mr. Millicent rather gave himself airs among his brother profes-

gave himself airs among his brother profes conals upon the strength of his achieved somals upon the strength of his achievement. No doubt, his head was a little turned by the wealth he had gained. According to information furnished to the police and to the papers by Mr. Facet himself, the stolen property comprised diamonds and precious stones of the value of many thousand pour ds. Mr. Milliger, the stolen property compared to the stolenger of the value of many thousand pour ds. stones of the value of many thousand pour or Mr. Millicent had visions as soon as he could realize his plunder of living on chicken and champagne, and opening a public house in a leading thoroughfare. His friends rather resented his elation, and demonstrated by their conduct the fast that ensy and isulon exist in other professions besides those of ar-literature, and the drama.

In this state of things it was naturally doubly galling and humiliating to Mr. Milli-cent to be informed by the trusty and ex-cellent Hebrew gentleman who acted as his cellent Hebrew gentleman who acted as his banker and agent, that it has turned out upon investigation, that nearly the whole of the supposed most valuable stones were faise; Every diamond was paste—and, indeed speaking generally, the only genuine part of the booty was the gold setting. It happened, unfortunately, that Mr. Millicent, acting upon the disinterested and friendly advice of Mr. Facet, had not accuming the property in the set of the set Facet, had not encumbered himself with bulky or heavy articles. He had selected his plunder with distribution, choosing cer-tain stones and cases which the jeweller had described as worth all the rest of the goods put together. By so doing, as it now ap-peared, he had inadvertently carried off a large assortment of spurious jewelry, along

with very little that was valuable. Poor Mr. Millicent was so upset at this un-pleasant news that he called the Hebrew gentleman some very shocking names, and gentleman some very shocking names, and brought tears to his venerable eyes. In fact, Mr. Millicent was fairly beside himself with rage and humiliation, and his comrades, who were delighted at the turn of events. If he had been twise Mr. Millicent would have swallowed his disappointment, for though his prize had turned out to be comparatively valueless, it nevertheless would realize a pretty substantial sum. But, unfortunately, the burglar was very sensitive upon the subject of his professional reputation, which, he foresaw, would suffer considerably from the trick that had been played upon him. He realized with painful clearness that he had been made a catspaw of by the sagacious Mr. Fact, who had, no doubt, desired to account for the disappearance of certain articles the disappearance of certain articles which he had himself appropriated. The idea of having been deceived by a person who had come to him in the guise of a friend, and particularly a person quite outside the pro-fession, made Mr. Millicent's blood boil with

indignation, and he resolved that Mr. Facet should pay dearly for what he had done. He was for a long time unable, however, to frame any definite scheme of revenge, for a very little reflection sufficed to convince him of his helplessness. The circumstances of the case were so peculiar that he had no reddress. He could not strike at Mr. Facet by disclosing his perfidy without incurring personal risks. To do him justice, Mr. Millicent was not a bloodthirsty person, and though he carried a revolver in the exercise of his profession, he always shrank from using it. He even preferred to avoid violence of any kind, and for that reason he re-sisted his first impulse of controlling Mr. Facet and openly accusing him of his treach-ery. It was hardly probable that any useful result would accrue from this, and the jewel-

er seemed quite capable of knocking a man The idea which finally evolved itself from The idea which finally evolved itself from Mr. Millicent's brain was to recover the booty which he considered rightfully belonged to him. He had read with interest the reported proceedings of Mr. Facet's bankruptcy, and had observed how the jeweller had pathetically described himself as having been completely ruined by that heartless robbery. But, with his peculiar knowledge of facts, Mr. Millicent had a very shrewd suspicion that Mr. Facet had ward shrewd suspicion that Mr. Facet had made provision for a rainy day, and that some-where or other he possessed a valuable store

of precious stones.

Mr. Millicent ascertained without difficulty Mr. Millicent ascertained without difficulty that Mr. Facet resided at Balham, and he devoted his leisure time to reconnoitering the jeweller's trim little villa. There was a convenient field at the back of the house, and Mr. Millicent studied the beauties of nature and the habits of Mr. Facet and his household with quiet persistency. His natural history studies are not recorded, but heobserved that Mr. Facet had a passion for orchids. There Mr. Facet had a passion for orchids. was a small greenhouse at the end of the garden, which was devoted to the culture of that fragile and expensive flower, and here that fragile and expensive flower, and nere Mr. Facet used to spend hours together pot-tering about among his beloved plants, and jealously excluding even the gardener from its sacred precincts. He used to keep the key this glass-house in his pocket, and never strusted it to any one.

After awhile Mr. Millicent was seized with After awhile Mr. Millicent was seized with a strong desire to explore his holy of holies. To a gentleman of his ingenuity the locked door was but a trifling obstacle. He procured a private key, and for several evenings he searched cautionsy about the floor with a dark lantern. It was necessary to use the utmost caution, and Mr. Millicent's proceedings were tedious and wearlsome. He groped about upon his hands and knees, sounding the earth beneath the stages, inch by inch. about upon his hands and knees, sounding the earth beneath the stages, inch by inen, with an iron probe. His self-imposed task seemed as unprofitable as it was monotonous and istiguing, but at length his exertions apand fatiguing, but at length his exertions ap-parently attained their object. One evening he uttered a sudden exclamation, and fell to tearing up the moist earth with his fingers. Then he cast a ray of light from his lantern into the cavity he had formed, and disclosed into the cavity he had formed, and disclosed a small oblong box, covered in canvas. Without more ado he pulted it out, placed it under his arm beneath his cost, shut the slide of his lantern, and cautiously made his

way out of the greenhouse. Without even waiting, on this occasion, close the door behind him, Mr. Millicent turned to ily, when he heard a footstep on the gravel walk in his rear, and the next moment a hand was laid roughly on his collar. "You villain!" panted a voice, which he recognized. "Who are you? What were you doing in my orenid house?"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Mr. Millicent, setting his teeth, as he recognized Mr. Facet. He made a desperate wrench as he spoke, and almost succeeded in freeing himself; but in doing so he dropped the little canvascovered box, and though he stooped and re-covered it directly, the jeweller evidently perceived what it was. In an instant his strong fingers had grasped the burglar by strong fingers had grasped the burglar by the threat. A second more, and Mr. Milli-cent would have been at the mercy of his snemy, who in a paroxysm of sudden fury seemed quite capable of strangling him. The instinct of self-preservation, however, caused the burglar to seize his revolver, and to pull the trigger. A sharp report vibrated in the the trigger. A sharp report vibrated in the still night air, Mr. Facet fell backward with-

and hight air, Mr. Facet fell backward without uttering a sound, and Mr. Millicent, half
mad with fright, scrambled over the railings,
and rushed at the top of his speed across the
field at the back.

This dramatic incident disturbed Mr. Millicent's equanimity a great deal. As before
stated, he disliked personal violence, and
though he was not disposed to biame himself
for what he had done, he was annoyed at
having had to fire. His nerves were unstrung.

in fact, and perhaps this was the reason that he feit singularly ill at ease and apprehen-sive of the inquisitiveness of the police dur-ing his homeward journey. His painful frame of mind possibly revealed itself in his frame of mind possibly revealed itself in his demeanor and attracted attention, for it un-fortunately happened that, just as he was nearing his temporary abode, a detective officer accosted him, and in a casual way in-

quired what he was carrying under his coat. There was a very sensational report in the papers the next day of the capture of a wellknown burgiar, with the proceeds of a recent robbery actually in his possession. The ex-traordinary affair excited a good deal of speculation, and gave unbounded satisfaction to the creditors of Mr. Facet, who had thus, almost by a miracle, recovered most valuable assets. Mr. Millicent again made hisappearance in the dock at the Old Bailey, and, by circumstantial evidence, against which he vigorously protested, he was found guilty of the famous burglary. He preferred to hold the famous burglary. He preferred to hold his tongue concerning the manner in which he had acquired the canvas box, nor did Mr. Facet come forward to bear testimony against him. That gentleman was unable to appear at the trial, having shot himself rather badly as it was explained, in carelessly handling a revolver. The prisoner was observed to smile when this statement was made; but his expression was the reverse of hilarious when he was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. As to Mr. Facet, contrary to the expectations of the knowing ones among his triends, his bankruptey ont a very bad speculation, and he has never lifted his head since.

THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.



Shook, a Well Known New York

Manager And Politician. The above is an excellent picture of Sheridan Shook, the New York theatrical manager. He is also a prominent Republican politician and is for Blaine first, last and all the time. Personally, Mr. Shook is a most genial companion and has hosts of friends and acquaintances. He is a man of large build and massive features, that denote great endurance, both mentally and physically, Fiashes Before the Footlights.

Kelly and Murphy, the clever sparrers, have just arrived from Europe. Assisted by Wm. McMahon they will do their act entitled " Scenes in a Gymnasium " in variety theatres this winter.

"Arizona Joe" will play a border drama. which is called "The Blackhawks," the coming season, and in it he will introduce trained horses and dogs. The animals will make it a go if Joe don't. Lew Dockstader will open the Comedy

theatre. New York, with a minstrel company. Frank Siddalis' "soap" is said to be at his back A troupe playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," under a tent is now traveling through this state. Forty people attended the show in Lebanon one evening last week. The other

loiks of the town were out at Cornwall looking at Coleman's fireworks. A. G. Field & Co., of Columbus, Ohio., will put a big minstrel company on the

Charley Banks, the negro comedian, has sued the Chicago and Northwestern railroad for damages in causing the death of his mother W. W. Cole has a circus of his own on the road besides being a partner in the Barnum show.
Whitfield, "the man of many faces," with How the English Poets Have Subdued Their

the Barnum show, was recently paralyzed, and was taken to his home in Brooklyn. Prof. Biggs, a prominent lawyer of Cin innati, has abandoned his practice to become a lecturer in Barnum's show.

John Theurer, who performed such feats as standing on his head on a trapeze, etc.,

writes that he has been crippled for life in Portugal.

E. K. Collier will take the road under the management of his brother, J. W. Collier, next season in "Jack Cade" and other

Frank Moran will likely be with Carneros next season.
Gus. Pennoyer will manage Howard's ocean pier at Atlantic City this summer.
Gus Moulton, late business agent of
Thatcher, Primrose & West, will take out

Ranch 10" next season.

Sells Brothers' circus is now in this state.

John B. Doris' circus will likely visit Lancaster the coming season.

The Strohl family of musicians are at Albrecht's Garden, Atlantic City.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company have some of John O'Brien's elephants locked up in Jersey City for freight charges and they

threaten to sell them.

Geo. W. Denham will be a member of Joe Jefferson's company the coming season.

Marie Bockel will be with Salsbury's Trou badours next season.

Sam Hemple will be with Lill & Lee's "Lights of London" company.

Jimmy Quinn, formerly of Concross' minstrels, goes with Geo, S. Knight the coming To get even with Forepaugh, Barnum has ented the American Institute building in

rented the American Institute building in New York, and will open with his show Dominick McCaffrey's saloon is the resort

of sporting men in Atlantic City.

M'ile, De Granville, the woman with the "iron jaw," has joined the Forepaugh's ticket agents are charged with giving short change in the Eastern t is believed that T. W. Keene will be able to resume work upon the stage next

When Barnum showed in Fort Wayne there was quite a rivalry between the business men who wanted the tents pitched near their places. The circus people received \$215 to locate in the southern part of the city. Evans & Hoey will be home from Europe by August I.

M. B. Curtis will take "Sam'l of Posen to Europe.
The report that Annie Pixley will leave the stage on account of the death of her son is

nan, weighing about 200 pounds spite of this obesity he was nimble and ac-tive. One night, while playing Uncte Tom in a Nova Scotia town, he was much annoyed by the vagaries of a man in the audience wh had been imbibling too much of the "balm of Gilead." Fanning admonished him from the stage two or three times, but the fellow paid not the least attention. In Eva's death paid not the least attention. In Eva's death scene the man gave forth a roar that almost startled the audience to its feet. Uncle Tom got up from his knees and jumped over the foetlights. Calling to J. H. Harvey, the well-known property man, then a member of the company, he said: "Harvey, open the window." Harvey obeyed, and Uncle Tom grasped the offender by the collar and waistband and, before the fellow was aware of what was happening, flung him through the window and on to the grass plot below. Uncle Tom quietly returned to the stage Uncle Tom quietly returned to the stage and resumed his part with the well known line: "Bress de Lawd, massa it is all ober now!" As for the audience, convul-sion reigned supreme for eighty-seven sec-

Exceeding the Limit. Prisoner-He said he didn't believe in the eight-hour system, your honor, and so I

truck him. Magistrate—You want eight hours, do you? Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Magistrate—I can do better than that for you. I'll give you ninety days.

Entry News.

From the Boston Transcript "La!" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun, after reading several paragraphs under the heading. "Entre Nous;" "they may call it entry news, if they want to; but it sounds to my ears a good deal more like kitchen gossip," VACATION PAPERS.

THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM VIEWED PROM AN ETHICAL STANDFOIST.

The Cause and Cure of Our Labor Troubles - Mammon Is the Nation's God "-The Strife for Earthly Things Incrdinate Love of Money the Root of All Evil.

The discontent manifesting itself on the part of the laboring population throughout the country is forcing earnest thought on the subject. It cannot be waved aside as a little cloud that will soon pass away. Nor will it do to say that it is an evil that belongs to the social economy, that cannot be remedied, and that, therefore, must be simply let alone. It is assuming threatening proportions, and it is becoming chronic. It may be settled peaceably this year feven this is not certain s yet), but it will return again next year. Each year it grows more formidable. If it is left to itself we may look for serious disturbances and violent outbreaks, and life and property will become more and more in

It is important, therefore, that the subjecshould be carefully studied, in order to as certain the cause, or causes, and by ascertaining these we may hope to find also the

The subject may be studied from different points of view. It may be studied from the standpoint of political economy, which professes to explain the laws that govern the re-lation of capital and labor, and it may be treated also in an ethical point of view. In looking at the subject from an ethical standpoint we do not mean merely to inquire into the right and wrong of the strikes that are going on, but rather to go back of these and try to ascertain first the underlying causes of this form of social discontent.

The cause is really out, when we consider that all the abnormal conditions of the social sconomy may be traced to the principle of clashness that has infected our nature. it is also complex, and may be analyzed in tracing the different forms in which the

principle of selfishness reveals itself.

It needs hardly to be said that if each member of the social economy would seek to promote his neighbor's welfare as he seeks promote his own, there would be no labor obles. The capitalist would then be concorned for the laborer, and the laborer for the capitalist; each would find the one neces-sary to the other, and employe and employer would move in harmony without collision But when the capitalist consults only his own interest and the laborer does the same, the two come at once into conflict, and each seeks to gain advantage over the other. s true, indeed, that these interests need no necessarily be in conflict, that what is for the true interest of the one is, at the same time, the true interest of the other; but just here arises one of the evil effects of the principle of eltishness, that the individual, looking to himself and failing to take in the socia blinded to his own true interest. The cap talist aims to make the largest profits possi-ble from his capital, and the laborer to secure the highest wages possible from his em-ployer, and then the contest begins, gov-erned, not by right, but by might. That has been, for the most part, the nature of these contests, and allowing that the same human nature governs both, we may say the moral wrong is about equal on both sides. In a given case the wrong may happen to be greater on the one side than on the other, but that arises rather from miscalculation, a want of good judgment, than from the in-tention on each side. We do not mean to say that all men are purely selfish, or equally seifish, but we mean that so far as these two interests come into violent conflict, and re-fuse to settle the difficulty amicably, by arbitration or otherwise peacefully, the under lying cause is selfishness. Thus far we pre

sume all will agree with us.

If we inquire now as to the form in which
the principle of selfishness manifests itself in these labor troubles, we think it can be traced to men's seeking and striving for ma-terial things, the supply and gratification of bodily wants, property and wealth, as the highest good. It is true of men universally that those are the wants they seek to satisfy first, and it is true of our country in particu-lar that we are governed by an inordinate love of money. Mammon is our nation's

MONEY AND THE MUSE.

Notes to the Jingle of the Guinea. The poetical temperament seems to render master." has received two hundred guinea-

some men politically unstable. Swinburne. who in one of his poems calls Victor Hugo for a " Psalm " opposing home rule for Ireland. It is strange that a man who has written so much that is radically revolutionary. who has cried out for " Freedom " in num bers sweet with the music of a wonderful rhythm, should refuse to champion the cause of justice for the Irish people. He exclaims in one of his songs, speaking of the kings of the earth :

They have tied the world in a tother. They have bought over God with a fee And now Swinburne himself sells out or two hundred guineas. The man who

writes a Tory poem for the London Times!
It is not by poetry, of course, that the vital
question now at issue in Great Britain is to be decided, but it is interesting to observe the positions taken by the great Victorian singers. Swinburne has sold his muse to singers. Swindowne has sold his muse to the Tories, and Tennyson, being a peer, calls frantically upon his countrymen to "guard their own." The man who considers him-self "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time" is poet laureate, and too conservative to be just. He who "dipt into the future" and saw "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world," is too short-sighted to see the necessity of a Parliament in Dublin. Freedom and justice have been the great themes on which modern poets have exhausted their genius. The poets who have sung in France and America have been consistent in their lives and verses. The contemporary poets of England have written much that is striking and immortal on the subject of liberty, but they are evi-dently deserters to the cause at present. The most appropriate quotation from "Locksley Hall" for Tennyson and Swinburne seems to be :

The jingling of the guines helps the hart that Honor feels. A Possible Boom for the Bethlehems The building a new American navy is likely to benefit the Bethlehems on the Lehigh. The Bethlehem iron company is iready making arrangements to get a share of the work required to supply the country with naval ships. At a recent meeting the with naval ships. At a recent meeting the stockholders voted \$1,500,000 towards putting in a plant necessary to turn out steel armor It will require about \$3,000,000 to fit the fron works up properly, but the remainder will not be voted this season. Mr. Fretz, the superintendent, is now in Europe where the machinery is being made. This action shows the right kind of American enterprise: for instead of waiting for the government to assist in putting in the plant, as others do, the company assume the responsibility and pre-pare to do the work, which will most likely come to them. This will be a great thing for South Bethlehem. It is estimated a thousand workmen will be required for each million invested, which means the addition of ten to fifteen thousand to her population in the next five years.

amashing the Idols. This is certainly an iconoclastic age. Here s the Toronto Globe irreverently referring to the great Latin poet, Horace, as "that old genial, red-nosed toady and tuft-hunter." Pretty soon some one will be calling Cleero a ward politician and Casar a Fourth ward

Some Irish Bulls. from the Texas Sittings.

"It's a dridful toime that I have been sewing buttons on me own clothes. If I was only a married man, I'd ask me woife never to allow our son to grow up an ould batch-eler like his father."

Long Time to Walt.

From the Texas Sittings.
Child—Grandpa, how old are you? Grandpa—I am 87 years old, my little dear. Child— Then you was born 80 years before 1 was. Grandpa—Yes, my little girl. Child—Law, what a long time you had to wait for me. HERE AND THERE.

A "Washington letter to the Chicago News" has started again on its rounds an utterly false, sensational and silly story of Buchanan's love affair with Miss Coleman. A good many of its errors might have been spared publication if the intelligent editor, under whose supervision it first came, but only taken the pains to cut the leaves of Cur tis's Buchanan biography, where as much o the truth as the world need know is told with delicacy and accuracy. There is no excuse for a vast amount of the newspaper gos sip newadays that is as ill-founded as it is illored. Stories that any well regulated editorial library would promptly give the lie to ought not to be retailed to the discredit o

The new group of statuary being executed in Paris by John J. Boyle, of Philadelphia, for Fairmount park, of which he sent me four time photographs some months ago-noticed at the time in this column -promises to not only bring him tame, which he well deserves, but to give American art a higher place in French approciation. The gigantic figure of the aboriginal woman, who defends. her young in the group, from the wolf, is explained by the account of the conception of the work, which is to be a representation of the Stone Age in North America. Ten year ago Boyle was a stone cutter in a l'hiladel-phia marble yard. He worked on Miss Blanche Nevins' "Maud Muller" as a per dismone Nevins "Maud Muller" as a per diem mechanic. His first great work was the Indian family group set up in Liucoln Park, Chicago; and since that he has been steadily getting along; because he is a con-scientious genius. There are numerous people around Lan-

easter who have in their heads schemes of promoting the public welfare, which they are too modest to launch into experiment and for which the general public spirit of the community does not seem to loudly call.

It must be plain, for example, that there will very soon be occasion here for another emetery, on a good deal targer scale and diferent plan from any of the present burying grounds. The inside graveyards must go, grounds. The inside graveyards must go, sooner or later. They are already filled with graves; some of them, ke the Reformed, have been entirely acated; others, like the Presbyterial—sadly neglected, brethren—are fallen into disuse. But do you think St.James', the Moravian and Spreimer's will be and ever abde in the heart of the city? I doubt it. Woodward Hill is filling up rapidly and so is the Lancaster. St. Mary's is crowding toward the lence. The built-up city limits are at the gates and around the wails of all of them. The Lancaster cemetery was out of town when established. It has thousands of graves n it now, and with the beavy increase oppulation room there is becoming scarce nd lots more valuable every year. it never was run for profit; but it has a fund of \$25,000 on hand, out of which it can make handsome improvements all the time. It cannot extend its present limits in any direct tion; nor can any of the others except Wood

I heard it calculated the other day that every body and every tombstone in our grave yards could be removed and new lots in a new cemetery be made for the value of the ground they now occupy. Perhaps not. But at any rate, the establishment of a new come-tery is a certainty of the near future; and the purchase of 200 or 300 acres of land on the left side of the Millersville turnpike, sloping down to the Conestoga, accessible by stree cars, is one of the ideas I have heard broached in this connection.

Another is the purchase of the Knapp's Villa and Tell's Hain property for a like plan. But the crematists object to a ceme-tery so near above the water works. We shall see.

And then why not a park, indeed, some-where along the creek? What is the matter with the property on the north side of the Philadelphia turnpike and the west bank of the creek for this? And how would it strike you to have a new road built, say from the head of Duke street on the Litiz turnpike, or about at the old Stambaugh property, to take up the "pleasure road" back of Kepler's and McGrann's; follow it over to the New Holland turnpike, down to the big bridge and then along the creek to Potts' tavern, to Rocky Springs, eventually to Graeff's Landing, and then down to this new cemetery between Lancaster and Millersville. All of this is in people's heads. Keep it going Lancaster will be a big city before your grand-

Chill Hazzard cannot even yet understand low or why he was beaten for congressmanat-large. He was confident that at the death he would have to be taken for the geography of the ticket. He snew Magee wanted to down Roberts, and never calculated that the bosses would venture to make a whole ticket without a Western man on it. He felt easy and fell hard.

I am told that half an hour before Wissier roted for Davies he was talking against him.

The feeling is very strong among the people who knew the late King Ludwig, of Bavaria, that he was the subject of abuse, that his death was the result of bad treatment, and that the unnecessary step of declaring him insane, which led to his tragic taking-off has lone his country no credit and no good. The Young Woman writes me from Munich :

"Do the American papers treat this case as micide or murder? It is now between I and I p. m., and all over the land of Bavaria the bells are ringing out the genuine sorrow of the people. They will continue it for six weeks. Over in St. Michael's church lies his body in an iron coffin locked up by the chief of police. I know many of the late king's personal friends. They are one in their affection and regard for him. For six days the people thronged to see their dead sovereign. They cried while they told over and over his last words: 'Had it been for the good of my people I would willingly have resigned, but to be declared crazy to my people, I can never endure."

A gentleman who was born in Bogota and has lived a good deal in China, tells me that wherever he goes he finds the blackberry. It precedes civilization and is always the same old familiar, useful, toothsome, sub-stantial fruit. He has picked it from the bush in the Andes and bought it from hawkers in the streets of Pekin. But the raspberry fol-

The Whole of Eighteousness From the Christian Union This is the whole of righteousness-to be unselfish, to obey reason, and to love beauty.

Typhoid Fever.

Charles Hartford, of New Castle, Westchester ounty, N. Y., suffered with typhoid fever and was given up to die. He was restored to health in one week by taking five Brandreth Pills every night and drinking pientifully of oatmeal gruel. A few doses of Brandreth's Pills will invariably cure any kind of fever.

Even if You Buy a Dozen

song at any of the Cheap John druggists—you a song at any of the Cheap John druggists—you money, for on on porous plasters-which you can get for

have merely thrown away your money, for one Benson's Capcine Plaster is worth them all. The Benson's Capetne Plaster is worth them all. The reason is this: Benson's is the only porous plaster in the market that is honestly and skillfully made, and scientifically medicated. Others are so more than nominal intuitions of Benson's. They are cheap because they possess none of the ingredients which render Benson's invaluable. The latter are prompt to act, pleasast to wear and cure in a few hours aliments which others will not even relieve. The public are especially warned against so-called "Lapstein," Capstein," "Capeton," or "Capsteine" plasters, as worthless articles intended to deceive that the Benson's and look for the "Three Seals trademark and the word "Capetne" cut in the centre.

Hypocrisy is the compliment that vice pays to virtue. Imitation is the compliment failure

Do Not Be Deceived.

to virtue. Imitation is the compliment failure pays to success. The name—not the character—of Benson's Capcine Plasters is initated by unscrupulous parties, who make and try to seil plasters variously called "Capsicin," "Capsicun," "Capsicine," "Initiation to deceive, so cunningly and boildly is this done that careless people are doubtless sometimes beguited into buying such articles in place of the genuine. Happily the number who follow this vocation decreases every year through the refusal of reputable dealers to handle the imitation goods, meanwhile be cautions. In the middle of the genuine is out or poroused the word "Capcine," and on the faree cloth is the "Three Seals" trademark. Ask for Benson's—then examine. One Benson is worth a dezen of any other kind.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

A LITTLE SUFFERER Cleansed, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies.

It affords me picasure to give you this report of the cure of our little grandchild by your Curretta Resents. When six months old his left hand began to swell and had every appearance of a large both. We positived it, but all to no purpose. About five nonths after it became artisining sore. Seen other sores formed. He then bad two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure it took less time for them to break out. A sore same on the chim, beneath the under lip, which was vary offensive His head was one solid scab, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at twenty-leve months old, when I undertook the care of him, his nother baving died when he was a little more than a year old, of consumption performed and early live in the head was one solid scab, discharging the more than a year old, of consumption had been been been been been an every offensive when in bed, having no use of his hands. I immediately commenced with the Curicuma Reseauer, his head was completely cured, and when he had taken one bettle of the Curicuma Reseauer, his head was completely cured, and he was improved in every way. We were very unch encouraged, and continued the use of the Remedies for a year and a half. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones used before healing, which would finally grow losse and were taken out; then they would heal capitally. One of these ugly bone formations I preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bothers he was completely cured, and is now, at the age of six years, a strong and healthy child. The early all hands must always remain; his hands are strong, though we once feared he wonderful never be able to has them. All that physicals did for him did him no good. All who saw the child before using the Curicus Resentes and see the child heer using the Curicus Resentes and see the child heer using the Curicus Resentes and see the child now consider it a wonderful cure.

May 9, 1880, 612 E. Clay St., Bloomington, Ill. The child was really in a worse condition than a appeared to his grandmother, who, being with GUTICULA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Cu SCHA, the great Skin Cure, 59 cts.; CUTHURS S-AT, an exquisite Skin Beautiflet, 25 cts.; CUTI CURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifice \$1.00. Prepared by the Fotter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston

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