"FATAL ROCK."

A LEGEND OF LANCASTER COUNTY MOST NOTABLE STREAM.

Saunterings Over Field and Meadow, Through Woodland and by Water Course -The Traditions of the Picturesque What Sten Park-Some Native Kural Romance.

For the INTRILIOUNCER.

When wearied with the gilded splender of a palace or the less pretentions magnificence of modern mansions, when the cold formality and pseudo-gayety of city life becomes dis tasteful to us, we gladly break away to ram ble through field and forest and to seek some rural retreat where undisturbed and unre trained we commune with the congenial spirits of our original nature. Tell me a draught more invigorating to the lungs than a breath of pure mountain air, or where can you quaft a beverage half so delicious as the pure, sparkling water bubbling up from a spring in a gion ? Man's ingenuity and per sistence have, indeed, accomplished much that commands our admiration, but the handiwork of God is the archetype of all. To Him through nature man is indebted for all whether it be art in its various mechanical contrivances, with whatever else that is util

Thus, as all roads lead to Rome, so all avenues bring us finally to nature, and her find the cause why we love to court nature'

solitude and sectuaion. Obeying the promptings of a similar spirit I betook myself one bright, cheery morning in the pleasant month of May, to the surrounding country of Lancaster, having par ticularly in view as one object of my visit the beautiful What Gien park, lying on the Conestogs, about two miles distant from the city. It was one of those lovely mornings when all nature seems astir. Even the cit did not escape the contagious spirit that per vaded magically all living beings. The dir and clatter of the city's traffic retained no and clatter of the city's traffic retained not their wonted harshness, but mingled with childhood's merry laughter and pleasant merning salutations they blended into an agreeable hum as distance between the city and me widened. The country was wide awake. Birds had early begun their matins and everywhere could be heard the liquid ditty of merry warbiers, who in their ecstacy would have drowned anyquerrulous tonethat might have broken in discordantly upon the flood of melody. Acres of rolling land, well flood of melody. Acres of rolling land, well tilled and showing the thrift of its peaceful inhabitants, stretched far away to the foot of distant mountains. The face of the earth had donned its green robe variegated with the beautiful tints of flowers. Dow drops trem-bled tenderly on the tips of grass blades and flashed back the stream of sunlight that poured down upon them. Through the smooth green meadows, like a band of silver, the placid waters of the Conestoga pursued their serpentine course. This seemed, in-deed, one of spring's holidays, or, it the figure is not too extravagant, the incipition of a series of vernal concerts to which we had a season ticket, if we chose to be present. In the course of my morning's sauntering

I came to the desired point set down in the course vaguely mapped out for the day What Glein park betrays the origin of its appellation in its name. Some individual more matter-of-fact than romantic, following his bent of mind, as described by the former epithet, rather than that fancy would dictate, concluded to satisfy his disappointment in not getting a name by calling it What Glen. Be that as it may. It is none the less a charming spot, nor does its inquisitive title detract one jot from the romance with which it is invested. Following the course of the Conestoga, or approaching the park from the north, you come to a small grove sparsely wooded. Entering it for a little distance you are brought to a point where, with a sudden descent, the gien lies before you, and at its I came to the desired point set down in the

descent, the gien lies before you, and at its farther confines flows by the broad stream, with a perceptible velocity. Some few buildings and a dancing pavilion are scattered throughout the grounds which are now frequently used by summer parties in pionick-ing. Pendant from trees are stoutly timbored swings for such as have a fondness for oscillatory motion. These peparations, of course, have, to some extent, made havon with nature's own setting of this scene. Out of the glen, along the course of the creek, a path leads to a hillside which is a continuation of the embankment. A dense undergrowth almost impenetrable, covers this area. The main path, after leaving the holicw, ramifies in every direction to thread the intricacies of this low wilderness, until finally the different paths come together again on a promi-nence. A few paces out towards the stream is the edge of the high and almost dicular rocky shore. Projecting out into the stream is a cliff with its head overhauging the waters below. The scenery is strikingly picturesque and romantic, but this is not manifest at a distance. Not until you come to the edge of the rock does the beauty of it become apparent, as if at creation the design was that its grandeur should depend on the point of vision. To one bending over the edge of the rock the depth becomes frightful as he gazes long and intently on the flood below. He feels secure in the possession of his senses for awhile, then comes crowding into his mind thoughts of sudden attacks of strange spells of sickness, conceptions of what would be the result if, with suicidal in-tent, he should burl himself down on the rocks below—and, gentle reader, did you ever observe into what strange moods we do drop; what dark and horrible images im-agination pictures forth when death is within an enticing distance, where we can daily with him, cajole him and yet bid him stay? As I lay clinging to the edge of that preci-pice I will not gain my purpose by detailing the strange feelings that possessed me, the shudders that horror sent through my frame, or the spectral faces that grimiy looked up from the depths below. It is sufficient to say that my feelings were presently brought

up to a degree bordering on frenzy. I invol-untarily shrunk back, fearing, if I turned my head, that instant to behold some demon in human form, conjured up by imagination, in the act of giving me a fatal push.

After I had regained my composure the thought forced itself obtrusively, even tenaciously upon my mind. May not some wee-begone mortal here have met a fatal end? For on such a spot the heart festering with rankling sorrow will brood and nurse its grief where erst it thrilled with delight, even as in quick succession follow sun-speci in the act of giving me a tatal push. even as in quick succession follow sun-spo and cloud-shadow.

Retracing my steps, I met an old man with silvered head and bowed frame, whose with silvered head and bowed frame, whose shadow had well nigh reached its greatest length in the evening of life. With the usual greetings and respect that youth pays to old age, I ascertained that he had been a life-long resident in the vicinity, and consequently was versed in the local history and legendary tore of his birthplace. To the question whether the rock which engaged our attention was known by any name, he after some tion was known by any name, he, after some reflection and dublous look at the interroga-tor, answered affirmatively, "Yes, Fatal

Knocking the ashes from the bowl of his pipe which he had been contentedly smok-ing, he related the following pathetic tale, which I will not attempt to reproduce in his vernacular, but will repeat in substance.

One September evening, in the fall of 18—, a slim young man, of prepossessing appear-ance, alighted from the stage that had drawn up before a wayside inn near the city. These inns at that day were intermediate stations. inns at that day were intermediate stations, affording a night's rest to the waggoners who transported cereal products from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, and articles of merchandise from the latter to the former place. A group of idlers, among whom was mine jolly host, had been awaiting the arrival of the coach. When it came to a standstill and had deposited its living freight and luggage, this young personage approaching an individual whom he singled out as the landiord by reason of his rubicund visage, inquired the way to a neighboring farmer's. Having received the desired intelligence he hurried in the direction of the farm before the already gathering gloom should increase the strangeness of the locality. Among the frequenters ness of the locality. Among the frequenters of the tavern surmises were at once made as to the object of the stranger's presence. The curiosity that had been aroused was satisfied when one of the number at the inn ventured the conjecture that the recent arrival was in all likelihood the teacher of the district school. All concurred with the view advanced when they remembered that the farmer who was invested by his neighbors with the power of employing teachers had been inquired for. Nor was the supposition amiss. The person in question was the knight of the birch, who was to lord it over a country school; and, as subsequent events will show, over a tender heart.

Let us interrupt the progress of the tale by reverting briefly to the antecedents of the young teacher. Born in a thriving and growing town of Western New York, he had enjoyed the advantages of a partly classical course offered by an academy of no mean repute His father who was extensively engaged in mercantile business, was the head of a family proud of its wealth and social connections. Shrewd and practical in the ed when one of the number at the int

routine of business, he was little given to sentiment and looked frowningly on it in any youth who cherished ideas of fame and distinction in lifs. The son's prediliction from his boyhood had been for the bar, and therefore selected his course of studies to this end. His preparation for going under the instruction of a legal preceptor having been completed, and in obedience to the wishes of his father, who considered a term in the pedagogue's chair a fitting conclusion to an academic course and a proper discipline for entrance to a law office, he undertook to mould the plastic minds of country urchins. Husy were the gossips for a few days before the school opened in collecting and distributing the comments that were passed concerning the schoolmaster, which functionary occupies no inconsiderable rank in a rural district; if he has arrived at the age of manhood he is credited with knowledge which he does not possoss, or if of youthful appearance he is the object of many a furtive glance from buxom country maidens, while the burily and jealous swain chuckles with secret delight at the bruises to be administered by his hands to the master. If, peradventure, a

delight at the bruises to be administered by his hands to the master. If, peradventure, a sweeter sovereign reigns in such a realm, the lady teacher at once commands the respect of the girls and the love of the big boys. The cause and motive of the latter emotion I will not attempt to define.

not attempt to define.
The school was opened in due time with a goodly number of pupils, among whom was the daughter of the farmer in whose home the young man was to take his abode.

She was a brunctte of seventeen summers, shapely in figure, just budding into woman-hood, with dark, lustrous eyes of unfathomable depth. She had native grace withal, while the traces of rustic simplicity that re-mained enhanced those charms which cul-ture and fashion long for but never attain. Her nature was silent, but deep and reverved. Her nature was silent, but deep and reverved, because silent. Not fickle, so as to be moved to uncontrollable laughter by the caprice of the moment, or gushing with tears from a circumstance sentimental rather than sad, she felt and felt deeply. This was her last term in the public school. The young teacher had soon gained the confidence of his patrons and the good will of his pupils. Progress and order were no strangers in his school room. Among his most diligent pupils was she, evincing a remarkable aptitude fo studies tending to the literary and artistic Her intellectual capacity and womanly qualities, as yet undeveloped, did not escape the tites, as yet undeveloped, did not escape the vigilant eye of her teacher, and, therefore, he took special delight in encouraging her aspirations. Of a winter's evening, seated around a cheerful fire with apples sputtering over it, and a basket of nuts gathered in season, the family whiled away the tedious The matronly house wife tales of hob-goblins and witches; the hus band, perhaps, detailed the excitement of the chase. But more frequently the teacher entertained the circle with fables and strange

stories of which he had a fund.

While farmer and wife were dezing, the daughter giving a willing ear to ancient story, romantic legends, wars and treasures. of classic lore, found pleasure in receiving, while he experienced equal delightin giving. Not infrequently did he speak of his alms and hopes when once fairly established in his chosen profession. Thus rapidly sped by the winter days. As the end of the term aproached, the cordial, frank spirit between the teacher and family waned. Teacher and pupil, lowever, do no longer express the relation between the two persons ; for, while it was observed externally, the true feeling yet un-known to either, had supplanted the relation of superior and inferior, of instructor to in-structed. Out of friendship and admiration had grown the strongest passion—love. The separation that was soon approaching, inten-sified the emotion and gave to the lover a sense of its depth. To retreat was futile. The flame was burning too strongly to be quenched. Love took its course and the inevitable followed. The school closed and in a few days its teacher was to return to his native town to prosecute his legal studies. A few evenings before the appointed day, in the course of an evening ramble, the young couple were standing on the edge of Fatal Rock looking on the calm flood below. last rays of the setting sun glimmered faintly on the distant church spires, while the chim-ing vesper bells called devout worshippers

The young man, speaking of his reluctant departure, turned to the maiden and then de-clared his love with all the fervor of a pascionate lover. Astonishment silenced for a time, but as she realized her own feel-ings, joy beamed from her countenance, Then a shade of sadness spread over her features as the situation dawned upon her The barriers social distinction. mind. family pride, position—loomed up in the horizon where the star of hope had just set. Breaking forth in sobs, she acknowledged her love for him, but denied the possibility of their union, because of her inferiority and his father's ambition. Then followed prom-ises of undying devotion and willingness of swritteing his all for her sake. Le sealed the betrothal with a kiss.

Two years have elapsed, during which time tender missives were exchanged. She is happy, while her lover dreads the time when soon his engagement must be made known to a stern father; the situation is revealed; a stormy interview follows, concluding with a letter dictated by an unrelenting tather. The son secretly writes another expressing his determination and constancy, but which is intercepted. The sequel of the tale is soon told. The trustful girl receives a letter, one morning, coldly and formally telling her that the engagement that had resulted from a thoughtless intimacy, did not outweigh other considerations and consequently must be broken. She did not break out in frantic grief, so no one knew the deathly pang she had received, but from that day smiles knew her not, only pensiveness and caim Christian assurance. She did not even murmur, yet the fond parents saw her pining away rapidly. In a few months the fatal day came, when, with a full confession to her parents, she passed away with a sweet resignation. A funeral train, sad and silent from genuine sorrow, followed the corpse to the country graveyard, where the remains were laid t

The parents communicated the sad intelli-The parents communicated the sad intelligence to her lover, who was anxiously awaiting a reply to his intercepted letter. A few days after her burial, the young teacher, with leaden heart, once more entered the familiar home, where all was now gloom and desolation. Her last words he heard repeated from her mother and to her he related how a father's cruality had accepted. how a father's crueity had separated them. Unable to abide in the place any longer, he wandered aimlessly through field and wood, until be came to Fatal Rock where their troth had been plighted. His anguish must have been equal only to the desperate act that burled him from the clift.

The following morning laborers going by The following morning laborers going by discovered a body floating in the creek and recognized it as that of the young teacher. His father was summoned, and made acquainted with the painful circumstances. On the body was tound a piece of paper on which were written a few sentences asking forgiveness for the rash act, and requesting to be laid side by side with her who was his even unto death. The harsh father relented. even unto death. The harsh father relented.

the heart of adamant was softened and ambition thwarted.

The sire had concluded his tale. Brushing away a tear, he bid me good-day and forth-with continued his walk.

with continued his walk.

I passed through the country graveyard rankly overgrown with weeds and its tombstones weather-beaten and crumbling. In a distant corner were the two graves. Readthe faint inscription of the headstones, I discovered that they marked the graves of the two unfortunate subjects of the old man's the two unfortunate subjects of the old man's tale. These two mounds, also, were well overspun with weeds, through which a lew wild flowers, exhaling their fragrance, timidly litted their heads. Summer breezes play there and wintry blasts shriek and howl, but side by side the lovers twain sleep the sleep that knows no waking. the sleep that knows no waking.

A DESERTED GARDEN. Tangled by creeps and twines Where once bicomed my lady's flowers; And the twisting wild woodbines Weave o'er all their clustering bowers; And the trult trees from the wall Droop forgotten and foriors, And the rose trees, thick and tall, From their trellia work are torn. Dewy paths—once velvet smooth, For the dainty steps of youth— Weedy now, and overgrown With the rank grass all unmown

Here and there, amid confusion, Gleams a berry scarlet hued, And pale bindweed in profusion (By the summer breezes wooed) Creeps where once verbenas grew, Or the myrtle flowered so fair In the warm and scented air; And the speedwell-deepest blue-Shakes its frail flowers everywhere.

So, amids these paths-all haunted By the memory of old flowers— Grow these wild wood blooms undaunted, Through the glowing autumn bours. Ah! how long ago it seems Ah! how long ago it seems

Since bright taces glowed and smiled
In this garden of our dreams,
Now so desolate and wild!

They will come again no more,
An i no time shall e'er restore
tionden days and fairy flowers

To these wearied hearts of ours.

From Chambers' Journ

-From Chambers' Journal.

SEVERAL times of late in these weekly gatherings of Drift the name of Thoreau ba some up. It could not be otherwise. One cannot write on American literature at all, however superficially, without encountering it. For in that literature Henry D. Thores occupies a unique, distinctive and Importan Extravagantly admired and overes timated for a long time by men like Emer-son and nearly the whole school of Concord transcendentalists "with that curious absence of perspective," as a recent critic says, " which appears so easily in small communi-ties, in which a Channing seems a Milton or a Dante, and Thoreau a Virgil," be suffered indeserved neglect from the general public, until in late years be is coming to receive hi rightful and proper meed of attention. Eng-Thoreau revival in literature, went into ecstasies over him, and so roused and spread American study of him and brought us to a just estimate of our eccentric countryman with his exaggerated Americanisms. Perhaps the tendency now is again to over-rate his literary merit and importance; at any rate it is coming to be the fashion to read his works, to talk about them and to consider acquaintance with them an essential of culture. And I don't know but it is a pretty good fashion and correct estimate.

UNDOUBTEDLY much of the interest that ttaches to Thoreau's works, and a part-cause of their popularity, are to be sought for in the author's own curious personal history. It is omething so anomalous to see a finely eduated, cultured and profoundly thinking man deliberately turn his back upon civilization and the society of enlightened people, and betake himself to the life of a semi-sav-age, living a hermit in a miserable little but the woods, and there by the light of a biazing log fire, or in summer a pine knot. reading the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers, or poring over the fervid verse of Persian bards and the wisdom of the ancient Hindoc and Chinese sages; or again himself composing works of the loftiest transcendental mysticism, or most charm-ing, realistic description, or poetry of some of which Emerson could say that it "suggests Simonides, but is better than any poem of Simonides," while his latest too admiring bi-ographer, Mr. Sanborn, in his volume in the American Men of Letters series, declares that he "wrote, at his best, as well as the finest of the Greek lyric poets."

THOREAU believed, as he says, in "Wal den," that " there is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Wh knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided tood for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged? Accordingly on a wood lot belonging to Emerson and about a mile from "The Wayside" where his friend Alcott lived, and later Hawthorne, Thoreau erected his famous where his friend Alcott lived, and later Hawthorne, Thoreau erected his famous cabin close by Walden pond, which he has made immortal. From his quaint and interesting description of his life here, from 18th to 1847, I take this account of the building: "I began to occupy on the 4th of July, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the beards were carefully feather adead, and boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain; but before boarding I laid the foundation of a chimney at one end, bringing two cartloads of stones up the hill from the pond in my arms. * * Before winter chimney and shingled the sides Before winter I built house, which were already impervious to rain, with imperfect and sappy shingles made of the first slice of the log, whose edges I was obliged to straighten with a

"I have thus a tight-shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fire-place opposite." An exact wood cut of this house, which he tells us cost him just \$28.12% in money, is given as trootispiece to the first edition of his "Walden."

I know of no book in any language, I don't think there is any, from which we get so much of pure, unalloyed nature as this one, and indeed all the rest of his seven or eight volumes. Walden, however, is my favorite, with "Excursions" sharing the preference of them all. It seems to me to but the bright sunshine, fresh air, lorest per fume and fragrant breezes from the pines; all these lie latent in its pages. We open them, and the very breath of nature, pungent, exhibitating, delicious, her very voice, sweet and winning, terrible and sublime, sad, solemn or gay-her very living spirit confronts us, ravishes us, fills us,

THERE was probably no man ever more thoroughly in love with nature than Thoreau. He knew her within and without. He became akin to her, a part of her. And like all lovers be occasionally became a little ' soft " and gushing and silly on the subject, as in this apostrophe to the Queen of the Night: "My dear, my dewy sister, let thy rain descend on me! I not only love thee, but I love the best of thee—that is to love thee rarely. I do not love thee every day— commonly I love those who are less than then: I love thee only on great days. Thy thee; I love thee only on great days. Thy dewy words feed me like the manna of the morning. I am as much thy sister as thy brother; thou art as much my brother as my sister," and a good deal more of the same kind. Such talk was the style around Conord in those days. It seems now like affec-lation, as do some of the other peculiarities Thoreau's style of thought and expression. of Thoreau's style of thought and expression. Yet we must accept the assurances of those who knew him best to the contrary. Similarly they deny that he was boorish in his manners, that he had a single grain of self-conceit or cynicism. Men like Emerson and Alcott no doubt knew, and we believe them; though I confess it is not a very easy thing for me to do. But who would wish to deny the fond words of the octogenarian Alcott, which he wrote four years ago are the dark which he wrote four years ago, ere the dark pinion of Time cast its numbing shadow over his mind:

his mind:

"Much do they wrong our Heary wise and kind,
Morose who name thee, cynical to men,
Foreaking manners civil and refined
Tobatid thyself in Walden woods a den—
Then flout society, flatter the rude hind.
We better know thee, loyal citizen!
Thou, triendship's all adventuring pioneer,
Civility tiself woulds't civilize:
Whilst bruggart boors, wavering 'twixt rage and tear,

and fear, Slave is arths lay waste, and Indian huts sur prise,
And swift the martyr's gibbet would uprear
Thou hall'dst him great whose valorous e orion's blazing belt dimmed in the sky— Then bowed thy unrepining head to die."

WHATEVER that may mean, and however it may be, I am glad Thoreau was just as he was; otherwise his books would have been different, and very likely devoid of just that pungent, rasping, quickening quality in which consists their greatest charm, akin to that of the hemlock boughs he used to throw on the fire, "and the rich salt crackling of their leaves was like mustard to the ear, the crackling of uncountable regiments." It is this quality of wildness that makes his this quality of wildness that makes his books such ideal summer reading. To read them is the next best thing to being out in the woods and climbing the mountains ourselves. Some would probably say it is a good deal better. Best of all, however, I think, it is to combine the two. Take his book as a companion and guide in your summer rambles. You will be surprised how much that is new and strange he will show much that is new and strange he will show much that is new and strange he will show much that is new and strange he will show much that is new and strange he will show much that is new and strange he will show the strange he will show much that is new and strange he will show you everywhere. In fact you need not go larther from home than he did, no tarther than a half dozen miles at most, to enter, than a half dozen miles at most, to enter, with his guidance, what to us would be a new world. "Of course it is of no use," he says, and it is a truth every vacation tourist at home or abroad needs to remember, "to direct our steps to the woods, if they do not carry us thither. I am alarmed when it happens that I have walked a mile into the woods bodily, without getting there in spirit. What business have I in the woods if I am thinking of something out of the

Ir we have this mood we need not go abroad for vacation. If we have it not, going abroad will do us no good. To really res and enjoy nature we must enter into spirit-ual communion with her. "Shall I not have intelligence with the earth? Am I not And how true is it that man needs this communion with nature, needs it far more than the most of us realize. "Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored for this and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness—to wate

sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smeil the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground.

We can never have enough of nature."
And nature is not only far away, but round about us, right here in Lancaster county we can, if we will, see as much of her, make her acquaintance in every mosed as intimately as ever Thorean did at Concord. Only we must keep our souls in accord with her as well as have our eyes and ears open all the time.

THE secret of Thoreau's charm lay largely in this faculty of observation, or, better sympathetic observation. For the sympa thetic quality was not the least importan part of it, and alone accounts for his strange ntimacy with animals, so that, as Emerso saures us, "snakes coiled round his leg the fishes swam into his hand, and he too them out of the water; he putled the wood chuck out of his hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunt

ers."

"It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and whatereature had taken this path before him. * * * On the day I speak of he looked for the Menyanthes, detected it across the wide pool, and, on examination of the florets, decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his breast pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account as a banker when his notes fall due. The Cypripedium not out till to-morrow. ight that, if waked up from a trance, is this swamp, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days. The redstact was flying about presently the fine grosbeaks brilliant scarlet makes the rash gazer wipe his eye, and whose fine clea note Thoreau compared to that of a tauage which had got rid of its hoarseness"—O the latter bird Thoreau himself finely says that "it flies through the green foliage as it it would ignite the leaves "—" Presently he heard a note which he called that of the night-warbier, a bird he had never identified, had been in search of twelve year which always, when he saw it, was in th act of diving down into a tree or bush, an which it was vain to seek : the only bird tha sings indifferently by night and by day.

THE time when I first read Thoreau mark an epoch in my experience. I had seen and enjoyed nature before, after a fashion. Rut enjoyed nature before, after a hankon. And he first gave me as it were a personal introduction to her. My real acquaintance with her, tamiliar and intimate, I owe to him. I don't actually see more of her visible forms, perhaps, nor hear more of her audible sounds; but I know their meaning better, I understand her as I never did before.

FOR example, we have often heard th uncanny hooting of the owl, but I at leas never before understood its weird, fantastic language as he interprets it in his deliciou chapter on "Sounds": "When other birds are still the screech owis take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient u-lu-lu-lu-Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt tu-whit tu who of the poets, but, with out jesting, a most dismal graveyard ditty the mutual consolations of suicide lover remembering the pangs and the delights supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet love to hear their waiting, their dolefu responses, trilled along the woodside; re minding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melanchely terebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now explating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnedies in the scenery of their

Dip space permit I would like to giv his inimitable descriptions of the whip poor-will, the loop, the bawk, partridge, and multitude of other birds, with most which we are acquainted, but all of which he shows us in a new light; his account of the various flowers, shrubs, and trees; his marvellously graphic report of a great battle between ants which he witnessed, and which "took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Welster's Pugitive-Stave Bill." As it is, I can only refer my readers, especially those who have to spend their vacation at home, to the works of this unique writer, and let him show them how to travel in strange and unexplored realms, and enter into the secrets of other worlds, without going a mile out of town. Or if they are among the privileged few let them take Thoreau with them to teach them how to use their eyes and ears so as to se and understand wonders and beauties every where, which to the uninitiated multitud remain forever sealed and unknown

Education in the South,

From the Public Ledger Occasionally reports of the work of education in the South, made in the ordinary course of school management and not for po litical effect, give encouraging views of the work being done there. A little pamphiet or prospectus of the State Normal and Indus-trial school at Huntsville, Alabama, gives a trial school at Italian list of 134 colored boys and as colored girls who are attending that institution. The school was started by the colored people themselves, and has since received about \$20,000 from the state, three-lourths of which is represented by property deeded to the state. The boys are taught carpentry and printing, and the girls work at sewing, dressmaking. Ac., and these who graduate are required to teach for the state for two years. More than a 100 trained teachers have been sent out from Huntsville in the last eleven years. Tuition is entirely free, and those who come from a is entirely free, and those who come from a distance pay only seven deliars a month for board. This is only one of many normal schools supported in part by the state and in part by the Pasbody fund, all of which are preparing teachers for the public schools proper. With such agencies at work in the preparing the such agencies at work in the south, national aid like that proposed in the Blair bill might prove more of a hindrance than a help by exciting cupidity like that which has disgraced our soldiers' orphan

Manundasion in Cuba.

At last the days of slavery in Cuba are drawing to a close ; for by a unanimous vote of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies the 2% 000 slaves who yet remain on the island are set free. This is a fulfillment of the law passed in 1879 Under that law all slaves over tifty-five years of age were at once set free: slaves under titly-five years of age, though nominally free, were required to serve their masters for eight years, who dur-ing that time should act as their protectors and pay their wages,

An Idiot's Theology.
The Bishop of Exeter, England, recently confirmed a number of idiots; the act provoked so much criticism that he has thought it necessary to justify his conduct. He does so by saying that the milets were more de yout than a great many wise Christians, and puotes the dying words of a poor idiot known

quotes the dying works as Silly Billy see!
Oh! what does Silly Billy see!
Three in One and One in Three,
And one of Them has died for in

IMPLORA PACEM Why this ado art making ? Wherefore and whence this sighting-This inward sobbing, crying Of whose wee art the a partaking It will end at last with dying hyric, cleyson

For what dear one's restoring Whose soul is life fortaking ! Oh! what art thou adoring ! Kyrse, elegann : No longer dirges making, No more of ceaseless sighing, Wringing of hands and crying.

(Asking, and no replying.)

Why art this low wall making ?

An end to thy heart-breaking All's over now, he's-dying CHRISTIE, RIEYSON ! -Richard Henry Stoddard. THE POET'S STORY.

From hearts that bleed, and, bleeding, Through songs like these doth ever roll The Mystic music of the soul. If we have weal, if we have woo, If we have rights, if we have wrongs, The world must all our feelings know-

The sweetest songs are those that spring

We tell our stories in our songs. -James Chester Rockwell. TRAVELING IN THE WEST.

YOUNG LANCASTRIAN WHO SEES AIGHTS IN OHIO'S CAPITAL.

olumbus a City Not to Be Sperged At - When Sixteen Rallroads Cross and Centre-A Busy Hive of Material Industry-The Pennentiary.

Columnus, Ohio, July 28.

Special Correspondence of INTELLIMENCES

A Pennsylvanian traveling Westward and rossing into Ohio for the first time must make up his mind to the shattering of several of his idols. Presuming that he is a fond son of the Keystone state, he has probably considered that Ohio is well enough in it way, but that it must not be mentioned in the same breath with Pennsylvania, so far as progressiveness and industrial prosperity are concerned. And just here is where he is entirely wrong. Ohio is a great state in its material resources, and its cities are filled with men brimming over with enterpris who find no work more congenial than that of contributing to make their towns the hives of busy industry. This old town of Colum bus was moving along in slip-shod fashion up to the time when the war broke out, when it had a population of about 12,000 peo ple. It was a moribund kind of place, so the old citizens will tell you. The war seemed to give it the impulse long waited for, and when bed-rock prices were struck it rose Antique-like in its newly acquired strength, until now sixteen railroads cross its streets and 75,000 people live within its borders.

What a stranger finds most to admire ground Ohio is the royal magnificence with which it does everything relating to the public weal. The state house here in the capital city covers with its ground 20 acres in the very heart of the town. The spacious lawns are well kept and are traversed by graveled walks in every direction. Squirrels play fearlessly under the broad trees, and will ear rumbs from the hands of a strapger. Wo the dog that dares touch one of these pets lomain are renewed evidences of the city's magnanimity. These are thronged on Sun-days and holidays, and save many a doctor's bill in affording the poor a place for free and intelligent recreation.

THE OHIO PENTIENTIARY. But while Columbus is filled with many bjects of interest to the tourist such as the asylum for the insane, the buildings of which are a mile and a quarter in circumfer ence, the splendid institutions for the dea and dumb, the idiotic, the blind, etc., the place that will most vividly stamp itself on the visitor's memory is the state peniten tiary. This is situated in the manufacturing end of the fown and covers an area of forty acros. It recalls one of those old walled towns of Rome's palmy days, but the simile is not good so far as concerns the inhabitants therein, for the penitentiary birds do no preathe that free air considered to be essen

iai to the welfare of a Roman citizen. Onto has long demonstrated the pecuniary success of the convict labor here. Within the penitentiary walls here the state has from time to time accumulated an industrial plant that must now be worth millions. Great stacks standing sentine from immense brick buildings tell the story of the high brick buildings tell the story of the big money that Ohio has invested in the scheme to keep its prisoners at work, to make them pay for their own keep and to husband con siderable money for the state. The magni-tude of the plan may be guessed at when it is stated that there are 1,780 prisoners con-fined within the four walls of the penitentiary. But a small percentage of these are women and infirm men, and the balance work like pack-horses. As may be imag work like pack-horses. As may be imag-ined, all these prisoners require a big body of attendants, their number, including guards and officials, being 134. Thus within these narrow contines are gathered nearly 2,000 souls, 10 per cent. of whom ever sit in stern judgment over their less fortunate

stern judgment over their less fortunate brethren.

Truly it is a strange community. The streets are paved and guttered by the convicts, who have also a fire department, manned by themselves, ready to fight the flames at a moment's notice. A church in which they are all driven every Sunday morning like so many sheep is in the middle of the broad quadrangle made by the jail walls and the front of the jall building. Here the workmen in the shops do not waste any time in idle talk. Save for an occasional order by a foreman, and the constant noise of the whirring machinery, one might imagine himself viewing a body of automata performing the work of men. Though the con-victs work side by side for years, they may never exchange a word. Above them on all sides and within ear shot sits the inexorable guard, who is ready to punish them for the slightest infraction of the rules. It may be easily understood that if this vest body of men had any means of communication with forming the work of men. Though the con men had any means of communication with one another the jail officials would be only a nouthful for them in an insurrection. There ore, though it seems harsh to put upon them

the martyrdom of perpetual silence, it is bu-prudence, born of experience.

As a visitor walks through the shops in which so many different kinds of articles are made, varying from the heaviest kinds of iron work to the lightest variety of wheel and bending work, he cannot help, if he have any imagination at all, thinking of the possible histories of the nen who here labor in silence the slaves of the state. The broad in silence the staves of the state. The broad brows and keen, intelligent eyes of some denote intellectual ability that night have won honorable distinction in the paths of integrity. Some have made but one false step that wrecked their lives. For these the wells of sympathy fill up. Brutal viciousness is on the faces of others, and gratitude is telt that the strong arm of the state is sufficient for the protection of their law-abiling cient for the protection of their law-abiding brethren from these tigers in the human

A MOURNEUL SPECTACLE. The convicts' dress betokens the repute in which he is held under the prison regime. iray indicates exemplary conduct, blue is next in grade, and striped suits are worn by the most incorrigible. While your correspondent was viewing the institution, he was privileged with the sight of this vast army of convicts martialed for dinner with all the precision of war veterans. The place is the handsome lawn crossed and recrossed by walks, dotted with fountains and flowers in the quadrangle facing the great white jail building with its myriad of pitiless grated windows. Work in the shops has been sus pended for a brief interval of refreshment to the convict toiler. In front of each shop forms the company or companies that labor therein. They are told off in squads of thirty-live and stand close together, all with folded arms. Each company has a guard with a loaded musket in command. As the eye wanders in every direction, it encounters a field of mixed blue and gray with occasional dashes of striped suits to lend sombreness to the picture, Suddenly a signal is given, and the men are on the move. Those companies nearest the rejectory are advanced few paces, and those to the rear are moved up. The heavy tread of marching feet is heard from all sides, as the companies two by two in lock step file down the broad walks that lead to the refectory, and when all are thus massed, single tile is formed and the long processions through the several doors of the refectory begin.

A mind-reader would have an ample scope

for the play of his fancy in the sight of this logion of convicts passing betore him. Some there were in the mournful procession who seemed capable of much better things. Side by side marched a repulsive looking negro with a white man whose face and general appearance marked him out as one who had egun life's journey under skies of the mos roseate hue. Gray-headed sinners grown old in vice kept step with the young boy from whose face the look of innocence had not yet entirely departed. His mother little dreamed as she rocked his cradle that she was guard-ine and nourishing her boy for this fate!

ng and nourishing her boy for this fa But imagination takes wings and sober reality is installed when a view is obtained o the vast dining half in which these convicts are gathered together. An almost infinite sea of heads is presented of the most variegated description. All are standing at their places until the first tap of a bell when with mechanical precision they seat themselves and fold their arms. This latter movement executed by these hundreds of men of all sizes and at one and the same time resembles the simultaneous maneuver of a regiment of soldiers. A second bell tap and in an instant all are seated on their rough benches and the clatter of knives and forks wielded by hundreds of hands breaks the stillness, but there are no other sounds save these armed guards who march up and down the

division lines between the tables, and he who talks suffers.

It has long been a mooted question with those who have to indulge in this kind of social science hair-splitting whether the tear of punishment is more potent than the hope of

reward. The latter weighs strongly with the prisoners here, but it is believed that the dread of the terrible punishment that follows insubordination is the chief element in restraining these desperate men. They are flogged on their bare backs till blisters come flogged on their bare backs till blisters come and then the blisters are broken open with the merciless thong—and this while they are strung up by their arms. They are blind-folded and a strong stream of water turned upon their laces until half drowned they beg for mercy. The man of discretion will walk the chalk-line for years rather than twice endure the dreadful penalty that follows violation of the rules of the institution.

VALUE OF THE LABOR OF THE CONVICTS The value of the labor of these men to the state is something enormous. The output of the penitentiary shops runs into millions and it increases every year. Contractors hire the labor for from fifty to seventy-five cents a day, and the individual convict costs the state but eighteen cents a day for his entire maintenance. The profit in these figures is necessarily very large. With all this cheap competition of convict with honest labor, the latter seems not to suffer thereby, for nowhere are the claims of the willing worker quicker recognized than in Ohio's thriving cities. One of these days public sentiment in the Buckeye state may be strong enough to modify this wholesale hiring out of convicts, or possibly abolish it. But it will not be soon. For Ohio has so much money in penitentiary workshops she will need a very loud tone of command to make her hear the order for their abolition. labor for from fifty to seventy-five cents a

order for their abolition.

Lancaster industry blooms in this Western garden. Isaac Eberly, who came here a poor boy from Lancaster county, has the pleasure of seeing his name on one of the biggest boy from Lancaster county, has the pleasure of seeing his name on one of the biggest buildings of the town and is quoted at half a million. Tanner Evans, of Lancaster county parentage, is one of the big leaders in that industry here, and Jacob Martin, formerly of Hager & Bro., occupies an important clerical position in the offices of the Hocking Valley railroad company. Philip Lebzetter and Charles E. Downey, of Lancaster, are recognity here looking after their interests frequently here looking after their interests in the Columbus Wheel and Bending com-pany, of which they are large owners. Lancaster thrift and enterprise take quick and deep root in this fertile Western soil.

A BEAUTY AT LONG BRANCH.

Woman With Twelve Children and a Milli For Each.

Long Branch Correspondent N. Y. Herald. The supremely attractive woman at Long Branch this season is Senora de Barrios, widow of the late president of Guatemala who was killed in a recent engagement with revolutionists. This lady is of medium height and good figure. Her eyes are wo height and good figure. Her eyes are wo derfully brilliant, and charm all who come within their spell. She is in deep mourn-ing, and is dwelling at the west end in semi-retirement. Her crape and lace dresses are the envy of the ladies and the delight of the men. One of her mourning tollets is as pathetic as a requiem. It is a floating mass of black tulle, crape and the costilest lace; and, supplemented by the reven-based mantilla supplemented by the raven-hued mantilla gathered about her forehead and neck as only the ladies of Spanish blood can arrange it, gives to her figure and face a spiritual grace

gives to her figure and face a spiritual grace and beauty that is matchless.

She leads a very quiet life in the midst of this great hotel, with its teeming population elbowing and jostling each other. Madame—for she is as frequently called by the French form of address as by the Spanish—generally breakfasts alone in her parlor. She has a luxurious suit of apartments where the few who are permitted to visit her in her bereavement call. As may be imher bereavement call. As may be imagined she has numberless suitors, prospective and present. True she is the mother of twelve children, but she has mother of twelve children, but she has more than a million of money for each of them. A charming flock of bright faces constitute no serious drawback to the pros-pects of so fair a widow so richly endowed with wealth. How many of her little ones are with her I have no means of knowing. Not many, I imagine. She is never seen walking on the verandas or in the parlor. Though she is fond of the dance, her re-ent Though she is fond of the dance, her re ent Though she is fond of the dance, her recent widowhood forbids it for the present. At the last full dress ball she occupied a chair in the rear of the halt, but despite the inconspicuous position she had chosen her sad, though dazzling, face was the object upon which all eyes centred. I have spoken of the effect as dazzling. This impression was doubtless heightened by the two great diameter. monds, large as filberts, that sparkled in her cars. Her presence in the ballroom did not seem amiss, for who shall frame a code of rules that a beautiful woman is bound to observe? She is her own law and gospel.

ALL IN MOURNING. "That's a remarkably striking woman it

that victoria." "Indeed she is," was the reply. "Observe her d io peculiarities of

mourning..."
"With that bright cardinal skirt." "With that bright cardinal skirt."

"Yes, she is a young widow. Notice the heavy crape trimming on the red parasol. Her coachman wears black tops on his boots instead of yellow; and by Jupiter, look at her pug dog! He wears a broad crape collar and has a crape bow on his tail. He's a a dandy dog and no mistake. He wears his weeds as graceful as his mistress." And the brilliant equipage, with its load of sorrow, passed out of view toward Elberon.

Apropos of wearing mourning for the dead.

passed out of view toward Elberon.

Apropos of wearing mourning for the dead, a rather good bon-mot was uttered in my hearing on the veranda to-night.

Elderly Husband (jokingly)—I do not believe in mourning my dear. You need not wear it for me after I am gone.

Young Wife (earnestly)—But, my darling, how would people know I was your widow?

The jolly old fellow wasn't half so humorous for some time.

AGEEEABLE INSTRUCTIONS.

"What means that gathering of young men about that pretty woman on the sand? "That's the dude's French class." wa

the explanation. 'The young woman is a governess who has in charge the education of two young girls. Several weeks ago she adopted the plan of giving the pupils their lesson down on the shore. They were taught to write the inflexions of the verbs in the to write the inflexions of the verbs in the sand. Soon, however, some of the professional male flirts of this breezy resort discovered the pretty instructress and asked to be made members of her class. She caught the idea quickly enough, and result is a mild imitation of the Chatangua school here by the surf instead of under the trees. The governess has the shrewdness to leave her young wards in their room during the hour she passes down here, and so great is her fascination, so agreeable her methods of imparting knowledge, that her devotees now number seven, as you see. Count them they are all there.

THE THRUSH SONG.

For the INTRILIGENCES. "Ah! where did you get that song, dearthrush?" I asked the bird one day, And he looked half burt from the top of the tree But was kind enough to say-That song? What post e'er Could tell whence came his lay? We only know we have songs when They break out some rare day.

"But mine's made up of various things—
of hearts and hopes and crosses;
Of sweet low vords we hear as birds,
Of gains are' "" s and losses;
Of bables coes and mothers' love,
Of sounds when hearts are broken, Of loves that lie in human lives Too deep to e'er be spoken; A bit of the joy that morning brings, And the sadness of the even,

All run together by the fire

Prometheus stole from heaven !

Fishing in their pearly sheen, From the glorious coraline, See those teeth untarnished ! White alike the back and front, Yes, by the tragrant SOZODONT, May beauty's mouth be garnished

-Will F. McSparran

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

100 WEST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK, June 6, 1886. itaying in the course of a large practice ex-tensively used Alicock's Porous Plasters in the various diseases and conditions of the lungs and pleura, and always with success. I recomnend their use in that most aggravating disease summer Catarrh, or Hay Fever; strips of Plas-ter applied over the throat and chest will afford great relief from the choking tickling in the throat, wheezing, shortness of breath, and pains in the chest.

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RHEUMATISM.

A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, as which it moves easily. When the joint hinges, of the body are stiffened and insulating the most exeruciant pains. Ayer saraparilis, by its action on the blood, relating condition, and restores the joints to go working order.

Ayer's Saraparilla has effected, in our cit many most remarkable cures, a number of which battled the efforts of the most expertenced phycians. Were it necessary, I could give the man of many individuals who have been cured taking this medicine. In my own case it he certainly worked wonders, releving me of

Rheumatism;

After being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am nequalisted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It is credicated every trace of disease from my system.—E. H. Short, Manager Hotel Balmach.
Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted my grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Barraparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and speedily restored to health.—J. Fream, Independence, Va.

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