tion to Art?

For the INTRILIBREEN.

Before we proceed to consider the use of art in religion, or rather its union with wor-ship, we have a few thoughts to present on nature and influence of art in its own independent sphere. We say true art, for much that goes in its name is only a coun-terfeit. What then (to enter at once is medica res) is art? Art is one of the forms of boauty. Let us keep in mind that the beautiful is a spiritual objective reality. We call it an idea, meaning by this a living spiritual entity, or reality, co-ordinate with the true and the good. These three, the true, the beautiful and the good, in their spiritual existence are not separate, but one. In our apprehension they divide as the one clear sunlight separates into the beautiful colors as it falls upon a prism. As apprehended by the intellect it is the true, as entering the will it is the good, and as apprehended by the phantasy it is the beautiful. The beautiful has two realms, or spheres, the one in nature, the other in art. In nature the three are united. Everything God has made is good, beautiful and true in one. It is the idealizing power of the phantasy that separates the beautiful for itself in nature. A flower is for the naturalist a form of hidden laws which the botanist investigates : its uses may class it with the good which it possesses for man, and its beguty is for our admira-But the realm of art is becure's own special

realm. It is the language through which beauty speaks to us, not in words, but in signs. Its language, or form, is in the sphere of sense it speaks through an outward form for the eye and the ear, but back of this is the spiritual idea, and it is that with which the artist communes through the form. But beauty itself is no more sensuous for this reason than truth is sensuous because it comes to us through an audible sound

when spoken.

True art, then, must be pure and good. Its contents must be truth. But it has its own independent sphere, and has its end in itself. It cannot be made a more instrument to some other end, not so long as it remains true art The true artist must love it for itself, and it has the power to satisfy a deep want in our spiritual nature. It is elevating, it spiritual izes our nature. It has a holy mission for

man. It ministers to his spiritual happiness.

Because it has this independent sphere some have been led to assert that it is not governed by morality. It is said a great poem may be immoral and yet be a work of No, we affirm, this is impossible. true art. No, we affirm, this is impossible. It may depict immoral scenes in depicting human life as it is, but the mind of the poet, which creates and presents his ideal, must uself be pure. If that be impure, and through its impurity enticement enters the room, then it falls away from true art. Here lies the difference, for instance, between Chancer and Byron. Chancer uses language that cannot now be introduced into polite circles, yet one feels that the mind of the poet was not impure; whereas Byron in some of his poetry is corrupting, just because it contains enticement, coming from an im-pure mind. A medical work may depict truth in a way that would not be proper to read in all circles, but it is not lead. Another writing may be lead with far less objection-

able language.
Truth has been perverted into error, and in this form poisons the mind, but truth is not, therefore, ever immoral. So the beauti-ful may be perverted, traduced to minister to evil minds, but in itself it is pure. There is this grain of truth in the assertion that art has nothing to do with morality, that it cannot be made a mere instrument to teach moral lessons. A person may write rhyme moral lessons. A person may write rhyme to teach such a lesson, but it is not true art. The morality of true art lies in the native affinity there is between the beautiful and the good. Let one stand before the cathedral in Cologne or that in Milan. If he has any ap-Cologne or that in Milan. If he has any appreciation of beauty it lifts him up into communion with a spiritual realm. It gives him real satisfaction and loy. Or still more, in a certain sense, standing on Rigi Kulm in Switzerland, if he has a sense for the beau-

tiful he is entranced; he must bow in ador All men have some measure of idealization through the phantasy, otherwise they could see no beauty in nature beyond the gaze of the brute; but comparatively few have the talent to appreciate art in its higher forms and rare is the gift to create forms of beauty in art. Yet in its broadest sense it is a miniper of happiness for the whole world. higher walks of literature are not for all This requires cultivation to appreciate it. Still more is it true of high art that its appre

ciation is for the few.

Are artists made better by their devotion Are artists made better by their devotion to art? Not necessarily. Are they not rather, as a rule, made worse? That de-pends altogether upon their moral character apart from art. Are scientists made better by natural science? Does the study of medicine make a man better ? Are not many of the best scientists, especially in the deparment of natural science, materialists or ag stics? But does this prove that science not truth? And as such pure and holy? But the field here is too broad to venture on the shore. We merely aim to present is not truth ? a few thoughts on the nature of art in orde to make still clearer the absurdity, it not stu pidity, or both, of the notion that art in itself is sensual, or that it belongs to a lower sphere, simply because it speaks through ma-

terial forms.
It is our fallen life that has rendered it pos It is our fallen life that has rendered it pos-sible for us to separate the true, the beautiful and the good in such a way as to array the one against the other. We may think the true and yet will the evil. So the beautiful in our apprehension may be divorced from the true and the good, and perhaps there is more danger of this divorce than in the case of the true and the good, but this is no argument against the legitimate character and in fuence of art.

Another question still remains, viz., the effect of the union of art with religion, or religious worship. This is not easy to deter-

## An Independent Opinion.

From the New York Herald. The Democrats at the present session have not been wise enough for their opportunities. They might have done much important work which is left undone. But they have done great deal of good work, and over and above what has been accomplished in the House where they control, passed a number of im sortant measures for reform which were daughtered by the Republican Senate. Comparing the history and results of the Republican and the Democratic Congresses, it is safe to say that every bonest citizen, no matter of what party, will give the preferen-to the Democrats over their opponents.

Dow Castigates Blaine. General Neal Dow addressed a great temperance raily at Lake Sebago, Me, Sunday. At least 6,000 persons list-ened to him. He made a very radi-cal speech, and his advanced sentiments were applauded to the echo, many promi-nent Republicans heard General Dow assail their party in the most bitter terms, but no their party in the most bitter terms, but no reply was attempted. He was especially sav-age in his treatment of bosses who dodge is-sues and keep back the cause of temperance. Without directly naming Mr. Blaine he made it perfectly plain that he meant Blaine

The Small Boston Boy. Every evening he repeated his "Now lay me," but he insisted, instead of saving 'Amen" at the end, upon rendering it with two letters of the alphabet, thus, "A. M."
One night, by way of a thoughful pleasautry, he said, "Oh, no, no, A. M.—S. M." And the next night he omitted all attempt at the "amen" altogother. "Why don't you say 'Amen, Willie?" his mother asked. "Oh," said he, "I don't like that A. B. C. business on the end of my prayer." on the end of my prayer.

Wanted the Angels, It is a little Boston girl who had been en-

couraged to believe that when she is left alone to go to sieep the angels are hovering around her and keeping her company. The other night, baving been prepared for bed before she went up stairs, she turned around at the top of the stairs, beckoned eagerly down and called out: "Come along, angels!"

SERR IN " OLB VIRGINAY. Farther Details of a Notable Trip Through the Old Dominton

Special Correspondence of INTELLIGENCES. WHITE ROCK, Aug. 5. In my letter last week I spoke but little of the general charac ter of the county in Southwestern Virginia. The York river, as a reference to a geography will show, is very short, and is formed by the junction of the Mataponi and the Pamonki. These two rivers run back in a north westerly direction to the central part of the state ; and their names, together with the Chickathominy, Rappahannock and Rapidan, are familiar to readers of the history of the

late war. King William county, on the extreme point of which is West Point, is a long, narrow tongue of land lying between these two rivers, and throughout has been a very fertile section, as much of it yet is ; all is very susceptible to improvement, and responds mickly and generously to application of fer tilizers, as can be seen on an occasional farm where the owners have used intelligence, energy and money in their work. But just bere lies the trouble. There is no money long and vain struggling in the face of adversity has well nigh smothered all energy, and without energy and capital farming or intelligence is up-hill work even if plenty of

A VIRGINIA TOBACCO PARMER

Dr. Richards, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, and found to be a typical old Virginia gentleman, sociable, hospitable and kind, has a large farm on which the effects of careful farming and liberal treatment of the land are plainly visible; good crops o wheat, grass and corn growing in every field wheat, grass and corn growing in every heat may be seen. On this farm wessaw what was an odd sight to a Pennsylvanian, and I men-tion it as showing the wide range and adapt-tability to all crops of a growing season that extends from the beginning of March to the closing days of November. In one field, side by side, I saw corn in tassel, ground prepared for corn and not planted, and hay in rick ready for hauling in; this was on the loth day of June.

Oth day of June.

The doctor is a totasee grower and gets the higness prices for his silky wrappers when-ever he chooses to ship them to Richmond and give the anxions buyers a chance to bid at them, and he gave me much valuable in formation regarding the growing and mar keting of the weed.

When I told him of how tobacco was sold, incredulous smile as much as to say: "And yet you think you farmers are smart upthere and we are dumb," but he was too much of a gentleman to say either. Still I felt his quizzteal gaze, and blushed for the answer I would have had to make to him atter the unlimited praise I had bestowed on our Lancaster county agriculturalist; but more of this anon. But one of the best improved of all the

farms we saw was one known as Lester Manor, some tweive miles from West Point, on Pamonki river, and on the railroad to Richmond. There are six hundred acres in it, femced, with gates going into every field, next frame tenant houses for the hands in all about fifty families; there are some thirty acres in grape vines, seven in straw-berries, five in asparagus, a peach orchard of orty or fifty acres, a very large pear orchard. besides many acres of apples, berries and other fruits. All in good bearing, and an ex-tensive cannery for the preserving of all fruit that is not marketed when fresh.

The growing crops of wheat corn and grass looked as well here as at home, and the land

A BIG DEPRECIATION. It belonged to a banker of Richmond, lames Davis, he failed and though he is sa d to have spent one hundred thousand dollars on it, it is now offered at thirty thousand; and is certainly cheap at that. But my reader must not think he will meet with these kind of larms often down that way. I mention them as showing what may be done with this land. On the contrary you will see thousands of acres of young pines, with unfenced farms tilled in piots and patches, while the rest of the land is recuperating. corn is the man crop; in fact, wheat and grass will not grow on the poor land there any more than it will here; but corn, corn, corn, year after year, no fertilization, no grass, no manure, is it any wonder the land is poor? Take one of our best farms here at home, and treat it that way. I need not tell you what the result will be. This worn-out land can be bought accord-

ing to improvements and location, at from five to twenty dollars per acre. I would say n a general way from ten to twelve churches are pienty, schools not so thick as with us but always within walking distance. The but always within walking distance. The colored children go to separate schools, and are quite as well provided for as the white, although the white land-owners support

TINE MARKETS.

The markets are the best I know of. West olot and Richmond consume at excellent prices all of what we call marketing : grain a bought at country miles, and outs was 55 cents, corn 60 cents per bushel, when I was

There are three lines of steamers from Wes-Point, one each to Baltimore, Eoston and New York, with very low freight rates to each place. Both the Pomonkiand Mataponi rivers are very deep and navigable for the largest vessels; and saling craft of all kinds are continually passing; there are wharves on nearly every farm; wood lies, and saved lumber are shipped in abundance. Pinc wood brings from \$2.50 to \$3 per cord at any wharf, and many tracts of janu can be bough with wood enough on them to pay for them.
The citmate is very healthy exceptiong on
the low river bottoms; there the ague is bad,

and very hard on new-comers.

It is a perfect paradise for sportsmen; deer, wild turkey, geese and ducks are very thick; partridges and snipe afford the best shooting to be had for this game in the world. There are millions of acres of marsh land along the rivers, and rail bird, (called sora there) reed birds and snipe flock on them in season (but snipe don't flock.) A GREAT PLACE FOR GAME

The ducks are usually shot by slipping on them around the sharp curves in the innumerable creeks or water leads, which like great snakes wind through the marshes eb bing and flowing with the tides of the rivers

which are very strong.

The water is alive with fish, but not many of the kind the sportsman loves. Surgeon, shad, herring, rockfish, catfish, snapper turtle and crabs are caught in abundance. mainly by men who follow the business. I will tell you in another article all about sturgeons, and of how I landed a hundred and

twenty pounder.
One thing I particularly noticed : that was the variety and profusion of the flora of this semi-tropical region, and although fairly well versed in the botany of our own native plants it seemed to me that more than half of the wild plants of this section were strangers to me. The Virginia creeper (woodbine) grows everywhere a foothold is given it, and in fact every acre of ground that is left far a few years idle, is taken possession of by a rank growth of weeds and vines, which in turn are so quickly followed by pines that turn are so quickly followed by pines that the harvest fields of to-day may become fine forests fitteen years hence. Any thing planted seems also to come up and grow just as rapidly: and seed seems hardly in the ground till it is up and growing, and in a week's time makes as much progress as in a month with us.

D. F. M.

The Ubiquitons Flour Bag.

The London Mark Lanc Express remarks: It is curious to notice that all the barrels of lour returned in the United Kingdom waterside stocks are in London. The American trade is now nearly confined to sacks, or rather bags (half-sacks) of 140 lbs. It is this ubiquitous little bag of American flour which finds its way into every village bake-house, and is ruining our native milling industry. It is easy to carry, easy to pay for, and better than anything we can produce at the price.

MOSOUITO HUNT.

tot a sound was heard but a terrible hum, As round the chamber we hurried, In search of the mosquito whose trumpet as drum Our delectable slumber had worried

We sought it darkly at dead of night, Our coveriet carefully turning, By the struggling moonbeam's misty light, And our candle dimly burning. No uselesss garment confined our breast,

But in simple night dress and slippers, We wandered about like spirits distressed, Or the sails of piratical skippers. But half an hour seemed to clapse Ere we met with the wretch that had bit us,
And raising our boot gave some terrible slaps
And gave the mosquite quietus.

—From the Home Weekly. DRIFT.

Course home from church on a Sunday vening not long ago, a couple were over heard discussing the sermon. I know the couple and can vouch for it that they are both as devout, reverent and truly Christian people as you could find anywhere. And what is more, he at least is a man of cousiderable intelligence and one who thinks. All the more significant, therefore, do their sentiments appear, and their criticisms worthy of attention. As nearly as I can remember the substance of their conversation, so fa as overheard, was something like the follow

She-Wasn't that sermon beautiful He-Beautiful? Well, yes; but I liked that anthem by the choir a good deal better. She-What, that anthem! Why one ouldn't understand a single word of it. They might as well have sung in Choctaw. He-I grant that. But then the sounds they made were at least melodious; while the sounds the preacher made were not And that struck me as being all there was of the sermon, sounds. True they were a little more definite in themselves, perhaps, than those of the music. But in their combination they were not. They did not stand for any living, present truth. They conveyed no tresh conception of any fact; made nothing clearer than it had been before; gave no new view of it, nor even new emphasis to any doctrine, duty or principle. The preacher simply ran his voice up and down the scale of pulpit sounds. It reminded me of a theo-logical phrase exercise.

She-I don't know what you mean by that He-Well, I'll tell you. Language is as full of fossil words as the earth's crust is of fossil animal and vegetable forms. They were all alive once, but are no more; only their empty shells, as it were, remain. We have long ago ceased to deal with them in our every-day speech and intercourse. But some ministers continue using them as if they were still full of living thoughts. Or, perhaps, knowing what prodigals we all are, they our posety feed us on such empty and dried out husks. She-Why, John, you ought to be ashamed

of yourself He-Then there is another kind of pulpi He—Then there is another kind of pulpit sounds to which I object. They are all right in themselves. Our preacher no doubt knows what they mean; they have a clear and genuine value and thearing to him. But they have not for me. Values have changed a good deal of late in the matter of theological coin. When the preacher uses such common words as "grace," explained," " promitation," " usuffication," or tion," "propitiation," "justification," o even "faith," "charity," eternity" and i lot more, in all kinds of combinations, be probably has a full and clear notion of the ontents of each—though sometimes I think contents of each—though sometimes I think he hasn't—but how many of his hearers have? They just reserve the sounds like men receive bags of gold, each one marked "\$1,000," "\$10,000," As., on the outside, without ever thinking of opening them and examining the inside. The real contents, the examining the inside. The real contents, the living ideas in these pulpit phrase-bugs, are wholly and utterly unknown to their recip-

nta, I wish -She-That'll do now, John! You can keep the rest of your "purase-bags" to your self until I have counted out and examined the contents of the big ones you have been trying to pass off on me. However I may accept them on trust from the minister, I won't from you!

I west I could have heard the rest of their conversation, for it struck me there was some hard sense in what "John" said. I have more than once heard sermons myse which were little more than a series of theoogical terms, whose sounds are familiar, bu whose sense was long ago forgotton, if they ever had any; and stereotyped thrases that have been handed down through the age and constitute the "padding" of sermons expressing no thought or feeling, and arous-ing none. Padding may be all right as pad-ding; but when the whole sermon is one big pad, it gets to be "kind of monotonous."

Come to think of it, it must be no easy matter for a preacher to keep tresh, original and unconventional, when he has to preach twice every Sanday and make one or two sermon-like addresses during the week besides. I should think it must require a tremendous amount of studying, reading and thinking to keep from falling into the ruts of sameness, and yielding to the temptation of substituting words and phrases, mere sounds, for living truths and present, timely, effective thoughts and ideas especially when the preacher knows that as a rule people like to be put to sleep by "beautiful" purpit and choir sounds far tetter than to be set to deep thinking, made to see unpleasant truths, an roused to Christian practice and work.

AFTER making all due allowance, ever, for exceptional difficulties and temptations, the fact still remains that there is no reason nor excuse for what "John" complained of. Still less excuse is there for the prevalence of artificiality and mannerisms in ne pulpit to the extent in which we find nem. It is something I never could undershand why so many ministers seem to imagine that preaching demands a quite different style, tons of voice, gesticulation and entire bearing than they would use anywhere else. However direct and unaffected they be in citizary conversation, the moment they en ter the pulpit they affect a stilled, stereo-typed style of diction, even the structure of their discourse and their mode of thought be-comes stiff and conventional, while the tones of their voice fall into an unnatural key; the impression of the whole that is made on the hearer being that of artificiality and insincerity. Their purpose doesn't seem to be simply to tell us something, to make known to us an important truth; but rather merely to "recite a piece," to get through with a set declamation. If they have anything of consequence to tell us why don't they just tell it? If not, why don't they keep still !

A WELL known preacher with whom I had talk on this very matter not long ago, and who makes it a special study to avoid all clerical conventionalities, pulpit phrases and oratorical mannerisms, as he thinks they are among the most serious causes of the weak-ness of sermonic influence, gave me these hints as to his method of avoiding the diffiuities and dangers referred to, and of keepng himself fresh and natural in his thought and manner.
"First of all," he said, "a man must have

"First of all," he said, "a man must have a broad and fundamental principle underlying all his thought, action and entire life. He must have a clear conception of this, and a protound conviction of its vital, divine truth. Once he has this he will be able to range all things about this central, eternal foundation; every verse of the Rible is a blossom exhaling the sweet fragrance of this divine soil; all history is but an illustration of it, a development of its eternal being, whatever science discovers, philosophy ing, whatever science discovers. philosophy elucidates, literature expresses, and art adorns, are only so many different modes of its existence and manifestation. Such a prin-ciple at the same time inspires, directs and egulates, and fully satisfies all work and study. He who has it, incorporated in his very being, will never be able to preach any one else's scheme of theology, nor be content with another's thoughts, nor express himself

in second-hand terms and phrases.
"Next," continued my friend, "it is necessary to keep en rapport with the spirit of
the times to be able at once to try the spirits whether they be of the truth or of error. movement of the world's mind dare be gnored. The minister of the divine truth mest stand ever with his finger on the world's pulse. In other words, he must study no only the truth he is to apply, but the persons to whom he is to apply it, their minds, hearts and souls, their spiritual, social and bodily relations, their inner and outer condition and circumstances, virtues and vices, abilities, weaknesses and sins. He must keep himself acquainted with what is incessantly going on in the world in general, and in that epitome of the world with which he is particularly concerned, his own community and immediate congregation. Then he will not preach about things none of his people understand or even need not know about. Nor will he put his audiences to sleep by preaching over their heads, or insult them by ching to them as if they were cabbage

"FINALLY, it is essential to the man who would keep clear of the toils of theological phraseology to do a great deal of purely literary work, I mean untneological, strictly secular reading and writing. This literary exercise and culture he needs in order to be able most effectively to apply the divine truth to men and their relations and work. It is well enough to be acquainted with the forms of thought and technical language of the burning are burning brightly as we reached Lanchen. But the preacher above all wants to

know how the rest of the world, the unthe-ological part of mankind, thinks and talks. It is this part he oftenest has to address. And he needs to do it in its own tengue, most clearly, most forcibly, most convincingly and most winningly. Hence his need of a unit and thorough training in the art of rhetoric and literature, the art of plain, honest, telling

Ir was in the light of this not altogether untechnical young lecture of my friend that I took down from my shelves two little volumes of sermons 1 had standing there, high up, for I confess I don't include much in sermonic literature, chiefly for the reason "John" gave; it is usually nothing but sounds, and I prefer the more melodious sounds of the choir of great poets. But I had no sconer opened Dr. T. T. Munger's "Freedom of Faith" than I saw that here was something more than words. To tell the truth, after I had once started the book, I could not lay it aside till the greater part of it had been read. Not since I enjoyed my first reading of Robertson's sermons—and everybody read them at that time—have I high up, for I confess I don't indulge much everybody read them at that time-baye derived so much genuine pleasure from the reading of the discourses as I did from that of these seventeen sermons of Dr. Munger. The introductory essay on The New The ology," ought to be specially studied by that preacher whom "John" charged with dealing in "phrase-bage." There is not a stere-typed thought or phrase in the whole book. Every sermon is fresh as the breath of truth itself, and full of the "sweet reasonableness" of the pure gospel of Christ. If those sermons

are specimens of new theology preaching, I should like to trade oil some specimens I know of the old for it.

Why is it called new theology anyhow? The only good reason I can think of is be-The only good reason I can think of is be-cause it is the theology of the new testament. If it is heretical, then John and James and Paul were heretics.

I think Dr. Munger must pursue the

method described by my clerical friend. Certainly all his sermons are but the appli cation and illustration of one grand eternal truth, "even the truth as it is in Christ Jesus." And they are all of them on live topics, eminently practical, and timely to a degree rarely found in sermons. Finally they shine with polish of a genuine literary grace. Full of thought that is original, clear, profound, their doctrine at the same time is pure, beautiful and melodious, the work of a iterary artist.

ight sermons in the chaste and beautiful se ing for which the Riverside Press is famous The author is Mr. Gunsanius, a prominent preacher of Baltimore. Though the subject of the sermons is old as Christianity itself, there is much freedness in its treatment, a dignified style and scholarly method. Though not to be compared with Dr. Munger for thought or style, Mr. Gunsanius is no mere phrase-monger either. He has some-thing to say that is worth knowing and thinking about on the time and the place of the Transfiguration, on the Transfigured Christ, the appearance of Moses, of Elias, on Jesus Only, and on the Transfiguration and the Resurrection. The sermons are all in an earnest tone, full of the fruit of honest study, have a sincere purpose, and while suggestive and instructive, are not the less edilying on

I rur the books away, after reading them in a hopeful mood. They show clearly that the Christian pulpit is in no danger of losing its power; indeed that it is stronger and more worthy of attention, and therefore more influential for good, to-day than ever in the

A FINE COUNTRY DRIVE.

The Enjoyable Trip of a Wide Awake Lan-

One fine morning a tow days since the writer, in company with a friend, started from Lancaster with no other object in view than a drive in the country to -ee and b seen, to talk and to be talked to. Our route lay to the south of us, and as we descended the county hill the sun was just rising above the horizon, casting its mellow rays across the landscape, which, with the fresh breeze seemed to be giving vigor to the coming day To our right lay the county buildings; or our left Rohrer's greenhouses filled with beautiful flowers; farther on the winding Conestoga and railroad, with green pastures and rugged landscapes, with a view extending fully ten miles to the south and forming ng fully ten miles to the south and formin a picture long worthy to be remembered. Prossing Witmer's bridge we take the Phile delphia pike past Mellinger's meeting hous till we come to the Strasburg pice, a distanc-from Lancaster of nearly three miles. Her

from Lancaster of nearly three miles, we turn to our right and proceed t Strasburg. What a fertile country it really is? With surface slightly realing, broken in places with rugged limestone rocks, the rick soil produces cereals in such abundance as to make it unrivaled by any other section in the state. Wheat harvest is just over (the oats and larger stacks further attest the tertility

the soil.

The self-binder, with which large harves
and bound in a short time, has i The self-binder, with when large havesseen be cut and bound in a short time, has in many places taken the place of the reaper and self-rake, which had in turn taken the place of the cradle swarth and the still smaller grip of the sickle. Hay was made in abundance. The corn looks green and thriving, and Lancaster county's great staple, to become also seems promising the most of it thriving, and Lancaster country's great super-tobacco, also seems promising, the most of it being Havana. We saw many patches that were topped. Aside from tarning the man-ufactures along this road counsit of tiroff's large flouring mill at Mill creek, where by the roller process are produced handreds of barrels of flour annually, and Girvin's creamery, where large quantiles of cheese and butter are yearly presenced, and where

Girvin's creamery cheese, so largely bough in our Lancaster market, is manufactured, A PINE COUNTRY. Finally we pass through the somewhat quiet borough of Strasburg, taking a road leading in a southeasterly direction through a rich agricultural district. Two miles from Strasburg we come to what is known as the Georgetown road, leading along an elevated ridge. From this road we have a view of the country for miles, extending even so far as Lebanon county and emirracing thousands of acres of the best farming land in the state. Almost level, it reminds us of the vast prai-ries of the West, only with the great difference that it is thickly studded with commo dious barns and comfortable dwellings, and with orchards and groves of trees, the farms being nicely tenced and stocked with the finest broods of cattle and horses. Lancaste county farmers may well be proud of their progress, and Lancaster county may well be

waited a garden spot.
With our farmers hard times seem to be unknown, and the stithts give the impression that an era is at hand which your correspondent sincerely believes will be one of the most prosperous in our country's history. To the south of this read our gaze is somewhat interrupted by a high ridge covered with timber. Yel along its base lie many valuable farms. Ascending the hill, we cross the White Oak road, along which the Postal Telegraph company have erected wires. The farms seem to be smaller, but the land is good. There are to be seen many traces of mineral, the most abundant of which seems to be iron ore. The famous nickel mines are but a couple of miles east, and to which we contemptate paying a future

HILL AND TIMBER LAND. We pass on through the nestling village of

icorgetown south to the state road, down by what is familiarly known as Jackson's mill, a large grist mill situated on the Octoraro creek and on by Bartville store and postoffice. On this aide of the White Oak road the surface is more hilly, and there is more timber. But the quality Oak road the surface is more fully, and there is more timber. But the quality of soil seems good, large crops being preduced and the farmers having all modern improvements. Dairying seems to form an important part of occupation with the farmers of this section. In the woods huckleberries and blackberries are abundant, and pickers in abundance. We suppose the berries are disposed of to the large farmers or in the neighboring villages. Finally we arrived at the house of a friend, where after refreshing the inner man and spending a refreshing the inner man and spending a pleasant hour in conversation, we find our-selves again behind our spirited bays bound for Lancaster.

One incident of our visit is worthy of mention. Meeting a son of the Emerald Isle, whom we had not seen for many years, he came up to us in jovial manner, mentioning our name. Somewhat surprised, we ing our name. Somewhat surprised, we exclaimed: "Why Mike, do you know me?" "Know you," he exclaimed, "Bejabers and I'd know your skin in a tanyard." Congratulating him highly on his memory and keen instinct, we departed from our friend's house to return over nearly the same route we came. The electric lights are routed to the property of the same route we came. The electric lights are routed to the property of the same route we came. The electric lights

WHAT BROKE UP THE SCHOOL,

"That is the school house, is it ?" enquired Miss Alice Ray, the new teacher, as the farmer's ploiding team passed by a little white house, standing endwise, to the roa and enclosed in a rather dilapidated fence. "Yes, that's where you'll hold forth," re

plied Uncle Zeke Woodburn, "but I'm afeerd you won't hold out long, for we've got the toughest set of boys in the state," and Uncle Zeke gave a kind of crackling little laugh as he thought of the timid, demure little damsel at his side controlling the boys of Bear Creek school.

"But don't the directors expel them when they are beyond the control of the teacher?" asked Alice, her heart beginning to sink at the prospect before her.
"Expet 'em! no, we never expet notody

If a teacher can't boss the school we just it boss him ; it ain't our fight, and the school here generally bosses the teacher, and thar's been some purty good men licked in that school house by the boys." "I did not know the school wasso unruly,"

said poor Alice, wishing heartily she had hired out as a washerwoman instead of trying to teach the savages of Bear Creek. "Oh, well, mebbe it won't be so bad this vinter; there's Jim Turner, he's one of the toughest of 'em; he'll be twenty-one in a month, and you'll get rid of him, but there's he Bradley boys, they are mighty nigh as

ad."
Poor Alice listened with a sinking heart. The cold, hard duties before her were dreary ough at best: but to go alone and unknown into a strange neighborhood to teach her first school, and to be met at the outset by such dark prophecies made her feel homeless in-

She was naturally a timid, shrinking little thing, and if she had possessed anywhere on the whole broad earth a roof to shelter her, she would have turned back from the Bear

she would have turned town.

Creek school even then.

But she had no home. Her mother had died when she was but fourteen, and she had kept house for her father two years when he had been all leaving Alice all alone. Before his little. death he advised her to expend the little sum he would be able to leave her in litting herself for a teacher, and Alice half fulfilled his request so literally that when she had impleted her course of study at the Normal school she had barely ten dollars left, and when she paid Uncle Zeke for hauling her and her little trunk from the nearest railroad town to the district where she was to teach she had but nive dollars left. On Monday morning as she started for the

On Monday morning as she started to school house she felt as if she was going to the scaffoid; her course of pedagogies in the Normal institute had included no such probnormal institute has included to be, and, it it were not for the very shame, she would have given her single five dellar bill to take her back to the railroad and pay her fare to R., the town where she had attended school. When she arrived at the school house about twenty or thirty pupils were grouped around talking, but a spell of silence fell upon them as she walked up and greeted them with a

good morning," which was more like th chirp of a frightened bird than anything else. As she unlocked the door and entered what she had already begun to regard as a chamber of torture, three or four slowly folwell her into the room and deposited their ooks upon the whittled desks, took seats and ixed their eyes upon her with a steady stare that did not help to strengthen her nerves. All the rules and regulations of her theory and practice for "opening school the first day seemed to vanish and leave her brain whirring in dizzy helplessness. She tried to think of some cheerful remark, but her brain efused to form the thought and her tongue dove to the roof of her mouth. She could see in the faces of her pupils, most of whom were now in the school room, that they we ware of her fright and enjoyed it thorough ly. By a strong effort she partially recovered herself and bravely resisted the temptation to lean her head on the desk; and have a good She felt that she must do something o int, so she rang the bell, although it tacked fleen minutes of nine. She then began tak-big down the names and ages of the pupils, not by the time this was completed—she—bean to feel more at ease. She then began examining the pupils in the different branches in order to assign them to their proper classes. She had finished the examination in all the branches except the advanced reading class, which was principally composed of grown girls and young men: among whom was the terrible Jim Turner, of whom she and been warned. Several of the class had read, and it was

now the turn of Moses Bradley, a huge, neavy-set fellow, with semil, malicious eyes, and a general air of ruffianism. When he was called upon to read by did not rise from his seat, but began to read in a nick, indistinct voice from a book hidden in

an read jest as well settin' down," reblied the fellow, with a dogged air.
"But it is one of the rules in a reading lass to stand up to read," said Alice, ber eart quaking with fear as site foresaw the

ient rebellion. reckon you will have to make a new the for me, then," impudently answered ose, glancing sideways at his companions ith a grin of triumph.

th a grin of triumph.
"If you do not obey me I shall be obliged a punish you," said Alice, bravely, although she could scarcely stand up.

"I guess all the punishing you could do
wouldn't break any of my bones," retorted

the ruttain, learing at her impudently.

But I can break your bones for you in half a minute, and I'll do it, if you don't stand up and read as the teacher asks you " said a voice at the other end of the class nd Alice looked in that direction and saw im Turner step from the class and face the stonished Mose.

Mose's insolent manner abated in an in-

start, his face turned pale, and he muttered comething about not being bossed by other boys, but he stood up as he was commanded. Alice could have kissed her young chample or very gratitude, but she inustered all th for very granteds, our sale incase of an and dignity she could command and said: "Mr. Furner, I cannot allow you to interfere in the management of my school; take your seat." The youth obeyed her without a word, but kept his eye on Mose as if watching for any delinquency. After this little episode the exercises proceeded without in-

erruption till noon.
Alice had no appetite for dinner. She leaned her throthering head upon the desk and wondered wearily how long she could endure

She was aroused by one of the little girls ushing up to her, exclaiming: "Teacher, eacher, the big boys are fighting!" She followed the child, exclaiming: "Oh, why did ever come into such a den of wild beasts." Turner engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with Mose Bradley and his two brothers, both of whom were grown. As Alice stepped around the corner Jim sent Mose reeling to the earth, and then turned like a lion upon the two remaining assailants. They rushed at him from two sides, but Jim was active as a panther, and the branch service a substraint a left-handed blow, and his brother. Tom followed him in an instant. By this time Mose had secured a ball but and rushed upon Jim, but the latter evaded the blow, wrenched the bat from his hand and knocked Mose headlong with a blow of his

As the discomfited trio rose, Jim laughed lightly, and asking them "how they liked it as far as they had got," picked up the bat he had wrenched from Mose, and called out: "Come on, boys, let's have a game of

The combat ended so quickly that Alice had no chance to interiere, but she felt that it would not do to let this open violation of it would not do to let this open violation of school rules pass unpunished, so she rang the beil. When the pupils were assembled, she called the culprits up to the desk, and asked what the fight was about and who be-gan it. The Bradleys stood sullen and si-lent, but Jim answered: "I would rather not tell what it was about, but I begun it by knocking Mose Bradley down." Alice knew the fight was the result of Jim's es-pousal of her cause in the reading class, and her voice faitered as she said: "Then I er voice faitered as she said shall have to punish you; hold out you

Jim obeyed her instantly. She took up the rule with a trembling hand, and began the punishment. Jim's face never changed a musels. The look upon it was one of quiet obedience in which there was no trace either of bravado or sullenness. As Alice inflicted the blows upon the hands so quietly held out to her, the thought rushed upon her mind that she was smitting the only hand that had been raised to betriend her in all

that lawless region.

Her face grew deathly pale, her blows feil falteringly, the tears began to run down her cheeks, the rule feil from her hand, she sank into her seat, buried her face in her hand and burst into a storm of sobs.

Then Jim's countenance changed. His lip quivered, he dashed his hand across his eyes to clear them of an unnatural dimness, and a great lump in his throat seemed to choke him. A chuckle from Mose Bradley re-

caited his self-possession, however, and ho took a step or two toward the latter, with eyes that fairly blazed with hot indignation. Mose rapidly retreated a step or two, and his chuckle died an untimely death, and for a full moment shores reigned over the school room. At last Alice raised her head and in a

broken voice dismissed the pupils to the play-ground.
As the children passed out she heard some

As the children passed out she heard some one say: "So you got a whipping after all, Jim," and Jim's reply, "Yes, and I got enough to pass some of it around if anybody is very anxious about it."

At one o'clock Alice rang the bell with a feeling of utter despair; but no school ever moved more smoothly than did her school that evening. Quiet, obedience, study, good

essons and respectful attention were univer-cal. But Alice had determined to quit the school; she lelt as if she would rather be the poorest washer woman than to be badgered. cullied and tortured for months at a time by set of brutal ruffians, whose parents em-ployed her for the sole purpose of enduring is martyrdom.
So when Alice locked the school house door

So when Alice locked the school house door that evening it was with a mingled feeling of relief and humiliation that she started to of-fer her resignation to the directors. As she left the school house she saw Jim Turner a few yards ahead of her walking rapidly in the direction of his home.

She called his name in a quiet tone, and he stopped and respectfully waited until she had

overtaken him.

"Mr. Turner," she said, "I am going away in the morning, and wish to thank you for your brave defense of me at school to-day, and to ask your forgiveness for the punishment I unjustly inflicted on you," and in her earnestness Alice held out her lit-

tle, trembling hand, and Jim instantly "I have nothing to forgive," said he "I have nothing to lorgive, said he;
"you could not do otherwise and neither
could I; but you are surely not intending to
quit the school so soon?"
"Yes," answered Alice, "I would rather
die than pass through three months of such

mesones as I have to-day."

"Hut you will have no more trouble; there is no one in the school that would be at all likely to give you trouble, except the Bradley boys, and as long as I am there I will answer for their good behavior."
At last Jim's eloquence provailed, and
Alice finally consented to teach a week longer. And at the end of that time she decided

to stay, for never did a school move along more smoothly. At her request Jim was al-lowed to remain during the term, and as soon as it closed he went to college. Alice taught the Bear Creek school sucessfully for three years; but in the end Uncle Zeke's predictions were verified, for Jim Turner came back and broke up the

He married the teacher.

LOCAL BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS. the Good Accomplished by These Organiza-

tions During the Past Twenty Years. Lancaster county can boast of her building essociations. All are in good condition financially. The directors have no trouble to dispose of all the surplus money at a good premium, and it follows that the series mature in good time, and the investors receive a handsome sum on the shares of stock held by them.

The first attempt at forming a building association in this city was made by members of St. Joseph's Catholic church. It was not on a big scale, however, and after the maturity of a few series it went out of existence.

The Workingmen's Building association was formed a few years after St. Joseph's and it, too, disbanded after two series had matured. The Lancaster association was formed from the stockholders of the Work ingmen's, but it closed out before the maturity of the first series, and the stockholders went into the Union Building and Loan asse ciation, which is still in existence, and is one of the most prosperous in the city. THE OLDEST IN THE CITY.

The oldest in the city is the American Me chanics Building and Loan association. It was instituted on December 17, 1869, under the provisions of a general act of assembly passed April 12, 1859, and met with success from the start. The Union was the next one instituted. It

dates from June 23, 1875, and was followed by the Peoples, which was incorporated the following day. The Franklin was instituted on March 13, 1879, since which time no new building associations were formed until April of this year, when the West End was brought into existence. Although a babe as compared with some of the others, it bids fair to be one of the strongest in the city. These building associations have been us e-

ful and valuable institutions to the commu-Years of successful experience havrendered it unnecessary to prove the useful-ness of the building association as a savings institution, or an aid to the workingman in securing a home of his own. Thousands of omes in Pennsylvania owe their existence to its beneficent operation; many a man in this city has there saved in small amounts money that would have been unprofitably spent, thus accumulating sufficient to buy a house or go into business for himself. All members know such cases. But the build-ing association has done its work so silently —attended so strictly to its own business— that the public outside are almost unacquainted with its nature and operations.

ELEVEN YEARS TO MATURE.

Ordinarily it takes about eleven years for a series of stock to mature. That is, parties pay in \$1 per month for that length of time and draw out \$200 for each share. If a person desires to borrow money he can get \$200 from the association for each share of stock owned by him by giving security. Say he has \$200 of his own and desires to buy a \$1,000 house, the association will tend him the \$800, taking a mortgage on the house as security. He must have four shares of stock to borrow that much money. He bids for the same at the monthly meeting of the di. rectors and pays about 12% cents premium-

that being about the average.

He then pays to the association \$4 monthly iues, \$1 interest and \$1 premium, making total of \$2 per month. He pays that much ntil the stock matures, when the mortgage n his house is cancelled, and he has a hom A great advantage he possesse and interest his property cannot be dis-turbed. During all this time he has no rent o pay, and he is practically paying each year permanently on his house the sum it would sest him to live in the house, if another

owned it.

All classes of our community, from professional men to laborers, are members of the building associations. The rich men invest in shares because it pays them to do so. They make on their investment a greater in-terest than if it were in a six per cent. Judg-ment or mortgage. All holders of stock are not borrowers. In nearly all the associations the number of shares of stock issued is limted. Those who want to borrow money ar dlowed to subscribe for fifty shares; no borrowers are allowed only twenty shares.
In the Union and People's association the stock is so arranged that a series runs out every six months. The Union has issued 23 every six months. The Union has issued 2 series. The first and second have matured and henceforth every six months a series will be paid off. Whether the parties want the money or not they must take it when the stock matures. In nearly all the associations 500 shares is the greatest number that will be issued in one series. It rarely reaches this figure, however.

ADVANTAGES.

Stockholders who do not wish to borrow have the advantage of a fair rate of interest on small savings that could not be made pro puctive elsewhere; their money can withdrawn on short notice if desired; and a transfer to building association stock is good collateral for at least the face of the book, in ase the money is needed immediately.

According to the by-laws of the ass

tions one-half the money in the treasur subject of notices of withdrawal, in order priority. When a stockholder wishes to take out his money before his stock matures, he gives 30 days' notice in writing to the directors at a stated meeting, and receives his money at the next meeting, if there be sufficient in the treasury—if not, he may take one-halt on account and the remainder as soon as received. A portion of the profits on withdrawn stock is retained by the associations to cover risks—this discount being less in proportion as the stock approaches maturity. Some stockholders avail themselves of this privilege by periodical withdrawals to meet payments of interest, etc., and taking new stock to retain the advantages of the association as a savings institution. griority. When a stockholder wishes to take

Sociation as a savings institution.

The secretaries of the associations now in existence are: American Mechanics, John B. Rehm; Franklin, J. D. Pyott; Union, A. H. Bati; People's, A. S. Villee; West End. C. V. Lichty.

A YER'S PILLS.

A Sluggish Liver

follity. In such cases Ayer's Fills give prompticiles.

After much suffering from Liver and Stounch troubles. I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Fills. I always find them prompt and thoroughin their action, and their prompt and thoroughin their action, and their prompt and thoroughin their action, and their prompt and thorough in the action, and their promptional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition.—Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by laking Ayer's Fills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, acaist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine.—Paul Churchul, Haverhill, Mass.

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Ohio.

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MT. GRETNA PARK,

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While the Arrangements for Amusement consist of
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Covering nearly Twenty Acres, on which are placed a number of Elegant New Boats, and along the banks of which are pleasant walks and lovely scenery. Parties desiring it can procure Meals at the Park, as the Dining Hall will be under the supervision of E. M. BOLTZ, of the

Meals at the Park, as the Dining Hall will be under the supervision of E. M. BOLTZ, of the Lemanon Valley House. These who wish to spend A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS can find no place so beautiful or affording so much pleasure as MOUNTGIRETNA.

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