r people have one unrivalled local insti.

o that helps to make life cheerful, and

cown so dear to all that any attempt to

th it would produce a revolution.

salinds to Saturday night. When our
streets are ablaze with light and
ded with a jolly throng. When our
le, worn with the toll of a week—and we re a city of toilers—look forward to a please at evening and a day of rest; to a morning when it will not be necessary to rise early and many pleasant hours that may be passed as a free fancy chooses.

The pleasure is largely in anticipation, but is not the less real on that account, and the duties and anxieties of the ever-present to-morrow seem to to pushed so far into the future by the intervention of Sunday, that the load of care is taken from the shoulders sure is largely in anticipation, but of the many that carry one too heavy for them

"To day is ours, we have it here. Let's banish business, banish sorrow : To the Gods belongs to morrow." And this suggests at once the antiquity of Saturday night's good cheer, and the various different ways of spending said Saturday night. There is an old song that runs,

"In the good old colony days
When we lived under the King
We used to get tight
Every saturday night
A'pouring down gin sling." ate the customs of the good old colony

The writer hastens to assure the reader rentle or gentleman, that he is not a sad dog Far from it; he is a jolly dog, a model of propriety in every way; and he passers his Satur day nights counting the fractional currency that he has coined by sweat of brow, an reflecting upon the grave problems of life We don't know where ours will be—ou we don't know where ours will be our grave—but we strongly suspect we won't have any. Mrs. Us is very proud of us, and we believe that our cremated remains will orn ment the mantiepiece after our decease. However this don't bother us. It only serves to remind us of the philosophical reflection of a friend upon the commercial value of a man's decease.

or a friend upon the commercial value of a man's decease.

Our friend Smith was the fortunate owner of a house full of paintings, statuary and antique furniture. He called them "objet d'art," but there should be a dash after that d, for there was nothing really pretty in the whole collection, and he did not claim that there was. He said that the collection was valuable because of its historical associations, and he led me, with a country friend of

valuable because of its historical associations, and he led me, with a country friend of mine, over the house, pointing out the horrors and explaining the associations. This table belonged to Charles the Great of Sweden, that footstool to Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. My country friend had one that once belonged to Charles of Peque he said, with a smile, and I asked for some of the Bold Duke of Burgundy's wine; where at our mutual friend was much disgusted and showed! us a rag in a glass case. owedfus a rag in a glass case, which he

mouth. His greatest treasure was a violin "And in its hollow chamber, thus The maker from whose hands it came Had written his unrivalled name," Giuseppe Guarnerius.

"That man" said our host, "was a famous pupil of Antonius Stradivarius."

"Let us hear you play it." It was played out, "The man who made that clock was a brother of the builder of the Strasburg clock. The sculptor of that gladiator took the grande prix at the Paris Salon." "The furniture in the dining room came from a palace of Venica." and so on throughout the house. But in the hall there stood a hatrsek of the kind that were in fashion some few years ago, and are just coming in style again. I thought I would catch film hers. We stopped and surveyed it; "what about this "? I said. He sciemly flashed the whites of his eyes appar me, and pointing, said impressively: "The man who made that is dead"! THE CLOSING TIME.

My friends and I walked down the street in silence. It was Saturday night and crowds of cheerful people hurried past us, homeward bound, for it was closing time and the tired cierks and salesmen appreciated the

crowds of cheerful people hurried past us, homeward bound, for it was closing time and the tired clerks and salesmen appreciated the fact. Two rough and manly young fellows were slaming the front shutters of a hardware store, and their neat and careful dress proclaimed that they, at least, had their plans for Saturday night well laid.

Back in the office the gray-haired clerk, with shoulders bent by a life-long struggle with figures, finds the thirty-seven cent error needed to make his ledger balance. With a glance at the clock, a long drawn sigh and stretch, he says to the young clerk near him, "Bobbie, lets call it a day" and with that slips down from his tail office tool, pulls a felt hat over his level brows to sheld his tired eyes from the bright electric light, and trudges homeward.

Thousands of others are trudging homeward under the glaring lights at the corners, and the softer, purer light of the moon in the intervening squares; through shady streets and hilly streets, past crowds of people seated on their deorsteps enjoying the glorious summer night. And, as they framp along, their minds are cleared of cares, as the sky is clear of clouds by winds that blow from calmer depths of air.

To clitzens who are employed in mills and factories. Saturday night is like the sunset that follows a blazing summer afternoon, when intolerable heat and glare give place to cooler twilight, and a sky aglow with pleasant color.

But there are two kinds of Saturday nights

But there are two kinds of Saturday nights

ant color.

But there are two kinds of Saturday nights for many of them, and they alternate throughout the year with some. Pay-days come weekly, fortnightly and monthly; "and thereby hangs a tale." Many an iron worker and mill hand gathers his hard-earned wages in his hardened hand and breaks for the nearest salcon. On Monday morning he wants to borrow a dollar for a pair of shoes, and his "boarding missus" is lucky if she has managed to secure her bill.

Happily, in our town these devotees of Bacchus are not very numerous, and our laboring men and women, as a class, go to their homes on Saturday night as steadily and cheerfully, as tired and hopeful, as any other workers in our city.

Many of our business men devote their Saturday nights to a summary of their business for the week, and a settling of their personal accounts; but we think that it is more generally devoted to the family and social pleasures that are then most enjoyable, because new questions to be settled on the morrow are not constantly before the mind.

Some sage Advice.

SOME SAGE ADVICE. This night, of all others, is the best for long expeditions into the country by moon and star light, and we speak from painful per-sonal experience when we urge all those who contemplate long jaunts in the saddle, and are not accustomed to a constant indulgence

are not accustomed to a constant indulgence in this most glorious exercise, to chose Saturday night for the frolic. You may or may not be sore the next day, for that will depend upon the gait of your akill as a rider, but in any event you will welcome Sunday as a day of rest, and can take your meals from the mantlepiece at leisure. Seriously, a hot bath immediately upon dismounting, is the best preventive of soreness.

This applies to all pleasures and pastimes that involve physical strain, and is commended to the young men who walk against time to points of interest, and no interest, in the surrounding country; to the bloycler and tricycler a 'cycling, and to the gay young man in circus clothes, who brandishes the deadly base ball bat or flourishes the peaceful tennis racket.

On Saturday evening the streets are full of them returning from the fray, worn out, but happy all over.

on Saturday evening the streets are full of im returning from the fray, worn out, but ppy all over.

MYTHS AND OFENS. And yet there are many sombre myths and gends about this cheerful Saturday night. I the very early days of Greece, before the tree of Hercules, revolting human secrifices were made to Saturn.

made to Saturn, and you ill omen to the rulers gland, for on that day died Henry VII, is II, iII and IV and Prince Albert, of the of Anguet, 1921, is known in Scottes Black Saturday, because on that day ties were darkened by a tremendous in just as the Parliament was taking them to enlorce episcopacy on the peo-

from a circus with a friend who believed most firmly in Spiritualism and quite as firmly in Shakespewe. It was after twelve o'clock, and we had been commenting play-fully on the wickedness of enjoying a circus on Sunday. As we passed the Lancaster cemetery, where, in deep shadow and pale moonlight, the clustered groups of tombs and headstones seemed more likes martialed army of the dead than the cold symbols of them; I asked whether the spirits walked the earth only after midnight, and meeting my question in the same joking spirit that prompted it, my friend replied: "No; ghosts are allowed to stay up all night, and day, too, if they please, for all that I know to the contrary; but the ghost of Hamlet's lather doubtless disappeared before dawn because it was Sunday morning."

"He left Horatio and the officers because of the crowing of the cock, but he left Ham-

of the crowing of the cock, but he left Ham let before the cock had said anything."

THE EDITORIAL WE. It may have been observed that the write has been worsted in a desperate struggle with the editorial we. He hopes that the disgrace of this disaster may be lessened by a reference to the hopeless manner in which a more famous knight of the pen was defeated more famous knight of the pen was defeated by this same enemy of journalism. We allude to Captain Derby who turned his defeat to victory in the following manner: "Though blessed with a consuming appetite, which causes the keepers of the bouse where I board to tremble," I do not think I have a tapeworm; therefore I have a claim whatever to call myself; we, and I shall by no means fall into that editorial absurdity."

In these days when the living corms of In these days, when the living germs of fevers, smallpox and cholera are said to be prowling all over the earth, the editorial w may be excused on the presumption that writer alludes to himself and the germ,

BANANA FARMS IN COSTA BIGA. A Land Where Fortunes Are Easily Made and Where Snakes Flourish.

rom the New York Star. The cultivation of bananas in Costa Rica began about six years ago on the lowlands. and now all the land along the line of railroad, one mile wide, is taken up by the banana farms, a majority of which are owned by citizens of the United States. Each farm is one mile square, the land having been purchased for \$10 a manzana-about one acre and a half of our land measurement. There are now about 150 square miles under profitable ultivation

It is only necessary to cultivate the banana in Costa Ries, to cut down the forest, an then the land is ready to receive the see The plow and the harrow are unknown. To Trees are allowed to lay where they fall.
What is called the banana sucker, a builb resembling an onion, is planted about 18 inches deep, and from 15 to 18 feet apart in among the fallen trees.

the tailen trees.

At the expiration of nine months the banana plant has reached a height of 15 feet, and bears one bunch of fruit. Fifteen or 20 of these plants or trees in various stages of development are seen at once sprouting from the same "sucker," bearing fruit successively the year around for from 7 to 10 years from the first planting. Along the river banks, where the soil is renewed, they bear 20 years

from the first planting.

When the bananas are ready to cut a farmer who cultivates a mile square of land will take about 40 men, five of whom are regular cutters, and the others convey the bunches out to the cars in mule and ox carts as fast as cutters, and the others convey the bunches out to the cars in mule and ox carts as fast as they are cut. In a day and a half the crop is harvested. The laborers are all Jamaica negroes and natives, who receive \$1.25 per day for their work. These negroes are almost all English subjects, and, like the negro of the Southern states, they always have complaints to make. They call themselves "English objects," and if they imagine themselves imposed upon they threaten to "go an' tell Mrs. Queen, an' she sen' her gunboat," alluding to Queen Victoria, whom they look upon as the most powerful person in the world. When a ship comes into the harbor flying the English flag, they say: "Dat's Mrs. Queen's ship; she go an' tell somefin' to English councilman; dat's whar Mrs. Queen sends dem fur." They work hard all day, drink rum and dance nearly all night, and are ready for work early in the morning, as bright and apparently as well realer as it they had show: "After the hearing are loaded on the train they are taken to Port Limon, placed on a vessel and brought to New York. The steamer Foxhall, named after the American horse, but flying the English flag, owned by Mr. Keith, of Brooklyn, carries 12,000 bunches of the fruit to New Orleans every fortnight. So, all along the line of the road the succulent banana is making fortunes for those who had the courage to tempt the climate.

The snakes make a stranger feel rather unof almost every species is fatal he is quite likely to keep a watchful eye on his sur-roundings. Quite a number of New York people expect to go to Costa Rica during the coming fall.

Mr. Black at His Own Home.

York Dispatch to the Times Neighbor Farquhar, employer of three hunared hands in the manufacture of agricultural implements in the borough, and Neighbor Small, the great commission merchant and Small, the great commission merchant and ship owner, of Baltimore, both York county Republicans, called and announced their de termination to support him.

His Profesity Cost Him 843, A farmer in the northern portion of Ches-ter county was arrested for profauity. He was charged with uttering sixty oaths, which, at the law's price, or ceuts apiece, made the bill of fine \$43, which he was obliged to pay over to the justice of the page.

ROUSE TO SOME NOBLE WORK Would'st thou from sorrow find a sweet relief :
Or is thy heart oppressed with wees untold?
Baim would'st thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings 'round thee like a shower of

Fis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there Its life and beauty; not when all unrolled, Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair, Breathes freely its perfume throughout the an

Wake, thou that 'sleepest in enchanted bowers Lest those lost years should haunt the the night When Death is waiting for thy numbered hours, To take their swift and everlasting flight; Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee

quite,
And be thy thought to work divine address'd;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest

come high or humble enterprise of good Contemplates till it shall possess thy mind, Become thy study, pastime, rest and lood, And kindle in thy heart a fiame refined. Pray heaven for firmness, thy whole soul

To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue, With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely Strength to complete, and with delight review, and grace to give the praise where all is ever

No good of worth sublime will heaven permit To light on man as from the passing air; The lamp of genius, through thy nature iii, If not protected, pruned and fed with care; Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare; And learning is a plant that spreads and to-

ers, slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare, 'That 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from tancy as it roves
To measure worlds and follow where each

moves? Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease By wanderings wild that nature's pligrim loves: Or did Paul gain Heaven's glory and its peace By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of

Beware lest thou from sloth, that would appear But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim Thy want of worth, a charge thou could'st not

hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth; and thus callst
The smiles of all the good, the doar to fame.
'Its infamy to die and not be missed,
Or lot all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Bouse to some work of high and holy love
And thou an angel's happiness shall know,
Shall bless the earth, while in the world above
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow i
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy heads unsparing and unweared sow
Shall deek thy grave with amaranthine flowers.
And yield the fruits divine in heaven's immoral

It isn't Shakespeare who says Fashion makes Fools of us All; but it is just as true as if he did. What is worse, tashion sometimes makes cruel tyrants of us. Look at the way it has de-humanized thousands o our most gentle and tender-hearted ladies to such an extent that they have caused the cruel butchery of millions of the innocent harmless and beautiful birds of our land for the adornment of their hats and bonnet When I think how utterly repugnant to woman's nature and to all that is gentle and refined in her being it must be to despoil our orests and fields of their sweet songsters and most lovely ornaments, and ruthlessly to murder not only as many birds as can be shot and trapped, but heartlessly to cause the death by starvation of thousands of broods of helpless young nestlings, when I remembe that this unnatural cruelty is unhesitatingly indulged in simply because fashion demand it, it almost makes me shiver to think what might come hereafter. Who can tell what the crazy goddess may order next. Nothing is too atrocious for her. What if she should decree it to be "in form," say next season. for ladies to carry card cases made of human skin, or to wear the scalps of their lovers at their belts (literally), don't you suppose her rotaries would obey ? Who would be secure of his skin from one day to the next ? What a ghastly baid appearance society would as What is to prevent such a hypothe sis from being realized? We are absolutely at the mercy of fashion.

Non is the fair sex any more unreasonably and cruelly devoted to this whimsical tyrant than the sterner. Look but at the present senseless, barbarous and ugly fashion of torturing horses by the use of the check-rein over the top of their necks. It is ruining thousands of horses in our country, besides being an utterly useless and most cruel fash ion. It it keeps on much longer the proud and beautiful arched neck of the horse which nature gave him for sesthetic as well as useful purposes, will be a thing of the past, and with it his tree and graceful gait. In place of the traditional horse we will have a race of camel-necked animals with a stiff and awkward camel-like gate. Yet I see men everywhere meekly bowing before this irrational fashion, sacrificing the beauty, comfort, and in so far the value of their finest

THE only consolation I can find anywhere and it is a far-fetched one, I confess—when contemplate the cruelty as well as folly of many of the demands of fashion, is the fact that sometimes her freaks also are blunder ingly beneficent. It has happened more than once within quite recent years, for in-stance, that some poor tenth-rate writer has been suddenly clevated, if not to real and been suddenly elevated, it not to real and lasting fame, yet to some transitory semblance of it, and what is of equal material import-ance, to comparative wealth, by literary fash-ion in one of her insane freaks making his books wildly popular, "all the rage." He and his publishers at least are benefitted, even if literature suffers thereby; while by the murder of the birds and the torture and deforming of horses no one gets the slightest advantage of any kind.

SOMETIMES it happens, too, that the aggrerate good effects of a fashion so far overbalance any incidental evils that the total result may be called wholly beneficial. Take for example the prevalent craze for "war artiin our papers and magazines. I can well see that the best literature and pure lit-erary taste has been harmed to some extent by the prominence and popularity given to men's writings who may indeed have been men's writings who may indeed have been mighty with the sword, but who are decid-edly weak with the pen. Yet their warrior-fame has given them a certain pseudo-literary fame to which they are in no way entitled, and in so far has served but to vitlate and degrade real literature and the appular literature in the same time, however, a rich mass of material, even though much of it be raw and crude, has been gathered together which will be of incalculable worth to the future of historical and other literature. Then, too, a whole new army of heroes has been discovered, or created, of whom the world would otherwise never have known anything. The chance of writ-ing a war article has been a godsend to many a dilapidated fellow, who thus can make him selfa hero and martyr and be paid for it be-sides, while otherwise he would have had to gnaw his pension in obscurity.

ONE of the latest literary fashions, if I may call it so, is the making of lists of "best books." Since Sir John Lubbook made his now famous list of one hundred best books, he has had an innumerable host of imitator in that most unprofitable occupation. The only thing that can be said in favor of the foolish tashion is that it is at least compara-tively harmless. And even this may not al-ways be true. If anybody is inituenced in his choice of books by such lists he will find in every one some books that will not be the best for him, and may be actually harmful. Several lists I have seen which included a number of books that must be harmful to everyone who reads them.

THE latest list of "hundred books" is one published by the Independent, the "fore most religious newspaper in the world," it calls itself, and professes to be a very high authority in literary matters. Its list is one of "Selected Recent Fiction," and is to include only books published within the last three years, though it contains a good many that are older. My first impulse on reading this list was, like Ruskin did to Lubbock's, this list was, like retained and to Lubbock's, to "draw my pen biottesquely through the mass of rubbish," I didn't, however; and my second impression was not quite as bad as the first. Looking closely I saw that its sins of omission at least were fewer than I had first thought. Yet several of them are

Fon example, so pure and artistically excellent a novel as Miss Blanche Willis Howard's "Guenn" is omitted, so is the same author's "Auinay Tower." James' short stories, some of which are exquisite, have no stories, some of which are exquisite, have no place in it: neither have Maurice Thompson's. I looked in vain for Miss Murfree's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," for any thing by Rose Terry Cooke or Mary Hailock Foote, or Sarah Orne Jewett, or Mrs. Ewing, or George Macdonald, or Mrs. Burnett, or Aldrich, Warner and a number of others as worthy. But instead of them a lot of second, third to fourth and fifth rate stories like Mrs. Riddell's "The Senior Partner" and "Daisles and Buttercups," ive of D. C. Murray's, four of W. E. Norris', three of Miss Tincker's, several by Ansiey, Hoppus, Baylor, Walworth, Campbell, Lucy, Dunning and others of the same rank.

On what principle of selection, I wonder, does The Independent recommend Craw-tord's "To Leeward," and two others of his, and ignore "Guenn" or "Aulnay Tower"? and ignore "Guenn" or "Aulmay Tower"? Or wny is Dr. S. Welr Mitchell's "In War Time" mentioned, or Dr. Hammond's "Dr. Grattan," or C. M. Neweil's "Kamehameba," or Julian Hawthorne's "Noble Blood," while no notice is taken of Mrs. Foote's "Led Horse Claim," or "John Bodewin's Testimony," or of Prof. Hardy's "Wind of Destiny," or of Sarah Orne Jeweit'e "Marsh Island," or Rose Terry Cooke's "Descon's Week"? Why have we so long and tedious an affair as Tolstof's "War and Peace," or Howe's "Story of a County Town" and "Mystery of the Locks," or so intrinsically worthless a one as Conway's "Family Affair"—why are we to read these, when we might with infinitely more pleasure and profit be reading such perfect little gems as Mrs. Ewing's "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot," "Jackanapee" and "The Story of a Short Life," or that still more exquisite and perfect little tale "The Story of Jda," by Francisca (Mrs. Alexander); or even some of Stockton's short stories would be much better than anything of Howe, Conway, Hoffman, Hoppus & Co. I am sure, too, that if Turgeneff's "Mumu" had been put in piace of Daudet's "LiFevangeliste," or of one of Balsac's four novels, nothing would have been lost. For of all if have ever read of the great Russian's works, "Mumu" is unquestionably the strongest, purest, greatest and best, in spite of its being the shortest. Or why is Dr. S. Welr Mitchell's "in War

SPRAKING of "The Story of Ida," if you have never read it, take my advice and read it at once. It is quite a short little thing, scarcely a hundred pages. But I would rather have written those few pages than all of Crawford's volumes, or nine-tenths of James. I would rather base a reputation on one such heart-flower, beautiful as a star and irregunit with the perfume of heaven, than on.

all the acute psychological studies and speci-mens of spiritual anatomizing of James, Daudet or Baizac himself. The fact of its being a true story, an entirely artices de-scription of the short life of a sweet Italian maiden, does not make it any the less interesting, soul purifying, and morally upbuild esting, soul purifying, and morally upbuilding. For pure beauty, tender pathos, and as a genuine and powerful spiritual tonic, I consider it unapproached in literature. It is a gem of the first water, absolutely unique. Nor does it detract from it that Ruskin has "edited" it. If one could get an edition without his usually quiet irrelevant, often jarring, and sometimes impertment footnotes, it would certainly be preferable. But as one cannot, one need only ignore them, leave them unread, at least during the first perusal of the story itself.

perusal of the story Itself. Bur to return to the matter of lists books. What I wanted to say was that the list of The Independent merely goes to show that it is an utter impossibility, not only for any one man to make a list of books tha shall be best for another, but also that it is just as utterly impossible to name anything like a hundred works of fiction, written like a hundred works of fiction, written within the last few years, that shall not contain eighty to ninety per cent, of books which will not live a decade, which don't deserve to live that long, and which there is no excuse for reading so long as one has not read all the great and lasting works written since the beginning of letters. To him who really aims at literary culture and growth, who wants to read "the best that has been thought and said" even only in the world of fiction, one volume of Scott or Irving, of fiction, one volume of Scott or Irving, of Thackeray, Dickens or Hawthorne, will be worth more than nine-tenths of all the books on that, or any other list of novels produced within the last few years. He can afford to leave those ninety unread rather than not read those few old master pieces. More than that, he cannot afford to read the former if thereby he robs himself of the time or taste for reading the latter. It is even better to repeat the few great works of fiction than to one volume of Scott or Irving, of read the few great works of fiction than to waste time and energy, and deprave the taste, by reading ninely out of every hun-dred "best novels" of recent years.

Says that wise guide to the best reading, Mr. Frederic Harrison, "Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, 'as good almost kill a man as kill a good Book. They do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book. They make it dead for them: they do what lies in them to destroy the precious life-block of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;' they 'spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes.' For in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, mast strictly choose. If they saturate their mind's with the idler books, the 'good book' which Mitton calls 'an immortality rather than a life,' is dead to them; it is a book sealed up and buried.

FOR GUOD HUSBANDS.

Hints to Those Who Desire to Keep Their From the Detroit Tribune.

Why do not mothers teach their boys how to do housework? The little girls set the table, wipe dishes, dust the parlor, hold the baby. But the boys! Bless your soul, if you can get one of them to hang up his night shirt every morning, instead of leaving it on the floor as he stepped out of it, or hang up his cap, or put up his books or skates, you are lucky. Why should not a commother? Why should tears of rage and mother? Why should tears of rage and is tied around his neck and he is obliged to wash dishes? Girls are told from their babyhood to "learn to be good wives." Boys should have it constantly dinned into their ears to "learn to be good husbands." How often you see a tired wife carry a heavy burden upstairs and her husband come up behind her empty-handed. And this same little wife will split the wood and sometimes

behind her empty-handed. And this same little wife will split the wood and sometimes black the husband's boots.

A man on a cattle ranch, living by himself in a dug-out, sald he wished his mother had taught him to cook when he was a boy, and to sew, An-he would find it of great use when there were no womens folks about. A writer in the Farm and Home has well said that there is nothing degrading for a mage, or boy to don a big apron and assist the tifted wifter or mother in the heavier work of the household. My mother's girls "were all boys," and I, the youngest, was often called to help her with the housework. I have lived to bless her for the instruction she gave me in bless her for the instruction she gave me in that line, and I know my wife is of the same mind. I know a man who, when his wife was sick, took the whole care of the house hold as nurse, cook, washer-woman and maid of all work for several weeks, unaided, except for the daily visits of the physician, caring for his wife as she went almost to the gates of death, until at last a good nurse was obtained, and the tired husband was permit-

obtained, and the tired husband was permitted to rest. And that man was not a "Miss Nancy" either. Why are not the husbands as polite to their wives as to other women? Why don't they bring in a little bit of the honeyed sweetness of courting days to lighten the dull prose of married lite?

In a story, "A Cure for a Miserable Wife," is the following conversation: The oid farmer has made \$50,000 by scrimping and by denying his wife all modern help and conveniences, and his friend says to him: "Your wife is no longer young. She is no longer handsome. Her hands are as hard as a local editor's cheek, and she has stooped over a milk can until she has a hump on her back like a peddler."

like a peddier."

"Shut up, will you?"

"Her children have grown out of her hands. She is at home alone, going around in a tread mill which will end in a resewood. hands. She is at home alone, going around in a tread mill which will end in a rosewood coffin and a first-class country funeral, while you are still a handsome man, with just enough gray in your whiskers to make you look interesting. Now you have a new Watertown wagon. Your wife does not look well in it, so you take your hired man and neighbors' girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a slik dress, nor a pony that she could drive, nor a basket pheton that she could dlimb into without a ladder. She never says anything, so you have not got her a set of teeth like your own gold and rubber. She never goes out, so she does not dye her hair as you do yours, but it looks like a milkweed pod gone to seed. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice toothpick shoes like yours, but goes chumping around like a sheep in a dry goods box."

"Professor, for mercy's sake, stop."
"Now if your wife had a chance to rest, had nice clothes like other women, she would be one of the handsomest women in

would be one of the handsomest women in the town."

"I swan! I believe it."

"And, old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday, drive around with the colts and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you she would actually blush with piesaure."

"Darned if I don't do it."

"Then tell her you are going to hire a girl, and that she must sit in the sitting-room by that new nickel-plated coal store and work on that new slik dress you are going to buy her."

buy her."

"Professor, that's me."

"And then hand her a nickel wallet with steel clasps and with five new twenty dollar notes in it, and tell her to do her own trading after this, because you have got thred looking after so much money."

"I will prayme as you live."

after so much money."

"I will, as sure as you live,"

"And then when the tears start in hereyes and the same old blush comes out that you thought was so nice when you was courting her, if you would kiss her—"

"It's all right, professor."

"Then, my friend, I would begin to think she had made something by marrying a rich man."

Now husbands, one and all, brush up your manners to the "auld wife." Give her some of the sweet courtesies of the honeymoon, and see what will come of it.

Can This Be True? A current paragraph is to the effect that the secomplished daughter of Mr. Lawrence Barrett, obedient to her father's wishes, has never seen a play or an opera.

HUMILITY. The bird that soars on highest wing Builds on the ground her lowly neet; and she that doth most sweetly sing Sings in the shade when all things resil lark and nightingale we see What honor hath humility. When Mary chose "the botter part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
and Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears Hoaven's brightest crown in deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul accende;
Hearest the throne itself anust be
The footstool of humility.

VACATION PAPERS.

For the INTRILIONNERS.

There are different phases of the feeling of respect and reverence for antiquity. One phase is purely esthetic. This is the case when some object, by reason of its antiquity, produces a sense of sublimity. We call it the sublime of time as distinguished from the sublime of space. Examples of this latter may be found in objects of unusually large dimensions, such as the Pyramids, the Alps, the starry heavens. In the sublime of time the antiquity of the object awakens the sense or intuition of endless time. In this view the pyramids are sublime, not on account of their immense size, but on account of their antiquity. There is sublimity in any object whose great age compared with other objects around it awakens this latent sense of eternity or endless time. This is a pleasurable feeling, it is exciting, strengthning, be cause for the very reason we are able to take it in, we realize that our being is unending. This pleasure is produced in gazing upon ancient ruins, such as are to be seen in Egypt or in Rome. But reverence for antiquty may also be con-

nected with great events in history. This, we think, ranks higher than the mere sense of the sublime in antiquity. All over Europe, for instance, accient places and ancient ruins are visited with pleasure, not merely on account of their antiquity ab-stractly considered, for in that sense we have antiquity all about us without crossing the Our mountains and rivers and seas are as old as the Alps, the Tiber or the Medi-terranean. But the antiquities of Europe are historical. They are connected with great events, heroic exploits and soul-stirring scenes, in the earlier history of our race, and of our own civilization. Indeed it is the of our own civilination. Indeed it is the human that gives its chief interest to nature itself. Of course there is a beauty, a grandeur and even a sublimity in nature itself for resthetic appreheusion, but, as an example, the much admired. Scottish lakes would not the much admired Scottish races would not be for the traveller what they are if Walter Scott had not east upon them the spell of his genius. The Forum in Rome would not inspire us as it does were it not for the stirring scenos enacted there by the senators of ancient Rome. There is a certain enchantment in all the scenery around this ancient city because of the history transacted in that region. And so, wherever you travel in region. And so, wherever you travel in Europe, the scenes around you carry back and bring you into communion with a history long since passed away, but connected by a living stream with the present. No one can look out towards the range of mountains that surround Aix-la-Chapelle, or stand in the old Cathedral of that weight city without balon. dral of that ancient city, without being thrilled by the great events in the life of the great soldier chief and the powerful ruler, who a thousand years ago made that city the capital of his mighty empire. From what has now been stated it will

From what has now been stated it will readily appear that there is a sound and healthful reverence for satisfuity, and there is also a reverence for it. If reverence it may indeed be called, which is sentimental, mandlin and weakening. There are those who cultivate this latter kind of regard for ancient places. Though the spirit that once ancient places. Though the spirit that once animated them is departed, yet they make them sentimental shrines, and attach som peculiar glory to them in themselves, rather than in what they represent. There is a than in what they represent. There is a species of idolatry in this, a worship of the cast-off shell and a neglect of the spirit and life which it once enclosed. One cannot help thinking that this is the

case with the interest some take in the Holy Land, the country of the ancient israelites. That land is called hely because of the peculiar institutions once established there by the Lord, and the connection of those institutions with the subsequent religious history of our race. And yet there are those who pays sort of religious homege to the sacred places of Palestine, and yet feel little or no interest in the Christian church, for which the history of the israelites was only a preparation. The place where some literary institution was founded and passed through its early strugtles is of historic interest, an interest that leserves to be cultivated; but this interest, if morally healthful, should be livingly joined with the subsequent history and present prosperity of the institution once located there. Without this it becomes a mere weak sentimentalism.

mere weak sentimentalism.

All which means that reverence for antiquity Brind little worth unless it be joined with living sinterest in the history of the present. This principle or rule, if such we may call it, works both ways: A true interest in the life and history of the present will beget a reverence for antiquity, and is reverence for antiquity will tend to quicker interest in the present. We have comparatively little antiquity in this new country. We must go to Europe to find the original We must go to Europe to find the original fountains of our national history. But this admiration for what is merely ancient may secome a mere empty sentiment. We should cultivate respect and reverence for our own antiquities, such as we have. The celebration of Independence Day should never lose its interest for Americans. It is as great as any day in the calendar of all modern history. Independence Hall, the old State House in day in the calendar of all modern history, Independence Hall, the old State House in Philadelphia and Bunker Hill, and other monumental buildings and places, are worthy shrines of our pariotism. Gettysburg should continue to be the scene of annual celebrations, and fitting monuments (though not too many) should adorn the celebrated battle-field there. So, too, our interest in local history should be cultivated. Every city and every country in our great republic, should have enough interest to investigate and study the beginning of its own history. But along with this, it should not be forgotten that the present is fraught with quite as much interest as the past. Instead of immenting that the times are no longer what they once were, that statesmanship and patriotism and heroism belong only to some earlier age, and are dying out in the present, every one should feel a divine call to make the present worthy the reverence and admirevery one should feel a divine call to make the present worthy the reverence and admir-ation of a future age. Join these two livingly together, reverence for the past and interest in the present, and the result is a sound, healthful, historical spirit of all fields of in-quiry and study, none excel in interest the field of history; but it should not be forgot-ten that the present is just as important a section of history as any age in the past.

A Human Pincushton A well-known York dressmaker has undergone a number of surgical operations in the last few days for the removal of pins and needles from her hands, feet and other porneedles from her hands, feet and other por-tions of her body. About thirty of the little implements have been extracted, and it is doubtful whether all have yet made their ap-pearance. The young lady, who resides on South George street, was made quite ill by her strange experience, but is now able to be about, and no serious consequences are feared. It is said to have been the habit of the young lady to hold pins and needles in her mouth while engaged in her work, and it is supposed some-of them slipped down her throat and made their way through her flesh to the parts of her body at which they presented themselves.

"Heap Big Sweet Wind." From the St. Paul Globe. Two Indians entered a drug store on Third street. One was a tall young man, and his companion was an aged and dried up spectmen of humanity. They were dressed in dark, ill-fitting clothes, and each of them had on moccasins. Their black slouch hats only partially concealed their jet black hair.

Marching into the centre of the store the red man after the style of the pow-wow around the camp fire, expressed himself as "Big Injun wants heap big sweet wind."
Without any hesitation the clerk at the soda fountain turned off two glasses of the effervescing soda water and gave them to the two red meu. The Indians drank and were

Teeth come painlessly if Dr. HAND's Teething totion be bathed on the gums. Cures tooth DR. HAND'S Diarrhos Mixture for children will not cure every case, but it will cure more than any medicine ever put in one bottle. Price, 25 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, Nos. 157 and 139 North Queen street, augi-imdew

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Cheap John will offer you one of these wretched
imitations for half the price of the gonuins, as
he can well afford to do, its real value being
nothing, and its cost but little more. Benson's
are the only porous plasters that can be depended upon to cure every allment subject to
external treatment. They are prompt, sure and
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by buying of reliable druggists only. The

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A day never passes that I do not think and speak kindly of the Curioura Rumbins. Seven years ago, all of a dozen lumps formed on my neek, ranging in size from a cherry, stone to an orange. The large ones were trightful to look at, and painful to bear; people turned aside when they saw me, in disgust, and I was ashamed to be on the street or in society. Physiciana and their treatment, and all medicines failed to do any good. In a moment of despair I tried the Curicura Rumbins—Curicura, soar, an exquisite Sain Heautifler, externally, and Curicura Rumouvers, the new Blood Purifier, internally; the small tumps (as I call them) gradually disappeared, and the large ones broke, in about two weeks, and the large ones broke, in about two weeks, and the large ones broke, in about two weight now is one hundred and fitteen slokly pounds; my weight now is one hundred and sixty-one solid, healthy pounds, and my height is only five feet five inches. In my travels I praised the Curicura Rumbins, worth, South, Kast and West, To Cyricura Rumbins lower when have the Curicura Rumbins of the Curicura Rumbins. A prominent New York of my stiff when the other day, "De you still use the Curicura Rumbins; you hook to be in perfect health?" My reply was, "I do, and shall always. I have never known what sickness is since I commenced using the Curicura Rumbins." Sometimes I am laughed at by praising them to people not acquainted with their merits, but sooner or later they will come to their senses and became have whom I have told. May the time come when there shall be a large Curicura Rumbins. Sometimes I am laughed at by praising them to people not acquainted with their merits, but sooner or later they will come to their senses and became have whom I have told. May the time come when there shall be a large Curicura Rumbins and dozens have whom I have told. May the time come when there shall be a large Curicura Rumbins and dozens have whom I have told. Pay the time of the people of ever entering a drug store.

210 Fullen St., Rew

Send for " How to Cure Skin Diseases." PIM PLES, Blackbeads, Skin Blemtsbea and

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The distressing sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, the acrid, watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful inflammation extending to the throat, the swelling of the mucous lining, caus ing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in the head and splitting headaches—how familiar these sympathies are to thousands who suffer periodically from head colds or influenza, and who live in ignorance of the fact that a single application of Sanrond's Radical Curn ron Caranna will afford instantaneous relief.

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