The Insurrection of the Pastang Boys in 1763 The Truth of History-Some of the Notable Men Whose Bones Lie Mouldering in the Graveyard The Charming Country Roundabout.

Special Correspondence of the INTRILIORNERS.

HARRISHURO, Sept. 3, 1880. When I was a boy going to school in th old stone building in the alley in the rear of the First Presbyterian church in Lancaster, I read with avidity the "History of Lancas County," written by I. Daniel Rupp. whom I recollect well. I was particularly interested in the account of the Paxtang boys (or "Paxton Rangers," as they wer called,) and of the massacre of the Indians at the old stone jall, at West King and Prince streets, on the site of which your beautiful Fulton opera house now stands. To a certain extent Mr. Rupp partook of the pre-judice which had existed for many against the Paxtang boys, and their conduct was spoken of as barbarous and cruel in the extreme. This prejudice would probably have remained to the presout day had it not been for the untiring, selfish and disinterested researches of Dr. William H. Egle, of Harrisburg, whose ability as a genealogical writer and fame as a historian are recognized with pride by all Penn sylvanians. The Scotch-Irish and Presbyte rian elements especially of this state owe i debt of gratitude to Dr. Egle, a Protestant Episcopalian in religious faith and a Swiss-German to descent, which cannot easily be cancelled.

Paxtang was then the frontier township of Lancaster county, and what is now Dauphin county was included within its extensive bounds. Owing to its exposed location it was the scene of many predatory incursion by hostile Indians, especially the Conestogas, although the latter always professed great friendship for the whites. The inhabitant were principally, if not altogether, Scotch Irish Prestyterians, and a bardy, heroic, in telligent people they were. Frontiersmen then, as well as now, were the subjects for butt and ridicule and scotling and jeering. Their more fortunate countrymen, who lived in better houses and perhaps under a mor

emselves something far superior, something out of the ordinary run of human beliefs, and forgetting that their fellow-citizens on the outposts of civilization were of the same flesh and blood, with the same natures, the same generous impulses, and same pa-triotic purposes, looked upon them as boors, low, ill-bred feilows, in fact, little better than the brute creation. Is this putting it too harshly? If so, blame history, for to gainsay the truth of these assertions is to fly the face of all tradition.

THE INDIAN MASSACRE.

For some time prior to the massacre of the Conestoga Indians, which took place on the 27th of December, 1765, trouble had been brewing. Rupp, in his history, says : "The Paxton boys and their neighbors, having asked in vain for protection from the government, were bent upon making an assault that would infuse terror into all called Indian, it not put a stop to Bill and George See going abroad and their dances at Conestoga." On the 14th of December, 1763, at daybreak,

a number of armed men, principally from Donegal and l'axtang townships, attacked the Indian village, which was located in Manor township, and massacred several women and children and an old man, the latter, the chief, Shahens. After the massacre the buts, or wigwams, were fired and burned down. The surviving Indians, tourteen in number, were collected together by the magistrates, taken to Lancaster and kept in the work-house for sale protection.

In this place, on the 27th of December fol lowing, they met their fate at the hands of the Paxtang boys. John Penn, who was then governor of the province of Pennsylva-nia, had issued his proclamation, forbidding "all persons whatsoever to molest or injure any of the sald Indians, as they will answer the contrary at their peril." This proclama-tion was made on the 22d of December. Not-withstanding Penn's interposition, the people, especially those on the far western border of Lancaster county, were too much exasperated to have their fury allayed by a proclamation from a supine governor. Gordon, the historian, says: "They assembled in great numbers, forced the prison and butchered all the miserable wretches they found within the walls. Unarmed and unprotected, the Indians prostrated themselves with their children before their murderers, protesting their innocence and their love to the English, this posture they all received the

The remains of the poor murdered Indians were buried in the deep cut just below the Pennsylvania railroad depot, in your city, and remained undisturbed there until 1871, when the excavation was made for the roadbed and tracks of the old Columbia A Philadelphia railroad.

THE TEUTH OF HISTORY. At the bottom of all these horrible butcher ios were the Quakers. Dr. Egie, in his ad mirable history of Dauphin county, speaking of the "Paxtang Boys' Insurrection," says that a few years after the laying out of the Manor of Conestoga, which was in 1717-18 several Indian families located upon th Manor, on a little stream emptying into the Concatoga near its mouth, about three miles Conestoga near its mouth, about three miles from the Conestoga and about five miles southeast of the present town of Columbia. For almost a period of forty years their number was increased or diminished by Indian tramps wandering in the guise of friends among the white settlements, intent on spying out objects for savage cruelty, and claiming to belong to the Conestoga town.

ing to belong to the Conestoga town. It was during the Pontise war that the governor of the province of Pennsylvania, in reply to the earnest appeals for help and pro-tection, said he could give the frontieranem no aid whatever, but commends their zeal and urges them to act with caution; while the assembly paid no heed to the supplica-tions of the distressed inhabitants, and, in-stead of redress and aid, abused and insulted those who asked for protection. One mem-ber of that body. Nathaniel Grubb, of Ches-ter county, a mild and placid 'traker, used this bland-like expression in reterring to the 'back inhabitants': 'A pack of inxignificant Scoleb-Frish, who, if they were all killed, could well enough be spared.' The leading Guakers, who controlled the allars of the the assembly paid no heed to the supplier

Quakers, who controlled the affairs of the province of Pennsylvania from 1682 until toward the beginning of the Revolution, when Quaker rule and British supremacy sank to rise no more, were designing political dema-gogues, and the private correspondence of the Penns themselves is proof of their duplicity and articlesses

and artfulness.

" Neither the governor of the province nor the controlling power of the assembly showed the proper spirit. It was at a time when the tomahawk, the scalping knife and the torch were desolating the country. The frontier counties became wretched and de plorable beyond description. 'The Indians,' said the Paxtang volunteers in their 'Apolgy,' set fire to houses, barns, corn, hay, in short, to everything that was combustible; as that we whole country seemed to be in one general Blaze and involved in one common Ruin. Great Numbers of ye back Settlers were murdered, scalped and back Selliers were murdered, scalped and butchered in the most shocking manner, and their dead Rodies inhumanly mangled, but further details as given by them are too hor-rid for recital. 'None,' further say they, 'but these who have been spectators or eye witnesses of these shocking scenes can possi-bly have any adequate I deas of our saffer-ings. Nay, even those very persons who are so hardened and destitute of the common Feelings of Humanity, as to be able to exten-Feelings of Humanity, as to be able to exten uate these horrid Barbarities, under the Charitable Plea of its being their Custom of making war, would, we doubt not, be softened, had they but shared with us in the lightest parts of our sufferings.' Then Pax-tang became truly the frontier, for west of the Susquehanna, so great was the terror the Susquehanna, so great was the terror, that scarcely an inhabitant was left. At this inat scarcely an innabitant was left. At this juncture the Rev. John Elder, the long and revered pastor of Paxtang and Derry churches, organized his rangers, under authority, however, of the government. They were mostly members of his own and Hanover congregations. These brave men were ever on the alert, watching with eagle-eye the Indian marauders who, during Pontiac's

skillful in pursuit or in escape, dexterous as scouts and expert in manceuvering."

The Tory paths, yet to be seen in Schuylkill and Columbia counties, which were used by the loyal Quakers of Philadelphia to carry provisions and ammunition to the murderous Indians of the Wyoming valley, attest the lack of sympathy, to call it by no barsher name, that class of people had in common with their follow-citizens, the Scotch-Irish and Pennsylvania Germana, during the Revolution. Dr. Egle has sifted the matter to the bottom, and having had access to papers and authorities, which previous historians had either no knowledge or were denied the use of, has given the truth of history in reference to the so-called "Paxtang Boys' Insurrection."

THE OLD CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD.

Three miles east of Harrisburg, a little dis tance from the Reading railroad, in Paxtang township, are situated the old Paxtang burch and graveyard. They are within five minutes' walk of the station. A more charm-ing location it would be difficult to find. ing location it would be difficult to find. The church is in the upper part of a grove of some six acres. What beautiful places those old Presbyterians invariably chose for their temples of worship. The building is a substantial stone structure, one story high, and is supposed to have been erected about the year 1740. The old square, high-backed pews and pulpit, with its sounding board, are gone, but the old gallery remains. It was a capacious building in its day. Standing within its sacred precincle, what thoughts crowd upon the mind. You are carried back involuntarily to the days of the rifle, the saddle-bags, the tomshawk and the scalping knife; to the times when the members, carrying their rifles to church, trusted in God and kept their powder dry. Those, in God and kept their powder dry. Those, indeed, were the times to try the mettle of men, and could the walls of old Paxtang men, and could the walls of old Paxtang speak, what brave, gallant and chivalrous deeds would be brought to light which have remained in undisturbed obscurity for several generations. Paxtang gathered in all the Presbyterians from Derry to Harris' Ferry, now Harrisburg, and the building spoken of was used for religious worship lorty-five years before Harrisburg was founded. Its pastor for fifty-six years was the Rev. John Eider, of whom further on. It is proposed to commemorate the one hun-fred and fiftieth anniversary of this building in 1890, and such an occasion must prove on of great and solemn interest to religious pec pie generally, and especially the Pressyte rians of the Lebanon, Conewago, Conestog and Cumberland valleys.

IN THE GRAVEVARD

repose the remains of the progenitors of many noted families scattered throughout the Leb anon and Cumberland valleys, and in fact all over the state and beyond its bounds What more familiar than the names of Elder Harris, Maclay, Rutherford, Stuart, Awl, Espy, Forster, Wallace, Simpson, Murray, Gillmor and Graham? These are but a few of thos to be read on the tombstones in old Paxtang graveyard, and a brief notice of two or three must close my sketch of this interesting

spot, The Rev. John Elder, the progenitor of the Elder family, was a native of Edinburg. Scotland, where he was born in 1700. He became pastor of Paxtang in 1736, and continued as such until his death in 1792. To show what manner of man he was, I quot the following extract from Mr. Charles

Miner's history of Wyoming valley:
"I am greatly struck by the evidences of learning, talent, and spirit displayed by him. He was beyond would the most extraordinary man of interior Pennsylvania. I hope some one may draw up a full memoir of his life, and a narrative, well digested, of his times. He was " a man of most ex-tensive induence, full of activity and enterprise, learned, pious, and a ready writer. take him to have been of old Cameronian blood. Had his tot been cast in New Eng-land he would have been a leader of the Puritans. 'He had,' with one who well reland he would have been a leader of the Puritans. 'He had,' with one who well re-membered the old minister, 'a good and very handsome face. His features were regular no one prominent—good complexion, with blue eyes. He was a portly, long, straight man, over six feet in height, large frame and body, with rather heavy legs. He did not talk broad Scotch, and spoke much as we do now, but grammatically."

He was a patriot in every sense of the word,

and rendered good service both in colonial and revolutionary times. Dr. Egle says of

him:
"At the time the British overran Nev Jersey, driving before them the fragments o our discouraged, naked and half-starved troops, and without any previous arrange-ment, the Rev. Mr. Elder went on Sunday as usual to Paxtang church. The hour at rived for church service, when, instead of a sermoo, he began a short and hasty prayer to the Throne of Grace; then called upon the patriotism of all effective men present, and xhorted them to aid in t iberty's cause and the detense of the country. In less than thirty minutes a company of volunteers was formed. Col. Rober Elder, the parson's eldest son, was chosen captain. They marched next day, though in winter; his son John, at sixteen years, was among the first. His son Joshus, sub-lieutenant of Lancaster county, could not quit the service he was employed in, but sent a substitute."

His son Thomas served as a private in the whisky insurrection in 1794, was attorney general of the state from 1820 to 1823, during Governor Hiester's administration, and wa the father of the late Mrs. Amos Ellmak of your city.

BURIED IN PANTANO. John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, died in 1791. He is buried at Paxtang. He was the son of the Indian trader, of whom the highly-colored account of being tied to mulberry tree on the river bank, when he was about to be burned and was rescued by friendly Indians, has been penned. His re-mains are supposed to lie beside what is said mains are supposed to lie beside what is said to be the stump of the tree, in front of the re idence of Gen. Simon Cameron, on Fron street. Both father and son had much to do with public affairs in the early settlement of

with public allairs in the early settlement of this region.

William Maclay, whose grave is near to that of Mr. Elder, was the first United States Senator from Pennsylvania. He was elected in January, 1789, drew the short term, and his time expired March 3, 1791. Subsequent-ly he was a member of the Pennsylvania Bouse, of Representatives, a verylgation House of Representatives, a presidential elector in 1708, and an associate judge of Dauphin county. "In personal appearance Mr. Maclay is said to have been six feet three inches in height, and stout and muscular. His complexion was light, and his hair in middle age appeared to have been brown, and was worn tied behind or clubbed." He

and was worn fied behind or clubbed." He was married to the oldest daughter of the founder of Harrisburg.

The body of Andrew Stewart, who died in 1774, aged 75 years, is another of the honored dead of Paxtaog. He was married to a sister of the famous Governor Dinwiddle, of Virginia, He had a son, Rev. John Stewart, who was born near Harrisburg, in 1740. He was educated in Philadelphia and went to England just belore the breaking out of the was educated in Philadelphia and went to England just before the breaking out of the revolution. He was ordained a minister of the Church of England, and was sent as a missionary "for the propagation of the gospel to foreign parts." His first work was among the Mohawk Indians, and subsequently he was appointed a chaplain in the British army. A direct descendant of his is the present Sir Charles Stewart, of England. Archibald Stewart, the brother of Androw, was one of the earliest settlers of Paxtang, subsequently removed to Virginia, and is the ancestor of the Stuarts in that state. He was the head of a remarkable family—the was the head of a remarkable family—the more prominent of recent years being the late Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the noted Con-federate cavalry leaded, and Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, who was secretary of the interior under President Fillmore's administration, and is now president of the Virginia Histori-

and is now president of the Virginia Historical Society.

Andrew Stewart, and Jacob Awi, who is
also buried at Paxtang, were the commissioners who laid out the town of Harrisburg.

Mr. Awi was an ensign in Col. John Elder's
battailton of rangers in the frontier wars of
1756 to 1764, and did much to aid the war for
our independence. He was one of the first
commissioners of Dauphin county. He was
the ancestor of the present Awi jamily of commissioners of Dauphin county.
the ancestor of the present Awl family

Harrisburg.

But for the present I must forbear. It is sufficient to say that a goodly portion of your space could be used in recital of the virtues and deeds of those "sleeping their last sleep" in the historic burial ground of Paxtang.

THE COUNTRY ROUNDABOUT The view from the lower part of the church grove is charming in the extreme. Such a stretch of magnificent landscape one seldom sees, even in your famed Lancaster county. Hill and date are covered with the most ferwere mostly members of his own and Hanover congregations. These brave men were
ever on the alert, watching with eagle eye the
Indian marauders who, during Pontiac's
war, swooped down upon the defenseless
frontiers of Cumberland and Lancaster counties. 'High mountains, swollen rivers, or
great distances never deterred or appalled
them. Their courage and fortitude were
equal to every undertaking, and woe betide
the red men when their blood-stained tracks
once met their eyes.' The Paxtang Rangers
were truly the terror of the red men, swift
on foot, excellent horsemen, good shots,

the left are the specious buildings and grounds of Mr. Artemus Wilhelm, formerly manager of the famous Cornwall estate, now living at York, and devoting his lessure hours to the presidency of the Pennsylvania Agricultural society. A very fairy spot is "Sunrise," the summer home of Mr. Wilhelm. ries," the summer nome of Mr. Wilhelm. Beyond is the magnificent country seat of Mr. James Boyd, of this city, and away down there to the southeast you catch the first glimpse of the nine farms, "the Pride of Dauphin country," belonging to Col. James Young, of Middletown. Talk about fine scenery. Nothing could be finer than what is to be seen in this section of Dauphin country.

A PLEASANT PICNIC. In the early part of last month, on one of the brightest of midsummer days, I was a goest at the annual picnic given by the Paxtang church Sunday school in the church grove. If you think it was a staid, sober, stiff, formal, "blue stocking" affair, you are greatly mistaken. There was much of innoent mirth and joy, and the ramble through he surrounding woods did the older folks rrest good. There were the daintiest of ricasee chickens, with the most toothsome

friessee chickens, with the most toothsome of cold beef, ham and tongue, the most delicious of fruits and vegetables, and pure cream, exhilorating coffee and golden butter to tempt the appetite.

Among the many people present was the Hon. John B Rutherford, who was a member of the Legislature nearly forty years ago, subsequently a state senator from Dauphin county, and for many years treasurer of the Pannsylvania Agricultural society. He is Penusylvania Agricultural society. He is the great-grandson of Thomas Rutherford, the progenitor of the Rutherford family, who puried at Paxtang. He is now in his year, and as setive and vigorous as many men of fifty. You recollect what remarkable men Dr. John L. Atlee and Christian Zecher d your city were in their eighties. Their ounterpart is to be found in John B. Rutherford. He is an affable and intelligent gentleman, with nothing of sentlity about him, and a pleasure it was to me, indeed, to meet and converse with him. Among others in ttendance, participating in the enjoyment of the little ones, were Capt. Abner Ruther-ford, of near Hummelstown, the Rev. George B. Stewart, the Rev. William A. West, Hon. Joel B. McCamant, Major R. H. Forster, Mr. William S. Rutherford, Mr. James Mr. William S. Rutherford, Mr. James Boyd, Mr. Samuel W. Fleming, and Mr. Charles E. Covert, of Harrisburg. I shall not mention any of the names of the many ladies who graced the occasion with their presence, for it was not of the pienic, which is only an incident, that this article was to treat. What has been written lot me hope will prove of some interest and help ewhat in doing the memory of the Pax tang boys Justice, which for many long years

> ALFRED SANDERSON. - ---

A SUCCESSFUL INSTITUTION. The Work the Society to Encourage Homo Study is Doing. For the INTELLIGENCES.

Summer is passing very quickly now Soon we will hear only the echo of her foot-steps as we turn another corner of the year. Hait regretfully we come home from shore and mountain. With a sigh we take the lazy hammock down and toss aside the well thumbed novel. Oh, yes, we know very well that " ail work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and that the reverse of the old adage is equally true of both Jack and Jill. And this has suggested to me the thought that possibly some of your feminine readers might be interested at this season in hearing omething of the Boston "Society to Encour age Home Study " and its mode of working The day is past when intellectuality in a woman is a crime : it is the fashion now to be at least intelligent. The fact has been dearly proved that it is quite possible to culivate both head and heart without thereby osing in any degree the symmetry of perfect comanhood. As to the best method of do ing it, ave there's the rub-comparatively few girls can go to college. Home, with its various luties, has claims which dare not be se-

The " Society to Encourage Home Study believes, as its name would indicate, that home duties can be supplemented by home tudies, and thus offers one solution of the rigid problem. Their faith has been instified by such successful work that it certainly en titles them to a hearing. To quote brieff from their report, "the purpose of the so ciety is to induce ladies to form the habit of devoting some part of each day to study of a systematic kind," Nearly two hundred cultivated women give their services in instruction by coreach one attaching one department of study and usually to one section of a department. These ladies are all thorough students, and most of them women of means and leisure. They have certainly found a very pleasant way to help others. The society was started by ter Boston woman thirteen years ago. In that time it has numbered nearly five thousand students Last year there were five hundred and forty-seven names on the roll. Its rules are few and simple. No one can join the society un-der seventeen years of age. Its course is

mostly a post-graduate one.

Three dollars is the annual fee. Each student is assigned to a correspondent and required to report to her each month. Failure to report for two consecutive months forfeits membership, unless very good reason can be shown, and once dropped no one can rejoin the society. Six courses of study are pre-sented, and these are sub divided into as sented, and these are subdivided into as many sections, to vary the student's choice. History has five sections—ancient, mediaval modern, European, American and political economy. Science presents a formidable stray of ologies to the uninitiated, and it, too, is sub-divided into various branches, any one of which can be taken up separately. too, is sub-divided into various branches, any one of which can be taken up separately. Very tempting is the "art course," which begins with Ezyptian and ends with modern French art. Fourth and fifth on the list come French and German literature, correspondence being carried on in three languages, if desired. Sixth and last is English the status which is divided into an agential engineer. literature, which is divided into six sections, the last section being a special study of Shakespeare under the advice of the bes Shakespearean scholars in this country. to the character of the work being thus quietly and faithfully done we have the testi-mony of Prof. Herbert Adams, of Johns Hop-kins university, who at the historical convention at Saratoga last summer, speke in

vention at saratoga last summer, speake in high praise of the society. In reference to the history examination papers, which were directly in his own line, he said: "To have such papers passed suc-cessfully by all candidates for the degree of B. A. would be a test at once honorable and gratifying to any classical department of an gratifying to any classical department of an American college, whether for men or women." At first thought it might seem as if study by correspondence could not be either thorough or satisfactory, but experience proves the contrary. A student is thrown entirely upon her own resources. She must think out her work and must express her thought in clear good English. No prizes are offered by this society, no competition examinations held. Each student is tition examinations held. Each student is graded according to the quality of the work she does and the amount of time she gives. The society has a library for the use if its members, and mails its books to all

of its memoers, and mails its books to all parts of the country. The study term begins in October and ends in May.

Application for membership is made to the secretary, Miss Ticknor, 41 Marboro street, Boston. The society never advertises, so it is not a money-making venture. Gratuitous advertising, such as this account may seem to be, is not intended for the beauty. may seem to be, is not intended for the ber efit of the society, but for the possible benefit of those girls who realize that the best thing school has taught them is how to study, and who would fain broaden and deepen lives by bringing into them interests other than those of a social and domestic character.

A Definition. From the Albany Argus. "Ma," said Laura Parvenue, at Newpor "ma," Lord Westchester told me all his prop erty in England is entailed; what's entailed, ma?" "Why," said ma, "it's all fenced in, you know, something like a barbed-wire arrangement like what's on your grandpa's

LIFE AND DEATH.

In the hare-bell cup, at the break of day, Sparkling and bright a dew drop lay; When ruddy morn the east o'erspread, The dew-drop caught the mys it shed. But the sun, when he rose, was wroth to see A dew-drop could shine more brightly than he So he sent down a beam to the hare bell cup, And drank the drop, in its beauty up.

DRIFT

It is a pleasant sight again to see our streets enlivened by our thousands of merry school children as they gaily trip along to and from school after their summer vacation. Yet it isn't altogether pleasant either. see a good many of the children trudge along in anything but a merry mood. They look more like little worn out mer and women than gladsome, joyous, healthy and rollicking boys and girls. To them with the advent of September "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." What's the matter with them? Why, just that! They are little worn out men and women, so far as their mental condition is concerned. The freshness of childhood, the spring and bouyancy, have been educated out of them. Tuey have had too much "schooling." They are suffering from spiritual dyspepsia. They are mentally worn out. Before the close of the year you will see a good many more of them. I pity them all rom the bottom of my heart.

WHENEVER I see this ever-growing numper of victims to our educational system I feel towards our schools almost as good old Bishop Comenius did towards those of three hundred years ago. "They are the terror of boys," he says, "and the slaughter houses of minds-places where a hatred of literature and books is contracted, where ten or more years are spent in learning what might be ac juired in one, where what ought to be poured in gently is violently forced in, and beaten in, where what ought to be put clearly and perspicuously is presented in a con-fused and intricate way, as if it were a collection of puzzies—places where minds are fed on words." And yet I know, and am thankful to know, that this is not true of our public schools to-day. I know that where they wear out and ruin one child's mind, they succeed in improving and strength en ing a score of others, perhaps a hundred of them. I believe that our system of public instruction as such is the best that has yet been devised anywhere. I realize that it con been devised anywhere. I realize that it con-duces to "the greatest good of the greatest number" educationally—at least I try to realize this. In spite of it all, however, I cannot help pitying the smaller number, the one child out of every score or hundred, whom this wonderful system is sacrificing for the good of the rest. And I can't help asking myself, Is it really necessary, this re-lentless sacrifice? To the education of a hun-dred must there always be one to whom our dred must there always be one to whom our schools become the "slaughter houses of minds?" It would almost seem so; and yet I don't believe it. That's what bothers me.

I HATHER suspect that in education, as in many other things, that popular principle, "the greatest good of the greatest number," try. To make it the great and final goal of is nothing but a piece of treacherous sophisgovernment, or individual conduct, or of public instruction, is radically wrong. "The greatest good of the greatest number" is not all that is needed. It dare not be the end and aim of human effort. We dare not stop when we have attained it.

THE few have rights as sacred as the many. We have duties to them as binding as our duties to the latter. To injure the few in benefitting the many is surely nothing to boast of. It is barbarous, and to justify it is

SPEAKING of that old Moravian, John Amos Comenius, the greatest educational genius the world has ever seen, wouldn't it be a good thing for our school directors, superintendents and teachers, now that a new school year is opening, carefully to study his principles and instructions? True, he lived nearly three hundred years ago, but then he was more than three hundred years ahead of his times. We are even now just beginning to catch up with many of his ideas. In fact I am not quite sure that we have fully caught up even yet with this fundamental truth of

"The right instruction of youth," he declares, 'does not consist in cramming them with a mass of words, phrases, entences and opinions collected from authors, but in un-folding the understanding that many little streams may flow therefrom as from a living fountain. Hitherto the schools have not labored that the children might unfold like the young tree from the impulse of its own roots, but have been contented when they covered themselves with foreign branches. Thus they bave taught the youth, after the manner of Æsop's crow, to adorn themselves with strange feathers. Why shall we not instead of dead books, open the living books of nature ?"

CONTINUING he lays down the second funlamental principle, whose truth we are only beginning practically to recognize. "Not the hadow of things, but the things themselves which make an impression on the senses and the imagination, are to be brought before youth. By actual observation, not by verbal description of things, must instruction begin From such observation develops a certain knowledge. Men must be led as far as pos-sible to draw their wisdom not from books, but from a consideration of heaven and earth, oaks and beeches; that is, they must know and examine things themselves, and not sim-ply be contented with the observations and estimony of others.

THROUGHOUT Comenius's writings may be found truths, many of which are worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold and hung up prominently in every school room of the land. Let me mention only a few of them: Education is a department of the whole nan. Educational methods should follow the

order of Nature.

Both sexes should receive equal instruction, since the end of education is individual development. evelopment. Learning should be made agreeable. Many studies are to be avoided as dissipat

ng the mental strength. Studies should be adapted to the capacity of the pupil. of the pupil.

Nothing should be learned by heart that is not first thoroughly understood.

Let nothing that admits of sensible or rational demonstration be taught by author-

Things to be done should be learned by do ing them. Discipline should alm at improving the character.
The teacher should be an example, in

person and conduct, of what he requires o his pupils. Religion is of supreme importance, and in addition to religious instruction, the young should be accustomed to the exercise of the Christian virtues, such as temperance, jus tice, compassion, patience, and so on.

THERE are a few school officials here in ou city to whom I would specially commend the next to the last of these principles, about the necessity of the teacher's being an example of what he require of his pupils. Parents have a right to expect their children to be taught at least the elements of gentlemanty and ladylike conduct. And this can only be done by the instructors themselves being gentlemen and ladies, in speech and action.
To teach politioness the teacher must first and always be politic. I have heard of one or two who are not—nothing like it, in fact—who never salute a pupil in a courteous way on the street, never say, "if you please," or "Thank you" to a scholar; who come into the school room without removing their hats, sit with their chairs tilted back on two legs, rest their teet upon the desk or have them swinging over the arms or back of the chair, and invariably address the pupils like anything else than gentle men. Their tone and manner are more like those of a slave-driver of the past or dog-trainer of the present, than like those of the responsible and cultures guardians and educators of the manners and norals of the rising generation. Let all such, it there really be any of the kind in our city—take particularly to heart the precept of Comenius referred to. It is a true and most

It has always been a beguiling subject of speculation for me to try to imagine what would be the state of our American education to-day if Bishop Comenius had actually tion to-day if Bishop Comenius had actually come over to this country in 1642, when Gov. Winthrop, of the Massachusetts colony, almost succeeded in engaging him for the presidency of Harvard University. Would he have been successful in engratting his enlightened principles and theories of religious toleration and rational education upon the American mind and character? Possibly not; for the old Puritans were a hard-headed set. And yet, possibly he might; for America was in its infancy then, untrammelled by many of the traditions and habits and net-work of venerable customs and institutions, that made the introduction of new ideas and methods so difficult in Europe.

Perhaps in young, fresh, pilable America he might from his high seat of president of Harvard, I have succeeded in disseminating his educational dectrines and establishing his educational system to an extent that was impossible in Europe. If he had, the history of education in this country would be considerably different from what it is now. And the present condition of public instruction would be different too. Would it be better or worse? I am sure it would not be worse in some feature. And I am just as sure it would be better in a good many.

THE fact, by the way, that Comenius ; w narrowly missed the presidency, of Harvard seems, strangely enough, to be unknown to all of at least half a dozen of the leading writers on and historians of education that I have yet seen. Even the two latest, an best in our language, Compayre's and Painter's, appear to be ignorant of the fact, Yet it is a fact, resting upon no less an authority than old Cotton Mather himself.

authority than old Cotton Mather himself. In his Magnalia Christi Americana, or Eccelesiastical History of New England, published in 1702, he thus mentions it:

"That brave old man, Johannes Amos Commenius, the Fame of whose Worth hath been Trumpetted as far as more than Three Languages (whereof every one is Endetted unto his Janua) [could carry it, was agreed withal by our Mr. Winthrop, in his Travels through the Low Countries, to come over into New England and Illuminate this Colledge and Country in the Quality of President: But the Solicitations of the Swedish's ambassador, diverting him another Swedish' ambassador, diverting him another way, that Incomparable Moravian became not an American."

WINTHROP's negotiations with Comenius took place in Holland, on the latter's return from England, where he had gone at the invitation of Parliament, to devise measures for the institution of a kind of World's University, on his own plan and to be carried on by him according to his own system and methods. But the outbreak of the Irish rebellion and massacre of thou-sands of Protestants, indefinitely postponed the execution of this project, and hastened his return to the continent, in 1642.

I MIGHT indeed quote from all the mos distinguished and foremost educators of modern times to show how fundamentally correct were the views and principles ad vanced by Comenius almost three vanced by Comenius almost three centuries ago. From Herbert Spencer down the wisest utterances of them all but confirm what the old bishop held; not a few indeed got their most popular ideas and theories directly from him. I will, however, refer only to the principle, i to appropriately insisted on, that "it." I will be importance; because recently in a risen who presume to deny it, and argue that education should be free from all alliance with religion. I am glad to note that education should be free from all alliance with religion. 1 am glad to note that on this point as positively and strongly as on every other essential one Comenius made, the weight of treatmony, the voice of the day, corroborates him. In fact, the tendency is daily growing stronger in favor, and the large but of more religious and religious. not of less, but of more religion and religion instruction in our schools and colleges.

LET me give you the two most recent utterances of two thoroughly representative educators on the subject. In his farewell paccalaureate address as president of Yale college, Dr. Noah Porter said: "No institution of higher education can attain the highest ideal excellence in which the Christian faith is not exalted as supreme; its truth not sserted and defended and enforced with a fervent and devoted zeal; in which Christ is not honored as the inspirer of man's best affections, the model of man's highest excellence, and the master of all human duties." While in a quite recent number of The Nation, Prof. Chas. F. Richardson, of Dartmouth, wrote strongly for regular religious services as an essential element of ligious services as an essential element of the highest success of a college, declaring that "the community would distrust a col-lege giving up such observances—to mention the lowest and meanest first. I prefer to the lowest and meanest first. I prefer to say, instead, that a simple, short, attractive service in a fit and perhaps beautiful building, reserved solely for religious exercises, is a daily benefit. The college, save when avowedly founded and maintained as a denominational one, should never be a place of propagandism or sectarian superiority; but it should be a place where is taught idealism, not materialism; ethics, not utilitarianism; Christianity, not indifferentism.

EDUCATION without religion is a contra diction in terms. There is no such thing: unless indeed we are willing to deny that "Education is a development of the whole No, before the time comes that relia shall find no room in our schools, there will be no room for the schools themselves. To divorce religion and education, is it not to divorce soul and body? And that is death. But that time will never come.

Princess Louise and Her Husband, ix les Bains Letter to Boston Traveller. The Princess Louise arrived this morning. was met by Dr. Brachet at the station and

proceeded at once to her hotel and thence to the establishment to take a bath. She is rather a handsome woman, very popular in her manners, and here lays aside all state. She goes to one of the cheapest hotels here for quiet, and she make no secret of the fact that economy is an object. She says she always is short of money. Considering that these hadies have £0,000 a year and palaces given them, why are they always so short of money? It is no secret that she does not like the Marquis of Lorne; they are very little together and very uncongenial. She is not a favorite with her mother, and it is said by English people that she married to get away from restraint, and that it was somewhat difficult to find a husband for her, no prince turning up and subjects objecting. he establishment to take a bath. She is no prince turning up and subjects objecting She seems very amiable and full of fun, with artistic tastes and a true love of nature. Her presence here does not embarrass anybody. She is treated with respect but with no cere mony.

A Test for Eligible Young Men.

From the Hadson Republican.

A nice old lady has a certain test which she applies to all young men who "pay attention" to any of her granddaughters. After a certain time she offers him some of her home-made cake. If he eats it with avidity, she mutely gives consent; if not, she instantly begins to oppose the match—not, as some might suppose, from wounded vanity, but because she has a theory that men who like cake never drink to excess or live dissipated lives of any sort, "Giv me," she says, "a man that loves ginger bread; it's a sure sign he isn't fond of whisky.'

MARIAR IN HEAVEN. The pa'son ben preachin' bout he aven, To us who're outen the fold; Bout gates made of lasper and pearl, - And streets paved with nuggets and gold : Says the folks there are saints, or else angels, Some playin' on harps with gold strings

(I allow it's sort of accomp ment) -To tones which th' rest of 'em sings And I wonder and think of Mariar, Who left me a year ago May, How she tackles to all them fine fixin's -For she didn't set by much display. she were humble and shy-like a livin As any with whom I'm acquaint; I reckon she don't feel to hum yet When she talks with an angel or saint.

When she looks at the amethyst fences, And walks on the streets paved with gold. Don't you s'pose there are times when she long for The lane in which me and her strolled !-The old grassy lane through the medder, And the stile where my coming she'd wait-

Don't you think she'd lief have the stile there As the beautifulest pearly-hinged gate? And the pond on the farm by the willers, Where she used to pick cat tails and flowe Ruther have than the big crystal ocean? -- 'Cause she did love this ole farm of ours. Set me thinkin' in this way this mornin',

When I looked at her pansies and roses, And I couldn't help wishin her with me, 'Stead of stayin' up there long 'Ith Me As fur me, it's lone some 'ithout 'er-So solemn like round the old place.
That I'm longin' to die and go to her,
The' I reckon I'm lackin' of grace.
But if I should be sent down to—t'other,
And could sit down 'ith her by the fire—
Why! what could be nicer in heaven,
Than sittin' longside of Mariar?

Taint orthydox, this way of talkin', Sez the pa'son to me t'other day; And he fetched me to this way of thinkin'. Which wuz jest like Mariar's old way. So I'm tryin' to live jest as she did—
Go to meetin' as she used ter do—
And her spirit hangs 'round' me and whisper-"Josiah, I guess you'll pull through !"
-From the Chicago Current

VACATION PAPERS.

CONSIDERATION OF THE MORAL BENEFITS OF LABOR.

Its Chief Good Is In Enlarging the Moral Na ture of the Individual-Some Thoughts That Are Pertinent to the Present Labor Situation.

There is something in labor that is en-pobling to our manhood. A man who is out of occupation somehow feels lowered in his own estimation as well as in that of others. There is a moral weakness in idleness, and certain moral strength in being engaged in some legitimate business. What is the reason of this? Labor is a benefit to man not only because it is the ordinary and legitians of securing physical subsi for yet because it saves him from the terms ations and evils of idleness, but because develops his moral nature. How is this, you ask? Is there any virtue in labor apar from the wages it secures? We answer, yes The wages earned is the smallest part of benefit resulting from labor. The chief benefit consists in the enlarge

ment of the moral nature, caused by the good that labor confers on others. To do something for the good of our fellowmen, for the community, for mankind, elevates and ennobles a man. Selfishness is the bane of our moral nature. To be engaged in doing something for the 200d of others counteracts the principle of selfishness and promotes the growth of charity, which ennobles all who exercise it. All legitimate labor does this. A nechanic is daily engaged in producing exercise it. All legitimate labor does this. A mechanic is daily engaged in producing something that is of use for the public. It may be articles of farniture, or clothing, or implements of agriculture, or any of the numerous articles required for daily use in society. He feels day by day that he is contributing something that aids in keeping society going, that aids in promoting its welfare, and there is something noble, manly in this.

The professional man is engaged in the same way in laboring for the welfare of others. The physician is a public benefactor, others. The physician is a public benefactor, who labors day by day, and often by night, too, to lessen the sufferings of his fellowmen, to save and prolong life, and thus to promote the welfare of society. The same is true of the other professions. From the highest calling in life to the humblest pursuit of the artisan or the day laborer, every man who engages in honest toil may feel that he is a public benefactor.

oublic benefactor.

It may be said that every man labors for hire, and therefore labors for himself and not for others, or it he labors for others it is only that he may becefit himself. Labor may, it that he may beceft himself. Labor may, it is true, be turned into this purely selfish character, but this is not necessarily the case. Even beyond what the ordinary becomes conscious of, he has a feeling of in his toil that results, whether he clearly his tor not, from the good he is doing for society. If he labors merely for wages, in a servile spirit, he is, indeed, a slave, and he feels degraded by his labor. He chales under thand daily bewalls or curses the necessity it and daily bewalls or curses the necessity for his laboring; but as a rule laboring mer have a different spirit from this; they fee that they are men, and that they are contrib-uting to the welfare of their fellowmen.

This is the feeling all laborers should have, and this feeling sweetens toil. The man who makes brooms glorifles his Maker just as really as he who toils in the learned protessions or in the highest positions in the state. The old Scotch elergyman was right when he said to the young man who came to ask his opinion as to his studying for the ministry. After examining him as to his talents, and ascertaining that his occupation was that of making brooms, hesald: "Young man, you can glorify your Maker better by making brooms than by preaching the go Where this view is taken of labor it tend

to elevate our manhood, enlarges our spirit of charity, and often rises to true heroism. What is it that leads the physician to expose his own life in the midst of prevailing pestilence in order to save the lives of others? What is it that leads the captain to stand at his post and sacrifice his own life to save the lives of those in his vessel? Numerous in-stances are occurring every day that reveal this noble spirit of self-sacrifice, and thus bring out the better side of our humanity. in America should cultivate element that belongs to labor. such honor as in America. Let him see to it that he maintains his noble character. If he turns his labor into a mere instrument of sel-fishness and seeks merely personal advan-tage from it, without regard to his employer, fishness on one side begets solfishness on the other, and it becomes a contest which can gain the advantage. The same may be said of the employer in relation to his employes. The only cure for this is for each to realize that the moral benefit that results from labor is worth more than that which is merely physical. Then the employer and the employe will feel that they stand upon a level so far as manhood is concerned, and that both are laboring, though in different spheres, for the advancement of the welfare

BY TWILIGHT.

If we dream that desire of the distance above us should be fettered by fear of the shadows that seem, f we wake, to be nought, but to hate or to love

If we dream. Night sinks on the soul, and the stars as they gleam Speak menace of mourning, with tongues to reprove us That we deemed of them better than terror may

deem. But if hope may not lure us, if fear may not move us. Thought lightens the darkness wherein the su-

preme Pure presence of death shall assure us, and If we dream.

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arouses the apprehensions of a whole city. And
yet the wild havoe of disease startles no one.
Sad to relate, women suffer from year to year
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