Assunta rose to her knees and knelt, and it

But some of them were awakened by

which he occupied, and hastily dressed him

self and went in search of his lieutenant, who he found sitting up in bed white with the cerie feeling that he was close to the unsee

"Venite adoremus; venite adoremus, venitadoremus Dominum.

this mystery. I will have no ghosts in my

Fazio dressed himself quickly—even took own his sword and put it on as a kind of

The two men went out into the passages to-

gether; the quiet moonlight filled them with light. There was a sound of moving about

nd taking in the soldiers' quarters. At the

my colonel," he said. "If I thought you would not blame me."
"I will not blame you, or any one who

"She was, I thought, very ill, my colonel,"

Then he obeyed a peremptory sign from his

officer and threw open the door.

The moonlight flooded in from window and open door, and centred in a wonderful halo of light round the stall. On the piled up

trusses of hay lay Assunts. She lay back, her arms crossed upon her breast, her slender form perfectly straight and rigid, each thick fold of her habit composed and straight as if carved in marble, and on the white face

was a look of peace unutterable, no smile nothing but the awful calm, the absolute still-

ness of those who have entered upon their

over the low division the brown head of

the mule looked down with soft, wondering

eyes.
Young Conti knelt down, and burst into a

looked on with awe, the sound of the last

amen seemed to be vibrating in the air all

round them.

Presently Montanelli laid his hand on the weeping lad's shoulder.

"Couti," he said, "lose no time, let the

priore know. Go at once. It is still night. Let him come without delay. For heaven's sake, no scandal!"

Conti rose to his feet. He stooped, and

reverently kissed the hand of the dead As

sunta, then he went out to obey his officer.

And half an hour later the priore and the
weeping mother superior stood by the dead.

Over the dark night was stealing the rais

Religion of the Rich.

Rev. Dr. A. E. Kittrege has begun his pas-torate at the Dutch Reformed church on Madison avenue and Fifty-seventh street,

New York, at a salary of \$10,000 a year. H

began the services by requesting the congre-gation to repeat with him the Ten Command-ments. He led and no one followed. Then he stopped and said: "That's pretty good. We'll begin again." That time the congre-gation accompanied him, reading from their

A Worthy Bishop's Startling Remarks

Some years ago a worthy bishop, who had ust returned from India and China, ad-

dressing a fashionable congregation at a mis-sionary meeting at the Church of the Holy Communion in New York, startled them by speaking somewhat after this fashion: "Brethren, I feel sometimes as if, instead of

our converting the heathen in these old lands, there is some danger that some day they will come here and try and convert

A SUMMER NIGHT.

blue dawn of Christmas day.

From the Springfield Republican.

round them.

that wanderful flood of sound :

precaution.

tions of Sun Martino lay far bown, out of the way of rail-and by strangers, and, in its sim-uniroubled generally by the and questions which have dur-mational struggle convulsed

then there was grevious tribula-ties poung men were drawn by palen and carried off for many chaps forever, into the unknown my beyond the chestnut-clad hills ine; now and then one of them o back for a while on leave, hav-ao much that his very parents atm with a mixture of admiration y, and shuddered and crossed when he spoke of a state of the second to them evil and blas-beyond measure, in the great

the kept their quiet habits and their on, and they wenton feeding their is the chestnut bread, though they the consequence—that out of every y, at least half were sent to join and of holy innocents in heaven. It of heaven they said, and sought no

owning giory of San Martino was wet. It stood half way up the hill, cheetnut trees all around it, a large iding with its church adjoining, and which was exquisitely lovely to have attracted sightseers from far to, had its existence been better

days the convent of the Santissima had been founded and held by a community, and the buildings were go, and the revenues were great, and vant chapel possessed a rich treasure and silver reliquaries, splendid at and other vessels, adorned with the sand other vessels, adorned with the sand the convent, and the mother or herself issued orders to all her convince cultivated the land in the valleys

at of late the riches of the convent had been and the mother superior had not even clisted a chaplain, but had accepted the loss of the village priore; the consecutive the consecutive that the little village church temporarily closed, and the large contemper was thrown open to the village ite, and the nuns occupied the gailery at wast end, seated behind an ancient grateful work of which were touched here there with gold.

there with gold.

beind this grating the sisters assembled their creamy white robes, and led the sing.

There was one voice among them of an armordinary power and richness of an distribution of an armordinary power and richness of and that it seemed to echo and ring through church, and the worshippers would turn gases at the closed-in gallery, and wonder me which of the still, veiled figures, all appearably exactly alike, came the glorious body. Had they seen within they might we wondered still more. Sister Assunta and aing—she had the face and the voice of a Cecilia; but she could do nothing else, was not wise, she was not clever—for arc they had tried to teach her slow fings to play the organ; she could not learn; inside embroidery in her hands was hope my tangled and spoiled; she could not

itimes embroidery in her hands was hope by tangled and spoiled; she could not not teach the little orphans in the sister's book to do anything—her eyes were always raway and dreamy. The mother superior and to tell her how she had been brought to convent years ago when a child of 10 sold, and that then she seemed so dazed bewildered that they said it would be it to arouse her slumbering mind; the dow of some terrible horror something she had heard or seen, had fallen on the htness of her intellect and quenched its

But she could sing; it was long before she said learn the glorious old Latin hymns at sounded so nobly from her lips; but han she had once mastered the words she ever forgot them, but would sit with her ands in her lap, her face raised, and her made in her lap, her face raised, and the made of her voice ringing grandly through the building or thrilling higher and higher, along with a sound so full and sweet and avanly, that long after it had ceased the air temed to vibrate with its music.

And for that wonderful gitt of song all the

for that wonderful gift of song all the loved Assunta, and treated her with ilar, gentle tenderness, almost rev-The mother said to the priore one day : "I to us indeed sometimes that when he spirit of the real, lonely, miserable child real quanehed, that St. Cecilia took her under har own especial protection and gave her that look in her eyes and that tone in he

But as the years passed by and the tide of he 19th century washed over Italy, the waters of the new era rushed even into the by distant sleeping valleys, and one day a partible thundarholt fall or the

The mother superior was summoned to ap-mar before the prefect of the district, and and him in presence of the mayor, of a trace officer whom she had never seen be-bre, and of the priore himself.

er superior was a woman of keen se mother superior was a woman or keen se and shrewd cleverness; by intuition knew more of the ways of the world a would really seem possible. She had respected the crisis that came on her that but the blow was none the less terrible

it fell. ernment the convent would be hin one week; that by order of the nument the sisters were to dispand, were nume a secular dress, and to disperse to bomes; and he further began to declare freed from their vows, absolved from shigation to continue in their order, nt the sisters were to disband, were

at the mother stopped him with a ges-s so dignified that he felt as if to proceed aid be to offer an insult to a dethroned red and folded up the paper from

s-bowed and folded up the paper from the had been reading. If adams doubtless fully understands aout my forcing on her the pain of being re explicit," he said. "The government, manderation of the hopelessness of its jects thus thrown homeless upon the

the mother could not help throwing a re the mother could not help throwing a t of anguish upon the priore. The pre-cleared his throat and went on: "The arament undertakes to give a pension of franc daily to such nun for the rest of her smallife, and until she marries, or"—— Hold!" said the mother. "You have said a specific page a day; and our revenough—one franc a day; and our rev-m—the revenues of the convent that we held for past generations as God's stew-

They become the affair of the govern-nt," said the prefect with a bow."
They become the affair of the govern-nt, " said the prefect with a bow."
The mother superior stood still for one mo-nt; no one dared to interrupt her. She at before the three men, her hands meek-liden in the broad sleeves of her white it; her face full of concentrated power denity which awed them involuntarily. d priore could not face the blow she ceived as she did herself; his hands led, and the tears rolled down his

When she spoke again it was with infinite states. "How long do these gentlemen y that the government gives us?" and the prefect, ring his throat, "much as I regret it, I at make one request. My friend here is a second of the regiment that is to be quarter-to-time at San Martino."

superior bowed gravely to the officer stroduced to her notice.

profect again coughed—it was difficult blow after blow upon this helpiess, and woman. "The convent unfortuite the only building large enough or for a barracks, and consequent-

sother superior gave one little gasp. esched out her hand and caught hold that. "I supppose this declaration is in eviable," said the prefect, going sity. "And so, also, is the request I and to make to you. This gentleman, smalll, has to return to Florence to make arrangements for the transmissible, has to return to Florence to make arrangements for the transmissions to whole convent now, this event a view to ascertaining what the action is."

stien is."

dif, a staid, soldierly-looking man, mease moustache, unfolded his issa, and laid them before her.

very sudden, gentlemen, "said the with an effort to conceal what a man, that I must obey. Listen," she saily. "If I had not heard from the inter futility of opposition, you ly descerate our holy convent by over my dead body, I would resist

tion service, and when it is over, I will myself conduct this gentleman all over the convent, provided that my sisters remain in
their places in the gallery until once more
their privacy is insured?"

"Believe me, madane," said Montanelli,
"it would be wise to accustom them a little
to their liberty, before the doors of the cage

thrown open permanently."
I am accustomed to rule my community,
monsieur is accustomed to rule his com-

to their liberty, before the doors of the cage are thrown open permanentity."

"I am accustomed to rule my community, as monsicur is accustomed to rule his company," said the mother.

The prefect and Montanelli spoke apart a moment with the mayor; they were all anxious to cause as little scandal as possible—the villagers adored the sisters. Col. Montanelli came forward.

"Everything shall be done exactly as it suits you best, madame," he said. "I and my lieutenant will be present at the benediction, and when it is over, we will place ourselves at your disposal."

The mother superior withdrew, and not till she was safe once more within the convent wails did she give way to the agony of her soul. Soldiers! Soldiers to take possession of their sacred home, to riot in their consecrated cells, to drink in their refectory, to clatter along the still cloister! She looked round her with a kind of passion of mingled four and despair. It required great courage to break the news to the sisterhood, and to bear their sorrow and despair. What was to become of them? "Whater should there so." bear their sorrow and despair. What was to become of them? Where should they go? Some of them had homes; some were old and knew not where to turn: each individual case would have to be considered. With a trembing hand the mother superior

chose the hymns for the benediction. A vague idea was in her mind that she would like the hearts of the soldiers touched, as they must be if they are human. She told the sisters so, and with a kind of absolute trust in her, they determined to sing their very best. The determined to sing their very best. The mother superior gave the book into Assunta's hand, and looked at her; her face was the same as usual, the story had converted no dea to her mind whatever-she did not un

derstand it.
The bour came. The little church was ed, as it always was for benediction, the foremost places of honor, beside

crowded, as it always was for benediction, and in the foremost places of honor, beside the prefect and the mayor, sat Col. Montanelli and his young lieutenant, conspicuous by their uniforms and glancing epaulets.

The service began, presently the hymn began from the gailery behind. The three strangers started. It was the "Pange, lingua, gloriosi," that Assunta sang, and her voice, beginning softly, rolled on in a glorious volume of sound, the last part of each verse sung in chorus by all the sisters. It died away and there was a pause, while everyone sung in chorus by all the sisters. It died away and there was a pause, while everyone knelt; then the same voice, began to sing again—a very St. Cecilia—and this time she began the evening hymn very softly. "Te lucis ante terminum." And hardly had she finished than all together they sung the

Nune dimittis." Every one rose from their knees thinking that all was over, when suddenly once more Assunta's voice burst upon them; she sang powerfully, the grand notes ringing on the ear.

"Gloria Patri, gloria Pillo, gloria Spiritui Sanete Sleut erat in principio et pare Her voice gained strength, and the last words rolled on a tide of sound none there words rolled on a tide of sound none there had ever beard equalled— "Et in saecula saeculorum."

The whole congregation with a strange exitement and strong emotion joined in the ast amen.

The mother superior rose from her knees,

wiped away the hot tears that had rushed into her eyes and went down from the gal-lery into the convent, shutting the door of the private staircase into the hall as she did She found the officers waiting for her in an

enthusiasm of admiration for what they has

"What is she like, madame, this sister with the wonderful voice?" asked Montanelli. "I never heard its like, not on the finest stage in

Europe!"

"She would not interest you," said the mother, alarmed at the notice her poor inno cent child had excited. She led the way reso-lutely, but her heart ached and bled—she could hardly bear to take the men into their little cells, and to think of what was coming But they were very quiet, very respectful to her, and when they had seen all, they thank ed her very civilly, they returned to the pas-sage into which the private staircase came and both men were looking up it so earnest ly that a sudden resolution came into th head of the mother superior. She begged them to wait, she went up with her quick but dignified step, and summoned the sister hood to come down.

They came down, walking two and two They came down, waiking two and two, passed the spectators and went their way. As they passed, the mother touched Montanelli's arm. "Behold our songstress," she said, and with a little movement of her head she indicated Sister Caterina—a very stout and homely woman who had long been afflicted with "Per Bacco !" elacuated the two officers.

and they took their leave with many bow The mother superior sighed and shook her head. "For this little lie heaven will forgive she said.

It was a terrible evening that passed in the convent, the sisters took their misfortune in so many ways. Sisters Caterina mounted and beat her breast; Sister Monica looked fierce and said harsh and bitter words; Sister Glo-vanna kneit and sobbed and thought that God had withdrawn all help and protection from them. But Sister Elizabetta saked strange childish questions about the world, and her eyes lighted with a turtive pleasure, and the mother superior felt that pernaps she

most of all needed her prayers. And the days that followed were full of strange and heartbreaking novelties. Perhaps the donning of secular clothing was the worst to bear—what they wore seemed suddenly to assume such a vast, out of proportion importance to them all; and as each sister crept out of her cell, they dreaded to meet cach other's aver they full so strange so each other's eyes, they felt so strange, so un-natural. The elders were in passionate tears, some of the younger ones unable to abstain from tearful giggling.

The mother belonged to a rich family: the had willingly sent the necessary clothes, and some money to help each sister to get back some money to help each sister to get back But, alas! how odd, how forlorn, how ter ribly wide looked the outer world on the las

ribly wide looked the outer world on the last morning they were to spend together.

They were all assembled for the last time to hear mass together, and as they came out of the church the people crowded round them, kissing their hands, sobbing, weeping crying that the blessing of God was leaving San Martino.

The mother superior was taking Assunta with her. She could not send her out along.

with her. She could not send her out alone Assunta knew nothing, save that when they took off her white habit she moaned and looked scared and frightened, and she would looked scared and frightened, and she would not part with it—she clung to it, and carried it with her in a little parcel. She and the mother entered the diligence together, they looked back to give one parting look to the weeping crowd, to the sorrowful face of the old priore, and they saw the convent gates wide, wide open, even the cloister door open to any wno chose to enter, and the mother threw herself back in her seat and hid her face—it seemed more than she could bear.

'Mother," said Assunta presently. "Mother, what are soldiers "
The mother superior looked at Assunta. It sould not be only fancy—had the shock of

the last few days increased yet more the mist which surrounded her? Oh, if she could but defend and save her from and in "Soldiers are men whom you must al-weys fly and avoid, my child," said the mother. "They are trained and exist to fight each other. You must never speak to

nem."
"Would they hurt me, mother?"
"God will defend his own, my child."
"I am so cold." It was very cold; the bitter bise blew in through the diligence and froze their blood. Some driving showers of hall fell; they were worn out with sorrow and cold and exhaus-tion before they reached the inn where they

were to sleep that night.

They sleet together. The mother was awakened by Assunta moaning.

"What is it, child?" " I cannot find my cross, my wooden cross

"You have taken it off with our convent habit. Go to sieep-go to sieep, and for-

But the moaning woke her again.
"I cannot find my rosary, mother, and I ave no veil."

"Patience, Assunta, it is the will of God."
"But God will not know me. He will not know who it is without my dress. What shall do?" He will not know that it is Assunta."

shall I do?" He will not know that it is Assunta,"
"God will know, child, and the guardian
angel is with thee. Go to sleep,"
The mother was worn out and slept at last
heavily. And late in the morning when she
awoke Assunta was not by her side. She
started up and dressed in sickening anxiety.
No one had seen or missed her. Where was
ahe? What had become of her?
The world lay under a fall of snow; it was

The world lay under a fail of snow; it was very cold. The mother superior bired a little carriage, having a strong idea in her mind that Assunta must have started on the road back to the Santissima Annunziata, and that she would soon overtake her. She confided her story to the kind ears of the pa-

drona of the little lan, who promised to help in every way, and then she mounted her little carriage and drove slowly back all the way that she had come, looking out right and left, asking every one that they passed whether they had seen a slender woman in black clothes, with dreamy eyes, wandering along the road. But no one had seen or heard of Assunta. The mother's heart died within her. What had then become of this most helpless child of all her most helpless little flock?

It was quite dark when she reached San

little flock?

It was quite dark when she reached Sau Martino and the tired horses pulled up at the door of the priore's house, a great cloud of steam rising from their smoking flanks in the bitter frosty air. The priore was not within—he had been summoned late to a sick bed—but his housekeeper kissed the cold hands of the careworn woman, in her long black shawl, hardly recognizing the mother

bands of the careworn woman, in her long black shawl, hardly recognizing the mother superior to whom she had looked up with such reverence.

The streets were all alive with noise, shout-ing and singing. Montanelli's regiment had taken up their quarters in the town. Half a dozen of the soldlers were now in the little cabaret, drinking and singing justily. At 10 o'clock the rappel marched through, and from every side the straggling soldiers tell in and took their way to their new barracks.

"It is the will of God that I have co

"It is the will of God that I have con-back," said the poor mother. "It is His will that I should drink the cup of humiliation to the very dregs," But where was Assunta? In the middle of the bitterly cold December night Assunta had risen from bed softly, gently, not to awaken the sleeping form of the mother superior. She was lost, all lost, in this wide world—the one though was ever in her mind. At the Santissima Annunziata was the gat of heaven; she must be there waiting in

of heaven; she must be there waiting in her white robes, or God would not know her, and the angels would pass her by.

The door of the inn was only on the latch. With her little bundle clapsed in her arms Assunta glided out. It was cold, very, very cold, but her hands and her brow were burning, and only one thought possessed her, to get back home again. She walked or get back home again. She walked or through the day, and when any carriage of cart came along the road she hid herself be hind a hedge or a tree—anywhere quite out of sight; carriages and carts were things of this world, and might intercept her on he rapid way to the gate of heaven.

rapid way to the gate of beaven.

Then the dusk gathered round her—she
was but half way on her road; her teet were
torn and bleeding. She could only go very slowly, she was so unused to walking. crept into a little dry ditch all full of th rustling brown dead leaves of the past, and she burrowed down in among them, and made the sign of the cross, and fell asleep with the stars shining down on her whit upturned face. She was awakened by the bitter cold of the early dawn. She could hardly rise, for the sharp agonizing pains that shot through every limb as she slowly threw off their torpor. But she dragged her-

By and by the sun came out and shed its warm rays over her, and Assunta spread out her arms, and let the warmth shine on her breast, and she toiled on. She passed a cot tage where two little children sat on the door step, eating their cakes of chestnut bread. She stopped and looked wistfully at them One of them came forward timidly and pu his cake into her frozen hands. She ate it eagerly, ravenously: the child, half fright-ened, ran indoors, and cried to his mother to come out. The kindly conadina came out, and reading the cold big bowl of warm goat's milk.

"Drink and eat in the name of the holy mother of Jesus, poor child," she said.

When Assunta had finished, she rose up

and put her hands together. "Shall I sing tor you," she said gently.
"Yes, poor thing, if your songs are good, but not if they are the devil's songs, not fit

Assunta looked at her wistfally. "I must hasten, hasten," she said. "God does not know me in this dress. It is evident, for even the eyes of those who are giving me She began to sing.

" Jesu dulcis memoris, Dans vera cordis gaudia :

and the sound was so lovely that the children thought it must be an angel singing, and the contadina sank on her knees. Before she had finished her hymn, she was going on her way singing still, till the exquisite music died away in the far distance; and those who were left behind, to their dying day, believed that their visitor with the blue dreamy eyes gazing upwards was the blessed Cecilia he

elf. Assunta was not far from San Martino now, but as the night closed in again, she lost her way, and wandered backward and forward. She slept again in the bitter night air, and in the morning she could not rise or shake off the snow till the sun had risen. By daylight she recognized where she was, in a little lane that led close up to the Santissima Annun-ziata, and she started to walk home, when suddenly, to her horror, in the path before her she saw two soldiers, the sun glittering on their sword belts.

These were the terrible ones who, since the mother superior's words had been the haunt-ing terror of her life. She turned and fled She crept in among the chestnut trees and

lay hidden all day; a strange dreaminess had come over her, soothing every sense and aching nerve; but when the twilight inacting herve: but when the twinght in-creased around her, she gathered up all her strength. She took off one by one the new evil cothes belonging to the world, and with stiff, aching arms she slowly donned her old dress. "Now the angels will know Assunta again," she said, and she pressed the wooden

again," she said, and she pressed the wooden cross to her lips.

She waited till it was quite dark, and then she glided along, on, on, to the little rectory door, and into the convent. The refectory was quite silent and empty, but a strange, unaccountable thing—the door of the cloister was wide open, a thing altogether forbidden by the mother. With her dress she resumed the old gentle, gliding gait, the hands joined modestly under her long sleeves, her head modestly under her long sleeves, her head modestly under her long sleeves, her head bowed down, shaded by the creamy white of her velt. Softly she crossed the closter; it was dark, but the delicate tracery of each modestly under her twisted column with the intricate foliage work of its capital was just discernible. But Assunta started, there was another change— the door upstairs to the dormitories was also open. She was to

open. She went on.

Assunta's step was on the stair, when she paused in sudden fear, for a step was coming down from above, a sounding, ringing step, such as she had never before heard, waking the echoes of the convent cloister. She stood at the foot of the stairs, one hand on her breast, the other raised affrightedly, and down straight in front of her appeared a soldier descending.

Assunts shrank back with a little cry of

anguish; she would have fled, but her limbs refused to move. She could only hold out her trembling hands with a mute appeal for mercy.

"Maria Santissims," cried the soldier,

"one of the good sisters here! Do not be afraid, my sister; it is only I." At the sound of his voice she ventured to look up. He was a very young soldier, beardless, with a round fresh face and brown

beardless, with a round fresh face and brown eyes—surely he could not be so terrible as such had imagined. He took her hand very respectfully and kissed it.

"I am come home to die," said Assunta very softly. "May I go up to my own cell? I will not disturb any one; only let me go."
The young soldier looked embarrassed.
"But it is impossible," he said. "You cannot stay here, my sister. I will do what I can for you; but if the lieutenant or some of

can for you; but if the lieutenant or some of the others saw you, they might not respect you as I do; they do not love the sisters."

"Ab, then God has sent you to meet me! Let me go in."

"I can only do this for you, my sister. It is my duty to see to the muies. The stable is very dark, but the hay is warm: if you have no other home, in God's name sleep there to-night, and I will bring you tood."

But Assunta now could hardly move or stand. In terror lest his work of mercy should be discovered, the young soldier half led, half carried, her back through the cloister and round to the convent stable. There was an empty stall—he threw down several trusses of hay under the manger and helped her to lie down. "There, my sister," he said, "I will bring

you some food—you are worn out. Santi Apostoli, but your hand is burning, yet you Assunta was murmuring to herself, "They

Assunta was murmuring to herself, "They will find me here! They will know me when they come. It is all right."
"Yes, it is all right," said the young soldier. "And you will not leave this place? It would be dangerous for you to go out; after all, the holy mother herself did not disdain a stable. Promise me you will not go."
"I will not," said Assunta.
He went out, closing the door behind him. Assunta lay quite still on the hay. She could hear the slow movement of one of the mules in the stall next to her own; it put its brown, patient head over the partition that mules in the stall next to her own; it put its brown, patient head over the partition that divided them and looked down upon her. The moon streamed in through the lattice window and iaid brilliant and silvery on the floor; a redection of shadowy leaves and ivy fell upon it; and it seemed as if the light and the shadow moved backward and forward.

In the silvery light Assunts saw a shadowy heavenly vision. It seemed as if there lay in the midst thereof a wondrously beautiful

child-the brown mule moved restlessly and FANCIES FOR THE FAIR. child—the brown mule moved restlessly and bent down its head with a strangely solemn look in its eyes—and there were shadowy winglike movements in the air, visions van-ishing before her eyes could distinguish them.

SOME TIMBLE HINTS ON THE SUBJEC OF CUTTING GOWNS.

seemed as if another knet by beautiful face, light, one with a marvellously beautiful face, with clasped hands and golden haired head Little Straws of Fashion That Show How th Wind is Blowing-Household Recipes bowed in adoration.

Then Assunta heard a sound of music swelling round her, and she began to sing: That Will Be Appreciated by the Culinary Artist.

" Coat sleeves " on tailor-made gowns ar

"Adeste, fideles,
Læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Satum videte Regem Angeloram.
Venite adoremus; venite adoremus; venite adoremus, Dominum."
It was Christmas eve. All the soldiers were in barracks, most of them asleep in their long dormitories when the clock struck now cut very much longer on the inside seam than necessary, so that from the elbow down they may have the wrinkled effect a long glove. They have no outside seam. The correct polonaise effect is confined the back of the garment, the front consisting sound of constant music, and they woke each other and sat up in bed, their hair rising on their heads in terror, so strange, so marvellously beautiful was the sound.

"It is true what my mother used to tell us, there are then appear." of a plain petticoat of the same materia showing under a pointed bodice, while the tack drapery is cut in one with the back pieces of the bodice. The drapery effect there are then angels," said one, cowering under his bed-clothes, and beginning rapidly may be produced by merely folding under the fulness of the back, or the garment may his long-torgotten prayers.

Col Montanelli alone recognized the sound and he rose from the mother superior's cel be cut too long at the back and draped up into a pouffe, or, finally, the back piece may be put on the outside of the bodice basques either with an upstanding beading to bis pleats, or to fall over where it has been sewed. Long black velvet polonaises will be the dressy wraps for autumn wear, with black straw hats in Gainsborough shape, 'Fazio," he said, "it is the nun who sang so wonderfully."
"That is to say, it must be her spirit,"
said Fario, "No human voice could sing like that." trimmed with black cock feathers. color that is to be choicest against the fashionable black suits will be gold. Both men stood silent : it rose once more,

Black lace for trimming the soft, inexpensive skirts of satin surah has the pattern outlined with jet beads. This is rather pretty The low, soft, like a sound sobbing itself away on the dying wind, came the deep "Amen," and all was silent, a silence so profound that Montanelli pushed the damp hair from his brow, and shook himself to throw off the cold, numbing chill of fear.

"This must be seen to," he said. "Get up Fazio, we must take lanterns, and search out this mysters. work to do for oneself, and much more satis

work to do for oneseit, and much more satisfactory than the endless embroidery of "spiashers," which has been a prevailing plazza industry for some time.

New Dress Trimmings—Handsome galloons of tufted or polk-spotted plush or woolens, in bright colors, are to be as used borderings for either dark silks or weolens; red upon green is the stylish combination. The handsome gimps of last season and fine cords in patterns of shells and scales are cords in patterns of shells and scales are really ready-made embroideries, and are used as such on cloth dresses. They outline the tablier, which in these cases reaches to the foot and shows no underskirt at all, and merely is caught in at the waist by a few merely is caught in at the wast by a low finely wrinkled pleats. They are never put on the back of the skirt, which shows plain drapings only, though not nearly as boufant as formerly. Of the three features that have so long distinguished dress styles, the pout. far window of one stone passage a young soldier stood fully dressed, looking out.
"Conti," said the colonel quickly, "who has been singing, and where is the singer?"
"Conti saluted. "I can only conjecture, the panel and the waistoost, only the latter seems destined to remain unmodified. The sleeves of some dresses are trimmed like those of long ago, with ensulets or spiral coils of gimp, sewed on the top of the sleeve. Braid is used in every conceivable way on cloth dresses. A special feature is that of using braid to make lengthwise stripes on voice was a human voice, and the singer a living woman," said Montanelli. Fazio behind him gave a sharp shiver. Was it cold or superstitious fear?

"I can explain, my colonel," said Conti, the entire basque and apron of cloth dresses finishing each row of braid in a loop. VARIETIES.

Felt hats are quite large. Velveteen costumes will be much worm this season.

turning his young, fresh, ingenuous face to-wards his superior. "The voice came from the stable; there is a poor, frightened, terri-fied refugee there. It is she who has been fied refugee there. It is she wno has been singing—but she is silent now," he added, with a hushed, awe-stricken look. The dead Small checked cloths will be the vogu for long coats. Velvet ribbon makes a pretty trimming to

silence seemed to throb, it was so still.
"Per Racco!" said Montanelli. "I was right! It was the nun with the wonderful plain soft wool dresses.

Wings are used for hat trimming, but feathers make a richer decoration. voice. But she must not stay there in the stable. I will not have it; it is a scandal. Black dresses will be considerably worn. Your duty was to have sent her out," he said to Conti sternly. The young soldier hung They are always refined and usually

The large beaver hats are in black and he said, under his breath.

"Well, well, bring the key to the stable: we will at least put an end to this scandal at once. Light a lantern, Conti, and precede zine, and in every instance long plumes dec orate them. Soft velvet roses, or petals, stripped from the flowers, are massed in the pointed fronts of new winter bonnets.

The tancy for stripes is shown in tinsel Conti dared not remonstrate. He did as he

was told, and led the way to the stable. They had to pass through the cloister; the moonlight made it almost as light as day. embroidery on velvet, to be used for bonnet crowns, or for trimining, or for the entire connet. Beads of flashing jet, of cold steel, of clear At the door of the stable Conti turned round with a military salute, and ventured to say, "She is very ill, the poor sister, my amber and of many colors that are harmo-nious with the tints of the season are as much

favored as ever.
"Pink" coats, which are in reality red,
will not be entirely discarded, but only
young women should wear these conspicuous, if picturesque, garments.

Sashes of moire and gros-grained ribbon, very wide and with long loops and ends, are used for day and evening wear, and are

generally becoming except to stout figures.

Although handsome, and, it may be added,
usually quite costly, the smooth beaver chapeaux are trying, and in only a lew cases The short, white cloth jackets, with decorations either of gold embroidery or black vel-vet passementerie, are constantly smart, but just a little bizarre. They should only be worn by one who has several other coats and

wraps, and who will not be stamped as " the woman in the fancy Jacket," because she has to wear it at all times, A trimming of velvet ribbon that is the vogue on basques and tends to make the figure look long-waisted is arranged as follows: Several rows start from each shoulder and converge toward the closing, forming the V outline, the lowest point reaching to the

Broiled Oysters-Select good-sized oysters, Irain off the liquor, place on the broiler and cook over a bright fire, when a little brown take off. Add to each a little butter, or put them in a dish with some melted butter. Serve on small pieces of buttered toast, one

oyster on each piece.

Fried Oysters—The oysters should be large and the cook not hurried. Drain the oysters in a colander, sprinkle pepper over them and set in a cold place fifteen or twenty minutes before cooking. Roll separately each oyster in sifted bread or cracker crumbs and then in a batter made of as many eggs as you have dozens of oysters, heaton with a little cream, and seasoned with a pinch of cayenne pepper and a little sait, if theoysters are not sait. Dip each oyster from the crumbs into this and repeat if the crumbs do not adhere. Fry in very hot lard a delicate

Spice Cake.—One-half cup butter, one cup spice take.—One-half cup butter, one cup of sugar, half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one cup of raisins, chopped fine, one cup of currants, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, two of cinnamon, two of baking powder.

Delmonico's Ice Cream.—Take three pints of cream, let it come to a boil, then stir in the voke of one egg and two descriptors.

yoke of one egg, and two dessertspoonfuls of gelatine that has been previously soaked in cold water, cut up a pint of peaches, or other fruit, and mix with two small cups of granulated sugar. Add this to the cream whe

Marrying for Money. From the Boston Gazette.

"Society is getting into a strange state

"It seems as if every one were

said a very observant middle-aged lady the

fortune-hunting at our best summer re-

sorts. I have been away all summer, and

have had abundant means of studying the

young people. From my observation during

the past few seasons, I have come to the con-clusion that the idea that money is the only

thing in life worth living for, is growing steadily year by year. Haven't you noticed

how few matches have been reported as the

result of the past vacation? Well, it seems

to me that the first thing the girls ask nowa-

days when they meet a young fellow is, 'How much money has he ,' and the young gentleman in their turn inquire, 'Has she got

The crescent moon sinks slowly down And, seeming to my fancy's eye A silver galley in the sky, Hangs low above the sleeping town :

Hangs low above the little bay, Touching the dancing waves with light, Where once on such Summer night Perchance some Viking war ship lay.

Far out with measured stroke and slow

A boat is drawing to the shore, I hear the creaking of the oar And distant voices deep and low Then closing eyes I seem to hear The old sea rover's boats that slip From out the shadow of the ship As in some long-forgotten year,

When towering o'er the moonlit deep Came the long dragons of the North, And the fierce sons of Thor stole fort: To fall upon the town in sleep. Here where the quiet moonbeams stray

Across the beach and up the street Was heard the tread of sudden feet And clash of steel and war horns' bray The startled watchman, catching breath

Even with the white blade at his throat, Blew loud and clear one warning note. And found his swift reward in death. Then shrick and shout and clash of brand, Wild cries of triumph and despair Borne on the fragrant Summer air Echoed about the shuddering land;

Kehoed and sank and died away. Then slience held the night again Save for the carsmen's wild refrain As the long ship swept down the bay Across the startit silence drew

A formless shadow, and below Pale tongues of light shot to and fro Now gleaming red now ghastly bine. Till flushed the sky with lurid red As leaped to heaven the sudden fire Wrapping in one vast funeral pyre The blood-stained streets and quiet dead. And still the waves went murmuring

The peobled beaches far along That wonderful and world-old song Which here to night I hear them sing. The moon is gone, a rosy gleam Is brightening in the eastern sky,
The blood and flame of days gone i
Have vanished with my waking drea
-D. J. Robinson in Longman's Ma

The pubbled beaches far alc

THE RIBBON

The Study of the Most Potent Influence on the

A ribbon is a symbol. From the kno

which burns in the turban of the Sybil to the

simple bow of blue on the forehead of "La cruche casee," how ribbons reappear in art, in poet, in history, or in legend! A ribbo fastened the crown of laurels around the brow of a Caesar; a ribbon sewn with pearls held the veil of Ciotilde, the plous wife of Clovis. Chivalry fought for ribbons. Edith with her swanlike neck recognized her Haroldon the field of Hastings by the searf which she had embroidered for him. On the which she had embroidered for him. On the sword of the young warrier appears always the ribbon of his well-beloved. A blue ribbon fell from the knee of the Countess of Salisbury. It became the Order of the Garter. A red ribbon bound the curis of Mile. de Fontanges. It was changed to the crown of a duchess. A white ribbon made into a cockade on the hat of Henry IV. gained the battle of Ivry. Later on, these ribbons, red, blue and white, became the French colors, and went round the world as the "tri-color." The Renaissance is full of glorious ribbons The Renaissance is full of glorious ribbons given, lost and retained. In the history of past loves, these little links remain, when years have changed and after portraits have been effaced by tears and kisses. Mary Stuart died for a black velvet ribbon, which Stuart died for a black velvet ribbon, which she gave to Leicester, which he always wore. Elizabeth could not forgive that. Buckingham was assassinated for certain white satin ribbons with diamond tags—the dear and dangerous present of Anne of Austria. A rose and silver ribbon carelessly detached from the king's coat was found in the corsage of Mile. de la Valliere; it betrayed their secret. Agues said to Arnolphe: "He their secret. Agnes said to Arnolphe: "He has taken the ribbon which you have given me." Perria Daudia cried out in Lee Platicurs "Each of thy ribbons cost me a sentence." Behold the cross of St. Louis dipped

tence." Behold the cross of St. Louis dipped in the blood of the beroes of Steinkirk, what glorious stained ribbon! The blood of the warrior has deepened and the sun of Austerlitz has faded the ribbon, the red from which hangs the cross of the Legion of Honor! No age cherished rose ribbon like the eighteenth century. Is not that the age of Watteau, of lakes and mosnlight with lovers, shepherdesses covered with roses, white lambs led with blue ribbons." The age of Pompadour!
For men the knot on the shoulder and the For men the knot on the shoulder and the sword commemorated the tenderest super-stitions of chivalry. The grand cordon, or even the cross of the commander, was secondary to the bow in the laces. What a variety in ribbons. The Fonteney, the Marie Antoinette, the Jean Jacques, the Estelle, the Heloise, the Chembia, the watered ribbon, the satin ribbon, the figured, the flowered, the satin riosen, the American, the the brocaded, the Chinese, the American, the Turkish. The mourning ribbon comes last, tying the bonnet of the weeping widow or heartbroken mother. Massena marched to victory with a ribbon of Mme. Recamier, which she had taken from her ball dress. He wrote to the beautiful giver : "The charm ing ribbon given by Mme. Recamier has been earried through many battles by the General Massena; it has always brought him victory." For a cockade, Paris has been on fire six times: during the league, during the Frond, during the revolution, under the Directoire, during the Hundred Days, in the Three Giorious Days, and to-morrow, perhaps. And Musset, mingling war and pleasure writes: "Happy he who can put the cockade in the cap of Minni Piuson." The ribtions of the Crimes and Italy ornament the uniforms of carried through many battles by the General rimes and Italy ornament the uniforms of our gay dancers at balls. To-day we wear the ribbons of Tonkin at our fetes. It is our latest victory. After all glory is not a vain word. We find our heroes of to-day so fasci-nated with the Crass of the Legion of Honor that they are willing to dip the ribbon which fastens it in their blood. We bow before these young heroes who in an age of money, getting will give their youth, their pleasure, their life to defend their country, asking no other recompense than a bit of red ribbon. Like the men of our past they will die for that little symbol, which means "it is sweet and pleasant to die for one's country."

Brother Gardner on Marriage, rom the Detroit Free Press,

Brudder Anibad Cantilever, it am reported dat you am about to take unto yourself a wife. Dat de report am true your recent sekshuns um proof. You has been seen pricin' second-hand stoves, squintin' at fo dollar bedroom sweets, an' rustlin' aroun' arter bric-a-brac. Marriage am nuffin' you need be ashamed of, an' I reckon you kin de-pend on dis club to warm up de house fer you an' leave behind some hard-bottomed cheers an' a few articles of tinware.

cheers an' a few articles of tinware.

Brudder Cantilever, marriage am a lottery
or a dead-sure thing—list as you make it. If
you git stuck on sight—fall in luv wid a gal
fur her small feet, taperin' waist, dimpled chin or warblin' mouf, an' marry her off hand at about twelve weeks notis, you needn't be asionished if dar am a dynamite 'sploshun afore you hev been hitched a week. Small feet and a good temper doan' allus go together. Slim waists an kitcher economy may not work in de same harness. De gai who charms you by de way she drums de pianner may ifatly refuse, as a wife, to run dem same fingers ober de wash bo'd. Firstly, doan' git married until you know what you are bein' jined to. Study de gal. Let de feet go an' watch her temper. Let de bangs go an' watch her economy. Nebber you mind about de way she dimples her chin, but ax yerself if she'll make de bed. wid de foot lower dan de head. You has got to do all de studyin'. Not one gal out of a thousand eter stops to size up a luver. I's his Grecian nose or curly har or droopin' mustache strikes her fancy she'll neber stop to study his natur' nor to worry ober his habits. She is marryin' dat nose, or head, or mustache. A month arter marriage, when he hauls her aroun' by de ha'r and slaps he

dimpled jaw she's perfectly astonished to think she made sich a mistake. Secondly, Brudder Cantilever, arter de knot has bin tied make up yer mind dat de futur won't be all plain sailin'. You are gwine to be tried an' tested an' trubbled, an' ou hev got to call up all yer manhood. You will ha'r de sasser scrapin' de bottom of de flour bar'l when you hevn't got a cent in yer pocket. De woodplie will run out in Jinuary, an' de sugar an' bacon will seem to be carlied off by de rats. If yer wife am eber so good natured she will bev her trials ober so good natured she will hev her trials an' tribulashuns, an' der may be times when she'l riz up an' claw fur you. In de y'ars gone by my ole woman has rushed upon me wid de rollin'-pin, an' I has retorted in a way to make her ears ache, but all de time I knowed she was savin' an' good-hearted, an' she knowed I'd empty my pockets of de las' shillin' to buy her a new set of false frizzes. If you am suited to each odder an occashunal row in de fam'ty will prove stickin' plaster. ow in de fam'ly will prove stickin'-plaste to hold you de clusser together. If you ain't suited—if you diskiver dat you hev struck a patch of Canada thistles an' can't sot still, an' if de odder party diskivers dat she has taken if de odder party diskryers dat sne has taken a tumble off de monument of Romance an' brought up wid a thud in de mud-hole of Reality, you jist absquatulate apart. Go quietly an' decently an' git onhitched by dirinerly and decentry and git of nitched by di-vorce, and let de wisdom gained by expe-rience stan' at yer right hand when ye make anoder choice. Brudder Cantilever, my feel-in's an' de feelin's of dis club am wid ye, an' our good wishes, together wid at least \$2 wurth of tinware, can be counted on when-ever de fatal occashun arroves.

Knew What She Was Doing.

From the Merchant Traveler.
"Clara, I don't think much of that young Slobkins who keeps coming around here,

"Bon't you, pa?"

"No, I don't. Why, he smokes cigarettes and drinks seda water."

"Yes, I know it, papa."

"And he wears collars that come up to his

ears, and carries a number seventeen cane, and spends his evenings at a club."
"Yes, so I understand. By the way, I have promised Mr. Slobkins that I would marry him this fall. Wha-s-st?

"Yes, papa, I have always had my mind made up that I would never be ruled by any "I dash off those little things every once

an atrocious pun. Contagious, sin't it?"
'I haven't remarked it." "Well, I notice your friends generally dash off when you begin. Good morning."

in a while," said Smith, after perpetuating

Even If you Buy a Dozen common porous plasters—which you can get for a song at any of the Cheap John druggists—you

'How much money has he ;' and the young gentleman in their turn inquire, 'Has she got any money?' A week or two ago I was talking to a charming girl at Bar Harbor, and the subject turned to marriage. Her ideas on the subject turned to marriage. Her ideas on the subject were expressed with the greatest sincerity, and with an innocence that was charming. When I referred to so-called 'marriages for money,' and expressed the opinion that they usually resulted unhappliy, she exclaimed, 'Why I should consider it an insuit if any one asked me to marry if he wasn't rich.' This seems to be a fast-growing if not a prevailing opinion among the youth of both sexes to day. The mammas go to the summer resorts with the hope of making 'good' matches for their daughters-'good' in a pecuniary sense, I mean—and the girls soon imbibe their mothers' ideas,

"Well, how is it with the fellows? They go fortune hunting, too. Both have an idea that by marriage they must better their financial condition in the world, and the result is, as I stated, that fewer matches are made than formerly. It is getting that a hundred-thousand-dollar fellow hates to 'throw himself sway' on a ten-thousand dollar girl, and vice versa. Each wishes to better his or her condition. I read a few days ago of a lady who said she had met sixty girls this summer who would never marry because they thought they could not wed a large quantity of money. Isn't it ridiculous? Yes, society is getting into a strange state, and I sigh for those good old days when 'tove in cottage' was quite enough for the young people. Love is the only source of true happiness, and these 'money matches' cause more unhappiness than anything else in the world." have merely thrown away your money, for Benson's Capeine Plaster is worth them all. The reason is this:—Benson's is the only plaster in the market that is honestly at fully made, and scientifically medicated fully made, and scientifically medicated. Others are no more than nominal imitations of Renson's. They are cheap because they possess none of the ingredients which render Renson's valuable. The latter are prompt to act, pleasant to wear, and cure in a few hours ailments which others will not even relieve. The public are especially warned against so-called "Capsicin." "Capsicum." "Capsicin." "Capsici

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MRS. CLARA A. FREDERICK.

BROAD BROCK, CONS.

SCAUP, FACE, EARS AND NECK. SCALP, FACE, EARS AND NROE.

I was afflicted with Rezema on the Scalp, Face,
Ears and Neck, which the drugglet, where I got
your remedies, pronounced one of the worst
cases that had come under his notice. He
advised me to try your CUTIOURA REMEMER, and
atter five days use my scalp and part of my face
were entirely cured, and I hope in another week
to have my ears, neck, and the other part of my
face cured.

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