OGLE—A CHARACTER.

(Concluded.)

IV.

not attempting a biography, but pre- character, by the method of de- rather than by instances, events The actual outward life, in any but little more than hint the con- of the man. Especially where con- restrain the play of extraordinary narrative must fail to effect a fair ment. Every incident of the general's full of him; but the historical detail involve that of the times, his contem- and surroundings; besides, his re in oral tradition mainly. He died the daguerreotype and daily papers the hole-and-corner gossip of the and no phonographer ever caught ing likenesses of his thoughts. His con- aries are nearly all gone, and very them fully apprehend him. He pub- nothing. His life got utterance only and action. It was extemporized instant, and the data which remain to chronicler are as meagre, confused and quate as the incidents of a battle, a or a dance. I would gladly compro- for a fair report of one of his Fourth of orations. It would relieve the awk- ances that there is in playing showman the lion, and go far to supply the defects performance, if such an auto-exhibi- could be secured. I must even attempt construct one of these fossil curiosities the fragmentary remains which lie in my memory.

The date is about twenty-five years ago; scene is laid at the "Coffee Spring," a from our village; the company made of the population of the town and neigh- hood, mustered *en masse*. The dinner, upon the table, cast into a horseshoe in an arbor made from forks and covered with bushes, fresh cut, and piled to exclude the sun, was discussed; military, the citizens and the boys, re- by the repast, and enlivened a little (more or less) with rye whisky, whisky and water, whisky sweetened with sap sugar, and small beer, graduated to the tastes and ages of the company, are all brought up standing by an order for "attention" from the captain of the "Independent Blues," and the general mounts the table.

"Precisely, my fellow-citizens (waving a red silk handkerchief at arm's length), precisely—as Brutus, fresh from the execution of the tyrant Caesar, cried to his countrymen, 'hear me for my cause and be silent that ye may hear,' so I come before you to speak the truth in the love of it. I stand here as Abraham, when he was returning from the slaughter of the king, stood at the feast which Melchizedek, prepared for the grand old hero, to bless the name of the Most High, who hath delivered all mine enemies into my hand.

"Chedorlaomer, and Julius Caesar, and that apostate democrat Napoleon, all died in their sins, for their evil works went before them to judgment. Pontius Pilate cut his own throat, because he had condemned that Just One; Judas Iscariot hanged himself in remorse for betraying him; and George the Third wilted away in his wickedness like that old pine tree there; struck by the lightning of heaven—dead at the top, while the miserable old trunk still sticks in the earth by its roots. Honor to the race of regicides; destruction to the oppressors of the people everywhere, and a stout arm to match the bold heart of sound democracy all over the universe!

"My dear fellows, you don't understand it, but it is as clear as light to the children of light, that the Lord reigneth, and the devil's a fool. I know it; in threescore years and ten I never saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Stretch yourselves up into the light; swell your breasts into the upper air. If you go nosing about in the dirt for a living, and dozing in the mud for enjoyment, the shadow of a leaf will hide the whole heaven from your sight. Pigs have no prospects. They grunt when they are comfortable and squeal when they are hurt, but they don't understand the course of things. And, if any fine fellow here feels his bristles rising, he knows who I mean by the parable, *percizely*.

"My hairs are white, like the fields of Judea, ready for the harvest of the great reaper; and these shambling shanks are beginning to shrink from their duty; but my soul laughs at the lengthening shadow of my tent. Let this crazy frame decay: I shall break out of it one of these days like a sunburst upon a mountain top, when he comes out of his chamber in the East to run his glorious race around the arch of heaven. I am *not* old, and, when you bury my bones, remember that I am not dead. Peter was bewildered when he proposed to build tabernacles for Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration. When we have done our duty here we go up higher! When this frame has lost all its strength and beauty, the kindly mother earth will sweeten and freshen it into youth again; and the limits of his life will widen into glorious liberty. Hallelujah! The light of these eyes is growing dim in the light of Paradise!

"Idiots and drivellers, from seventeen to seventy, think the world is coming to an end when worn-out frames and worn-out things are blown up, but such dotards are but first cousins to the beast that perishes—all but the beauty. Such cattle have about the same right to scratch their heads, for anything there is in them, as so many ring-tailed monkeys, and, very likely, will make as much by the operation. (Here, Bill, turn up a clean tumbler and give me a drink of water.)

"I was among these grand old hills, my sweet fellow-citizens, before the oldest of you was born, and, snipes and night-owls! did you ever detect any humbug in me? If you did, out with it. I'm so tired of barking that I would like a bite. Try your teeth in this tough old hide, ye whipper-snappers! There's blood in me that would make you as drunk as blazes for the rest of your lives, and give you the first peep of glory that ever opened upon your benighted souls.

"The follies of the dead are buried with them. They were not worth minding, then, nor remembering now; but didn't I tell you respectable daddies that they were making fools of themselves in the whisky insurrection? Blackguardism isn't democracy! When Washington came to Bedford with the army, the Allegheny mountain rocked under his footsteps, and the diminutive little manikins that danced like drunk monkeys around their pig-nut liberty pole in the diamond over there, trembled in their shoes till you could hear their toe-nails jingle. I was a Democrat, a Jeffersonian Democrat, then, as I am now; but I wasn't a demagogue, a coward, or a broad-mouthed brawler against my country, its laws and constitution.

"Your grandmothers can tell you what a rumpus the same ninnies raised around me for the first wagon-road made over the mountains to Pittsburg. It would break up the pack-horse men, forsooth, and the tavern keepers and horse breeders would be ruined, when one wagon could carry as much salt, bar iron and brandy from Baltimore, as a whole caravan of half-starved mountain ponies! But I told them then that of all people in the world fools have the least sense; and that they would live to learn that the best way is as good as any; for, when I was but a boy, I discovered that nothing less than too much is plenty, in the American meaning of the word. That's the difference between a man of faith and the snobs that do all their traveling in a treadmill.

"But with such snipes, nothing can be done. Cure them of witchcraft, and they slide into fortune-telling, or some other stupid kind of wonder-working; for they understand nothing, either by insight or experience. After awhile, when the prosperity, which they at first resisted, poured down upon them from a spout, they went crazy; and I was mobbed again for standing by Simon Snyder's veto of that batch of shinplaster banks which the legislature chartered by a two-thirds vote, and gave you your pancakes of Owl-creek and Mutton-town mill. And now, wheeling gee, as much too far as ye went haw, before, you are bellowing at the top of your voice, and the end of your nose, against all bank paper!

"Not a say wonder that I keep up my old grudge at the Devil for making such people! Clerk (to a dark's carter, occupied at the other end of the table upon the breast-bone of a turkey which he was polishing), you may as well quit beating and bothering your muscles; make their breech-bands of sheet-iron and the traces of cobweb, for the more you wallop them the more they won't go. My donkeys are of the same breed perfectly, they are all on a spree, just now, kicking out their hoofs at Free-Masonry! That's the secret of all the villiany and blundering in legislation, is it? Butter your brains and give them to the dogs for a new-year's gift, and let somebody else do your thinking. Oh! it's enough to sicken a snipe, to hear a two-penny pettifogger railing at the great men who have given us our free institutions, and build up this model republic into a world's wonder; and to see a herd of driveling asses drinking in his profanity like the words of life! But Providence always had a hands full of such forlornities. If he can manage with them, I may. He will find the men, somehow, when the time comes to do up the world's work upon the principles of everlasting truth. The universal laws keep the earth in its orbit, and all the crawlers on its surface can't shake it out of shape, or turn it from its track. I believe and live. Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish.

"And there is the common-school system that I have been laboring for until it is at last fairly on foot. See that you keep it alive, and make it the glorious purpose of its establishment. Don't clip it down to nothing by your beggarly economy. I wish to the Lord that you understood thinking as well as you do eating, and could feel an empty head as painfully as an empty stomach. Can't you understand that keeping money in your pocket is not saving it? A dollar in a buckskin purse won't breed a sixpence in a hundred years; but employed wisely in the service of soul or body it will bless the one and glorify the other. If you can't see the policy of education, make a religion of it. The world of ideasis the world of spirits. Introduce your children there, for every good thought is a guardian angel to the dear little lambs. And don't stop just where reading, writing and arithmetic can be worked into dollars and dimes. Carry them through and over this sordid world into God's world—up to the circle of the heavens, where he sits governing the universe by his laws. Every discovery in the truths of nature is so far into the counsel and confidence of the supreme ruler. Only the man that has the mind of God is godlike. Now, for heaven's sweet sake, educate your children. You may talk stupidities about the salaries of public officers as you did against me for voting a gentlemanly per diem to the members of Congress; but don't cheapen your school-masters till nobody but bankrupt cobblers, habitual drunkards, cripples, consumptives, and such other ugly incapables can be got to serve you, for very shabbiness of the salary. Buy cheap store goods, if you like, for when they wear out you will know it, and can replace them; buy cheap provisions, and eat the less of them; buy anything cheap but cheap talents. Don't venture upon that speculation, for you are no judges of the article, and the only way for you to insure the excellence of the quality is by the liberality of the premium which you will offer for it; that will bring the genuine into the market, and the bogus will be clearly exposed by the difference of the ring, weight and shine.

"I go in, ye see, for the arts of peace, the prosperity of the people and all that blesses and embellishes the life of man; but I would not forget on this great Sabbath day of the nation, the glory our country has won in the field and on the wave. It isn't the pluck of the bull dog or the game-cock in a soldier which I admire, but the high-souled heroism that chooses liberty above life, and knows how to make liberty a blessing to the world.

"In the Revolution and in the late war against Great Britian, we fought against foes who were, only a generation or two back, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; born brothers, they were, of course, our equals in all qualities of manhood. They had the advanta e in numbers, arms, and all the appointments of war; but the strength of the cause was ours; we had the right and the Lord of Hosts was with us. But, if we had been unworthy and incapable—if we had been poor in faith or feeling, poor in heart or hope, we would not have been elected to the office of banner-bearer in the army of universal freedom. The covenants of Heaven are made with faithful men; and a people that falls away from its worthiness is rejected at last, though still beloved for the fathers' sakes. While ye think ye stand, take heed lest ye fall.

"This is a great country, and it isn't all fenced in yet. Very little of it, in fact, is so far finished as to be ready for the first coat of paint. All the wilderness of the new world is ours, for we alone can occupy it. The dwarfed provincialism north and south of us have no expansive growth in them. French and Spanish haven't the right kick in their gallop to match us in the race of empire. I have no contempt for any of God's creatures; they'll all weave into the web of existence somewhere, or they will do for selvedge and fringes; but showy and shabby is a bad mixture to make up by themselves. They are not of the right stripe for Democrats; they don't come up to the full measure of the American pattern.

"I tell ye, my dear fellows, we have the wool pulled over our eyes by the European writers which we are all the time reading. Of course they know no better than to call Bonaparte a hero, and Wellington another for conquering him. That will do for t'other side of the water, for everything is great or small by comparison. But comparing themselves with themselves they are not wise, and they don't know enough to discern the true standard. Heaven help them to better doctrine and diet. They will have such generals as Washington and Jackson when they have the same occasion for them; and when they go to fighting for progress instead of power, and organize their civil institutions in the faith of the people's honesty and capacity for self-government, fully, fairly and faithfully, they may put their achievements down upon the page of history in parallel columns with us.

"Now, I have a few words to say that I don't want you to forget. Turnpikes, canals and railroads must be made, whether they run in front of your cabin doors or not. These mountains must be tunneled, those valleys must be paved: must be, and will be. So, don't let any of those miserables who sometimes get themselves into your legislature, set you against the necessity which is upon you; making tools of you and scoundrels of themselves, by pretending that they will lighten your taxes and reduce the state debt.

"Finally—until every man is as wise as his neighbor, and as good as he ought to be, you must be governed by the majority, and that necessity will divide you into parties—two parties, mind ye, or one and a parcel of fragments. Now, the greatest of these will have the power in its hands, of course. How will you mend it when it goes wrong? By drawing off into as many little squads as there may happen to be differences of opinion among you? This will only strengthen the party that you are trying to control. The mountain springs refresh the lakes by flowing into them, not by running off into a multitude of puddles to stagnate in the sun! Parties must be built upon general views and broad policies. Organize as you may upon transient and trivial contingencies, it is all fuss and foolery. A party with anything positive in it will outlive its own abuses and your grumbling; or, if the real majority of the nation is too correct to purify itself, it will not be improved by changing its channel. The judgment day divides the world into two classes only, one right and one wrong. Do you think you can make a better or more accurate division? My dear fellow-citizens, don't be caught starting aside after every vagabond fancy that inspired idiots can scare up. Within the proper party of truth and progress will be found all the available means of reform that political agencies can ever effect. Jonah withdrew in a fit of disgust because the Lord would not destroy Nineveh for its corruption, and sheltered his indignant head under a gourd that grew up in a single night, and of course perished in a night; whereupon he wished himself dead, and fainted outright. Better bear your small percentage of your neighbors' sins and blunders till they are cured, than curse the world and quit it in a passion. It is good enough for you to do your duty in, and too good to be condemned as long as it is getting better.

"I'm done, for I don't jump off the stage or stump, like the pony in a traveling menagerie, through a blazing hoop; and I wouldn't whine a dying doxology to my speech, if I knew that it was the last I should ever make to you in the flesh. I will speak to you from my grave. My voice will echo from these hills, as long as the truth of my life is of any use to you, and you are worthy of it. Wherever I am—here among you, or there above you—I'll be doing my duty and minding my own business—go home and mind yours."

V.

At seventy-five years of age, the coarse excitement and wild illusions of inebriety replaced the healthy activities which had been the very wine of life in his better days. The busiest occupation, the most perilous risks, the heaviest responsibilities of his eventful experience, had never quite satisfied his great necessities, and now that the aching vacancy of leisure and enforced inaction had come before "the silver cord was loosed, or the golden bowl was broken, or the pitcher had broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern," he turned, by a sad necessity of such natures, to the delights of those passions whose indulgence remained possible, after his nobler faculties had lost their occasions, and the power of exclusive occupation.

The change was as rapid as it was terrible. I had seen him in the glory of his strength. I was a boy, indeed, and could not fully comprehend or estimate him; but a whole man is never wholly misunderstood, even by the least capable observer; and if the impression was somewhat confused and indefinite, it was, nevertheless, grand and inspiring. He was a gentleman of the olden time, one of those demigods of the pioneer period of society that seem comprehended of the savage and civilized epochs which they unite. He had outlived the fabulous era to which he appropriately belonged, and was as ill-assorted to the new times, as the whole hero race of our idolatry would be, if we had their personal presence now instead of their consecrated memories.

When I met this man again, after some years of absence from my mountain home, with my earliest apprehensions of him sharpened and heightened by the distance and difference of the commonplace platitudes of fashionable life, and graced by those teachings of the imagination which adorn our ideals, and accommodate the object to the homage which we must give somewhere to keep our faith alive, and our souls in tone—when I met him again, bowed with years, in a sadly disordered dress, with a dimmed eye, unsteady limbs, untoned features, and nothing of himself left but his noble form of head, and that erect hair, standing like a monument of the dilapidated man, I felt the contact like a blow. My habitual reverence groped for its object in that chaos, like a child in a darkened chamber seeking for his father. Standing over his grave, I could have recognized him. I could have found him all alive again in every street; and on my play-grounds, his presence would have answered to my apprehension, wherever I turned, if only he had not been there—there as he was. I could, I think, have borne the shock of all natural change. The even rush of years would have left some noble traces to adorn the ruin; a second childhood would have preserved some symmetry to decay; but—he remembered me and had forgotten himself! Like the chieftain of a clan, he was naturally a foster-father to the children of his early friends. He had lost the habit of that respect, the consciousness of its mutual claims, and the sympathies and demeanor of the relation.

Why does the church pray for deliverance from sudden death! The battle-field is the fittest death-bed of the soldier. When "it is finished," let the strong struggler give up the ghost, that the body may not become the grave of the soul, nor the holy ones see their own corruption.

Before this strong man became capable of active useful life, his relations to it were divorced, and his great energies were left to prey upon themselves. He was not born to rust, but to wear out; and when society refused his services and repelled his participation, the appetites, which had been suspended and controlled by a half century of intense engagement in worthy offices, resumed their importunities; the vices of youth displaced the proper dignities of age, and the offended witnesses of his fall, lost their confidence in human virtue by the shocking exhibition of its weakness.

I did not reproach him for his infirmity. It was not his fault, but the fault of a wretched meagreness and meanness of conditions which could not hold such a mind and heart to their highest uses, and noblest capabilities, to the end. I date his death at the period of his discharge from public duty; there justice sets up his monument, and its broad shadow covers all that lies behind it.

The New England Factory Girl.

In the towns that border on the Connecticut river the factory girl ranges in age from 12 upwards.

She works from 7 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock at night.

Her wages are from 40 cents to $1.50 per day. The work is not heavy, but it is tedious and tiresome.

These girls are all anxious to work, or their parents are anxious to have them. When offered a chance to go to school they do not, as a rule, accept it, or, if they do, continue there but a short period.

Their moral condition, if not all that can be desired, is improved beyond what it used to be.

They do not affect showy dresses; they lay up their money when their parents do not appropriate it, and their bearing is generally modest and becoming.

The hours of the day are all occupied in their continuous labor. Their recreation is in the evening. There is no time for relaxation or hilarity while they are amid the din of the machinery in which they labor, and, indeed, there is little disposition for it on their part.

In the evening they throw off restraint and recognize that they are a part of the world about them. At this time they walk in couples or in larger numbers, together, or pair off with some friend of the other sex. Here they are apt to talk loud or indulge in romping demonstrations, but this is the relaxing of the bow bent through the day, rather than any less innocent exhibition.

They are intelligent beyond their apparent opportunity, and have a good practical knowledge of the affairs of life about them.

These girls enjoy apparent good health, or if they are ill they seldom complain. They work on at their task, like machinery, through it all.

Not Expected at the White House.

Washington Letter to the Baltimore American.

Near the end of the president's reception, Monday, two middle-aged ladies came up, and one introduced the other. The latter smiled, and said:

"I know your sister—Lizzie, as we used to call her," she ventured.

The president smiled.

"You call her Miss Elizabeth now, I believe?" said the lady again, in an inquiring way.

"You see," put in the first lady, "my friend went to a school kept by your sister."

"Indeed," said the president; and well he might have said it, for "the scholar" looked twice as old as Miss Cleveland, and she must have been "very backward" to have gone to school so late in life.

"Will your sister be here this winter?" asked the "scholar."

"No," said the president; "not this winter."

"Indeed," said the lady; "so sorry," and then she passed on.

An Important Religious Subject.

From the New York Sun.

Another important subject that will probably come before the Episcopal convention is that of Christian union, to which an extensively signed memorial invites its careful attention. Christian union is probably far off even yet, but the conviction is spreading that the divisions among Protestants, and the separation between Catholics and Protestants, cause an enormous waste of energy at a time when Christianity needs to expend its whole force against enemies who would undermine its foundations.

Religious Services at Harvard.

From the Boston Record.

If the religious services on Sunday afternoon at Harvard for the rest of the year approach the interest of those held there yesterday, there will be no need of compulsory attendance, for every young man who knows a good thing when he sees it will go to that course voluntarily.

A Sagacious Husband.

From the Hartford Times.

A Bethel man has placed over his wife's grave a large boulder on which they set when she promised to marry him.

THE TRAVELLER AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me,
I feel the dew fall in the air;
The muezzin of the darkening thicket
I hear the night thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells,
And loving hands unclasp from mine;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across an awful boundary line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strangeness?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?
What thunder roll of music stun?
What vast processions sweep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In whose full life, divine and human,
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul communion,
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen
An endless anthem's rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge;
What matter if I never know
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy,
Or colder Sirius white as snow!

Forgive my human words, O Father!
I go Thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith foreshadow
Made perfect in Thy holy will.

—*Whittier in the Independent.*

WILLIAM BLACK'S NOVELS.

In these days when the realistic tendency is so marked in our current novels it is a wonderful relief to turn to the stories of William Black. You can perhaps better appreciate this if you have been reading the novels which properly come within the so-called Howells-James school. With a brain wearied with the struggles of poor Lemuel Barker, and perplexed with the trials of the Rev. Mr. Sewell, it is a real pleasure to pick up the "White Heather" with its strong, fresh, life-giving descriptions of Scottish character and scenery. It is full of the romance of Scott and infused with the sentiment of Burns. From the first page to the last it breathes the fragrance of the purple heather, and we can almost hear the fitful gusts of wind that come down from the crest of Ben Clebrig, rush across the lake and go off down over the stretches of undulating moorland. And the raindrops that dash against the cheek of the sturdy Ronald we almost wish we could feel, so pure and fresh and heaven-born they seem. The hero of the story is of course a hero of romance—the well-formed intelligent game-keeper, who knows where the big salmon lie that have just come up from the sea, and who fearlessly climbs the slopes of Ben Clebrig "where the dun deer lie." And when he comes down, the stillness of the moonlight night is broken by his clear tenor voice as he cheers his homewar-bound with

"Come, all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame."

And the rustling of the leafless elms and the singing of the heavy-foliaged pines is the music that accompanies him. Sometimes the voice sings a more definite song which introduces us to the heroine:

"Roses white, roses red,
Roses in the lane,
Tell me roses red and white
Where is Meenie gane?"

This Meenie is a little Highland lass with "bonnie brown hair," and large, clear, blue-gray eyes. Shy, sensitive, gentle-hearted and noble she well befits the scene with the mountain, the lake and the moorland with its broad stretches of heather.

The story is a particularly charming one for the reason that it is singularly free from any of the painfully moral problems which characterize so many of the novels of the day, and which the reader always feels called upon to solve. Of course the burden of the story is the love of the game-keeper upon whose brow is the stamp of a noble manhood and the little Highland lass. And the many vivid descriptions of the salmon fishing on the lake and the hare shootings up the slopes of the mountain are but the artistic setting to this wild sensitive love.

If you have ever read anything of Black you will know that this story must be full of delicious bits of poetry, some aptly quoted, but in most cases original with the author. And whoever cannot appreciate and enjoy this poetry lacks an element in his nature, and we fear will fail to catch the purpose and spirit of the story. On the other hand if you have the natural and spontaneous enthusiasm and sentiment of youth or being old in years you have succeeded in retaining your youthful romantic appreciation, your enjoyment will be genuine and keen.

The author very cleverly and with effect introduces into the story an American gentleman of leisure, who is attracted to that section of Scotland by the salmon fishing. And one of the best characters perhaps is his dark-eyed daughter, who finds here in the lake and the mountain and the moorland and even in the mists and fogs, a delightful contrast to her far-off city home in Chicago.

But we think the particular charm of the book lies in the life-like descriptions of the salmon fishing on Loch Naver, and the climbs up the steep slopes of Ben Clebrig to hunt the hare and the deer. There is a freshness and vigor about all this that makes one's blood run freer and purer through the veins, and brings to the cheek the red hue of health. Our acquaintance with the mountain and lake becomes an intimate one, and we can better appreciate it all when we read:

"Keen blows the wind upon Clebrig's side,
And the snow lies thick on the heather;
And the shivering kinds are glad to hide
Away from the winter weather.

Hark how the black lake, torn and lost,
Thunders along the shores,
And the burn is hard in the grip of the frost,
And white, snow white, are the moors."

And how intimate a companionship with nature is indicated by the following:

"Ben Clebrig's a blaze of splendor
In the first red flush of the morn,
And his gaze is fixed on the eastward
To greet the day new-born;
And he listens a-still for the bellow
Of the antlered stag afar,
And he laughs a royal challenge,
The hoarse, harsh challenge of war.

But Ben Clebrig is gentle and placid
When the sun sinks into the West,
And a mild and a mellow radiance
Shines on his giant crest;
For he is looking down upon Meenie
As she wanders along the road,
And the mountain bestows his blessing
On the fairest child of God."

In his stories Black seems to imbue all the hills, rivers, lakes and vales with a kind of magic so that they become our personal friends. They are fairly instinct with life. He gives them a sort of conscious, speaking personality, if we may so speak. It all seems perfectly natural, too, so near to nature's heart he draws us. Surely this is edifying and purifying.

From an artistic point of view Black's novels are entitled to a high standing. We know of no one who can paint so delicately and describe so graphically. His stories are steeped in sentiment and romance, and yet there is nothing mawkish about them.

From a moral point of view we think the "White Heather," and in fact his novels as a class, stand perfectly free from even the shadow of an objection. We like them because they are so delightfully unmoral. Not that they are immoral. Far from it, for they are as chaste and pure as the snow on Clebrig's summit. There is nothing in them that even harrasses, much less pains our moral sense. There are no guilty deeds or thoughts that stain, which are glazed over by an environment of beauty which compels us often at least to withhold our honest condemnation, and which sometimes even bids us admire. This has been a prominent characteristic of one of our late American stories. This is of course only a negative merit, but to lack such a demoralizing fault, is it not a merit worthy of remark?

Too many novels pander to diseased, morbid tastes. Full of jealousies, hatreds, revenge, malice and envy they sicken and poison the moral nature, and taint the purity of the literary appreciation. We are often stifled and choked to suffocation by the hot air of ball-rooms, and what should be the serious, earnest passion of love is bandied and degraded into unhealthful coquetry and flirtation. Much better say we to read of the genuine honest love of a Scotch gamekeeper and a Highland lass. We prefer the cool mountain air, even though sometimes it blows and howls in its violence. It is more invigorating and life-giving. We prefer the moorland wastes with the brown and purple heather, "the lapping waters of the lock, the vivid blue of the skies when shining fair, or bleak and stormy when the clouds are heavy in the heavens; the soft yellow of the lower straths where the withered grass is mixed with the orange bracken; the soft russet of the leafless birch woods fringing the shores of the lake," and overshadowing it all the frowning form of Ben Clebrig. Something like this:

"The moonlight lies on Loch Naver,
And the night is strange and still,
And the stars are twinkling coldly
Above the Clebrig hill."

Or this:

"And I would be on Ben Clebrig's brow,
To watch the red deer stealing
In single file adown the glen
And past the summer shieling."

Here we can breathe in the elixir of life and ever renew our youth. Read the "White Heather" and you will prefer that too.

ARGO.

"I want some SOZODONT," said he.
"Just out," the cunning druggist said,
"But here's some powder known to be
As good." The patron turned and fled,
Asking, "Do you suppose I don't
Know nothing equals SOZODONT?"

Cheap and Inferior Porous Plasters

will inevitably disappoint you, and are not worth even the few cents asked for them. Among the numerous porous plasters offered for sale Benson's Capcine Plasters alone merit implicit confidence. They have won their great popularity with the people, and gained the voluntary endorsement of the medical profession, by their unequalled curative power, and by that only. When purchasing be on your guard against worthless imitations under misleading names, such as "Capsicin," "Capsicum," "Capucin," "Capsicine," etc., as certain unscrupulous druggists may try to palm them off on you in place of the genuine. It is better to deal with none but reputable and honorable druggists. Ask for Benson's, and see that it bears the "Three Seals" trade mark and has the word Capcine cut in the centre.

MEDICAL.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY.

Tried in the Crucible **S.S.S.** Tried in the Crucible

About twenty years ago I discovered a little sore on my cheek, and the doctor pronounced it cancer. I have tried a number of physicians, but without receiving any permanent benefit. Among the number were one of two specialists. The medicine they applied was like fire to the sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statement in the papers telling what S. S. S. had done for others similarly afflicted. I procured some at once. Before I had used the second bottle the neighbors could notice that my cancer was healing up. My general health had been bad for two or three years—I had a hacking cough and spit blood continually. I had a severe pain in my breast. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. my cough left me and I grew stouter than I had been for several years. My cancer has healed over all but a little spot about the size of a half dime, and it is rapidly disappearing. I would advise everyone with cancer to give S. S. S. a fair trial.

MRS. NANCY J. McCONAUGHEY, Ashe Grove, Tippecanoe Co., Ind.

FEBRUARY 16, 1886.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and seeks to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

s21-1yd&w THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

CARRIAGE WORKS.

A MOTTO THAT ALWAYS WINS.

HONEST WORK! HONEST PRICES!

Philip Doersom's Old Reliable Carriage Works,

126 and 128 EAST KING STREET,

(NEARLY OPPOSITE THE LEOPARD HOTEL), LANCASTER PA.

None But First-Class Mechanics Employed. No. 1 Material, and That Only, Used

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES. ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

BUGGIES, PHÆTONS, BUSINESS WAGONS, MARKET WAGONS.

I have now on hand and for sale cheap the following first-class second-hand work: One Light One-Man Wagon, suitable for track purpose, one Light Four-Passenger Drag, one First-class Extension Top Phaeton, two Light Jump-Seat Carriages. Also, Second-Hand Top and Trotting Buggies, both side bar and end springs, Business Wagons, Sporting Wagons and Market Wagons, which will be sold at the MOST REASONABLE PRICES. Give us a call whether you wish to purchase or not. No trouble to show the work.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO REPAIRING.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.

Philip Doersom's Old Reliable Carriage Works,

NOS. 126 and 128 EAST KING STREET.

m27-1ydaw

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE INSURANCE COMMISSIONER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HARRISBURG, PA., AUGUST 5, 1886.

		MUTUAL LIFE.	NORTHWESTERN.
Dec. 31, 1885.	Insurance in force	$398,962,337 00	$110,710,861 00
"	Admitted assets	$108,431,779 00	$28,238,046 00
"	Payments to Policyholders	$14,402,049 00	$2,637,794 00
"	Premium Income	$14,768,902 00	$3,785,045 00
"	Dividend Paid Policyholders	$3,183,023 00	$778,503 00
"	Dividend Paid on each 1,000 Ins.	$8 63	$7 03
"	No. of Policies in force	120,888	50,100
"	Average Dividend to each policy	$26 34	$15 54
"	Death Losses Paid	$5,920,034 00	$1,049,004 00
"	Death Losses Resisted	$92,752 00	$59,000 00
"	Expenses of Management	12.3 Per Cent.	16.6 Per Cent.

And in order to expose the true inwardness of the Northwestern's PROGRESSIVE DIVIDENDS, we quote from the Insurance Commissioners of Pennsylvania Life Reports for the year stated:

NORTHWESTERN.

	Insurance in Force.	Premium Income.	Dividends Paid Policyholders.
1876	$ 67,403,191	$2,563,805	$825,459
1877	64,416,847	2,292,341	879,727
1878	61,441,014	1,984,578	919,562
1879	61,948,988	1,860,978	792,184
1880	64,967,081	1,876,925	798,262
1881	74,565,740	2,179,502	768,611
1882	83,355,424	2,620,148	696,805
1883	92,083,083	3,069,212	675,829
1884	98,793,982	3,376,776	727,135
1885	110,710,861	3,785,045	778,503

Comment on the above record is unnecessary.

But in order that the falling off in dividends may not be attributed to the Northwestern's TONTINE FUND, would add that this fund aggregates $53,338.25.

For further information on all matters pertaining to Insurance address or apply to

JAMES H. MARSHALL,

Agent Mutual Life Ins. Co., of N. Y.

60 N. Duke St., or to Robert Holmes, District Agent, Reading, Pa.

JEWELERY, &C.

H. Z. RHOADS, JEWELER.

A Full Line of the "Birth or Month Stones" Mounted to Suit Your Particular Fancy

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry.

My Repair Dept. is Fully Equipped and Respectfully Solicit Repairing of Fine and Complicated Watches, Musical Boxes, Bronzes, Jewelry and any Intricate Piece of Mechanism.

H. Z. RHOADS, 4 WEST KING STREET.

FURNITURE.

HEINITSH'S FURNITURE DEPOT.

WE ARE OPENING CONSTANTLY

NEW PATTERNS OF GOODS

IN OUR LINE.

Chamber, Dining-Room, Library and Parlor Suits

In All the New Woods---Very Pretty and Attractive.

Those Nice Polished Chairs are Very Comfortable. No trouble to make a selection, and the Odd Library Tables in Polished Wood can't be surpassed. Call and see them. Always a pleasure to show what we have new.

HEINITSH'S FURNITURE DEPOT,

NOS. 27 & 29 SOUTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER, PA.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

MILLER'S LIQUOR STORE.

AS TO QUALITY

We can give you better value than any other house in the trade. We carry the largest stock o

OLD WHISKIES, OLD WHISKIES

In Lancaster. Money refunded for anything proving unsatisfactory.

jy3-1yd3 MILLER'S LIQUOR STORE, 33 CENTRE SQUARE.

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

SHIRK'S CARPET HALL.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

REOPENING OF

SHIRK'S CARPET HALL.

We are now prepared to show the trade the Largest and Best Selected Line of Carpets ever exhibited in this city. WILTONS, VELVETS, all the Trading Makes of BODY AND TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, All-Wool and Cotton Chain EXTRA SUPERS, and all qualities of INGRAIN CARPETS, DAMASK and VENETIAN CARPETS. RAG and CHAIN CARPETS of our own manufacture a specialty. Special Attention paid to the Manufacture of CUSTOM CARPETS. Also a Full Line of OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, WINDOW SHADES, COVERLETS, &c.

—AT—

SHIRK'S CARPET HALL,

Cor. West King and Water Sts., Lancaster, Pa.

SHAVERS'S GUIDE.

LANCASTER AND MILLERSVILLE R. R.—TIME TABLE.

Cars leave Lancaster for Millersville at 7:00 9:00 and 11:30 a. m., and 2:00, 4:00, 6:00 and 8:30 p. m.

Cars leave Millersville for Lancaster at 6:00 8:00 and 10:00 a. m., and 1:00, 3:00, 5:00 and 7:00 p. m.

READING & COLUMBIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES, AND LEBANON AND LANCASTER JOINT LINE R. R.

On and after SUNDAY, MAY 30th, 1886,

TRAINS LEAVE READING

For Columbia and Lancaster at 7.25 a. m., 12.0 noon and 6.10 p. m.

For Quarryville at 7.25 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.

For Chickies at 7.25 a. m. and 12.00 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA

For Reading at 7.30 a. m., 12.30 and 3.40 p. m.

For Lebanon at 12.35 and 3.40 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE

For Lancaster at 6.25 and 7.15 a. m. and 2.35 p. m.

For Reading at 6.25 a. m. and 2.35 p. m.

For Lebanon at 2.35 p. m.

LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster,)

For Reading at 7.30 a. m., 12.40 and 3.40 p. m.

For Lebanon at 6.40 a. m., 12.40 and 5.15 p. m.

For Quarryville at 9.31 a. m., 5.00 and 8.30 p. m.

LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster,)

For Reading at 7.40 a. m., 12.50 and 3.50 p. m.

For Lebanon at 6.47 a. m., 12.50 and 5.23 p. m.

For Quarryville at 9.30 a. m., 4.50 and 8.00 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON.

For Lancaster at 7:20 a. m., 12:35 and 7:30 p. m.

For Quarryville at 7:30 a. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

TRAINS LEAVE READING

For Lancaster at 7.30 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.

For Quarryville at 4.00 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE

For Lancaster, Lebanon and Reading at 7.10 a. m

TRAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster,)

For Reading and Lebanon at 8.08 a. m. and 2.55 p. m.

For Quarryville at 8:50 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST. (Lancaster,)

For Reading and Lebanon and 8.16 a. m. and 4.04 p. m.

For Quarryville at 5.43 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON.

For Lancaster at 7:55 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.

For Quarryville at 3:45 p. m.

For connection at Colum