THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, SATURDAY, 27, 1886.

INDIAN SUMMER.

A AKRICH OF THE INDIAN SUMMER TIME IN SAFAGE DAYS.

A Hunter Woo Had Hard Times With Pop Weapour, but Enjoyed the tiame-Harvest in the Pleasant Weather That Precedes Winter-Tales of Hunting-Path and Wigwam.

One bright summer day, one Indian sum mer day, the writer strayed away from town and came to rest on a stump in the middle of a sunny woods.

When the sun is out, and the wind from the south, there is no better weather in the weather office than is found in much abused November, for one can swing a cat, or indulge i any other violent labor, with perfect comfort and no perspiration.

Pailosophizing on these matters the ones tion suddenly arises, why is this called in-

dian summer ? Why did the savages have a separate and special edition of summer, and so firmly impress their personality upon it that it has borne their name among the race that has conquered and almost exterminated them ?

With a view to investigating this matter the writer made application to the proper au thorities, and secured a press ticket to the halls of the rast. He remained in the woods while it expanded to miles of forest, as time drifted swiftly backward to the Indian sum mer of the year 1586.

Except that the trees were larger and the thicket denser, the scene before the mind's eye differed little from what had been noted in the first low minutes on the stump.

Trees, thicket and leafy ground all were o cool bright gray, but the sunny side of every trunk and twig shone with a glow like that of frosted silver, and a dry leaf hanging here and there, or flying on some eddy of the wind, seemed the only thing not ready for

It was a glorious Indian summer day and, It was a gorrents that an activity of the forest trees seemed braced for the coming trial. Super-fidous cioning thrown aside showed their strong and graceful outlines, as standing bracei towards the quarter from which the winds blow fiscess, they held up between them and the sky a misty vell of interlacing twigs and branches. All this suggested strength and readiness to meet the cold, keen blizzard that scon must come howling from the bleak northwest. Through the seried columns of the trees is a figure moving

columns of the trees is a highre moving; heaver. It is a man stooping forward and moving with a swift swinging stride; a pe-culiar stealthy motion that is due to the fact that his toes, turned inward, first touch the ground, and seem instinctively to find the firmest spot

THE OWNER OF THE SUMMER.

The feet and legs are covered with some thing gray and greasy. The rest of his form, to the top of his slouched shoulders, is hid den by a close-drawn robe of a slightly darker shade; and from it rises a lean, gaon neck, small head with black hair drawn into a matted lump ; broad face, broad mouth and nose, black eyes, not clear, but glowing This man with a brown complexion and gen true specimen of the noble savage of Cooper and the poets.

at the council tire or on state occasions be was doubtless an imposing specimen of man-hood, erect and robed in barbaric finery, but now he looks as fierce and wild as any wolf. As he passes, his profile shows a prominent nose, drooping feathers tangled with his hair, and on his robe the impression many times repeated of a human hand, in black and red. The red marks stand for wounds received in war, the black represent the ene-mies he has slain, the strong odor that he leaves as he passes to windward tells of layer of bear's grease that covers his person. He is following the regular Indian trail that passed from the Susquehannanear Safe Harbor, across the valleys where the Peques has its source on to the land of the Delawares With a steady silent lope he glides along what seems to him a break read, though there is no trace of footsteps that one of us could see, and the only signs that men have passed before are the openings in the thicket and the scars on the tree trunks where the path winds, and the longe poles, dragged by band on the march, have been swung rap statements of various members of the club As the savage flits along among the grey trees and broken sunlight, other shadows move through distant forest avenues, sone gliding as silently but closer to the ground some breaking the silence with quick hood beats on dry leaves. The wildorness is fairly alive with game, but it keeps sale distance from the arrow, and the traveler passes on valley, over the eastern side of which the hills have cast a shadow, while the western half is in the sunlight. He crosses to the shady side and, turning down the valley, against the wind, he passes, even more quietly and scalibily, from tree to tree. For moment he pauses to hide his robe in a hollow log, and we see that it is of bear skin, worn with the fur turned inwards. Around his waist was a broad beit of deer skin, worked with colored quills of wild goose feathers Below this hung a short tunic of dresse skin. His leggings, held up by straps fast-ened to the belt, were of stiff brown hide, from which the hair had been only partly scraped. Over the right shoulder hung a bark a short stick lashed against i quiver, with and projecting some distance, which wa used as a handle. The score of arrows rest ing in it, with points projecting and feathers downward, proved the hunter to be a man of wealth; for arrows were made with great care and labor, and many an Indian miser eckoned his wealth in them. Across his other shoulder passed the broad teather band of his tobacco ponch, which was worked with colored quilts even more elab-orately than the broad waist beit. The bow he held was strong and well bent, but would have made a poor figure aside of the weapons used by modern archery clubs. The Indian idea was that any strong stick with spring in it would do for a bow, but that

boys start off to bring in the hidden game. No orders are given, but every one knows his duty and does it with as little talk as pos-

THE OAME HARVEST. This is the day of one hunter, and the me of the camp have been hunting with more or less fortune, but with equal zeal, for this is the hunting season when the supply of food for the winter must be laid in.

for the winter must be laid in. Nature has so providentially arranged matters that just at thisseason, when game is most needed by man to store for winter use, it is most abundant, and not concealed by the foliage. Indian summer is the time of the game harvest when all are busy, for they know that starvation through the long win-ter is the penalty of idleness. Delighting in the excitement of the chase, the savage loved this hunting season above all others, and the opportunity given to win fame by his prow-ess as a hunter, no less than the knowledge that the lives of himself and family depend

upon his success, encouraged him to endure bardships without a murmur, The impression prevails that Indian women did all the work while the men only amused themselves by hunting, but the fact is that the work of the men was exhaust

ing, difficult and dangerous. The Moravian missionary Heckwelder. says that the labor was fairly divided and the women well treated, but of course these Pennsylvania savages were as far superior to the Western variety as are the modern men of this state to their Western brethren. Printed apologies sent by mall on applica

(100) All the hard labor of the camp was borne by the women, and in moving they carried the burden, but the man passed days on the hunt in winter without food or rest, and often fell exhausted and were frozen to death.

LOVE OF FAMILY.

Toough proverbially cold and taciturn, the family affection among the Indians was strong and great care was taken to bring the children up as good hunters and hunters' wives. Our friend the hunter, later in the winter, having transed all day, and only stilled a rabbit, came upon a boy's snare near the camp, and placed bis rabbit in it. The boy came home in the evening bearing his first game in triumph. The neighbors and friends had a grand celebration in his honor, and the little fellow rejoiced in the new name of "rabbit snarer." The hunter kept the seret until the boy became a man and a

noted warrior. Bianswah, chiel of the Chippewas, returned o his camp one night to find that the Foxes had captured his son. "Knowing what the young man's fate would be, he followed the enemy's trail alone until he reached their village, where they were in the act of build ing a fire to torture the prisoner. Hestepped beldly into the midst of his enemies, and wered them as follows: My son has seen but a few winters ; his

feet have never trod the warpath. The hairs feet have never trod the warpath. The hairs of my head are white; I have hung many sulps over the graves of my relatives which I have taken from the heads of your warriors: kindle the fire about me, and send my son home to my lodge."

The offer was accepted, and the grand old savage died at the stake without a groan. The virtues of the Indians on the hunting path and war path, their bravery and forth tude, will long be told in legends of the in dian summer ; while their taste for munic and whisky will be justly pardoned as the natural small vices of savages.

> ---BACCARAT AT CLUBS.

The Wholesale Evil to Which This Game h

Sure to Lend.

From the New York Tribuno. A case recently tried in the London courts disclosed the existence of a large number of fashionable gaming clubs at the West End. It was an action for slander brought by an army officer named Alexander sgainst an under-graduate of Cambridge named Wind ham. They were members of the Road club and played baccarat with a party of friends When the Cambridge man had become in debted to the soldier to the extent of £2,750 he demanded a large increase of the stakes Alexander having refused to risk all his gains in a single pool, the loser retired from the table and charged his antagonist with having cheated at cards. This accusation having damaged the officer's reputation and forced him to withdraw from the club, he sued Windham for defamation of character. The evidence produced in court consisted of

DRIFT. Is our magazines keep on improving the way they have been doing for the last few years, what shall readers do for time to take

a their good things ? And I suppose they will keep on getting better from year to year, though just how it is to be done is something altogether beyond my power of longination. Tus three "great monthlies" still easily keep their lead in the ever growing intensity of competition, and in spite of the birth o

new rivals with almost every month. No fag at least they don't seem to have been troubled much by the bids for popular favor of their young and lusty competitors The Forum, and the New Princeton Review, excellent as both of these are. Nor do they seem to fear anything from the new Scribber's Magazine the first number of which is to appear in De cember, and which has been so loudly her aided for months aiready.

It is easy to understand the calm screnity of the Atlantic Monthly, I suppose it hardly feels that it has any real competitors or rivals Its sphere is so distinctly different, and in many respects higher, than that of any other American magazine, that it will no doubt long remain as peerless therein as it has been in the past, and is to-day. For as a purely literary journal of the very highest order. appealing to the most refined and cultured lasses, and representing the most advanced literary lastes and attainments of our country, The Atlantic stands alone, unapproached and unapproachable.

GLANCE but through its December hum ber, in which two of the most notable novels of the year, Mr. Bishop's "Golden Justice" and Miss Murfree's longest and strongest work, "In the Cloud's" are brought to work, "In the Clouds" are brought to a close, to be replaced next year by a serial called "The Second Son," the joint work of Mrs. Outphent and Mr. Aldrich, and another by Marion Crawbord entitled "Paul Patoff." For a short story the December number has The Strange Story of Pragina," by Har vard 1: Rooke, strange indeed, and written with such a degree of veri similitude unsur-passed by Swift himself. In literary criti-cism it has a capital article by Harriet Waters Preston on Elizabeth Sewell and Charlotte M. Yonge, who are treated under the signif-cantitude of "The Caurch of England Novel." It is as wholesome a piece of criticism as have read in a long while. The review of the Comte de Paris' " Battle of Gettysburg" is a very clear and satisfactory arraignment of the Frenchman's prejudice against Meade and in favor of Hooker. The number has a fuller measure than usual of such "solid reading" as the "The Object of a University," "The Dream of Russia," by Cyrus Hamlin, a charming description of a trip "Up the Neva to Schlusseiburg" by Edmund Noble, a delightful study of "Mazzini" by Mari-Louise Henry, and a most interesting article by Dr. Hangerlord on "The Intellectual Mission of the Sameens." The charming Contributors' Club discusses "The Mother increase Filement in the Best of Poets," and ()) theing Ignorantly Praised." The three points which grace the number are fully up

o the high standard maintained in this d partment. To many, perhaps, the most im-portant and valuable feature will be the twenty eight page supplement, containing Lowell's magnificent oration and Holmes's poem, at the recent celebration of the two undred and liftioth anniversary of Harvard The full text of both is given, revised by the authors themselves.

Titl: article on "The Object of a University" is a posthumous publication of an address delivered by the late Elisha Multord at Boston in 1883, and is particularly note worthy now when the ambition to be called a university is disturbing our colleges, from Princeton up and down. And like all Dr. Mulford ever wrote, the article is fall of pro-found and suggestive thought. There is much in it that our aspiring college presidents night profitably ponder and take to heart. Dr. Multord, for example, combats the now popular idea that the prime, if not sole object of a university is research. He says, "While research may be held as some coign of van-tage, and is incidental to its object, the object of the university here is to instruct the scholar in the best processes and methods; It is to qualify new for research; it is not itself for research." and quantity, variety of literary contents and excellence of illustrations, the December number of this year has reached high

and excellence of illustrations, the Decem-ber number of this year has reached high water mark. It contains twenty-five full page glinistrations, besides any number of smaller ones; and for my part I think some of these latter are a good deal better than the large ones. Besides four of five good poems, all of which are specially illustrated, the great attraction of the number is Lew Wallace's ar-ticle on "The Boyhood of Christ." To me, however, by far the best thing in the num-ber is "Polly," a short story by Thomas Nel-son Page, whose Marse Chau and Meh' Lady have given him so just and enviable a repu-tation. "Wood Notes," by Wn. II. Gibson, with his own flustrations, shows him to be almost as great an artist with the pen as with the pencil. The drawing of A Wood Inte-rior is to my taste the finest picture in the whole number. Besides Boughton's " La Mere Venus," an out-door study, Miss Brad-ley's story "A White Garden," "The King of Folly Island " from the gifted pen of Sarah Orne Jewett, and "Blind Willy" by H. L. Farjeon, there is the regular farce by Howells, called "The Mouse-Trap; " a song of "Sally in Our Alley" by Henry Carey, whose laughter provoking quality is raised to the superiative degree by Abbey's match-less illustrations, and a Thanksgrving Story by Blanche Willis Howard, natural, yet ut-terly unnatural, and humorous enough with-out any illustrations to help H. It is called "Beryl's Happy Thought." I HAVE often wondered why the custom of

I HAVE often wondered why the custom of presenting our friends with a year's subscription to one or the other of these magazines a a Christmas gilt has not become more gen eral. Surely nothing could be more appro-priate. And there certainly is nothing else which returns one a more bountiful equiva which returns only a more countries equiva-lent for the money. To one with any liter-ary tastes, a year's subscription to the Atlan-tic would be a most acceptable present; while Hurper's or the Centery, coming every month, would be an ever-recurring source of pleasure and prefit, and an ever-renewed reminder of the donor's esteem and good sense, in every family brightened by its visits. UNUAS:

THE DURES CREEK MURDER steve Goliiday Doesn't Know to This Day That

He Killed 'Squire Backley, From the Atlanta Constitution

When Steve Golliday came into Bide Rock early one morning, and called the sheriff out of his house, that officer supposed that his visitor desired to see him on some ordinary matter of business. He was muckly unde ceived. "I have killed a man down on Duke's

Creek," said Steve, " and I thought I would give mysell up." "The mischiel you say !" exclaimed the sherift. "You've had be many drams this "Not a dram," was the reply ; "I'm tell

ing you the truth.' The sheriff took ng you the truth." The sheriff took a good book at young Gol-iday, and saw that it was no joking matter. He changed his tone. "Stove," he said, "I hope it was a fair

"Slove, "Slove, "Slove, "I "No fight at all," answered Slove, "I just slipped up behind him and blow out his

"Wby, great Goddlemighty, map; that's

under, Who was he "" " It was Squire Buckley." There was a long passe, during which the

two men looked steadily at each other. "Now, see here," said the sherift, after he had collected his wits, "this sort of thing won't do. Murder is a serious business." " I know it," said Steve, " and that's why I'm here to give myself up. I'm ready to go to jall right now." "Well, I ain't ready to take you," pro-

tested the other, " so you had better tell me " It you will go out there with me," sug

gested Steve, "I think I could tell you Somehow I can't talk about it here." Somehow I can't tak shoul it here." "Good enough," said the sheriff, cheer-fully, "of course l'li go with you. We'll slip out there quietly, and keep this little matter to ourselves until we get back to

town."

town." The two men waited off at a rapid pace and were soon beyond the village limits and lost to sight in the woods. The sheriff sid vary little on the way. He was badly bothered. Squire Buckleyhad at-ways borne a good reputation, and was a man of some little property. Golitday, while a clever young fellow, had been a little wild, and, since the disappearance of his father, had acted very strangely. Old man tiolli-day had lived the life of a hermit, and was supposed to have quite a sting sum of money

NEWTON LIGHTNEE, BAG, PREALDEN OF THE RODY TWO YEARS.

Beginning His Service as a Director in 1818. and Faithfully Guarding the School Interests Nearly Eighteen Years-Graduate

of Princeton, Lawyer, Churchman, Member of Councils, Etc.

We have now reached a period in our school board sketches which is rather difficult to bridge over. A volume of the min-utes of the school board from May, 1863, to June 3, 1868, has been lost or destroyed. Diligent effort has been made to find the missing volume, but without avail. The only means of gathering information as to what was done in the board during the five years from 1863 to 1868 is to be found in the newspapers. These have been carefully scrutinized, but the published reports ar very short and unsatisfactory, containing not a tenth part of the space that is given to the proceedings nowadays. Our sketches therefore, of the two years' presidency o Newton Lightner, the one year's presidency of Judge Livingston and the first two years of the presidency of Wm. P. Brinton must necessarily be meagre.

MR. LIGHTNER AS SCHOOL DIRECTOR.

Benson's Capcine Plasters are widely imita-ted. That is the fact. Now, why are they imi-tated? Because they are the only porous plas-ter in existence that is really trustworthy and entilicating medicated, and care in a few hours aliments upon which no others have had any effect whatever. The public are therefore cau-tioned against plasters bearing the names of "Capstein," "Capsteine," or "Ca-pucia," which are meant to pass for "Capcine" (please note the difference) and also against plasters bearing the names "Benton's," Bur-ton's," etc. When buying ask for Benson's Plas-ter and protect yourself by a personal examina-tion. The genuine has the word "Capcine" eut or poroused in the body of the plaster and the "Three Seals" trademark on the face cloth. (3) Newton Lightner was elected a member of the board of directors on the 25th of May, 1818, to fill a vacancy caused by the resigns tion of Rev. Samuel Bowman, D. D. Mr. Lightner served until April, 1850, when his term expired. In May, 1850, the special law for Lancaster school district went into operation, and for the first time thirty six directors were clected. Mr. Lightner was not one of them, but on the 221 of August following he was elected to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. O. Zahm

and served until March 3, 1853, when he was

elected president of select council. By virtue of a law then in force the mayor of the city and the presidents of councils were ex-officio members of the school board. When the board met on the 3d of March. When the board met on the 3d of March, 1853, Mr. Lightner resigned his elective membership, but remained a member ex-officio until February, 1855, when, Dr. Car-penter having been elected president of se-lect council, Mr. Lightner's ex-officio mem-bership in the board expired. On the 3d of May following, however, he was for the third line algorid by the board of fill a variance. time elected by the board to fill a vacancycaused by the resignation of Rev. Henry A. Shultze. At the next ensuing election of di-rectors on the 6th of May, 1856, Mr. Lightner was elected by the people for three years and was re-elected in 1859 and 1862.

common porous plasters - which you can get for a song at any of the Cheap John druggists-you During his almost continuous service in the board from 1848 to 1862, Mr. Lightner, who was regarded as an excellent parliamenhave merely thrown away your money, for one Benson's Capcine Plaster is worth them all. The Benson's Capcine Plaster is worth them all. The reason is this: Benson's is the only porous plas-ter in the market that is honestly and skillfaily made and scientifically modicated. Others are no more than nominal inflations of Benson's. They are cheap because they possess none of the ingredients which render Benson's valuable. The latter are prompt to act, pleasant to wear, and cure in a few hours aliments which others will not even reflexe. The public are especially warned against so-called "Gapstein," " Capsi-cum." " or " Canselene" plasters as tarian, was very often called upon (in the absence of Presidents Steinman, Burrowe and Hayes) to act as president pro tem. At the election of directors in May, 1863, Judge Hayes having failed to secure an election at the polls, it was necessary to elect some one else president. The board met on the 7th of May and Mr. Lightner was elected president. receiving twenty votes to sixteen cast for Dr. J. L. Atlee. A year later, on motion of Dr. Atlee, Mr. Lightner was re-elected presi-dent, and served efficiently until May 2, 1855, when he declined re-election as presi-dent. warned against so-called "Capsicin," "Caps com," "Capuel," or "Capsicine" plasters a worthless articles intended to deceive. Ask fo Benson's, and look for the "Three Seals" trade mark, and the word "Capcine" out in the cen-tre. nov21-M,W,S

SKETCH OF MR. LIGHTNER'S LIFE.

Mr. Lightner was born in Williamstown Let us tell you that a person who is bilious or constipated is not a well person, and inriher, that nearly every one is subject to these irregu-larities. Let us tell you also that "Burdock Blood littlers" are one of the finest diuroties and sperients over yet devised. For sale by II. B Cochran, druggist, 137 and North Queen street, Lancaster. Lancaster county, November 9, 1813. Judge Lightner, his father, was a man of prominence in his day and gave his son a good education. He graduated at Princeton college in 1833, after which he entered the law office of John R. Montgomery, a leading member of John R. Montgomery, a leading member of the Lancaster bar, and read law with him until 1830, when he was admitted to the bar, and has been in practice ever since. He has had a good practice, but being in easy cir-"Best thing for burns I have ever tried. Hoais up grandly." L. P. Follett, Marion, Ohio, speak-ing of *Thomas' Beletric* Old. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. umstances, he has not attempted to push himself into the front rank of attorneys, or to squabble for fame before a quarter sessions jury. He takes things easy, and would A person with impaired or impoverished lood is on the road to physical bankruptey lardock Blood Bitters strengthen and curici rather enjoy a good concert, opera, drama, or even a game of billiards more than engage the circulation, repair the Ussues, and build up the ontire system. For sale by H. B. Cochran drongist, 157 and 139 North Queen street, Lan-mater. n a hair-splitting controversy over points law ; albeit, he is a sale counsellor and his

clients rarely get left. He was a member of both common and select councils for soveral years, being presi-dent of select council for three years. As For the nose and throat, externally or inter-nally used. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is inatchless. Asthum. catarrh, and serious throat affections are quickly amenable to this effections. we have seen above, he was a member of the Imost continuously

scarcely know more at the end than at the beginning, simply because they were always going to do some other job well. The pres-ent is the one every time. Demonstrate your ability to do something well, and the oppor-tunity to advance will not be wanting. No man ever rose to respectable distinction in any other way. Go to a trade and go at it with a determination that define failure, and you will succeed. Don't leave it because TIRED OUT ! At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building np. with a determination that deflow failure, and you will succeed. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work is to be performed. These who have worked their way up to usefulness and weaith do not belong to the shiftless or un-stable class. Work with a suil and study to do your work well, and you cannot fail of success. Let "Perseverance and industry," be your motto, and with a steady application to business the future will be secure. Don't be ashamed of paint-bespattered overalls, provided you have earned them. Labor is honorable, and the mechanic's working-IRON BITTERS onorable, and the mechanic's working clothes are far more beautiful in the eyes of all honest men and women than the costlier gewgaws of fashionable men. The people who reased

who respect you only when you are well clad will be the first to run from you in the hour of adversity. Honor your calling by doing good work and your calling will honor

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INVIGORATED.

I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Fills for Stomach and Liver disorders. I suffered from a Torpid Liver, and Dyspepsia, for eighteen months. My skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I had no appetite, suffered from liead-ache, was pale and emachated. A few boxes of Ayer's Fills, taken in moderate doses, restored me to perfect health.-Waldo Miles, Oberlin, Ohio. Ohio

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b liver, I cheerfully recommend its use. Very truly, JAMES G. LEWIS, M. D. Ber Beware of Bogus and Imitation Pads. Ask ard ringgists for the Genuine Holman's Pad, d take no other. If he does not keep them, nd \$2.00 to the 40

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the arrow must be a work of a bow, but that the arrow must be a work of art. The string was of sinews from the legs of deer, fistened together with great care. There is plenty of game within easy shot-gun range of our stealthy hunter, who is now rouching low, with eyes fixed on the light side of the valley, but the forest silence has never yet been broken by the report of a gun, and he must get close up to his prey before he will risk wasting one of his precious at rows. A herd of deer feeding in an open glade

have made his eyes glow, riveted his whole attention, and darting quickly across open spaces, or gliding like a serpent on the ground, he draws so close to them that one would think they must smell him in spite of the wind. He reaches the coveted point, a great tree only a few paces from the browsing deer, and with quick decision drives an arrow into the nearest; another and another follow in such rapid flight, that before the panic has seized the herd two have fallen and a third is wounded. They are off like the wind, but carry an arrow with them.

A LONG BUN.

The deer are hastily buried under logs and branches in a hollow made by the upturned roots of a fallen tree, and out savage is running after the wounded deer The trail passes through dense thickets o jaurel and brambles, over marshy and rock; ground, turning, twisting in most bewilder ing manner: faint, difficult, almost invisible no sign of blood to encourage the pursuer and yet he sticks to it. He must regain his arrow and win that deer, and with marve ous endurance he keeps steadily and carefully at work until at last the game is actually run down.

He comes upon the buck lying at rest in wrter of a brook, and anothshallow arrow brings it charging down upon him only to fall by a blow from his stone hammer

It is late in the day, and he has travelled many a mile, but the hunter shoulders his heavy game, and strikes out across the hills for his distant hidden deer. He must reach the place before dark and keep the welver sway. The night is cold but he does no build a fire when he arrives on the scene of build a fire when he arrives on the scene of build a fire when he arrives of the only goes for hi build a fire when he arrives on the seene of his morning encounter. He only goes for his fur robe, and wrapped in it lies wide awake the whole long night listening to the wolves and wild-cats and ready for a scrimmage. Refore daybreak he is on the tramp again bound for the camp of his tribe on the Con-estogs. It is nearly noon when he walks to the door of the wigwam and deposits his burden saying to his squaw : "I have returned."

"I have returned." "I am glad," is the fond reply, and then follow inquiries after the health of the chil-dren, as formally answered; when all con-versation ceases until the man's hunger is appeased and a pipe smoked. Then he tells a circle of his friends of his successful hunt, and while he is talking some squaws and

respecting the ordinary methods of playing baccarat and the honesty or dishonesty of Alexander's performance on the night in question. This evidence was so conflicting hat the jury were unable to agree upon verdict. Justice Denman in summing u the case denounced the transaction as a low and dirty one conducted in a disreputable club existing for the purpose of promoting blackguard gambling.

The testimony of the experts called in this rase proved that it was not an unusual thing for a member of the Road ciub, who had neither income nor visible means of support to win \$2,500 in one evening. It also appeared that there were other West End cluss where \$10,000 could be carried off in a single night, and that these clubs had country branches at Brighton and on the race tracks where financial operations of this sort were conducted on a great scale, Justice Den-man's "blackguard gambling" apparently is one of the recognized recreations of the gilded youth of the West End. University undergraduates are regular patrons of these baccarat clubs, and wards in chancery, like the unsophisticated Windham, are enticed into these fashionable dens and systematic ally duped and beggared. The St. Jame Gazette is led by the revelations of this tria to denounce the fashionable clubs where bac carat and similar games are played night after night by professional card-sharpers of excellent social position who never lose at table because they invariably chest. These clubs are not suppressed by the police, al-though their character is well known. Their

social prestige is so dazzling that the high toned card sharper is screened from molesta tion. This subject has attracted little attention ir London of late years because the powers o Parliament have been already exercised in legalizing the suppression of gaming houses For thirty years the police have been author ized by a special act to arrest the proprietors of gaming establishments. The credulous public has believed that loo and baccarat are abuses of the past since the old-time gaming houses have disappeared. But "good so-clety" has succeeded in frustrating the pur-pose of the law-makers by claiming the im-munities which are ordinarily enjoyed by regularly organized social clubs. The praleal remedy is prosecution for card sharping and cheating as a species of swindling whether practised in a protessional gaming house or a social club.

HOW A PAPER IS MADE. " Pray, how is a paper made "" The question is easy to ask, But to answer it fully, my dear, Were rather a difficult task ; And yot in a bantering way. As the whip-poor-will sings in the glade, I'll venture a bit of a lay To tell how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk, And ponders the things that appear To be claiming the thoughts of the world-Things solemn, and comic, and quoer -And when he has hit on the theme He judges it well to parade. He writes, and he writes, and he writes, And that's how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk, And puzzles his brains to make out "Telegraphic :" 'tis squabbled and mixed, it is hard to tell what it's about.

Exchanges are lying around ; While waiting dispatches delayed He clips, and he clips, and he clips, And that's how a paper is made.

A reporter out in the town, In search of the things that are new-The things that the people have done, The things that the people have done, The things they're intending to de-Goes peering and prying about For items of many a grade ; He transp, and he tramps, and he tramps, and he tramps, and he tramps, And that's how a paper is made

and all that those workers prepare, Of every conceivable stripe, Is sent to the printer, and he Proceedeth to stick it in type fits lines all respecting his will In slow-moving columns parade-He sticks, and he sticks, and he sticks, And that s how a paper is made

In short, when the type is all set. And errors cleared up more or less, "Tis " locked in the form," as they say, And hurried away to the press. The pressman arranges his sheets, His ink gives the requisite shade Then he prints, and he prints, and he prints, And that's how a paper is made. - From the Printers' Circular.

FURTHER on he says, "The university is train men in that larger freedom which will enable them to apprehend in all thought the universal end. It will cherish the names of eminence on its rolls, but they will have been trained in a culture too large to bear the imprint of a distinctive type. There will be

no signature by which a graduate of one or another can be recognized. There are no patents in thought. His conclusion finally is this: "The object, then, of the university is the application of thought to life. We are to recognize with Aristotle that thought is r virtue, and the excellence attained by a virtue, and the excellence attained by a nation, in every department, however wide apart. — in theology, in music, in architecture, in politics, — is in the measure in which this principle is recognized. ... This object illustrates the true law of tradition. The university is to gather up all that is best, all that in thought is its best

achievement, all that in science is its best at tainment, and is to give them to its scholars It is to make them theirs of all the ages."

OF female colleges and education he has this true and noble word to say : "There is no ground for the phrase, the education of man r woman : none for the rights of woman. The true and eternal ground for all rights and freedom is in the spiritual life and one ness of humanity. A part from this there is no ground for rights, no recognition of duties. The true expression is of the education of humanity. In this there is the con ception of the real universal, the fulfillment I the object of the university.

This Century must have been feeling that the public is getting fired of the "War Articles," which at first ran up the circulation to such an unprecedented degree ; and the very difficult question now was how to keep up this extraordinary circulation while with-drawing the chief cause of it. Something of equal or if possible still greater popular in-terest must be substituted as the leading feature of the magazine, and the war articles given a subordinate place, less space, and probably gradually be discontinued altd gether. This deficate question seems to have been successfully solved by the publi cation as a sorial of a popular, yet full and ac curate, illustrated "Lite of Lincoln." The first chapter of this appeared in the Novem ber number, and certainly promises well. The December number is to have numerous illustrations and other matter cerecially appropriate to Unristmas. In the No-

volubler number, too, a new novel by Stockton, who seems to enjoy a

"boom" in his layer just now, is com-menced. It is called "The Hundredth Man," A feature for which many of us will look with more than ordinary interest and expectancy, are the two novelettes by 'coorge W. Cable that are promised for the new year ; besides there are to be short stories by Mary Hallock Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston and others.

THERE is no doubt that the Century will keep up its popularity with such writers enlisted for the coming year. The Atlantic can never get the immense circulation of either the Contary or Hurner's, simply be cause it appeals to a much more limited constituency. Its writers for 1857 are to be au thors like Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Fiske, Stedman, Burroughs, Maurice Thompson, Higginson, Seudder, Lodge, among men, and Mrs. Preston, Miss Jowett, Miss Mur-free, Miss Thomas, Cella Thaxter, Lucy Larcom and others, among women writers. Cer-tainly none of these can draw the same crowd of readers as Eggleston, Julian Haw-thorne, Stockton and the writers of war sto-ries. The two magazines, therefore, cannot be said to be rivals, nor to interfere with each other is any second by a storight to the same

other in any sense. Each is suited to sphere. Each is best in its sphere. THE same is true of Harver's Monthly. It is the Century's only peer in the matter of illustrations ; while its literary contents

cover as wide and varied a field, and are of an equally popular character. At the same time, however, Harper's has a very distinct individuality of its own. It cannot be sup planted, or even really interfored with, by any of the other magazines. For whatever else you keep in the line of periodicals you always want *Harper's*, or else be hopelessly "behind the times."

From the New York World. IT makes the great effort of the year in its Christmas number. Certainly for quality rising from the valleys of Vermont,

supposed to have quite a snug sum of money hoarded up. Toward the close of the war he mysteriously disappeared, money and all, and all efforts to trace him failed. When his son returned from the army be tried in every way to ascertain his father's fate, but without The fate of old man Golfulay was the sub

ject of the sherif's thoughts as he followed his companions through the bushes. But his speculations were suddenly interrupted. " There is what you wish to see," said the

young man. It was not a pleasant sight, and it was very It was not a pleasant sight, and it was very different from what the oill or had expected to see. The dead hody of Squire Buckley was lying on the grass, face downward, and the red wound in the head spoke for itself, But what attracted the sherill's gaze was not the corpse. It was an open grave by the side

f which lay the skeleton of a man" "I don't understand," said the sheriff. 'My God! Steve, what does it all mean ?' Young Golliday pointed to the skeleton. . He was murdered and robbed by Buck

When the astonished sheriff had composed bimself enough to listen, Steve told him all about the affair. The young man noticed, after his return from the war, that Buckley avoided him. In fact, the squire secured avoided him. In fact, the spinre seemed to lear him. For a long time this was unac-countable. At last tooliday's curlosity was excited by discovering that Buckley fre-quently made a visit to this lonely spot on Duke's creek. After several unsuccessful attempts to follow the old man, he concealed himself in the bushes one morning, and was almost driven mad by what he saw and heart. Backley made his usual bilgrimage

heard. Buckley made his usual pligrimage to the spot, and believing himself unob-served, fell down on his holes and prayed aloud. In his prayer hespecke of the terrible temptation which had lod him to murder old Golilday, and prayed for strength to keep the secret to the ond. His language indicated that he was then kneeling on the grave of his victim.

"I could not stand if," said Steve, " walked up behind him, without saying a word, and blow oil the top of his head. It was wrong, I know, but I couldn't help it." "I don't see how you could," said the sheriff. "Then," continued Stove, "I took a pleer

of a fence rail and dug into that little mound I dug and scratched away for an hour until I came to the skeleton. On one of the bony fingers I found this ring. It was my father's. I would have known it anywhere." "Good Lord !" ejsculated the shorift.

"Well," the young man said, dejectedly, "I hardly knew what to do, I was satisfied that I had killed my father's murderer, but I thought I had better go and deliver myself up to any " up to you.'

good-hearted officer carried his pris-Th oner to the Golliday cottage not far off and put him to bed. It was not a moment to early, for when the nearer doctor came he pronounced it a case of brain fever. Long weeks atterward when the patient recovered he recollected nothing of the tragedy. Nor

did any one tell him. Was there no inquest? Certainly one was held. But the good people of Blue Kock and Duke's Creek were not in the habit of allowing the technicalities of the law to over ride their ideas of justice. When the cord ner's jury heard the sheriff's dramatic re eltal, it took only a trief consultation to in-duce the jurors to bring in a verdict to the effect that Buckley had come to his death b a pistol shot fired by Steve Golliday in self defense. The self-defense idea had been suggested by the sheriff, and it was consid ered a happy solution of an embarrassing

nestion. Steve Golliday is now one of the most pop tlar farmers on Duke's Creek. Occasionally te speaks of his father's disappearance an quire Buckley's suicide. His neighbors humor his delusion, and he will never the truth of the business.

---Lonn, for the erring thought Not into evil wrought Lord, for the wicked will Betrayed and baffled still : For the heart from itself kent, Our thanksgiving accept. For ignorant hopes that were Broken to our blind prayer :

For pain, death, sorrow sen Unto our chastisement ; For all love of scentrag good, Quicken our gratitude. —Auonymour

Bodes Badly for Blaine,

Mr. Edmunds declines to speak of the

Yor sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 157 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. from 1818 to 1896 and was president of the board for two years. During his long ser-vice he held positions on the most important committees, and took a leading part in the leliberations of the board.

A Postal Card From Mrs. Dennis Smith. Londsville, Ky 18035 "For blood impurities Burdock Blood Buiers seem particularly adapted. Never before had complexion so clear. Use all the time." For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. Mr. Lightner in his earlier life was for many years an active member of the volun-teer fire department. From the 1st of January, 1815, to the ith of January, 1855, he was president of the Union Fire company, de-clining a re-election at the latter date. Mr. Lightner has been a life-long member

of the Protestant Episcopal church, and for the past forty years has been a vestryman of St. James, of this city. Mr. Lightner's wife was a daughter of

Mr. Lightner's wile was a daughter of James Hopkins, esq., one of the most emi-nent lawyers that ever practiced at the Lan-caster bar, who was a most estimable woman. She died about a year ago. Their only son, James Hopkins Lightner, is well and favor-ably known in this city. Mr. Lightner has a brother (Hervey) living in Peoria, Illinois. Another brother (Hopkins) was for many years an officer in the fourth auditor's office at Washington. He died in 1840. at Washington. He died in 1869.

at washington. He died in 1869, Mr. Lightner is a Jeifersonian Democrat without the shadow of turning, and is ever ready to give a reason for the faith that is in bird in large a reason for the faith that is in him in language both forcible and convinc ing. He was the Democratic candidate for judge of this judicial district in 1854, and polled 4,000 votes, to 5,852 cast for Judge Hayes and 5,122 for Judge Comiy. J. M. J.

----Do Your Work Weil.

From the House Painting and Decorating. The path to fame by honest merit is a slow and tedious one. A manufacturer who is so careful about his products that he has to put a higher price on them than his less conscientious neighbor can sell for, may at first be repaid by small sales and smaller profits it takes a long time to build up a reputation for excellence, but once acquired, it is like the pearl of great price. It is much the same with the workman as with the manufacturer. If every stroke he strikes is solid work, con scientiously performed, he will acquire a reputation-limited, it may be-that is sure to pay in the end. We would not conceal or deny the fact that some men labor under pecultar disadvantages. All men are not born equal, either mentally or physically. One is naturally skillful in one direction ; anothe is expert in other things. One man may do his level best, and yet he will not turn out as good a piece of work as his more skillful brother who only half tries. Let him not be discouraged because he is handicapped in the race and may not reach the top of the ladder. There is room for honest workmen every-where – even respectable mediocrity pays better than brilliancy coupled with trickery. The native American is distinguished by his ingenuity, and with half a chance he make his mark everywhere. Yet he sometime loses the race in competition with less abl men from other lands because their carefu training and early drill in their professions and their long and severe apprenticeship have more than compensated for the want of

have to carve out their success by hard labor in which a full determination to do every thing to the very best of one's ability counts for more than is generally supposed. Above all things, don't waste time in regretting that another trade was not chosen. If it be a honest one stick to it. You will hear pain If it he ar ers decrying their trade, declaring it to be a "cut up" and generally worthless. But mark it, such men will usually be found, it not actually incompetent, at least with very little interest in their trade, or in any kind of work for that matter, and who spen

work for that make, and who spot not not time in questionable divertisments, instead of improving their minds by suitable read-ing and their knowledge of the intricacies of their trade by intelligent experimenting and practice. There is, in fact, very little differ-ences in trades so far as their emoluments are concerned, but there is a great difference among tradesmen. House painting is equally as good as any other mechanical pursuit, and the competent and reliable workman manages always to secure a comfortable liveli-hood from it.

duty well done. We have known boys, every way qualified to become good mechan-ics, go through an apprenticeship, and

Warranted to eradicate completely and in a short time, the most obdurate corns, hard or soft, without pain. Sold by Geo. W. Hull, Chas. A. Locher, John K. Kauffnan, Dr. Wm. Worra-ley, And. G. Frey, Chas. J. Shuimyer, and at BECHTOLD'S DRUG STORE, Geol&lyd No. 401 West Orange St. A Good Taiker On the stage or platform, in society or at home, must not only possess brains but a clear, strong voice. Catarth, or a severe coid, is almest cer-tain to injure the voice. But these complaints may be completely endicated with a few appli-cations of *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, unrivaled in its specialities. For sale by H. B. Cochran, drug-gist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. B. B. MARTIN,

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shitch's Cure is the remedy for you. For said by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No 137 North Queen street. All Kinds of Lumber and Coal. SPYARD: No. 420 North Water and Prince

"Give Ely's Cream Balm a trial. This just! "Give Ely's Cream Haim a trial. This justly eelebrated remedy for the cure of catarrh, hay fever, cold in the head, &c., can be obtained of any reputable druggist, and may be relied upon as a safe and pleasant remedy for the above complaints and will give immediate relief. It is not a Hquid, snuff or powder, has no offensive odor and can be used at any time with good re-sults, as thousands can testify, among them some of the attaches of this office."-Spirit of he Times, May 29, 1881. In Suwdeod w BAUMGARDNERS & JEFFERIES.

Owner: No. 129 North Queen street, and No. 54 North Prince street, near Reading Depot. WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiioh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price le cts., 50 cts., and 81. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist. No. 157 North Busen street. REMOVAL.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

Bucklen's Arnica Saive. The Best Saive in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Sait Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cutes Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satis-faction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. B. Coonran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. has removed his Coal Office to No. 155 NORTH QUEEN STREET (Brimmer's New Building), where orders will be received for Lumber and Coal, WROLMBALD AND BATAIL

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street. EAST END YARD.

Active, Pushing and Reliable,

The Excitement Not Over.

Caution

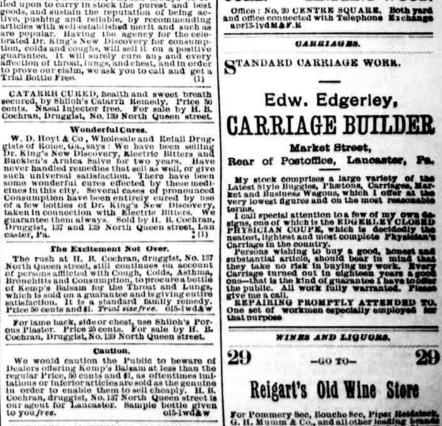
MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS !!!

COAL. - KINDLING WOOD.

Reigart's Old Wine Store

For Pommery Sec, Rouche Sec, Piper H G. H. Mumm & Co., and all other leadin of imported Chaupagnes. Also, Madeir and Port Wines, Ciarets, Sauternes, J

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excructating pain of cuiling teeth ? If so you at once and got a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW? SOOTHING SYEUP. It will relieve the poor intic sufferer immediately-depend upon it. there is no mistake about it. There is not a not tell you at once that it will regulate the to the taste, and is the present provided by the other wines, the financian Champagne in the indicest and best forming physicians in the United States. Soid everywhere. Scents a bottle. May21-1704, W.S.



Wonderful Cnres. W. D. Hoyt & Co, Wholessle and Eciail Drug-gists of Rome, Ga., says : We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Eitters and Bucklen's Arnica Saive for two years. Have nover handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful curve effected by these medi-cines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in councetion with Electric Eitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street. Lan caster, Pa. Wonderful Cures.

Active, Pushing and Reinable, H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa., can always be re-lied upon to carry in stock the purest and best goods, and sustain the reputation of being ac-live, pushing and reinable, by recommending articles with well-established merit and such as are popular. Having the agency for the cele-brated Dr. King's New Discovery for consump-tion, colds and coughs, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of threat, lungs, and chest, and in order to prove our claim, we ask you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarth Remedy, Price 5, cents. Nasai Injector free. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 139 North Queen street.

natural tact and ingenuity. Perseverance will not conquer all things, but it goes a. long way toward success, While luck seems to favor the few, most men

ages always to secure a commonest mis-hood from it. One off the gravest and commonest mis-takes of the young man is the idea that what he is engaged in is not worth doing well. That idea well stuck to will beat any man, young or old. No one gains a right for higher work except by the way of present duty well done. We have known boys,