A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Nome time ago, while looking over some old manuscripts, I came across an article which interested me not a little. The piece was originally written in the German, and was translated into the English by my lather. In preparing it for the readers of the INTEL-In preparing it for the reaction of the LIURNICER I will follow the translated version one closely as possible, changing the diction only where it conflicts with good English. The "remarkable dream," as related to the German scribe by a school teacher in Wurtemberg, is, therefore, substantially as fol-

ows:

"In the year 1827 typhus fever in a severe form raged in the village in which I then was engaged as teacher. Many persons, as pecially young men, were carried off; and, as I attended many timerals, my mind quite naturally became morbidly impressed with the thought that perhaps my own departure was near. And, indeed, in April of the same year I was seized with the prevailing fever. I seriously thought my days were numbered. I had no lear of death, but rather rejoiced at the prospect of entering into my eternal rest. I had no tear of death, but rather rejoiced at the prospect of entering into my eternal reat. By no means was I weary of life. My cati-ing as teacher was precious to me; I was surrounded by a happy family circle, and had sufficient for my style of living. But the precious peace in the assurance of divine grace caused me to say with Paul, 'I have a desire to depart and be with Christ.'

"My sickness increased rapidly. I soon perceived that the physician and all about me had given up all hopes for my recovery. Many friends gathered around my bed. 1 move a timb, but was entirely fre ceedingly scute. Sometimes I mistook the ringing of church bells, and the singing in unity-1 was siready separated from the

"At last, as I felt that my breathing became slow and heavy and my pulse ceased to beat, I prepared myself for my departure. The valled scenes and incidents of my life passed quickly refore me, and I found nothing but sin in all my thoughts, words, and deeds. But still I had the sweet assurance that I had true, living faith in Him who Jus-lifieth the unrighteous sinner. In the sure expectation of my speedy departure I prayed to the Lord that He would grant to me as He

did to Lazarus, the guidance of an angel who should conduct me to His presence. "Then I fell into a deep sleep. But soon I thought I was watking along a narrow path which was hedged in on both sides by rows of tall, unsjestic trees. A man went before me whose appearance was dark and mysterious. The way was clearly to be seen, though there was neither sun nor moon. All nature appeared to be in a deep, mysterious aleep; no living being was seen or heard, and the country seemed to be uninhabited. I could not understand how I had come atther. A thick, impenetrable shroudy vapor lay behind me, while before a strange, bright, dazzing mist precluded my analysis. bright, dazzing mist precluded my eager gaze from discerning whither the path led. I asked my guide where I was, and whether I had ready died." He turned himself to ward me and gave me to understand, not by words, but by looks, that he had come as a messenger from the invisible word to ac-company me into eternity. 'Then I have died, indeed!' I thought or exclaimed, for thinking and saying were here the same.

'Oh, God be praised!' I said—'now I am happily, and without pain, delivered from all earthly toil and trouble. Oh, how easy and comfortable is sirewly the way into eternity! God has heard my last prayer, and sent a guide to me as He did to poor

"The Journey continued without the leas "The journey continued without the least fatigue over uninhabited and uneutilvated hills and valleys. Though there was no light of sun or moon the way became brighter. I followed my guide full of longings and expectations about my eternal fate. He did not speak a word to me; still I was filled witnealm and quietconfidence, and had no fear of any evil. My eyes and heart were directed forward and not back ward, for I did

not think of my bereaved family.

"Soon, at no great distance, I saw a large, beautiful city, which appeared to be rather in the air than on the ground. Full daylight the air than on the ground. Full dayight, without sunshine, gave it a majestic brightness in which its walls, towers and palaces appeared in a most magnificent golden light. Is this then a heavenly city, or even the New Jerusalem? I thought, but I had no courage Jerusalem? I thought, but I had no courage to ask my guide, who remained perfectly silent, and gave me to understand only by signs that I was to follow him. We entered the city: It was surpassingly beautiful. However, I could not see any living being nor any trace of its being inhabited. I was led into a very large and well-built house near the wall. Then I began to feel anxiety and care about the future welfare of my soul. and care arout the future welfare of my soul. I followed my guide up a flight of steps. We went through a long passage, along the side of which were many closed doors leading to rooms. My guide opened the last door at the end of the passage, bade me enter, and shut the door behind me. Full of anxiety, I looked about the room—found myself quite alone in a spacious apartment without a particle of furniture. I stood in the middle of the room for a long time not knowing what the room for a long time not knowing who to do, and fearing I was to be banished here in eternal solitude. Suddenly my eyes were attracted to a sign in the ceiting with the following inscription in large, glittering letters HERR THE RUBITEOUSNESS OF GOD IS REVEALED. Scarcely had I read it when such a terrible heat came over me that I thought the sign to be turned into a flery un, unceasingly casting streams of fire upon ma. I thought I would melt like wax, and writhed with the torments of heil. A thor-ough change now took piece in mr, within and without. For all my faith in God—all my confidence to the merits of Jesus Christ— was crushed, whilst all the evil I had ever done was imprinted upon my body, so that not the least particle of good was to be found in me. The fearful heat increased overy moment, till it became a sea of fire—and still moment, till it became a sea in the desired with the des pair and the distress of the damned, and i exclaimed: 'Oh, God, I am lost!—lost for ever! Lead me away into everlasting damna-tion!—I have deceived myself!

"Upon these lamentations the door of my room opened, and my guide beckoned me me out and to follow him. He led me back again through the passage, and opened the door of the first room, motioning me to enter. This was also an unfurnished room, but in each of the four corners I saw people dressed in grave clothes, kneeling, sighing, and wringing their hands. They utterd not a word, but often cast weird, ominous looks of compassion at me. Not knowing what to do here, I instinctively tooked upwards, an read again on a large sign in the ceiling the words, 'HERE GOOD RESOLUTIONS ARE MADE.' As I pondered upon the meaning of these words, it occurred to me that these or these words, it occurred to me that these people here present were all making resolutions. Presently an unknown voice called to me: 'You also ought to make good resolutions.' Then I considered, what use is it to make good resolutions? For these pale, deadly forms told me plainly enough that gesolutions in one's own strength are of no resolutions in one's own strength are of no avail. Therefore I exclaimed: Resolutions do not help me suything. I have made do not help me saything. I have made many good resolutions on earth, and they did not rid me from the deformity of sin. I am lost? At this incoment the door opened again and my guide beckoned me to follow him. The suxious looks of these people accompanied me with great sympathy to the door.

"My guide now led me out of the town into an own field, and took a westward divise and took a westward divise an own field, and took a westward divise."

"My guide now led me out of the town into an open field, and took a westward direction over dark and gloomy hills and valleys. Profound silence reigned everywhere. My guide became more mysterious. In the far distance in the midst of black darkness arose clouds of smoke and vapor. Here, I though, no doubt is the place of torment, and my guide intends to take me there. An indescribable anxiety salved ma. I considindescribable anxiety seized me. I considered whether I should follow or not. Soon I d still, and asked the guide with a trem-ig heart, 'Where are you leading me?', is this the way to hell?' At this the de turned, and for the first time looked me full in the face, seeming to wait for further explanations. I told him firmly, 'If you intend to lead me to hell—I know that I further explanations. I told him firmly, 'If you intend to lead me to hell—I know that I deserve to be there—you should first lead me to Jesus Christ my Savior. He must condemn me, and no other; for I have loved and believed on Him on earth.' My guide listened to my declaration with great attention, but still seemed to linger. As I perceived this, my courage increased, and I firmly insisted upon what I had said. Then he turned and went in an opposite direction at the black hills, scorched fields, and threatening clouds of smoke, I saw a most beautiful—yea, indescribably glorious country, and I lost altogether all fear of heit. I was transformed into a bright, youthint being. At last I saw a most magnificent city built upon a very high, shining mountain. The gate of pure gold was of en, and led to a beautiful, wide, regularly paves street which extended through the whole city. I was exceedingly delighted at this glorious aspect, and soon I heard a most powerful ringing of a heavenly chells, which caused the air to tremble. I

followed myguide into the city. We entered into a very large garden filled with a great multitude of men arrayed in white, shaing garments. They stood in military order, and sang a harmonious hymn, and made a step in perfect time with every ione and syllable. I followed the train with my guide, and heard the singing, se it were, like the voice of many waters, and as the sound of mighty thunderings, such as it is only in heaven. At last the majestic singing ended with the words which sounded high in sir:

"May I never loss this bleased sensation, But in spirit fix my happy station, On those heights so dear to me—Goigaths, Gethsemane!"

"The mighty and plain expression of these

On those heights so dear to meGolgaths, Gethaemane;

"The mighty and plain expression of these
words, especially of the isst, 'Golgaths,
Gethaemans,' impressed me so deeply that I
forgot myself and my sinfuine-s, and was
raised to a heavenly sensation. The singing
having ended, I asked one of those heavenly
beings standing near me, 'What mutitude
is this, and what city is this?' He answered,
'This is the great mutitude which no man
can number, and this is Mount Zion.' Soon
a powerful voice was heard, exclaiming,
'The Lord cometh!' Then the choir arranged itself on beth sides of the street, and
all waited in silent expectation for the coming of the Lord. A great fear came over me,
as I now expected to hear my eternal fate de
cided. Presently a most giorious company
seated upon white horses came down the
street. The forement among them casts look
at me that went through me like a twoedged sword. He rode up with His retinuto where I stood with my guide, and asked
several questions. As He gave His orders
and moved His hand I saw the nail prints on
them. This sight filled me with great reverance love, and continence. Then the Lord and moved His hand I saw the nail prints on them. This sight filled me with great reverence, love, and confidence. Then the Lord stretched out His arm and pointed with the finger of His right hand to me, saking my guide, 'Who is this?' 'A teacher from the earth.' Then the Lord spoke with a strong voice, 'It is yet too soon, he must return again to lead many children to rightsousness. Go back! With these words, 'go back,' I felt as though I had received a shock, and I swoke from my dream to this earthly life of labor and toit. Then I heard the voices of those around me saying, 'the crisis is past; there is again hope for his recovery.'

there is again hope for his recovery.'

"The fever slowly left me, and I soon regained my full health and strength, but that dream left a deep and lasting impression upon me, and influenced in no small measure for good all my subsequent thoughts,

I think the indulgant reader will agree with me in pronouncing the above a most peculiar and remarkable dream.

JERRY CRUNCHER. BULES FOR OWNAMENTAL PLANTING.

Some Points of Interest to Professional and From the Country Gentleman.

The following brief rules, to be modified for varying circumstances are to be observed in laying out, planting and taking care of orto the widely extended landscape garden. These rules may afford useful suggestions to those who are now preparing plans for spring work :

1. Set off ground for no more ornaments planting than can be well perforn ed and taken care of. 2. The first thing to be done is to drain thor-

oughly, unless there is a perfect natura 3. Make the soil deep and rich, which will give greener grass in dry weather, and cause a finer growth of trees, shrubs and flowers. 4. Make the surface smooth, filling narrow sollows and rounding off sharp hillocks, bu

do not undertake heavy grading.

5. Take advantage of undulating surface in planting for effect, and in leading the walks 6. The next thing is to lay out a plan of the whole grounds, for which various designs are given in different volumes of rural af

fairs.
7. Avoid laying out too many walks; one Avoid laying out too many walks; one or two, neatly kept, is better than many in a a state of neglect. 8. Parallel walks should be avoided, or, if

necessary, they should be hid from each other by plantings.

9. Let every walk lead to some special point or object, as a seat or a summer house, and not "end nowhere." 10. Great advantage may be taken of un-

 Great advantage may be taken of undulations for increasing the beauty and variety of the place, and a deal be thus comprised within a moderate extent.
 Shelter from prevailing winds may often be secured by masses or belts of ever greens or thick deciduous trees.

12. Unpleasing objects may be shut out from view by plantings of this character;

handsome views left open.

13. Expense may be avoided by adapting the design to the character of the ground; if nearly level much variation may be used; if marked with hills, valleys or gorges, care will be required to a dapt the plan to the sur

14. The boundaries may be planted more or less with evergreens; the interior mostly with deciduous trees.

15. Apparent breadth may be increased by

open vistas towards the most distant corners.

16. On small places plant no trees which grow to large size, but use small trees or shrubs, or pinch or cut back such trees as are

like:y to become too spreading.

17. Those who have small taste or interest in landscape gardening should undertak-little, and be content with a simple smooth lawn, a single walk, and a very few properly disposed trees.

18. But the truth should be always borne

in mind, that a simple plan well executed is far better than a complex one under neglect 19. With more taste for ornamentals, a few

19. With more taste for ornamentals, a few groups of shrubs may be set, and a few circular beds cut in smooth turf for flowers, all to be neally kept and well enriched.

20. In planting circular or elliptical beds, place the tailest plants in the middle, smaller outside, and low dense growth for the border.

21. In laying out curves use a large stift rope laid on the ground, as it cannot be bent in angles and keep its place with pegs.

22. The earth will do for the carriage road if dry and gravelty; or it the ground is ant to If dry and gravelly; or if the ground is apt to become muddy, spread a gravel covering. The same rule may apply to walks.

23. Always use slawn mower, run by hand for small places and with a horse for extended ones. During the first half of summer, when the grass grows rapidly use it every five days, less frequently alterwards.

days, less frequently afterwards.

24. Plant symmetrically trees or shrubs near the most fusished or most frequented portions of the ground; climbers, trailers or stragglers at the wilder parts.

25. Do not shear trees, shrubs and hedges into stiff symmetrical shapes, but cut back with a knite into a more natural outline.

26. A yold show structures for the appropriate 26. A void showy structures for the supports of climbers; paint them a brown or neutral color, or oil them with crude petroleum, which is better.

27. A simple ornament, seen through a

vista, may be a rough post, with rustic mosaic, surmounted with a sun dial, small vase, or pot with trailing plants; the rustic work of the post well offed with crude petroleum.
28. Where a right position can be secured.

28. Where a right position can be secured for the residence, plant at proper distances irregular belts or groups of dense trees or evergreens to exclude prevailing winds.

29. Barns and outbuildings symmetrically built, even of rough materials, may present a good appearance if partly or slightly hid with trees, and give the impression of a complete farm home.

30. On a large farm lawn of several acres, containing only large shade trees the grees.

containing only large shade trees, the grass may be kepl grazed short by sheep, and the whole present a park-like appearance.

Specimens of slang.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Men who write books about slang might find material in some restaurants. In Kansas City there is an abundance of it. Only in one place in St. Louis-on Morgan streetcan you hear downright slang in the giving of orders, and curious it is. If you tell the waiter you want an oyster stew, he shouts out to the kitchen, "Jesse James". A beef steak becomes "slaughter in a pan;" plain, black coffee is "coffee in the dark;" potatoes unpeeled are "Murphy with his coat on;" two eggs fried on one side are transformed into "sunny side up;" buck wheat cakes are spoken of in gambler fashion as "stack of reds with copper on top," and butter cakes as "stack of whites."

Sighing, she spoke, and, leaning, clasped her knees:

"Well hast thou sung of living men and dead,
Of fair deeds done and fair lands visited.
Sing now of things more marvellous than these:
Of fruits ungathered upon wondrous trees,
Of songs unsung, of gracious words unsaid,
Of that dim shore where no man's foot may

Of strangest skies, and unbeholden sens !

Full many a golden web our loogings spin,

And days are fair, and sleep is oversweet : But passing sweet these moments rare and Heet,
Heet,
When red spring sunlight, tremulous and thin,
Makes quick the palses with tumultuous best
For meadows never won or wandered in."

—R. Armyinge in Scribner's Magazine.

In " Paul Patoff," Marion Crawford's intest story, now running in the Atlantic Monthly, there is a description of a certain young lady whom we all know, which is as clever as anything Mr. Crawford has written. When my eyes first fell upon it I was almost startled. The portrait was so well drawn that I recognized it at once. I don't think Mr. Crawford has ever been here at Lancas-ter; but if he had lived here a life-time he could not have produced a more accurate picture of our mutual friend, who just now a so numerous, popular and omnipresent

Chrysophrasia Dabetreak. I know her by other names. But that makes no difference. She cannot disguise herself under any name. We know her by this: "Her eye rejoices only in the tints of the crushed strawberry and the faded olive ; her ear loves the ilmited poetry of doubtful sound produced by abortive attempts to revive the unbarred melodies of the troubsdours; and her soul thrills responsively in the checkered light falling through a stained glass window, as a sensitive plant waves its sticky leaves when a fly is in the neighborhood." By the way, that is a new fact about the sensitive plant; righted. The Linnean society ought to write to him for a specimen of that sensitive plant; he may have one, for he has come across some wonderful things in his travels, if one may judge by his novels.

"Bur life has attractions for Chrysophra ala," to turn again to our portrait. " She enjoys it after her own fashion. It is a little disconnected. The relation between cause and effect is a little obscure. She is fragmentary. She is a series of unfinished sketches in various manners. She has her being in the past tense, and her future, if she could have it after her taste, would be the past made present. She has many aspirations, and lew of them are realized, but all of them are sketched in faint bues upon the mist of her medicoval atmosphere. She is, in the language of a lyric from her own pen, The shadow of fair and of joyous impossible influite, faintness.

That is cast on the mist of the sea by the light of the sges to come.

the ages to come.

Her handwriting is Gothic. Her heart is of the type created by Mr. Swinburns in the minds of those who do not understand him—in their minds, for in the flesh the type is not found. Moreover, she resents modernness of every kind, including the steam engine, the electric telegraph, the continent of North America and myself. Her political creed shadows forth the government of the future as a pleasant combination of communism and knight harconer, wherein all only ism and knight-baronry, wherein all oppressed persons shall have republics, and a pressed persons shall have republics, and all nice people shall wear armor, and live in castles, and strew the floors of their rooms

with rushes and their garments with the

Well, she doesn't 'always look exactly the same. But her usual appearance is pretty nearly like this: "Personally Miss Dai streak is a laded blonde, with a very large nose, a wide mouth garnished with imperfec teeth, a very thin figure of considerable height, a poor complexion ill set off by scanty, straggling fair hair; garments of unusual, greenish hues, fitted in an unusual and irregu-iar manner, bang in fantastic folds about the angles of her frame, and her attitudes are strange and improbable." As for her re-ligion, "her mind is disturbed in its choice between a palatable form of Buddhism and a particularly luscious adaptation of Greek mythology; but in either case as much christianity would be indispensable as would give the whole a flavor of crusading." Her earthly affections are set chiefly upon certain earthly affections are set chiefly upon certain "earthen vessels, abominable in color, and useless to civilized man," concerning which she is wont to discourse with all the cloquence of love as "her Spanow-Morescow things, as she calls them, her Marstrow-Geawglow and her Robby ah." In literature she is just now infatuated with Gogol and Pushkin and their unpronounceable confreres. "I adore Russians," she exclaims. "They have such a loyous savor of the wild. They have such a joyous savor of the wild

Is Chrysophrasia Danstreak, or by what ever other name we may know the poor thing-is the modern seathers, male or female, to be accepted at her own estimate, as the highest outcome of our civilization, the ment? How sad it would be if we had any eason for thinking so !

FORTUNATELY We haven't. We know

from history and observation of the laws of human progress that all such apparent caricatures of culture are nothing but the grotesque embryo, immature and unformed, which after a few generations will result in which after a few generations will result in the perfected and fully developed man or woman of culture. Ludderous and pititul as are our young sesthetes with their ridiculous pretensions, let us bear with them as patiently as we can. They are prophetic of bet ter things in the future. They are the infant scholars in the school of culture, trying to learn the alphabet and spell out the simplest learn the alphabet and spell out the simplest syllables. It is funny, of course, to watch their blundering attempts and see what dreadful botches they make of it. But it is a good sign for the future. It is proof that America is at least beginning to wish for culture, and trying to attain to it. Everybody must learn the alphabet before he can read. And I am rejoiced that young America is at the time terms are the state of the can read. body must learn the aiphatet before he can read. And I am rejoiced that young Amer-ica is at it at last; that we are beginning to consider culture as worth trying for, or at least as worth imitating. Getting money is no longer the only thing we live for. After a while, in fifty or a hundred years from now, young America will have graduated from the infant school, and will not only know what culture is, but will possess it. The present dudism is only an unavoidable stage in our development towards our true stage in our development towards our true end and condition. Only have a little pa-tience. We will soon be over the worst, or tience. We will soon be over the worst, at least the silliest, period of our social life.

In literature, I think, we are aiready over he worst, though our literature is really not yet a century old. The only thing that occasionally makes me doubt this conclusion is when I see it stated and dwelt upon and reiterated in our papers and magazines. For instance, in the Century, which has just reached me, I see an "Open Letter," unsigned, which is all too hopeful in its "Postic Outlook in America." As soon as a body, or a people, thinks it is doing very well, it is in danger of doing very ill. Self-matisfaction atunits and binders growth. satisfaction stunts and hinders growth.

AT the same time, there is a good deal that is interesting in the article. And it is quite surprising what a countless throng the comneny of American verse-makers has grown to be. Several scores are mentioned who to be. Several scores are mentioned who have within the last few years published books of poetry of greater or less worth. It is true, none of them are poets of the first rank; few, very lew, even of the second; while several are mentioned who hardly have a claim to the name of poet at all, at least no better claim than many others whose names are not mentioned. For example, Mr. Econ E. Rextord has as much right to be called a poet as any one of at least half a dozen that are named.

MR. REXPORD's latest volume, by the way, is a striking example of how the mass of readers love a simple story plainly told rather than the most elaborate work of the poetic art. His story in verse called "Brother and Lover," which has been pub "Brother and Lover," which has been published by John B. Alden, of New York, in dainty form, has very little poetry of a high order in it; but it tells a simple, touching tale of real heart-pathos in a pisin and natural manner, a tale of the late war, and hence it has won for itself thousands of readers and admirers among all classes, high and low. I got a copy of it a month or two ago (it coats only 40 cents!) and since then a dozen of my friends at least have read it, and a number at once sent to Mr. Alden for it, while all were delighted with it. It is not its poetry that makes it so popular, but its peculiar power of touching the heart of the reader. This power it has to a remarkable degree.

THERE is another thing that struck me is the current Century. Here it is : " Since the February number of the mage

zine went to press we have learned, for the first time, from his own admission, that 'P. D. Haywood, 'the author of the article 'Life on the Alabama—By one of the Crew,' which appeared in the Century for April, 1886, was not a seamen on the Confederate cruiser, though at the time the article was accepted be assured as he was, and furnished references which seemed to be antisfactory. He now claims that he had the incidents of his

paper from a member of the Alabatha's crew, but we are unable to attach any importance to that statement, and shall omit his article from the war papers when they are repub-lished in book form.—Entron."

How skilfully that to done! Yet not skilfully enough to make it honestly truthful. The Century suspected nothing of how it had been hoaxed by Horton until the Philadelphia Times exposed the bold imposture in all its details. But that the Century mys in all its details. But that the Century mys nothing about; but trees by an ambiguous statement like the scove to take the honor of the discovery of Horton's fraud to itself. Just notice the punctuation: "We have learned, for the first time, from his own admission," &c. That is not true. It learned it, for the first time, from the Philadelphia Times, and afterwards "from his own admission." If the punctuation were as follows: "We have learned, for the first time from his own admission," &c., then the statement would be true. That is, according to the letter of it, though it would still be misleading. In a word, then it would be a "white lie" only, now it is a black one! How hard it is for people to confess that they have been fooled!

A PERRO FURBRAL.

Ceremonies of Old Slavery Days Still Preval ing in the South,

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Not long since I was visiting one of the towns in upper South Carolina. I and a friend were taking an afternoon stroll into the adjoining country. We had proce some distance and were passing through a dense wood, when suddenly my companion atopped and nervously inquired: "What's that?" I came to a balt and listened. A weird, mournful sound floated through the trees and reached our ears. It seemed to come only a short distance ; appeared to em anate from the copse on the other side of the road. We crossed over and followed, bent upon investigating what it was. We had scarcely gained the opposite thicket when we encroached into one of those country burial grounds, which are to be found near every bamlet in South Carolins. It was a strange picture that met our sight, and one that belonged more to heathen lands

and one that belonged more to heathen lands than to our own civilized country. There, around a newly-made grave about twenty-five negroes were collected. They all held hands and were slowly moving to and fro, while they wailed forth dirges, and at inter-vals would ejaculate wild, incoherent words. In the midst of the circle, at the head of the grave, an old woman sat, who rocked back-ward and forward. Her eyes rolled wildly, and she moved in a mechanical way. This and she moved in a mechanical way. This was the widow of the deceased, and it was was the widow of the deceased, and it was her required part in the ceremony to loudly moan at appointed intervals during the sing-ing. Something in this way their hymn scunded, as hearly as I could catch the

De white horse he rode, Wid de sickle in he hand, And siew down our bradder From affrong our earthly band, A moan! sistes, moan!

A mean ! sistes, mean !

And here the widew would reintreduce her beathenish incantations. These were kept up for some time, when suddenly they ceased and the negroes prostrated themselves upon the ground, while the minister, a tail, very dark negro, stood and offered up a prayer. After the "amen" was uttered they rose, and two of the number took from a basket near some articles with which they decorated the grave, as if they were placing decorated the grave, as if they were placing upon the tomb floral offerings. They ther slowly formed in procession and silently marched out of the exclosure. My friend and I, curious to decide what the peculiar mode of grave decoration was, proceeded to the spot where an old man was shouldering his spade to quit the piace. "Why, old man," said I, "what are those

"Why, old man," said I, "what are those things they have left on the grave? Bottles, shoes, a jug! Why, what does it all mean?"
"Well, bose," said the ebeny grave digger, with an air of importance, "you see we puts de articles dat de departed brudder use to use on de grabe for to keep away de bad sperrets, and I spose it is a sort of "spectful way ob treating de memory of de lost sister or brudder. You see, dars de bottle dat he or brudder. You see, dars de bottle dat he take the medicine from when he be sick. And dars de jug, it had de last dram he drunk 'fore he juned de temperance meetin', an' de boots, I spose de dey shoes dat ee gwine to change for de golden slippers dat he put on when he jine de ban up yander," and a beam of placid faith illuminated the old black face.

It certainly was a strange sight. Here were numberless graves, all bearing the

were numberless graves, all bearing the same p'cturesque decorations. Children's graves were covered with broken toys, tir norms, gaudily colored clay cats, dogs and owls. One mound was almost best to the ground with age, and on it rested in dilapida-tion an old bat and the remnants of a bablo, also a clay pipe and a coon skin. Near by them was the grave of a blacksmith, with the implements of his craft wedged in the ground, and rusty horse shoes formed a circle around the mound.

Looking around the strange scene, it was difficult for me to resilve that I was in a land

difficult for me to realize that I was in a land of advancement and civilization while sur-rounded by such relics of superstition and barbarism. I was forced to believe that the of advancement and civilization white sur-rounded by such relics of superstition and barbarism. I was forced to believe that the negro, instead of progressing in his religious views, is daily evincing a tendency to fail back to fetichism and voudoolsm, his origi-nal form of worship. It prevails among the negroes, especially on the islands in the lower portion of the state. They do not, it is true, give adoration to animals, trees and stones, as the Fetich worshipers did centu-ries ago, but the difference is very elight from that of idolatry.

The Habit of shorting "Amen

The old time Methodist habit of shouting 'amen," and "that's so, brother," in church sometimes leads to ludicrous results. An instance occurred yesterday in the Hanson Place Methodist church in Brooklyn. The Rev. George E. Reed in his sermon was tell-ing of the benefits of given, and illustrated it by examples from the Bible. An old genit'y examples from the Rible. An old gen-tleman frequently interrupted by shouts of "Amen" and "That's so," The preacher re-marked that some persons might doubt what be told them, and say: "On, that's only what Mr. Reed says, and he doesn't know much, anyway." Just then came the fami-ilar interruption, "That's so, brother." The house was convuised with laughter, and the in at the wrong place that time,

FOR IRELAND!

Yes, justice to Ireland aye, up with the shout, boys : Yes, roll it in the thunders from sea to glad sea: From Cape Wrath to Freshwater, thunder it out,

boys, From Foreland to Land's End, our cry let it be. foo long has she seen sects and strangers ford o'er her ; To day let our bands tear the thorns from her

way: Will not Erin forgive when she sees us stand for In pity and love, as she will, boys, to-day ? so long we've delayed, Ireland well may have wondered; illad the people long since been the rulers here

Would that cry have been slient till now that is thundered To-day in our "Justice to Ireiand, hurrah "

Be just ; be but just, and the hate she is nursing, By justice at last tato love shall be charm d; The crimes she'll forget tant have stung her to cursing, Nor her heart shall breed plots, nor her hands shall be armed. Not as conquered regard her, beneath your heel

Not by seris and by victors har green fields be Fo all give their righ's, unto none rights denying : Let her wrongs no more wall up to man and to

Of her tolls to her fields, let har no more be plundered : Let her children grow rich with their harvests, Will her free voice not seed the glad shout that

By ours in our " Justice to Ireland, hurrah!" Oh, glad days before us ! b'ot out 'he red page That history shows of the wees of her past; At last hope is hers; through the glad coming Peace and justice will bless her with calm

Forgot be the hates and the feuds that have rent her ; Kemembered no more be the wrongs that are The plenty God gives, shared by all shall content her,
And, blessing and blest, all her days shall flow

on. Then her eyes, fro a the present, shall turn in and wender, Strange doubting bolief, to her told-of woes-Ah!
Will she think there was need once her shout
rose in thunder
With ours in our "Justice to Ireland, hurrah !"

W. C. Bennett in the Liberal Home Ruler. CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE

IT THE COMING REPUBLICAN ANNUAL CARRITAL OF TRAUD.

The List Gradually Getting Larger-City Tress uror Myers Hurt by the New Candid in the fouthern End - Hippey Forging to the Front.

The publication in the INTELLIGENCER's The publication in the INTELLIGENCEN's last political article that an effort was being made to force Harry Hippey out of the aheriff's right caused quite a sensation among the political bosses. The parties in the movement did not suppose that their attempt would be made public so early, and now it will probably fail. While Levi would very much like to have Keller's boodle to help him in the contest, the influence of a few of Hippey's friends is worth more to him than the money could buy. The result will than the money could buy. The result will be that when the state is fixed up Hippey will be on it. This will force Mentser to take either Keller or Burkholder on his combination. Keller will in all probability be chosen, and if so, there will be a close contest between these three gentlemen. Keller will have some little strength along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad and in this city in addition to what the combination will give him.
Burkholder is a formidable candidate because he has strength everywhere. Hippey
will have all the votes Sensenig's combination can give him to start with. He has also the endorsement of eighty lawyers and the president judge. In a paper which will be duly] advertised they say that he is an effi-cient and competent officer, and deserving of the promotion be sake. Hippey will also get scattering individual vote, and if he can spare the time to make a personal canvas he will get many additional votes. The writer of this had a conversation with a close observer of county politics, and one who gets through the county a great deal. He said the fight is practically between Hippey and Burkholder, with the chances in favor of Hippey for the reason that Burkholder has had several offices, while Hippey has had nothing but a clerkship.

THE ORPHANS' COURT JUDGE

Will the bill giving Lancaster county an orphans' court judge pass? is the query that a number of interested aspirants would like to have speedily determined. It looks now as if it would get through the House. A number of people in a position to know say the bill will be quietly killed in the Senate, while others are just as positive that Senators Stehman and Mylin dare not, to please a few favored attorneys in audits, use their efforts in any other way except in favor of the bill. The bill if passed will have the appointing power, stricken out, and there will be a free chase for the office on the part of several members of the bar. A. J. Kauffman of Columbia, will be the first in the fiers. A. J. Eberly would like to be, but is at that the fact that he has just gone out of a lucrate office would be used against him. J. W. Johnson is coquetting with the Mentzer side of the house for the he will succeed or not time alone will tell. W. F. Beyer will also be pushed for recogni-tion by his friends; and if Mentzer could secure the New Era's support for his combination, Beyer would be the accepted one. The odds would be against either him or Johnson in a fight against either Kauffman or Eberly. With Kauffman and Eberly both in the field Monizer might pull his man through.

There are some disturbing elements calcu ated to upset the calculations of the bosses in the register's contest. While it is certain that Myers will be made Mentzer's candidate, there are three candidates in the field for that office in the Southern district, all of whom will take votes, and a good many of them, too, from Myers. B. F. Groff will poll about 1,000 votes in the district. Aldus Herr, formerly of Lampeter and Strasburg, equally as many, and Charles Geiger, of Eden, the latest candidate, also a fair vote. The votes of the above would go to Myers if they were out of the road. On the other hand Geyer is handicapped by the candidacy of George chlott and J. A. Sollenberger. will hurt Geyer materially, and if he would have stayed in the fight three years ago, would to-day be a formidable candidate.

FOR TREASURER C. A. Schaffner, of Marietta, has ontered upon a vigorous contest for the office of treasurer. For a time it looked as if Steve Gris singer would be given a clear track, out of sympathy, because he has been defeated every time he was a candidate for the past twenty years. While the sympathy is to some extent for Grissinger, it will require active work on his part to get away with the office. Schaffner is well-known through the

county as a careful, reliable business man, and the personal canvass he will make will add largely to his vote. THE LEADING OFFICE.

The candidates for prothonotary are making an active canvass. When it was announced in these columns that Capt, McMelen would be a candidate for this office it was not generally believed. Since then he has had large cards printed and is making a canvass for the office. The politicians generally believe that he will withdraw his name at the proper time and exert his influ ence for some one of the other candidates. His candidacy affects Mentzer more than any of the others, and that may be the reason he announced himself. While he has no love for Hartman, he hates Mentzer because he assisted in his political downfall in his own ward. Kreider is still at work button-holing voters, and appears to be satisfied with the progress he is making. Hartman and Mentzer are unusually active, and both may be found from now on, at any gathering in the

county where any number of voters are likely to be. THE CLERKS. The candidates for the orphans' court clerkship are doing practically nothing. If the orphans' court judge bill passes this office will be abolished. Levi L. Kreider, who was announced for this office, is ready at a minute's notice to switch over to the quarter sessions office. For this position a great of. fort is being made to elect Killian, the onelegged soldier. His principal backer is Capt ettley. John Clinton, George Hunter and Dr. Urban are also making a vigorous can-VASS.

There is no change in the commissioners tight. The leading candidates are John Gingrich, Ben Hershey, C. A. Derrick and Al. Worth. Gingrich and Hershey are to-day the strongest candidates. For coroner the contest will be between

Shifter and Honoman, who were pitted against each other three years ago. Coroner Honoman desires a renomination because he is a cripple and unable to work. Shiffer old to work at his trade. Each had a term, the people know both, and will select the most deserving candidate. THE CARDS.

The candidates this year have spent s power of money in having cards printed, in which they show good judgment. Those for-tunate enough to have been in the army are using their corps badges for designs. Among the nestest of the cards is that of Candidat Hartman. It is the shape of his corps badge, They may be found in every nook and corner of the county.

Knows the Sex. From the Somerville Journal.

Washington philosophers have been disputing regarding the question, "If a wise woman were offered a charm of manner and a mere prettiness of face, which would she take?" The answer is easy, though. She would make a grab for both.

TO KEEP LENT.

To bow the heart in deep humility,
To do good works in kindliest charity.
To feed the housiess poor thy Lord both sent,
This is to rightly keep thy fact of Lond. SHILDH'S CURS WILL IMPRISE THE PROPERTY OF THE

Persian slike are used for lining ten gowns. Turbans are to be worn more than over the coming season.
The prettiest of doylies are of embroidered silk bolting cloth.

silk bolting cloth.

The peasant alcove with wide puff and bands is very stylish.

Corded ginghams are among the pretty new fabrics for the coming ceason.

Red is notably the color in early spring millinery, as it has been the past winter.

Watered ribbon is much worn as makes, both for house and street wear.

The peasant waist is still the prettiest mode for a young girl's house waist.

Watten brocades are now among the cotion fabrics, and are in exquisite coloring. Cuff buttons are small and flat, and ob-rude themselves as little as possible. trude themselves as little as possible.

Little jackets of mat beads are worn over black surah waists for half mourning.

The sash curtains of striped chambery gauss are very pretty and dainty.

Chinese egg-shell chins is very much prized by those who like delicate ware.

For spring garments there is nothing pret-tier than the covert and coat in the light bisque shades. Dull red cordurey skirts are quite pictur-esque as well as stylish. Dark green is worn with them.

worn with them.

Corduroy in white is seen in some Engilsh models. The trimming is of yelvet in either red or black.

Crystal buttons are so cut as to show no eye, and are very stylish on the white vests so stylish just now.

A Chance to bee Mercur From the Providence Journal, Feb

Mercury is the evening star until March 21,

On the 5th of March at 11 o'clock in the evening he reaches his greatest eastern elongation, being 18° 14' east of the sun. He is then at his greatest distance from the sun, and under the most favorable conditions that will occur during the year for being seen with the naked eye. Intelligent and careful observers will be sure to find him, and a sight of the swift-footed planet is worth all the trouble it costs. Mercury sets on the 5th, an hour and a half after the sun. He must be looked for in the west, about three-quarters of an hour after sunset, and will be visible not only at his eastern elongation on the 5th, but for a week before and after that event, though swift of foot and fleet of wing, he changes his position at every reappearance. Observers should note carefully the point of the horizon where the sun went down. Mercury will be found on the 5th 9 north of that point, and in a northeast direction from On the 5th of March at 11 o'clock in the even cury will be found on the 5th 9° north of that point, and in a northeast direction from the sun. Venus will be an excellent guide in pointing out his position, for on the 5th she is less than 5° southeast of him. An opera glass sweeping the sky northwest of Venus will be sure to bring Mercury into the field, and his position being fixed, he will be readily visible to the unassisted eye. The western sky must be cloudless and the atmosphere clear to make the search successful.

We do not live below, we only dream Ot life, beyond the great reality Do'h lie, where things do never only seem, But are, and grand will our awaking be:

Called mone.

For others' good our receast. Bursed.

To satisfy us now, we reach. The extensive oursel."

The nobler height of life, upon the round, north of Of dreary seeming; but 'tis well for us start far beyond this earth's remotest bounds. There is the real, for which God traineth thus:

Bessie Q. Jordan.

Useful and Hurful Medicinea.

There is a certain class of remedies for constipation absolutely useless. These are boluses and potions make in great part of podophyllin, sloes, rhubarb, gambogs and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomach of those who use them is incalculable. They evacuate the bowels, it is true, but always do so violently and profusely, and besides, grips the bowels. Their effect is to weaken both them and the stomach. Better far to use the agree.

Est Francis Hospital, K. T. "Every cured."

Taskline has been discharge oursel.

L. R. White, U. R. Examining Surpeon.

Est Francis Hospital, K. T. ""Every cured."

It is askline is the best medicious and the stomach of the same profuses the surper interpretation.

Frof. W. F. Holoombe.

E. T. late Prof in N. T. Est.

Francis Hospital, K. T. ""Every cured."

It is askline is the best medicious and the superior of quinting the same profuses the surper interpretation.

E. T. late Prof in N. T. Est.

Francis Hospital, K. T. ""Every cured."

It is askline is the best medicious and the superior of quinting the form of the surper interpretation and never profuses the surper interpretation.

E. T. late Prof in N. T. Est.

Francis Hospital, W. R. Examines bursel.

It is askline has been discharge.

The residual transfer of the same and sever produces the surper interpretation.

E. T. late Prof in N. T. Est.

Francis Hospital with Easkline has the best medicious and the same man and never produces the surper interpretation.

E. T. late Prof in N. T. Est.

Francis II askline has been discharge.

Frof. W. F. Holosombe.

It is askline is the best medicious and the "Est Surper interpretation".

E. T. late Prof in N. T. Est.

Francis Useful and Hurtful Medicines.

There is a certain class of remedies for constipation absolutely useless. These are boinses and potions male in great part of podophyllin, sloes, rhubarb, gambogs and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomach of those who use them is incalculable. They evacuate the bowels, it is true, but always do so violently and profusely, and besides, grips the bowels. Their effect is to weaken both them and the stomach. Better far to use the agreeable and salutary aperient, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the larative effect of which is never preceded by pain, or accompanied by a convulsive, violent action of the bowels. On the contrary, it invigorates those organs, the stomach and the entire system. As a means of curing and preventing malarial fevers, no medicine can compare with it, and it remedies nervous debility, rheumarism, kidney and bladder inactivity and other inorganie aliments.

Respectable Druggists

Respeciable Druggists
never deceive the public, but beware of Cheap
John druggists who offer you a plaster called
"Carsicum," "Capsicin," "Capucin," or "Capsicine," and tell you it is substantially the same
as the genuine Beason's Capcine Plaster, or even
better. They ask less for the imitation, for it
costs less, but as a remedial arent it is absointely worthless. The reputation of Benson's
as the only plaster possessing actual and high
curative qualities is the result of many years'
experiment and honorable dealings on the part
of the proprietors; and 3, 00 physicians, pharmacists and druggists endorse it as the best
ever made. Protect yourself against deception
by buying of reputable dealers only, and avoid
mistakes by personal examination. The genuine
has "Three seals" trademark, and in the centre
is cut the word "Cpcine."

The Same Human Nature,

The Same Human Nature,
Many vain attempts are made to repeat the
remarkable success of Benson's Capcine Plaster.
This splendid remedy is known, sold and used
everywhere, and its prompt action and unrivalied curative powers have won for it hosts of
friends. Imitations have sprung up undersimilar sounding names, such as "Capsidin,"
"Capelcum," etc., intended to deceive the careless and unwary. These articles possess none
of the virtues of the genuine. Therefore we
hope the people will assist us to protect what
are at once their interests and ours. Ask for
Benson's Plaster, and examine what is given
you, and make sure that the word "Capcine"
is cut in the middle of the plaster itself, and the
"Three Seals" trademark is on the face cloth.
Any reputable dealer will show you the safeguards without hesitation: If you cannot remember the name—Benson's Capcine Plaster—
cut this paragraph from the paper.

SPRCIAL MOTIONS

Hear Him. "I feel new. I was afflicted with sick headache and general debility, but "Burdock Blood
Bitters brought about an immediate improvement in my general health. I consider them
the best family medicine in the market."
Adolph Lallez, Buffalo, N Y. For sale by H.
B Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen
street, Lancaster.

North Pole Expeditions

Prize fights, lotteries, walking matches, and balloon ascensions are usually humouge of the worst sort. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is not a humbing. It is a quick cure for aches and sprains, and is just as good for a lameness. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and its North Queen street, Lancaster.

" The Dead Line. " "The Dead Line."

Many old soldiers remember "the dead line."
Andersonville. It was a mighty dangerous neighborhood. Dyspepsis, biliousness, and liver and kidney diseases are full of perils for the sick, but Burdock Blood Bitters are a certain remedy. Sold everywhere. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Beats the World. That is what H. C. Hoberman, a druggist of Marion, Ohio, says: "Thomas' Eclectric Oil beats the world. Sold nine bottles yesterday and to-day. One man cured of sore throat of cight years standing. Is splendid for rheumatism. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 187 and 189 North Queen street, Lancaster. DANDELION LIVER PELLETS for sick headed

torpid liver, biliousness and indigestion. Small and easy to swallow. One pill a dose. Price, Me. By all druggists. feb8-3mdTu,Th,S Bources of Profit,

There are many sources of profit to those who are ingenious and enterprising. Burdock Blood Bitters are a source of profit in every way. They build up the health surely, speedily, and effectually, which is saying a great deal. For sale by H. R. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. First Class Insurance

Insure with Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It is the the cheapest and best method of insurance we know of. By its use you are to escape many grevious aches and paius. Policies are obtainable at all druggists in the druggists in the form of bottles at 50 cents and 51 each. For sale by H. S. Cochran, druggist, 187 and 129 North Queen street, Lancaster. KIDNET TROUBLES

A Case of Many Years Standing Oursel With Mr. Blx Bottles, in a Man 90 Years of Age.

ALLESTOWN, Pa., May 5, 1866.

DAYDELION BIYTHE CO.—Gents: I had been troubled with my hidneys for a number of years, used almost everything without much benefit until I tried Dandelies Bitters. I used six bottles and am pleased to say I am entirely rid of the Ridney trouble, besides my system being toned up so that I feel like a different person. I cheerfully recommend the same to all afflicted in this way.

JACOB MUSCHLITS.

A TRLOPHOROS POR B

A SWINDLE

A. L. Thomas, Cube, N. T. surpe; a M. Thomas, has been sufficing loss we for several months. Athlophorus se of the pain, and reduced the seed joints, and the interescen entirely disabave seen those having neuralgis on ing one dose.

ing one does.

A. Beard, Mt. Kince, N. Y., mayo: "I have troubled for some time with scintion and mations, brought on by working in a piece. I could find no remedy in medicine, untill I tried a bonks of Athley which gave me immediates relief."

Mrs. Alfred Thurston, 48 North Mains Wilhesbarre, Ph., mays: "I am not have with rhoumatism now, since using Athleys I believe, should it in any case fail to a and permanently cure, the cases weight the directions were not fatthfully fillowed.

J. J. Sayits, Hamareth, Ph., mays: "I see bottles of Athlephone to my intent, and sentingly recovered. She was afficied we flaumatory rhoumatism and St. Vinne's and athleyshes what two of the best decade gradually grow were. The would see from pain night and day. I hearthy mend it."

Every druggist should mosp Athlephone

Brory druggiet should map Athlophore Athlophores Fills, but where they can bought of the druggiet the Athlophores Co. 118 Wall street, Hew York, will pend either riage paid) on receipt of regular price, is 61.00 per bottle for Athlophores and in Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, by digestion, weakness, nervous debill of women, constitution, headest blood, &c., Athlophoros Fills are use febral wood.

THE NEW QUININE

KASKINE.

(THE NEW QUININE.)

A POWERFUL TONIC

that the most deligate stomach will beer. A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION. And all Germ Diseases.

Bellevne Hospital, N. Y., "Universally suc St. Francis Hospital, N. Y.—"Rwery path treated with Kaskine has been dischar-

H. B. COOHRAN,

or sent by mail on receipt of price. EASKINE CO., M Warren St., New York.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errorso I outh, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. E0 pages 8ve. 12 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only sl.00, by mail cealed. Illustrative sample true to all young and middle-aged men for the next 90 days. Address Mass. W. H. PAREER, 4 Builinch Street, Boston, Mass.

BARLEY MALT WRISEY.

PERRINE'S

PURE BARLEY

MALT WHISKY.

DYSPEPSIA. INDIGESTION and all v diseases can be entirely cured by it. MALARIA is completely eradicated from the system by its use. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALY WHISEY revives the energies of these were with excessive bodily or mental effort. Bases as AFREGUARD against exposure in the west and rigorous weather. and rigorous weather.

49 TAKE part of a wineglassful on your drival home after the labors of the day and the same quantity before your breakfast. Busy chemically pure, it commends itself to the most

WATCH THE LABEL. None genuine unless bearing the signature of

M. & J. S. PERRINE.

NO. 87 NORTH FRONT ST., sept Smeads

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. S.S.S.

Or Black Leprosy, is a disease which is considered incursols, but it has yielded to the curstive properties of Swirr's Spacific now knows all over the world as S. S. S. Stra. Enley, of West romarville, Mass. near Boston, was attacked several years upo with this hidsons biack cruption, and was treated by the bast medical taient, who could only say that the disease was a species of

LEPROSY.

and consequently incurable. It is impossible in describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her band to the scient of her has a mass of decay, masses of flesh rotting of the leaving great cayline. Her import persons and three or four nails dropped of at each life in the law of the law of