NEW HAMPSHIRE'S HILLS.

A LANGASTER MAN TRAVELS AMONG THRE IN THE WINTER.

Weather, Doop haw and a Slough Blde tross Lake Champialu-Tale et a Warnide and the Wateress Thereof-The Mejestic White-Robed Mountains.

CONCORD, N. H., March 6.

Edg. Intellereres.—Many snows have fatten upon the grave of the venerable gander from whose wing was extracted the pin feather with which we wrote our last newspaper squib. Our fink pot is musty, and our massest is far away over the mountains. But we did promise to send greetings from this land of claims and baked-beans. Had your devil been on our trail since we dropped the parting tear, as we hade farewell to the loves of home for a three-months' tour among the hills of New England, we presume he would have voted the commercial tourist's life one of privations as well as adventures. At this writing we sit in No. 41 of the Phonix hotel, Concord, N. H., and in our little prayer we CONCORD, N. H., March 6.

THE ADIRONDACES IN WINTER.

Railroading among the Adirondacks in summer is grand, but in winter! Well, just say to your readers that if they want to fully understand all about it, they had better come and see for themselves. One year ago the last week in March we crossed Lake

come and see for themselves. One year ago the last week in March we crossed Lake Champiain on the ice in a stage coach, from Piattaburg, N. Y., to Burlington, Vt. Then we had eight jolly drummers on and a ton of baggage. We crossed it sgain last August in a steamer, and a lively ride it is. But last Tuesday we crossed it in a sleigh—a twenty-four miles' drive. We had, besides the driver and your scribe, one lone passenger—a backwoods "butternut," with about as much life as a mummy. We tried to "chin him"; we put our wits to work in many ways, but the fellow only knew that he was bound for Bellows Falls, and was mum.

We stopped for dinner on Grand island, and we may add that mine host has remembered us remarkably well. And even the preity dark-eyed French girl, who waited on us, asked if we had not taken dinner there last summer. But it is wonderful how well the waiter girls will remember you. And the French girls "take the cake." We went to a church fair, and toour friends would say, if you ever have the opportunity to visit a French fair, don't miss it. It is electric. One-third of the people of Northern New York, Northern Vermont, and many thousands in New Hampehire and Maine speak French. You hear it everywhere, and even in Holyoke, Massa, some of the leading stores are all French. Speaking from memory of my previous visit to Manchester, N. H., last summer, I think we were told that fully sixteen thousand, or more than one-third of the population, are French speaking people.

Day before yesterday we came from St. Jounsbury, Vt. (where the great Fairbanka scales are made), down through the Green mountains, along Lake Winnipiseogee to scales are made), down through the Green mountains, siong Lake Winnipiseegee to Laconia, N. H. The ride, even in winter, is grand, but in summer it must be sublime. But we sit alone in our chamber to-night and cast sheep's eyes in the direction of Lancaster, Pa., while we study the patterns of our bedroom carpet.

A MANUFACTURING CENTRE. We Sunday to day in the little town of Claremont, N. H. The thermometer regis-ters 50° in the shade, but the ground is all buried under about three feet of very beauti ful anow. New Hampshire will never send much wheat, and corn, to market, but her much wheat, and corp, to market, but her splendid water-power affords her facilities for manufactures, and the wares of a thousand kinds are sent out over the world, and no one but the manufacturer himself cares or asks where the goods come from. The thirsty Teuton, when he pulls the cork from his beer bottile does not stop to inquire whether the cork was made by our genial friends of the Construct Cork works or any other ments. Conestoga Cork works or any other manufacturer, yet the cork industry of the country is of vast magnitude, while perhaps not more than one man in fifty has ever seen a cork made. But these New Hampshire hillsides are alive with busy hands, and the child's carriage, sleds, totoggans, scythe sneaths, machinery of every kind, cottons and woolens, hosiery, corsets, paper. Everything is made here except nutmegs, and you find them down in Connecticut.

But we said we were in Claremont. The outlet of Sunapee lake, Sugar river, passes through the town. The lake is fed by many mountain streamlets and springs which Concatoga Cork works or any other manu

through the town. The lake is fed by many mountain streamlets and springs which flow into a beautiful basin about nine miles long, with an average of about one mile wide. There are three fine pleasant steamers on the lake, and nearly a thousand pretty cottages line its banks. The re-ort is growing very popular with tourists, and the party who cannot find much of the beautiful among the hills of New England must not come to us for advice.

MOUNT ASCUTNEY.

We stood upon the bridge scross the Sugar river this after acon, and saked the name of the grand old mountain which seemed about a mile away. It was Mount Ascutney, and it is about five miles to the base, and five miles more by path to the aummit. It is over three thousand feet high and reminds you of Mount Mansfield, if not Mount Washington litself. Mount Tom down in Massachusetts is tame alongside of it. Our three months' trip among the French and Yankees, has been full of experience, and we don't intend to write it all up. If we did, it would make a funny looking pamorams. But there is more natural beauty scattered among the mountains of Northeastern New England and in Vermont and New Hampshire than can be found in Pennsylvania. We will be in Brattleboro to-morrow, then Greenfield, Mass., Troy, Albany, and then back to New York. Our birthday dinner we may take in Lancater. To the tourist we say, "Young mango, East." it is about five miles to the base, ar

Origin of an Old Custom.

From the American Register.
The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride and groom, either when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding journey, is so old that the memory of man stretches not back to its beginning. Some think it represents an assault, and is a lingering trace of the custom among savage nations of carrying away the bride by violence; others think that it is a relic of the ancient law of exchange or purpose, and that it formerly implied the surrender by the parents of all dominion or authority over their daughter. It has a likeness to a Jewish custom mentioned in the Bible. Thus in Deuteronomy we read that when the brother of a dead man refuses to marry his widow she asserted her independence of him by "tossing his shoe." Also in Ruth, when the kinuman of Boas gave up his claim to the inheritance of Ruth and to Ruth also he indicated his assent by plucking off his shoe and siving it to Boas It was also the custom of the hiddle Ages to place the husband's shoe on the head of the nuptial couch, in token of his domination. that the memory of man stretches not

O Lose, how happy should we be
If we could east our ears on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And icel at he at that One above
in perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is wecking for the best !

COIRG TO MOUSERERPING.

It is comparatively Many, According to Those Figures Given Below.

From the Detroit Tribune.

Many young people hesitate about going to housekeeping because of the expense eltending the first outlay of furnishing a house, The Tribune has made an inventory of the cost of fitting up comfertably a six-room modern cottage—the sitting-room, parlor and library combined, a dining room, three bedrooms and kitchen, and has estimated it as not far from \$600. The inventory has been exeruily considered and is sub-joined, with the price of each article, that those who are contemplating housekeeping, or shrink from marriage on the score of expense can see how it can be accomplished at a very small outlay of money if economically considered. With necessity for greater economy some things could be dispensed with and the price of others reduced:

Sitting room carpet, Brussels ... of privations as well as adventures. At this writing we sit in No. 41 of the Phonix hotel, Concord, N. H., and in our little prayer we invoke blessings upon all "within its border." The surroundings are all we could desire. But without ? Why, it commenced to snow last evening—a foot fell during the night—and it has been kept up all d.y.

From the border of Mussachusetts north, 1 think the snow would average four feet all over on a level. It has been cold, at times, but not excessively so. It was 40 below zero at Fort Edward, N. Y., and other points in the vicinity of Lake George a few weeks ago, and, indeed, was 360 below here in Concord. But the winter has been comparatively mild, that is to say, not cold, but more anow has fallen than for years past.

The fall has been about twelve feet, and more than one-third remains. The coldest aleigh ride we have had was in a drive from Port Henry, N. Y., to the ore mines, six miles from the town. The iron men of Pennsylvania all know what Port Henry ore is, while but few have any idea of the extent of the deposit. By the way, we have in our grip a sample of the Bessenner ore from Lyon mountain, N. Y., which is thirty-tour miles west to northwest of Platsburg, that we picked up at the mines. We intend to place it among the relies on top of the safe in the office of the Penn Iron company, Never will we forgest our visit to Lyon mountain. The works of the company there are two thousand feet above the level of Lake Champian. On our trip we did not see a single blue bird, we did see plies—yes, verity! mountains of snow. For three long weary hours we were snow-bound. Three engines and a shove with the first article can be a shore being added to the proper should be those required for engines and subject to the sum affixed at any flow of the source of plats and subject to the sum affixed at any flow of the sum of the sum affixed at any flow of the sum affixed at any flow of the sum of the sum affixed at any flow of the sum of the sum affixed at any flow of the sum of the sum o

nished imitations of anything. There is no reason why a useful thing should not be ornamental, but do not buy anything because it looks pretty if it has not a corresponding use. Above all avoid shams,

[Possibly some of the readers of "The Household" would like to give their views on this subject, and if so this column is open to them provided their letters are short and to the point.—Ep.]

THE CLERICAL SHOKER.

Some Caustic Observations On a Recently At-tempted Reform, From the Philadelphia Bulletin,

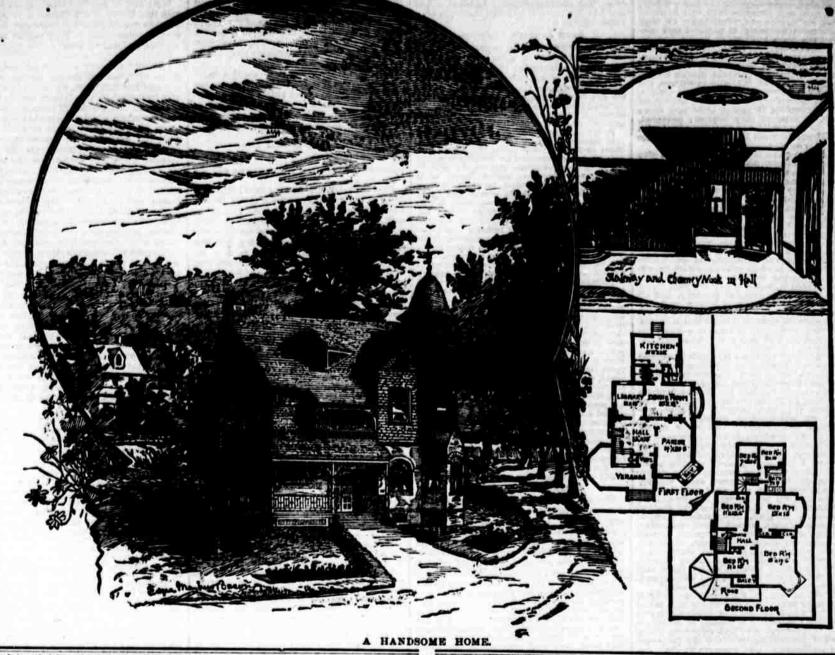
The peaters of the Reformed church of America met in New York and afforded the reporters some amusement by their discussion of the tobacco habit among clergymen. A number of the disputants had re and thrown their pipes and snuff-boxes from them along with their garments of sin. One member declared that smoking in modera-tion was not harmful even for a preacher. Another smoked until he married, when he discovered that his wife "did not like smoke." He gave testimony, however, that he used to think it "very soothing," until his wife interdicted even the lighting of a cigar in the house. One minister had smoked, had stopped when he went into the smoked, had stopped when he went into the ministry, had resumed on his enlistment in the army, and had refrained from stopping after the receipt of his honorable discharge. He bore testimony that he enjoys life more for his post-prandial smoke. Of course, one brother was present to urge abstinence from cigars because the exercise of self-restraint is spiritually edifying, and there was his inevitable colleague to urge it because it is chesp. Smoking was in turn the object of sulorgiums and denunciations, until one of the reverends called tobacco "a comforter and a pipe a boon," and the presiding officer closed the debate with his opinion, a veritable clincher, by the way: "I think the Holy Ghost should be comforter enough for a minister."

ister."

It is curious at this late day to find clergy-It is curious at this late day to find clergymen going over the same arguments concerning tobacco. The preacher of the olden time
smoked when he pleased and where he
pleased, and indeed tasted his wine on occasion. But as he grew more modern, the old
time candor disappeared. It was argued
while the practice was in no respect a sin,
and while there could be no moral indictment made against the sedative pips, the example of the clerical smoker upon young
men was not good. Then began the era of
retired amoking. The study was a place in
which pips and tobacco were screened from
the eyes of imitative youth and from critical
parishioners. It was here that mild reflection and very strong smoke mingled in the
leather-scented atmosphere of philocophical
lors. Then the moral responsibility for the
young suggested the idea of sin, and the
modern anti-tobacco extremest, the clerical
pharises, armed with scriptural text and
unerring syllogiam, protected himself upon
his oflending brethren. The evolution of
this creature from the ante iteformation bely
friar will doubtless attract the attention of the
metaphysicians and the coulists when simple

his offending brethren. The evolution of this creature from the ante iteformation holy friar will doubtless attract the attention of the metaphysicians and the coulists when simple historical narretive shall have failed to explain the mysterious revolution. All that the present science can do is to assert his existence. We know that he is here, evidently to stay, with logic that is very awkward to the clarical smokers and with virtuous insistence that is more awk ward, if possible.

The fact that the clerical smoker is obdurate and often perverse ought to suggest to his critic that such mental energy and such high pride in the profession might be used to better advantage in some other fields of reform. It is a common belief that there are many men in the profession who would have succeeded better as taliors; why not expend that energy in arguing with the class and in urging the importance to be statched to the preparation of the earthly garment? There are some preschers who, the wordly critics my, soil their arranges for pinc and lead themselves to the popular decoption that the scientificting specimens of pulpti createry were specially called to each of a dozen that the aciestificting specimens of pulpti createry were specially called to each of a dozen that the aciestificting specimens of pulpti createry were specially called to each of a dozen that the aciestificting specimens of pulpti createry were specially eached to each of a dozen that the aciestificting specimens of pulpti createry were specially eached to each of a dozen that the aciestificting specimens of pulpti createry were specially eached to each of a dozen that the aciestificting specimens of pulpti createry were specially eached to each of a dozen that the aciestificting the each of the transfer of the trans



good by advising the errand missionary to temples of stained glass and marble to stay at home and look at the poor of his parish now and then. Of course other classes might attract the attention of the reformers, the man for instance who writes little didactic newspaper letters at the rate of six dollars a yard. The reformer might represe the literary preacher and give one of the Sunday school scholars a chance to make the loose change.

WHY SHOULD I GO TO CHUROR.

A Pertinent Query and the Attempt Made

This question is asked oftener than it is answered. It is time that it was answered, and unless it is answered to the whole nature of a man, there is nothing but the traditions of childhood or the motives of respectability or intellectual curiosity to take the average individual to the house of God on Sunday morning. It is said with good reason that you go to church to hear sermons, but a ser-mon is nothing but an address to the intellect, or to the heart through the intellect. The sermon is a means to an end; it is not the end itself. It is placed at the end of the Sunday performances as if it were the big thing of the occasion, but its real place is at the bestiming of the sermon of the ginning of the service, where it can be used as a leverage for action. The English uni-versity plan of frequently using preaching occasions for sermons only is a sound method. as distinguished from occasions where the object is worship exclusively. It would not be a bad plan if, in our Protestant churches, the sermon were put first, so that whatever the prescher created might be been o some practical result in ministrations to our spiritual nature, instead of being-what commonly is to day—the part of the enteralnment that tickles the ear and please

the fancy. But in this case the miserable farce which is now called worship would have to give way for something that has reality and sincerity in it, and could not many sense be called a makeship. Worship is not a murical entertainment: neither is it an instruction: neither is it specially intended to please the audience that listens to it. It is an exercise in which, in a public capacity, one individual unies with another to recognize the presence of God in the world, in society, and in his own heart.

The private worship is through prayer and meditation, and the escape of the soul from itself into the personality of God; the public worship is the union of one soul with another for the purpose of common devotion. The individual purpose is still retained, but it is realized in acts in which all join in a cort of harmony. The purpose is to recognize the presence of God in a collective way. He is not only the father of a man, but of men. He is the head of the order of things. This is to be expressed, and it is to be expressed as much by what one says. A man is to pray with the heart and with the understanding also. The heart means bodily lervor, and the understanding means the intellectual and spiritual process. Both go together, and public worship is that sort of expression of the spiritual life where one person catches inspiration from the devotion of his neighbor, and all present join in what is conceived to be the expression of the reversion expression of the spiritual intended the reverse one abould have for the Supreme Being, and the humility of manner which manifests itself in the confession of air and in the deaire for the possession of air and in the deaire for the possession of air and in the deaire for the possession of air and in the deaire for the spirit, while in the latter it is the demensor of the outward man. The following his in for one to make himself agree able when he enters a drawing room. The conly difference is that in the former case the preparation is of the spirit, while in the latter

BHAMBOOKS I wear a shamrook in my heart, Three in one, one in three— Truth and love and faith, Tears and pain and death; O sweet my shamrook is to me!

Lay me in my bollow bed, Grow the shamrooks over me, Three in one, one in three, Faith and hope and charity, Peace and rest and silence be With me where you key my bead, O dear the champooks are to me!

A HARDSOMB HOME. A Suburban Residence and the Many Attra tive Features it Possesses. SIZE OF STRUCTURE: Front, 32 ft. Side, 6 ft, not inclusive of veranda.

Size of Rooms: See floor plans.

HRIGHT OF STORIES: Cellar, 7 ft.; first story, 10 ft., 6 in.; second story, 9 ft.; third story, 9 ft. MATERIALS: Foundation, brick and stone; first story, brick; second story, shingles; gables, timber and cement; roof,

sone; first story, brick; second story, shingles; gables, timber and cement; roof, slata.

Cost: About \$6,700 to \$7,000 complete, including grates, bester, etc.

SPECIAL FRATURES.—Cellar under the whole house. The first story is built of brick, laid up in red mortar, the walls above the first story are frame covered with redwood shingles, the rear part all frame. The interior finish of first story is hardwood. Elsewhere white or yellow pine.

Large fine hall, beautiful staircase and a charming chimney nook under the staircase with seat and window.

Large parlor and dining-room, both having large bay-windows.

Back stairway from cellar toattic. Butler's pantry with sink, cup-boards and drawers between dining-room and kitchen. Elevated range and best plumbing.

Vestibule door glazed with beveied plate or exthedral glass. Open threplaces throughout first story, and can be obtained in second story also.

One of the pleasantest rooms in this house is that in the attic, in the angle where the circular tower is, and from this room a small staircase leads to the open observatory above. In the attic story there are five rooms.

The above design (called No. 240) was furnished us for publication by the Co-Operative Building Plan association, a large firm of architects doing business at 191 Broadway, New York, who make a speciality of country and suburban work, being able to furnish the drawings and specifications for more than

New York, who make a speciality of country and suburban work, being able to furnish the drawings and specifications for more than three hundreds different designs, mostly of low and moderate cost. They invite correspondence from all intending builders, however distant. They will send their latest publication (called Shoppell's Modern Houses, No. 5) containing more than fifty designs, or No. 5) containing more than fifty designs, on receipt of \$1.

First Lessons in Painting.

From the Boston Record. A celebrated miniature painter who was usually hard up, sometimes consented to take a pupil to help inflate the cash account, though much against his inclination. A wealthy gentleman called at the studio one day and begged the artist to take his son, a young man of 16, as a pupil, promising to pay handsomely for the instruction. The boy was admitted for the sake of the money it would bring, but much to the painter's diagnat, it was discovered that he knew absolutely nothing of the first principles of drawing. The young man sat around for half an hour the first morning, watching the master at work, much to the latter's annoyance, and finally ventured to ask that he be given something to do, "All right! all right!" the artist replied, going to a closet and returning with a pair of muddy boots and a bisoking brush. "Here, black these boots, young man; it will give you breadth" day and begged the artist to take his son, a

AN INVITATION. For the INTELLIGENCER. A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men."

inscribed particularly to " Pansy." Will you come to my nice little but by the sea? The fishes are waiting for you and for me.
The porpoles is leaping, the coddsh and whales in anticipant welcome are wagging their tails. Already the crabs in the weeds of Shark river, Begin with coquettish excitement to quiver; They stretch alt their legs, to be ready to dart, When through the clear water the hunting

boate start. Why, even the clams when at evening the tide Sends them up on the shore with their shells open wide, Unite with the cysters in wishing to be

Cooked up in a pate for you and for me. Then come to my cottage, dear woman, dear Ca:pe diem: Leave sadness at home-if you egain. To take up life's burden, to suffer life's pain.

Forget for the moment, and try to be gay, Pack your cares and your troubles way,
With your very fine clothes in a strong codar
box,
And factor them in with the tightest of locks.

Bring an old flannel dress and an old pair of shoon;
And a soul that with nature is finely attune; Above all—don't forget—my dear triends, as you start
To bring a sweet temper, and bring a good heart. We will sit on the shore all the bright sunny day. We will watch the soft skies; we will watch the

waves play; We will fancy we're mermaids; and as we re-Why-I can comb your hair and you can comb Or at night, by the light of the moon and the

etar, We will float in a boat : I will take my guitar, We will ride o'er the spot where the treasure The silver and gold of the dark Captain Eide. May the incoming tide bring us health and repose!
May the ebb of the tide carry off all our wose!
May the winds of the sea blow us strength; and Of the waves wash the weariness out of our souls !

Prom the Secton Herald.

Prom the Secton Herald.

Right girls now in Wellesley of tend to be minimumeries. Hepsy of the Wellesley Sector is delicated.

- Ocean Beach.

in the habit of underraing numers. He had been unfortunate in his enterprises, but still retained the respect of the community and was described "as a right smart chap if he had a chance," As to drinking he had never

was described "as a right smart chap if he had a chance," As to drinking he had never carried it to great excess.

A month found the pair on their way to the Congo, and not long after despatches to a London daily announced that the American naturalist Barth, and one other white man, had started for the interior with a complete scientific outfit and a large force of natives.

Browne was just the man to manage the natives, and on him fell the executive duties of the expedition, while his chief devoted most of his time to careful scientific research. Deeper and deeper they plunged into the wilderness, traveling slowly and carefully, intriguing, with their lives at stake, with one savage king after another.

They had passed two years in the jungle, and gathered a priceless zoological and botanical collection, and a vast mass of interesting facts. To get home alive with this—there was the rub!

By the banks of an unknown river stood the two friends one evening, consulting over a terrible misfortune. Loba, a chief whom they had counted friendly, had seized upon their baggage and retued to surrender any part of it; the white men must stay with him a while and help him. These boxes that they protected so carefully must have some great feetish in them, and he would not let them be taken away lest it might work him evil. Argument and strategy had been tried without success, he would keep them, and it was evident that the shrewd old savage thought that the white men would do anything for the sake of the feetish in the boxes. He was not far wrong, but the feetish was aclence.

There seemed no other course open than to abandon the treasures in the horse of recevers.

was science.
There seemed no other course open than to

anything for the sake of the feetish in the boxes. He was not far wrong, but the teetish was actenca.

There seemed no other course open than to abandon the treasures in the hope of recovering thom by another expedition. To remain in the country was out of the question, as their amunition and supplies were nearly gone, and both were in bad health. Hadly they said good-night, but not an hour passed before they stood again facing one another in the light of the moon.

"Why, Will! what are you doing here?"

"Tell ye the truth, like, I been a thinking o' your buga." He always spoke of the scientific baggage as "lke's bugs."

"Let my bugs alone; you can't get them."

"Not so sure about that! What are you doing here?"

"Thinking of bugs, too," said the scientist.

"Lets go for them."

"I've been thinking that I might disquise myself as a demon of some kind and scare the treasure away from them."

The village of the chief lay a mile above the river bank.

"I catch!" said Brown, as he stepped into a canos, "get in quick!"

Years of danger had taught them to act rapidly with few words, and as the night was well on and they would need all of it to cover their flight, this was a time for hasta. Each had come to the shore with some half defined plan for a desperate venture, though each had expected to try it alone, and they carried all their weapons. The riftes were laid on the mat sails in the bottom of the boot, and they plied the paddies vigorously. Just below the village they ran the bost ashore among the reeds and them passed stealthily through them, Browne dragging the sail mats and the pole of the canoa.

A few words in the boat had explained matters, and they knew how to not when they intege street to the chiet's house. Near this graphtful object, some twenty feet in height, then advanced with rapid tread down the village are to his brong a house in the sail to the end of the pole, he held it high up, so that its ample folds covered him and fell upon the shoulders of his bearer.

This frightful object, some twenty

HIS BUG.

II.

They had crossed the valley and were pessing the farm house where the bell was calling the bands home to supper. They pessed more familiarly to them than the country custom demanded, for he knew he was near to the old home, and these might be other playmates of his early days.

He had been left an orphan in the care of an uncle who had sold the farm and goar west long ago, so that there was no old home west long ago, so that there was no old home to more farm to be concern, and had a vague member of the source of the source and that he was one of the servers are fighting firs.

"He had been left an orphan in the care of an uncle who had sold the farm and goar west long ago, so that there was no old home for him to return to, but he knew that it had been next to Moore's, and had a vague member of the source's and had a vague member of the so

they were out in the stream before they were well awake. With one man he took the little cance himself.

Brown beckened; he whispered feebly,
"I got your bugs!"

"I'd rather have you," said Barth.

"I'd rather have you," said Barth.
And when Will recovered from his desperate wound, and crossed the ocean to his home in Slopetown valley, he told his friends, who made a hero of him, that he had reclaimed his self-respect by establishing his valuation in bugs on the authority of an expert.

(The End.)

Yrom the Boston Advertiser.

Col. Dick Wintersmith was trying to write

Col. Dick Wintersmith was trying to write a letter in a room where Dan Voorhees, Mr. Beveriy Tucker, and two or three others were sitting. These three gentlemen formed a conspiracy to worry him and prevent his writing. Every time he would put pes to paper one or the other would ask him a question. At last old Judge Key came in, and the colonel greeted him very cordially. "Judge," said the colonel, "I wish you would sit down and tell us about your trip to Europe."

"Did I never tell you about my life in Europe?" asid the judge with some surprise.

prise.

"No, never. These gentlemen want to hear it."

The judge turned to hang up his coat and hat, and the Voorhees party made for the door. When he was ready to take his seat no one was present but Col. Wintersmith.

"Where are those gentlemen?" asked the index.

"Where are those gentlemen?" asked the judge.

"They are gone, sir," said Col. Dick;
"they wanted to insuit you by leaving. It is an outrage. I would seek satisfaction."
The judge, being of a fiery nature, put on his overcost at once and started in not chase after the offenders. As soon as he got out of the door Col. Winteramith quietly looked it and wrote his letters.

Mr. Cleveland Accepts a Picture. From the Baltimore American.

There was a full house when Clevelar There was a full house when Cleveland came down stairs to-day to see the people in the east room and hold his regular Wednesday reception. All the delegates to the school superintendents' convention were there. The president looked tired and harmsed, for he is now going through much worry. Finally the first to speak to him was a gentionan who advanced with a photograph in his hand. When the president shook him by the hand he said:

"Mr. President, here is a photograph of my first born. I have named him after you, "Grover Cleveland." Will you sceept the picture?"

picture ?"

The president smiled and the deep furrows in his forshead were chased away for a few moments. He took the picture of the haby and thanked the happy lather. A Schoolboy Who Know Too Much.

A Schooling Who Knew Tee Mach.

From the Etic Observer.

One day recently the following amusing incident occurred in one of our district schools, unfortunately at the teacher's expense. A class in the second reader, unapt in ornithology, was reading about the "golden robbins" and their peculiar habits. After they had finished reading the teacher asked the class if any one could tell her the color of the golden robin. All were silent. Thinking to enlighten them upon the subject she teak a handsome and apparently costly ring from her finger, and, holding it up before the class, mid:

"What does this look like ?"

Up jumped a precocious youth of 7 years and abouted: "Brass."

Many vain attempts are made to repeat the remains process the remains of repeat the remains of repeat the remains of rema

steady; and he has remained a s man for more than two years, as to return to his cupe, and I know others that have been cured of a —From a leading R. R. Official, O

LIEB MEM GUININE

(THE NEW QUIT

A POWERFUL TONIC

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATIN NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

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Dr. L. R. White, U. S. Eramit writes: "Kaskine is the best med Dr. L. M. Glessner, No Sast 1850. City, has cured over 30 patients after quinine and all other drugs bays: "It is undoubsedly the sever discovered."

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