JULY! Midenamor. The soft, awas sophyre that filled the sir of June with freshman and fragrence, imparting to everything an elysian content and joy, are now supercided by hot, stifling winds, which combine with the flores giare of the sun to parch and brown the verdent earth, and diffuse abroad a drowny inanimation. The cuttle pant beneath the spreading only, whose satique roots peop out upon the brook that brawis along the wooded date; the birds case out the despect solitudes of the forces, and warble their ministration and the densety foliaged frees that cores the sequestered mountain rills, whose rippling murinur is less musical than in the guiden days of June—all forms of life are driven from the parched landscape

As if the Day of Fire had dawned and sent In July the school-marm's happy,
For the time has come, you know,
When, released from prosy teaching,
To the sea shore she can go.

But before July is over In that happy school-marm gium, As her wester she then has squande Back to the city she must come.

In July the pin whose gitaten
In the little candy shop;
In July the little urchin
Saves his cash to buy a p-p

Oh, see the man! He is so happy! He looks as though he had flung all worldly cares and sorrows to the winds, and is realising his happiest day-dreams. He greets every one with a broad, jovial smile, and his eyes twinkle with pent up exhibitation. When he thinks no one is observing bim, he gives vent to his feelings by outting playful capricies, and even hugs the lamp posts in the intensity of his joy. The reason he is so light hearted, gay and free, is that he has just put his wife and mother in-law on board the Sea Shore Express train for a two month's sojourn by "the sed sea waves," and he is thinking of the "way up" times he will have during their absence. He is now on his way to break the good news to the boys, and they will celebrate the happy event later on, is their own paculiar fashion.

Many gay young men and maidens To the sea-shore now betake them : many gay young men and maidens
To the sea-shore now betake them;
And 'hey deck themselves in various
Bathing suits of all description,
And they daily go in bathing,
(Youthe and maidens all together)
In the blue and briny ocean.
But the prosy little urchins
Of the great and dusty city.
Watch their chance and go in bathing
In the yellow, muddy river
With no other bathing consume
Hut a smile, serese and happy,
Which they wear about their mouthlet

AUGUST! "Reign, thou Fire Month!" Tny glowing paim is laid upon the earth, and every plant and creature bend beneath and every plant and creature bend beneath thy fiery coopers. "The vines droop, the trees stagger, the broad-paimed leaves give thee their moisture." But the dews of heaven are merciful, and every night the trees and flowers are strengthened and refreshed, else would they surely perish. But thou, fierce Sun, dost not hold absolute dominion by day. There are times when thy burning face is veiled by banks of storm clouds, and the elements are marshalled to give thee battle and usurp thy power,—the artillery of heaven is called into action, the flood gates of the clouds are opened, and the earth is delivered from thy scepter's flery away.

What alls the man? His body is all twisted

What alis the man? His body is all twisted up. He looks as though he had dropped out of a maelatron into a lot of machinery in motion, and been hi with a brick while fing through the beiting; like nose bears evidet ce of still rougher haveling—as though it might have acreed the purpose of a rooting stick for a facek of blood thirsy Jersey macquitoes, and his eyes appear as it they had been suddenly opened on a Wednesday and were looking both ways for Sunday. He is a "knight of the blue ribton," who on becoming very thirty, dropped into a drug store for a refreshing drink of ice cold soda water. The sophistical clerk, mistaking an involuntary movement of the muscles of the eye for a common, every day wink, put an onne or tary movement of the muscles of the eye for a common, every day wink, put an ounce or two of very rank whisky into the cooling baverage; whereupon the temperance advocate soon found himself laboring under the very failacious impression that he owned the town, and an uncontrollable desire to test the quality of the bricks of the sidewalk at once seised him. By means of his head, which he uses ever and anon as a sort of sounding hammer, he has been able to get some idea (vague and uncertain though it be) of the genuine soundness and durability of the town pavements in general. He has just now ploked himself out of the gutter, where it seems he was applying his nose in "crow bar fashion" to a huge cobble stone, which accounts, probably, for the very singular appearance of that member, as described above. scooms, probably, for the very singular ap-pearance of that member, as described above. He is on the programme to deliver a speech this day on the evils of intemperance at a campmeeting in the woods hard by; but we very much fear the cause will suffer greatly if he attemps to pose as an exemplary speci-men of "testotalism" in his present condition.

How the dry-goods counter jumper Gets his two weeks of vacation. But the season now is waning; So he sets out for a semi-fashionable watering re-ort Where the prices are reduced. And he journeys to there with his Person handsomely incased in New and beautifully made-up Summer ciothes, for which he payeth Seven dollars and a quarter. And for one long day in August He is much sought after by be Handsome, gayly-clad young women. But the windows of the heavens. Then are opened, and it raineth. And the young man gets his suit damp And the bottom of his trousers. Are in very close relations. To his snee-caps; for the cloth has altrunken out of all proportion. And it then continues raining. When in sorrow he departeth. To the distant notay city; and these maders look upon him As "cheep" and of bad teste and fashion.

SEPTEMBER! The awast breeze now steak scross the daisled meadows and toys with the swaying golden rod that is just making its appearance on the hills. All nature seems to appearance on the fills. All nature seems to sigh with relief at the departure of the swel-tering summer, and the advent of cooler and happier days. Of all the months, September, thou art the most beloved—more welcome than flowery May or leafy June—for thy sweet, refreshing breath is a nepenthe to the hest-oppressed earth, imparting to all things a joy too deep for words, a passe no other month can give.

The small boy now becomes very sad. Nothing can make him brace up and feel happy; not even the forbidden rosy apples that glow by the way side can infuse him with an ambitious and enterprising spirit. The fact of the matter is, vacation is over and he must again "dog-er" his primer book and "monkey" with the rule of three.

"This is the month of September, the blue sky is dotted with sloud-ships.
The breese through the rose-bush steals, and shakes off the delicate pets s;
The grases are turning brown, and the butter-nut on the hill-top
Looks like a sentinel grim, as it stands in the murky twilight
And this recalls to my mind that I procorrat me some shouls to my mind that I procorrat me some shouls.
Or go in that weary old dress or a mother accurse I long season."

OCTORER ! Gorgeously apparelled October -how fair thou art, how tranquil and serene —how fair thou art, how tranquil and serenc!
The sweet, calm sunshine warms the ground
to that we can yet lie dreaming beside the
gushing apring in the thinned and sunny
wood, while the slightest rustle of the winds
brings showers of yellow and orimson leaves
about us and rattles down the ripened elect
nuts from their opened burs.

Among the gooring trees our winding way,
while he absets autumn sunbeams, doubly
Flushed with the ruddy failage, round us
play.

An of the street course of the street of the street

The street of the street of the street

The street of the street of the street

The street of the st

As if some gargeous sloud of morning stood in giory mid the arches of the wood.

Now the swell young men lays seide his straw hat and sessenter coal, and done a new silk ping, price \$8, and a stylink fall overcoat, price \$6, and takes his stand, where all the glidy girls may admire him—in front of the fashionable botel that he so liberally patronised the past season for his summer supply of low water and tooth-plets. But he is not yet fixed for the winter; for his fluoress are very low, because of the boavy drainage made upon them by the purchase of the costly habiliments in which he is new cassad, and his heavy over cost is still with his "uncle,"

He called aloud, "Mey, Jimmy, hey, There h that so one about." But Jimmy scooling o'er the fields, Heard not his comman's about,

NOVEMBER! The air is dark. The crue winds strip the trees of their yellow and primoon leaves, and they stand in the murky reason reason, and they send in the murky mists like so many grim and misshepen spectres. Plowers and insects have long since perished; birds have migrated to warmer oilmes, and a colemu slicece pervades the earth, broken only by the sobbling muons of winds as they sweep through the naked trees.

trees.
"Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead:
The rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabhit's tread:
The robin and the wren have flown, and from
the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through
all the gloomy day"

Now it is that fill and Shinny, Spend the day in playing shinny: And Karle, Susan and Maria. Roa, t chestauts o'er the glosing fire.

Is the man sick? No, the man is not sick, but he is very unhappy. You see he is a great aspirant after political honors and has just been sorely defeated for a long coveted office. The little book he is studying so carefully contains his private accounts, and he is recapitulating his expenditures for the recent campaign. The following is the sad disclosure:

Printing stickers, dodgers and circulars 25 cp
Fixing the boys 150 co
liribing editors 10 Fee to small boy for throwing around circulars at d stickers... 0)
Money expended in buying up votes on election day....... 100 (5

He will not accept another political nomina-tion until the Reform association has done something towards putting a check to the wholesale and corrupt usage of money at aleutons. Now the bleak winds of autumn around us as

Now the bleak winds of autumn around us are sighing.
And nature her elf looks gloomy and sad,
And the seaves and the flowers are failing and dying.
And the earth is in somber habiliment cind;
And the sear-bird is pensive, or has flown to discover
A fair, sunny home amid evergreen trees,
And the woods but re-echo the wall of the plotter
And frosty winds rustle the dead forest leaves.
Yet welcome, November, for though gloomy and murky,
Thy name is synonymous with mince-pic and turkey,

DECEMBER! The work of destruction i ione. The earth is cold and dead, and ready for its winding sheet. Bury, then, December. Let thy fleecy shroud hide from sight the heaps of dry, dead leaves, the barren fields, and sere, brown meadows. "Muffle thy cold wool about the feet of shivering trees," rad spread thy ermine mantle over the sleeping flowers. Let thy snows bury all that the year has done. But know, ob, month of nature's sepulchre, thou canst not lorever deatroy and bury the handlwork of nature. For a little while only thou and thy tyrannical successors shall spread broadcast a gloomy desolation. For winter shall again "break forth and blossom into spring," with its singing birds and fragrant flowers, and spring shall in turn ripen into the golden, verdant summer, with its gushing springs and leafy groves. winding sheet. Bury, then, Decem

The small boy now becomes very plous. He is never absent from Sabbath school, but studies hard the way in which he should go, and his Sanday school teacher and superintendent rejoice exceedingly that another straying lash has been brought into the fold. But after the Christmas present he will play hookey, and cut both teacher and superintendent on the street.

Again the season for sleighing is here, and the young man who is so unfortunate as to be in love, will not lose the opportunity afforded by these beautiful moonlight even-ings to make himself "solid" with his best ings to make himself "solid" with his best girl. Of course, if encouraged, (as is usually the case) he will become very spoony, and, as a natural sequence, the smacks of osculating lips will keep time and music with the Jing-ling and the tingling of the sleigh bella. This is all right enough, but there should be some little, discretion exercised in the per-formance of these osculatory feats. It would be wall perhaps for votus lovers who are be well, perhaps, for young lovers who are prone to manifest their mutual affections in this, no doubt, very piessing and satisfactory manner on similar occasions, to get a few pointers from the poet, who, in writing on this very interesting subject says:

"Kiss your girl when in your cutter
You fly across the bridge.
Yet, if clouds across the moon
Flit and fly, be not too soon,
Or, you'll hiss no mouthlet, but her
Aose's rosy ridge." JERRY CRUNCHER.

Ys laughing brooks and streams, set free From icy chains, exuitingly Sing, as ye basten to the sea,

A Quest for a Domestic From the Boston Gazette I had an experience the other day which may have fallen to the lot of some men, but never before to me. My wife asked me if 1 would be willing to step into a certain em-ployment office and send her some promis-ing looking maid for a parlor girl. I found the place, approached the manageress, hat in hand, and briefly stated my errand. Did I prefer Protestant or Catholic? I was tempted to reply "an agnostic," but wisely refrained. Shorily I was requested to step into a room near by and interview a candidate. I was embarrassed, for I had not thought how I should open the conversation. Mademoiselle, however, was firm as a rock, with every faculty awake, and I soon found myself pessive instead of active in the matter. I grew nervous, I know, and found myself making promises that the good lady at home would have been astonished at, being possessed of but one desire, and that to get away. I have a faint resemblance of saying that every evening was to be subject to the maiden's own pleasure; and \$8 a week was nothing more than fair compensation; that I knew she had a soul above the laundry (she was a comely lass); that if she would condected to visit the seashore with us next season, she should be conveyed by carriage every Bunday to church; that, while I thought a musim cap would well become her dissel profile, it should be entirely optional with her as to wearing that badge of domestic service; that I could readily send the porter from the store to polish all brass ormam sets of the house, and that it gave joy to the heart of every inmate of my home to have the door ball ring three times at least whenever it rang at all; and, finally, that if next autumn she found herself depressed with the fatigue and heat of the summer a vacation of two weeks could readily be granted, pay of course to be continued mean while. She consented to call upon my wife, but it is needless to say that no engagement resulted, and my wife and I had some serious conversation that night after the children had said their prayers. As Charles Lever used to make his heroes observe, when they were upon the eve of some wild exploit, "I don't know what possessed me!" the place, approached the manageress, hat in hand, and briefly stated my errand. Did I

THE BROOK. When last I came to see thee, brook, The ice in chains had bound thee, I ween thy freedom's sweeter now Because of chains once 'round thee

I ween thy trills o'er the rough place there, Thy low tones 'mong the crease Are trials of thine to tell a joy Beyond my human guesses.

Already for thee buds the spice, And green thy bordering grasses, I he aider dips its branches down To hise thee in thy passes.

The robin gives a note of thanks For thy cool, pure libation, and soon the thrush will come and sing Thy praises to creation. And all around I'll tell of thee,
And when somes summer's weather,
Down here, dear brook, won't you and I
Mave glorious times together?
— Will J. Medpurran.

TERREMON ANTERA COTTECE IDERITORION OF LEARNING AT ARRYILLS PUUNDED IN 1800.

Ponnsylvanin, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia Septaining It- Hov. Do Long in Charge With Able Assist

Lebason Valley college, a beautiful repre-centation of which is given below, is idented at Anaville, one of the most thrifty towns in Lebason county. The above illustration represents the main building, which has not been entirely completed. This does not in-

lude the ladies hall, on Main street, nor the

Lebanon Valley college came into exist-ence to supply an absolute want. Denomi-national growth and advancing civilization rendered it necessary for the church of the United Bretbren in Christ throughout the

states of Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Virginias, to make special provision for the moral and intellectual culture of her chil-

dren. After much deliberation and prayer,

it was resolved that an institution of learning be established, which would furnish the ad-

vantages of a thorough education alike to

young men and women, under the mie and inspiring influences of the Christian religion.

at the Federal Capital.

Mrs. J. N. Dolph, the wife of the junio

menator from Oregon, (who is one of the great millionaires of the western coast) was born

within the sounds of the thundering Pacific ocean; she grew up to womanhood in the

wild romantic country, and was educated privately by a governess in the house of her

wild romantic country, and was educated privately by a governess in the house of her parents, and when on a visit to Portland she met the rising young lawyer from New York state (who was at that time district attorney), and shortly thereafter was married to him, her days of official high position began and continued from that time steadily onward. Mrs. Dolph is the mother of six children, the eldest being a daughter, who was formally introduced to society at Washington in the season of 1886, at one of the most brilliant balls of the year. Mrs. Dolph herself is one of the handsomest of the married belies at the capital. Her superb figure, deinty complexion and perfect good nature defy the inreads of time and the presence of a tail, exquisitely moulded and very lovely young daughter at her aide only adds another grace to the scoomplished lady. Mrs. Dolph's afternoons and receptions in the season attract all the notables that are in the city and hundreds of the residents. Her drawing rooms are always filled by a select company. The dinners given by Senator Dolph were notably successful, so-cially, and gastronomically as well. Mrs. Dolph presides at her husband's dinner parties to his friends and associates, where her ready wit and quick appreciation and sparkling repartee render her a great favorite.

SENATOR J. N. DOLPH.

tinguished Public Caree

Among prominent men of the United tales Senate there exists none who rank

more highly in affairs of state and country than does Senator Dolph, of Portland, Ore-

Genessee Wesleyan University at Lime, N
Y. After arriving at the age of eighteen
years he laught school for a portion of each
year, making a living, and acquiring further
knowledge at the same time. He studied
inw with the Hon. Jeremiah McGuire at
Havana, New York, and was admitted to the
bar at the general term of the supreme court
of that state, held at Binghampton, November, 1861. Mr. Dolph practiced his profession
in Schuylar county during 1861 and 1862,
when he was enlisted in Captain M. Crawford's company as the Oregon Eccort, raised
for the purpose of protecting emigrants of

farm building on College avenue.

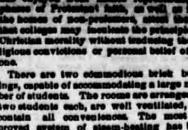
ulnose and inspiring accept, but in free-dess from these implations to vice so com-mon to cities and large towns. It is accept-tic from all points, being located on the direct route of railroad travel from Harris-burg via Boading to Philadelphia and New York.

York.

As a further inducement to locate the college in the midst of the besuitful Lebanon valley, a suitable building and grounds were domained by public spirited citizens for educational purposes. In 1866 the institution was founded and chartered by a special act of the legislature of the common wealth of Pennsylvante.

CO-RDUCATION OF THE SEX The principle of co-education of the sext

mm



There are two commodicus brick buildings, capable of accommodating a large number of students. The rooms are arranged for two students each, are well ventilated, and contain all conveniences. The most approved system of steam-heating has been introduced in the ladies hall and the main college building. Fire eccapes are also provided for all third story rooms, also been erected a third building containing the library, a large and well lighted art room,

the library, a large and well lighted art room,

was adopted from the first by the founders of the college—and the entire absence of col-lege barbarities and excesses, as well as the manifestations of a tendency to a higher natural science, with its laboratory and mu-

Rev. D. D. De Long is the head of the in stitution, and he has an able corps of assistants. The territory committed to the support of the college is large, including Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia. The winter term closed on March 24 The normal department was organized or April 6.

seum. There is also a fine campus of abou

For the facts of the above sketch and the While the college is denominational in illustration we are indebted to the courtesy of the Lebanon Times. management, it is positively free from secta-

that year to the Pacific coast, against the ravages and depredations of the roving bands of Indians. Mr. Dolph filled the position of orderly sergeant, and finally settled in Portland, Oragon, in October, 1862, where he has since resided. In 1864 he was elected city attorney for the district of Portland, and during the same year was made district attorney of Oragon by President Lincoin. He was a member of the state Senate from the year including 1866 to 1874, and has practiced his profession since his arrival in Oragon. He was elected to the United States Senate as a Republican, and took his seat, his term expiring in 1889.

"ALLEUIA! Jesus lives,
He is now the living One:
From the gloomy house of death
For the conqueror has gone,
Bight Forerunner to the akies
Of His people yet to rise,"

standard of scholarship, from year to year, proves the wistom of this natural order of things. The facilities of the college and the

encouragements to a thorough education are offered alike to all. And experience has bown that there is no appreciable difference

between the male and the female, as such, as

o ability in mastering the studies of a col-

Miles Standish's Grave.

In later years efforts have been made to establish the place of the burial of the old

Pilgrim warrior, and as far as authenticity goes the results have been diverse and dis-couraging, the various spots claimed to be his last reating place being scattered over at least a square mile. Probably the most direct tradition concerning the subject is the following, derived from Miss Caroline B. Hall, a descendent of Captain Standish in the seventh generation, whose brother, James Hall, collected much of the historical knowledge we now possess relative to his ancestor: About 16 years ago Benjamin Prior, a once wealthy ipbuilder of Duxbury, died in the alms house. Some years before his death he in-formed Mrs. Ruth Hall, daughter of Olive noise. Some years before his death he informed Mrs. Ruth Hall, daughter of Olive Standish and mother of the present Miss Hall, that Captain Standish was interred in the old cemetery at South Duxbury, nearly opposite the Prior homestead. Mrs. Hall noted the fact at the time and since her decesse, some years since, the memorandum has been found. Mr. Prior said that his father had told him of the burial, he having learned it in turn from his father, who said that he attended the funeral, and jurther said that the grave was marked by two three cornered stones, one at the head and one at the foot. The Priors were all long-lived, Benjamin dying at the age of 35 years, and being noted for his remarkable memory of events. The intervening 231 years since the death of Standish, October 3, 1656, can be bridged by three people having an average age of 77 years. Prior's house stood nearly opposite the cemetery, and such an event as the burial of Standish would be remembered by the family. The cemetery is a short distance west of Hall's corner, South Duxbury, less than three-fourth's of a mile from the residence of the old soldier. A rough post and rail fence incloses it on three sides while the fourth next corner, south Duxbury, less than threefourth's of a mile from the residence of the
old soldier. A rough post and rail fence incloses it on three sides, while the fourth, next
to the street, is bounded by a pretty rustic
fence of cedar. Its area is less than
an acre, and the surface is overgrown
with rank, uncared-for grass, interisced
with tangted blackberry vines. There are no
boundaries to lots, interments having been
made in little groups, various clusters of slate
stones bearing the names of Winslow, Alden,
Cushman, and Brewster, descendants of the
Mayflower band. A noticeable feature is
the lack of epitaphs on the stones, some of
which date back to the end of the sixteenth
century. In Standish's will, dated "Duxburrow, March the 7th, 1655," and presented
for probate by Capt. James Cudworth May
4, 1657, the testator states: "My will is that
out of my whole estate my funeralcharges be
taken out and my body buried in decent
manner, and if I die at Duxburrow my body
to be laid as near as Convently may bee to

manner, and if I die at Duxburrow my body to be laid as near as Convently may bee to my two dear daughters Dara Standish my daughter and Mary Standish my daughter-in-law." In the centre of the cemetery is a grave marked by three-aided pyramidal-shaped stones at the head and loot, while other depressions close at hand indicate other ancient graves. How old this grave may be is not known, but it seems to bear out the tradition remarkably. A PSALM OF LIFE.

Through the wild Babel of our sever'd time
The song of Homer cometh, grave and stern
With tidings from the world's fresh, healthy prime— Tidings which our worn, wearied age concern

years,
The voice of Homer sings the song divine,
Which tells of godlike tolls, of heroe's tears,
And of the punishment of Priam's line. more highly in affairs of state and country than does Senator Dolph, of Portland, Oregon.

Joseph N. Dolph, of Portland, Oregon, was born at what was then designated as Dolphsburg, in Tomkins (now Schuyler) county, New York, October 19th, 1835. He received a common school education, private instructions, and for a time attended the Genessee Wesleyan University at Lima, N Y. After arriving at the age of aighteen The battle in the plain is raging yet;
The watchfires blaze, the beak'd-ships line the sho e ; For us the foe in grim array is set -

Unchang'd through all the long unnumber'd

Ah! but do we fight as they fought of yore For we, too, like the heroes long ago, Hust wage slow wars and salt the bitter sea; Fierce is the conflict, loud the tempest plow, And the waves roar and rage us ceasingly.

Still must we warder o'er the stormy main ; "Twixt rocks and whiripools a dread pass make ; Still must the Sireus sing to us in vain ; Still from the toils of Circle must we break.

Turn then to Homer's Pasim of Life, and see
How they endured, whose pilgrimage is done;
And hear the message they have left for thee—
Only by Patience is the victory won.

—From Macmillan's Magazine.

The President on the Poor Man. Y. Herald Interview with Cleveland. Well," he said, "a railroad corporation

should have its legal rights—no more, are less. But the people should have their rights also. I believe in the people, I be-lieve in the settlers on the new lands of the far West, and I believe that corporations which become too grasping should be reshould have its legal rights—no more, no which become too grasping should be re-strained. When a real settler—I don't mean a mere land speculator, but a farmer who builds his little house and sets about the ima mere land speculator, but a farmer who builds his little house and sets about the improvement of the acres on which he has settled—when such a man has legally taken possession of his 160 acres he ought to feel that the government is behind him, and that if his rights are ever invaded the government will stand by him and see that no injustice is done. He has a right to feel that way, and, so far as this administration is concerned, it is clearly and without reservation of any aind the friend of the people. While as a matter of course the administration will protect the lawful rights of a corporation as well as those of the people, still I think it should be specially jealous of the rights of the farmers and the working classes. This is a government by the people and for the people, and the people ought to feel always that its full force will be exercised to protect them from any unlawful encroschments. I will go even further than that, and say if by any construction of the law a seeming injustice is done to the humblest farmer in the furthest corner of the land, then the law ought to be changed and changed at once. I am of the people, I believe in the people, and I stand by them and with them—first, last and all the time."

And He, of men and angels King, His chosen ones within shall bring : Therefore on Easter day we sing, Alleluia !

Painter Guillaumet's Tragic Death.
Paris Dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph

A strange story is current anent the death of the painter Guiliaumet, which was noticed of the painter Guilliaumet, which was noticed a few days ago in your columna. His demise was attributed to peritonitis, but this, it is said, was produced in a tragical manner, recalls the melancholy circumstances attending the death of Gambetta. M. Guilliaumet, who was only 46, and very wealthy, had become, it is said, infatuated with a lady who was his senior by many years. Owing to this unfortunate attachment he was separated from his wite, who lived with her son in another part of Paris. A few weeks ago M. Guilliaumet had a scene with his mistress, attendable he put a revolver to his heart and fired. The bullet lodged in his intestines, and he lingered from that moment in the agonies of a painful illness, terminated by death. His last words after the bullet had entered his body were for his wife and son, who, on being informed of the tragical occurrence, came and nursed him until his death. The painter died in his studio, whither he was carried at his own request. He wanted to see his oriental sketches for the last time.

CONFESSION. We meet, talk, jest and laugh and part again,
No word nor sign
Makes the sweet secret of the bosom plain.
And yet I know beyond all doubting,
And foolish flouting,
My love is thine.

For speech and laughter are of idle breath And vague design.

Then let them go. I seek my life or death
In thy dear eyes, that smiling lightly In thy dear eyes, the last tell me, brightly, still tell me, brightly,

Thy love is mine.

- Madeline S. Bridges,

Sweet-Scented Blossoms

From the Country Gentleman The following trees and shrubs have been named for the fragrance of their blossoms: Magnolias, tulip tree, horse-chestnut, rhodo-dendrons, lime and base-wood, thorns, apple dendrons, lime and base-wood, thorns, apple double cherry, flowering almond, laburnum, Oage orage, lilacs, spiracs, honey-suckies, jasmine, szeless kaimise, sweet briars, chionanthus, and especially among the smaller ahrubs, the tea-roses and all their allies. Among herbaceous plants, a great multitude might be named as violets, primroses, pinks, several trises, dictamnus, lily of the valley, phloxes, alyssum, thyme, water lily, and not to be omitted, the red and white clovers.

To-pay all ransomed nature saith:
Let every creature that hath breath
Praise Christ, the Lord, who conquered Death Alleiuia! Au

From the New York Sun. Countryman (in dime museum)-What's

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