LOCAL BICYCLING.

A DRAT WITH A VETBRAN ABOUT THE DBLIGHTFUL SPORT.

Captain Samuel S. Downey, of the Labour Cycle Touring Club, Tolls an " Intelligen. cer" Reporter Many Interesting Facts About Bleyeling in This City.

One of the most enthusiastic and skillfu bleyelists of this section of the state is Mr. S. B. Downey, the genial captain of the Lancaster Cycle Touring club. An INTELLIGEN CER representative had a pleasant chat with him a few evenings ago on the subject of bicycling in general and that in Lancaster

The first wheel ever men in Lance said Mr. Downey, "passed through here in September, 1878, from the West. Two unknown riders traversed West King, out East King and down the Lancaster pike to Phila-delphia. They attracted almost as much attention as a circus, and were followed by crowds as they noiselessly pursued their way on the winged steeds. This gave to Lancastrians the first practical view of the possibilities of bleyeling, and it gave the original impulse to many of the best riders in the city to-day. The first wheel ever used by a Lancastrian was that of W. Fred. Reynolds, son of Samuel H. Reynolds, who in the fall of 1879 bought direct from the Pope Manufacturing company, the only bleyels manufactory country. James I. Stewart, son of the late James Stewart, was the second bicyclist James C. Wiley, H. Clay Brubaker, eaq Walter Boardman, A. H. Fritchey, esq , and others began to ride in the fall of that same Tost autumn the first Lancaster blevcling club was established, having a membe ship of only seven. They had no regular place of meeting, but by their joint assem-blage maintained a popular interest in the

" In the fall of 1879, Prot. Lippott gave a "In the fall of 1879, Prof. Lippott gave a grand bicycle and tricycle tournament at the driving park. There were four classes of wheels, three of boys' tricycles of different diameters of wheels, and one of bicycles. The bicycle riders came from Philadelphia and rode a mile race in heats, the best time made being 4:30. Very late in the fall of the same year the professor gave another race made being 4:30. Very late in the fall of the same year the professor gave another race meet, in which he had six riders from Philadelphia. About this time he had a bicycle on exhibition in Rhoads & Reed's jewelry store window for several days. It was an original Standard Columbia, short handle bars, cone, bearings, etc., and it attracted a great deal of attention.

"George Levy, working in the watch factory machine shop, took drawings of this machine, and during the winter of 1879 built himself a rude affair at the No. 2 cotton mill machine shop. It was about a 50 inch wheel with flat felloss, rubber belting riveted to it for a tire, gas pipe back-bone, tapered, solid forks, bolted to two bridges at the neck, forks, bolted to two bridges at the neck, which were always in a chronic state of shake. A gas fitting T for a neck, with a straight belt running through it, furnished the steering. The whole was surmounted with a rather prosaic wooden saddle. In use it developed one peculiar trait. It was an awill kicker, and George took many headers from it. This machine was completed in 1880, and was undoubtedly the first homemade machine in the town."

ORTTING A POOTHOLD. " But was not this movement more or less individual in character ?" queried the re-

"Yes," was the reply. "Cycling in Lancaster never got a good footbold until the apring of 1880, when a great number of new apring of 1880, when a great number of new riders purchased wheels and lent their per-sonality to the sport. Among the most active of these recruits was C. B. Longenecker, now mechanical draughtsman for Sicans, Chase & Ca. at Newark, N. J. He was a good rider and understood the mechanical construction of the wheel, and was able to repair any alight damage that might court for it. When of the wheel, and was able to repair any slight damage that might occur to it. When the first Lancaster bleycle club had died a natural death in the fall of 1879, Longencker took hold of the helm and established the second local club in the fall of 1880. He was its first president, and Dr. Walter Boardman its first captain. This institution survived until 1884, and was known as the Lancaster Bleycle club." Lancaster Bicycle ciub.

Mr. Longenecker was the hero of this escapade which was noted in the Examiner of April 12, 1880. It shows what poor favor the RECOMING A NUISANCE.

We have already been called upon to men-on accidents which result from horses besoming frightened at bicycles, to day we are sgain compelled to chronicle another, and feem it high time that this nulsance was abated. As a young gentleman employed at abated. As a young gentleman employed at the watch factory was riding one of these affairs down Orange street about 11 o'clock this morning, a borse driven by Mr. J. W. Hohman, butcher, became frightened and ran away, upsetting the buggy and throwing Mr. H. out, bruising him considerably. The top of the buggy was also badly wrecked. A BOOM FOR THE SPORT.

" Was there anything outside of individual enterprise to boom the new sport here? was the next question fired at the bicycling

"There was quite an impulse given to it incidentally by the Lancaster watch factory. Many of its employes were men from the Many of its employes were men from the New England states, where cycling was further advanced. A good portion of them were riders, and their presence here lent impetus to the local movement. In the summer of 1884, owing to internal dissensions and the closing of the watch factory, the club fell into innocuous decuetude, and a new club was formed, made up chiefly of older members. It lasted until 1886, and was a club only is name, baving no times of meeting. An influence that gave a large shape to the local bicycling movement was the establishment bleyeling movement was the establishment here of the local agencies of Martin Rudy and Haberbush & Gorrecht, both of which are still in a thriving existence."

"How about the present club?"

THE PRESENT CLUB. "The Lancaster Cycle Touring club was organized by D. S. Smith and myself in March, 1886, and has had ever since a pros parous career. Dr. R. R. Underwood was the first president and I was first captain, and have so remained to the present time. John E. Snyder was elected to succeed Dr. Underwood in July, 1886, and he was in turn followed in the office by John A. Burger, the present president. The other officers are dent; C. H. Obreiter, secretary-treasurer; D. S. Smith, first lieutenant. The club quarters are at No. 6 Court avenue, and they ware ters are at No. 6 Court avenue, and they were opened with a fine reception on September 1, last year. There are two spacious rooms, one for the wheels and the other for meeting purposes. The latter is quite handsomely furnished. The rooms are open all the time and they constitute a popular resort for the young men of the club and their friends."

"How large is your membership?" was

the next query.
"We have from twenty five to thirty solive "We have from twenty five to thirty active members, all of whom are also members of the League of American Wheelmen. This latter membership is a valuable franchise, entitling members to privileges, traveling rates, courtestes, etc., while abroad that are much to be desired. For the encouragement of local bicycling, President Burger has offered a stiver cup for the best road record in the number of miles ridden at the end of the riding season. This trophy is to come from Hamrick & Son, the Philadelphia jeweless, and is to be very handsoms. While we have in our club no prominent racing men, J. G. Shirk has made a creditable local showing in winning the championship for men, J. G. Shirk has made a creditable local showing in winning the championship for flancaster county for five miles, his record being seventeen minutes and twenty-six seconds. Some of the contestants for the Burger cup use cyclometers, which register automatically the number of miles traveled. Those who do not possess these must affirm to the number of miles every month to Martin Rudy, the logkeeper of the club. You may say that this year is going to be a great one for local ployeling."

A OREAT SINGLE DAY'S RECORD.

A GREAT SINGLE DAY'S RECORD.

Mr. Downey's modesty did not permit him to state, what is a well-known fact in local bicyc i ig o'r ries, that he has the best i cal single day's road record, being 135 miles, from Lancaster to Philadelphia and return between 6 s. m. and 12 p. m.

Considerable interest is given to the present season here by the Southern district tour of the League of American Wheelix en, which has been arranged to take place between May 10 and May 17. The start will be made from the Pounsylvania Bicycle club house, at Fortisth street and Girard avenue, Philadelphia, on Tuesday morning, May 16 at 2 ordest. Thirty size miles to Contential, will be covered the first face.

of 53 miles. They will reach Lancaster fiftime for dinner, and will be the guests of the local club. The third day the run from York to Gettysburg, a distance of 25 miles, will be made, and the afternoon will be spent on the battle field. May 13, the fourth day the party will cover about 36 miles and spand the night at Hagerslows, where the tourists will be entertained by the local club. On May 14 the party will reach Winchester, Va., a distance of 41 miles, and May 15 will bring the tourists to New Market, Va., after a 50 mile run. From that point carriages will be taken to Luray, where the night will be spent. The morning of May 16 will be devoted to a visit to the Luray caves, returning to New Market at noon, where the wheels will be resumed and a run of 19 miles made to Harrisonburg. From Harrisonburg the party will run 25 miles to Staunton. At that point the tour will practically end. The trip will cost about \$24 per man.

New and Beautiful Wraps, Parasols and Walst and Their Prices.

Eyerything this season is tasteful and hand some, but heavy siege is laid to the money purse for the finest outnits. What used to be considered costly at \$5 is now quoted at \$50, but when the work and the art, taste and materials are considered, the articles bought at the latter figure is only a little dear in the sentimental sense. The manners and mode have changed with the times, so that the ornament that used to be carried to protect the person from the effect of the sun rays has, by the evolution laws of fashion, been transformed into the transparent parasols.

These parasols are in black and white lace

or any of the pale gauzes now in use, frilled on after the frame has been covered with boiling cloth. Two or three rulles usually trim them, and a large bow of ribbon place trim them, and a large bow of ribbon placed on the side with another tied around the handle completes them. It must not be supposed that these parasols are for late afternoon or early spring and fall use alone. They may be used whenever desired, and will figure prominently at Cape May, Atlantic City, Long Branch, Newport and Saratoga the coming season, and they are certainly the daintiest thing yet produced in parasols. Natural sticks are very much used, but for black parasols they are stained, as the black Natural sticks are very much used, but for black paramols they are stained, as the black sticks seem to produce a better effect. A striking peculiarity is that paramols having lengthwise stripes are called bayadere, while those with stripes running around in true bayadere style have no particular name to designate them.

There will also be found quite a difference between the real coaching paramol and the so-

There will also be found quite a difference between the real coaching parasol and the so-called coaching parasol that may be used for walking purposed as well. The former is not larger than a child's parasol, and is a reproduction of a very old style, having a hinge midway between eod and end of the stick and another at the top, that the parasol may be turned over on the side in order to shade the eyes from any direction. These parasols are not expensive unless spread with real lace covers, which enhances their value considerably.

with real lace covers, which enhances their value considerably.

With the warm spring days comes the desire to put aside ail evidence of winter weather. Heavy wraps can no longer be worn, and in their place are the prettier, lighter garments, more suitable for mild, summer days. In making spring contumes it has been found sivantageous, when plain material is used, to add a visite to the same. These are very attractive where neutral shades are used and the trimming is of passementerie made of different colored metal cords. With such suits, those having a strict regard for taste will have a bonnet to match regard for taste will have a bonnet to mate

regard for taste will have a bounct to match exactly the color of the dress.

Some exquisite novelties are shown in wraps. These in shape are similar to those worn during the winter. The back is finished just below the point of the wais, with the front forming two long square or pointed tabs. The tendency is to narrow the sleeve, so that it appears from the cibow to the wrist very like a loose coat sleeve. There are no side forms, and the front and back portions are held together by narrow straps underneath the sleeves. This allows the arm per-lect freedom, and makes the wrap very comfortable. Most of the wraps are heavily fortable. Most of the wraps are heavily trimmed, usually with jets, which this sea-son are in every imaginable shade and color

as well as black.

An imported wrap—Purisienne of course—
is of a dark shade of heliotrope velvet—that
is, the long tabs in front and the short back,
which below the waist forms eight small
tabs falling over each other, are of the velvet.
The velvet is then illustrate excessed with The velvet is then literally covered with pas sementerie of fine metal and gold cords with the pattern filled in with crystal beads. Over the shoulder it forms deep epaulets, and reaching from shoulder to shoulder across the back is graduated to a point at the waist. the back is graduated to a point at the waist. A heavy chenille frings, fully six toches deep, borders it, each caterpiliar-like pendant being studded with a crystal bead, the size of a pea. The sleeves are loose and flowing, something like angel sleeves. These are a coarse network of sliken threads with little loops all over of crystal beads.

Another—also an imported wrap—is of black velvet. In pattern and manner of trimming it closely resembles the one just described. Its attractive feature is the passementerie of metal braids that blend very much like cashinere tints, mixed with tiny gold and crystal beads. A modest, as well as beautiful, wrap is of heavy black slik. The front and back are nothing more than the closely fitting forms of an ordinary waist. Over the front are gathered two long tabe of jetted net and a short pointed half sleeve, reaching from the shoulder to the elbow of the same, fails over the regular dolman sleeve of slik.

the same, fails over the regular dolman sleeve of slik.

Besides these fanciful wraps are English walking jackets, both with and without the hood and in plain check or novelty cloth. Then there are the never-to-be-forgotten jerseys, more useful now than at any other see

seys, more useful now than at any other sea-son of the year. A very good jersey cloth jacket can be bought for six or seven dollars, and as it will last a long time will prove quite an economical investingnt.

The popularity of knitted waists has en-couraged an attempt to manufacture an entire suit for outdoor use. These suits are in dif-ferent colors with bright borders, the idea it is a voing its origin to the presty picture. ferent colors with bright borders, the idea likely owing its origin to the pretty pi-ture presented by the picturesque toboggan suits. There is a full gathered skirt, a sast that ties perfect freedom to the arms and a closefitting cap, very like the Turkish fez, but having two pointed pieces fluished with tassels that fall from the back in place of the side. For mountain wear this can be exchanged for a wide briggers of the will changed for a wide brimmed hat that will give protection to the eyes.

A Successful Appeal.

From the Omaha World. Little Dot-Mamma, can't I go over to see

Lucy to day ? Omaha Mamma-You must not go anywhere near Lucy. She has the measies. "Well, I isn't 'fraid of measles. Can't

go?"
"If—if you should take the measies perhape your dollie might get them.
"On! I didn't fink of that."

Out Knough, From he Boston Courier Collector (to servant girl) -Is Mr. Jones

Servant-girl-No: he is out C .- That's a fib. 1 saw him enter here a minute ago.

8 G.—I tell you he's out.

C.—I say he's not out; he's in.
S. G.—Well, he's out of money, and that's
out enough for you, anyway.
And it was.

THE HUMAN AUCTION. Ho! here are lives by the score to sell, Up to the platform, gents, and bid: Make me an offer, they'll pay you well— All of 'em ripe for the coffin lid Here is a woman pinched and pale, Plying her needle for daily bread

Give me a shirt for her-more on saie,

A family, six in number, here, Fresh from a cellar in Somers' Town ; Mother her sixth confinement near, Father and brats with fever down. 'Twas Pestilence spoke then, was it not "An open sewer." I think he said; Well, his offer shall buy the lot, Dying ! gentlemen-dying ! - dead !

Now, good customers, here's a chance:
A thousand men in the prime of it e,
Wielders of musket, sword and lance,
Armed and drilled for the deally at life. General Warfare lifts his hand—
"A bullet for each," ories the gent in red,
To offer but his—fast flows the sand.

Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!

A body of toilers worn and weak,
Clerks and curates and writing men—
Look at the flush on each sunken cheek,
Mark the flush on the sunken cheek,
Mark the flush on the grasp the pon!
Come, good gentlemen, can't we deal?
Man Drudgery's ope for bargains fied?
Beatless, at leat, the price of a mani-

Some time ago I noted the fact in these solumns I think, of Nathaniel Hawthorne's expressed preference for cremation as a mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead. I did not then know that the post Longfellow had the same feeling, and indeed had recorded the positive wish to be cremated himself after death. Yet such is the case. Under date of October 23, 1841, he wrote these defi-nite and unmistakable words: "I would like to be burned, not buried," himself un terreoring the words.

Did he change his mind in later years? Or why was his wish not carried out?

Although it was a new discovery for me to find this wish of our degreet poet recorded in a note to his poem "God's Acre," it was scarcely a surprise to me. It would be much more surprising to hear of any true post not preferring the beautiful and postically sug-gestive method of otemation to the altogether more prossic and indeed abhorrent mode of earth burial. I am therefore glad that Mr. Longfellow has been put on record, by the editor of the final edition of his complete works, as in favor of crematic

This is, however, only one of a hundred new and important facts concerning America's favorite poet, his thoughts, sentiments, circumstances and works, which are given to us in this grand edition of his collected writings. For the new Riverside Edition is a grand achievement in more respects than

In the first place, though not professing to be an edition de luxe, -or as a friend of mine insists on pronouncing it, edition for looks -it is one of the most perfect specimens of book-making as a fine art ever produced in our country. The size and proportion of the volumes, crown octave, ranging from about two hundred and fifty to nearly five hundred pages per volume, is most convenient for use, and at the same time pleasing to the eye. The chaste binding, in deep green cloth with as little gliding and ornamentation as possible, is elegant and dignified in its simplicity. I don't think the paper, for texture and tint, has ever been equalled in any American book, certainly never surpassed for excellence in every respect. It is equal to the dinest I have ever seen even in the best English publications. Finally, the typography, large, open, clear, and of faultiess accuracy, is a delight to the eye. It is a work over which the book-lover cannot keep from growing tottubook-making as a fine art ever produced in book-lover cannot keep from growing enthusiastic and even rhapsodical.

tion affords an example of editorial good taste and judgment as gratifying as it is rare; and about the only thing I am inclined to find fault with in his work is the editor's anony mity. His name deserves a place on the title page, or at least in the preface or intro-duction. His industry and fidelity are maniest nearly on every page, as often by what he restrains himself from writing as by what he actually does write. For nowhere does he obtrude even a line of comment of his own, obtrude even a line of comment of his own, either in the head and foot notes or in the notes on the subject-matter of the text, except where it is absolutely required for a full understanding of the history of the various writings, or of the development of the post's genius, and even then, in every case where it was possible, Mr. Longfellow's own words are used, as gathered from his own notes, prefaces, and memorands that have come to light since his death. The order of the writings is chronological in its main lines, not absolutely; for Mr. Longfellow's own final arrangement is scrupulously adhered to, exarrangement is scrupulously adhered to, except that all his translations have been grouped together in a separate section

The first two volumes contain his prose works complete: Vol. 1. "Outre Mer" and Dritt-Wood," besides, in the Appendix s List of Miscellaneous Papers, and The Blank Book of a Country Schoolmaster, and Notes to "Outre-Mer" and "Drift Wood; Vol. II "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh." A re-reading of these, especially of Vol. I., convinces me of the truth and justice of what Prof. Richardson says of them in his "American Litera-ture." "I do not think," he writes, "the service of Longiellow in the matter of the development of American criticism and culture, has ever been sufficiently recognized. As a poet, he has been and still is the most popu-lar of American writers. As a romancer, and even as a writer of sketches of travel, he has his smaller public of appreciative readers. We do not, however, often think of him as a promoter of culture, of the knowledge of general European interature, and therefore of the incipient critical spirit in the United States. inciplent critical spirit in the United States. In regard to these things it may be doubted whether we owe more to any other man. Longfellow was of scademic training; he had occupied a professor's chair in two of the principal colleges of New England; he had lived in Europe for a considerable time, familiarizing himself with the Old World's history, legends, romances, scenery, and men and women. Few Americans were so well acquainted with the literature of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. His aphit was Jermany, Italy, and Spain. His spirit wa gentle and sympathetic, inclining him to studies of broad range. Certainly he was no scholastic iconoclast, but the very tenderness of his mind made him catholic tempered. Breadth and catholicity of real knowledge were precisely the things of which America stood in need in the decade after 1830."

Take but one instance of his service to american literary culture, his essay on Anglo Saxon Literature," in Drift-Wood, written in 1838. "At that time 'scholars' regarded Augio-Saxon much as they regard leclandic at the present day: not dreaming that it is simply the first English, and that without its study no intelligent knowledge of our language or literature can be attained. Long before the day of Sievers in Germany, Sweet in England, or March in America, Professor Longialow gave an intelligent expension of the control of the con Sweet in England, or March in America, Professor Longfellow gave an intelligent account of the literature of our remote fore-fathers, justly estimating its spirit and achievements, translating a few of its best passages, and making the whole essay an attractive one for necessarily ignorant readers, while he avoided undue didacticism or a patronizing tone." This essay, therefore, really introduced the study of Angio Saxon literature to America. literature to America.

The review of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," also one of the Drift Wood papers, is introduced by a short historical note by the editor, which invests the paper with fresh and pleasant interest to the reader. Among the rest it quotes this characteristic extract from a letter of Hawthorne to Longfellow after the appearance of the review in the North American Review of July, 1837: "I have to day received and read with huge dehave to day received and read with huge de-light your review of "Twice Told Talea." I frankly aver that I was not without hopes that you would do this kind office for he book, though I could not have anticipated how very kindly it would be done. Whether or no the public will agree to the praise which you bestow on me, there are at least five persons who think you the most saga-cious critic on earth, viz., my mother and two sisters, my old maiden aunt, and finally, the sturdiest believer of the whole five,—my own self. If I doubt the sincerity and correctness of any of my critics, it shall be of those who censure me. Hard would be the lot of the poor scribbler if he may not have this privi-lege."

I used to think that I was tolerably familliar with Longiellow's p etry. But I know now that I did not rightly understand quite a number of his poems, aid not know them from the inside as it were, as I do since I have read them in the light of the head-notes have read them in the light of the head-notes and notes in the appendices, of this new edition. In fact, these notes, with the different introductions to the several groupe of poems, give an entirely new and fresh interest to nearly all of them, even to the most familiar ones which have become household words in every intelligent American home. It is astonishing how newly alive any writing straightway becomes, with what a personal interest we read it, the moment we become acquainted with its inner history, or even with the date, place, and circumstances of its composition.

How true this is may be seen, for example, in the case of that much-abused poem, mur-dered generation after generation by successive hosts of school children, "Excelsior." After reading the full history of its develop-After reading the full history of its development, traced through its numerous erasures and corrections, in the appendix to Vol. I of the "Poetical Works," I find myself reading it over again, and enjoying it as never before. And so will everyous else who reads it with those notes. Or again, what vividaces this little note gives to the well-known "Byms to the Hight," written in the manner of the state of

in one of the balmiest nights of the year. I endeavored to reproduce the impression of the hour and scene." Morely to know this helps us to look through the poet's eyes and feel with the poet's heart, and to realize the meaning of the words,

"I heard the trailing garments of the Right sweep through her marble hells! I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light From the celestial walls," &c. That exquisitely sweet and pathetic poeu

"Footsteps of Angels," becomes if possible still more tender to us after reading that the "He the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife, By the roadside fell and perished, Weary with the march of life!"

weary with the march of life:"
refers to the poet's friend and brother-in law,
George W. Pieros, of whom he long atterwards said, "I have never ceased to feel that
in his death something was taxen from my
own life which could never be restored."
The poem was composed, he tells us, in 1837.
The editor writes: "News of his friend's
death resched Mr. Longfellow in Heldelberg
on Christmas eve, 1835, less than a month
after the death of Mrs. Longfellow," and to
her is the reference in the stanzes, as touching and beautiful as any he ever wrote:
""With a slow and n. issiens footstep.

"With a slow and no issless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays lier gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and pages at me with those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars, so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the sites.

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely, All my fears are laid saids, If I but remember only Such as these have lived and died!"

Of this poem I am not surprised to read Longfellow's note: "In the atternoon I carried it to Felton and left it with him. He came up in the evening and said that he had read it to his wife, who 'cried like a child.' I want no more faverable criticism than this."

Equally tender and touching becomes the beautiful conception in the poem, " The Two

"Two angels, one of life and one of leath.

Passed o'er our village as the morning broke,"
and how the one, stopping at the poet's
house, brought into it a new life, while the
other, stopping at his friend's house, took a
life out of it,—when we read this extract from
a letter of the poet, dated April 25, 1855: "I
have only thus this morning to serious your a letter or the post, dated a pril 20, 1830; have only time this morning to enclose you a poem which perhaps you have not seen, as it is not in any volume. It was written on the birth of my younger daughter, and the death of the young and beautiful wile of my neighpor and triend, the poet Lowell."

I could go on quoting thus indefinitely but it would atill not give you anything like an adequate idea of the great interest and value of an edition so thoroughly edited as this one. If there could ever have been a possibility of Longfellow and his work being passionity of longiselow and his work being forgotten, the new Riverside Edition of his writings has forever removed that possibility. Why? Because I has given us not only an edition of his poems, nor only a biography of the poet, but has put before us the poet in his poems, the true, pure, lovable man in the very act of expressing his truth, purity and love, his self, in his poems; or, if you prefer. love, his self, in his poems; or, if you prefer, the poems in the act of being breathed forth from the heart and life of our dearest post and the most amiable of men. Such an edition as this is must be considered as a positive boon to our literature, and, in the influence that must go out from the poet and his poems therein so fully and winningly presented to us, as positive a blessing to our American life.

As I said before, the first two volumes con tain Longfellow's complete Prose Works.
The last three contain his translation of Dante, the best in the language it is now gen erally conceded to be, especially as enriched by the wealth of Longfellow's scholarly notes and commentary. The other six volumes, then, contain his Poetical Works com times, then, contain his Poetical Works complete, every line of poetry he ever wrote, from the stanzas on "The Battle of Loveli's Pond," written before he was thirteen years old, to the last verse he ever composed here on earth. Vol. V contains "Christus," not heretofore published with his collected works. Vol. II has Evangeline, Hiswatha and Miles Standish. His translations are all contained in Vol. VI. There are four portraits of the poet at different stages of his life, and several fac-similes of his handwriting. No more thoroughly satisfactory, no more complete and perfect publication has, to my knowledge, ever been brought out in this knowledge, ever been brought out in this country. It is Longfellow's most fitting and country. It is Long enduring memorial.

APRISO DEBUTANCE. Nature Prepared to Introduce Her Daughter Into Society.

rom the Baltimore Sun. For several weeks past Dame Nature has sen actively engaged in making preparaions for the introduction of her daughter, Spring, into good society, and at last the great event which has set the heart of the daughter aflutter and engrossed the attention of the madam is about to transpire. All of the orhestra has not yet arrived, but English spar rows chirp cheerily as they collect straws, bits of grass and other waste material for their nests. You can hear the field spar-row's beautiful warble as you walk along some country roads in the afternoon, and in the evening, when day sounds diminish, the voices of little, piping frogs are heard in the low meadow lands, or along the borders of a swa np. The sounds are faint, though un-mistakably springy, and as such welcome to mistakably springy, and as such welcome to all. Several months must pass, however, before with them are joined in accompanying the ch rus of summer song birds the buil-frog's bass born, the mesquite's flageolet, the katydid's taboret and the violin of grasshoppers. The rains of March and the warm suns of April have made the turf as soft and yielding as a velvet carpet, and where apring has made her first coy maiden atom bright green has appeared among the steps bright green has appeared among the dried grames of last year's growth. The trees have been hung with green and red. Upon the branches of the willows has come a green color as delica e as are the branches siender. The hard maples are enveloped in a smoky red, which, on close observation, is resolved into bunches of minute winged seed, and sliky tassels hang from each leaf bud of the box elder. The foliage of the soft bud of the box elder. The foliage of the soft maples is more advanced, but of the caka, chestnuts, sassafras, tulip trees and hickories is still within its wooden walls, though the bark seems ready to burst in many places. Two weeks of warm weather will develop much of the foliage. Floral decorations have now been forgotten. The grass has not had much time to grow, but with it the dandelion has kept pace, and his bright golden blossom adorns many a lawn. Why the dandelion should be despised is hard to understand, it is certainly one of the most refceshing sights in a small spring hard to understand. It is certainly one of the most refreshing sights in a small spring landscape, and its color is by no means untashionable. But public opinion does not affect him, and he is ready to do full justice to the first of nature's afternoon teas. Back in the woods, under the moist leaves, the ferns are gently pushing their way up to daylight. They are still rolled up in the downy brown swaddling clothes, but will soon develop their full green color and apread their graceful fronds along the branches, which are still brown with the rust of their winter chains. The streams are full to their brim with joy, and rusa hilariously to their brim with joy, and rush hilariously along to merge themselves in rivers. In their depths the minnows dart about feeding on the earthy refuse, and warm nights temp on the earthy refuse, and warm nights tempt the gudgeons to their spawning grounds. Among all these beauties stands the virgin spring, at the entrance of her worldly whirl, in her dress of delicate green, cut decollete, with the blush of peach blooms on her cheeks, the reflection of violets in her eyes, sprays of trailing arbutus, houstonias and claytonias in her hair and on her bosom, heavier with evoltament, with teathlike

heaving with excitement, with teeth-like pearly snowdrops, and gently blowing her sweet warm breath over a revivined world. My lady sleeps.

Rhythmic ebb and flow of fairy billow

Met breathing soft. Silken-fringed her lids

close fold Her cheeks, twin roses, and o'er the pillow

My lady dreams. On parted scarlet lips play tricksome smiles
Deepening the dimple in her dainty chin.
Portrayal bright how "wanton mirth" beguites
The mind, that sleep from wearying care shute in.
My lady dreams. My lady wakes.

Fair visions fice. The tringed lids unclose
Though dreamland mists still veli the violet

Sweeps her hair, a tangled floss of burnishe

One moment languid waking blends repose
And then, Mamma! | Mamma!! Mamma!!

sac cries.

My lady wakes!

FILINGS.

The world undoubtedly is moving and the stream of humanity constantly drawing closer towards the light. This must be mani feat to every careful observer in all the cu-rious departments of life, but more expecially is the truth coming to the surface for him who keeps his finger on the public pulse of our current literature. It is very true the shild of a century, yet during this brief period t has undergoue evolutions and revolutions, so that to-day our national literature ! not only distinctively American, but at the same time, in point of advancement it ranks favorably with that of our uncles' across the

There are various factors entering nece early into a country's normal growth, such as physical resources, young and pure blood, means and opportunities, etc., but having all these essential conditions at hand they after all are nothing more than clay in the hands of the potter; a Pallsey is wanted to bring it into form and enamel it; and where else would you find that shaping and guid-ing element but in pure and healthy literature? It is this universal source where both the young and the old imbibe the sweet nectar that helps to did into be the sweet nec-tar that helps to give fragrance and true dig-nity to life. It takes the fettered mind be-yond the narrow confines of self, astounds it of its own little domain, draws saide the dark and gloomy curtains of ignorance, opens new vistas of beauty, goodness, and truth, and in this way incites a burning zeal and a holy in-spiration so as to forsake all that is low and mean, and strive only for that which is low and mean, and strive only for that which is high

est and best.

This idea is already having a firm hold on the American mind. The thirst for good, readable literature is increasing from day to day, and as the result of all this, not only are the old libraries kept well supplied with books, but also new ones are being established, even in our smaller towns and villages all over the country. The desire to read seems to have grown into some kind of a mania among our people, and not only a few of our literary pilots are looking already on this dominant spirit with more or less treon this dominant spirit with more or less tre-pidation, owing to the vast amount of chaft that always finds its way in with the wheat and swallowing its all would certainly be a great detriment to our people. On the other hand, a life time is entirely too short to edu-cate ourselves up to a standard so that our own task would be sufficient to decide what is to prove wholesome nourishment for the mind and the heart, and on the other hand having the system once saturated with the vile and poisonous drugs now so extensively circulated, it becomes a very hard matter to circulated, it becomes a very hard matter to bring about again a reaction for good, and even where this may be possible, it will always leave some scars and weakness be-hind. So then there are really some reasons fore erecting here and there a lighthouse along our literary shores, so as to protect and warn our young navigators in order that they may not get shipwreuked along the shoals and outgesands. and quicksands.

I remember when I first started in reading I used to be satisfied with almost anything only so it was a book, thinking that all of of them contained at least some good. And I don't doubt one bit but there are young men and women to day and hundreds of them, who may be just as easily induced to feast on literature fully as possonous to the soul as strychnine is to the body, as I could have been then. However, it so happened that quite early in my career I met with Washington Irving. After having once tasted his sweet and life giving viands your palate will soon be able to detect all that have

palate will soon be able to detect all that have a sour and bitter taste. But in my case all this was mere blind luck, more than the result of a decision. There are three books I would advise every one that is able to read to get, viz., the Bible, a work of Shakespeare and a set of Irving. These in themselves constitute a little library.

"But." you will say, "I want more books than these. How, then, am I to select them so as not to get switched off on some barren and disease-breeding island, but rather thereby be elevated and strengthened? Beaides, I think I would know better what kind of a dish I could relish than even my best friend might be able to select for me." Undoubtedly there is a grain of truth in this remark, edly there is a grain of truth in this remark, but there is also truth in the fact that you should never trifle with that which is pois onous, be it ever so delicious to the taste And that there is a good deal of pernicious literature mixed with the good would be admitted by nearly all, and also that the best writers the world ever knew wrote a good mitted by nearly all, and also that the best writers the world ever knew wrote a good deal that would leave us very little the wiser for reading it. If this then is the case, why not, if such a thing be peasible, read only the best productions of the best authors? "Well," you will reply again, "I suppose most of us would endorse that rule, but there are a few embarassing obstacles in our way just here. In the first place, who should prescribe such a course for me, and in the second place, I would have to get too many books at this rate; therefore, the plan would involve too much money for me."

My friends, there is a man over in New York city, who has already been engaged for years just in answering these two questions for you, viz, to give you only the best kind of literature and for the least amount of money possible. He has proved himself an able judge in publishing only standard works and thus proving himself a worthy and sate guide for all, and it is no exaggeration in the least to say that he sells them cheaper than any other man in the country, and in this way is a public benefactor to the poor. I

this way is a public benefactor to the poor. I don't need to tell you whom I am alluding to, since every one knows it is John B. Alden, of New York.

One of the latest and most startling exploits of this literary revolutionizer in the art of book making is his "Encyclopedia of Univer-sal Literature." In this work he gives us the cream of all literature, both American and foreign, and in a nutabell, as it were, since the entire set will be complete in about fifteen volumes, and so remarkably cheap that it is within the reach of all. The work, in fact, is a library in itself. I have since carefully ex-amined the first six volumes of this work and found them just supplying a long-feit need in our literature. The work is exactly an answer to the two questions raised above, viz., How to get the best literature and for the least amount of money? Space does not allow me to point out what is contained in this work, but let me simply state that it is a compilation of the best literature that was ever written, together with a short blograph-ical sketch of each author, alphabetically ar-

ranged. It is true there are some few authors whose works we would like to have complete, but that number after all is very small. In our days it would be utterly impossible to read all the good books, both ancient and modern, since such a course would be too multifarious and expensive. So that there really is a demand for such an authology as we find in this "Encyclopedia of Universal Literature." It comes to us like the warm summer shower comes to the plants that have been drooping on account of having been only ar-tificially watered, but now again will grow healthy and strong. WILDENSTEIN.

The Eccentricities of Women's Fashions

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is quite fashionable for one hip to be a ouple of inches higher than the other, and when you look at a woman from the rear it's to see how different is the scooping out on each side. In another respect women pan out shockingly—that is in the matter of feet. They unfasten fancy Oxford ties : they take off yellow gaiters with diamond set clasps; they strip off dainty embroidered silken stockings and they let loose deformed toes, enlarged joints, great, glowing bunions, and an assortment of corns horrible to contem-

plate.

This state of things they bring on themselves. The woman who puts her foot into too short a shoe will find her big toe joint set back on her, swell up, and develope a greater bunion 'than was ever connected with "Pilgrim's Progress." The majority of women seem utterly blind to these personal defects. Last year at the watering places it was greatly the fashion to pink and polish the toenalls, and I have seen women unblushingly uncover a pair of feet that would make a chiropodist shiver, and contemplate them with uncover a pair of feet that would make a chiropodist shiver, and contemplate them with
pleasure if only they had got a high degree
of polish on their mishapen nails.

In one of the baths of this city there is
a nearly life size plaster statue of Diana, and
it would do you good to see some of these
nude monatrosities measure their charms
beside those of the goddesa.

"Mercy," says one, putting down her
highly ornamental foot beside the symmetrical extremity of the Diana, "not so tall as I
into a head and foot that big! I bet she'd
take a 5½ and I only wear a 3."

The damsel who has the deformed waist is
in sotesy over herself. "That's a fine figure,"
says abe, scornfully. "That wais will
measure twenty-nice inches. Thank heaven,
my correct are only nineteen inches. The

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three bottles of Hood's Sarasparilla to produce the desired effect." Sister A. Frances, St. Anne's Asylum, St. Louis, Mo.

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"I must say Hood's Barasparilla is the beautiful of the store of the sale is continually incided."

"I must say Hood's Barsaparilla is the beautificine I ever used. Last spring I had no support to the least work I did fatigned my sver much. I began to take Hood's Barsaparilla so soon I felt as if I could do so much in a target had formerly done in a wook. Hy appetite in wracious," His. M. V. Bayma, Atlantic City, R. d. "It is with cheerfulness that I record a "It is with cheerfulness that I record a few with cheerfulness that I record a few redict in favor of Hoody Saraspastila as better most satisfactory family remedy I over us Three bottles cured ine of dysphysic of the standing." JOHN F. HERMAN, Fortland, France

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