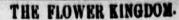
### THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1887.



Woman Buffrage Pable-Hy Lesian B. Alerit. For years the kings of the meadow had on shown from the Golden-rod family, evalue they were tail and strong, and loved trills. to rule. Some of them did well, others were ty annical or careless, and all were fond of money and power, as their name showed ; but the flowers never dared to propose hav-ing any one else, because this had been the Now there were a great many Asters of

every kind and color, from the little white waving their purple plumes over the money wall that ecclosed the mendow. Those grow ing along the roadside saw and heard what it on in the world, and were wise, energetic creatures, anxious to set things right erywhere. So they began to say to their neighbors, one autumn, as the time for elecion drew pear :

"We have had kings long enough ; let us try a queen now, and reform certain very Important matters which are always neglecte by the Golden rods, who care only for feast og and fighting and having their own way. Let us all vote for our Violet, who grows over there in the palace, and would make a wise, good queen

At this proposal the aristocratic Cardinal Flowers were shocked, and grew red with shame ; the Fringed Genitans shut their blue eyes and nearly isinted at the bold ides, and Clematis hid her face in the grass that abe night not see the unfeminine creature who dared suggest such a thing. But the late Clovers and Buttercups, being bonest, simple hearted flowers, cried, "Yos, yes, let us do it, and give the Asters a turn, as is goly fair."

And the Forefathers' Cup, which grew all

And the Forefathers' Cup, which grew all over the field, added: "We shall vote for Vi.'et. It is time the dreadful intemperance of the bees among the wild grapes should be stopped, that suskes should no longer be allowed to charm and kuil the innecent birds, that the battles of the ants should end, and more peace, order, and economy be introduced into our publicatiaties The Asters are descended from the stars, and on are very what they also are inter and seen. to are very wise; they also are just and gen-tle, and we all love them. Lot us try a queen, and see if we cannot make the mendow what it should be."

meadow what it should be." The Foretathers' Cup were much respected by all the plants, because they came over in the Mayflower, were very hospitable, with their green and russet pitchers always full, and outlived the frost, like a time old family they

So when they spoke up for the Asters, no So when they spoke up for the Asters, no one dared say much though the Golden-rods raged surong theoriesly, and openly laughed at such nonsense. There was great excite-ment, and all the flowers nodded and ruwied as if a gale was browing as they talked the matter over and decided now they would vote, The haughty Cardinals declined to vote at all; so did the Gentians; and delicate Clematis declared that she only wanted something to ding to and obey, and hever could consent to be a queen."

something to cling to and obey, and never could consent to be a queen." But the Clovers and Buttercups, the Pitcher Plant and all the Asters, voied bravely for Violet; and the Maple Tree, that stood in the middle of the field, dropped a little red leaf with a V on it, as the wind went about collecting votes, which surprised the flowers vory much, as such a thing had never bappened before, and all regarded the beautiful tree as their court post it made beautiful tree as their court poet, it made such lovely music high above them. Kven the old green Rock at the foot of the Maple gave a bit of its lichen for Violet, to the great wrath of the Graps-vine, who kept a drink ng-saloon for the dissipated bees on itssunny

Of course the Golden rods all voted for their handsome relative, a fine, tall plant who happened to grow near the Purple Aster under the Mapte Tree which was called the paises. But the other side won, and Violet was proteining queen with great rejoicing by all her friends and neighbors, to the great dismay of the foolish flowers who wanted the world to stand with. "What are we coming to?" groaned the Cardinats, red with rege "Utter destruction?" creaked the Crows, flapping away to carry the bad news else-

where, "We will never visit her," destared the Gentians, shi i g their tringes as if the mere thought solved them. "Charse, unfominiue creature, to dare to

sighed Clonatt, perping up all the same, full of curlosity to see how wolden rod took his downtati. He towed his veilow head in scornful

silonce, and never once looked over the tur of ferns that grow between him and the new 'It won't last I mg ; she can't reign alone,

and soon will be roaty to give it up. These silly things will learn a good tesson, and be glad to got me back. So I'll preserve my

prises, his face shining with love and joy, as he issued yet searce over the grees walt. "I have learned much from you, and never again can be the soldah tyrant that I was. I how your trials, and long to lighten them, Let me try, not as hing, but as consort, and together we can make our people happy, I am sure. As he spoke, Violet's half folded isaves be-for to open till he saw the golden heart be-low, and read there more than here itps told. "No, be king ; there is room for both upon the throne, and when love and power go hand in hand, all will be well with the world." What strange things one constitues comes across in the mental drift that is washed up by the waves of memory or the currents of the fancy ! Some of them seem quits foreign to one's present state, out of pisce, and it is hard to realize that they are one's own; like some

ourious product of a far-off clime sent to our shores by the inshings of a distant storm. Nuch a production I have here—what do you make of it?

hand in hand, all will be well with the world." What the prince answered only the moon heard, and she never told; but when day dawned there was great wonder and rejok-ing in the meadow, for the fern acress was down, the gold and purple flowers stood alde by side, while the Maple scattered row leaves over them as be sung a weiding bymn, and the old Rock said, as the sunshine feil upon Methought there came a dark cloud rolling, Thundering with a cound like tolling, Thundering with a cound like toiling Ko! no! no! Rolling o'er my heart so stad, Darkening all my soal so light, litting hope and love from sight, Making beaven and enth soom sad By its knoll-like, toiling, sad No! no! uo! his gray front : "It is always so. Only believe, work and wait, and in the fullness of time right wins, and justice, truth and love shall reign."

#### A ATURDY ULD BAUF

The Londor of a Lot of Dunhards, Ba Route West, Talks Encouraging ty About Their Old Denomination.

From the Fittsburg Dispatch. Early yesterday morning another car load of Dunkards passed through the city on their way to Ottawa, Kan., and in the afternoon

Tell me, Love, that 'twas but seeming Nought but fancy's fitful dreaming, Not inspired by Him shove, But a cloud that hid his face, Tempting me to fear fils ways And refuse to follow love; This it was; nought else, my Love ! No ! no ! no ! 5 gathered at the office of Samuel Moody That looks to me like a piece of spar from

district passenger agent of the Pennsylvania lines, awaiting transportation to the scene some sentimental wrock. If I didn't happen to know better I should say it was the disapof the conference. They had all come from the neighborhood of Bedlord, Pa, and were headed by John P. Replogie, one of the "brethren," as they call their preschers. pointed wall of some jilted lover who had re ceived a negative answer to his proposal. But it really isn't anything of the kind. And, indeed, I think the close critic can easily detect the affectation in it, and see that They were a very pleasant, home spun party, mostly elderly men with long, grey beards, but some of these were accomparied by their the grief and despair expressed are nothing but a shain. At any rate I have documen-tary evidence to prove that they are. What sons, sturdy looking young farmers. Mr. Replogie was quite willing to talk, but wished to correct a popular. The name of the denomination was not Dunkards, but German Reptists. How the first came to be called Dunkards was from the German word bunyfirst in down "Linguistic to be made him do it, do you sak ? Well, I don't know ; unless it was the sheer perversity of human nature, that, never content with what it has, even though it be purest hapsignifying "a dipper," because they practiced immersion. This had given rise to a few lu-

piness, always wants something else, even though that be misery. He probably dicrous as well as objectionable mistakes, as when they met 15,000 strong in Dayton three dicrous as well as objectionable inistance, as when they met 15,000 strong in Dayton three years suo, some correspondent cabled the fact to Europe, and, whether through a mis-take of the wires or of the correspondent, the London Times had a solemn editorial on American manners and morals which toler-ated a National Assessibly of "Drunkards." "It is better," and Mr. Replogie, "to call us German Baptists, and propie as fond of water as we are will never be mistaken for the other class. We cught to have a good many at the Oltawa meeting. Kansas is a big state, and our people are numerous there. It should not be at all surprised to see 15,000 to 20.000. Our principal states are Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kansas and Pennsylvania. It cost our party §8 44 each from Bedford to Philadelphia and return, and §26.90 for the balance of the trip. I suppose the rates are fairly low. We don't worry with the inter-state commerce law, nor any other if we can help it. One of our tenes is non resistance, being on the same basis as the Quakers in that respect. The Quakers and ourselves were the only denominations exempt from military duty during the war. The fact is tried to imagine himself a rejected loves just to see how he would feel and what he would say! And in this he wasn't more foolish than most people ; for more than half of all our troubles are nothing but conceit and perverse imagination.

DRIFT.

NOT

Tell mr. Love, that 'twee but essenter

The documentary evidence to which refer is this effusion of the same poetical youth, in which he tries to tell what answer he really did receive and how he felt about it :--

YES ! All the bells of heaven are ringing. Everything on ear.h is singing, Yes ! yes ! yes ! Sweetest word from lips of thine, Dearest they have ever spoken. foliest, since of love the token :

For it tells me thou art mine, Soul at d body wholly mine ! Yes ! yes ! yes ! military duty during the war. The fact is we don't resist anybody except the devil, upon whom all our combativeness is ex-pended. Thou whom Love had kept for ma,

Brought to me so wondrously. Brought to me so wondrously. Yes I yes ! yes ! All my soul with joy is filled, Joyous praise to dod above : Biessing Him whose gitt of love Thus with sacred birss me thr.iled, With the little work work better "The object of our annual conference is to srbitrate disputes in the church and discuss rules and regulations for the conduct of the c'urch generally. We are divided off into districts, and every district has two or more

With that little word me thrilled. Yes! yes ! yes !

churches, which elect their own brethren or preachers in the district. Each district has an overseer, or bishop, you might call him ; but in the annual conference we all meet on I have reproduced the above verses mainly in illustration of a truth I wish I could imin illustration of a truth 1 wish I could im-press upon all young men and young women who imagine they can write postry. Per-haps you can—but don't! The truth is thus delicately expressed by Dr. Holmes in "Our Hundred Days in Europe," in the June Atlantic, where, writing of a scene on the Avon, he mays: "It would be easy to write verses about it, but unwritten poems are no much better !" So they are. How infinite-iv better an unwritten poem about "No !" y better an unwritten poem about "No!" or about "Yes!" would sound than any number of verses written like the above! Don't you think so too!

"No, our sect is not altogether composed of the isruing community. We have, unfor-tunately, no church in Pittaburg, but we have one in Philadelphia, one each in Al-toons, York, Lancaster and other Pennsylva-nia cities; also in St. Louis. We generally hold our annual meeting on Whitsuntide, which commences next Sunday, on which day we will have general preaching. The committees meet on Monday and Tuesday. The business commences in councils. I ex-pect we shall get through by Thursday peet we shall get through by Thursday night " It was then about train time, and the representatives of this peculiar sect, whose Joly, rotund faces contrasted strongly with the sciennity of their gait and conversation, started to get aboard for Kansa.

with the college that bears his pass and which in a few weaks is to construct the con-sensial anniverary of the foundation ; I mean, of course, Benjemin Franklin.

When, after four months of toil, it a federal sometication was finished and had been ligned by all, Prof. Fisks, says, "The scene constitution was finished and had been signed by all, Prof. Fisks mays, "The scene was ended by a characteristic bit of homely pleasantry from Franklin. Thirly three years ago, in the days of George II, before the first mutterings of the Revolution had been heard, and when the French dominion in America was still untouched, before the bauishment of the Acadians or the rout of Braddock, while Washington was still sur-veying lands in the wilderness, while Madi-ton was not yet born, Franklin had en-deavored to bring together the thirteen colo-nies in a Federal Usion. Of the famous Al-bany plan of 1745, the first outline of a federal constitution for America that ever was made, he was the principal if not the sole author. When he signed his name to the Declaration of Independence in this very room, his years had rounded the full period of three-score and hen had been spared to see the noble alm of his life accompliabed. There was still, no doubt, a chance of failure, but hope now reigned in the old man's bifast. On the back of the president's quaint black arm chair there was embiascoid a half sun, brilliant with its glided rays. As the meet-ing was breaking up and Washington arose, Franklin pointed to the chair, and made it the text for prophecy. 'As I have been alt-ing bers all these weeks, 'asid he, 'I have often wondered whether yonder sun is ris-ing on setting. But now I know that it is a rising sun !''

I wish I had space to give you one or two more especially rich morsels from the rare feast of literary good things spread out for its readers in this June number of *The At*.

feast of literary good things spread out for its readers in this June number of 7% At lant(c, just to give you a taste of the su-perior quality of the matter that is main-tained through all its variety. You ought by all means to read the short story entitled "A Crucial Experiment" by J. P. Quiney. It is a capital piece of work, a kind of sublimated and much refined Stocktoh story, with some faint suggestions of Hawthorns. Then, in "Enceladus" is given decidedly the most entertaining and yet graphic description of the recent Italian earthquake, as experienced by a mixed party of tourists in a little moun-tain resort near Mice, that I have ever read. Horace Scudder makes a just pies for "Nur-sery Classics in School," which I commend to our school directors and teachers. Par-ticularly interesting, also, are the articles on Eithu Vedder's Pictures, and the editorials on Prof. Richardson's History of American Literature, Norton's "Correspondence be-tween Goethe and Carlyle," and Hearn's recent work on some Chinese Ghosts, though I don't think justics is done to Prof. Richardson's work. The Contributors' Club, as usual, contains some of the best things in the magazine. But I can't even give the titles of haif the studies, sketches, stories and poems in the number, every one of which is drates, and well worth reading. And yet this June number is no better or fuller than that of every other mouth in the year.

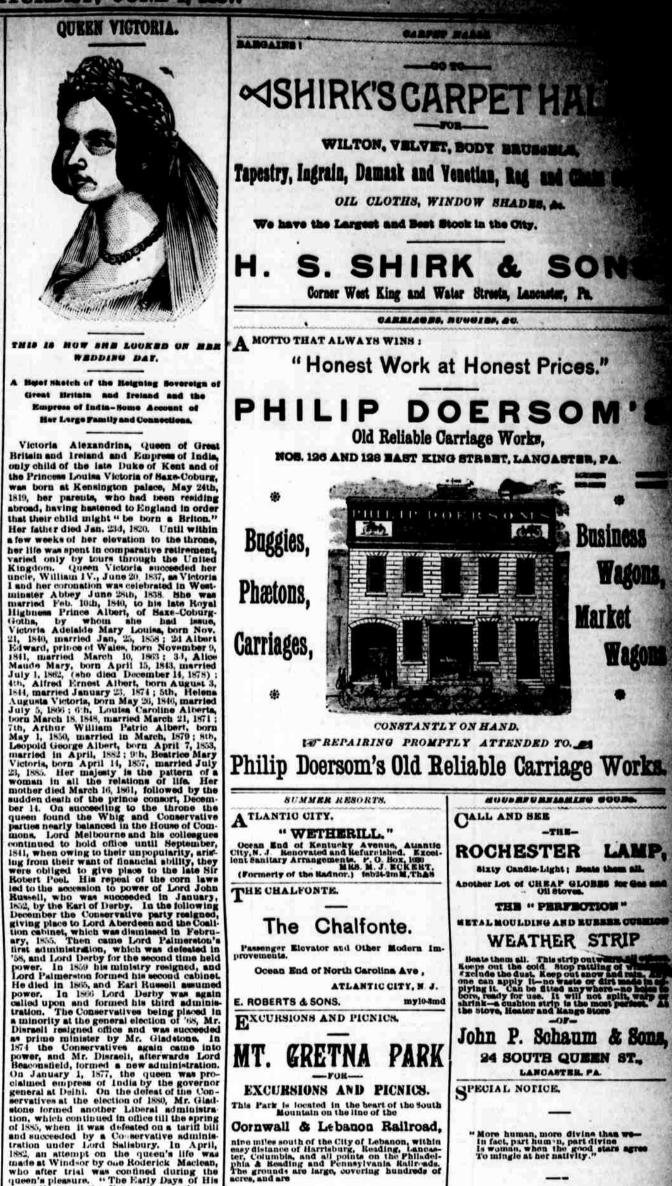
#### A BRAVE PRONTING RASURE.

Sketch of Peter Pence, Who Pought in the Revulutionary War and Was Afterwards an Iu-Fighter on the Susquehauns.

From the Wilkesbarre Record Peter Pence, whose name has so often been

read in connection with that of Moses Van Campen, was a German, or rather a Pennsy!vania Dutchman, of the days of seventy-siz-it is believed that his proper name was Peter Bentz, which name at that time was frequently met in Lancaster county, and that he same from there to Shamokin, and that it was changed to Pence, by the well-known aptitude of the Pennsylvania Dutchman to cross the sounds of the letters b and p when speaking English, that in this way his name was written Pence In one of the Wyoming histories, in relat-

ing his and Moses Van Campen's adventures during a captivity with the Indians, Pence is described as a young boy. This is a mistake, as Peter was not only a man, but a very numerous one, both on the north and west brauches of the Susquehanna, as an Indian Don't you think so too ! Mentioning Dr. Holmes's delightful papers describing his recent visit to England, re-minds me also that no poem that even he could have written on the subject would be half as enjoyable as the papers are in their present form. But then who eise can write such prose as he can, I mean in such a chaity, tamiliar, confidential style, that at once en-lists not only every readier's personal inter-est but each one's individual sympathy, as if he were being treated to a special tete a tete with the dear old autocrat ? It is by having on its list of regular con-tributors such writers as Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Fiske, Soudder, Hardy, Edith Thomas, Sarah Orne Jowett, Olive Thorne Miler and others as eminent, all of whom have articles or poems in the volume that closes with its June number, that The A



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GESTNA.

A LARGE DANCING PAVILION,

CROQUET and BALL GROUNDS.

dignity and bide my time," he said to h friends; for he was a line tellow, only be did not know yet what Asters could do when they had the power, and it was he who learned the lesson, as we shall see.

learned the lesson, as we shall see. Everyons thought that the queen's head would be turned with this sudden change, and that great festivities would be held in honer of it, so the Cardinals and Gentuans regrotted their resolution not to visit the palace since they would lose all chance of sharing in the spiendor and showing their lovely But Violet lived very quietly behind the

tail ferns, and was so very busy attending to the affairs of her kingdom that she had no time for banquets. She asked advice of the Maple Tree and the wise old Rock, and soon began the much needed reforms. The snakes were barished, and the birds were sata. The timy bees were ordered to go to the Pitcher Plant and drink fresh water, for the Grapevine hotel was shot up. The quar-rels of the ants were settled without blood shed, and the gessiping crows were forbidden to all on the feace telling evil stories of every one. The poor were cared for, and the first one The poor were cared for, and the first feast at the palace was for certain improvi-dent butterflies who had neglected to unake their cascions before the cold weather came. These poor gentlefolk were sent to a new home under the multein leaves, and passed a comfortable whoter with other insects in like

Many quiet charities went on, and slowly the flowers were forced to confess that the bew pian was not a failure, for the world still stood, though a queen ruled. Never had the mesdows been so beautiful, orderly, and prosperous; even the Cardinals could not deny that, though they still turned their backs on Violet, and visited the Golden-rod re than ever

The Asters, of course, were in great feather, and some of them put on airs; but most of them rejoiced quietly, and did their best to help her Majesty rule wisely and justly, sure that in time prijudtees would die away, and all agree that the new plan was a good one. Prince Golden-rod, as they called the de-feated flower, still lived in the palace and watched for Violet to fail, that he might win beck his own place. But when all wont well he began to think his chance was lost, and to consider what he had best do about it. He could not live so near his lovely neighbor and not admire her digity, sweetness and could not live so hear his lowedy neighbor and not admire her dignity, sweetness and wisdom; and soon he began to love her, and to wish he could share the honor and affec-tion most of her subjects feit for her. He told his friends to come to court and be cor-dial; and, being worldly wise, they obeyed him. This left the Cardinais and their party out in the cold, and made them very angry. They could not bear to own that they had been in the wrong, yet felt that it must come, and tried to conquer their prejudices, but found it very hard work. Clematis gave in first, for suddenly she began to climb up the Maple Trees and onjoy the light and air, in-stead of hiding in the grass; and when asked about this sudden start she said, bravely: "I couldn't live so near the queen and not

about this sudden start she said, bravely : "I couldn't live so near the queen and not long to be stronger and nobler than I was. Now I see what a large, lovely world it is, at I mean to go on climbing till, like the Maple, my bead is near the sky, though my roots are in the earth." "Well, if she gives in, we must," said the Gentians, who always followed the fashion, no matter what it was. The aristocratic Cardinals still held out, but not for long, for soon something happened

not for long, for soon something happened which made it impossible for them to refuse

not for long, for soon something happened to ge to court. The moonlight night, s Prince Golden-rod wind barp, he heard her sigh, and hestily ulting away the screen of ferns, begget to the could help her in any way. The my friend and help me will drive, for in some things you are wiser than 1," answered Violet, softly. "The Maple lifts of a some things you are wiser than 1," answered Violet, softly. "The Maple lifts of a some things you are wiser than 1," answered Violet, softly. "The Maple lifts of a some things you are wiser than 1," answered Violet, softly. "The Maple lifts of a some things you are wiser than 1," and the short life of a flower is a triffe to him. By own sturdy sisters, who have borne the sum and dust of the roadelde season after some nearer friend who knows the trifies of the high place, and can sympathize with the sum and dust of the roadelde season after some nearer friend who knows the trifies of the high place, and can sympathize with the sum and is be lonely, sweets mighbor, if you will let me share it with you," sted the

The Little Man Failed to Turn the Other Cheek He Apologized, and Then Fought. From the Chicago Tribune.

UNAUMIPTURAL.

" Look here ; you can't run against me in that kind of way !" exclaimed a large, redfaced man, with bristling hair and whiskers to a meek looking fellow of average stature who had accidentally brushed against him in hurrying scross West Madison street, near Halsted, Saturday morning last at an early hour.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the meek

"I beg your pardon, sir," and the meek-looking man, in a deprecating way; "if I ran against you it was accidental." "Well, it didn't look it to me," blustered the red-faced bully; "and I tell you right now you don't want to do it again." "I have apologized to you for it sir," was the reply; "what more do you want ?" "I don't want any of your lip! That's what I don't want," vocilerated the bully, crowding the inoffensive and spologetic man almost off the walk; "for two cents I'd chug you one right now." "I'm in a burry," pleaded the smaller man; "I have an engagement..."

tell you."

"I have to meet a person in ten minutes," persisted the meek looking man, glancing at this watch, "but I think I can make it in about sight, and unless I am mistaken I can convince you in two minutes that to take an applogy is the best and sometimes the safest way to settle a matter of this kind."

way to settle a matter of this kind." With this remark he shot out his right fist with the sir of a man accustomed to gestures of that nature, and ianded it with precision and force on the uose of the big bully. "I can generally spare time from an engage-ment," he continued, as he planted a blow with his left on the big man's jaw and adroitly dodged a heavy lungs in return, "to polish off a chap that needs it as badly as you seem to. I think I'll give you another one right there," said he, meditalively, as he de-livered a crushing blow on the nose sgain, "which will be accompanied by the claret, not necessarily for publication, but as a guar-antee of good faith."

antee of good faith." The big fellow, taken by surprise, and dazed by the vigor of the ataok, struck out awk wardly, but without effect. "I have less than a minute to spare. I must hurry," said the smaller man, and he plauted a blow under his burly antagonist's car, stretching him at full length on the side-was of before a crowd had had time to col-lect. The big man slowly aroas to his feet and sluck away, with a disputition to let the matter drop."

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The Churches of the United States The Independent says that statistics show that the churches of the United States have communicants as follows : Methodist Episconnutricant as follows : according Epis-copal, 4,346,516; Roman Catholic, 4,000,000; Episcopal, 430,531; Moravian, 10,686; Baptist, 3,082,007; Congregationalist, 436,379; Chris-tian Union, 120,000; Frienda, 105,000; Ad-ventist, 97,711; Methodist, 18,750; Presbyter-ian, 1,082,436; Lutheran, 930,830; Reformed, 256,974; German Evangelical, 125,000; Men-nonites, 80,000; Church of God, 45,000.

EVENING.

For the INTELLIGENCES. A vista of trees with a wondrous charm liid in its deep, green shadow, A cathird's note from the near upland, And a starling's from the meadow.

The milkmaid's song as she drives a-home The cows through knee deep clover-Her song the same old woman-song -A something of a lover.

The wind as gentle as a breath, From westward sweetly blowing, The wheat field's wreath of richest green A wavy ourrent flowing.

The sun, a seal of shining gold, Uniting earth and heaven, Beneath the radiant edge of day, Hid from the love of even !

And also, for the good that it to has missed, And also, for lost endeavor, And also, for lost endeavor, That Endoth counter is weary heart That Endoth counter is wear is - Will F. Molparran,

have articles or poems in the volume that closes with its June number, that The At-lantic Monthly so easily maintains its place as preeminently the literary magazine of erica. For to day as much as ever the

America. For to day as much as ever the Atlantic is the one American magazine that appeals to the broadest culture and most re-fined literary tasts of the country. And it is content there with. Other magazines we may want for their articles on science, theology, philosophy, art, of travel, history, and remin-iscence, or for their pictures; but for the lighest and best literature proper we go and can only go to the Atlantic. This is its domain. In this it is peeriess. And through it has done more for the education and right culture of American literary taste than can be calculated or expressed.

In reading Dr. Holmes I have more than once been amused by his undisguised pre-judice against and contempt for hom co-patby. The gental, large minded, and estholic man The genial, large minded, and estholic man of letters always shrinks suddenly into the narrow, common place, bigot as soon as this professional topic is touched upon. Talk about odium theologicum ? It is nothing to the venomous odium medicum. The rancor and bitterness, higotry and blind uncession-ableness of theologians, is easily matched, more than matched, by the irrational preju-dice and determined blindness, as well as the bling hatred, of the opposing factions in the world of science.

Read for instance this by O. W. Holmes, M. D., in his June article. He is writing of a visit to Great Malvern. "The room I was shown to," he says, "looked out upon an apothecary's shop, and from the window of that shop stared out upon me a plaster bust which I recognized as that of Samuel Hahne-man. I was glad to change to another spart-ment, but it may be a confort to some of his American followers to know that traces of homeopathy—or what still continues to call liseit so—survive in the Old World, which we have understood was pretty well tired of it !" The "we" here can only refer to the Massachusetts State Medical Association of the "oid school," or "regular practitioners," or allopathists. For everybody else knows that homeo pathy was never stronger "in the Old World " as in the New than it is to-day, and that its spread has been and still is stead-ily increasing, in the Old it anything even more than in the New World. Read for instance this by O. W. Holmes,

To read such words as those quoted, there-

fore, excites an unbiased reader's risibilities in about the same way as when he reads the New York Independent's weekly page-long assortions, arguments, demonstrations, and general silliness, affirming that Progressive Orthodoxy, or the New Theology as some call it, is not held in any known church, is only a local affection of some Andorrob, is call is, is not held in any known church, is only a local affection of some Andover "speculators," and of no significance what-ever ! Yes, "traces of hom capably survive in the Old World," just as there are "a few" who hold to the "new theology" outside of Andover and New England. It may not be "a comfort" to Dr. Holmes nor to The In-dependent to know, but it nevertheless is a fact, that the former is a case of the "sur-vival of the fittest" as truly as the latter will be one of the fittest " as truly as the latter will be one of the fittest " as truly as the latter will be one of the strumph of "the remnant" of which Matthew Arnold spoke so wholescome-ly in one of his American lectures. Unless indeed the words of Lowell are a mistake when he says.:

when he says : Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like A star new-born, that drops into its place, And which, once circling in its place, Not all the tumuit of the earth can shake,"

Just preceding Dr. Holmes's charming article is one of the valuable historical papers of John Fiske, in which in his characterisof John Fiske, in which in his characteris-tically clear and forcible style he gives an account of "The Completed Work of the Federal Constitution." It is exceedingly in-teresting reading, but then what has Prof. Fiskewerer written that is not 7 I want to quote only the closing paragraph, because it refere to one in whose every word and deed spe-cial interest has been revived, at least here at Lancester, because of his early connection

Military Journal

"Several companies of riflemen have ar-rived herefrom Pennsylvania and Maryland, rived here from Pennsylvania and Maryland, a distance of from five hundred to seven hundred miles. They are remarkably stout and hardy men, many of them exceeding six leet in height. They are dressed in rille shirts and round hats. These men are re-markable for the accuracy of their aim, strik-ing a mark with great certainty at two bundred yard's distance. At a review of a company of them, while on a quick advance they fired their balls into objects of seven inch diameter, a distance of 250 yards. They are now stationed on our lines and their shot have frequently proved fast to British efficers ave frequently proved fatal to British efficer

It this is a fair picture of the kind of toy Pence was in 1775 then he should have been something more than a boy, when in the mouth of April, 1780, he, Van Campen and Pike, with the two boys, Jonah Rogers and the boy Van Campen, Mosca' little nept er, rose on their captors, near Thoga Point, and slew a portion of them, routed the remainder and captured all their guns and blankets. After which they made their way down the North Branch of the Susquehanna river, part of the way on foot and part on a rail, reaching Wyouning on the 4th day of April, 1780

Here Pike and the Loy, Jonah Rogers, le the party, as they were now near their homes. On the evening of the 5th Pence, Van Campon and his little nephew again

homes. On the evening of the 5th Pence, Van Campen and his little nephew again took the river in a cance and traveled all night, as at that time the indians were on the river below Wyoming in force. They reached Fort Jenkins (now Briar creek, Co-lumbia county,) on the morning of the 6th of April, where they met Col. Kelly, with one hundred men, who had cone access from the West Branch. Here it was that Moses Van-Campen first met his mother and her younger children, who had escaped the mas-sacre in which his father, brother and uncle met their fate just a week before. She had supposed him a victim of the slaughter. The next day Pence and VanCampen left Fort Jenkins in sheir cances and reached Fort Augusta, at Sunbury, where they were re-ceived in a regular frontier triumph. On the 9.1 following, Lieut Col. Ludwig Wett-ner writes from Northumberland to the board of war, stating that he encloses a deposition, or rather a copy of it, of one Peter Bens, who was lately taken prisoner by the Indians on the 29th of March last, and happily made his escape with three more of his fellow suf-ferers. Every effort has been made to dis-cover this decould on a convoir it with erers. Every effort has been made to di

cover this deposition or a copy of it, but with-out success. The statement of Moses Van Campen as to this particular event must therefore forever stand alone.

#### In the School Hoom.

From the Burlington Free Press. School teacher, illustrating the difference between plants and animals -" Plants are ot susceptible of attachment to man, as aninais are

Small boy at foot of the class .- " How about burs, teacher."

> A PASIORAL TRAGEDY. He was a city drammer; She was a country lass, They did their best one summer

To make the summer pass.

Long walks they took together. Their hearts and thoughts in rhyme; No matter what the weather, They had a blissful time.

At last the season ended, And ended was his stay; She thought their lives were blended For ever and a day.

But soon her dream was over For, in the city's whill, She learned, her recreant lover Had got another girl.

. . . . .

Foor thing: she hides her sorrow, As country maidens can, And (as I hear) to-morrow She'll wed the hired man. -From the Homerville Journal,

ration under Lord Salisbury. In April, 1882, an attempt on the queen's life was made at Windsor by one Roderick Maclean, who after trial was confined during the queen's pleasure. "The Early Days of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort," com-piled under the direction of her majesty, ap-peared in 1867, followed by "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands."

PRINCE ALBANT.



As Queen Victoria is the topic of the hour in this her jubilee year, we present to our readers a portrait of the young queen and Prince Albert as they appeared on the day of their wedding. Prince Albert, or more fully Albert Francis Augusta Charles Emmanuel, prince of Saxe-Coburg-Goths, and husband of Queen Victoria of Great Britain, was born near Coburg, August 26, 1819. He was carefully educated, receiving all the tuition that was deemed necessary to his sta-tion in life, and studied philosophy at Bonn. He was married in 1840 to the queen of Eng-land and in 1857 received the title of prince land and in 1857 received the title of prince consort. As the contidential advisor of Queen Victoria, he exercised great and ex-tensive influences in public affairs and cur-rent topics of the day. His early death, which occurred on December 14, 1861, was the occasion of much grief and sadness, no only to the queen and her immediate family and less closety allied relatives, but also to the subjects throughout her mejesty's great dominion, and was one of universal general dominion, and was one of universal general regret, as he was sincerely beloved for his own good traits.

A Cow to Every Acre.

From the Germantown Telegraph. Brother Cheever, of the New England Farmer, is one of those who believe that agriculture may attain to so high a condition as to enable a farm to sustain as many cows as there are acres. While this is possible as has been demonstrated there are compara-tively few farms that come up to that standard. It is an excellent thing to demonstrate all the possibilities of farming ; there will be more likely to be greater eitorts put forth even though the full extent is never reached. Taken in New England it is very probable that for every farm that carries a cow to every nore an opposite can be found of one that does not carry one for twenty acres, although the grades vary all the way between these ex-iremes. Probably not enough attention is given to carrying all the stock possible as a basis for rendering farming successful. as to enable a farm to sustain as many cow

Gawn to the Dogs.

"He's gawn to the dawgs, paw fellaw, he

bes, I assuaw you." "Good gracious! I hadn't noticed it." "God! Whoaw aw yonaw eyes ? Haven't you seen how tight his bweeches aw, and the oursed colew of the owavat he weaws."

Is woman, when the good stars agree To mingle at her nativity." FREE TO ALL. Reflect, ye Lords of Creation, and his ye at once KIEFFER & HERR'S, A SPACIOUS DINING HALL, TWO KITCHENS, BAGGAGE AND COAT BOOM, While the arrangements for amusement con-sist of No. 40 E. King St. And Procure one of their Famous QUOITS, Ac., &c., &c. "Economist" Tables for Lunchers, Rustic Seats and Bonches are scattered throughout the grounds. A new attraction is LAKE CONEWAGO,

## Vapor Cook Stoves.

That God's best gift to you be not toriured be-youd recall with the unnecessary wasts has which it is impossible to avoid with your stanges, and (what is also important) consider the great economy in fuel, 20 cents worth of fuel will cook for a family of three grown perons 21 meals.

And when you want a Heater, get a

"SPLENDID"

And be Happy.

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING, STRAM REAT-ING. TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING.

UARALAG B.

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o receive the appointment of Executor, Ad inistrator, Guardian, Assignes, Ecceiver, and Frustee within and County. Innuane Trick to Real Estate and Mortgages. Monay To Loan on first Mortgage at lowest B. MARTIN, B. WHICH AND DERAIL PO INTERNET IN AGAING Interest collected with yut expense to the lender. All Kinds of Lumber and

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From Town Talk.