THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1887.

THE SECREF OF LION-TAMING.

THE AING OF LIGE-TANERS TELLS NOW ----

An Interacting Interview With M. Bidelthe sufficalt nethed is Conducted-An Repeasive Matter-Women More Courageous Than Men Around Wild Autmain.

A reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette her inlerviewed M. Bidei, the French Hon-tamer, with the following result:

"How did you come to be a lion tamer ?" "I was bred to the business. My father kept a show, 1 tegan to enter the cages when I was quite a child. I began with wolves, hyense and other small fry. At 15 I left my parents, and traveled about the country with other shows. In 1859 1 was at Bayonne with the Banathe memageria. A young royal Bengal ther got loss. You can imagine the size of the lohabitants. I was sent for. I looked for the beast some time, and found him at iss in a blocksmith's shop. I went up to him, caugh thim by the through with one hand, and with the other threw him on my shoulders and carried him back to his onge. I carried him three bubdred yards. ly back was considerably damaged. I was 23 years old then, and it is from that moment 1 date my veritable career. I had faced danger, know what it was, and did not fear it. I im mediately began to tanne itons, itonessos, tigers, polar bears, panthers, etc." "You smoke, I see," I said, as I lighted a cigarette from the one he held in his hand.

Tobacco does not unsteady your nerves?

"Certainly not. It is true, I do not sun much. Twelve cigarettes at most a day. No. No cognee, thank you. I have taken my lit the giass, and that is all the sloobol 1 shall buch till the same time to morrow. Alcohol is the very worst thing a man in my profes. sion can make a bad use of. The beasts seem to know when a man has taken too much. One would fancy they can discriminate be-tween real courage and that bravado which you call Dutch courage. All these accidents that you read about in the papers are caused by the drunkenness of lion-tamers, who bring their courage up to the sticking point by excessive drinking. I take no alcohol at all except what you just saw me take. If I am ever offered a drink, I take a glass of milk, beer very rarsiy. To master these brutes I have to begin by being completely on can make a bad use of. The be milk, beer very rarely. To master these brutes 1 have to begin by being completely master of myselt."

THE SECRET OF LION-TAMING.

"What means do you employ to tame your animals?"

"My complete self confidence and my courage. I consider these the only means Red-hot irons, arms, loaded whips are the im-Red-hot irons, arms, loaded whips are the im-plements of the charls'an or the coward. I have never made use of anything more formidable than an ordinary rid-ing whip. And, please observe, I only work with full-grown animals captured in a wild state, and not, like my confreres, with beasts born in the menagerie, and brought up by bitches or with a sucking bot-tie. When the Prince and Princess of Wales visited my establishment in 1875, at the time of the exhibition, I entered the case in their presence and in the presence of Gambetta, E mile de Girardin and others, and mastered six foil grown African lions whom I had re-ceived that day and who were as fercious as E mile de Girardin and others, and mastered six full grown African lions whom I had re-ceived that day and who were as ferocious as any I have ever had to do with. Suitan, too, the lion whose portrait you see over the fire-place, and who mearly killed me a year ago, was aix years old—that is, in his prime-when I entered his cage for the first time. That was down at Lyons, in September, 1876 The previous day he had killed a man called Vicard, and my performance was given in favor of Vicard's widow and orphan. Vicard was a railway porter, and had been foolish emough to put his hand into the lion's travel-ing box at the station. Sultan had just ar-rived from Africa that morning Sultan neized his arm and tore it off bodily. The man died the same night. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed I had entirely subju-gated this min-killer. I worked regularly with him twice a day for ten years. It was just a year ago that he attacked me and nearly killed me. I was enflering from rheumatic pains that day and stipped. A lion-tamer must never fail. Lions have not your Eog-lish notions about respecting a fallen foe. The brute was on me like a shot, and got me by the neck. I caught him by the throat and shouted, "Sultan ! Sultan ! what are yon doing." My vore frightened him doubles, for he cremed his in an and ione und what are yon doing." My vore frightened him doubles,

shouldd, "Sultan ! Sultan ! what are you doing." My voice frightened him doubless, duces sleep, and this in spite of snrrounding relations, which in ordinary circumstances would hinder any one from resting. Prev-ious to the shortening of the hours of work factory children frequently lell saleep while working at the machines, although well aware that they would incur severe punish-ment by doing so. The North American Indian, at the stake of torture, has been fnown to go to aleep on the least remission of agony, and will slumber until the fire is seplied to awaken him. It is on record that during the heat of the battle of the Nile some of the over-fatigued boys fell saleep upon the deck, and during the attack upon Kangoon, in the Burmees war, the ceptain of one of the steam frigates most actively engaged, worn out by the exwithout tearing out the 11-sh. If he had done that I should inevitably have been It he had done that I should inevitably have been killed. He then seized me by the arm, and afterwards by the thigh, wounding me be-sides with his claws in three other places. I managed, however, in spite of my terrible wounds, to struggle to my test, and once on my test was master of him. Since then, however, I have not entered the cages. I have been terribly shaken and reduced in strength. It will be some time before I have been store the some time before I a shall have sufficient nerve to approach Sul-tan once more. No. 1 do not believe in that nonsense that is taked about it being impos-sible to do anything with animals who have the stiack upon of one of the steam ingate-most actively engaged, worn out by the ex-most actively engaged, worn out by the ex-cess of continued mental tension, fell sales tasted human blood, or have seen it. If did. I should have retired from business long did, 1 should have retired from business tong ago. I have been bitten and torn over and over again, and have often continued my performance with my blood atreaming all over me. The brutes appreciated my courage and are straid of me, because they see that I am not afraid of them. This is the whole secret of ilon-taming. cess of continued mental tension, tell saleep and remained perfectly uncontrious for two hours within a yard of his largest guns, which were being worked energetically the which we today the sale of which were being worked energetically the whole pe. lod. Habit and time, place and circumstances predispose us all to sleep. The celebrated pedestrian, Captain Barclay, when accom-plishing his extraordinary feat of walking 1,000 miles in as many successive hours, ob-tained at last such a mastery over himself that he fell saleep the instant he lay down. The doctor's wife never hears the door bell during the night, although the noise is suffi-cient to rouse the wearied husband; but should a child in the nursery cry, then the mother, oblivious to all other sounds, hears at once the infant's voice. It is related that the Abbe Faria, who so-quired notoriety through his power of induc-"THE BYE IS HUMBUG." "Do you believe in the power of the eye? There is a man at the Felles-Bergeres who this profession ? "I consider it chariatanism of the pureat water. The animals are doubtiens tame brutes, born in the cage. I do not believe in the power of the eys. A blind man could be as good a lion-tamer, if he h-d the requisite pluck, as any other man. I myself am short sighted, and, re you will see, possess no very quelling eyes." It is related that the above Faria, who so-quired notoriety through his power of induc-ing somnambulism, was accustomed merely to place his patient in an armobair, after tell-ing him to anut his eyes and collect himself, and pronounce in a strong voice, "Dormez," which was usually successful. There accuss to be no limit to the wonders ndsome ones, though, all the same, Very h I thought, as I glanced at M. Bidel and ad-mired his fine dark eyes, somnoient-looking though, and hait closed. Such eyes had surviy queiled Mrs. Bumble where Bumble played by man in sleeping. Conderce mathematician, solved one of his mo the mathematician, solved one of his most difficult problems while asleep—a problem, too, which pusated him during his waking hours. A professor of theology in the Uni-versity of Basic once wrote a sermon while asteed; he found is on his deak next mort-ing. The preceding night he could not grapple with the subject as he desired, but the performance of his alcoping hours was quite satisfactory to him. Jenny Lind was one of the most celebrated singers of her time. No one could rival her "You are looking for the traces of my com-"You are looking for the traces of my com-bat, with Sultan," said Mr. Bidel, turning his bead round and disclosing beneath the hair on bis neck a most formidable clostrice, "haif a foot long if an inch, as cruel a wound as any I have ever seen. "That is one. I have ten more on my body." "No," he continued, "I do not believe in forming the trace of community "No," he continued, "I do not believe in famcination. The voke, the tone of command, is a great—the principal—instrument in lion-taming. Articulate sounds seem to amaze them." "That is so," put in Mr. Alexiano, "the voke, c'est tout. The sys is humbug. Wby, I very often turn my back on one or other of the brutes in the cage. Command them, stand up to them, show them you are not affraid and they will buckle under." WOMEN IN THE LIONS' DEN.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE. A WRALTH OF BRAUSIFUL SURPERT IN

LANDASTER COUNTY. Delightful Apore Where the Rural Voluptuar May Dream to His Meart's Content.

Foolish are They Who Go Away From Home to fee Besuly.

nonsines about 13. Would you rather take 13,0002 than 12,0002 ? Of course. Well, then, Alexiano is superstitious, and so is my wife. She dreads a Friday on the 13th of the month, and won't sit ont of the house nor buy saything on such a day. I gave my first performance in Paris on Friday the 13th of the month, and it was in Paris 1 made my great success. For, as you see, I have been very successful. I sitribute my success to my firmess of will and to somore. Com-ouy is the great secret. I was very poor suc very unhappy when I was a lad. You see me now at G. rich, prosperous and famous. Will, will and energy are the weapones then needs. With these I matter my loos first, and the world siterward. But to succeed you must have money, and if you have no for-tume you must save. This is what I did." THE CONT OF A LION'S KEEP. I'd like a home to call my own where strike and discord are unknown, y rom noise, confusion, far remote, From village class or city smoke ; Where cloud capped mountains, rising "Apropos of eccno ny, you must have heavy expense?" "Yes. I calculate my expenses in Paris at about 12,000 frames a month, and it is at Paris we spend least. At Bordeaux I spent 1,100 frames a day, and of course when we are

THE COST OF A LION'S KEEP.

ALEEPING YONDERA.

the Arms of Morpheus.

Feels

Paris we spend least. At Bordeaux I spent 1,000 frances a day, and of courses when we are inveiling in our special train we spend far more. The expenses include food for the beasts, rent for space, and the tax on enter-tainments, which grees to the public assist-ance office. I use one horse a day to feed my enimals. We give them beef twices a week. One day in the month they fast. A lion eate twenty pounds of flesh per diem, and drinks two quarts of cow's milk every morning. The Polar bear gets fish oit twice a week. Then there is the loss of the beasts to be con-sidered. There is a terrible mortality by consumption arrang lions, and a lion is worth from 20,000 to 30,000. The cost price of a lion, untamed, is £600. That is what I paid for Sultar, who is now worth at least £2,000. He is the most magnificent specimen of a black maned. A lias lion in Kurops. You must consider the capital we have to sink in our 'subjects' when you cal-culate our expense. On the other hand, the receipts are good. Neulily fair is one of the most productive of the places we visit. We give two performances every night and make a daily average receipt of £60. On Sandays we usually make £120, but with six perform-ances at reduced prices. I forgot to mention one item of expense, which is the band. We only employ Frenchmen, and they are more expensive than Germans. I have not had a single German employs since 1871. You saw what a fusu was made because my colleque Peron had a German band. He has had to disming them and employ Frenchmen. The Germans are being hounded out of every se-The above postical effusion breathen the very soul of a rural voluptuary. I hardly think it could have emanated but from one whose heart overflowed with a genuine love of pas-toral scenes and woodland solitudes :-- one who could fully appreciate and readily inter-pret the teachings of nature in every green leaf, fragrant flower and shrub, and who bould hear in every twitter of the birds, in every chirp and hum of the insects, in every plash of the mountain rills, in every whisper of the shady groves, familiar voices speaking to his inmost soul the best and sweetest truths. For such an one to sing of a home and "a heart to beat for him alone," and these scenes is not as sentimental as it is natural ; for a true lover of the beautiful in nature is a true lover of the good and beautiful in whatever form they be embodied ; and in conjugal and domestic happiness he recognizes the nearest approach of the natural

and human to the divine. Whether the love of the good and beautiful is or is not an innate virtue of the human soul

is a psychological question with which I am unable to grappie. That this virtue is possessed and developed to a high degree of perfection by some, while in others there is a Peron had a German band. He has had to dismiss them and empiry Frenchmen. The Germans are being bounded out of every es-establishment in the business." M. Bidei then again invited me to take a cue, which I did to my complete disconfiture. While playing I asked him if in the daytime be ever fait any apprehension of danger. He answered that he never had any such feel-ings. His daws were spent in outst homdeplorable lack of anything that savors of a genuine appreciation of the good and beautiful, either in the works of nature or the productions of man, is a very apparent fact. Though I would fain believe with our be loved poet,

"That in even savage bosoms There are longings, yearnings, strivings For the good they comprehend not,"

ings. His days were spent in quiet home life in the company of his wife and children —a sturdy little boy and a remarkably beau-tiful girl of atteen, who appears to be won-derfully intelligent and advanced in her ed-mation yet I greatly fear that in this civilized and "I cultivate my roses and of an afternoon onlightened age and country there are many, far enough removed from the savage state, in I play billiards. In the afternoon I drive over to Neully and conduct my entartain-ment. You have seen to-day how we live it is never otherwise. whose cold and sluggish bosoms there smoulders not even a spark of that Pro-methean fire, which has animated and inspired even the illiterate and benighted savage, " groping blindly in the darkness," to reach " the feeble hand and helpless," and Accomplished by Some Man While I touch God's right hand in that darkness. From the London Telegraph. Sleep in most individuals lasts for the He who can draw no truths from nature, who can see nothing to love and admire in space of eight hours. Exceptions to this statement are numerous ; whether these arise the green forests, the murmuring rills, the grassy meadows, the rearing cataracts, the from duty or laziness we shall not venture to foaming streams, the glassy lakes, the towerexamine. Sir E. Codrington, the famou

ing mountains, the boundless deep, the starry firmament, is indeed an object of pity and contempt. Such an one can never become susceptible to that great truth once penned naval officer, when a midshipman, could watch on deck for nineteen hours; this jett onlp five for sleep, which in his case was most profound-so profound that no noise was sufficiently strong to waken him; yet if susceptible to that great truth once penned by Shakespeare, viz., "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dream of in our philosophy." That such human be-ings do exist, and are perhaps more numer-ous than we may suppose, "its true, 'is pity : pity 'iis 'tis true." But enough of that. "Why is it that so many of our nature-lovers and beauty seekers, who have visited so few of our own pictures que pleasure resorts, go hundreds of miles sway to recuperate, ob-serve, and meditate amil i scence perhaps not the word "Signal !' was whispered in his ear he awoke and was on deck instantly. Reporters of the House of Commons re-

quired great exertions to keep themselves from sleeping. A few years ago a distin-guished member of "the gentiemen in the gattery" took down a speech while he was sleeping. His statement rests on his cath. Calvin tells of a friend of his reading aloud to him while saleep. The organ of vision was alone active. hundreds of inites away to recuperate, co-serve, and meditate amit scenes perhaps not half as enchantingly romantic as those of which Lancastor and its adjacent counties boast? Why even spend a small fortune, if you can not afford it, in visiting Niagara Falls, the White Monntains, Lake George, or

to bim while asleep. The organ of vision was alone active. Coleridge, the dreaming philomopher, com-posed "Cubis Khan" (one of his poems) while fast asleep. Next morning he was sure there had been as acquisition to his lit-erature, but was too negugent to write the stanzas. A few days after ward he attempted to recall the verses, but they had for the most part fied, and the poem as it now stands is but a fragment. Krery one knows that extreme fatigue in-free yare one steep, and this in spite of snrrounding

ber." picturesque sections of our country. And picturesque soctions of our country. And yet, day after day, scores of our citizens, who can ill afford it, perhaps, are steamed through its scenes of enchantment-away to distant overcrowded fashionable summer resorts. But it is ever so. We are a discontented, capricious and impulsive people. We are never satisfied with the manifold biessings the good Lord showers around us, but are ever on the move to secure those pleasures which are the most difficult to obtain. We trample beneath our feet the modest, coldenyou ? which are the most difficult to obtain. We trample beneath our feet the modest, golden-hearted daisles of the meadow while hasten-ing eagerly on to pluck the thorn stemed garden ross. We are awed and mystified by the great and wondrous handiworks of God that paint the heavens by night, but by day we are unmindful of the manifestations of His omnipotence in every green leaf and blade of grass that grows. These thoughts and observations have been prompted by the pleasant recollections His omnipotence in every green leaf and blade of grass that grows. These thoughts and observations have been prompted by the pleasant recollections of a dightful ramble I had some few weeks ago over those picturesque hills that rear their wooded crests in contiguous relations to the thrifty, wide-swake borough of Colum-bla. To fix their situation more definitely in the mind of the reader, it might be well to give the name (Chestnut Hills) by which they are generally known. It was through the kind invitation of a friend who was spend-ing a few weeks of aummer leisure there, that a companion in pleasure and myself enjoyed a day's sojourn among those de-lightful hills. The good country folk with whom we "broke bread" on this occasion live on a daisty little farm, snugly nestied away from the outside world in a romantic ravine that cuts through the heart of these hills. Indeed, so completely hidden from view by the rising hills and stately trees are the little brick dwelling house, harn and other outbuildings that from the turrnike if is away from the outside world in a romantic ravine that cuts through the heart of these hills. Indeed, so completely hildes from view by the rising hills and stately trees are the little brick dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings that from the tunrpike it is impossible to get a glimpse of them; and no one would ever dream of finding a human habitation amid these wild, romantie wood-land solitudes. A little brock tumbing down the steep, wooded incline, within a iew yards of the house, fills the place with its murmurings; and siter its termagabl career through the matted shade of the mountain ravine steals placidly forth into open day to offer cool positions to the lazy cows in the meadow-land beyond. A rudely-built, time worn log but stands among the trees whose antique roots peep out upon this brock that traw is along the woods. Tradition easys this weather-besten log structure was built by the Indians more than a contury and a half to detend a couple of old clucks with their proviling chicken abductors. It is moost-bis for me to properly describe the wild nat-ural beauties of this place. It reminds one-very much of thrings " Stiency Hollow," such a drowsy, dreamy, delightful influence does it ezer over one's fistings and fandies. To mersiy any that we were entertained with hospitality, would scareely do justice to the open-handed cheer and hearty gond will with which, though entire strangers, we were welcomed to this equestered and de-lightful spot. Our host, a rather taoliurn, but hole sculed wight in his own awk-ward, quist way, and his better-half, a more forgunities and " make ourselved and a gread-ous hasted soul, in her more demonstrative manner, gave us to iuliy understand by un-mistatable kindly manifestations that we were to lay aside all needless mannerism and formalism and " make ourselve perfectly at home." Heading the prime of lifs and a gread-ous mentioned, jeft nothing undors to make our disting a the survey ou have dinned. It is the unselfah starcise of his ample, whole-bearted h Jenny Lind was one of the most celebrated ingers of her time. No one could rival her powers except a factory girl, who sang some-times better than the famous Jenny. The girl could not attempt any difficult piece when awake, but when alceping she sang so correctly, so lize the renowned artist, that it was difficult to distinguish between their voices. On one coccasion Mile. Lind heard the girl, and even tested the accuracy of her powers by giving her a long and elaborate chromatic exercise. This the sleeping girl performed, much to the wonder of the famous Sweedish singer. THE BAILBOAD TRAIN. for the INTELLIGENOUR. I. Hurrah : Hurrah : Away we go, The earth beneath us flies ; We're riding on a metsor Descending from the shits : We're riding on a dolphin's back, Or on a see gull's wing ; We're riding on a cannon shot ; fact on any thing III. You say that fog horns make a noise : Perhaps they do. But oh 1 Compared with Locomotive's screech, A fog horn sounds quite low ! 17. You say an albatross files fast, Ferhaps it does. But oh ! Compared with riding on the Hall, An albatross is slow. The builts humming swiftly past, The fast descending rain ; All but the lightning flashing bright, Are besten by a train. -Rambeaux JOT AND PAIN. The barr batk chambers train Where the chambers train Where wheth Joy and Pain. When valuet Joy in cas, Still calmig Pain elements in his own. 9 Jag, the UKe metering

The other day a good friend of mine, and also of the Y. M. C. A., of this city, who in a quist way has probably done as much for the latter as any one in town, asked me whether I had been in the reading rooms

have dimed upon the tongues of nightingales, the brains of percecks, the heads of parrots, and reasted bears stuffed with same, or whatever iturations dialase his pampered ap-petite may have craved, his morbid fancies invented and his untold waith procured ; but it is doubtful whether he ever partook of these prodigal osecotions with half the relish as did we hungry boys of the delicious home-mide break and butter, inder chick en, ond, sweet milit, and toothsome pies and cates, to the music of the tabibiling brook, buxing insects and whispering trees. But I wish I had time, space and talent to these grand hills. There are scarcely more wide and romantic scanes imaginable than these through which we passed. Nature in her most mejestic beauty and grandeur here reigns supreme. Dians might have found sequestered founds a mitid forest which is there are sould retire with her nymphs free from the init usions of Aclacon. The philosophical Jaques could neditations arounded beauties enough to fill the note-took of the hunter of the picturesque. It as among these to mantic solitudes, where there are unbeeded beauties enough to fill the note-took of the hunter of the picturesque. It as in wanderings through such scenes as these in the mind drinks deep draughts of in-spring love for the beautiful in usions, the inagination grows soft and delicates, to be train, and we revel in a mute luxury of energy and the or the init usions of through the printer in the solit the uniter, in a siture to be train, and we revel in a mute luxury of energy of the boats in a solite through the train and we nevel in a mute luxury of energy of the such mood as this that, as we

exquisite images and fancies run riot through the brain, and we revel in a mute luxury of enraptured thought. It was in some such mood as this that, as we stretched ourselves upon a mossy bed bet at a wide apreading oak, siter our descent from these acenes, I gave myself fully up to a dreamy voluptousness. What instantical images and vague fancies coursed in quick succession through my imagination I could never begin to describe. My meditations were scon interrupted, however, by torrents of melody poured forth from an adjacent copes by a sweet feathered songster; and as I lay, dreamingly gating up into the green canopy of leafy boughs above, with my ear filled with his music, I called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in "As You Like It": "Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me And tune his merry throat Unto the sweet birds note. Come hither, come hither, merry throat Here shall we see No enemy. But winter and fough weather." How much would I like to tell you more of the good and beautifut things we as wand ar. the reading room and library about which I chiefly intend to talk here. For practically these belong to the whole public, and cer-tainly ought to have the interest, encourageis open day and evening to everybody. On its tables are to be found nearly all the lead-

Christian Union, and others. The best magazines, too, are there, The Atlantic, The Century, Harper's Monthly, Lippincotts', No enemy, But winter and rough weather." How much would I like to tell you more of the good and beautiful things we saw and ex-perienced that day! But space forbids at present. I cannot even properly introduce you, as was my intention, to the little four-year-old maid, who, with her mamma, came "over to grandma's" during the course of the afternoon, and who with her beautiful childish face made such an impression on my fancy. Pretty little May-what a vision of loveliness she is, with her bright, brown eyes, row cheeks and laughing, diupled baby face ! What a world of pleasure there is in listening to her innocent childish prattle as ray of golden sunshine, she gladdens the hearts of those around her. God grant that her voyage down the stream of life may ex-perience little change from the peaceful, erenity of these pure and joyous childhood's haicyon days. St. Nicholas, etc. Moreover, anyone can read, while in the room, any of the books in the library. The benefit of such a free read-ing room to a community cannot be overes-timated. It ought to be crowded all the time. That it is not, I can only attribute to the circumstance that too many know of it existence and advantages only from heareny. They have never taken the trouble to go and examine and be convinced for then Perhaps, also, many have been deterred from giving it even such an examination by an undefined and groundless prejudice against it because of the name Y. M. C. A. For some reason or other they associate with that name all kinds of notions about prayermeetings, tracts, and officious and obtrusiv meetings, tracks, and conclusion and constraints religiosity ; and fancy that a "dim religious" gloom, a prayer-meeting atmosphere, and all manner of "plous" restraints and restric-tions, must prevail there. All this, of course, is sheer nonsense. Nothing of the kind ex-ists there. It needs but a visit to the rooms at any time to disabuse the most prejudiced on the aubiest.

Perhaps another time I will tell you some-thing, too, of the "golden treasures" said to have been buried among these hills by that notorious brigand, Joe Hare, who had his retreat here when he robbed the old time stage coaches. There are many ghostly yarns told by the good people around Chest-nut Hill in connection with these buried treasures which simost make one's hair stand on end to hear. Perhaps sometime I will spin you one of these yarns, but for the present I have asid enough. In conclusion, I only wish to say that, as we drove home that evening in the slivery moonlight, I recolved that as long as I could find such delightfully picturesque and ro-mantic scenes In Lancaser county as those who by means of their wealth, can travel to the ende of the earth in search of the rare and besutiful in nature. on the subject. inviting and cheerful looking a place as any

the walls, new light paint on all the furn and beautiful in nature. JERRY CRUNCHER,

---COURTANIP IN GROANLAND

Ardent Lovers Must Sometimes Find it Vers

tions to Employ a tio-Setween. The preacher is invariably resorted to, both ing mon and maidens, as the matriby you montal sgent. A young man comes to the missionary house and says to him, " I want to marry. " "Whom ? " asks the missionary. " Have

Two Hieroslyphic Letter Writers.

From & Washington Letter in the Fort Worth

In this correspondence last week an amus-

ing story was told of the difficulty which a certain official experienced in trying to de-cipher his own handwriting. A number of

> ---IN SUMMES FIELDS the meadow-sweet

Spreads its white bloom second the feet Of those who pass in love or play The golden hours of holiday : And heart to answering heart can beat Whate grows the simple meadow-sweet.

Embosed in some cool retreat The long sed grasses bent to meet The stream that marmurs as it flows fongs of forset-me not and rose; The flimy have of noon-tide bent is faint with ecents of meadow-sweet.

Ab, love 1 do pos innov meadow-sweet Data some pale ghost of postion flost Adown the finally innee of years, no with of laws, so fail, of fames 1

you any one in mind ? "

As to the library, I don't hesitate to may that for its size it is superior to the majority of similar libraries that have come under my "Yes," answers the lover, "but she will notice, not only here at Lancaster, but anywhere else. By this I mean that it contains a smaller proportion of inferior literature and a larger proportion of the best not have me. I want you to speak to

Since its renovation the reading room is as

one could desire. The bright new paper on

of the excellent quality of the library as

DRIFT.

part of the young men of Lancaster.

lin.

All this, however, has nothing to do with

ment, and active support of the entire pub-

In the first place, the fine, large reading room

ing daily newspapers of New York and Philadelphia, besids our local and county

dailies and weeklies, a number of secular and religious weeklies like Harper's, The

Now remember that all these excellent works, representing overy department of literature, are practically free to the public. For any one paying one dollar per year has the privilege of taking books from it to read at home, while anyone at all, without paying the latter as any one in town, asked me whether I had been in the reading rooms ince their renovation. As I had to confess that I had not, he urged me to step in to set them the next time I passed that way. I concluded to go at once, and did so. I con-fess that I was more than pleased with my visit. I believe it is to the real and energy of the Ladies' Auxiliary association, in large de-gree at least, that the tasteful refitting of the rooms is owing. For it seems that the source work and shown a more energetic opting then avoing men put together. In fact had it depended upon the latter, the suscisition would not be in the good condition in which it is to-day. This is one of the latter, the suscisition, the spathy, helplosmes, lack of enterprise and interest in the work on the part of the young men of Lancester.

A UNILL'S TRABS.

What the Mother of a Dring Child New In II

Once when a child was ill unto death

prayer. Here is the mirror of life; watch well and tell me what you see."

And then as the mother wiped away her

tears and held the mirror before her the

" It is that of a mir faced boy of 10." " A re there tears in his eyes ?" "There are no tears."

"Then the angels of heaven are weeping for him. Look again and tell me what you

"This time it is a youth of 15. It is the same boy as before, but older grow, and the face is not so gentle."

Mirror of Life, From the Detroit Free Press.

and whispered :

AIVA

angel usked : "What is the picture ?"

Off AND APPER SCHOOL SALES SUPPAY TRAINS

TRAINS LEAVE BUADING For Quarryville at LO p. M. and LO p. M. For Quarryville at LO p. M. TRAINS LEAVE QUARETVILLE

TRAVELENS CUIDE

LANGASTER AND STREET

RADING & COLUMBIA SAI

OR AND AFTER SURDAY, MAY

mother kneeled and prayed to heaven that its life might be spared. As she prayed and wept an angel softly took its place be "Heaven has sent me in answer to you

TRAINS LEAVE QUARETVILLE For LANSAME, LODDON and Reading at Life A.M. TRAINS LEAVE EING ST. (LANSAME) For Beading and Lobance at LUS A. M. and LUS For Quartyville at 500 p.m. TRAINS LEAVE FRINGE ST. (LANSAMERAL) For Guartyville at 500 p.m. For Guartyville at 500 p.m. TRAINS LEAVE LIBANOR. For Guartyville at 500 p.m. TRAINS LEAVE LIBANOR. For Connection at 500 p.m. For Janosetton at 500 p.m. For Janosetton at 500 p.m. For Janosetton at 500 p.m. A. M. WILSOR, Superinterdeen

DENNSTLVANIA RAILHOAD SUB U ULE-In effect from June 15,105. Trains ISAVE LABOARTH and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows :

Philadelphia Lan Ilif p. t. 16 650 a. t. 650 750 a. t. 250 750 a. t. 250 750 a. t. 250 WESTWARD. 1.20 . 20 Mail urain via ML Joy Via Columbia 7:40 a m. Traint ... ALL ALL 11:50 a. II. Hanover Account Frederick Account Lancaster Account Harrisburg Account Harrisburg Bapress Harrisburg Bapress Westers Express Tia Calumbia Via Calu Joy. Bill Ann. Bill Ann. Bill Ann. Bill Ann. Bill Ann.

the same face as before, but it is in the dark-ness, and I see lines of evil." "Look closer and tell me if you see tears." "Then there is grief in heaven, and heart-aches on earth. He who never weeps has gone far wrong. Look again and tell me what you see." "This time it is a man in convict's garb, and his evil look appals the heart."

"Are there no tears in his eyes ?" "There are no tears."

"There are no tears." "Then the angels of heaven weep. With-out tears there can be no repentance. I charge you to look once more." "This time it is one lying dead in the dark-ness--no watchers--no one to weep--nothing but the gloom of night around him." "And are there no tears upon the face of the dead ?"

ture, and fresh and attractive carpet on the

the dead ?"
"There are no tears."
"There, size ! it is another soul consigned to
everiasting darkness ! Turn the giass and
look for the last time. What do you behold?"
"A child—my child—upon its bed of sickness. On ! A ness of Mercy, I pray thes to
spare its sweet young his !"
"Are there tears ?"
"Are there tears ?" ture, and fresh and attractive carpet on the floor, all together present a restfut, cosy, homelike appearance that is eminently pleasant and attractive. On a summer's day the room, large and well ventilated, is as cool a place of resort as can be found in the city; while in winter, I doubt not, it is kept warm and comfortable. There is one im-provement, however, that some one ought to auggest to the managers, especially as it could be made with but little expense, and that is, a table or deak specially not apart and furniabed with writing facilities and ma-terials. It is an improvement which I am sure would be much appreciated, and would add materially to the convenience and at-tractiveness of the p aca. "Are there tears !" "Aye ! there are tears !" "Then I shall kiss them away, and the angels of heaven will rejoice as 1 bear the in-

nocent spirit within the golden gates.

THE BOBIN My old Weish neighbor over the way Crept slowly out in the sun of spring, Pushed from her cars the locks of gray,

And listened to hear the robin sing. Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped, And, cruel in sport, as boys will be, Toesed a stone at the bird who hopped From bough to bough of the apple tree.

ATLANTIO CITY. "Nay !" said the grandmother, " have you not heard. heard, My poor, had boys, of the flery pit, And how, drop by drop, this mereiful bird Carries the water that quenches it ? "lie brings cool dew in his little bill, And lets it fall on the souls of sin ; You can see the mark on his red breast still

face is not so gentle." "Are there no tears in his eyes?" "There are no tears." "Then there is sadness among the angels in heaven. When human eyes are dry the beart is full of evil." Then the mother looked again, and when the angel asked what she naw she answered : "One just coming to man's estate. It is the same face as before, but it is in the dark-ness, and I see lines of evil." Vestern Expression Past Linof Past Linof Fast Linof Columbia Accome Phila Styression Restrictury Expression Columbia Accome Philadelphia Phi

Ourg at \$20 p. The and arrives as Ashdanser at the p. H. The Marietita Association leaves Origin Deast Colo a.m. and franches Marietia as diff. Also leaves Columbia at link a.m. and help p. m. reaching Mariotic at 1901 and 2005. Layer Marietik at 500 p. m. and arrives at Columbia 100 and arrives at EtB and arrives at Origination rite forth Association Interval Marietics rite Harrisburg Szpress at 810 a.m. The Frederic Account of the A.m. The Frederic Account of the A.m. The Trederic Account of the A.m. The Frederic Account of the Account of the p. H. will run through to Frederick. The Frederic Account of the The Account of the Account of the Account of the The Account of the Account of the Account of the The Account of the The Account of the Account of the Account of the The Account of the the Account of the A

Hanover Accounted ation, East, leaves Column Hanover Accounted at Lancaster at 4 18 in connecting with Day Express. Exacuted Accounted attorney at 180 a Union with Hangare Hypress at 180 a will run through to Eanover, daily, except be

Alf on Line work on Sunday, when seen will stop at Downingtown, Contesville, Falls burg, RL Joy, Elizabethiown and Hidelowyr 1750 only Enine which run dally, On Septi Un Mail Hain west runs by way of Columbia Mail Hain west runs by way of Columbia CHAS, E. FUGH General Manager.

SUMMER ABSORTS

ONGRESS HALL, ATLANTIC CITT, H. J., Opened June S, 187. Accommodates 500. Muse all the season. Juny and Millo M. POTTRE, Juny and Managir.

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(Atlantie Ave., opp. Mansion.) Theroagail Beturnished and Renovated. P. O. Boz, 176. HABBY MYERS, Proprietor. WILL Bowars, Manager. junell-sad

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Indea. BROPHY'S ORCHESTRA-Profa. Con-stantine Carponter and Charles Martell, direc-tors of Dancing and Amusementa. junit Smd CHARLES Mod LADE, Frep.

The Chalfonte.

Passenger Elevator and Other Modern In-

Ocean End of North Carolina Ave.

ATLANTIC CITY, M. J.

myle-sud

THE "MANSION,"

THE CHALFONTE.

E. ROBERTS & SONS.

professes to tame lions by the power of fasci-nation-memoriam. What is your opinion of

"You are immensely strong, M. Bidel ?" "I used to be," he replied, modestly. "I have told you what I did at Bayonne when a lad. At Madrid once I pursued a lion that

have told you what I did at Bayonne when a lad. At Madrid once I pursued a lios that had got loose for thirty minutes, caught him single-handed, and held him till my men brought up his cars, into which I threw bin. Well, yes i I was alightly damaged. One tim-se of the great him of my performance was and to carry him round the cars three times, the lion weighed 200 kilos. I am not so ornaderably. No; I failow mo particular done of the great him the tax is all." "You comstime these annateum into the erse with you, do you not ?" "Frequently. Ladies, usually. Wornen whet. Man frequently do sate never draw heat. Man frequently do sate never draw heat. Man frequently do be allowed to rous the first woman who caused the cars with the first woman who caused the two do the first woman who caused the cars with portions they take much law also have the first woman who caused the cars with the three was hills Ghinased, of the Veristies these is a moon more instelling the bas allowed in woman the first woman who caused the cars with the first woman who caused the cars with the first woman who were collected in the set of Dispose as Karshin in 1870 Mile for any and any them the set of Dispose the dar, but and allowers and any ford of Dispose the dard, but and allow any set of Dispose the dard, but and any events and here is a more how were collected in the set of the dilled forth and had actes actes and more and the set of Dispose the dard, but and any owned and any set of Dispose the dard, but and any owned and any set of Dispose the dard had actes actes actes and the dilled forth a set of the set of the set of the se

a larger prop Have you not spoken for yourself ?" ciass of books.

"Many times, but she always says 'No, '" "That is nothing :" says the pastor : "you know the ways of maidens. Does she like Upon the shelves of most Y. M. C. A libraries you will find a mass of wishy-washy sentimentalism, morally enervating, washy sentimentalism, morally enervating, spiritually debauching, and literarily worth-less, which is imposed upon the inexpe-rienced and ignorant reader as "religious reading," though really it is nearly all ut-terly irreligious in its tendency, wholly in-imical to all true, manly, and wholesome re-ligious thought, feeling, and life. There is a notable and commendable absence of such stuff from the shelves of our library. I don't mean to say, indeed, that this kind has no representatives there at all ; but the propor-tion of them is happily small, much smaller than that of the representatives of the best and most wholesome Christian literature, like, for example, T. T. Munger's "Freedom of Faith," and "On the Threshold," that volume of the most manful, elevating, re-freshing and strengthening ledures to young men, the best thing of the kind published in recent years. "It is difficult to find out. She will tell yon." The pastor accordingly sends for the girl, who comes willingly enough, knowing what "Well, my daughter, "he observes, "it is time you should think of marriage." "I never mean to marry," is the invar!-able and conventional answer. able and conventional answer. "That is a pity," says the minister, "be-cause I have a rood husband for thee." "Who is he?" she sake. The missionary then tells her his name---although abe knows it as well as he does---and launches out into the lover's praise. He is strong, good looking, kindly, he caught two fine whates when his companions took none, or whatever else can be said to his re-nute. After the catalogue of his merits has none, or whatever ense can be said to his re-pute. After the catalogue of his merits has been recited, the girl replies: "But I think him a good-tor-nothing." "Ach, well," says the missionary, "thou art not wise. There is no lad can fling a har-poon as he can. I abali soon find him a wife." stasy ineces

art not wise. There is no lad can fling a har-poon as he can. I shall soon find him a wife." He then wishes the girl a good day, aflect-ing to believe that the interview is over. But she is sure to linger, and after a blush and sigh she whispers, "So it is particularly your wish. Herr Pastor 7 I do not quite like him," with a deep sigh, "but if you — " At this point she virtually hands over the business to the minister, who has to tell her that she knows she loves the lad; that she would not have come if she had not thought of accept-ing him, and that nothing is wanting but to sk the blessing of God upon their union. The marriage, curiously enough, usually takes place upon the very day on which the bride has emphatically protested that she will never have the bridegroom. I was particularly pleased to see a very fair representation of the standard American classics. All of Irving's works, I think, are there ; and 1 know that all of Emerson's are, and that too in the only worthy edition, the beautiful "Riverside Edition." Haw. thorne's best are there too. If I remember rightly 1 also saw all or nearly all of Dr. rightly I also saw all or nearly all of Dr. Holmes's writings there, from the "Auto-crat" to the "Mortai Antipathy." Lowell is not missing, though I failed to find his ia-test volume, "Democracy and Other Ad-dresses, "nor am I sure of "My Garden Ac-quaintance" being there. If these two volumes are missing, they certainly ought to be supplied at once, for they are probably of a more popularly interesting character than any of his other works.

There are a number of other American books of the very first quality which I don't remember seeing, though possibly I over-looked them, or they happened to be "out" at the time of my visit. Among them were Steadman's "Viotorian Poets" and "Poets of America," Whipple's "Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," and "Amer-ican Literature," Thoreau's works, and

geutlemen were talking over that story in front of the Ebbitt House last evening when ican Literature," Thoreau's works, and those charming bird books: Torrey's "Birds in the Bush," Mrs. Mil-ler's "Bird Ways," and Maurice Thomp-son's "By-Ways and Bird Songs," not to mention Edith Thomas's prose poems in "The Round Year." Neither did I see "My Lady Pokshontas" so quaintly de-lightful, nor Mr. Bishop's latest novel, "The Golden Justice." Charles Dudley Warner was well represented, but I did not find his latest "Their Pilgrimage," so tul of quiet humor and almost as good as a trip from White Salphu: Springs to the Thousand laise, visiting every summer resort of any note by the way. one of them said : "That reminds me of a story which Lot Morrill once told me of his

> that I missed were Bret Harte's earlier and best ones contained in the " Riverside Albest once contained in the "Riverside Al-dine" volume, Miss Phelps's "Madonna of the Tubs," Mrs. Wyman's "Poverty Grass," and Mr. Page's "In Ole Virginis." Mrs. Ewing's designitul little stories, strange-ity enough, were also absent. And why are there only a few odd volumes there of the "American Men of Letters" series, the "American Statesmen" and "American Common wealths "? It seems to me they are eminently suited for just such a library ; at any rate, it a few volumes of each are worthy, then all of them are worthy. For my part, I abould think that a work libre Prof. John Fiske's "Mythe and Myth Makers" would be very popular, and would surely do much to desiroy the relice of as-cient superstitions that darken the minds of so many. Bo also his "Destiny of Man" and "idee of God" are two little books full of wholesome thought, guides to the truth, and withal so charmingly written that none can fail to be interested in them. dine " volume, Miss Pheips's " Madonna of cleant superstitions that derives the relice of an-so many. Ho also his "Destiny of Man " of wholesome thought, guides to the truth, and withel so charmingly written that none can fail to be interested in these. When I say that the few books I have mea-tioned comprise mearly all the best reach American works that are wanting in the li-breny of the Y. M. C. A., you can imagine hew ecceptionally good that itbrary is. And when I add that of he 8,000 or 10,000 vel-

Of fires that scorch as he drops it in. My poor bron ruddyn ! my breast burn

bird, Singing so sweetly from limb to limb, Very dear to the heattof our Lord is he who pities the lost like him !"

"Amen "said I to the beautiful myth; "Sing, bird of God, in ray heart as well; Each good thought is a drop wherewith To cool and leasen the fires of he'l.

Prayers of love like raisdrops fall, Tears of pity are cooling dew, And dear to the heart of our Lord are all Who suffer like him in the glory they do !" —Jbhn G. Whittier.

Painiess Regulation.

It is no longer a question of doubt-al-though the contrary was once believed-that medicines which produce violent effects are unsuited to other than desperate emergencies. unsuited to other than desperate emergencies. In other words, that super-potent remedies are calculated to weaken and lajure the sys-lem rather than reform its irregularities. Among medicines of debilisiting effect are catharities and cholagogues which copionsly and abruptly evacuate the bowels. Because it does not do this, Hostetter's Stomach Bil-ters is preferable to the drenching class of purgatives. Panlees in its effects, it is suf-ticiently active to remedy chronic constipa-tion. It relieves by invigorating the infes-tions, and enables, not forces, them to per-form the duty imposed upon them by nature. Promoting the secretion of bile in normal quantities by its healthfully stimulating effect upon the liver, it is eminently conductive to digestion, and contributes in normal degree to keep the bowels regular.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Traveling Salesman

The Traveling Salesman Is an irre-istible fellow, brin full of stories, jokes, courage, self-assurance and grit. He is very taking meticine: they take everywhere, and are sold everywhere. For sale by H. B. Ucchran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen viret, Lancaster.

Be Careful of the Babies.

An Eimirs (N. Y.) Lady,

"My Grandfather's Olock,"

Worked Wondors.

Worked Wonders. "My daughter was very had off on account of a cold and pain in her iungs. Dr. Thomas' So-lestric Oli cured her in twenty-four hours. One of the boys was cured of softe innost. This medi-cine has worked wonders in our family." Aivah Pinckney, Lass Mahopae, N.Y. For sale by h. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

If your children are threatened with croup or any threat difficulty, apply a few drops of *Themar's Relectric Oil.* It is the nicest medicine for the little ones we how of. For sale by H. H. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

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EXCURSIONS AND PIONICS. ----MT. GRETNA PARK ---EXCURSIONS AND PICNICS. This Park is located in the beart of the South Mountain on the line of the Cornwall & Lebanon Railroad. nine miles south of the City of Lebance, wi easy distance of Harrisbury, Reading, Las ter, Columbia, and all points on the Falls phis & Ecading and Pennsylvanis Estim The grounds are large, covering Bundred acros, and are FREE TO ALL THE CONVENTENCES ARE A LARGE DANCING PAVILION. A SPACIOUS DINING MALL. TWO LITCHE BAGGAGE AND COAT BOOM, While the arrangements for amusement em-Mrs. H. L. Clark. 204 E. Cliaton street, declares : *Rurdock Blood Bitters* are a modicine I admire. Best remedy for dyspopsia in the world. Keep house supplied with it. For sale by H. B. Cook-ran. druggist, 137 and 139 sorth Queen street, Lancaster. CROQUET and BALL GROUNDS, BOWLING ALLEY, SHOOTING GALLERY, QUOITS AL AL Tables for Lunchers, Rustic Stats and In-Was once a very popular song, but like many other sentimental unces it doesn's wear well Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will Gear; it will wear way all aches, sorains, and poins, and repay its purchaser a bundred to d. For sale by H. M. Cochran, diugeist, 137 and 159 North Queen street, Lancaster. LAKE COFEWAGO. pinore is aunity internet and boy white a 2-Mg Thioven-2. Dyspeppia and debility are two big thioves: they creep in and stal our health and comfort before we know it. Let us put a stop to their invasions with a bottle of Burdock Blood Bri-ters, to be had at any drug store. For sale by H. B. Cochran. druggist, 137 and 1.0 North Quess street, Lancaster. **Observation** Cars

Among the best American short stories

story which Lot Morrill once told me of his own writing. It was at the time when his or Dunn of the army was paying atten-tions to the senator's daughter. The young people had come to an understanding, but Miss Morrill thought that pape's consent onght to be obtained before they proceeded further. Major Dunn wrote a nice letter to "pape" in which he requested that the future of the young isdy might be confided to his care. Senator Morrill could read the signature but the rest of the letter was worse than Greek to him. He divined its contents, however, and at once wrote a reply in which the desired consent was given. Dunn took it to his lady love with the resurk : "Hare's your father's letter." "What does he say ?" esgerly inquired the young lady. young lady. "I have been trying to find out ever since I received it," was the answer. Miss Morrill tried to read the note, but she, mass morrill tried to read the note, but abe, too, failed. "Never mind," said the lover, "we will get married anyhow." And they were married. Mrs. Dunn has both those letters framed. She says there is not a person on earth who can read either of them.