OLD COACHING DAYS.

SOMETHING ABOUT PRE-RAILWAY SSENGER TRANSPORTATION.

of the Hungarian Village Ross, Where Vohisle Was Invested-Qualit



OACHING for pastime, as it is practiced by the wealthier classes today, is a far different matter from what it was when the coach was the only public convey-ance. Now a millionaire, solely for amuse-ment, will run a coach from some hotel, ment, will run a coach from some hotel, over hard, smooth roads, for a distance of ten or fifteen miles into the country, for the benefit of a select fashiomable circle, who are properly "booked" beforehand. It may seem singular to those who are not versed in the expedients of people with abundant wealth and nothing to do to pass the time that any man should voluntarily furnish a coach and horses, to hire seats to his friends and drive them himself. But such is the case, and now almost every large city in the United States has its coaching club, with some one of its members during the season to play the part of driver. These gentlemen are usually successful in imitating the coachmen of the last century in one particular—in resorting to the warming cup after handling the whip.

There is a little village in Hungary called koes which is supposed to be the

There is a little village in Hungary called koes which is supposed to be the birthplace of and to have given its name to the coach. The Hungarian coach is a koest, the French cocha—our word coach being derived from France, where carriages were used after they had sprung up in Germany. The slow growth of the vehicle from the Fourteenth century to the time it became a nutilic convexance in the time it became a public conveyance in common use, or when it gave place to the railroad, is only on a par with the long time required to develop any method for facilitating communication in those slow times. It is probable that the state of the times. It is probable that the state of the roads had a good deal to do with the backwardness of the people in developing the coach. The highways were the only avenues by which passengers and increhandles could be transported from one place to another. A highway is a fine sounding name, but in early days it was simply a way for passage over the ordinary ground, with deep rule and precipitous descents; in fact, it was hardly equal to an ordinary dirt road of the present day. At night it dirt road of the present day. At night it was difficult to keep in the road from its was difficult to keep in the road from its being darkened by the inclosing heath and fen on both sides. The consequence was that travelers frequently lost their way between the towns. It is singular to us of the present day to think of a traveling coach being off the road within a short distance of London, and the concluman unable to find his way book to it, the pussengers every moment expecting the gentlemanly highwayman of the period. Then there were terrible times when two vehicles met in a portion of the road which was high and dry, with a quagmire on each side. One of the methods of settling the right of way was methods of settling the right of way was for the drivers to get down and have it out with the knuckles. It was a common occurrence for a team to get stuck, and for the coachman to call in the assistance of a yoke of oxen before he could be extricated. One important dignitary is recorded as being five hours going fourteen miles. Between certain points where the roads were especially hard to get over, the coach was taken to pieces and carried from one point to the other. In winter many of the roads were for a long while inspassable, and even in summer, so great was the difficulty of transportation, that the farmer often allowed his product to rot in the ground.

By the middle of the Eighteenth century

the stage coach between London and Bir mingham traversed the route, 116 miles, in three days, a distance that has been passed by a railroad train in less than two hours. The first regular coach between London and Edinburgh was adver-tised in 1785 as "a two end glass coach machine hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy." It was to go through in ten days in summer and twelve in winter, and the passengers were to stop over Souday on the way. During the latter part of the last century the mail coach came in, and was brought to great perfeccame in, and was brought to get the next



COACH PASSENGERS AT BREAKFAST. [Reproduced by The London Graphic from J. Pollard.] century. The old highways gave place to

excellent paved roads, and ten miles an hour was easily made. But the mail coach was by no means the only method of conveyance. The roads were full of different kinds of vehicles. There was the stage wagon, or, as it was also called, the flying wagon, for hauling freight; and the "gig" (which is the progenitor of the modern buggy, tilbury, and many other varieties) and other less pretentious vehi-

In the palmy days of the mail coach, it was arranged by the British postoffice de-partment that the coaches should all start from the postoffice at the same time. The cut at the head of this article is a view of

the start, from an old print. What a odern union depot in an American city modern union depot in an American city is at the present day, the coffee house in the square from which these mail cosches started was at that time. There are quaint pictures, painted by celebrated artists, of these starts, and of scenes on the road. John Pollard, the grea coach artist, has painted the passengers at break fast—the "twenty minutes" still allowed travelers—in which there was supposed to be time for a toilet, including a shave, and for the meal. The ride all night was sure to give the passengers a keen appe-tite for breakfast; the hot tea, fresh butter and cream, eggs and toast, and cold

beef, were usually eaten with a relish.

In America, during the early part of the
present century up to 1840, the stage
coach was the principal mode of conveyance and the passengers were accustomed to make each others acquaintance and chat familiarly. Indeed, many a life long friendship sprung up, many a life partner was met, in a stage coach. Story telling and songs, jokes, every expedient, was resorted to to avoid the tedium of the slow progress over the roads, or the long up hill distances in which the horses could only proceed at a walk. These stages for only proceed at a walk. These stages for years toiled over the Alleghany mountains, the principle method of conveyance be-tween the east and west. The stillness of

the prairies of Illinois was often broken by the song of some passenger with a voice rather stentorian than cultivated. Then, in America, where there is less patience than in England, it was the custom to bribe the drivers to make their "stages," or the distances between the changes, in less than the schedule time. The habit had a pernicious effect, as feeing officials always has, for the drivers would often drive at a snail's pace till some restless passenger offered him a dollar to make his run within a given time.

Now, in the more civilized portions of America, the stage coach is entirely unknown to the rising generation. The coaching of fashionable people is English, not American. Any one starting one of the old American coaches on Fifth avenue in New York to coach for pleasure would get no more sympathy from the swells of the metropolis than he would in driving in the park in a milk wagon. But with



STACK WAGON.

the typical English coach, painted and varnished, spick and span, a dozen daintily dressed men and women for "outsides," no one for "inside," (at least only the homely ones), lackeys in tight white breeches and top boots, the driver resplendent with a mammoth boutonniere, and, above all, a man with a single eyember to took low words of brees pine, who glass to toot two yards of brass pipe, wouldn't be a "whip?"

A BROOKLYN MYSTERY.

Where Is the Real Charles Dawbarn Who Was Known by Robert Morris?

Was known by Robert Morris?

Who poisoned Robert Morris is a question that has for some time been puzzling Brooklyn. It will be remembered that Morris died from Paris green poisoning some weeks ago. He was an old man, and there were many theories as to who caused his death while the



clews were few. The one looked upon with the most hopeful expectations was the fact that Morris often talked of one Charles Dawbarn, who han-dled certain paid to to be Morris

charles dawbarn. Morris from a legacy left him by English relatives. Dawbarn, Morris said, had not paid the money, but would soon do so, and he reiterated this statement to his wife many times. When he died he had little money, and he left a letter in which there were references to Dawbarn and the money. To find Dawbarn was for a long time the principal object of the police, though they failed to accomplish this. A reporter finally found a Charles Dawbarn, who is a spiritualist and who answers Morris' description of his Dawbarn perfectly. But he never knew Morris, though he knew his relatives, and is quite ignorant knew his relatives, and is quite ignorant of anything that will assist the police in solving the mystery of Morris' death. A cut is here given of the Dawbarn who has been found.

The tircless book maker, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, boasts that he uses his chapters as separate articles in the magazines before he throws them into a book. In works of history, biography and travel, this is customary with nearly all authors, and authors, and is a means of securing something like adequate remuneration for what would otherwise be sadly underpaid labor. But Mr. Fitzgerald has developed this system with a degree of economy upon which no other writer has ventured. Sometime ago I took up one of his novels and came upon a chapter which seemed strangely familiar. chapter which seemed strangely familiar.
Looking the matter up, I found that
the chapter formed an isolated short
story in one of the London magazines.
It was the same way with another chapter and another. The whole book was
made up of matter which had done duty as detached stories in the magazines, and yet these stories were strung together so well that, in fulfillment of the with which they had been written from time to time, they formed a continuous novel with a sustained plot.—Will H. Rideing in The Critic.

What an Art Critic Says.

The distinction between objectionable and permissible nudity has been suggested by a distinguished art critic, who said that the ancients showed us the images of mythical beings that could not be thought of as clothed like men and women, while the moderns have painted or carved human creatures from whom their proper clothing has been stripped.—Boston Transcript.

Casterus Stethods of Burning Coal. An interesting calculation has been lately made by Professor Rogers, of Washington. He tells us that the dynamic power of a single pound of good steam coal is equivalent to the work of a man for one day; three tons of the same coal will represent a washington. coal will represent a man's labor for twenty years; and one square mile of a seam of coal having a depth of four feet only will represent as much work as 1,000,-000 men can perform in twenty years. Such calculations as these may serve to remind us how very wasteful our methods of burning fuel must be, in spite of all that has been done by engineers in the way of economy.—Chambers' Journal.

An Exclusive Boston Club. The most rigidly exclusive club in Boston is the Manuscript club. It has no club house, but meets at the houses of three members, who are not only something in society, but more in amateur musical talent. Not literary manuscript, but musical manuscript is what the club in, and nothing that is common enough to have appeared in print is ever performed in the club. The members, fifty in number, are all amateur musicians of local celebrity, and besides their own work they have at their homes the best of the professional artists in Boston, who join them in interpreting musical manuscript of all kinds.—Chicago Times.

Found in the Shell Mounds. In Florida and Georgia are vast shell mounds, which are the refuse of the feasts of prehistoric races. In them are found numerous implements, bones and skulls.

A microscopical examination of the teeth
in the skulls has recently been made and
Mr. Charles White has reported to the English odontological society the finding of traces of vegetable, fruit, feathers, scraps of wool, and bits of cartilage. Evi-dently food was largely partaken of in the raw state and torn in pieces with fingers and teeth. Dr. Brinton insists that we have no right to call these fellows men, but anthropoids that is, men like ani-mals.—Chicago News.

A series of experiments recently made by a French metallurgist are stated to have proved that steel loses weight by rust about twice as rapidly as cast from when exposed to moist air. Acidulated water was found to dissolve cast iron much more rapidly than steel. This would indicate that steel bridges are less affected by the acids contained in the smoke of locomotives than iron ones.— Boston Budget.

LEAP YEAR LEGENDS.

A VARIETY OF PEASANT SUPERSTI TIONS AND FOLK LORE.

Parming Operations—A Bit of Tuscan unerstition Traditions in the Early Days of the Church-A Demon.

The break in the regular order of days is naturally a matter of awe and apprehension for the peasant mind. We accordingly fled, in nearly all the old countries, a variety of superstitions clustering around leap year. The rural folk lore of England tells us how all the peas and beans grow the wrong way in their pods—that is, the seeds are set in quite the contrary way to what they are in other years. The reason commonly assigned for this supposed eccentric freak of nature is "because it is the ladies' year, they (the peas and beans) always lie the wrong way in leap year."

and beans always lie the wrong way in leap year."

In Belgium the peasantry maintain that this year is not only too frequently unpropitious for farming operations, but that throughout it the young of no domestic animal will thrive as at other times. A similar fatility, they argue, extends to every kind of young grass and shoots, which it is affirmed invariably become either stunted in their growth or blighted. The same peculiar idea prevails in certain districts of Russia, and, in accordance with the time-honored and much-quoted proverb, the peasant is reminded how, "If St. Cassian (Feb. 29) look on a cow it will wither." On the other hand, there would seem to be exceptions to this rule, as in Sicily, where the former is advised to "set and graft vines in leap year."

is advised to "set and graft vines in leap year."

The ancient Romans considered the bissextile, or "leap day," a critical season, reckoning it among their unlucky days. That this belief has not by any means lost ground is evideuced by the deep rooted dislike parents have to a child being born on "leap day," it being a popular notion that to come into the world at such an odd time is ominous as signifying the person's speedy exit. But those, however, who chance to be born on this particular day have little occasion to dread such unnecessary alarma, for "it must be remembered how leap years comes around again and again, only too truly to testify to the utter falsity of the many articles of belief attached to its anniversary."

A variety of this supersition prevails on the continent, and, according to a piece of Tuscan folk lore, when a child is born in leap year, either it or its mother will die before the year has expired. But, apart from considerations of this kind, it must be acknowledged that it is somewhat awkward to be born on "leap day," as a person can only celebrate the anniversary of his birth once in four years. It likewise also has its advantages, as in the case of those of the fair sex who like, as far as possible, to minimize their age, and hence look with envious eyes on those whose birthday comes only once to their four.

Referring to this month, Mr. Chambers

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Referring to this month, Mr. Chambers remarks, in the "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," that "it appears to be constituted by some people as the most important. We have as many rhymes about this docked month as about all the rest put together, many of them expressing either an open detestation of it or a profound sense of its influence in the weather that is to follow."

the weather that is to follow."

But again, leap year is not without its traditions and legendary lore. St. Augustine, for example, writing of it, says: "The almighty made it from the beginning of the world for a great mystery, and if it be passed by untold, the first course of the year will be perversely altered, because there is one day and one night not reckoned. If you will not account it also to the moon, as to the sun, then you frustrate the rule for Easter, and the reckoning of every new moon all the year."

Hampson, in his "Medii (Evi Kalendarium," quotes the following quaint tradition from a Saxon treatise: "Some assert that the bissextus comes through this, that Joshus prayed to God that the sun might stand still for one day's length, when he swept the heathen from the land as God granted to him. It is true that the sun did stand still for one day's length over the city of Gebaon; but the day went forward in the same manner as other

ength over the city of Gebaon; but the day went forward in the same manner as other days. And the bissextus is not through as some think."

In France there is a popular tradition among the peasantry in the environs of La Chatre of a different kind altogether. It is said that every leap year a particular sort of evil demon makes its dread ap-pearance, whose "only pleasure is to be displeased." His shape is not distinguishdispleased." His shape is not distinguishable in member, joint or limb. Nearly thirty years ago, M. Maurice Sand exhibited in the salon a powerful and graphic picture of this mysterious being. "It is evening; the sun has just set over a waste country covered with marshy bogs and fens full of stagnating water. The clouds are bloodstained by the last rays of the departing day star, and the dark red color is reflected on the spleeping pools. Out of the depth of one of them in the distance marvelous monster has arisen, and is leaning against an old water worn pile. Before him the frightened fishermen fly and fall. His form is not to definite as could be desired, but still he is the ghost of leap year."—T. F. Thistelton Dyer in Home Journal.

What Say the Purists?

A new verb, to "ante-pone," has become a claimant for public adoption. It evidently avoids the roundabout way in which, by several words of a sentence, we have been in the habit of expressing the idea which is the opposite of that contained in the accepted word "postpone." This means to place after, in point of time; "ante-pone" means to place before, in point of time; "ante-pone" means to place before, in point of time. It is correctly formed from two Latin words, and, in a literary from two Latin words, and, in a literary point of view, can scarcely be objected to. It will be a more condensed and a shorter mode of expression to use single words such as "ante-pone," "ante-poned," "ante-poning" and "ante-ponement," than to write, as heretofore, sentences stating that specified things which had been fixed for a certain date were to come off on a date prior to the one originally intended. One word will satisfactorily contain the whole idea.—Newport News.

A Small Boy's Modest Request. "Grandpa," said Bertie, "you like to see young boys enjoy themselves, don't

"Why, yes," replied grandpa.
"And you like to do all you can to help
tem have a good time, don't your"
"Why, certainly."

"I thought so, Well, me and the Tompkins boys and the Clarks are going to play 'Life on the Plains' in the Clarks' barn for the next two afternoons, and I thought I'd ask you to let us take your wig to use for a scalp."—Chicago Inter

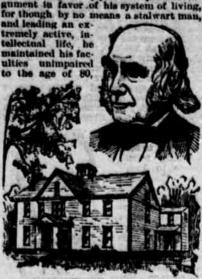
. Take Time at the Tuble. Americans live at too high a pressure, No man has any business having func-tional dyspepsia. Organic dyspepsia is different. That is due to cancer or some other specific disease of the stomach of other internal organs. Rapid cating often grows out of the habit of eating alone. Pleasant company at table and good food are excellent preventives of good food are excellent preventives or rapid eating. Est slowly, enjoy your food, take plenty of time between courses and let your teeth do their share of the work instead of putting the whole job on the stomach. If you don't enjoy your meals take vigorous enough exercise to make you hungry. Hunger is the best sauce. That is the way to prevent dys-pepsia if you haven't it, and the way to cure it if you have.—New York World

Interview.

The Rule of Three. First Medical Student-Aw-doctor, what is the subject selected for discussion at our next meeting of the Medico Scien tifico society! D'ye know, doctor! Second Medical Student—Aw-let-me

-see, doctor. Aw-yes:
"Resolved, That if a boy falls from a second story window and breaks one leg, wouldn't he break two legs if he fell from a fourth story window?"—The Epock THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHER.

on Alcott, Whose Death Was Amos Bronson Alcott, whose death was recently aunounced at Boston, succeeded in presenting a very powerful personal argument in favor of his system of living, for though by no means a stalwart man, and leading an extremely active in



ALCOTT AND HIS HOME.

Alcort AND His Home.

and died aged 88. The younger generation of readers is better acquainted with the family name through the writings of his talented daughter, Miss Louisa M. Alcott; but to the active thinkers of 1830-50 the announcement of the old philosopher's death will bring recollections and sighs, not unmixed with smiles. The smiles will be in tender memory of the days of "Brook Farm" and other semi-socialistic experiments, when Bronson Alcott was a noted and very radical reformer in almost overy line of living, and equally of the n. thods of teaching.

Very two men have been the subject of much good hursers but him, a very few believed in him, and the mass of mankind called him a "crank." And no wooder, for he founded his system of teaching on two axioms—that the soul came into the world from a realm of pure spirit, and that the body was degraded by "strong meats;" hence, he maintained, children in whom the pure spirits had but lately been incarnated were to be dealt with as naturally pure, and corruption of infantile purity was to be avoided by proper diet, which should consist almost entirely of milk, fruit and unstimulating vegetables. It is scarcely necessary to say that the average American parent, knowing the real nature of children by painful experience, laughed the philosopher to scorn. Nevertheless he taught school in Boston for six years on his theory, and afterward established this "infantile quest" at Concord, where some traces of that school system still remain. He governed his school on the very unorthodox theory that man is by nature prone do right, and that the opinions of children, before their perversion, are valuable; so he kept a record of the childish replies to his most puzzling questions, and a very extraordinary record it was.

His own education was an extraordinary patchwork. Born at Wolcott, Conn., Nov. 29, 1709, he commenced protesting against the existing condition of things as soon as he was able to write, and kept it up for sixu-five years, till a paralytic stroke in 2 de

ing thence with two friends established a place near Harvard called "Fruit lands," which was to be a sort of Eden of fruit diet and primeval simplicity. Of course the "old serpent" got in and "Eden" was abandoned. He next worked in connection with Emerson as a transcendental. abandoned. He next worked in con-nection with Emerson as a transcendental nection with Emerson as a transcendental-ist, and published the "Orphic Sayings." In 1868 he published "Tablets:" in 1872, "Concord Days," and in 1872, "Table Talk"—all full of the same mystical notions about pure souls and possible per-fection. In 1850 he married Miss May, of Boston, by whom he had one daughter, the famous author of "Little Women" and other stories for children. It is one of the pleasing contrasts we find in domestic life Yankee girl, and the daughter's writings are intensely practical, while the old gentleman remained an intuitionalist or transcendentalist dreamer to the last.

SULLIVAN AND MITCHELL.

The American and English Pogilists Wh-Have Been Talking of Fighting. John L. Sullivan, Beston's joy and pride, has been in England for several moons now, looking for some one to fight. But so far no one has seemed anxious to be used to wipe up the ground with save Charley Mitchell, and few have ever believed that Mitchell's desire was at all sincere, and their doubt of the noisy little Englishman's honesty was great ly increased the other day, when he allowed himself to be arrested and placed under bonds to keep the peace. His declaration that this could make no difference, as it was pro-



posed to fight outside of England anyway, has been taken with many grains of sait, and Sullivan's friends have pointed with great delight to the fact that the American champion betook himself to France in time to avoid any arrest. We give a cut showing the comparative size of the two men. Comment is un-Horses for Cavalry Service.

The horses that were raised in the coun

try districts of Kentucky and Missouri were spiendid animals for all around use, but now there seems to be nothing be-tween the weedy, delicate racer good for a mile dash, but who would break down in a three days' forced march, and the heavy animal that does excellently for wagon or light artillery use, but is too slow and clumsy for the cavalry. Even when we get a horse that has at once bone and stamina it is nearly always the case that he has a long back, that curse of the cavalry horse, for weak kidneys are in-

evitably the result after one season's cam-paign. Horse boards now have to go over the country with a fine toothed comb to find the active, short coupled horses that are the best for service and which used to be found on every large farm. Unless something is done by the breeders the splendid saddle horses for which the Mississippi valley once was famous will en-tirely disappear. —St. Louis Post-Dis-

The Pickle Industry. The pickle industry is a large one in some localities. At Fredericksburg, Va., the supply reached 30,000,000 cucumbers. They are picked an inch and a half long, and bring eighty cents per 1,000. A boy Picking them off can pick 3,000 per day. when they are small increases the productiveness of the vines, as others quickly grow as the first ones are picked off.- HE BESTED MORRISSEY.

Jim Fish's Office Boy's One Round that Led to His Success in Life. C. N. White, chief paymaster of the New York, Lake Eric and Western railroad New York, Lake Eric and Western railroad company for many years, has resigned. He is succeeded by Peter F. Donohue, who was Paymaster White's assistant. When Fisk and Gould were in control of the Eric, Peter Donohue was Fisk's office boy. He was a slight-built boy, but his eye was always on the right side of

eye was always on the right side of business.

One day Fisk gave orders to Peter, who sat at the outside door of Prince Eric's office in the Grand Opera House building, that he would be engaged in some particular matters, and must be out to every applicant, no matter who it might be. At that time John Morrissey and Fisk were great friends, and Morrissey happened to want to see Fisk that day on some important business. Peter knew of the high regard Fisk bad for John Morrissey, and the latter was in the habit, when he called at the Eric building, of walking into Fisk's office unannounced and without ceremony. On this day he was passing, when the three-foot-and-a-half office boy rose up and told the congressman that he couldn't pass.

"How's that?" said Morrissey.

"Mr. Fisk is busy and can't see anybody," replied Peter Donohue.

"He'll see me," said Morrissey.

"No he won't," insisted Peter.

The persistence of the boy rather nettled the ex-prize fighting statesman, and he said, testily, and taking a step toward the door:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes." said Peter, coolly. "rou're John."

the door:
"Do you know who I am?"
"Yes," said Peter, coolly, "you're John
Morrissey."
"Well," said Morrissey, "I guess Mr.

Fisk will see me."

With that he swept the diminutive office boy aside and strode toward the door.
His hand was on the knob, but he did not His hand was on the knob, but he did not turn it. Peter Donohue sprang on the broad back of the former athlete and characteristics are specified as monkey. He threw his arm around Mestinesy's week and gave it a squeeze that shut the big man's wind off, and forced him to give all his attention to freeing himself from the determined office boy's grasp. He finally succeeded, but when the novel struggle was over the office boy stood again between the congressman and Fisk's door.

"Mr. Fisk gave me orders to let nobody in there," exclaimed Peter, "and you can't go in. That's all there is about it."

Morrissey's anger quickly gave way to

Morrissey's anger quickly gave way to admiration of the boy's pluck and faith-fulness, and, laughing heartily over his defeat, he went away. He told Fisk next defeat, he went away. He told Fisk next day about his encounter with Peter, and how the latter had "downed him." Noth-ing all Fisk's remarkable career ever pleased him as much as the "mill," as he called it, between Morrissey and Donobue. The boy was rapidly advanced by Fisk, and one of the direct results of this affair and one of the direct results of this affair with Morrissey is his present place at the head of the most important branch of the Erie railway's financial department.—
New York Sun.

Politeness of the Japanese. Talking of politeness, the Japanese have that article in their composition to a very extraordinary extent. Men are always excessively polite to one another. They bend their backs and bow their heads and put their two hands back to back between their knees and have a great time. But their knees and have a great time. But the most amusing thing is to see two old ladies in Japan meeting one another on the street. The street is empty, we'll say, and they catch sight of one another three or four blocks apart. They immediately begin to make obeisance at one another, and they keep bending and bowing at short intervals until they come together, when they make that peculiar hiss by drawing in the breath and keep on saying "Ohayo" for about two minutes. The young things, the "Moosmais," are very charming and graceful in their greeting of one another, but the old ladies are ornate and elaborate in their address.

And the language has been framed with

and elaborate in their address.

And the language has been framed with a view to the necessities of politeness and of difference in rank. "Are," with the accent on the e, is the verb to be. If you are talking to a coole, somebody very much below you, "are" is good enough for "is," If you are talking to one a little below you, or you wish to be polite to an underling, you use "arimas." If you are on formal torus with an event. you are on formal terms with an equal, you are on formal terms with an equal, you say "gozarimas," and when you address a man high above you in rank you make it "gozarimasuru." It's an elastic language, and pulls out to almost any length.—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

Germany's Army Commanders The emperor of Germany is the commander-in-chief of the army, whose motto is "For God, King and Fatherland." The allied sovereigns, Bavaria, Saxony, etc., appoint their officers of the contingent which they furnish, but they have to be approved by the emperor. The minister of war is Gen. Von Schellendorf. He superintends the different commands for Prussia, and the confederated states. Prussia and the confederated states. Field Marshal Von Moltke is at the head of the general staff, which is made up of the officers of the different armies temporarily detached. They form seven divis ons. The first three study each a theatre of war, the fourth occupies itself with the railroads, the fifth devotes its time to military history, the sixth studies geography and statistics and the seventh geodosy and topography. Field Marshal Von Moltke can call to his assistance the most distinguished civil engineers in the empire whenever he wishes. The general staff has a library, begun in 1816, which now comprises nearly 60,000 volumes.—Berlin Cor San Francisco Chronicle.

Cities in the Wrong Place Nevertheless, we must all regret that in the original foundation of cities the pion-cers are frequently so short sighted as to choose spots which will give posterity no end of expense. I never could see much end of expense. I never could see much reason for putting the city of Rome where it stood, and then having to bring water to it on high arched aqueducts from dis-tant mountains and to find a port down in the unhealthy marshes miles away from the city. Paris and Edinburgh and Constantinople are well placed cities. New York could have been placed elsewhere than on this island of gness, which is probably a series of rock islets with sand hills and quick sands between. Brooklyn has been growing prodigiously of late, bethere than upon the site of New York. Newark has also grown with great rapid-

ity, because it has advantages on the conental mainland not enjoyed by New York. Westchester county, north of New York vestchester county, north of New Lors island, would have been the ensiest of all places to put a great city, which would then have been fronted upon Long Island Sound and on the Hudson river, and also on the main continent, while the Harlem river in front of it would long ago have been made into a sort of Thames. Still, the impediments put in man's way lead to his art and civilization, and, as New York is, enterprise will continue to figure and scheme upon it so that the last complaint which can be made against its comfort and intercourse shall subside to peace.— George Alfred Townsend in Boxton Globe.

Chinese as Liquor Drinkers. There is hardly a single Chinaman among the Chinese denizens of this city who has ever fallen into the liquor habit, and a policeman who patrols the Chinese quarter says he never yet saw a drunken Chinaman. There are more Americans Chinese opium habit than Chinamen who have been seized with the alcoholic mania of the Americans. - New York Sun.

"FROM OUT ETERNAL SILENCE."

From out sternal silence do we come

Into elemal silence do we go: For was there not a time, and swift or slow flust come again, when all this world's bord hum Was naught to us, and shall again gress dumb was mangat to us, and shall again grew damb Through all eternity? Between to a low, Dark, stony portais, with much curply show Of tinking brass and sounding fife and drum, The endless carsvan of life moves on; Or whence or whither, to what destiny,

But He who dwells beyond the furthest dawn Knows, yet reveals not, evermore even He
In silence wrapt, for all the thunder's roll,
Save for His deathless message to our soul!

-Stuart Sterne in The Century.

AUAUS EXPERS COMPARY.

Letter From the Amistant Foresteen of the Believery Reprintment—A Subject in Which Thousands Are Despiy Concerned.

About five years ago I as indured Laous pointful urination and great pain and weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust as food, and great mental and bodilly depression.

I live at Sil York struct, Jersey City, and on a viving home one night I found a copy of the Anker Aimense that had been left during the day. I read the article, "What is the Disease that is thoming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feelings better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the highl," for it had been stealing upon me urawares for years. I sent for a bot-left Spaker Extract of Ecots, or Beigel's Syrup, and te four I had taken our-half of it is let the selcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self, I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tem- and strength, and the urinary trouble vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some med-chee simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shabur Extract in the strongest possible torms. It is the gentlest, pleasanteer, safest and surest purgative in this world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more: I have all the more confidence in this moderne to have all the more confidence in this moderney and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.

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He. W. H. HALL,
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TRAINS LEAVE COLUMNIA.
For Reading at 7:50 a.m., 18:50 and 8:60 p m.
For Lebanon at 12:50 and 2:50 p m.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE.
For Lancaster at 6:50 a.m., and 2:50 and 6:50 p.
Ph.
For Reading at 6:50 a.m., and 2:50 and 6:50 p.
Ph.

For Lancaster at 6:00 a m, and 250 pm.

For Heading at 6:00 a m and 250 pm.

For Lebanon at 250 and 6:50 pm.

LEAVE EIRO STREET (Lancaster)

For Reading at 7:00 a m, 12:50 and 250 pm.

For Columnon at 7:00 a m, 12:50 and 250 pm.

For Quarryville at 2:31 a m, 250 and 250 pm.

LEAVE FRINCE STR ET (Lancaster)

For Reading at 7:00 a m, 12:51 and 2:50 pm.

For Lebanon at 1:00 a m, 1:13 and 2:50 pm.

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For Quarryville at 7:50 a m, 1:50 and 2:50 pm.

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For Lancaster at 7:13 a m, 1:50 and 7:50 pm.

For Lancaster at 7:13 a m, 1:50 and 1:50 pm.

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TRAISS LEAVE PHINGE ST. (Lancaster,
For Reading and Lebanon at 5:15 am and

For Reading
404 p m.
For Quarryville at 5:43 p m.
For Quarryville at 8:43 p m.
For Lancaster at 1:25 a m and 3:45 p m.
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For connection at Columbia, Marietta Jane
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Trains thave Lawcarre and a ve and Leave Pasine Expressions Supressions Expressions Expressions Supressions Patinde phis.
11.7 p. 0
12.0 n. 11
12.0 n. 11
13.0 n. 11 FASTWARD Faul Express fast Line! fastrivburg Express . ancaster Accom s).

Say day.

Fig. Line, wist, on Sunday, ches. degree will stop at Downingtown, Contesville, Farmer ourg, Mt. Jo., Elizabethtown and Elizabethe.

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