[Special Corresponden Washington, April 5.—The lenten sea-son has passed and Washington has be-come festive with the green grass and the come festive with the green grass and the crocuses. Already the streets are lined with verdure. The flowers bloom in the parks. The buds are bursting forth from the earliest trees, and the gloomiest of the statesmen are beginning to smile. President Cleveland had the biggest reception dent Cleveland had the biggest reception of his term Monday. It was that of the children of Washington, who came to roll their easter eggs in the White House grounds. They came by thousands. The little pickaninnies of 3, 4 and 5, trotted in with baskets of eggs nder their arms, and the daughters of mators, the children of generals and the bables of department clerks pushed and jammed one another in the most democratic of ways. Children give the one world kin, and happiness on Easter Mon-day at Washington is not gauged by the color of the skin nor by the quality of the childrens' clothes. The president and Mrs. Cleveland came out among the chil-dren, and I saw a little colored boy take two eggs up to the president and tell him he would like to crack eggs with him. Mrs. Cleveland romped and played with the children, and the dog Hector scamd here and there until the latter part percd here and there until the latter part of the day, when apparently he grew sick from eating hard boiled eggs, and retired to the seclusion which the basement of the White House grants.

Phew! how the eggs smelled! The odor infected the air three squares from the White House. It tickled the nostrils of Gen. Sheridan as he walked to the Metropolitan club from his office. It made Dan Lamont put his handkerchief to his nose, but the president seemed to enjoy it, and, in fact, after one had been a moment in the White House grounds he did not notice it. It was not a smell of decayed eggs, but merely of boiled ones, but let me tell you that a good egg boiled hard has an odor fully as pro-nounced as one which has been afflicted

What a splendid play ground the White

It is as big as a farmer's big meadow. It has trees as old as the century, and at its back it is made up of hill and hollow. The children yesterday scampered up one and down another. One game was the putting of an egg at the bottom of the hill and then getting to the top and rolling down another egg to see whether the first egg could be struck. Another



EASTER MONDAY. was the cracking of eggs, and in this I saw two little senatorial babies taping their eggs against one another, and the one who broke an egg had the right

Curious enough were the colored children, and I noted a lot of young newsboys who seemed to be more interested in eating than playing. They got eggs wherever they could, and they jammed them down their throats until their black mouths were fringed with chrome yellow

President Cleveland first appeared at one of the windows of his office, and the children, at least a few of them, gazed at him and threw kisses at him. He threw kisses in return, and this was before h came down into the grounds. One little fellow, who was hardly bigger than the president's boot top, handed him a dyed egg, and it was some time after this that the president bold a lime after this that room, shook hands with a number of the little children, but did not begin the kissing business, as, according to demoprinciples, he could not discriminate as to lips, and he would have had at the close of such a procedure a mouth quite as yellow as those of the little pickainnies.

President Cleveland is very kind to the

little children, and I think the presidents as a rule, have treated the babies of Wash ington very well. President Cleveland does not kiss them, but he has a pleasant word for them, and he usually answers the letters he receives from little children over the country.

Mr. Arthur always walked through

the White House grounds on Easter Monday, and Nellie Arthur played with the children. Col. Lamont's children were it the White House grounds this Easter, and I saw little Phil Sheridan trying to



MR. CLEVELAND RECEIVING THE CHILDREN. crack eggs with the son of Senator The little Ingalls children were there en masse, and congressmens' bables were thicker than blackberries in August Not a few children were so small that they had to be brought in carriages, and

there were about 100 white capped nurses on the grounds.

In President Lincoln's day little Tad Lincoln was noted as the best egg roller

of these Easter Mondays, and the children of Presidents Grant and Hayes shouted and laughed with the rest.

The newsboys have great times at these

egg rollings, and the newsboys of Washington are of their own kind. The papers are sold by well dressed and poorly dressed boys, colored boys and white boys. I saw two cracking eggs on the street to-day, while a third boy stood with his ads on his knees and watched them. One boy looked as though his father might be a senator, and the other had clothes which were patched and ragged. Both had papers, and both were likewise happy in that any cracking. These nawshove their egg cracking. These newsboys Washington are not at all backward aut public men. They address every one as "senator" or "general," and they sell many a paper by this method of flattery. One of them came up to Gen. Grant one day when he was smoking a cigar, and had only the stub of it left in his mouth. I doubt whether the boy knew he was president, for Grant was very un-

ostentatious in his ways.
"I say, gineral," asked the boy, "yon're too good looking a man to burn your mustache! Won't you give me that stub?"

boy the end of the cigar, telling him, however, that he was too young to smoke, and that it was a bad habit. The boy took the stub, put it in his mouth, and, having got some distance away, pulled down the corner of his eye, as if to ask Grant if he saw anything green in there.



BLACK LOT IN THE WHITE LOT. There are 60,000 colored Washington, and this sketch of a black lot in the White Lot was taken on the spot yesterday. The White Lot is the nick-name for the grounds back of the White House, and this represents an old auntie with her four little ones come to crack eggs. They have been enjoying them-selves and have just sat down to rest.

Many curious incidents occur at these White House egg rollings. Monday a dirty, ragged boy looked with hungry eyes at a basket containing a half dozen eggs held by a little flaxen haired, blue eyed girl. All at once he darted forward and grabbed the girl's basket; and away he went on the run. One of the White House guards ran after him, and when he was brought back, the red spots shone through his dark yellow cheeks, for he was a colored boy. He had to give up the eggs, but this was all that was done with him, and he was allowed to run off as soon as the eggs were recovered. Many curious incidents occur at these as the eggs were recovered.

This Easter egg rolling at the capital has been going on every Easter Monday for nearly thirty years. A Washington paper speaks of it in 1890 as a usual thing, and for years the children used to gather and for years the children used to gather at the Capitol grounds and play. They slid down the terraces, however, and spoiled the grass, and congress forbade them. Since then they have been playing here in the White House grounds, and from 8,000 to 5,000 children are to be seen here every Easter Monday. It is one of the prettiest scenes of the capital, and It does one's eyes good to see the fun the children get out of it.

We have many bright children here in Washington, and their repartees form some of the best stories of society. I heard one on one of Phil Sheridan's girls the other day. A crowd of children were together playing, and among them was



NEWSBOTS CRACKING EASTER EGGS. man named Harvey, who is, however, not very good looking. We will call her very good looking. Mamle Harvey. Little Miss Sheridar said, so the story goes, to Miss Harvey:
"Do you know, Mamie, that I think that
when the Goddess of Beauty passed through this world she didn't touch you

father, did she?" "Well, may be she didn't." replied the little Miss Harvey. "But do you know what my father says about your father?"
"No," replied the little Sheridan, while the crowd gathered around and listened. "Why, he says that your father is Trishman, but that he did some good for his country during the war, and on that account I may come out and play with you a little while now and then."

Of course the other girls laughed. Some one heard the story, and it is going the rounds. In the meantime, the women's council is over, and the thousand and more women with purposes have left Washington. It has been an earnest assemblage, and there have been fewer of the long haired men

and short haired women than usually

come together at such an assemblage.

President Cleveland has not as yet de cided upon a successor to Chief Justice Waite, and the candidates for the posttion constantly increase. The current seems to be in favor of Speaker Carlisle, but there is no reason for the supposition that he will be appointed, other than his friendship for the president, and the fact that he was offered the seat now occupied by Justice Lamar. Don Dickinson is spoken of, and very favorably, too, and so are all the cabinet, including Bayard and Endicott. The truth of the matter is that no one knows anything about it, and this will continue to be the situation until the appointment is made. President Cleveland

does not wear his mind upon his sleeve, and the possible chief justice is no better known new than was the president's cabinet before he made it. It is pretty cer-tain that a good man will be chosen, for small men do not make available timber

for chief justices.

The illness of Mr. Mills, the chairman of the ways and means committee, calls attention to the remarkable sickness with which Washington has been afflicted during the past two weeks. Pneumonia and sore throats have been almost epidemic, and the death of Chief Justice Waite has caused many others of our great men

to take good care of themselves. The other judges of the supreme court have been especially careful, and Stanley Matthews was confined for several days to his house. As a rule, the justices are a remarkably healthy set of men. They are fat, portly old fellows, with rosy faces and big boned frames. The smallest of them is Judge Bradley, who weighs about a third as much as Gray or Harlan, but who is the oldest man on the bench, and who promises to live the longest. He is one of the hardest workers among the judges, and he is, perhaps, the wealthiest. As a rule the supreme court judges are not money makers. They use the greater not money makers. They use the greater part of their \$10,000 salary in keeping up their establishments here and in traveling. They have not the money investing nor money making sense. Justice Field spends more than his salary every year. He goes several times across the continent and always pays his own fare. Harlan has, I think, little more than his house, and there is not a millionaire among the

FRANK G. CARPENTER. Preservation of Milk. One of our consins in Norway informs he department of state that there has been discovered a new, simple and cheap ingredient which neither changes the taste of the milk nor is inimical of health, for conserving milk in a fresh condition for months without being hermetically sealed. Mr. M. E. Meyer, of Christiania, is the inventor.—Chicago Times.

Forgot the Title.

"Have you the-er-'Waker of Vicksburgh" a man asked in an Austin book store the other day. His wife had sent him to buy the "Vicar of Wakefield." and that was as near as he came to remembering the title of the book .- Texas Siftings.

A Curious Fact. It is a curious fact that just twenty-four inches on the table is allowed a man at a large and crowded dinner. Of course, more is given when there are few people.

New York Tribune.

WAXEM'S PHILOSOPHY. HE WRITES OF THE CONGRESS OF NOTED WOMEN.

There Is Some Real Work Doing in Congress But It Is Not Important-A Navy Wanted for the Hydrographers-Something About Shin Plasters.

[Special Correspondence.] Washington, April 5.—In matters of legislatin, I cant say we aint doin nothin in congress, fer we air. We air bizzy evvery day doin somethin, but somehow when we git the results of our werk piled up it seems to git the shrinks, and thar aint hardly anything left. It reminds me a good deel of pilin a crib chock full of green corn in the fall, and expectin to find it full after a winter's dryin.

That has been a site of small bills inter-duced and passed and referd to comittys and one thing er other like us statesmen hav a way of doin to pertect the peoples' intrusts. Some is important and some aint with shucks, but one that seeks to equilize the saileries of postmasters effecks my intrusts and the intrusts of evvery rite minded legislator. Postmasters is on of the main links that connecks a statesman to success. Postmasters is on speekin terms with evvery man and woman in his naberhood, and of he dont go to see them they come to see him, and evvery time they come to see him, and evvery time they see him they see the home reppere-sentitiv of ther national repperesentitiv. Ef he is polite as a basket of chips and is smilin all the time it makes them feel good, and ef he aint, then they don't. Ef he aint gittin a fair reccompense fer his laber, then he can't be polite and afferbel. and he gits unpopular, and so does the man that got him the place. There-fore us statesmen is bound to see to it that our home repperesentitivs gits all thar is in it. The highest pay any postmaster gits in my deestrick is \$900 per annium, and thar is some that dont git moren \$50. In some other deestricks, that has got big citties with them, sallar tes run up as high as \$4,000 per annium. Now Im in faver of equalizin there salleries, and givin more money to the little one and less to the big one. That is a good many more gittin two or three hunderd dollars a yer than thar is gittin \$4,000, and they controll er good many more votes and votes is the ultimatum that we air all seekin. Another little,bill has been interduced

fer puttin an extry hydrographer in the navy. Nevver havin been a close studdyer of naval afares, I can't jist say what a hydrographer is, but from all I can hear it strikes me that instid of gittin an extry hydrographer fer the navy, we had better be gittin a navy fer the hydrographers that we have allreddy go We may git in a war with Spane fer her insult in havin a Cristoper Columbus sellebration, and shettin out the britest jewell that he found in the new world, and of we do she's got ships enough to come over here and clean off our coasts ten miles back into the country before we can git up steam. And, Mr. Edditer, Spane is a gation that has had the dry rot fer 100 yers! Woulden't a lickin setch a country as that be a glorious ree cord fer us to hand down to our posterity We have been tryin to restore the old time "shin plasters" to the curensy of the country, and I think we air goin to succede. I have a long petition from my deestrick askin fer it, and thar was a good many others. My people hes to send away to git a good many things they see dvertised in the newspapers, and they hated to pay frate rates on sendin silve money, with a chance all the time that it wuld git lost or stole by people feelin it thrugh the envellop and cabbidgin it. In my own case, I hav often wanted to send Mandy half a dollar when she rote to me fer money, but I never could, and a doller was the only convenyent amount I could inclose. You will see, Mr. Edditer, that gets to be a hardship, and that way soon be some pertection dubblin the sum on a man that way soon some pertection aforded him. With ne expenses of that nater about on half. Newspaper subscribers, too, can git ther money to the edditer in better shape, and his drawer won't be continuerly filled with postage stamps that he has sell at a discount er waste in ritin letters jist to save the discount. Retale deelers all over the country will be benefitted and lots of small bills will be pade, because the detters will send a shin plaster for the

novvelty of the thing. Thar was two congresses in session in Washington last week, the regular one that everybody knows about and another one of women. Of course ourn had to play second fiddle to the ladies, and we done it with our usual galantry. Polite-ness is cheap and as long as we air polite to the ladies they can't git mad and resort to arms to force us into legislatin fer ther interests like they want us to. Women aint got no otes and as long as they aint we air not goin to set up nites figgerin on how to git ther influents fer campane pur-Ther congress here was a international council of women sellebratin the fortieth aniverserry of the first woman's rites convention, and a good many of them looked like they was old enough to vote at that convention. Ime a woman's riter when it comes to a woman's rite to be a lovin wife, a good mother, a dutiful dauter, a ernest Christian, a tender nuss, a comferter to the sick and sufferin, a lite in dark places, a noted advocate of temperance, a moral gide, a butiful critter for the world to love, a beam of sunshine in evvery room of home, a visiter to the pore, a charm to the rich, and in evvery way a livin egsampel that she is Heyvins best gift to man, but I aint in faver of her gitten down to the low level of pollities and votin and werkin up a campane and settin up with the boys and actin generally like most of us statesmen

Men has got one field to fill and women has got another, and they oughter keep out of each others pasters. Men aint tryin to wear women's dresses, and women aint got no buisness tryin to wear men's britches. We air satisfide to do the fitin and the votin, and they oughter be satisfide to do the talkin and the nussin. women air smart, though, and thar ain't no use denyin it. I heard ther speeches, and thar wasn't one that couldent a-come rite on the floor of the house and done as well as any statesman thar, but that ain't no sine, fer thar ain't a statesman on the floor but of be had a little tranin couldent make a dress er cook a meal of vittles jist as good as any woman on that platform. I know in my own home, ef Mandy is sick some mornins I git up and git breckfust as good as she can, but I don't look nateral doin it, and she says it tastes kinder onregerlar, jist as it would be ef, when I got indisposed, she would come and take my seet in congress. As long as thar is a banbox in this grate and glorious republic of ours 1me agin women tryin to carry her clothes in a ballot box.

Them's my sentiments. Yours truly, W. Q. WAXEM, M. C. from Wayback.

FACE TO FACE.

If my face could only promise that its color It my heart were only certain it would hide the moment's pain.

I would meet you and would greet you in the old And naught should over show you the wrong that

If my trembling hand were steady, if my smiles If my eyes spoke not so plainly of the tears they often about. I would meet you and would greet you at the old

sweet trysting place, And perchatice you'd doesn me happy if you met me face to face. If the melody of spring tide awake no wild re-

frain, If the autumn's golden burden awoke no living 1 would meet thee, and would greet thee, as years age we met Before our hearts were shipwrecked, on the ocean of regret.

If my woman's soul were stronger, if my heart were not so true, and long have ceased remembering the love I had for you;
But I dare not meet or greet thee, in the old
familiar way.
Until we meet in heaven, when tours have passed

Away.

GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS. Brief Sketch of the Career of Hop. Simon P. Hughes.

[Special Correspondence.] Figure 1 Section 1 Section 1 Section 1 Section 1 Section 2 Section 2 Section 2 Section 2 Section 2 Section 3 S in 1849. There he was admitted to the bar in 1857, and was married at the same time. His first office was that of sheriff. He served as captain and lieutenant colonel in the Confederate army. After the war, in 1866-2 he was a member of the Arkansas legislature from Monroe county, and was appointed by that legislature

to visit President Johnson, with a the exemption of his state from the the process of re-construction. In 1874 he was a member of the congressional con-vention in his state, when the people were seek-ing remedies from

SIMON P. HUGHES. the evils consequent to the struggle through which they had passed. The same year he was made attorney general of Arkansas, and held the position till 1877. His success in pleasing the people while in this position led to his companion on the Democratic thest for nomination on the Democratic ticket for governor; but he was defeated. In 1884 he was more successful, and was elected to the governorship; and again in 1886.

Under his administration railroads have been aided, most of the state public buildings have been erected, a state geologica survey has been commenced, state taxes have been reduced, the common school system has prospered and the wealth of Arkansas has been increased.

A GIRL JOURNALIST.

Miss Agnes McLellan, Who Is Running a Nebraska Paper. [Special Correspondence.]

OMARIA, April 5 .- Since Agnes McLellan assumed editorial control of The Seward (Neb.) Democrat she has been the recipient of considerable notice from the press, no loubt, largely because of her extreme youth. Miss Agnes was born at Darling

on, Wis., on Jan. 5, 1873, and is now in her 16th year. On attaining her 15th birthday she was placed in charge of the local page or ner father's pa-per. In the fall of 1886 her father was taken sick, and for weeks was unable to write even his name. The daughter gathered the news, prepared

AGNES M'LELLAN. copy, ran the AGNES M'LELLAN. financial part of the institution and occupied the editorial chair with charming grace and unusal ability. During the sickness of her father, her mother died, and then came a time when it was abso lutely necessary that the young editress must needs care not only for the newspa-per interests of her father but attend his wants in the sick chamber and manage all the household and office affairs. In all she has been successful and has won an enviable reputation as a go ahead, wide awake, enterprising little business woman.

Miss McLellan is an unostentatious little person, deeply interested in her newspaper work, beloved by her friends and highly esteemed by her newspaper brethren everywhere.

The Basis of Diamond.

Prof. Simmler brings forward the mewhat plausible theory that the basis of diamond formation is liquid or lique-fled carbonic acid. Indeed, facts observed by different savants tend to show. it is said, the presence of this agent in th coating of the most valuable germs. Upon the bursting of such crystals there are often found to occur two liquids in the cavities, the one behaving like water, the other like liquid carbonic acid. On one occasion, indeed, it was observed that the liquid in a quartz crystal, which was dashed to pieces, scattered its contents around with a great noise, burning holes in the handkerchief wound around the hands of the experimenter. The acid con-tent itself had disappeared. Under these circumstances M. Simmler argues that, if carbon be soluble in liquid carbonic acid, it would then only be necessary to subject the solvent to slow evaporation. The car-bon would thereby be deposited, and, by taking proper care, assume crystalline forms, and in evaporating quickly the so called black diamond, which, in the state of powder, is much used for polishing, the colorless diamond might be produced. Though the liquid in question has never been subjected to chemical analysis, the formation of liquid carbonic acid in the interior of our globe may, it is admitted. be considered as highly probable.-Chienco Times.

A Car Load of Emigrants. I happened to be in one of the railroad depots the other day just as a big car load of emigrants arrived. What an inex haustible field for study lay there, and how many life stories that a novelist would weave into a thrilling story lay in the congregation. Every age was represented. There were grizzled old stagers whom the women were using for pack mules, and infants too young to do any thing but lie in their mother's shawls and There were stalwart young fellows in knee breeches and military looking caps, and sturdy maidens, who looked capable of building a picket fence or flooring an Apache a la Sullivan. There were ente little boys and girls just old enough to toddle by their parents' sides and stare, stare, stare at everything they saw. This same staring seemed to be prefty general with the entire party They were all too much occupied with storing to talk. I never saw such a large gathering so silent. Scarcely one of them spoke as they trudged away to the wait ng room, and when they reached it they ill said nothing, but found seats on benches, on packs and on the floor and gazed about them, literally stricken dumb by fatigue or astonishment. How long can we go on caring for them, I wonder! -Chicago Journal. Italians as Counterfeiters.

Why do Italians almost hold a monor dy in counterfeit coins!" was asked of a treasury detective.

"There is not money enough in it for natives. These latter want big money, Besides, many Italians are expert at making plaster of paris models, and they came over to avoid detection in their own country, where, I believe, counterfeiting is punished with death. Over here it is just a matter of a year or two, and then when they are in prison they are better fed than when they are free, so that detection has little terror for them. They are satisfied with light profits, and seldom try to dispose of more than a couple of dollars' worth at a time among the small star and storekeepers."-New York Telegram.

Rolling Out Rifle Barrels.

By means of recent improvements made in the manufacture of rifles, as many as 120 barrels can now be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is done automatically, so that one man tending six machines can turn out sixty or seventy barrels a day. With the old rifling machine twenty bar rels was about the limit of a day's work; at the improved machines attend to everything after being once started, and when the rifling is completed, ring a bell to call the attention of the workman.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ethics of Kinship. 5 It is a queer thing that in the ethics of kinship a man usually rushes for his uncle after bidding good-by to his ante.—

TWO POINTS OF WARNING

SUGGESTED IN CONNECTION WITH LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S CAREER.

Why Was So Valuable a Life Cut Off So Early?-Excess of Toll-Expenditures and Income-The Perils of Abundant

It is rare to see a woman who, if tried by her own standard and that of those immediately around her, has led a nobler for more completely satisfactory life than Louisa Alcott. But since we ought never to be satisfied either with ourselves or with anybody else, and since one of the chief uses of the study of fine character is to discover wherein it could be yet finer, there is always a lesson to be drawn from the very limitations of each career. The finest thought ever expressed by Howells, I think, is where he suggests that success itself may perhaps seem very much like failure, seen from the inside; and there are few eminent persons, probably, so sunk in conceit that they could not afford to others certain warnings as well as examples from their own achievements. The obituaries usually miss such warnings; indeed, they are apt to turn expressly away from them and think it a little ungenerous to draw them, the consequence being that such obituaries are as valueless as an inscrip-tion on a monument, and, like that, reduce all character to a level of common-place and conventional virtue. There are, perhaps, but two points of warning, or even of limitation, that need to be suggested In connection with Miss Alcott's brilliant career, but each of these is of some weight. First it is fair to ask why this valuable

life was cut off so early—at 55 instead of 88, this last being her father's term of years. Was it not because she burned the candle too desperately, while his burned calmly and at times even feebly? Of late years she has suffered repeatedly, it is stated, from nervous prostration and other disorders coming from excess of work She never had any leisure; she was always overworked. Grant that this evil came largely-from those exacting demands of admirers and correspondents which have been more than once pointed out in these columns, and which make it often hard for a really useful life to prolong itself. But I suspect there was another reason which seldom fails to tell upon successful authors. The late Mr. James T. Fields once told me that he asked Charles Reade. when at the height of his fame, ' you give us no more of those delightful shorter tales like 'Peg Woffington' and 'Christie Johnstone,' on which your fame was first founded?' "Because," said Reade, simply, "I cannot now afford it."
When he was comparatively poor and unknown he could write masterpieces; when

he had achieved fame and fortune, and acquired the habits that come with these, no longer had the leisure to write them. It is the same with health, time, and life itself. The young girl who earns \$5 by her first published story has an immense sense of wealth; let her cherish it, for she will probably never feel so rich again. As a rule, if you earn \$500 a year, you spend it; if you earn \$5,000 a year, your standard of expenditures almost invariably expands to match it; and for the most part, he more money one carns, the harder it is to take a vacation. This applies to those who spend money selfishly, but it applies with tenfold force to those who we generous.

When the writer was planning in the

autumn of 1861 to culist a regiment for the civil war, it occurred to him to invite the celebrated John B. Gough to go as chaplain, since his personal magnetism and cloquence, aithough he was not a clergyman, would be felt through the whole Union army. On inquiry it turned out that Mr. Gough was absolutely fettered by his own large earnings and pro-fuse charities, he could easily earn \$50 or \$100 a day the year round by lecturing; but all this large income was mortgaged in advance to young men whom he was educating and poor families whom he was supporting, so that he absolutely could afford to stop work for a moment. Had he been poorer, he could have gone. So when one reads of Miss Alcott's coming into the office of The Woman's Journal and bringing \$100 that she had earned before breakfast, one is led to ask whether it would not have been better not to have earned it than to give it away so layishly as to have to go to work after breakfast for another \$100, instead of taking a day off and letting the tired brain rest. the last lesson ever learned by writers and artists to be wisely economical of themselves, and to spare the sources from which prosperity and usefulness too easily

The other lesson goes deeper. Miss Alcott's intellectual work itself found a limitation in its grade by reason of its ready abundance. She had the ear of her public; she was, as was said of her, "a benefactor of households," and perhaps she did-it is impossible to prove the con trary-the very highest work of which was capable. But it was not very high or very permanent; she never equaled her first successful work of fic-tion, and for the rest of her life, as in the case of Bret Harte, she simply repeated the same few delincations. They were, of course, more innocent and healthful than Harte's, but they were as monotonous; children, doubtless, continued to cry for them, but no maturer reader-at least none familiar with literature-cared to keep the run of them. Her muse was domestic, simple and sociable; the instinct of art she never had. It is difficult to imagine her as pondering a situation deeply, still less as concerning herself about phrase or diction. In this she was curiously unlike Helen Jackson, who was an artist by nature and by habit, and who was able to write "Ramona" so rapidly that it seemed an improvisation, because she had learned the use of her tools be fore.-T. W. Higginson in Harper's Ba-

Land Good for Oranges.

A gentle Jew in the southern country wanted to sell a lot of land to an easter man. He hit on a new scheme. He bought a couple of boxes of oranges and carted them out to this land and buried them in different parts of the ground. The eastern man wanted to see the land.

"Is it good for oranges"!
"Bootiful, bootiful. You never see such bootiful land for oranges. "Got any there?"

"Oh, yes: vy certainly."
They reached the place. There were no trees. The Jew took a spade and began digging. "I don't see any oranges," said the

eastern man. "My tear friendt, you don't understand the orange business. I has all my oranges under the ground. Them peoples as puts them out on the trees loses half their crop efery year. There they are; ain't they bootiful?"-San Francisco Chronicle.

At the Aztec Fair. A stylishly dressed young lady, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, stood the other night gazing intently on two dark skinned Mexican girls as they rapidly rolling backward and forward with a stone rolling pin on an inclined stone a putty like substance, over which at intervals they would sprinkle a few grains of corn.

"I didn't know that bread was made in that way," remarked the young lady to her companion, and the gentleman, prob ably through fear of displaying his igno rance, made no reply. The Mexican girls however, paid no attention to the remarks that were made, but continued rolling the grain and making it into dough by sprinkling water over it, and the crowof spectators watched them until, finally realizing that life was too short to wai for any practical results from so slow and laborious a process, they wandered off to examine the products of Aztec civilization. - Philadelphia Times.

Of the congressmen now in Washington who held commissions in the Union or Confederate armies during the war, the highest rank was attained by Representa-tive Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, who was a major general in the Confederate service and a distinguished cavalry leader. —New York Evening World.

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am and 5:10 p m.
For Quartyvil's at 7:20, 11:50 a m, and 6:10 p m.
For Chi skies at 7:20, 11:50 a m, and 6:10 p m.
For Chi skies at 7:20, 11:50 a m, and 6:10 p m.
For Reading at 7:50 a m, 12:20 and 6:40 p m.
For Lebanon at 12:20 and 2:40 p m.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE.
For Lancaster at 6:40 a m, and 2:20 and 6:20 For Lancaster at 6:00 a m, and 200 and 6:20

m.
For Rending at 6:00 a m and 2:00 p m.
For Lebanon at 2:50 and 6:25 p m.
LEAVE KING STREET (anca-ter)
For Beading at 7:30 a m, 18:50 and 7:40 n m
For Lebanon at 7:30 a m, 18:50 and 8:30 p
LEAVE PRINCE STR ET (ancaster. For Beading at 7:40 a m, 12-48 and 2:50 p m
For Lebanon at 7:40 a m, 1:43 and 7:30 p m
For Quarryville at 0:5 a m, 1:43 and 7:30 p m
TRAINS 1.EAVE LEBANON
For Lancaster at 7:12 a m, 18:30 and 7:30 p m
For Quarryville at 7:12 a m and 12:30 p m

SUNDAY TRAISS. For Lancaster at 220 a m and 430 p m For quarrevile at the p m TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLS For Lancaster, I meanon and Beading 11 7:19

THAINS . FAVE KING ST (Lancas er) or Reading and Lebanon at 8:00 a m and he For Quarry ville at 5.0 pm.

TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST (Lancaster)
For Heading and Lebanon at 8:15 a m and

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