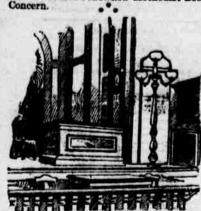
DAWN OF METHODISM.

RADLE OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

"Plymouth Rock" of Methodism. Tybee Island-City Road's Chapel, Lon-Bt. George's Church, Philadelphia Conference of 1773-Bishop Simpson.

The twenty-fifth quadrennial conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, now in session in the Metropolitan Opera house, in New York city, very naturally recalls many reminiscences of old Methodists and many isolated facts in the history of the denomination. On Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah, is the "Plymouth Rock" of American Methodism, the big flat stone on which John and Charles Wesley first set foot in this country when they came over to preach to the Indians and to Oglethorpe's colonists, but the City Road chapel in London is claimed to be the true cradie of Methodism, since it was there John and Charles won their first great successes, and there both their bodies were laid, while their mother was buried across the street in quaint old Bunhill Fields. But the Fancuil hall of American Methodism is the queer old St. George's, on the east side of Fourth street, between Race and Vine, Philadelphia, for it was there the first distinctively Methodist conference was ever held in America, and the pastor of that congregation was the founder of the now world renowned Methodist Book-Concern.



AN INTERIOR, ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH. Officially, and as a really United States church, the Methodists usually date from the noted Asbury conference of 1784, at which the polity of the denomination was assimilated to that of a free and independent dent republic; but eleven years before, in July, 1773, a conference of ten Methodist ministers was held in this Philadelphia church. There was no United States, of church. There was no United States, of course, and there were no united colonies, but this little conference represented New Jersey. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and a part of New York. So St. George's was the first Methodist church in Philadelphia, and as it is still standing, it is the oldest Methodist church in the United States; but it was built in 1763 as a German Reformed church. The mem. a German Reformed church. The mem-bers wanted English preaching; but un-fortunately the first English address they heard in the church was the address they heard in the church was the address of a sheriff who took charge of the building for debt contracted in the construction, and put the trustees in jail.

They remained there many months, too; then Joseph Pilmoor and Richard Board-man secured their release by guaranteeing the debt, and took the church as security, and in November, 1769, Joseph Pilmoor remarked the first Methodist sermon there. preached the first Methodist sermon there. 1869 there was a grand centennial celebration of the event, at which Bishop bration of the event, at which Bishop Simpson took a prominent part and Methodists were present from many parts of the world. For some years after the revolution nearly all the Methodist preaching was by "circuits," the ministers seldom remaining more than a month or six weeks at one charge. Baltimore because Methodist center long before seit weeks at one charge. Baltimore be-came a great Methodist center long before New York did, and still remains a Method-ist stronghold. During the revolutionary war the British used St. George's as a cavalry headquarters, filling it with ar-tillery wagons and horses; but as it had no floor, and none but the roughest board seats, they did not injure it much. Dur-ing that time the congregation worshiped in the old Raptist church on Lagrange street. On each side of the pulpit there may now be seen in the church marble tablets bearing the names of the nearly 200 itinerant ministers who were statione here during the 100 years from 1769 to 1869. Four of the number became bishops
—Francis Asbury, of goodly fame; Richard
Whatcoat, Robert R. Roberts and Levi
Scott, the latter, next to Asbury, among the most famous of early Methodist



A MEMORIAL TABLET.

The early Methodists in Philadelphia were not approved of by "sassiety." They "shouted" and said "amen" in places where the prayer book was silent; "they got the power" and did many other things which the conservative sits did not admire. The exhibited tive city did not admire. The established church (Episcopal) denounced them as "ranters," the Baptists barely telerated them, and the quiet Quakers looked on them with undisguised horror. While religious people merely disapproved of them, the lighthearted and careless made them food for mirth; and many an old journal or pamphlet is thickset with jokes on the Methodists. The contrast with the body now in session at New York, an object of profound respect to the whole world, is indeed wonderful.

A Long Time A-Coming. Two gentlemen recently elected to the Oxford and Cambridge clubs in London had been waiting nine years for their names to be reached on the list of proposals, and at another London club a gentle just elected had been proposed so many years ago that he had forgotten all about it, and was surprised when he received notice of his election.—Detroit Free Press.

Cheap Paint for Outbuildings The American Cultivator recommends mixture of hydraulic cement and skim milk for painting farm buildings and fences. The cement is placed in a bucket and sweet skim milk stirred in until the and sweet saim mink street in until the mixtare is of the consistency of cream. The proportions are about one quart of cement to a gallon of milk. Color may be added if desired. This plan is cheap and durable.—Frank Leslie's.

Monogolian Pheasants in Oregon.

The farmers of Willamette valley, Ore., complain that the Monogolian pheasants introduced a few years ago and protected by law are becoming too numer-ous. In cold weather they crowd into the barns among domestic fowls, sometimes whipping barnyard cocks on their own dunghills, and making themselves as obnoxious as the "heathen Chinee."—Boston Budget.

A Neighbor Corrected. The Bloomington Telephone makes the thrilling announcement that "Eph Hughes has added a bathing department to his tonsorial establishment." "Bathing department" is very ordinary language for a progressive newspaper; it should have said "ablutionary annex."—Indianapolis Press.

BOTTLING UP WORDS. Sdicen's Phonograph Is Now Well Before the People.

Edison's phonograph he now Weit Before
the People.

Edison's phonograph was invented some
years ago and a number of instruments
were placed on exhibition. Near the
places where these instruments were being practiced upon by curious crowds,
through open windows, could be heard
all day parrot like sounds, which seemed
to afford infinite amusement to the listeners. The crowds evidently found a medley most enjoyable, and a mixture of
prose, poetry, song and idiotic laughter
was ground out of the machine from
morning till night.

But the novelty soon wore away, the
crowds fell off, the exhibitions ceased,
and we heard nothing more of the phonograph for ten long years. Now Tom Edison comes forward with a perfected machine, which not only outdoes the first invention as a curiosity, but is fitted for
practical use. His instrument is so constructed that one may talk at it, turn the
"file" over to a typewriter, who, upon
setting the wheels revolving, will have
the matter all talked back, and may take
it all down on the typewriting machine.
Furthermore, the wax cylinders may be
sent to a distance, put on a machine, and
one may hear the words which were
speaker.

One of the most delightful of the services that may be performed by this instrument is in the matter of love letters.
Nothing is colder than words put down in
unfeeling ink. Many a lover who has
been separated from the lady of his love
has found it necessary to take the train



THE PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH. at least once a fortnight in order to verbally explain the purport of something he has written to his inamorata. Many a one whose heart has been bursting with an exuberant affection has been unable to express it in writing, and doubtless not a few marriages that would have brought a life long happiness have been prevented by the chill of cold ink. All this may be done away with by the phonograph. "Dearest," when underscored with a heavy black line, may be better than "dearest" without the line, but how cold in comparison with the same word repreit least once a fortnight in order to ver in comparison with the same word repro-duced by the phonograph, into which the beloved one has breathed the word with all the arder of a distant lover. In view of the perfection to which the machine has been brought especial instruments should be made for lovers, and with dummy attachment for embracing when-ever the tones are reproduced with great

fervor.

The immense advantage that the possession of a well regulated phonograph would confer upon a spinster with visions of a breach of promise suit in her mind's eye will be apparent upon the slightest reflection, and the funny writers and the comic artists have turned this phase of the matter into a veritable mine of laughing material.

Seriously, however, there seem to be great capabilities in the perfected machine, and it is quite within the possibilities that its completion marks the beginning of a new era in general verbatim re-porting.

The cut accompanying this represents one of the machines that were shown at a recent press exhibition in New York.

A Simple, Convenient Summer Retreat A respected citizen residing on North avenue has a peculiar way of seeking re-lief from the heat of summer, which is, perhaps, worth mentioning before the an-nual exodus to fashionable watering plan are its cheapness and homely sim-plicity. He does not bother his head lay-

plicity He does not bother his head laying out routes of travel among mountains, and lakes, and along the sea shore. Each summer is spent at the same place.

At the approach of extreme heat he hies himself at once to his retreat. There are no musquitoes there, no brass bands, no crowds, no noise. He enjoys genuine repose and quiet. His life in the summer may be compared to that of those hermits. pose and quiet. His life in the summer may be compared to that of those hermits who occasionally take up their abodes in caves and recesses under the earth's surface. The Rochesterian's cave is the cellar under his residence. This he furnishes with rugs, an easy chair, a couch and a table. He passes his time pleasantly, taking huge enjoyment out of an old fashioned, long stemmed pipe, and some books and papers. The air is quite as cool as can be desired, and the cellar being dry, he does not fear rheumatism or malaria.

This peculiar gentleman does not choose

This peculiar gentleman does not choose to sojourn in his cellar in the summer because he cannot afford to go elsewhere. He is, in fact, in comfortable circum-He is, in fact, in comfortable circumstances, retired from business, and living on a neat yearly income from his property. Being of quite an advanced age he dislikes traveling any distance. He thinks that his plan is the best for keeping cool in summer without going away from home. He is not the only one who has adopted this plan. A Baltimore man who passes his summers in a cellar was described in one of the papers of that city some years ago. Which of the two first conceived the idea is not certain. The Rochesterian has had the plan in working order for three or four years.—Rochester Union.

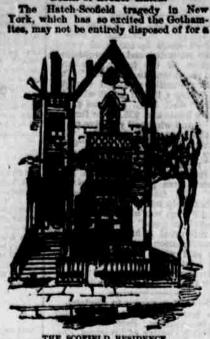
Carbon for Electric Lighting.

Carbon for Electric Lighting.

It may be imagined that carbon, being made from the direct products of coal and petroleum, is a dirty material, offensive to the smell and more so to the taste. It is dirty, in the course of its preparation, because the men working with it become as dirty and greasy faced as if they were working in a coal mine. Completed it is quite another matter, and the largest piece of it may be handled with kid gloves without soiling them. Neither is it offensive to the smell. The ordinarily curious citizen can tell all that. To secure ous citizen can tell all that. To secure testimony as to taste, however, it is necessary to go into the factory, by proxy of course, because you can't go yourself. There you are ready for the explanation that the carbon is submitted to such heat that the taste is all gone, and you are still readler to believe that this is true. The hour is one in which work is slack, and the men and boys are taking it easy. There's one who is smoking a peculiar pipe, presenting an entirely novel appear-

What it is you can see by the occupa-tion of the man next to him. He is whit-tling a piece of carbon into the shape of a tiling a piece of carbon into the shape of a pipe bowl, and now he has it done to his satisfaction and is hollowing out the bowl. There's another man who seems to be forcing a hole through a piece of stick carbon, and looking a second time you see that's exactly what he is doing, and a second later you see him put it into a carbon pipe bowl as a stem, fill the bowl with tobacco, light it up and commence to smoke. Novel, isn't it? You don't think you'd like it? Of course not, but the men who work in carbon and who smoke out of carbon pipes say it makes one of the most delightfully cool smokes imaginable, and the material being so porous, absorbs all of the nicotine before it can possibly reach the mouth and system.—Globe Democrat.

There are in America over 4,000,000 farms, large and small. They cover nearly 20,000,000 acres of improved land, and their total value is something like \$10,their total value is something like \$10,-060,000,000. These figures are not, of course, very comprehensive. They simply convey the idea of vastness of area and equal vastness of importance. The esti-mated value of the yearly products of these farms is between \$2,000,000,000 and \$3,000,000,000,000.—Chicago Herald. NEW YORK'S SENSATION. opolis Still Talking of the Tragic Death of Broker Hatch.



long time, or may soon give place to another. In any event it is one of those affairs which teach many lessons.

Whatever be the result of the investigations of this case, there will always remain a suspicion of foul play; at least, an attempt to draw Mr. Hatch into some transaction which would involve his family in disgrace.

A detective has testified that he was employed to follow Mr. Hatch and Mrs. Scofield to her house, and that he saw Hatch dodging as if he suspected he was followed. Ferris, the brother-in-law, was the man who engaged the detective to do this work, and it is not hard to surmise that he did so with the knowledge of and in collusion with Mrs. Scofield. This theory is quite consistent with the action of the woman in calling a policeman to break down the door of the room in which Hatch had taken refuge for the most.

lt would be quite natural for the most innocent of men to fly at the attempted breaking in of a door which was the only barricade between himself and disgrace. And what would be a more natural action on the part of Mrs. Scofield, if she wished



MRS. SCOFIELD. FERRIS. to secure a witness to the fact that Me Hatch was in her room, than to call in a minion of the law to see for himself, although she might cunningly give another reason to the policeman?

A FAR CRY TO HEAVEN.

What! dost thou pray that the outgone tide be rolled back on the strand, The flame be rekindled that mounted away from

the smoldering brand,
The past summer harvest flow golden through
stubble lands naked and sear,
The winter gray woods upgather and quicken the
leaves of last year?—
Thy prayers are an clouds in a drouth; regardless,
unfruitful, they roll;
For this, that thou prayest vain things, 'tis a far
err to heaven, my soul—

Oh, a far cry to heaven! Thou dreamest the word shall return, shot arrow-

Thou dreament the word shall return, shot arrowlike into the air,

The wound in the breast where it indged be
balined and closed for thy prayer,

The ear of the dead be unsealed till thou whisper
a boon once denied,

Thy white hour of life be restored, that passed
thee unprized, undescried!—

For this, that thou prayest fond things, thy
prayers shall fall wide of the goal;

God bloweth them back with a breath, 'tis a far
cry to heaven, my soul cry to heaven, my soul— Oh, a far cry to heaven!

And cravest thou fondly the quivering sands shall be firm to thy feet, The brackish pool of the waste to thy lips be made wholesome and sweet? And cravest thou subtly the base thou desirest be wrought to thy good,

As forth from a poisonous flower a bee conveyeth
safe food?-

For this, that thou prayest ill things, thy prayers are an anger rent scroll;
The chamber of audit is closed—'tis a far cry to heaven, my soul—
Oh, a far cry to heaven!
—Edith M. Thomas in The Century.

A Newspaper Man's Vacation.

A Newspaper Man's Vacation.

Several newspaper men were speaking of how generous the proprietors of their papers were in granting them vacations, when a fellow named Sinaggs remarked:

"Yes, I worked for one of those fellows once. I asked him one day if he would give me a vacation. He replied that the granting of my request would give him great pleasure. I went away and stayed three weeks."

"Well," some one remarked, "was there anything wrong about that?"
"About the vacation? Oh, no. The raction was all right, but the proprietor made it too long. When I went back he told me to let it run on. That was five years ago, and it is still running on. Very kind in him, I must say, but one trouble arose. He stopped my pay."—Arkansaw Trayeler.

In a Scotch Railway Station.

[Scene—Scotch railway station. Ticket collector, in making his collection, finds an old gentleman fumbling in his pockets for his ticket.] Ticket Collector—Tickets please? Old Gentleman—I'm just lookin' for it. Ticket Collector—Well, I'll look in sorah has few minutes. in again in a few minutes. See and have it ready then. Ticket collector returns shortly; but the old gentleman is still hunting for it. Ticket Collector (suddenly) -Why you have it in your mouth, man! Old Gentleman (giving him the ticket)-Oh, so I hae! Here you are! Another Gentleman in the carriage, as the train moves on, to first gentleman—I'm afraid you're losing your memory, sir. Old Gen-tleman—Nae fear o' that; nae fear o' that! The ticket was a fornicht auld, and I wis jist sookin' the date aff't! Tableau.—The

Many persons have wondered how doing a lively galop got to be called "dancing the racquet." Mrs. Simmons, a well known young lady of Washington, composed a few years ago a galop and was at a loss to give it a name. One day, being disturbed by children in the room, she called out: "Don't make such a racket," which was caught up and repeated by the children as they went out. It occurred to her that it was a good name for her piece, and so, with a touch of French, she called it the "Racquet Galep," and over 200,000 copies of it have been sold.—Philadelphia Times

Didn't Quite Understand It. Johann Schnell, a new messenger in the navy department at Washington, is exnavy department at washington, is ex-tremely nervous regarding a telephone, never having seen one until a few days ago. He was obliged to answer a call from the instrument recently, and his incoherent answers exasperated the speaker at the other end of the line. "You must have been drinking." Schnell heard the angry individual exclaim. "No, I haven't," said the messenger, gently. "It must be the strong tobacco I am chewing that you smell."—New York World.

ASTONISHING FEATS.

TRICKS PERFORMED BY AN OLD JUG-GLER IN INDIA

Twine - The Rose and the Cup-A Deadly Serpent - Another Wonderful

Piece of Deception.

While traveling through India, between Surat and Nagpors, my body servant one day informed me that a great juggler and snake charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his skill.

My servant withdrew and presently returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing remarkable except the eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know whether the man could see me in the dark filte a cat, but there was at times that peculiar flery appearance of the balls which is so often observable in night prowling animals.

He wore a white vest, Turkish trousers, a kind of crimson pettleoat worked with strange device, a turban of many colors and morecoe shoes pointed and turned up at the toca. His arms and neck were bare, and with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judge to be 60, and his short mustache was almost white. He made a slow salam and then suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss in my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me—at least ten feet—saying as lied so:

"Will your excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come toward me, saw it unroll and apparently drop into my lap, so that I brought my knees quickly together to catch it, and yet when I put my hand down to take it, and looked down for it, it was not there—nothing was there, and at the same instant I perceived the juggler dancing it on the end of his finger.

A WONDERFULL TRANSPORMATION.

"Does your excellency think I have it?"

A WONDERFUL TRANSPORMATION. "Does your excellency think I have it?"

"Does your excellency think I have it?"
he said.
And before I could answer I saw in
place of the ball a beautiful large red
rose, which he was balancing by the stem
—and yet he had not altered his position
in the least, nor scarcely stirred a finger.
While yet I looked, I saw in his right
hand a cup, and in his left a rose. He
stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose
down on the ground, and placed the cup
over it.

down on the ground, and placed the cup
over it.

Hera, it will be observed, there was no
machinery to assist him—no table with
its false top, concealed compartments and
confederate, perhaps, to effect a change,
as we see similar tricks performed in a
place fitted by a magician for the purpose
—but only my own quarters, in the full
light of day, with myself closely watching
every movement, within five feet of him,
and my attendants grouped around almost
as near.

As near.]

Having covered the rose with a cup—as I would be willing to take my oath, for I saw the rose as distinctly as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjurer resumed his former place, and said:

"Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course, I would have wagered a beavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because, expecting some

beavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because, expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after a hand had let go of the cup at the top.

I complied with the request, stepped forward and raised the cup, but instantly dropped it with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the rose, was one of the little, deadly green serpents of India, coiled up and ready to spring, with its small glistening eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror, and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who with cries of alarm enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"It is perfectly harmless, your excet-

"It is perfectly harmless, your excel-lency," grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it by the neck, putting its head in his mouth and allowing it to run down his throat.

THE TUBE AND TWINE.

down his throat.

THE TUBE AND TWINE.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next the ball of twine again. Where these things came from or went to I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing near his dress either when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake it was gone, and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up. It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind.

Through the brass tube the conjurer passed one end of the twine, which he put between his lips, threw back his head and held it perpendicularly, with the ball of twine at the upper end. Then suddenly the ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and gradually grow smaller, till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had run off on a reel. What turned it or where it went to no one could see. The juggler then set the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top, but apparently ribbon of half an inch in width and different colors. These relied up as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He next produced what appeared to be an egg, advanced the same as before and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to open it, which I declined to do, fearing I should see another serpent or something equally terrifying.

At this he took up the cup himself and anneared to throw the in the six and there are the color to the proper of the cup himself and anneared to throw the in the six and there.

equally terrifying.

At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it in the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took it into his hand and muttered over some united likely are compared. some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth and that was the last I saw of that also.—St. Louis Sayings.

Sport is the law and the prophet of Englishmen, and to confess to neither pleasure nor concern in the results of the day's racing, shooting, hunting, angling, is to totally emancipate one's self from the amiable regard of a sport loving Briton. American indifference to the circumstance and event of a sport leving the self-sport of the circumstance. American indifference to the circumstance and event of sport is the contempt of the aristocracy and landed gentry. Sport is the autocrat. It controls society and makes an important chapter in literature. There is a universal devotion to the idea, alike from high and low. But it is the privilege of the great, the temptation of the poor. Poaching as an offense forms stereotyped matter for every well regulated English novel. The dress, the manners, the filrations which make the maximum of life in country houses during autumnal revels are as important a factor autumnal revels are as important a factor in British society as the London season. Wives, mothers and daughters who have none of the tastes which give zest to the hunt are constrained to provide themselves with more gentle amusement during that sangulary professions. ing that sanguinary period in the British

year.

It is not a fine taste—the love of horse-flesh, cricketing, deer stalking and the general desire of killing something. It seems to take a place in the category with pugilism and bull fighting. But it develops brawn and a kind of rude mental strength, and the cultivation of muscular vigor is something more valued than artistic sensibility in the Englishman's passion for an excess of animal force.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

From observations on the Congo, M. Dupont, of the Brussels Natural History museum, is convinced that the waters in the interior of central Africa once collected in a great lake, of which Stanley pool is the last remnant. GOOD ADVICE ABOUT EATING.

ors Smashing Old Time Superstition About Different Kinds of Food.

Some recent remarks by Dr. James Q. White, professor of dermatology in Harvard university, are directly in line with an article published only a few days ago in these columns on the subject of sensible eating. There is, of course, no subject concerning which people need information more than they do about eating, and there are very few subjects on which more ridiculous notions are extant. "One man's meat is another man's poison" is an old and true saying, yet a great majority of mankind have ideas of diet that are formed from the experience of other people, and these ideas are very commonly absurd. Dr. White disposes of some of these notions, by the authoritative utterance of a thorough scientist.

For example, he touches on the old wives' fable that butter in liberal quantities will cause children's faces to break out with "butter sores." He declares, what intelligent people have long known, that good butter uncooked is perfectly harmless food so far as the skin is concerned, and he might have gone much farther, for the limitation was unnecessary. He says, however, that the notion alluded to probably came from the fact that the use of impure butter in food otherwise indigestible may have disturbed the stomach and produced impure blood in some cases. It is more likely to have come from the efforts of parents of limited means to curb their children's indulgence in an expensive dainty. It is certain that much of the prejudice against candy came from this particular cause, though with candy, as with butter, the projudice is entirely justifiable in reference to adulterated and impure grades. Nothing is more common than to hear parents tell their children that eating candy will ruin their teeth, but it is most likely to be an utterance dictated by economy. At all events, no educated dentist will indores the statement.

The notion that buckwheat cakes and oatmeal are productive of skin diseases is also attacked and protty thoroughly domolished by Professor White, as well as that absurdity about tomatoes were producti

A Ballet Girl's Preparation.

The process of preparing a French ballet girl for her debut has been divulged by a lady who is a professor of the art of kalsomining, as it may be termed. The danseuse, who is about to faire son mastic, sits before her looking glass, and over face, arms, neck, shoulders and bosom she spreads a cost of liquid white, which dries and forms a sort of varnish. This first coat she greases with a little cold cream and perfumes it with a dash of poudre deris. Then she touches up her cheeks with vermilion, heightens the red of her lips with carmine, magnifies the contour of the eyes with kohl, paints her eyebrows with Indian ink, picks out a few veins, and the mastic is complete. This operation requires at least half an hour. Next the dancer draws on her silk tights, and next she dons her underskirt; then follows the corrage, the five or ten gauze skirts, or whatever more or less succinct costume may be worn; and finally the bracelets, carrings, and miscellaneous jewelry which these young ladies will insist on wearing. A Ballet Girl's Preparation.

may be worn; and finally the bracelets, earrings, and miscellaneous jewelry which these young ladies will insist on wearing. Thus equipped she bounces on to the stage, smiling, fresh and gay, and flitting with easy grace through her pas, applauded by the admiring audience. But the moment that her back is turned to the public the smile vanishes, her face becomes scrious, her features are grimacing and drawn with fatigue, and as she passes us we see that she is panting for breath and bathed in perspiration. And by the time she has finished dancing she will be so worn out that she will scarcely have strength enough left to crawl upstairs to her dressing room, where she will need to be rubbed down and tended like an overtaxed racehorse.—Home Journal.

Whistling Jugs of Peru.

Whistling Jugs of Peru.

The silvadors or musical jugs found among the burial places of Peru are most ingenious specimens of handiwork. A silvio in the William S. Vaux collection of Philadelphia consists of two vases, whose bodies are joined one to the other with a hole or opening between them. The neck of one of these vases is closed, with the exception of a small opening in which a clay pipe is inserted leading to the body of a whistle. When a liquid is poured into the open necked vase, the air is compressed in the other, and, escaping through the narrow opening, is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing sounds.

sounds.

Many of these sounds represent the notes of birds; one in the Clay collection of Philadelphia imitates the notes of the robin or some other member of the thrush tribe peculiar to Peru. The closed neck of this double vase is modeled into a representation of a bird's head, which is thrushlike in character. Another water vase in the same collection representing a llama, imitates the disgusting habit which this animal possesses of ejecting its saliva when enraged. The hissing sound which accompanies this action is admirably imitated. A black tube of earthen ware, ornamented with a grotesque head in low relief, to which short arms are attached, pressing a three tubed syrinx to tached, pressing a three tubed syrinx to its lips (Clay collection), deserves especial mention, as it suggests the evolution of this instrument from a single tube to more complicated forms.—Swiss Cross.

Far Ahead of Darwin. A Chicago man is lecturing on a theory of evolution that annihilates Darwin. He believes that man is a development from plants through the brute kind. The Chinaman, he says, sprang from an alligator, the alligator from a pine log and the pine from electricity in the earth. The negro came from the gorilla, the English-man from the buildog, the Irishman from the terrier and the German from the goose.—New York Evening World.

Production of Artificial Species. Though it is not certainly known that new species of animals or plants have been produced artificially, everybody is aware that, by means of intelligent selection, remarkable changes have been sought and accomplished for man's profit and accomplished. sought and accomplished for man's profit and pleasure. Fruits have been improved in size and quality, flowers in beauty, and animals in flesh and other products and in physical endowments.

Mr. Charles Morris now urges that such experiments in variation be made for the benefit of science ballaying that results.

experiments in variation be made for the benefit of science, believing that results not yet dreamed of might be obtained, and the problems of the origin of species and the limits of animal intellect be brought nearer solution. When such ex-traordinary results have been produced by chance methods of selection of super-ficial traits so far practiced, the adoption of scientific methods and the selection of more significant characteristics would more significant characteristics would very likely yield varieties of the utmost interest and value to science.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Almost Absolute Alcohol. If gelatine be suspended in ordinary alcohol it will absorb the water, but as it is insoluble in alcohol, that substance will remain behind, and thus nearly absolute alcohol may be obtained without distilla-tion.—Frank Leslie's.

A Horrible Inheritance

The transmission of the fearful effects of contagious blood poison is certainly the most burdthe inheritance which any man can leave to his innocent posterity. The curse contained in the Scriptural declaration: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," can be certainly mitigated, and in the majority of cases, prevented, by the use of the antidote to the contagious blood poison which Nature herself furnishes, and which is to be found in its native purity and infailible efficacy in the remety known all ever the world as Swift's Specific - commonly called "S. S. S." As illustrative of this fact we give the following evidence—they are test cases, taken at random from hundreds of others of similar character:

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Prof. Edwin Baar, 2M E. Twenty-second street, New York, writes: Swift's Specific cured me of a fearful case of Blood Poison. Dr. B. F. Wingfield, of the Boldier's Home, Richmond, Va., writes: Swift's Specific cured me of a severe case of Blood Polson.

D. W. K. Briggs, Brooklyn, N. Y. I was a perfect wreck from Blood Polson. Specific restored health and hope, and I am well to-

suffered a long time with Blood Poison. I tried Swift's Specific and am now a perfectly N. Y. writes: It is the best blood remedy on earth. I cured myself with it. I recommended it to a friend of mine, a well know business

C. W. Langhill, Savannah, Ga.: I have

man, and it made him well.

Mr. F. I. Stanton, editor of the Smithville,
Ga., News, writes that a friend of his was
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and that leve bottles of S. S. effected a
complete cure. He tried every other remedy
in valu.

and that swo boltles of S. S. S. effected a complete cure. He tried every other remedy in valu.

Mr. J. R. Kellogg, Stamford, Conn., writes, December 16, 187; Your B. B. S. is doing for me what ought to have been done long ago, the said one me more good in one week than all the medicinea! have ever taken. Would I had gotten it before! But "all's well that ends well." It will make a new man of me, and I thank God that I have found it at last!

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H. PSECY ALDEM,
EIW. G. PEREMAN,
Altorneys for H.W. Coleman's Mair