A GORGEOUS PARADE.

IT WILL BE A GREAT FEATURE OF CINCINNATI'S EXPOSITION,

And It Will Take Place on the 4th Day of July—Some of Its Features Pictured and Described—Something About the Exposition Itself.

CINCINNATI is leaving nothing undone to make her coming centennial exposition a brilliant success, and the preliminary parade on the morning of Independence day will doubtless be the finest ever exhibited in the United States in the line of historic and descriptive "barges." Mr. James P. Love, superintendent of the parade, began by issuing a general invitation to the large firms of the city, and so many of them have prepared "barges" that, with the thirty illustrating the state's and city's history, the whole will present a complete panorama of development and industrial progress for a hundred years.

Some of the historic "barges" are prepared with an elaboration of art and nice attention to details that make them startlingly realistic. First to the spectators will be shown the wooded wilderness of Ohio and the aborigines in council, then the entrance of the pioneer, the log cabin, the early struggles with nature, wild

FORT WASHINGTON.

beasts and wild men, including the awful scene of the torture of Col. Crawford by the savages under command of Capt. Pipe, the renegade Simon Girtz and other chiefs. A fine view of Fort Washington, and another of the Indians attacking a flatboat on its passage down the Ohio, will complete the picture of early pioneer days.

The following scenes will be more peaceful and agreeable. There will be a reproduction of the barge boat in which Gen. George Rogers Clarke set out to capture Vincennes, another of the flag ship Lawrence just after the battle of Lake Erie, and others of early events about Cincinnati and at various places in Ohio. Of course the celebrated treaty of Greenville, by which Gen. Anthony Wayne obtained the title to so much of the west, is a conspicuous fact in the "barge" reproductions. That treaty is the main reason why the early history of eastern Indiana is not so eventful as that of Ohio; but when civilization had rolled on to the Wabash and a new generation of Indians had come to the front, Indiana's heroic age ensued. It is not the least interesting of the points in the history of the west that a Franco-Miami civilization of a certain sort began on the Wabash before a word of English was heard west of the Scioto; yet the warring age of Ohio precedes that of Indiana some thirty years, the interval separating Gerty, Bigfoot, Capt. Pipe and Topenabee from Elkswatana, La Farine, Killbuck and Tecumseh. Of coure, the neighboring states will not figure materially in the parade, but they will be well represented at the exposition.

It is a fact worth noting (in view of present political conditions) that the Wabash valley was saved to the whites by two desperate battles, and the two American commanders in each became presidents. Col. Zachary Taylor held Fort Harrison against La Farine and his allied Indians, and Gen. William Henry Harrison broke the Shawnee confederacy at Tippecanoe. One handsome "barge" in the parade will represent the early fur trade on the Wabash, another the "double log cabin" of the middle era of that state's history, and other various suggestive scenes.

INDIANS ATTACKING A FLATBOAT.

Of the regular exposition also the historical features will be interesting, though secondary to the general display. A hundred thousand dollars worth of elegant pictures are already in place, and nearly $400,000 worth more are promised. There are eighteen miles of aisles in the buildings, and all the surroundings are on the same imperial scale. These figures alone would prove that Ohio is determined to do her whole duty in illustrating the century's growth of the west.

The Boston Girl's Foot.

"How about the feet of the women?" asked the reporter of the shoe dealer.

"Growing smaller, too. We used to sell fours and fives, now we sell threes and fours, I think the average is about four. I know of at least a dozen good sized women who wear number twos. It takes less leather to clothe the Boston foot today than it did ten or twenty years ago."

"How about corns?"

"No more plenty now than years ago. The Boston foot is of good shape and perfect in every respect. It can walk as well and dance as sprightly as ever and looks much better. The superfluous flesh and bone has been eliminated and all the usefulness still retained."—Boston Globe.

Reconstructing the Bastile.

The Parisians have just been treated to the spectacle of the restoration of a whole quarter of the old Paris of a century ago—the quarter out of which the revolution and the new ideas which govern modern France sprang, the quarter of the Faubourg St. Antoine and that somber fortress and last stronghold of French absolute monarchy—the Bastile. This is part of an elaborate series of reconstructions which will be one of the features of the great exhibition of 1889; it being proposed to construct on both sides of the Seine, from a point nearly opposite the Palais de l'Industrie, and extending all the way down to the Champs de Mars and the Trocadero, sections of old Paris as well as specimens of the architecture, palatial and private, of different nations. The main entrance to the exhibition is expected to be on the Champs Elysees, through the great doors of the Palais de l'Industrie—a joyful announcement to the foreigners with memories of previous exhibitions, waiting for cabs and horse cars. The present exhibition of the Bastile and the Faubourg St. Antoine was doubtless suggested by the success which attended the great London exhibition at Kensington during the two exhibitions of last year and the previous year.—New York Evening Post.

REV. ADOLPH STOECKER.

He Is Emperor William's Chaplain and a Man of Strong Prejudices.

William II, the new emperor of Germany, very frankly stated when a youth that he hated Jews, Englishmen and peace men, and had no particular liking for Frenchmen or Russians. And so he starts off as ruler by making an intimate and adviser of the Rev. Adolph Stoecker, who was detested by the late emperor and is yet by his wife, and who is noted, if not notorious, for his hatred of all of the race of Israel. He was made court chaplain by the influence of Bismarck, and obtained some standing with the old Emperor William, but was restrained by the powerful opposition of the then crown prince and princess. Now that the former is dead and the latter but empress dowager, her son exalts Stoecker and indorses his ideas about Israelites.

REV. ADOLPH STOECKER

This cleric, who has suddenly attained an influence almost equal to that of Richelieu or Mazarin in former and more superstitious ages, was born in 1840 in southern Germany, and had to do hard farm work in boyhood. The small landowners being largely in debt to the Hebrew money lenders, he conceived a hatred for the latter, which has grown till it includes the whole Hebrew race. He was so bent on gaining an education that he walked all the 350 miles to Berlin, and supported himself while studying by the severest toil. He took a full theological course, became a priest and teacher, established a girls' school in Metz, and obtained such a reputation that Bismarck promoted him, and finally made him court preacher. Since that promotion his preaching against the Jews has made him notorious throughout Europe.

He says in a weekly religious paper he edits that the Jews own Hungary, have a big mortgage on Austria and are fast gaining financial control of Germany; that almost every official and large landowner is in debt to them, and that radical and comprehensive measures are called for at once. He does not exactly advise a general spoliation or expulsion of the Jews, but his utterances point that way. He is very popular, and is exciting the people against the Jews. In other respects he is understood to be quite liberal, advocating the advancement of women and the adoption of American methods in society and government.

SIOUX CITY CORN PALACE.

A Typical Summer Festival of the Great Northwest.

Here is a picture of the Sioux City Corn palace, to be opened on the coming 24th of September. A handsome corn palace was erected last year which was pronounced a great curiosity. Encouraged by their success in that enterprise its projectors determined to outdo their work of 1887 in 1888. Everybody has heard of the ice palaces of Montreal, and how the Canadians have supplemented each one of these ice king residences by one more beautiful. The Iowans are following in the footsteps of the Canadians by erecting palaces for King Corn, and if they go on as they have begun will at last have a building as large as a Chicago elevator and as beautiful and imposing as Windsor castle.

CORN PALACE, 1888.

[Copyrighted by Sioux City Corn Palace Exposition Company.]

The corn palace of 1888 will be open to the public from Sept. 24 to Oct. 6. Excursion rates will be made on all railroads of the United States, Canada and the South American republics, which will give thousands an opportunity to visit Sioux City and its wonderful curiosity. In Atlanta, Ga., they celebrate King Cotton, in New England King Calico, but the wonders of his majesty King Corn as they will be displayed in his abode at Sioux City will doubtless surpass all the royal jubilees that have been held in America since her fair forests and grainlands were rescued from the red man

Hot Weather and Insanity.

It is now pretty well understood that a hot spell of weather throws people off their balance. They become depressed and morbid. Their nerves are torn to tatters, and many men and women exhibit some of the worst symptoms of mental derangement. Under these conditions our most horrible crimes of violence occur every year. Ordinary crimes, requiring deliberation, generally occur during the winter. Insane and impulsive and utterly unaccountable deeds may always be looked for in the summer when the thermometer is well up in the nineties.

Perhaps there is no remedy. Something, however, can be done. People must be made to understand that the summer is no time for excesses, exposure or over work. It is dangerous. The police, too, should everywhere be instructed that this is the season for extra watchfulness on their part. This is about all that can be done, and when we add that it is everybody's duty to keep as cool as possible, nothing more remains to be said.—Atlanta Constitution.

Advice to Young Writers.

Nature is free to all. Use your eyes, man. Pluck a buttercup from its stem. There is no charge. You are not stealing. Study it. Observe, observe. Use your ears. Use all your five senses, and then let the impressions play upon your brain, till the true image of nature comes out. Then wait. Don't rush into print. Do not try to force the process. Take the time that is always necessary for perfection. The artist who paints a life like picture must have used his five senses. Why shouldn't a man who writes a book do likewise? Many do; but many, who do not, fail simply because they have not studied nature, have no communion with her, and, therefore, have nothing to tell. —E. F. Burns in The Writer.

Understudying Her Sister's Role.

"What are you doing now?" said one actress to a pert soubrette whom she met in a dramatic agency.

"Well, I am understudying my sister's role as a sweetheart," was the half serious, half jocular reply. "You see, Nell is engaged to a rich dude, but she doesn't like him at all, and thinks of throwing up the role of a betrothed wife. In the meantime I am making myself solid with the fellow, so that if sister gives up I shall be ready to step into the part, letter perfect, and with all the business down fine."—New York Sun.

The Tender First Locomotive.

The abolishment of the tender first locomotive is needed. Neither man nor beast has half a chance for life when hit by the perpendicular wall of the "tender." The victim is simply struck down where he stands and ground by the cruel wheels. Struck by the sloping bars of the "pilot" he may get off with a broken leg, or arm, or fractured ribs—but at least he is thrown out of the way of the modern Juggernaut, and does not have to be gathered up in buckets and shovels.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

IN NEW MEXICO.

A PICTURESQUE FEATURE OF SOUTHWESTERN SHEEP RAISING.

Shearing the Flock on a Sheep Ranch—A Dense Mass of Huddled Wool—An Expert Shearer at Work—Fatiguing Labor.

Lambing time being safely past, the spring shearing follows at once. The Navajos shear but once a year, but nearly all other sheep owners twice—in May and September. The shearing is the most picturesque feature of southwestern sheep raising. It would fairly paralyze an eastern wool grower, whose men lay their subjects on a table and shear thirty to forty head a day per man, to watch the operation in New Mexico. It is lightning thrice lubricated. Each man shears from 75 to 150 head a day, and it is of record that in a contest a single man has sheared over 200 sheep between sunrise and sunset. The shearing point is chosen usually as near the railroad as possible, to save cartage, it being much cheaper and easier to transport wool on the hoof than in the sack. A corral about 10 feet high is built of railroad ties or cedar posts; the army of shearers comes trudging in from all quarters of the compass—Mexicans, Pueblos and a few Navajos; the first flock is brought down from the hills, and the fun commences. With shouts and carajoes and flying sticks, the flock is turned in toward the corral, the little band of goats serving as an advance guard and pilot. Fat, rotund and woolly, they jam into the corral, from which they are to emerge in a few hours the shorn and shabby shadow of their former selves, and likely patched with many a crimson nick. Within the inclosure are from fifty to eighty shearers, each with his own particular station at the inside of the fence. And now the 2,500 sheep are in, the gap is closed and the ball opens.

Three-quarters of the area of the corral is one dense mass of huddled wool. It seems impossible that living creatures can be packed so tight. A rat tossed upon their backs would have to run on wool to the other side of the corral before he could reach the ground. Unable to move more than their heads, with inglorious unanimity of tail turned toward the common foe, trembling and breathless, the timid creatures await their fate. There is a grand rush of the shearers. Each man grabs a sheep by the hind legs or by the wool—if he be ambitious he takes one in each hand—and runs to his place dragging his reluctant victim backward behind him. Then he throws the sheep upon its side, gathers its four little feet into a bunch and ties them with a soft, coarse cord or thong. Then he is rushed back to the bunch for more, and so on until he has as big a row of captives as he can lay out without crowding his neighbors on either hand. Then, grasping a bunch of legs in his left hand and the keen sheep shears in his right, he wades in. It is a pretty sight to see an expert shearer at work. With lightning rapidity and marvelous dexterity he drives the heavy shears down through the dense and matted wool, rolling it down from the sides as if it were a solid fabric which one might pick up entire; sliding the razor like blades unhesitatingly over the angles and into the hollows, hidden by their thick coat, but seldom nicking the skin. The current wages for shearers are two cents per head for common sheep, three cents for improved sheep, and board. A good shearer, therefore, makes good money for this country, as he will shear 125 sheep a day.

Slowly around the corral paces the scorer. In his right hand is a pencil; in his left is a piece of cardboard, with numbers from one up to the aggregate of the shearers running down its left hand edge, and each number commanding a line of its own across the card. Every few seconds comes a cry from some part of the corral. "Viente-uno!" "Cuarante-seis!" "Numero cinco!" as the case may be, each yell delivered with that emphatic unction which seems indigenous here. Each man receives a number at the commencement of the shearing season, and it serves him as a name until its close. The yell, therefore, means merely that Jesus Romero—temporarily dubbed No. 21—has finished shearing a sheep, and the scorer tallies one to his credit accordingly.

Sawing wood—an occupation which in the east has some notoriety as a spine sprainer—is a simple nap as compared to the New Mexican fashion of sheep shearing, which is, perhaps, the most fatiguing work in the world. The sheep is on the ground, the shearer is on his feet, bent till his hands are within three inches to a foot from the ground, and in this attitude working twelve hours, with half an hour's intermission for dinner.

In an incredibly short time the shearer has done with his six or eight first victims and unties them all. They go skipping back to their companions, looking and possibly feeling something like a boy whose clothes have been stolen while he was swimming. It is a pretty safe proposition that the world doesn't contain a sorrier, forlorner specimen than a shorn sheep. And at our New Mexican altitudes—from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea level—the dwindled wool wearers are doubtless anxious for that proverbial tempering of the wind.

Having sharpened his shears on a flat sandstone, the shearer collars another batch of recalcitrant victims and goes on with his breakback job. Meanwhile a stunted laborer gathers up the fleeces in a big piece of burlap and carries his bundle to the corral. Here, upon four tall, strong posts, set firmly in the ground and framed in with boards at the top, hangs a huge burlap sack from whose neck project the head and shoulders of a man, who is busy tramping the wool down with his feet. His companion, perched upon the boards above, takes the fleeces from the gatherer and dumps them into the bag. When the sack is full it is sewed up and rolled aside, its place on the hooks being taken by an empty one. All day long two little peripatetic Mexicanos are trotting about inside the corral, armed with wisps of greasewood, with which they sweep into the corners each stray lock of wool, which would otherwise be lost.

Meanwhile the sacks have been weighed, and upon each has been marked its weight—averaging 225 pounds—with the initials or brand marks of the owner, and bloodier but equally important work has been going on a little way from the corral, at a stout post. The shearers must eat, and there is nothing so cheap as mutton. So while the multitudinous click of the shears fills the rare, bright air, two strapping fellows are busy all day killing and dressing fat wethers. Close by are the smouldering camp fires and greasy kettles of the men, who eat like sin.

When the sun sinks behind the long mesas the shears are instantly still and the men crowd to supper. A little later sees them rolled in their blankets upon the ground, snoring away their fatigue till peep o' day again renews the bustle. —New Mexico Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Victims of Misplaced Confidence.

People who visit the Wild West show naturally wonder why it is that the bucking horses, which cavort so beautifully when the cowboys mount them, never get broken of their vicious habits. Nate Saulsbury explains the matter. He says that these horses are simply devilish animals, spoiled in the breaking. When they are saddled and ridden now they resort to their old tricks of jumping and bucking. When the cowboy rider finds the animal under him beginning to weaken he jumps off. The vicious brute imagines that he has thrown his rider and goes off happy in his ignorance. Next time he is ready to go through the same performance. The animals are simply victims of misplaced confidence in their own athletic abilities.—New York World.

Miss Alcott's Hero Worship.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott, in a reminiscence of her childhood's days, says that she came across "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child" in Mr. Emerson's library when she was a youngster, and that she was immediately seized with a desire to be a second Bettina. She chose Emerson as her Goethe, and wrote letters to him which she never sent, and sang songs, which she hopes he never heard, under his window in bad German.—Harper's Bazar.

LENOX'S HANDSOME CHURCH.

It Is a Memorial Structure, and Cost $120,000.

Lenox, Mass., the favorite summer resort of many blue blooded families of New York and other eastern cities, has a handsome new place of worship, which is known as the Trinity Memorial church—memorial from the fact that it has been erected by a few individuals as a memorial to their deceased friends. Its cost was $120,000, and it is located on the main street directly across from the Lenox club house. The material of which the building was constructed is the local granite. The nave is 85 by 42 feet, the transept 35 by 36 feet; the tower is 20 feet square and 90 high, and the chancel is 30 feet wide. The facade has a gable rising 45 feet, and in the upper portion is a round window 10 feet in diameter, which is the gift of the Sunday school connected with the church. The effect of the whole is one of beauty and taste. The memorial window to the late President Arthur is in this church, and there is a memorial window in the south wall of the chancel, presented by Miss Kneeland and her sister, Mrs. Monroe, of New York, in memory of George Kneeland.

The chancel is a memorial gift of Miss Kneeland and her sister, Mrs. Monroe, of New York. It is divided from the nave by a round arch of stone, 22 feet wide and 26 feet high. The walls of the chancel have a wainscot of ash 6 feet high, and the ceiling is wholly of wood in the form of a barrel vault divided into a series of panels with molded cornice. The organ on the left of the chancel is the gift of Charles Lanier, of New York.

LENOX MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The tower is also a memorial gift from F. Augustus Schermerhorn and Helen S. Auchmuty, in memory of their brother, Henry A. Schermerhorn.

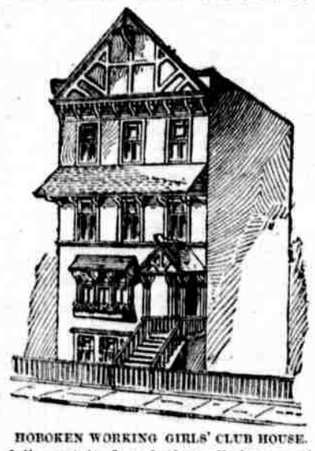
The bell in the bell deck of the tower is the gift of Mrs. Kuhn, of New York. Superb altar cloths have been presented by Miss Taintor, of Hartford, Conn. The church has been erected under the direction of Col. R. T. Auchmuty, of New York and Lenox, who gave about $20,000 towards its construction. The sale of the old church edifice and minor subscriptions amounted to about $30,000.

A COMMENDABLE INSTITUTION.

The Club for Working Girls Founded at Hoboken, N. J.

This is an age of clubs. Not only do men have clubs, but the club fever is extending to women. There is a class of clubs composing "The Association of Working Girls' Societies," which is calculated to give a great deal of comfort to a hard worked woman. There are now eighteen clubs in the association, whose members come from shops, offices, factories, and some from service. Each club has a name, which usually indicates the character of the employment of its members. Fifteen of these clubs are located in New York, Brooklyn, Yonkers, N. Y., and Hoboken, N. J. The remaining three are at Boston, Binghamton and Springfield, Mass.

One of these clubs—the Industrial Society of Hoboken, N. J.—has its own club house. It was built especially for the purpose and donated by Mrs. Storms, of Castle Point. It is of wood, four stories high. On the second floor there are large parlors, which can be divided or thrown into one by shutting or opening folding doors. The floors are carpeted, and there are tables covered with periodicals and newspapers. A piano is included in the furniture of the club, so there need be no lack of music. The windows are tastefully curtained and the walls hung with pictures. Besides these are vases and other ornaments. Mrs. Alexander is president of the club, and is very popular with the girls. Altogether it makes a charming place for the members to while away any leisure time they may have, and will doubtless have a refining and intellectual influence.



HOBOKEN WORKING GIRLS' CLUB HOUSE.

Gallantry in Central America.

Yucatan gentlemen higher in the social scale than John the Baptist are not less extravagant in their expressions of gallantry. In saluting ladies they still observe the Spanish form: "A los pies de usted" (at your feet), to which figure of speech the correct response is: "Beso a usted la mano" (I kiss the hand to you). In closing an ordinary letter of business or friendship everybody in this part of the world always adds B. S. M., meaning beso sus manos (I kiss your hands).

The Spanish-American, like his Latin brethren across the sea, talks quite as much with his hands and eyes as with his tongue, and shrugs his shoulders as frequently as a Frenchman. One of the very prettiest of the many gestures in general use here is called the beso soplado, throwing kisses by gathering the fingers of the right hand into a close group, touching the lips, and throwing them out like a fan, at the same time blowing in the hand as it is outstretched toward the person for whom the demonstration is intended, thus signifying that five kisses are given at once.—Philadelphia Record.

Charcoal Burners of Cuba.

During the first day of our excursion our quest was rewarded with nothing in the shape of deep wood sights or tenantry, though the very earth seemed filled with songs and calls of negritos, mayitos, cabreros, zorales, totises, chinchinguacos, solviros, pioreras, savaneros, canaries and mocking birds, which frequent the more open districts and plantation trees and hedges; but as we neared the denser forests, along towards nightfall, we came upon a little settlement of people well worth going a long distance to know.

These were the Cuban carboneros or charcoal burners. As all of the cooking and much of the manufacturing requiring heat in the Cuban cities are done with charcoal, charcoal burning provides a sort of a livelihood for a small and picturesque class, who fell timber and burn charcoal at will in the countless island forests. These carboneros comprise some queer people. Most of them are inoffensive and hospitable, but many are refugees from the late revolution, for the Spanish soldiery deem it wise not to disturb anybody in these almost inaccessible haunts. So, aside from insurgent refugees, in nearly every carbonero's camp will also be found, if you happen to be in company with those whose sympathies are with a certain flag which waved defiance to the hated Spanish fell and gold over the blood-swept fields of Camaguey, here and there a noted bandit who could never be taken from among his swarthy friends.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter in Philadelphia Times.

Advice to the Seasick.

The only advice we should venture to give would be to take counsel of your own good sense and quiet judgment; make those your prime ministers, and act up to the light they are ready to give. It will surely bring much discomfort and no help if the advice of any one who passes by is taken. In our own case, we always resist to the uttermost the lassitude that steals over one at the first symptoms of nausea. Fight the invader to the last. As long as there is power to sit up, we refuse to lie down; for although that position may restrain sickness and prevent vomiting, yet the strength gives out soon—at least, we find it so. Unless the nausea proceeds to excess, we doubt if it is wise to resist a remedy that in the end may prove far more beneficial than doctor's ipecac. If strength allows, and the system can resist cold, the deck is the best place, where fresh air may be always on hand. We make no effort to eat when sure the stomach will reject the first mouthful. We see no benefit in torturing one's self by the vain effort.

Anyhow, no matter, even if you feel very sick do not be cross and forlorn. It certainly cannot benefit yourself. On the contrary, it will increase your disgust with your own self and make all about you uncomfortable. Do not whine and draw the mouth into a grimace suggestive of a drug shop. As long as the breath will allow laugh, talk cheerfully and try to cheer others, and when that becomes quite impossible sit still and be patient. A few sweetwater grapes are cool and comforting to most patients as soon as it is possible to swallow anything, and by and by a bit of quail or chicken carefully broiled, seasoned with pepper and salt. No butter may be tolerated by the unruly stomach, when stronger food or gravies, soups and gruels will be rejected.

But not one of these suggestions may be accepted by many; therefore, each should be a law unto themselves. But be good natured anyhow. If you don't feel so act as if you did for a short time, and the genuine article will soon make its appearance.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

Words One May Not Use.

The Americans are accused of a profusion of epithets, of an ill expressed approbation. No one should say of a picture that it is "perfectly sweet." Sweetness (in spite of Matthew Arnold) is a word meant to express a sensation of the palate. Still less should we say of anything we enjoy at table, "I love it," "I love melons," "I love peaches," "I love grapes;" all these are schoolgirl mistakes; we love our friends and our country. Love is an emotion of the heart, and not a tickling of the palate; we may like and prefer melons, but we do not love them. All the senses have their appropriate language; some of them can be equally expressed by the same words. There are minor elegancies also to be observed in the words "take" and "eat." We do not say now "I take tea with Mrs. Montgomery, but "I drink tea." Beau Brummel once rebuked a lady for saying, "Take a dish of tea." He said: "Madam, a vulgar man can take liberties, but a gentleman drinks tea."

The English, however, who are very particular as to these minor rules, are very coarse in some of their expressions. They says such a person is a "horrid, nasty little pet," and "you stupid old darling" is a familiar term of endearment. They use many terms which we need not adopt. The use of the word "nasty" as a term of endearment and praise is a very false fashion. When our English friends use the word "nasty" as describing their own climate we can quite agree with them, but when they pervert it they outrage decency.—Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.

Beauty of the Coffee Plant.

Nothing can be more beautiful and interesting than studies of the annual blooming, budding, growth and ripening of coffee, and its gathering and preparation for the market. The leaves, which are ovate in form, are about four inches long. They set opposite each other in pairs and are dark green in color. Similar in texture to the mammee leaf, they have the waxen surface of the Indian laurel. The foliage is perennial. Shooting out from the bases of these pairs of leaves, after the manner of our cherry blooms, are seen the coffee blossoms, almost precisely like a diminutive tuberose, in clusters of three to six, snow white, and with an indescribably delicate, subtle and delicious odor. For two months in spring time a coffee plantation is simply one vast plain of white, a region of intoxicating odor, with the blue sky half shut from sight by myriads of honey seeking butterflies, humming birds and brilliant winged songsters, fluttering and circling in apparent ecstasy of revelry and delight. For nearly six months new blossoms come as the old ones disappear. Blossom and ripening berries are continuous. As the breezes snow the dying blossoms upon the ground tiny green buttons take their place. They change to a pale pink; then to a bright cherry; finally to a reddish purple. Then they are ripe and ready for gathering.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Cuba Letter.

MIND CURE.

Think health, and health will find you
As certain as the day,
And pain will lag behind you
And lose you on the way.

Think love, and love will meet you
And go where'er you go,
And fate can no more treat you
Like some malicious foe.

Think joy, and joy will hear you
For thoughts are always heard,
And it shall nestle near you
Like some contented bird.

Whate'er your sad condition—
Whate'er your woes or pains—
Bright thoughts shall bring fruition
As surely as God reigns.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York Mercury.

The Farmer Boy's Lore.

Bless the farmer boy! Under his slouched hat is ten times more wood lore than any of us possess. He can tell you as the warm spring days come where the pheasant is building her nest, how many eggs the quail had yesterday down in the tangled weeds in the old pasture lot; he cannot tell you the name, but he knows that brown bird with spotted breast sitting yonder. In the deep shadows of the woods it sings a sweet song that softly echoes among the great trees like the tinkling of silver bells, while he sits on the moss covered rock and listens until the shadows turn to darkness; down the old log road he hastens home to dream of the dark woods and green meadows, of the foaming waters that rush by the great rocks, of the deep, quiet pool, barred over with the shadows of the alders and where the trout hide away. Bless the farmer boy!—Forest and Stream.

A Plea for Peculiarities.

Oddity is, therefore, the designative or distinguishing element about men, and is to be avoided only as it is of the characterless, or the disagreeable sort. It is possible for a family trait to divide its quality. I know well two brothers, the one an eminent priest, a man of really magnificent power, the other a man of picayune infinitesimals. The first is a close fisted and really mean business man, but it is overlapped by his superb scholarship; the second has large scholarship, but it is overgrown by his impecuniosity. The family trait for generations has been precision in business affairs, with New England parsimony. Here it brings forth two brains very nearly equal in power, but only in one does the oddness show itself as undisguised meanness.

On the whole, I think there is nothing we may be so thankful for as peculiarities. If we are not so biased as to be helpless and unable to exercise rational control of our powers, no harm can come from having what our neighbors have not. But the most miserable of all persons is he who fears to be original—who dreads his neighbor's sarcasm and yet cannot avoid being unlike them.—M. Maurice, M. D.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

Impurities in the blood produce disease. Bodily and mental health depend upon a healthy condition of the blood. The blood, particularly in the spring and during the hot summer months, becomes clogged with impurities, which poison it and generate disease. A harmless blood purifier, without a particle of mineral poison in it, such as mercury or potash, is necessary to remove these impurities and to restore the healthy tone of mind and body. The best purifier and tonic known to the world is Swift's Specific (S.S.S.). In regard to its wonderful purifying and tonic powers we give a few testimonials as follows:

Mr. Wm. A. Siebold, with Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York, writes March 29th, 1888: "I feel it my duty, for the benefit of others who may be afflicted as I was, to write you this letter, which you can use as my testimony in any way you choose. I will answer any inquiry from others in relation to the facts herewith stated. In February last I suffered great pain and inconvenience from boils, all over my neck; I could not turn my head without acute pain and my blood was in poor condition. After trying all the usual remedies in such cases, and finding no relief, by the persuasion of Mr. J. W. Fears, Manager of your New York Office, I used one bottle S. S. S., and I improved rapidly and very soon I was entirely relieved of my "Job's Comforters." Now not a sign of my affliction can be seen. I feel strong and cheerful. S. S. S. is a fine tonic as proved in my case. I sleep soundly and my appetite is good.

Dr. J. N. Cheney, a well-known physician writes from Ellaville, Georgia: "I use S. S. S. in convalescent fever cases with the best results. It will, in my judgment, prevent summer dysentery, if one will take a few bottles in the spring, thus preparing the bowels for the strains of summer."

Mrs. Scott Liston, 116 Zane street (Island), Wheeling, West Virginia, writes: "Having used S. S. S. for the blood, I can safely say that it beats anything I have used to cleanse the blood and make a new being out of a person."

Mr. M. S. Hamlin, Winston, N. C., writes: "I use it every spring. It always builds me up, giving me appetite and digestion, and enabling me to stand the long, trying, enervating hot summer days. On using it I soon become strong of body and easy of mind."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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TRAVELERS GUIDE.

READING & COLUMBIA R. R.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains on, and after, SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1888.

NORTHWARD.

Leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Quarryville	6.40	9 15	2 35
King Street, Lanc.	7 20	12 25	3 40
Lancaster	7.40	12 43	3 [illegible]
Chickies	7.52	12 55	4.14
Marietta Junction	7.55	1 00	4 20
Columbia	7 59	12 00	5 00
Arrive at			
Reading	9.50	2 40	5.30

SOUTHWARD.

Leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Reading	7.20	11.50	6.10
Arrive at			
Marietta Junction	9.04	1.39	
Chickies	9 30	2 04	
Columbia	9 37	2.09	8 35
Lancaster	9.20	1.49	8 00
King Street, Lanc.	9 50	11.50/5.05	8.20
Quarryville	10.20	2.25	9 10

SUNDAY.

Leave
Quarryville at 7.10 a. m.
King Street, Lanc., at 8.05 a. m., and 5 15 p. m.
Arrive at
Reading, 10 10 a. m., and 6.55 p. m.
Leave
Reading, at 7.20 a. m., and 6 p. m.
Arrive at
King Street, Lanc., at 9.20 a. m., and 6.40 p. m
Quarryville, at 6.40 p. m.

Trains connect at Reading with trains to and from Philadelphia, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Allentown and New York, via. Bound Brook Route.

At Columbia, with trains to and from York Hanover, Gettysburg, Frederick and Baltimore.

At Marietta Junction with trains to and from Chickies.

At Manheim with trains to and from Lebanon.

At Lancaster Junction, with trains to and from Lancaster, Quarryville, and Chickies.

A. M. WILSON Superintendent.

LEBANON & LANCASTER JOINT LINE RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains on, and after, SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1888.

NORTHWARD.

Leave	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Sunday. A. M.	Sunday. P. M.
Quarryville			5 10		
King Street, Lanc.	7.00	12.35	5.54	8 05	3.05
Lancaster	7.07	12 43	6.02	8.12	4.04
Manheim	7 33	1.18	6 30	8.45	5.16
Cornwall	7.39	1 46	6.58	9.17	5.43
Arrive at					
Lebanon	8.11	1.58	7.10	9 32	5.56

SOUTHWARD.

Leave	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lebanon	7 12	12 30	7 30	7.55	3.45
Cornwall	7 27	12.45	7.46	8 10	4.00
Manheim	7.56	1,14	8 15	8.40	4.16
Lancaster	8 27	1 48	8 42	9.12	5 43
Arrive at					
King Street, Lanc.	8.35	1.56	8.50	9 20	5.56

A. M. WILSON, Supt. R. & C. Railroad.
S. S. NEFF, Supt. C. R. R.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHEDULE.—In effect from June 11 1888.

Trains LEAVE LANCASTER and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows:

WESTWARD.	Leave Philadelphia.	Leave Lancaster.
Pacific Express	11.50 p. m.	1.05 a. m.
News Express	4.30 a. m.	6.35 a. m.
Way Passenger	4.30 a. m.	6.20 a. m.
Mail train via Mt. Joy	7.00 a. m.	9.11 a. m.
No. 2 Mail Train	via Columbia	9.35 a. m.
Niagara Express	7.40 a. m.	9.50 a. m.
Hanover Accom.	via Columbia	3.55 p. m.
Fast Line	11.50 a. m.	3.00 p. m.
Frederick Accom.	via Columbia	2.10 p. m.
Lancaster Accom.	via Mt. Joy	2.50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom.	2.15 p. m.	5.20 p. m.
Columbia Accom.	4.40 p. m.	7.40 p. m.
Harrisburg Express	5.50 p. m.	7.50 p. m.
Western Express	9.50 p. m.	11.10 p. m.
EASTWARD.	Leave Lancaster	Arrive at Phila.
Phila. Express	2.20 a. m.	4.45 a. m.
Fast Line	8.05 a. m.	8.35 a. m.
Harrisburg Express	8.10 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
Lancaster Accom.	8.50 a. m.	via Mt Joy
Columbia Accom.	9.00 a. m.	11.45 a. m.
Atlantic Express	11.30 a. m.	1.25 p. m.
Seashore Express	12.55 p. m.	3.15 p. m.
Philadelphia Accom.	2.05 p. m.	5.00 p. m.
Sunday Mail	3.00 p. m.	5.05 p. m.
Day Express	4.45 p. m.	6.50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom.	6.45 p. m.	9.45 p. m.

The Lancaster Accommodation leaves Harrisburg at 8.10 p. m. and arrives at Lancaster at 9.5 p. m.

The