## ITS VACATION ENDED.

THE FIFTIETH CONGRESS GETS TO VORK ONCE MORE.

ow the Nation's Logislators Act on the ling Day-Scenes Around the Capiol-The Galleries of the House-The age Boys and Their Autograph Albums.



ington looks as though a carnival were in progress. The wide avenues, strangely silent usually, and not diafigured by the heavy wheels of lumbering truck or plebeian dray, are brightened by the gay dresses and splendid equipages of people, all tending toward the mighty pile on the grassy hill, glistening like a sail at seathe Capitol. The crowd around the Capitol is almost classic. The procession of people all going one way, swarming all the streets, and finally arriving at the many entrances to the Capitol (all the principal streets of Washington branch off from the Capitol) is a sight that can scarcely be seen in any other city in the United States. True, the people do not, as in ancient times, carry sacrifices to the gods, nor do they unite in a low chant of praise or thanksgiving. They are, on the contrary, very jolly, eminently good natured, not at all reverent in speaking of the statesmen they are on their way to see, and are palpably out for a holiday, for a good time. Many of the people are from the north—from New York, Boston, Detroit—and it is easy enough to distinguish them from native Washingtonians because of the rich, heavy furs displayed by the women, the heavy lusters by the men, which are altogether unnecessary in Washington in December. But those furs and those overcoats must be exhibited.

In the Capitol the crowd is tremendous.

In the Capitol the crowd is tremendous. The vast rotunda is densely packed; the hall of statuary is completely filled, and in every out of the way nook you will find groups of people taking things in. Even on the top of the massive dome, which rears its front against the sky several hundred feet, you will see people walking around surveying the thrilling prospect before them—the wide Potomac washing the docks of old Alexandria; the sleepy little village of Bladensburg, where was fought the battle between the Americans and British in 1814, and the scene of many a bloody duel in the early part of the century; the stupendous Washington monument, with the blue hills of Virginia as a background, and many another sight enchanting to the stranger in Washington for the first time.

The scene on the floor of the house is worth remembering. It is so active:

The scene on the floor of the house is worth remembering. It is so active; everybody seems to be in such feverish haste. If you have ever been in the stock exchanges of Chicago or New York you have some sort of idea of what the scene in the house of representatives, so far as the men are concerned, is like. But the surroundings in the house are so much more magnificent. In place of a bare floor there is a carpet into which your foot sinks half an inch; in place of panels the walls have rich paintings of historic personages; the vast hall is fresceed by the best artists of Europe; in place of a common plaster ceiling there is place of a common plaster ceiling there is an acre of glass, on which are painted the symbols of all the states, and through which, in the day time, a soft light falls on the heads of the members; at intervals of every twenty feet at the side there are large open grates, the burning logs making a cheery glow at the back of the hall. The galleries, with their sharply ascending tiers, the seats filled with all sorts of people—black and white, rich and poor, some dressed magnificently, others in tatters—form a picture almost incapable of being handled by the painter's brush. There are galleries for all classes. The diplomats have a gallery, there is a gallery for the congressmen's families, and galleries for both sexes. But by all odds the hand-



FLOWERS FOR HER FATHER somest gallery is the one provided for the newspaper men. They have gilded desks and chairs, every convenience for writing, and as their gallery is directly above the speaker's desk they have a full view of the whole proceedings, and can look into the faces of the legislators and sketch them with the greatest of comfort,

"The house will be in order!" The speaker is obliged to repeat the order several times, threaten, implore, beseech the house to come to order. It seems as though the members will never become quiet. At last the hum of story telling and greeting ceases, every one not a member is obliged to leave the floor, including the wives and daughters of the members themselves, the prayer is recited amid deep silence by the white haired chaplain, the roll is called, the speaker makes a neat little address and speaker makes a neat little address and the transaction of regular business is declared in order. Then the noise begins again, louder than before, and the speaker's tvory gavel falls again and again on his desk for silence without any effect whatever. It is always thus in the house, especially during the first few days of a session. After a while, however, the novelty of the thing wears off and the members, tired of talking, complacently sottle back in their chairs, put their feet on their desks, light their cigars and watch the curling rings of smoke ascend slowly upward and—think. Yes, it may slowly upward and—think. Yes, it may be said that they do sometimes think. They are occasionally roused from their reveries by the fearless page boys with autograph albums, seeking the names of all the members. These bright little of all the members. These bright little fellows, with fresh, rosy faces and knick-erbockers, make a good thing out of this autograph scheme. They sell the albums for fancy prices to collectors when they are filled. The congressmen dare not refuse the boys anything; the boys know too much, possess too deli-cate information about certain little notes, suppers, etc.

notes, suppers, etc. When not pressed with work congress usually adjourns about 4 o'clock. Then the crowd commences to clear out, and the galleries are deserted. But you will the galleries are deserted. But you will see men and women leaving the building until darkness creeps apace. Then the Capitol is quiet, ghostly. A few dim lights here and there in the corridors, but the rest shrouded in darkness. If the wind happens to slam one of the doors or rattle the windows at one end of the immense building the echo will gloomly resound at the other end, more than an resound at the other end, more than an eighth of a mile away. With the first gray streaks of morning the bronze doors are swung open—and the national grind soes morrily on.

It is proposed to erect a statue

ABOUT THE WESLEYS.

The Death of Charles, the Hymn Writer, Occurred 100 Years Ago. Occurred 100 Years Age.

The commemoration on Dec. 9 of the 100th anniversary of the last year of Charles Wesley, poet of Methodism, has brought out a number of reminiscences of the Wesley family not hitherto published. Everybody knows that Charles Wesley was a strange, impractical genius, but comparatively few know that he was the father of a family of remarkable musical genuises; that his son stood before kings; that his daughter was an able writer at the age of 15. All the original Wesleys were talented, and nearly all peculiar. Many were precocious in music and a few eccentric to the extreme of absurdity. It is scarcely possible for a self reliant American of the present day to comprehend what a helpless creature Charley Wesley was outside of his particular line, and how heavily he leaned on his more executive brother John.



BARAH WESLEY (at 80.) SARAH WESLEY. REV. CHARLES WESLEY.
SAMUEL WESLEY, CHARLES WESLEY, JR.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

SAMUEL WESLEY. CHARLES WESLEY, JR.

In lineage and succession the Wesleyan record is more curious still. John Wesley was one of nineteen children, and his mother was the youngest of twenty-five, and yet in a very few years the family was nearly extinct, and except the descendants of Charles Wesley, there is not a representative in name of the original rector of Epworth. But, though Charles was pronounced by his contemporaries the most impractical of men, he was practicality itself compared with his remarkable son Charles, whose mother and sister put on his clothes, tied his cravat, fixed his napkin under his chin at the table and otherwise treated him like a child as long as they lived. He was incapable of making the smallest bargain, and was as helpless after the death of his sister as an ordinary 10-year-old child; yet at the age of 18 months he drummed out a tune on the harpsichord, and at 18 years he performed before George III and his court in the hearing of the finest musicians of Europe, to loud and earnest applause. This remarkable musician died unmarried, as did his sister Sarah, but their remaining brother, Samuel, married and transmitted some of the ancestral talents to his posterity. He was the seventh child of Charles Wesley, and although not quite so precoclous as his brother Charles, could produce fairly good music at 5 years of age, and soon after could supply a true bass to any air. He played from his inner consciousness, But Methodists of Bristol viewed the natural gifts of these young Wesleys with anything but pleasure, and little by little there grew up a strained feeling between the two branches of the Wesley family, so much so that the children of one branch objected very strongly to all the religious proceedings of the other. But this Samuel Wesley, having more practical sense than his brother Charles, became a settled citizen and married Miss Charlotte Louisa Martin, daughter of the then demonstrator of anatomy in St. Thomas hospital in April, 1793, and yet he had s of the then demonstrator of anatomy in St. Thomas hospital in April, 1793, and yet he had so much of the family eccentricity that he lived with her two years before informing his mother that he had taken a partner. She died young, and he married again about 1810 and had several more children. about 1810 and had several more children. He acquired some means by the exercise of his talents, and on his death bed he said to his son: "Keep thy knowledge of Latin; remember the Wesleys were all gentlemen and scholars." Rev. Dr. Charles Wesley, sub-deacon of the Chapel Royal, and Dr. Samuel Sebastian, of Gloucester cathedral, were sons of this Samuel Wesley, and therefore grandsons of Charles, and their sons now in England are the only representatives by name of the once prolific Wesley family.

Charles Wesley, the poet, was born at Epworth rectory Dec. 18, 1708, and died in London March 29, 1788. He was edu-cated at Westminster school and at Oxford, and during all the early and middle part of his life pursued substantially the same career as his brother John, and was so closely associated with him that those familiar with the life of John are necessarily so with the life of John are necessarily so with that of Charles. His hymns and spiritual songs are literally household words in every country where the English language is spoken; but his personal eccentricities are, of course, much less known. Samuel, the older brother of John, left but one surviving child, a daughter. John married late in life and never became a father. Charles, having escaped fancy free till his 41st year, married Sarah Gwynne, then aged year, married Sarah Gwynne, then aged 21. She was unusually well educated for the days in which she lived, and had a sweet voice and good musical training. In 1752 their eldest son was born and named John. He surprised every one by humming tunes and beating time correctly when only 12 months old. He died soon after with the smallpox, and his mother, who had never been vaccinated, was so horribly disfigured by the disease that from being a noted beauty she became almost absolutely repugnant. In 1757 another son was born, the noted and musical Charles; then a daughter, Sarah. Their three subsequent children died in infancy. Mrs. Wesley was ac-customed to soothe her loneliness and amuse her babes by playing on the harp-sichord, and before little Charles could speak he showed his sense of complete-ness by taking her left hand and placing it on the instrument whenever she played the treble with her right hand alone. She soon found that when she tied him in a chair before the harp-sichord he could amuse himself, and at

three years of age he could play.
Of Charles Wesley, the poet, little need be said in addition, as his writings are his history. With his brother John he went as a minister to Georgia, and being unable to carry out their strict ideas of discipline, returned to Europe, After his marriage he confined his labors mostly to London and vicinity.

Snuff Dipping in Maine. Snuff dipping is on the increase at Lewiston. In fact the practice is growing quite the fashion. The devotees don't inhale it as did our grandfathers; they make what is called "a smear" with castile scap, and what not, and apply it delicately, voluptuously to the nostrils. A species of mild intoxication is said to result. Twenty-five pounds of snulf is one tobacconist's order for a week. It comes in ox bladders as big as your head and as solid as a Dutch cheese.— Lewiston Journal.

An Unprofitable Medicine.

"You will find this medicine just the thing for sickly children," said the drug-gist. "It's the finest tonic made, and will increase their appetite 50 per cent."
"If that's the case," replied the man,
"I don't want any of it. I have seven
children in the house and they can already eat more than I can give them."—
New York Sun.

It has been computed by a western statistician that the people of the United States spend more than \$1,500,000 every year for chewing gum.

Originality is the faculty of adapting an old lides to a new occasion, Squire

ISAIAH V. WILLIAMSON. His Noble Plan for the Education of Young

Mes.

Parsimony has become ennobled in the person of Mr. Isniah V. Williamson, who has given \$5,000,000, with the promise of \$7,000,000 more, to found a training school in Philadelphia. Mr. Williamson for many years seems to have lived only to make and to save money; but now, an octogenarian, he places his accumulations in the hands of trustees for a great and noble purpose. Within a few years the click of the hammer and the clatter of machinery will be heard within the walls of great buildings, from which hundreds or thousands of boys will emerge to make an honorable living.

Mr. Williamson was born in Bucks county near Philadelphia in 1803. He began his business career as a clerk in a country store, but soon went to the city to seek his fortune. He started in a small dry goods business and developed such a talent for trade that by the time he was 30 he had amassed a fortune of \$200,000. It is almost impossible in these days of colossal fortunes to understand the relative value of \$200,000 in 1833. Any man in America at that time who would have desired more would have been regarded as an unreasonable being. Mr. Williamson concluded that he had acquired sufficient means to keep him for the rest of his life, went out of business and started out to see the world. For two years he traveled in Europe as a

for the rest of his life, went out of business and started out to see the world. For two years he traveled in Europe as a man of fortune and lived a gay life.

Suddenly he made a complete change of front. He cut his gay friends, sold his luxurious effects and began a lonely, penurious life, which he has not changed in fifty years. A close, shrewd man, everything that he touched seemed to turn to money.

turn to money.
But it has been all money and none of the comforts and luxuuries that render money so desira-ble to many peo-ple. There has ple. There has been no wife, no chick, no home. It has been said that this is the result of an unfortunate love affair in early life,
but no one knows.
For years the
millionaire has
moved from one L. V. Wild

moved from one I. V. WILLIAMSON. boarding house to another with as much boarding house to another with as much frequency as one who has a chronio failure at paying board bills. He has blacked his own boots and walked in bad weather to save the expense of car fare; indeed, has never spent a cent for his own comfort that he could avoid.

Mr. Williamson's office is in a dingy room in the warehouse of the Williamstie Speed Cotton company in Raph street.

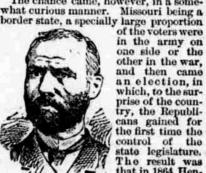
room in the warehouse of the Williman-tic Spool Cotton company, in Bank street, Philadelphia. In this unornamented place he conducts his business. He dis-likes to waste any time and will never see a caller when he can help it. While he has been practicing such rigid econ-omy he has given away \$1,500,000 in charity, and now that the end is so near— for at \$5 one cannot certainly expect charity, and now that the end is so near—for at 85 one cannot certainly expect to live much longer—he has begun to turn his vast savings into an institution which will make tens or hundreds of thousands of good citizens out of material that might otherwise, for the most part he wasted part, be wasted.

JOHN B. HENDERSON. It Is Expected He Will Be Prominent in

the Next Administration. the Next Administration.

John B. Henderson's prominence in the Republican party dates fully thirty years back, he having been one of the very few Republicans of any appreciable influence in the state of Missouri before the civil war. At that time, when the state was one of the strongest of the strongholds of the Democratic party, Gratz Brown, John B. Henderson and Carl Shurz were the recognized leaders of the small minority which represented the Republican party there. So far as political position went, however, this promi-

litical position went, however, this promi nence was before the war an idle distinc-tion, and there seemed no possible pros-pect of the minority ever succeeding to The chance came, however, in a some-



in the army on one side or the other in the war, and then came an election, in which, to the sur prise of the country, the Republicans gained for the first time the control of the state legislature. The result was that in 1864 Hen-

derson was sent to the United J. B. HENDERSON, States senate. His election was for six years, of course, and, as after the war the Democrats regained the control of Missouri, Senator Henderson was in power against the will of the majority of his own constituents. As a matter of course he served only a single term, but during that term he enjoyed a very con-siderable degree of influence with the administration at Washington by reason of his being a southern senator, and was able to secure a great many very import-ant appointments.

After that time ex-Senator Henderson's position, though he was strong in party councils, has been practically among the "outs," he not having a sufficiently strong following in his own state to carry it. In 1872 there was a chance, or seemed to be one, that he might come prominently to the front, for his nomination to the vice presidency was strongly urged by a certain contingency who be-lieved that with him for a leader it would be possible for the Republicans to save Missouri and Kansas. A powerful pressure was brought to bear in his favor in the convention, but it was not sufficient to counterbalance the claims of Massachusetts, and Henry Wilson was declared the nominee.

Even after that, though in the same campaign, there was some talk of push-ing Henderson to the front. The revolt from the Republican party, headed by Greeley, developed more apparent strength early in the campaign than it showed at the polls, and after Gratz Brown had been nominated by the Liberal Republicans and indorsed by the Democrats be was recreated as executed. Democrats, he was regarded as especially dangerous in the two states in which Henderson's strength lay. It was therefore proposed, and the proposition was gravely considered, to withdraw Wilson and substitute Henderson as the Republican can capilidate for second place. can candidate for second place. As is, or course, well known, other counsels prevailed, and Wilson got the place.

Royal "Tips." The custom of giving tips is of royal origin. It was soon adopted by the nobility, and then by persons who wished to travel in regal splendor. Tips were presumed to represent the kind of consideration due to persons in the lowest walks of life from those of noble birth or occupying exalted stations. The practice of giving them is entirely out of place in this country. Here every person is presumed to be equal in rank. We have no privileged class and no servile one. Nearly every one works for pay and receives wages for his labor. Demanding gratuities or showing resent-ment if they are not voluntarily given is an imposition or an insult.—Chicago

Philadelphia Quakers.

There is still a good supply of Quakers in Philadelphia, though a contrary impression prevails. Twenty-five years ago the same impression prevailed, but today the benches in the meeting houses are as full as then. The explanation is that after coqueting with worldly ways and fashions for a season the young generation of Friends undergo a reaction and gradually fall into the same ways and the same austero life, even to the plain garb of their grandfathers and trandmothers.—New York Telegram. Philadelphia Quakers.

THE SPECTRAL DOG

STRANGE STORY TOLD BY AN OLD RAILROAD FIREMAN.

A White Dog Running Side by Side with an Engine Going Sixty Miles an Hour. The Train Saved from What Might Have Been an Awful Wreck.

A' Tribune reporter was sitting on one of the seats on the Battery promenade recently when a well dressed woman passed leading by a strap a snow white Spitz dog. A man dressed in the rough garb of a laborer sat on the seat next to the reporter, smoking a short stammed cob pipe.

"Talking about strange things," said the laborer, nudging the news gatherer, "I never see a white dog but what it calls up a strange experience I had while firing on the Pennsylvania railroad ten years ago. I was in the cab with Tommy Burns, one of the best engineers in the company's service, and our run was be-

company's service, and our run was be-tween Jersey City and Philadelphia. We left Jersey City at 9 o'clock one Sat-urday evening, pulling a long train of passenger coaches and three Pullmans. The cars were all full and we had the right of way, making no stops except at Market street, Newark, and Trenton. We rolled along all right over the Hacken-sack meadows and after we left Newark we struck a sixty miles an hour pace, and watched the telegraph poles flash by till tilly looked like the teeth of a fine tooth BURNS SEES THE SPOOK DOG.

"We had struck the plain at Princeton Junction when Burns, who was looking out of the cab window, says to me:

"Look-a-here Jack! There is a white dog runnin' alongside what's been followin' us for five minutes and blamed if he ain't keepin' up to the injine. Look at him."

"I was shoveling coal in the furnace at the time and the heat was blistering my eye balls in their sockets. It took me some time after gazing out of the window before I could make out the dog. me some time after gazing out of the window before I could make out the dog. Finally I saw him skimming along like a swallow. Now in the glare from the window he could be plainly seen, then he would get out in the line of the darkness and we would lose sight of him. But he would be sure to show up again in a few minutes. Ditches, cuts and sharp bends, it was all the same, that white dog stuck beside the cab as steady as its shadow. Burns and I couldn't make it out. First we thought our eye-sight was deceiving us, for the awful heat from the furnace, the sharp wind or something else, or all of these things put together, is terribly trying on one's eyes who has to use them in an engine cab. The sight gets blurred and cloudy, and sometimes you see double, and sometimes you don't see half. Well, Burns and I thought at first we were fooled by our eyes and there couldn't be any dog. But mile after mile that white dog was alongside.

dog was alongside.

"'Jack,' says Burns all at once, 'this is more'n I kin stand. If our eyes ain't mussed up there's something wrong somewhere. I am agoin' to stop her.'

"Sure enough he stopped and we both got off the cab. The conductor came running up and wanted to know what in the blue blazes was the matter. We told h in about the white dog running alongside the engine, and we looked about to show him the blamed animal. But to our survive there was a destrict. about to show him the blamed animal. But to our surprise there was no dog to be seen, and hunt high and hunt low we could not find him. The conductor laughed at us, and Burns and I got aboard again thinking that after all our eyes might have fooled us. Burns pulled back the throttle and we started on slowly. There was a curving cut just ahead of us. Fifty yards from it, before the wheels had fairly begun to revolve good, the headlight flashing on the track before us showed us a rock that must have weighed two tons on our track. have weighed two tons on our track.
We stopped the engine with the cowcatcher not twelve inches from the stone, which, loosened by rains, had rolled down from the back. Had we not stopped on account of that white dog we would have struck it on full headway, and you can see what that and way, and you can see what that hould have meant. I got shaky soon after that and resigned, and the very mention of a white dog, much less the sight of one, brings that strange ride back to me.— New York Tribune.

Scientific Watch Stealing. A prison official relates the following A prison official relates the following story: "When speaking one day to a convict, a professional pickpocket, to whom I was giving a word or two of friendly counsel, I asked him why he could not turn over a new leaf and become an honest man. 'I could not, sir,' he replied, 'I must pick pockets. I would take your watch to-morrow if I met you in the strand; not,' he added, 'but what I'd give it back to you, for you've been very kind to me. Would you like to know how to prevent your watch being stolen?' kind to me. Would you like to know how to prevent your watch being stolen? he continued; 'just let me have it for a minute.' Curious to learn a useful hint, I was about to draw my watch from my pocket, when I found it was already in this expert's hands, without my experiencing the slightest touch. He then explained to me that the most approved method of detaching a watch from its owner was to hold the ring to which the chain was attached firmly between the finger and thumb, and then, with a sharp twist, snap the steel pivot connecting watch and ring, leaving the watch free in the thief's hand and the ring on the chain. 'A dead loss to us,' he added, with cool effrontery, 'of six shilling.' He then showed me that if the ring and watch were connected by a swivel joint, watch were connected by a swivel joint, the difficulty of watch stealing would be increased so much as to make it scarcely worth the risk."—London Standard,

A Palace Made of Salt.

The people of Salt Lake City are con-templating the erection of a great "salt palace." It would be a structure that would lay in the shade all the ice and corn palaces ever constructed. The main corn palaces ever constructed. The main part of the structure could be of the linest specimens of rock salt to be found in the quarries, chiseled, carved and ar-tistically arranged, while the interior fittings should be of crystallized work from the lake on a grand scale. Such a palace should be permanent if properly protected from the winter rains; it could be made of the most unique and striking be made of the most unique and striking style of architecture; it could be made one of the wonders of the world. When lighted by electricity the structure would have all the sparkle and diamond glitter of the great ice palaces, and with the difference in the salt palace's favor that heat would not melt or dim its glories in the least.—Virginia (Nevada) Enterprise.

How to Put on Gloves. A great deal depends on the first put-ting on of gloves. Have the hands per-fectly clean, dry and cool and never put

on new gloves while the hands are warm or damp. Where a person is troubled with moist hands it is well to powder them before trying on the gloves; but in most cases, if the hands are dry and cool, most cases, if the hands are dry and cool, this is not needed. First work on the fingers, keeping the thumb outside of the glove, and the wrist of the glove turned back. When the fingers are in smoothly put in the thumb and work the glove on very carefully, then placing the elhow on the knee, work on the hand. When this is done smooth down the wrist and button the second button first, then the third, and so on to the end. Then smooth down the whole glove and fasten the down the whole glove and fasten the first button. Fastening the first button first button. Fastening the first button last when putting on a glove for the first time makes a good deal of difference in the fit, although it may seem but a very little thing. It does not strain the part of a glove that is the easiest to the strain at first, and prevents the enlarging of the button hole, either of which is sure to take place if you begin at the first button to fasten the glove. When removing gloves never begin at the tips of the fingers to pull them off, but turn back the wrist and pull off carefully, which win, or course, necessitate their being wrong side out. Turn them right side out, turn the thumb in, smooth them lengthwise in as near as possible to the shape they would be in if on the hands, and place away with a strip of white canton fiannel between if the gloves are light, but if dark colored the fiannel may be omitted. Never roll gloves into each other in a wad, for they will never look so well after. There is always some moisture in them from the hands; consequently, when rolled up this moisture has no chance of drying, and must work into the gloves, making them has I and stiff and of very little use after, as far as looks or fit are concerned.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Ruiss of a City in Texas.

During the survey of the Kansas City, El Paso and Mexican railroad, the surveyors came across the ruins of the city of Gran Guivera, known already to the early Spanish explorers, but seldom visited by white men of the present day. These ruins at Gran Guivera are of gigantic stone buildings of magnificent proportions and built in a very substantial manner. One was four acres in extent. Every indication around the ruins was evidence of the existence here at one time of a dense population, although now it is forty miles from water. To the south lies the lava flow, called by the local population the Molpais. It is a sea of molten black glass, which has cooled, retaining its ragged and fantastically shaped waves from ten to twelve feet high. It is about forty miles long and from one to ten miles wide. For miles on all sides the country lies buried in fine white ashes, to a depth as yet not reached by any digging. No legend exists as to the destruction or abandonment of the ruined city, but one of the engineers of the surveying party advances the theory that Gran Guivera was in existence when the terrific volcanic eruption took place which so desolated and burned up the surrounding country. The secrets of the early civilization of prehistoric America elude our possession; yet that such a civilization existed, we have abundant proof. The many mysterious ruins in Central America may yet yield some information of the people who built and inhabited them, and perished, leaving no satisfactory memorial of their existence,—Demorest. Ruise of a City in Texas.

LEWIS E. PAYSON.

Will He Receive Something Good from Mr. Harrison?

Lewis E. Payson's prominence among the men who are likely to have great influence with the coming administration is not a matter of sudden growth. He has served in congress as the representative of the Ninth district of Illinois for a number of years having been selected.

has served in congress as the representative of the Ninth district of Illinois for a number of years, having been elected five times to the position. His first political preferment was bestowed upon him in 1868, when he was made county judge, principally on account of the fame he achieved in the conduct of a remarkable case in the courts. It was perhaps the greatest case he ever handled in all his practice, though that has been extensive, and in the course of it he won the reputation of being the leading jury lawyer in central Illinois.

The facts of the case were romantic. Some time in 1866 or 1867 there came from the east to one of the mining villages near Bloomington, Ills., a young couple who seemed ill assorted, but who evinced a devoted fondness for each other, and who settled down to make a home in what was to them a strange country. The husband had been a prize fighter, but although he was in the very prime of his vigor and strength, and the way seemed open to him to achieve such fame as prize fighters may win, he had left the ring and had promised his wife that he would fight no more. He sought and readily found employment in the mines, and being sober and industrious commanded good wages.

The woman whose influence had reformed him was beautiful, intelligent and refined, having come from a station in life far



ing come from a station in life far above his. What romance had led to their marriage was not told, but it was certain that she married him knowing what he was, but stipulating that he should fight no more. The no more. The husband kept his

promise, despite L. E. PAYSON. reputation had preceded him, and he was bantered and almost forced into fighting by some of the men in the mines who coveted the glory of thrashing him. He took their taunts patiently, however, and it soon became well understood that

He took their taunts patiently, however, and it soon became well understood that he was in earnest about his refusals. One man, however, the bully of the mines, determined to force him to an encounter, and insulted him in every way he could think of to arouse his anger. It was all in vain until one evening the young husband came home to find his wife turning the bully away from her door, and overheard the ruffian making a most brutal and vile remark to her.

Then he broke his promise. A fight was quickly arranged, and the husband said before entering the ring that he would die there rather than let his insulter go unpunished. As it proved, he did not die there, but the other man did. The husband was tried for murder, Payson defended him, and he was acquitted.

When Mr. Payson had been a judge for some time he was called upon by the Republicans of the state to accept other political positions, and it is said to be true that he was really forced to take the nomination for the place of state senator. He took it, however, and was elected and afterward sent to congress. In his first term in congress he was put upon the judiciary committee, a compliment rarely or never paid to a new member before.

The Late Mrs. Sherman. While Gen. Sherman and his family meet with a great loss in the death of Mrs. Sherman, which occurred recently at New York, the poor lose an able and tireless advocate. Mrs. Sherman was Ellen Boyle Ewing, the daughter of the Hen. Thereese New York and the Hen. Thereese New York and the Hen. Thereese New York and the New York an Ellen Boyle Ewing, the daughter of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, secretary of the interior under Zacháry! Taylor. Mr. Ewing had also adopted Gen. Sherman when he was a boy. The wedding between Miss Ewing and Capt. Sherman took place in Washington in 1850 in the presence of a large number of distinguished guests, including the president, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Thomas H. Benton. H. Benton.

The couple lived successively in California and in the south, and at the breaking out of the civil war were living in St. Louis, where Sherman had just accepted the presidency of a street railroad. During the period of his military service he left his family at Lancas-ter, O., with Mrs. Sherman's father. Mrs. Sherman

was a member of the Roman Catholie church, in which she devotd herself to mrs. sherman. charitable work. Pope Pius IX recognized her services and she was a trustee of "Peter's Pence"

Gen. Sherman himself is not a Roman Catholic, but his children were brought up in their mother's faith, the oldest son

being a priest.

Mrs. Sherman's remains were taken to
the Calvary cemetery at St. Louis for interment, where several children and Mrs. Anderson, of Portland, Ore.,

Mrs. Anderson, of Portland, Ore., is the right kind of a woman. She went out shopping the other day, and noticed that a young man was dogging her steps. Finally he made an attempt to grab her purse. Mrs. Anderson laid down her bundle, rolled up her sleeves, doubled her fists, and gave the fellow a mauling that he will remember for some time.



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COLUMNIA. R. G., July I., 1828—The revita specific Co., Atlanta, Oa.—Genriemen: I was a great suderer from muscular rheumatism for two years. I could get no permanent for two years. I could get no permanent for two years. I could get no permanent for any medicine presented by nor physician. I took over a dozen bottles of your 8 S. 8, and now I am as well as I ever was in my life. I am sure your medicine curved me, and I would recommend it to any one suffering from any blood disease. Yours trally,

Conductor C. & G. H. P.

WACO, TYVAZ, May 2, 1809—Gentlemen: The wife of one of my customers terribity afflicted with a loathnome skin disease, that conditions with a loathnome skin disease, that conditions which body. She was confined to but bed, which body. She was confined to but bed, which body. She was confined to but bed, which was a like in a condition of the she was a possible of the shi. The desartiching and stinging of the shi. The desartiching and single of the shi. The desartiching and she commenced to improve almost immediately, and in a few week she was apparently well, she is now a she was apparently well, she is now a she was an excitately and in a few week she was apparently well, she is now a she was a s

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Lebanon... 7.12 12 40 7.20 7.25

Cornwall... 7.27 12.85 7.46 8.10

Manheim... 7.38 1.56 8.15 8.40

Lancaster... 8.27 2.01 8.42 9.13

Arrive at 1.00 8.35 2.18 8.50 9.20

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TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA.

For Leading at 7.50 a m, 17.45 and 2.50 p m.

TRAINS LEAVE QUARKYVILLE.

For Lancaster at 6 40, 2.25 a m, and 2.50 and 5 68 p. m.

For Head'ng at 6 40, 2.25 a m, and 2.50 and 5 68 p. m.

For Leading at 2.50 and 5.08 p m.

LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster.)

For Reading at 7.50 a m, 12.50 and 3 40 p. m.

For Reading at 7.39 a m. 12.50 and 3 eep, m. For Lebanon et 7.60 a m. 12.50 and 5.54 p m. For Quarryville at 8.35, 0.30 a m. 8.60 and 8.20 LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster.) For Reading at 7.40 a m, 12.58 and 3.50 p m. For Lebanon at 7.67 a m 11.58 and 8.62 p m For Quarryville at 8.27, 8.20 a m, 201 and 2.00

TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON. For Vancaster at 7.12 a m, 12.80 and 7.30 p m. For Quarry ville at 7.12 a m and 1246 and 7.30

SUNDAY TRAINS. TRAINS LEAVE READING. or Lancaster at 7 20 a m and 3.10 p m. or Quarryville at 3.10 p m. TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE

For Lancaster, Lebanon and Reading at 7 H TRAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster. r Reading and Lebanon at 3.66 a m and 3 86

p m.
For Quarryville at 5.10 p m.
TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST. (Lancester.)
For Reading and Lebanon at 5.15 a m and
4 04 p m.
For Quarryville at 5.02 p m. For Quarryville at 5.02 p m.
TRAINS LEAVE LERANON,
For Larcaster at 7.55 a m and 2 45 p m.
For Quarryville at 3 45 pm.
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Lancaster Accom.
Harrisburg Accom.
Harrisburg Express
Western Express;
Western Express;
Lancaster,
Phila Express;
Via Columbia
1:50 a. m.
4:40 p. m.
4:50 EASTWARD,
Phila. Express:
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