is to Ope Bundred Years Old This Year, Will Soon Celebrate Its Centennry. sry of the Institution-Gen. Washing ton's Visit-Picturesque Georgetown.

Georgetown college is one hundred rears old. Its centenary will be cele-brated on Feb. 20. President Cleveland and his cabinet, Cardinal Gibbons and many prominent personages will be pres-at at the exercises. All the presidents of the United States have annually atided the commencement exercises at Georgetown college. Only once was this custom omitted. This was in the second year of President Hayes' term. One of the most interesting events in the history of the college occurred in 1797, when Gen. Washington visited the college. The general, wholly unattended, rode up to the entrance of the college grounds.



GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

He dismounted at the gate and hitched his horse to the fence and walked up to the door. He was enthusiastically welcomed by the students, who were assem-bled in the refectory. The name of Washington is a familiar one on the college rolls.

Augustin and Bushrod, sons of Judge Bushrod Washington and nephews of the general, entered in 1793. George W. ngton, son of the younger Bushrod, then residing at Mount Vernon, entered in 1830, and Henry, son of Lawrence Washington, of Westmoreland county, Va., in 1834.

Georgetown, D. C., the old town in the west suburb of which the college is situate, is one of the most quaint, drowsy, rickety, altogether age moldy places to be found in the United States. Although it has now grown to be a part of Washthe Washingtonians), there could be no greater difference in the character of the two places. Washington during the past ten years has assumed the appearance of a modern city. Everything bears the impress of the latter part of the Nine-teenth century. To go over one of the old wooden creek bridges from Washington to Georgetown is like stepping from the Nineteenth into the Seventeenth century. Many of the houses are of the pattern of two hundred years ago. The pumps on the street corners look like the pumps of old English cuts. Walk into any of the little graveyards, and you will see graves of men and women who died thirty years before George Washington was born. It is evident that Matthew Arnold never visited Georgetown when he said that America had no ruins. If he had walked around the outskirts pews in the village he would have seen grown yards, unhinged gates and caved in doors, which were the well kept abodes of men who lived and died before

> The various buildings of Georgetown college are situated upon a luxuriant hill, overlooking the smooth waters of the upper Potomac. It is a beautiful location, and the ample grounds sur-

this century was born.



THE OLD STAIRWAY.

rounding the college, through which run several limpid streams, are left in almost their natural condition. There are many noble trees on the grounds, the bark of which is well covered with the large, clumsy initials of boys who desired to perpetuate their names and pass into contemporaneous history through the edium of their pocket knives. On by yellow, sunken, inscription effaced istones, of the priests who have died since the institution was founded.

The college, which is made up of several buildings built at various times, most of them of different styles of architecture, loses none of its impressiveness from the rambling style of its construction. The finishing touches are now being put on a massive structure, which is 312 feet in length and connects two rows of buildings that formerly constituted the university.

It would be impossible in this limited space to give an account of the many old and interesting rooms of this great university. The observatory is one of the finest in the United States, and the library, which contains more than 30,000 volumes, is a very valuable one. Among them are many old and curious books and many precious manuscripts. There are 100 volumes printed between 1460 and 1520, one manuscript anterior to the year 1280, and three in the year 1400. In the center of the library stands a large oval table of mahogany which was brought from England by Lord Baltimore and used by him as a council table.

The great Jesuit, the Rev. John Carroll, who afterward became the first American Roman Catholic bishop, was

the founder of Georgetown college. Father Carroll belonged to the famous Carroll family with whose history the early history of Maryland is so closely interwoven. He was a cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. found a college in or near Maryland had long been Father Carroll's fondest wish, and at last, in 1789, in spite of all embarrassments, a substantial beginning was made, and he lived long enough to see the institution an established success.

The first president of Georgetown college was the Rev. Robert Plunkett, who entered upon his duties in October, 1751. and many priests whose names are prominently connected with the history of the Catholic church were, as young men tructors at Georgetown college.

The Rev. James Curley, of the Society us, whose name is inseparably conhas passed a great part of his life within its walls, is still living at the advanced age of 91, and is still a member of the community at Georgetown.

Rub the trakettle with kerosene and policy although Barnet chick

THE STORY OF LE CARON.

The Man Who Recently Made a Ser Before the Parnell Commis All other interests in the trial of the great case of Parnell and The London Times are temporarily suspended, and even the parliamentary wrangle over home rule for Ireland waits, while the world wonders about the latest witness who answers to the name of Le Caron. According to his own statement he began life as an Irish patriot, soon discovered there was nothing in it for him and entered the secret service of the British government, did much curious and mysterious work in France and the United States, and served with credit in the

Federal army during the American civil war. He swears positively, as the newspapers have already told in detail, that Mr. Parnell and many other Irish patri ots who now discourage violence, once aided the Fenians; that he, Le Caron, acted

with the Fenians in the United States, and took part in the invasion of Canada, and that the Parnellites secretly continue their incitements to crime and rebellion in Ireland, and that their public movement is only a cover for secret and dangerous designs against the British

inence are charged with complicity, and very naturally there is an eager desire among them to get at the complete record of Mr. Le Caron. John Boyle O'Reilly remembers meeting the man about the time the friends of Ireland held their noted meeting at Fancuil hall, Boston, but denounces all the witness' statements as to their being any secret meetings there, and calls attention to the significant fact that the Chicago convention, which Le Caron describes as a gathering of dynamiters, was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Betts, a leading Episcopal clergyman of St. Louis. Collector John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, emphasizes the fact that in America Irish political reformers of all shades of opinion act together, hence the presence at Chicago of a few Irishmen who advocate physical force in no way committed the parliamentary party to their views, as Le Caron claims. "The Irish national league of America," says Mr. Fitzgerald, is made up of all shades of politics, from the extremists to men who do not even believe in a separate parliament for Ireland.

and.

Careful inquiry in army records and circles shows that Le Caron served a year as a bugler, and later became a lieutenant in a colored regiment, but he never was a major or held any commission in the Army of the Potomac, as claimed on his cross-examination. For a few years he was "Dr. H. Le Caron," of Chicago, and was for a short time president of the State Pharmaceutical association, but developed a remarkable faculty for making enemies, and left there with the ill will of many other druggists. His title was gained as a druggist, and he did not practice as a physician. They say his real name is Beach, and that he acted as druggist only to acquire some standing among the Irish, Messrs. Patrick Egan and Alexander Sullivan deny all his statements in regard to them, adding that he sought their acquaintance in America but they did not encourage him. It appears, however, that he was graduated at the Detroit Medical college in

At one time he had some standing among the Irish of Cincinnati, was active in their organizations, and also in the Grand Army of the Republic, As his story comes out bit by bit, it appears that he was "on the inside" of queer doings in Paris; was a Fenian in Canada in 1865, and a hospital steward in Joliet, Ills., in 1866; an "organizer" of various kinds in 1870, and a Nationalist in 1884. but through it all the same cool, cautious, smooth spoken, secret service manin short, one of those mysterious characters developed in times of political convulsion, a man who lives in an atmosphere of intrigue. The Parnellites are confident of their ability to impeach his testimony, but he has given them a hard

A gentleman who used to know Le Caron well in Chicago says that he was popular with his social acquaintances. He has a very agreeable family.

A Beautiful Structure.

The Montreal ice carnival for 1889 is a thing of the past. Its ice palace was one of the handsomest-the people of Mon-



THE MONTREAL ICE PALACE. treal claim it exceeded all othersstructures ever built of frozen water. The cut here given cannot, of course, be said to present an adequate idea of it, but it represents its general lines of construction with fidelity.

HER ANSWER.

The question long had been upon my lips; I asked it, trembling to my finger tips; ishe did not falter, though her voice was low; The answer that she made was simply "No."

She did not look upon me with surprise; She did not from my glance avert her eyes; But in her cheeks I saw the roses glow, As she with gentle firmness answered "No." She used no trick or artifice with me: did not say a sister she would be.

And no confusion did the maiden shi As to my question the responded "No. What was my question, reader? Let me tell; fibe just had told me that she leved me well; I asked, "Will you e'er love another so?" And to this question 'twasshe answered 'No. -Boston Courier

Bread Unknown.

Bread is not the staff of life to many people of civilized nations, because they do not eat it. Baked loaves of bread are unknown in many parts of South Austria and of Italy, and throughout the agri cultural districts of Roumania. Not many miles from Vienna bread is never seen, its place being taken by storz, a kind of porridge made from ground beech nuts, which is taken at breakfast with fresh or curdled milk; at dinner with broth or fried lard, and with mill. again for supper. In the north of Italy the peasantry live chiefly on polenta, a porridge made of boiled maize. It is in very sense the Italian peasant's daily bread. The Roumanians cat a mama liga, made of maize and like the polenta except that the grains are not allowed to settle as in the Italian dish. Sterz is also known as heiden and takes the place of bread in Corinthia and many parts of the Tyrol. -Good Housekeeping.

Pausing on the highest point of the trail, we pecred fearfully down into the dimly lis gorge 300 feet below, from which there came to us faint sounds of life, the barking of dogs and a child's voice raised in shrill halloo. At this latter sound Bebe raised her small curly head from Duke's broad breast where it had rested during the last hour of the toilsome ascent. The great violet eyes flashed open and gazed down, vainly endeavoring to pierce "Why, there's a child down there, How

can a child live in the dark?" From our elevation we could see, through a cleft in the sierras, flaming streaks of purple and crimson and gold, and the sun, like s great ball of fire, sinking into the gleaming waters of the Pacific. Pressing on, we made the descent into "Inferno," as Duke styled it, as rapidly as was consistent with the dignity of our stolld little burros. At every step the shadows deepened and broadened till at last, when we were lifted from our saddles, we could but discern the straight, slim figure of the doctor, who had preceded us, and pressed close against his knee the shadowy outlines

of a sprite, a fay-clearly something uncanny-so small and frail it seemed. As the doctor advanced into the mellow beam of firelight which streamed welcomingly from the open kitchen door, the small shape flitted from him and was swallowed up in the darkness. He must have seen in Bebe's wondering eyes the question which she was to much awe struck to ask, for, as be lifted her up into the light, he said in his gentle, tired voice:

"That was little Bess. She and I are great friends."

There was a subtle magnetism in the inexpressible sadness which enshrouded this dark eyed, tender voiced man, that drew to him the involuntary love and trust of all helpless, friendless creatures. Young as he was a great shadow had fallen between him and the surlight, withering his affectious, blighting his ambition. When he left home to attend lectures in a distant city, he was accompanied by a dearly loved friend, one whom he hoped in the near future to call by the still dearer title of brother. This friend fell ill, and, though after weeks of suffering he gradually recovered his physical bealth his mental tone seemed to have been weakened. He became subject to fits of melancholy, and in one of these took his own life.

The doctor was with him, but noticed nothing unusual till the pistol shot rang through the room and the lifeless body fell with a dull, heavy thud to the floor. From that moment he was haunted by the berrible consciousness that if he had been more watchful the tragedy might have been prevented. The poor, half crazed sister of the dead boy refused to see or speak to him again. After an interval of despair he took up the broken thread of life again, piecing it together with the harsh, stern lines of duty in the place of golden inclination.

After bours of balmy, refreshing sleep we awoke to find the sun gilding only the topmost crags, which, like watch towers, frowned upon us from above the stupendous walls which on all sides shut in the gorge. A small river tumbled headlong down the rocks, chafing and fretting impotently at the buge bowlders obstructing its passage to the sea. Its banks were lined with aromatic bay which, gently stirred by the breeze, leaned over and tipped its rich green foliage into the clear water.

Our idle enjoyment of the scene was clouded by the apparition of small, scantily clad liesa, who dogged our footsteps and at last, when we paused, crouched at the doctor's feet, looking up into his face with the unsatisfied questioning of a dumb animal. He talked to her in his sympathetic, quiet way till the thin, grave lips unclosed, and the little creature told him all that she knew about herself and the unchildlike life that had been passed under the shadow of overhanging mountains. A sudden glow passed over the pallid face, the large eyes grew eager as she told of the one bright day of her life. "Mister Waller was er-coln' down an' he let me ride Juni ata, an' then he tuk me to er show."

The words tumbled over each other in her haste to tell of the wonders that she saw. When Bebe, finding that they have one subject in common, slipped down to a level with her, and exhibited great familiarity with the tricks and antics of the monkey, Bess' surprise flashed forth: "Was yer than, an' did yer see mo?" Being answered in the negative the won from compliant Bebe a promise to "look out" for her at the next show,

As the two young faces were unturned we could not fall to notice the contrast-the one so full of life and health, with shining hair, clear, beautiful eyes and blooming checks, seeming the very embodiment of sunlight; the other with pale, drawn features, thin lips set about with lines of care, straight, dull white hair and complexion of a chalky white, a fit child of Shadow.

When we climbed the mountain side to look over at a beautiful fall where drooping ferns and clinging lichens hid the rough walls of rock over which clear water dashed in silvery spray to loose itself in the dark pool beneath, the doctor burdened himself with Bess. Her rapture was intense, though she only said: "It is so pretty! I never saw it before." Afterwards she said to Bebe in a whisper: "I like that man. He takes me to places." From that hour she became his shadow, content to be unnoticed if she mirbt but be near him. On the morning of our departure the whole camp gathered about to bid us farewell, but Bess was missing.

Search was made in vain for some time and we were about to ride away, when she was discovered hidden in a clump of bushes erying as if her heart would break. The doc tor stooped and kissed the little white quiv ering face and whispered some words of consolation apparently, for a pale, wintry smile lit up the dull eyes. As we looked back before taking the turning, which hid the camp from view, we caught eight of the meager form, its thin dress fluttering in the wind, its tiny arms waving good-by. Poor little Bess! We passed away to the sunshine, leav-

ing her to the shadows and gloom. Over the purple mountains we journeyed once more, yielding to Bebe's whim that her bridal trip should be taken in the same company over the same paths which her childish feet had tred ten years before. The whole previous programme must be faithfully carried out, and as this included a visit to the "Devil's Gorge," its shadows closed about us again. It was difficult to recognize in the handsome, eager, impassioned bridegroom

the saddened, hopeless dector of the years of the past. His mourning had endured for more than a day, but it was impossible for any one exposed to the bright, joyous influence of Bebe to fail to recognize that "man was not made to mourn." His devotion to duty had met its reward, and now, at 35, he was not only one of the most distinguished surgeons of the day, but, as the husband of winsome Bebe, was, as he asserted, the hap-

plest man in the world. All day Bebe had been pretending to recall familiar landmarks, and as we gathered about the camp fire she suddenly exclaimed: "There was a child here! A small, pale child, just my age, and her name was Bess. I wonder what has become of her?" Out of the darkness there stepped the tall, lank figure of a girl. Advancing into the center of the group, she said laconically: "I'm Bess." Glad recognition met her from each member of the party, and I noticed that when her hand was clasped in that of the doctor a dull red flush passed over her face. She was unchanged, save that the ugliness of the type was intensified. After a few words she fell back from the light.

Guided by an enthusiastic young English man who had traveled around the world, we went to look at the "Moonlight Full." which

no deciared to be the most beautiful aght "eys ever beheld." Leaning over to feast my eyes upon the incomparable beauty of the scene, I was startled by hearing a quick, hurried breathing near me. Looking around I saw Bess standing on the verge of the cliff,

not looking at the waterfall, but gazing with a fixed intensity and expression at Bebe, slim and fairfin the radiant mornlight. How thappened no one ever knew, but with the suddenness of an electric shock we realized that Bobe was over the cliff, her

heavy traveling dress caught in the branches of a sturdy manzanita bush that had forced a footing for itself within a crevice of the rocky wall. Her husband had but just left her side, but ere he could reach the spot, like a flash Bess had lowered herself to a parrow ledge of rock, grasping with one hand a rough, sharp spur jutting out from the wall, with the other she raised Bebe's slight, lissome form to the arms outstretched to re-

Looking into the doctor's face with eyes transfigured with love she panted: "I saved her for you;" then relaxing her hold she fell with a crash into the dark abyss.

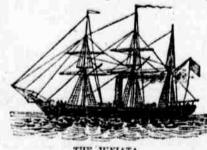
Later when the poor, bruised body was brought and laid in the little cabin, looking

through a mist of tears we saw the face glorifled and beautiful, and around the bead there seemed to shine the aureole of a saint. Thus she passed forever out of the shadows into the light of an eternal day.-New Orleans

THE LOG OF THE JUNIATA.

Experiences of a United States Ship

Nearly three years ago a United States corvette, the Juniata, steamed out of New York bay on a long prospective voyage. Two years and five months afterwards-in February of this yearhaving circumnavigated the globe, she returned to the harbor she had left so long ago. When she departed it was summer. The shores that line the "Narrows" were green, and the bay was alive with pleasure yachts and steamers car rying passengers in search of enjoymen and health to and from the ocean beaches Long Island and the New Jersey coast. When the corvette steamed back into the harbor the foliage had thrice fallen,



the trees were bare, and the hills o Staten Island were white with snow. And what is that looming up from Bed loe's Island, which, when she left, was comparatively bare? It is the great Statue of Liberty. Since her departure the great celebration of its inauguration has taken place and the statue has ceased to be a nine days' wonder, at least to New Yorkers, who see it every time they cross the Hudson river.

The Juniata cruised in tropical climates. She visited the Cape de Verde Islands, Brazil, Uruguay, Falkland Islands, Straits of Magellan, Smyth's channel, Chili, Peru, United States of Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Mexico, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Corea, Formosa, India, Ceylon, Arabia, Suez canal, Egypt, Italy, France, Roel of Gibraltar, Madeira and West India Islands.

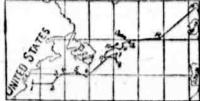
The mere statement that a ship has been around the world conveys little meaning. We do not grasp the adventures of the crew, the singular and varied appearance of foreign ports, the calms the storms, simooms, cyclones, hurricanes. The little vessel, slowly plying over the surface of oceans, above the ins and peaks which lie hidden below passes over a distance which on the equator, not counting the turns of the ship's course, is 24,000 miles. Mean while the planet on which this infinite speck is sailing, spinning on its axis, wings two and a half times round the sun, and has traversed a distance of

more than six hundred millions of miles. While between Hong Kong and Singapere, oil the Gulf of Tonquin, the Juniata encountered a typhoon, the dreaded hurricane of that region, and for twelve hours the crew toiled-tossed on the gigantic seas, the spray driven over the decks by the wind-to save their vessel from destruction. One by one the boats were swept away; the sailing launch, the gig. first cutter and second whale boat. fore storm staysail was torn to shreds and fluttered in the wind, cracking like an immense whip. For a time the crew began to suspect that they would never return to New York bay, but the Juniata weathered the hurricane, and early one morning she sailed into Singapore, aston ishing the natives by her battered and bruised appearance.

This is the Juniata's last trip. She was built in 1861, and has been in commission more than a quarter of a century. She is now out of date. She will soon either be sold under the hammer for some service of drudgery, or put her nose into one of the slips of Rotten Row, like an old horse of aristocratic pedigree whose master kindly permits him to in habit his stall rather than turn him over to the degrading service of some huckster.

SHE WAS A TERROR.

Referring to the Abandoned Schooner White, That Crossed the Ocean Unmanned. She was a terror to many a stout hearted ship's officer as long as she floated, was the sailorless schooner W. L. White. That is, after she was abandoned by her crew during the blizzard of March, 1888. She was freighted with lumber and so could not sink. She was abandoned a few miles off the mouth of Delaware bay, and her course was determined almost as much, perhaps, by the mainsail that, though double reefed, was set when she was deserted, as by the currents. The accompanying chart shows her course in a general way, though no one knows just how many twistings and windings she made during her trip, and it would be impossible to show in so small a space all that is known of her course. The angles in the course, as shown, indicate her location at the times she was sighted. Her final landing took place at Haskeir, one of the Hebrides Islands. Fortunately no vessel, so far as known, came in collision with the White, but had there been such a coming together there is little doubt that the re



THE COURSE OF THE WHITE, sult would have been sufficiently serious to merit the name of catastrophe. Such abandoned ships as the W. L. White, floating simless; upon the surface of the high seas, are called derelicts, and are a source of constant dread. The one in question made the longest sailorless voyage on record, and is the only one, so far as known, to have finally "come into port."

THE HUMAN VOICE.

DIFFICULTY IN DESCRIBING THEM ALL SATISFACTORILY.

Compared to the Stops of an Organ-The Glycerine and Sucking Dove Stops and Their Uses-Vocal Peculiarities of Professional Actors and Speakers.

The human voice is one of those ta talizing things which can never be adequately described, and yet which are constantly tempting people to describe them. The poets perspire in vain, and the novelists pant a long way after them. but nothing comes adequate to the sub-ject. Even the musical critics, whose use of language is marked by an audacity which the rest of the world trembles at, do not succeed. Nevertheless, there are a few remarks which may be modestly made on the outskirts of the subject.

COMPARED TO ORGAN STOPS. The human voice, in the first place, is not a simple instrument, but a very complicated organ, with a great variety of stops. You hear the glycerine stop, for instance, when a man is trying to sell a horse he "doesn't want to part with," or is persuading a friend to invest in the 500 Woe Mary Janes he "happens to have to spare." Then man has another very useful

stop, the sucking dove stop. When a man's wife had to sit up for him he meets her with the sucking dove stop full on; you would think as he comes along the passage, humming a psalm tune in it, that he had just descended from the company of an innocent band of scraphim. This stop is also made some little use of in business, though the majority of men have not sufficient face to play it successfully. Bold cabby very often has a try at it, when he assures the stranger in London, with tears in his eyes, that the proper fare is five and sixpence; and the skilled restaurant waiter turns it on when he assures the doubtful guest that the wine supplied is actually what is named on the list. There are also other varieties of masculine stop; such as the mad bull stop, which comes into play when the button's off again or the meat's underdone.

Ladjes' voices possess most of the mas culine stops and a few others besides. They, however, make a little different use of some of them. A lady, for instance, talks politics through the glycerine medium, and keeps the sledge hammer for her domestic affairs, and for training mankind in the way they should go. She never uses her sucking dove stop in matters of business, but keeps it exclusively for affairs of a tender nature. At the approach of any eligible man out comes this stop at once, and all she has to say to him has the seductive intonation of innocent candor. An exclusively feminine stop is the woodpecker, specially designed in those crises in the female economy known familiarly as being out of sorts." This stop gives a shrill, snappy timbre to the music of the lady's voice, which is much admired by the hearers, when they have acquired

Another feminine stop, and a peculiarly beautiful one, is the Minnehaha or laughing water stop. It is not every lady who has it in her organ, but when she has, and plays upon it, the hearer at once imagines himself under a green canopy by the side of a sparkling rill and if he is not careful he sits there and forgets his train. The Minnehaha is the queen of all stops, but, unfortunately has a terrible habit of changing into the woodpecker late in life.

PROFESSIONAL VOICES. The above remarks are inspired by ordinary private voices. A more extended view of the subject may be obtained from professional voices. The former play on one organ of many stops, but the latter have the run of a great variety of different instruments, natural and artificial. The stage, to which one looks for the ideal of what the spoken voice should be, supplies us with some charming examples. One especially beautiful stage voice is that usually described as "bird like." The bird voice is especially affected by the young and innocent dramatic maiden, whose pride is to remind you of all the sweet songsters of the grove in turn. While she is heart free, she hops in a cheerful manner round the scene, and emits little chirps, something

like a healthy sparrow devoid of care. When the inevitable young man make his appearance, she puts on the swallow and begins to twitter continuously; and when he arrives at his declaration she sinks into his arms with the true night. ingale gurgle and ends a pathetic scene with a cadence of "jug-jug-jug." Then when things get a little mixed and he is thought to be faithless and to have taken money from the till, she comes out strong as a "pee-wit," and shricks faintly over her blasted hopes, much as that plaintive bird does over a wormless moor. By and by there is a prospect of things coming right, and she drops the pee-wit for the canary.

When she gets a letter from him you hear sounds as though a canary were fondling a fresh root of groundsel, and when all is explained and he arrives with the marriage license by the 5 p. m. train, there is no more nightingale, and the curtain comes down on a final "jug." The well trained jeune premiere runs the gamut of the whole ornithological tribe, and the experienced playgoer can tell what the "situation" is from the bird she is representing, even though he is too poor to pay for a place where he can see anything.

In the public meeting you hear the turkey gobbling in explanation of the object of the gathering, the bray of the ass in moving the first resolution, and the duck quacking in support, while there follow the calf bleating an amendment, the cow lowing to "order," and the clucking of a multitude of hens carrying something simultaneously. It is of course, for the evolutionist to say why assemblages of speakers imitate so closely the voices of animals, but he should not overlook the fact.-London Standard

- Long Mining Tonnel. The longest mining tunnel in Montana has been begun at the Jay Gould, in Lewis and Clarke county. It is to be 4,300 feet long, extending directly into the mountain, and will involve an expenditure of \$50,000 and will require sixteen months for completion. being driven 500 feet below the lower level, or over 1,000 feet from the sur-When this work shall have been face. completed an upraise will be made to connect with the main workings, which at present comprise 3,000 feet of levels The Jay Gould paid \$223,000 dividends last year. - Helena (Mont.) Cor. St. Louis

The Size Nothing to Do with It. Magistrate (to complainant)-Do you mean to say, sir, that this woman's baby can annoy you so excessively as you claim? Why, they live next door! Complainant-Yes, your honor.

Magistrate-And the baby doesn't weigh more than fourteen pounds; it's about the smallest specimen of humanity I ever saw! A baby that size can't make any noise.

Complainant—Judge, you ought to get married and have a few babies yourself; it would broaden your intellect and give you information that might be even of legal importance to you.—The Epoch.

HON. ALFRED P. EDGERTON. Sketch of the Deposed Civil Service Com

Civil Service Commissioner A. P. Edgerton, who was recently removed from his office by President Cleveland, is a gentleman of the old school, standing straight as an Indian, and his sixty-two years sit lightly upon him. He has snow white chin whiskers and hair, and wears a high collar, almost like the old

fashioned stock in shape and stiffness.

In early life Mr. Edgerton served as a clerk in a mercantile house, but while still young he removed to northern Ohio, becoming the agent of the Northern Land company. He then served for four years in congress as a Democrat, and was the financial agent of the state of Ohio, with an office in New York city.

In 1858 he removed to Indiana, and in 1868 was the Democratic candidate for lieu tenant gov-

ernor, the late Vice President Hendricks being the candidate for governor. They ed. As a Demo-crat he refused to support Greeley in 1872, and came within six votes

within six votes of being nomi- Hon, A. P. EDGERTON. nated for vice president on the O'Conor ticket over John Quincy Adams, Jr. He was then nominated as the straight out Democratic candidate for governor of Indiana, but declined in a letter which urged all Democrats to support Mr. Hendricks, and the latter was accordingly elected. For fifteen years he has been unanimously elected by the common council of Fort Wayne as the president of the board of education of that city. and by appointment of ex-Gov. Porter is a director of the Purdue university. He has been engaged in many successful business enterprises and is in easy circumstances.

He is a practical student of public affairs. He has been for many HUGH S. THOMPSON. ceed Mr. Edger-ton on the civil service commis-sion, is a promi-nent man of the

years an intimate friend and was an associate of the late Chief Justice Waite. LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster.) Mr. Hugh S. Thompson, who will probably suc-

south. He was serving his second term as governor of the state of South Carolina when he was called to Washington in 1885 to take the position of assistant secretary of the treasury. He is considered a good financier.

SENATOR RANSOM AND HIS CUFFS. The Latter Are as Unique as Anything to Be Seen in the Capitol Building.

The first thing you see when you enter the senate chamber is Senator Ransom's cuffs. In the house of representatives the collar of Gen. Spinola claims a large portion of the perspective, but Spinola has the kindness to refrain from polishing his collars. The radiance of Ransom's cuffs is blinding. It is like the glare of the winter sun upon a field of snow; it is like the glare of a tropical sun upon a dead white sea. They dazzle you like a bullseye lantern. They strike your eye like a piece of looking glass reflecting the sun's

rays. They are whiter than the breast of a dove. They gleam like a sail at sea. None of the bald headed senators will sit anywhere near him, because their heads look like turkeys' combs compared to his cuffs. When Sen-

ator Ransom SENATOR RANSOM. raises his hands above his head to emphasize a remark during a speech about light houses (life saving is his hobby) Senator Ingalls shades his eyes with his hands and yearns for green goggles.

With the exception of this little eccentricity, Senator Ransom is one of the most conservative men in the world, and his manner on the floor of the senate is extremely modest.

Senator Ransom is 63 years old, and was born in Warren county, N. C. He was graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1847, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1852 he was elected attorney general of North Carolina, and was a member of the legislature in 1858, '59 and '60. In 1861 he was a peace commissioner from North Carolina to the congress of southern states at Montgomery, Ala. He served as lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general and major general in the Con-federate army, and surrendered at Ap-pomattox. In 1872 he was elected to the enate as a Democrat, and was re-elected in 1876, 1883 and 1889.

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LANGASTER JOINT LINE R. E. ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, NOV. 18, 1888, TRAINS LEAVE READING.

TRAINS LEAVE READING.
For Columbia and Lancaster at 7.20 a m., 12.00 pm and 6.10 pm.
For Quarryville at 7.20, 12.05 pm, and 6.10 pm.
For Chickies at 7.20, 12.10 pm, and 6.10 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA.
For Reading at 7.30 a m, 12.45 and 3.50 p. m.
For Lebanon at 12.45 and 3.50 pm.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE.

For Lancaster at 6.40, 9 25 am, and 2 50 and 5 p. m. For Reading at 6-40 a.25 a m, and 2.80 p m. For Lebanon at 2.50 and 5.65 p m. LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster.) For Reading at 2.30 a m, 12.50 and 3.40 p m. For Lebanon at 7.00 a m, 12.50 and 5.54 p m. For Quarryville at 5:33, 9.30 a m, 3.05 and 8.2

For Reading at 7.49 a m, 12.58 and 3.50 p m. For Lebanon at 7.07a m, 11.55 and 8.02 p m. For Quarryville at 8.27, 9.20 a m, 2.01 and 8.03 TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON. For Lancaster at 7.12 a m, 12.30 and 7.30 p to For Quarryville at 7.12 a m and 12 40 and 7.30

SUNDAY TRAINS. TRAINS LEAVE READING. For Lancaster at 7.20 a m and 3.10 p m. For Quarryville at 3.10 p m. TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE

TRAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster.) For Reading and Lebanon at 8.05 a m and 3 50 p m. For Quarryville at 5,10 p m. TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST. (Lancaster.) For Reading and Lebanon at 5,13 a m an 1,04 p m. For Quarryville at 5,02 p m.

TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON.
For Larcaster at 7.55 a m and 3.45 p m.
For quarrywile at 3.45 p m.
For connection at Columbia, Marietta Junelon, Lancaster Junetten, Manhetm, Reading tion, Lancaster Junction, Mannette, and Lebanon, see time table at all stations.

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