THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

AMERICA'S VALHALLA.

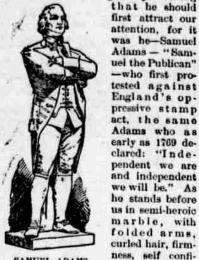
GREAT MEN IN MARBLE IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

77 Hall, the Boom of Roboos-The Borole Statue of Ethan Allen-Lincoln and Hamilton Side by Side-Samuel ms, "the Publican."

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, May 2.—In this anni-verwary week, when the eyes of the patriotic millions of the republic are turning toward the great men of the past, let us take a look in the Valhalla, the national Pantheon, the republic's the national Pantheon, the republic's gallery of statuary. This old hall of the house of representatives, wherein the lower branch of congress sat for thirtytwo years, though as marble cold, is warm with inspiration. It is perfumed with sentiment. Here Webster spoke, Clay presided, Adams fell at his post. Here, too, during the late war, volunteers were quartered, and, later, wound-ed veterans were nursed. A happy thought that of Senator Morrill, now the Nestor of the Capitol, who, in 1864, moved to set apart this old hall for a gallery of statuary. Each state was invited to send two statues, and what a gallery of greatness it will be when all of the forty-two states now existing or in immediate prospect shall have complied, to say nothing of the states of the future. The smallest state was the first to accept the invita-tion, quickly followed by the largest. As yet only ten states have sent here the marble or bronze figures of their well loved sons, being embarrassed, probably, by richness of material to select from; but the government has added several statues, so that as we enter from the rotunda of the Capitol's majestic dome we are confronted by two dozen full length figures of men who were great in their life, and who will never die in the hearts of their countrymen. Instinctlvely heads are uncovered as we enter. The present is forgotten and only the past seems real in this sacred presence.

Who is this at our left, standing erect and majestic at the gateway? Fitting

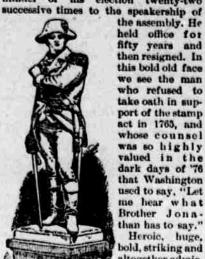


ness, self confi-SAMUEL ADAMS. dence, determination expressed in face and posture, we think we hear him saying to his majesty's officer, who has consented to withdraw one of two regiments of soldiery occupying Boston: "Sir, night is ap-proaching; an immediate answer is ex-pected. Both regiments or none." Who that looks at this well poised, forceful figure will doubt the truth of history which records that both regiments were promptly withdrawn? Could Massachusetts have chosen a better representative than this poor but incorruptible forerunner of independence, who, with John Hancock, had the honor of being excepted from Gen. Gage's offer of pardon to all who would submit to the crown?

Next to Adams stands a fine figure in ding in his hand

It is Robert Livingston, New York's first chancellor, who in his time played many parts—who helped draft the Declaration of Independence, administered the oath of office to Washington, bought Louisiana of the French and aided Fulton in devel-

of the French and aided Fulton in devel-oping the steamboat. Next we come to a pair of marble fig-ures which represent the Nutmeg state. They bear the stalwart American names of Sherman and Trumbull. In Sher-man's face, with its earnest eyes and wrinkled forehead, is seen application, tenacity. He who now stands in this Valhalla was a shoemaker till 29, and afterward a store keeper, surveyor, as-tronomer, mathematician, lawyer, judge, member of congress, United States senamember of congress, United States sena-tor. He helped draft the articles of confederation, the constitution and signed the Declaration of Independence. Trum-bull is solemn and grand, holding aloft a scroll addressed to "The Honorable the Council and House of Representatives in General Court Convened"-a re-



minder of his election twenty-two

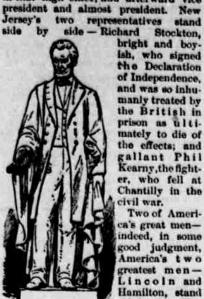
altogether admir-VERMONT able is the next figure, Ethan Aland a state len in full mili-tary uniform, the

sword firmly ETHAN ALLEN. clenched. left hand held in front with fist doubled belligerently, head up, eyes shooting defiance, the whole pose one of vigor and victory, and demanding the sur-render of Ticonderoga in the name of Jehovah and the Continental congress. Ethan Allen is the hero of the young, known above most of his greater contemporaries, and the artist has properly preserved all the spirit of the hero and his deeds, though of the man himself no portrait is known to posterity. A truly martial figure this, with its epaulets, cockade with rosette, broad sash with heavy gold tassels, rising three feet taller than its life size neighbor, Trumbull, and with a great marble boot fourteen inches long and six broad. His is the only covered head in the august assemblage. In his neighbor, Lewis Cass, the latest comer in the gallery, we find our first swallow tail. His is a portly figure, with a strong, fine face, a drawn, obstinate mouth. This sculptor shows us that neither toga nor uniform is necessary in the making of an heroic figure. At the feet is a strong box full of papers and books. Could the artist have meant this as a suggestion of bonds and money. denoting Cass as the only rich man in the Pantheon, made a millionaire by his

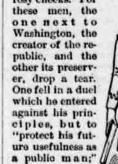
lucky purchase for \$2,000 of 500 acres of land on the site of Detroit? Garfield is next, and a fine, statesmanlike figure it is, with the modern Prince Albert coat all buttoned down before.



time presses in their contemplation. American history and progress are here personified. George Clinton in bronze, a handsome, almost dandy, colossal fig-ure, with gold cane and tassels, gloves in left hand, powdered wig, embroidered and ruffled waistbands and collar-this is the George Clinton who was New York's first governor, twenty-one years York's first governor, twenty-one years in that high office, and afterward vice



side by side. This ABRAHAM LINCOLN. statue of Lincoln by Vinnie Ream is not happy; its toga held in the left hand like a woman's skirt, the melancholy, almost peevish, face are not Lincoln's. Hamilton fares better. His marble face shines with intelligence; his pose is one of dignity; no toga encum-bers him. One can almost see the deli-



JOHN WINTHROP.

There is room for a Jackson, a Clay, a Webster, a Calhoun, a Douglas, a Benton, a Grant, a Sheridan and-who knows?-a Lee. WALTER WELLMAN.

OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

WHERE THE MANIFOLD MISERIES OF SEASICKNESS ARE FELT.

the Nautical Young Man, the Comple Old Ludy and the Superior Smile of the Man Who Has Often Crossed the Ocean. "A Little Choppy."

[Special Corres

CHARLESTON, May 2 .- Off Cape Hatteras and "choppy"-if you have been there you don't need to read any further, but if you have not, all the transatlantio experiences of your past will not enlighten you. You might, indeed, cross from New York to Liverpool a dozen times and still be in a condition of infantile ignorance concerning the pains and pleasures of a voyage from New York to Charleston. Let it be understood at the outset that there are pains as well as pleasures to be encountered on this trip, for the Yemassee or Cherokee are not the City of Rome or the Etruria. If they were the highest tide would never carry them over the sand bar to within gunshot of Charleston. They are tidy vessels, neat as a pin from stem to stern, but about the time they are cantering blithely over the waves that assault Cape Hatteras from one year's end to anothe you are apt to wish that a few hundred leet were added to their length or a few hundred thousand tons to their ballast. Some misgivings on this account find expression at 4:30 p. m. as the Yemassee, outbound, steams past the Goddess of Liberty. The cabin passengers sniff the freshening sea breeze from the upper deck. There is a ship shape young wo-man with a fore-and-aft cap on her head, and a beautiful bunch of Jacqueminots pinned to the breast of her tight fitting ulster, who clings confidingly to the arm of the fortunate father of such a girl. Already there is a slight oscillation from bow to stern. The girl presses her father's arm.

"Papa, doesn't it seem to you that this ressel is just a trifle short for an ocean

Why.so, my dear?" "Don't you see, she has begun to pitch already and we are not out of the lower

Papa is a well seasoned traveler-who has not rounded Cape Hatteras. He smiles indulgently and says there isn't a particle of danger. This is only a coast voyage anyhow. Whereat the anxious mother of two small children looks much relieved, and a motherly appearing old lady, who remarks that she has crossed the ocean nine times, smiles protectingly upon everybody. Even the nautically equipped youth, slim of leg and narrow chested, but rigged out with all the paraphernalia of the Old Man of the Sea. suffers a gleam of secret satisfaction to cross his sallow face. This youth has excited the envy of superficial observers who are willing to admit that they are entering upon their first ocean voyage. How comforting it would be to be able to contemplate the watery horizon with such complacency as his! Presently Sandy Hook is passed and the "land swell" has grown insinuating. The nau-tical young man turns on his heel and descends haughtily to the lonesome lower deck. For lack of anything better to do you follow him shortly and are surprised to note the ashy pallor of his face as he stands with head drooped over the taffrail. There are adequate reasons why, for a moment or two, he is not conscious of your presence. If you were a white elephant, or a Zulu costumed in the native war paint, this nautical young man would have no idea of your approach. The fact is, he is otherwise engaged. But before you have time to retire there is a longer seasick, and I haven't been sea-sick from that day to this, though I've crossed the ocean nine times. It all de-pends on the mind, sir."

The supper is bountiful, well cooked and elegantly served. You do it ample justice. Then you go on deck. It is fark and the last light is left far behind. Then has been no perceptible freshening of the breeze, and yet there is a disagreeable motion of the vessel for which you are utterly at a loss to account. are utterly at a loss to account. It makes you dizzy to walk, so you sit down. It makes you dizzy to sit down, therefore you stand up. This makes you dizzier yet, and all at once the truth lashes upon you. You are no longer me of the elect! It is the land swell.

It is the land swell. The morning of the second day is pleas-unt and the land swell having appar-mily disappeared with the land itself, there is a fair showing of passengers at the breakfast table. Nobody has been sick; everybody retired early, that is all. The captain sits in state at the head of his table and its first first first provided by his table, and the first officer beams with a rose in his buttenhole at the head of his. But in front of the captain's plate is a splendid bunch of Jacqueminots, and the conclusion seizes upon you that they were originally of the same bunch whose other half is still worn at the breast of the ship shape young woman. Moreover does not the young woman herself sit on the captain's right and her father on his left? And after breakfast are not the girl and her father allowed to stand a full hour on either side of the captain in the pilot house?

At dusk the wind rises, and so does the sea. The cape is two hours ahead. Promptly at 9 p. m. there is a flash on the western horizon. There is another flash, and presently another. Then the flashes come regularly every five seconds, and everybody is assured that they come from the cape flash light, and not from some schooner laboring in the heavy sea. Being so assured, everybody turns in gladly, for the wind is constantly increasing in velocity, heavy seas are shipped at the port bow, and half the time the screw is out of water, revolving impotently in its own foam.

This is a Cape Hatteras sea. The City of Rome would plow through it with hardly a shiver, while the Yennasse, with equal safety to her crew, rides over it as gayly as a cockle shell. In the morning even the seamen admit that the weather is "choppy." Having passed the cape, the vessel's course is changed from due south to "sou'west by west and the wind is square in her teeth. At the breakfast table the law of gravitation is temporarily suspended. Crockery dances about recklessly and the milk pitcher goes promenading with the sugar bowl. Nothing can shake the determination of the young lady from Nassau, who sits opposite you. She would oc-cupy her usual seat if the table stood on head and clicked its heels togethe She despises mutton chops, but she ab-stractedly eats yours, which the caprices of a Cape Hatteras sea enable to change places with her steak and onions.

Still the wind rises, and so does the sea. At noon the motherly old lady, who has appeared thoughtful for some hours, grows very pale and says she feels miserable. "But, madame, it's all in your mind

You should exercise your will power." "You forget, sir"—her reply is per-fectly serious—"you forget that we are off Cape Hatterns." CURTIS DUNHAM.

A Portable Fence.

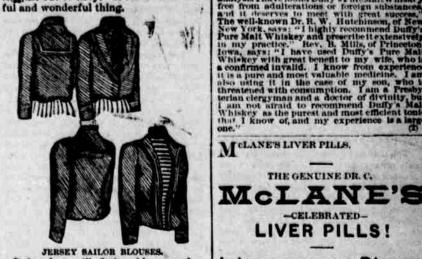
Have lumber sawed 6x1 inches by 16 feet long. For a panel proceed as follows: Cut four pieces 16 feet long, and lay them down on a smooth surface, adis claimed for it. justing just as you wish the spaces to be, say the bottom space 4 inches; the space door sport, not excepting the new fads, kite flying and baseball. Yes, it is true! between bottom plank and the next one, rift in the cloud of his misery, and with the last vestige of assumed superiority 5 inches; the next 7 inches, the next With four will make the panel 4 feet high. Now saw three pieces, each 4 feet 8 inches long, and nail one across each end of the panel, leaving the pieces of the panel projecting 6 inches; and the other piece across the middle. Each cross piece should project 4 inches above and below the top and bottom plank. Now for the support. Cut two pieces about five feet long; cross them so as to form a figure like the letter A, nailing a piece across the legs about eight or ten inches above the feet, according to the height of the panel. These pieces should be so crossed at the upper end that a V will be formed about two inches across the top of the V. 'After nalling securely together, saw the sides of the V straight down so as to form a slot four inches deep and two inches wide. Cut a corresponding slot in the middle of the cross piece below. e slots are to receive the ends of panel, the latter locking or lapping each other six inches. Three inch wire nalls are best to put it together with. Of course the panels may be made higher and the spaces greater or less, according to object in view. The fence described was designed by Southern Cultivator to inches here neutron inclose a hog pasture.

BLAZERS AND THEIR LIKE. iome Natty Costumes for Outdoor Sam-

mer Sports.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, May 2 .- "What kind of a blazer are you going to have?" is the question which follows first after the usual inquiry after the health, among young ladies, and of course it is an important thing to know, all yet I do not doubt that there are numbers of benighted persons who do not know what a blazer is. I'm not quite sure that I can define it other than to say that it a a tennis costume, in stripes that would put a zebra to the blush and make a tiger crawl off in a jungle and die on a wot log just out of envy. A blazer is a fear-



It is a loose, ill fitting blouse and a scanty short skirt of flannel, silk or ticking in the most conspicuous colored stripe possible to weave. Yellow and black, red and white, blue and red are a few of the colors most often seen, and these are of all widths and combinations. The rule is for vivid colors and striking patterns for tennis gowns, and the exception is for them to be in quiet taste. The nearer the average tennis player can get his or her clothes to look like those of a horse jockey, the better he or she is pleased. The tennis hat of the season is a queer

shaped thing, somewhat resembling an English tourist's helmet, with two flaps above the ears which are turned upward and tied on the top. The shoes are of yellow canvas or buckskin, and have

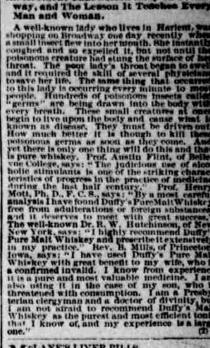
rubber ridges on the bottom, or spikes. Croquet has been little cared for for several years, but it is now considered to several years, but it is now considered to be "in" again, and many young ladies have had croquet costumes made which might be called coquette costumes, so dainty and pretty they are. Like the tennis gowns, they are made of almost any kind of material, but the favorite one is the wash silk, which is so light that it affords the freest movement and is always graceful. These silks are striped and can be had in startling styles or in delicate and pretty combinations of colors.

For horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs and FOULTRY. 500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free. In making the skirts to both tennis and croquet gowns of this silk, the pro-per fashion is to have the outer skirt CURES — Fevers, Congestion, Inflatab A.A.—Spinal Meningfills, Milk Fever, B.B.—Strains, Lanneness, Rhenmatiam, C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges, D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worns, E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia, F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages, H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Discusses, LL.—Eruptive Discusses, Mange, J.K.—Discusses of Digostion. made plain around the bottom, or at most have only a flat bias band stitched on. An underskirt or petticoat of the same silk is made with three or four narrow overlapping bias ruffles at the bot-tom. This holds the skirt out in easy shape and does not impede the move-ments. Some young ladies wear this skirt divided, as they claim that it gives them greater ease, and that once tried all tennis players would like the style better than the undivided skirt. Each lady might try the experiment. It need not be a costly one and may be all that

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VETERINARY SPECIFICS.

-CELEBRATED-

A SHOPPING INCIDENT.

way, and The Lesson It Tosohes Every Man and Woman.

cate complexion, rosy cheeks. For ALCA

of Massachusetts. The figure here in marble is well poised, youthful, a serene, illuminated face surmounting a huge on the plank, with the ship's cable made

That is a good story from West Vir-

Landia A B Another figure

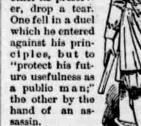
been completed. Last, but not least interesting, is old

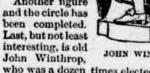
double ruff. He wears the loose garb of the Puritan, with broad belt buckled in front, rosette on low shoes. His right foot is on the shore of America, his left

fast to a tree trunk near by. The national Pantheon is not yet full.

Text Painter and Patent Medicine ginia about an evangelist who went over the state painting upon rocks, "What Shall I Do to Be Saved?" A patent medicine advertiser followed him and under the question added this reply, "Use Blank's Cure for Consumption." When the text painter heard of the patent medicine man's pernicious activity he went over the ground again and painted below the advertisement, "And Prepare to Meet Thy God." The medicine man will find his.-Chicago Times

Deaths at Sea





who was a dozen times elected governor

constitution of his state of Maine, William King, who was an early advocate of separation of Maine from Massachusetts and Maine's first governor. As yet Maine has but one representative in this Pantheon. Is she awaiting an opportunity to send here the figure of one now living?

And this figure next to King, yellow with ago and its skin peeling off in blisters, staff in hand and cloak and sword resting on a bundle of lictor's rods. This is Houdon's Washington, a plaster copy of the original now in Richmond. The face is thin and rather old, devoid of life and expression-by no means an ideal Washington-and yet it was made after careful life study by the artist at Mt, Vernon.

By Washington's side, appropriately, stands Thomas Jefferson in bronze. The long, thin face is almost sharp. The hair covers the ears and is tied behind. The shoes have no heels. Between the feet are two books, surmounted by a wreath. In the hand is a quill, and near by is a bronze scroll on which the whole of the Declaration of Independence is legibly inscribed.

Jefferson's neighbor is a poetic but modern figure. It is Edward Baker, the

Oregon senator, who left his seat in congress to lead a regiment to his death at Ball's Bluff. He is here represented making a speech in the senate, and his brief but glorious military career is suggested only by the military hat resting at his feet upon a book, indicative of his purpose to bay farewell to the senate, throw off the toga and S mount his horse. One almost wishes the un-Ameri-

can toga had been EDWARD D. BAKER. dispensed with by the artist. Many other statues in this room clearly show the classic drapery is not a necessary adjunct of modern sculpture.

BARSE

Between Baker and his neighbor runs a child, for there are here echoes other than those of time. At the foot of a marble column the child merrily speaks to another on the other side of the hall. her small, sweet voice being echoed by pillar and roof more than a hundred feet away. This next is a beautiful figure of bronze-a face calm as a sage, deep cav-



that tells the story of his unhappy What slight boy is this with such pretty clothes of the colonial time. smooth, young face, juvenile eye, hair pompadour and tied behind, grasping his cloak with right hand and his sword

fate

with the left? "Tis Muhlenberg, ALEXANDER HAMILTON. whom Pennsylvania has delighted to honor-Muhlenberg, who was a minister of the Gospel in Virginia and who preached his last sermon on the duties of the citizen, saying "there is a time to preach and a time to fight, and this is the time to fight," and then, in his pulpit, exchanged gown for uniform and went to the front to battle for independence. Tall, gaunt, thoughtful William Allen of Ohio comes next, with both shaker and cravat, and overcoat to add breadth to the spare figure. After him, Robert Fulton, with no coat at all, sitting in a big chair, intently studying the model of his steamboat, and scattered about him his potential tools and drawings. And next

almost like a fashion plate, Jacob Collamer of Vermont. More military is the next, in continental uniform, with a toga on his arm, a

dicative of the man of iron-Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, the Quaker fighter-Nathaniel Greene, who was expelled the Society



of sunstroke, his WASHINGTON. estate embarrass-

diers, and whose grave is unknown and unmarked.

Away back to the beginning of American civilization are we carried by the next statue. Reger Williams' narrow, beardless face, large nose, with a book marked "soul liberty, 1636," pressed to his heart, tight waistcoat with ten but-tons straight down in front: bag trousers, gartered at the knees with ribbons, and right hand outstretched, argumentatively, are before us. As we look at them we seem to see the Roger Willlams who came to Massachusetts colony for liberty of opinion, who was expelled the plantation because of his contentions that state and church, civil law and conscience, should be entirely distinct, who became obnoxious because he denied the right of the king to take Indian lands without purchase, and who lived to found Providence and Rhode Island and save from Indian wars of extermination the very colony which cast him adrift. Welcome here is opinionated, courageous, great Roger Will-

There are so many great figures that

"A great deal has been done," said an

and " MANUTON

or 'coal passer died from heart trouble and was buried at sea,' are accepted as perfectly satisfactory. No investigation is made into the death, unless some one lodges a formal complaint. "It's an easy matter for one man who has a grudge against his mate to shove the other overboard, if they are both up in the rigging in a dark and stormy night. The unseen cutting of a rope is often enough to do it. It is easy to drop

a block or a marline spike on the head of a man below, that will knock him dazed into the water to drown, or down to the deck to smash his skull. 'Heart trouble' covers a great deal of insufficient nourishment, lack of medicine and overwork. to him a fine, smooth, dressy figure, This is not the way things are done on land. You have your coroners here to

investigate sudden deaths, why should they not look into deaths at sea? Many poor cowards would tell the truth against gentle face, but with mouth and eyes intheir officers, if they were thus forced to do so, who would not dare come forward and lodge a complaint they might be un-able fully to prove."-New York Tribune.



who died at last

Often he has recklessly played "chineys ed by his efforts to feed and clothe his solfor keeps," and even now he cannot

Marbles was and still is a great game, islands reclaimed and a few years ago was a perfect garden spot. In 1879 the island, which is of a peaty formation, caught fire and burned for months. The smoke was so dense that vessels found difficulty in navigating both the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. It burned out in some places to a depth of fifteen and twenty feet, and the island today is entirely submerged. No one lives upon it at all except a few fishermen, whose floating houses are tied upon what was once a levce. The town of Emmatown is no more. The residences are abandoned, the wharf and warehouses dilapidated and unused, while the water stands up to the windows in the school house, It is a scene of desolation.-Sacramento Record-Union.

slodged from his system he explains: "I was-ah-you see I was suffering from an attack of-er-of indigestion when I came on board."

There has been a considerable thinning out of passengers on the upper deck. The anxious mother of two small children, together with one of the latter, has dis appeared, and the remaining olive branch is being carried below, limp and white, in the arms of the pitying stewardess. It is the "land swell."

Transatlantic steamers are too big and heavy to be affected by the land swell, but the Yemassee and her human cargo get the full benefit of it. It is not an unpleasant motion if your stomach happens to be firmly anchored in its natural position. But if that useful organ is accustomed to exhibit migratory tendencies upon slight provocation the land swell will set it in motion right speedily. It is an insidious heaving of the mighty deep that is most potent in its effects on the system when least perceptible to the vis-ion. To the mind that is yoked to an ambitious stomach it is the easence of instability. But, bless you, the father of the ship shape young woman is not bothering his mind with the logic of the situation as he makes suspicious haste to gain the door of his state room! And the charming wearer of the Jacqueminots and the fore-and-aft cap-where, oh! where, is she?

This melting away of the invincible before an enemy that can hardly be felt and is not seen at all, fills you with an extraordinary estimation of yourself, seeing that it is the first voyage of your life-time. You pace the dack with firm, energetic strides, fill your lungs with the salt sea breeze, smite your chest and conclude that you are one of the elect whom it is useless to attempt to make seasick.

As you pass the kitchen door the smell of the cooking supper reminds you that you are ravenously hungry, and having discovered that you are one of the elect you think no more of your previous resolution to go to bed supperless. The gong sounds. Besides yourself there are only the officers of the ship and the motherly old lady to respond. The latter you encounter en route to the dining saloon. You remark pleasantly though signifi-cantly on the sudden disappearance of the other passengers, to which she responds that it is all nonsense.

"It is the most utter nonsense, sir, this giving away to sensations that are purely imaginary."

pass a crowd of boys playing marbles "You believe then that seasickness is without involuntarily pausing to see what the next boy did on his shot. nothing more nor less than a disease of the mind?"

"That's exactly what it is, sir-a disease of the mind, and that is all it is." "Then it is simply a question of will

power whether a person is seasick or not?"

"Precisely, sir, precisely. Here is an illustration. When I set out on my first voyage I wore on my head a bonnet surmounted by a splendid ostrich feather. worth at least \$20. We were only two hours out when I began to feel sick-I had heard so much about seasickness, you see. Finally, when I was hardly able to hold up my head, I went on deck, thinking the breeze might revive me. 1 hadn't gone three steps from the cabin door when a sudden gust of wind whirled my bonnet, feather and all, into the sea. If you were a woman you would understand how it feels to have such a bonnet and such a feather torn off your head and given up to the mercy of the waves. But what was the result? In my excitement over the loss of my feather I forgot all about my sickness. I was no

Do Liquors Produce Fat?

Liquids make fat. There is no doubt of this in my mind, though 1 am fully cognizant of the fact that a good many people will deny it. The character of the liquids has a good deal to do with it, but the practice of drinking invariably leads to unwieldy bulk. In Spain, where men drink little, a fat man is unknown. In Paris, where men content themselves with sipping thimblesful of absinthe or small cups of black coffee, the French are thin to a remarkable degree. The wom-en, on the other hand, drink great quantities of champagne, Burgundy and latterly beer, and they are as a result prone to stoutness. In England men drink ale and beer, and they are a thick necked, pudgy and heavy race as a rule. I had observed all this many times, and when I went to Germany, where I knew the consumption of beer was very great, I had prepared to find fat men in abundance. was not disappointed. There would seem to be absolutely no end of big, corpulent and unwieldy men in Germany. While in the army they are slim and splendid looking warriors, but two months after they leave the ranks they become heavy, puffy and beefy to the last degree. This is even so in the ranks among the other soldiers, and the cavalry were men of such extraordinary weight that they always excited comment from strangers.- Philadelphia Times.

Sea Anchors.

Experiments have lately been tried at Dover with a so called sea anchor, invented by Capt. Waters. This apparatus consists of a canvas bag about four feet in diameter and five feet deep, with either a strong hoop to hold it open or a square bolted frame to answer the same purpose. The bag is attached to a beam, or float, in such a manner that it lies just below the surface of the water, and a stout rope forms the connection between it and the bow of the vessel employing it. The object of this sea anchor is to bring a boat or ship's head to the sea when in danger of foundering from getting broadside to-ward waves. There is nothing very new in the idea, for such a contrivance has frequently been extemporized with advantage. The veteran acronaut, Green, also constructed an anchor to hold a balloon near the surface of the sea, which was almost identical in form to this one.

Girls will now fly kites a d have innings and outings and all the rest of it SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.



SURAH AND PONGEE BLOUSES on the ball field as well as their brothe

and even the fear of getting hit with hard wood bat will not prevent them. The variety of the waists peculiarly adapted to the out door sports of young ladies is so great that it becomes necessary to present a few of them, for there are few such supplies without a demand and the mission of fashion writers is to tell all they know, if not more.

The jersey waists are made so beauti-fully and trimmed so elegantly now that they are bound to be in fashion for an ndefinite time. I was in a wholesale ouse recently, and there counted sev enty-two different and distinct styles of making and trimming jerseys.

There are many smocked jerseys of jersey cloth in wool and silk, the smocking forming the yoke and belt, also the puffs in the sleeves. Others have the middle of the sleeves laid in narrow lengthwise plaits and held with herring bone stitching in saddler silk. These blouses and jerseys are all suitable to wear for any out door sports where ease and grace of motion is desired, and they can be made dressy enough to wear with silk or other skirts for afternoon with the addition of a few of those dainty trifles all women know how to add, and which transforms them at once to things of beauty and of course joys forever. OLIVE HARPER.

The Haytians.

In Hayti the people are divided into three classes-the blacks, the colored and the whites. The blacks are, of course, the most numerous, and they are also the most ignorant. The colored are those who have mixed blood in them and form the intelligent portion of the inhabitants. They are largely in the minority, but they are the only class competent to conduct the government. The whites are those white men who go down there as merchants. Many of these marry the colored girls, and then, of course, become more thoroughly identified with the best interests of the government. The people generally, particularly the colored portion, have a curious mixture of traits. The negroesas a race are impressionable and excitable. They have these qualities, and in addition the mercurial temperament of the French, for nearly all are sent to Paris to complete their education. This combination makes them difflouit to govern, for there is a natural jealousy between the blacks and the colored, and so affairs are generally more or less unsettled .-- Washington Star,

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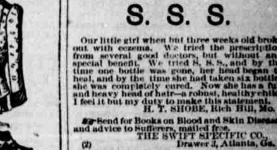
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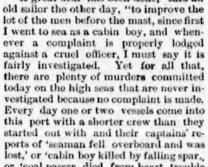
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W.M. COLEMAN FREEMAN, R. PERCY ALDEN, EDW. C. FREEMAN, Horneys for B. W. Coleman's Heire







When We Were Boys.

dulged in that fascinating game at some

stage of his youthful career? Every

man has had in his time his favorite

"shooter"-either an agate, an alley, or,

perchance, a cornelian-and he has had a bag of marbles. He has been able to

make a good ring on soft dirt with the

sharp edge of his boot heel, and he has

often scooped holes in the ground for

"holey-boley." He has practiced lagging

at the ring for his shot, and he never

forgot the order of that shot. If he were

a smart boy he put the kibosh on his

better playmates by calling: "Fen picks

an' fen everythings all aroun' the game!"

Gone to Ruin.

Sherman Island was one of the first

Speaking of "mibs," who has not in-