THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889.

RIP VAN WINKLE. By WASHINGTON INVING.

A POSTHUNOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH ENICKERBOCKER.

ENICKERBOCKER. By Woden, God of Sazon, From viscore comes Wensday, that is Wodenday, Truth is a thing that ever 1 will keep Unto thylie day in which I creep into My sepulchre. Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatakill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family. and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the day. produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled they are clothed in blue and purple and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grave vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up

like a crown of glory. At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have described the light smoke curling up from a vi ige whose shingle roofs gleam amon the trees just where the blue tints of upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonista in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers stand ing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts

surmounted with weathercocks. In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the pre-cise truth, was sadly time worn and weatherbeaten) there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descend-ant of the Van Winkles who fig-ured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meckness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for these men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virture of market and the sermons of the source of virtues of patience and long suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessipg; and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed. Certain it is, that he was a great favor-

ite among all the good wives of the vil-liage, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gos-sipinga, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he ap-proached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood. The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from want of assiduity or perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowl-ing piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone The women of the village, too, fences used to employ him to run their errands. and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them; in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm inorder, he-found it impossible. In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pesti-lent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of set-ting in just as he had some out door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his man-agement, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of In-dian cord and potatoes, yet it was the wort conditioned farm in the neighborworst conditioned farm in the neighbor-His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather. Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well oiled dispositions, who take the world casy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with the least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continnually dinning in his cars about his idleness, his carelessness and the ruin he was bringing on his family, Morning, noon and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torent of household cloquence. Rip had out one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always proveked a fresh volky from his wife so that he was fain to draw off his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house-the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband,

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Strings them as companions in titleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evin of the string. The it is in all prints of spirit belitting an honorable of the source of the words an animal as ever source of the words between the sever during and prints of spirit belitting an honorable over during and prints of spirit belitting an honorable over during and prints of spirit belitting an honorable over during and prints of spirit belitting an honorable over during any are can withstand the ever during any any and besetting terrors of a woman's tong of the moment Wolf entered the house his first field, his tail drooped to the ground of eurled between his legs, he sneaked as the least flourish of a broomstick or hole on a the seast flourish of a broomstick or hole on the ground of the source of the size of matrimony with a gallows and, casting many as delong glance at Dame Yun Winkle, as years of matrimony with ago that grows keener with construction of the size, he sneaked the source of the size of

the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shale of a large tree, so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly under-stood him and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was ob-

or related displeased him, he was ob-served to smoke his pipe vehemently and

clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods.

Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents

of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he

sympathized as a fellow sufferer in per-

dogs can feel pity I verily believe he re-ciprocated the sentiment with all his

autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of

the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-ochoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself his the afternoon has been back

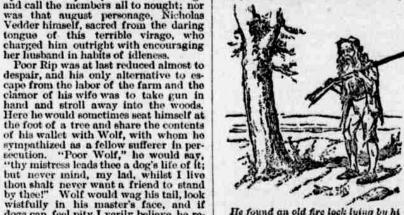
late in the afternoon on a green knoll

eart. In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine

<text><text><text><text><text> sleep. On waking he found himself on the

On waking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He re-called the occurrences before he fell caleon. The strange man with the keep asleep. The strange man with the key of liquor-the mountain ravine-the wild retreat among the rocks-the begone party at nine pins-the flagon -"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip-"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

served to smoke his pipe vehemently and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation. From even this strong hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his terma-gant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage. Nicholas He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well oiled fowling piece he found an old fire lock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the



He found an old fire lock lying by ht i. lock falling off and the stock worm eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but ell in vain, the echoes re-peated his whistle and shout, but no dog

What to be seen. Ho determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his

the truth, Dam Van Winkle had always kept in nent order. It was empty, for-lorn and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the loncly chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was ellence. It is now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great, gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petiticoats, and over the door was painted. "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night cap, and from it was futtering a flag, on which was a sin-gular assemblage of stars and stripes— all this was strange and incompre-hensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red cont was changed for one of blue and buf, a sword was held in the hand in-stead of a scepter, the head was deco-rated with a cocked hat, and underneath stead of a scepter, the head was deco-rated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, Gen. Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recolabout the door, but none that Rip recol-lected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputations tone about it, in-stead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the con-tents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of congress —liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of '76 and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

Winkle. The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the at-tention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which eide he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stu-pidity. Another short, but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the ques-tion; when a knowing, self important old gentleman, in a sharp, cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, put-ting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting him-self before Van Winkle, with one arm self before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, de-manded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, some-what dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!" Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"a Tory! a Tory! a spy! a

bystanders—"a Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self important man in the cocked hat re-stored order, and having assumed a ten-fold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he most no harm, but merely came he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors,

who used to keep about the tavera. "Well, who are they? Name them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where is Nicholas Vedder?" There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? Why, ho is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too." "Where's Brom Dutcher?"

heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their checks; and the self important man in the cocked hat, who, whon the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a gen-eral shaking of the head throughout the assemblance.

his head—upon which there was a gen-eral shaking of the head throughout the assemblage. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly sdvancing up the read. He was a descendant of the his-torian of that name, who wrote one of the carliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beinga. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every tweaty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine pins is a bollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer after-noon, the sound of their balls, like distant peaks of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer after-noon, the sound of their balls, like distant peaks of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer after-noon, the sound of their balls, like distant peaks of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer after-noon, the sound of their balls, like distant peaks of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer after-noon, the sound of their balls, like distant peaks of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer after-noon, the sound of their balls, like distant peaks of the mountain concerns of the election. Riv's daughter took him home

to live with her; she had a snug, well furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recolfarmer for a husband, whom kip recol-lected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was em-ployed to work on the farm, but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to any-thing else but his business. Rip now resumed his old walks and babilis, he soon found, many of his for-

habits; he soon found many of his for-mer cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and pre-ferred making friends among the rising

ferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Having nothing to do at home, and be-ing arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could cet into the regular track of greesin of war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of of states and empires made but little im-pression on him; but there was one species of despotiam under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat gov-ernment. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, how-ever, he shock his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of res-ignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood but woman or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pre-tended to doubt the reality of it, and in-sisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaats-kill but they say Hendrick Hudson and and it is a common wish of all henpecked larity. husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

UNCLAIMED AND LOST.

NEVER CALLED FOR A Bank Cashler's Chat About Property That Is Placed in Charge of Institutions and Nover Recialmed - Unre-

deemed Pledges That Make Bad Stories. Speaking to an old bank cashier the other day, I asked him whether there

ARTICLES THAT ARE DEPOSITED AND

was not an enormous amount of property lying unclaimed in bank cellars and in safe deposit vaults.

"A very large amount," said he, "but "A very large amount," said he, out not nearly as much as some people im-agine. When property is placed in charge of a bank or a safe deposit com-pany it is generally put there by people of pretty strict business habits, and a careful record is kept, not only by the depositor, but also by the parties into whose charge it is given. That reduces the chance of valuables being overlooked. but still a very large quantity does re-main unclaimed. All the custodians of such property can do is to preserve it in-tact and hope for its redemption in the course of time."

"Is there a limit to such a time?" I asked.

"Legally there may be, but I am not prepared to say what it is, since every case has to be settled upon its own mer-its. Sometimes the boxes which have been regarded for a long time as containing valuables turn out to be mere collections of rubbish, and the wonder is why they were ever preserved. But a bank official never expresses surprise, because he meets so many peculiar people and his whole time is occupied in keeping things straight."

"But surely a list is kept of the con-

tents of packages left on deposit?" "When desired, yes; but when a sealed parcel or box is deposited the bank does exactly what common carriers do; signs, 'Contents unknown,' and unknown they remain, whether delivered to the owner, or awaiting reclamation. Of course every place of deposit has stories to tell about mysterious boxes, strange parcels and odd packages which have been lying in secure corners of their strong rooms for years, but I am inclined to think that as far as banks and safe deposit companies are concerned, the vast bulk of such property is redeemed soon or later. Lawyers nowadays are very apt to dig up every possible form of claim to valuables of any description in the hands of public bodies, and a very faint clew is sufficient to start them off upon a successful hunt. They often come upon rich possessions while searching for wills, and the first places, after counsel's offices, they start for, are the banks and safe deposits."

The desire to hoard in some form or another is a very widespread one, and every one could enumerate among friends and acquaintances a considerable number in whom the hoarding spirit is distinguishable. The difficulty of accumulating is as often rewarded by loss as by posses-sion, but the knowledge of that fact does not diminish the desire to hoard. In the case of a miser, to whose heir the accumulated property goes, the very opposite motives are found to exist. The misser shudders at the idea of his coveted pos-sessions falling into other hands than his own, even when those hands are merely a bundle of dry bones, while the heir is all eagerness to clutch the property in

order to disperse it. Miserly habits, if they ever prove to be hereditary, only become fully developed with age and a certain kind of experience, although a sort of avariciousness may always be traced in the progeny o one who has hoarded. It does not always take the form of grasping for wealth, but, as often as not, takes shape in a desire for superiority of position,

by to it forever.

been gratified.

New York Star.

extracted.

panion.

HIGH & MARTIN.

MOTHERS READ! Dr. D. McLane's CELEBRATED Vermifuge for Worms! MOTHERS READ.

2 Martine I

Andrew Downing of Cranburg Township, Ve-nanco County, gave his child one teaspoinful of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Ver-miring, and she passed 177 worms. Next morn-ing on repetition of the dose she passed 18 more.

ming on repetition of the dose she passed 15 more. Japhet C. Allen, of Amboy, rave a dose of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Vermitting to a child six years old, and it brought away for worms. He soon after gave another dose to the sing 13 worms in about 2 hours. Mrs. Quigby, No. 182 Easer St. New York, writes us that she had a child which had been invell for better than two months. She pro-curred a bottle of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge and administered 16. The child passed a large quantity of worms, and in a few with such testimony before them should not heistate when there is any reason to suspec-genume Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge. It never is and is perfectly safe. This is to certify that I was troubled with a tap worm for more than six months. I tried to the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge. This is to certify that I was troubled with a top when for more than six months. I tried to the genuine Br. C. McLane's Vermifuge. This is to certify that I was troubled with a top worm for more than six months. I tried to the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge. This is to certify that I was troubled with a top worm for more than six months. I tried to the when the more than six months. The set to the strong them size to describe the affire too, but without being able to describe the affire top, to without being able to describe the affire top to the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Vermi-top, prepared by Fleming Bros, Pilisburg, Th., which I took according to directions; and the weating more than a yard, besides a number or anallones. MRS M. WOTT. Price Scents a bottle. Insist on heaving the genuine. (1

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Martz-lyddwTu, Thass S. 8, 6. S. 8, 6. Mailgrant breaking out on my leg, which caused intolerable pain. It was called Eccome by the doctors-four of whom treated me with no re-lief. I candidly confess that I owe my present good health to 8, 8, 8, which is my estimation is invaluable as a blood remedy. MBS JULIA DR WITT, No. 227 N. 84, 94, Louis, Mo. Our baby when two months old was attacked with Scrohula, which for a long time destroyed her eyesight entirely and caused us to despair of her life. The doctors failed to relieve her, and we gave SWIFTS SPECIFIC, which soon for the life. The doctors failed to relieve her, and we gave SWIFTS SPECIFIC, which soon for a starting and she is now hale and hearty. Will's Point, Term, SarSend for book giving history of Blood Diseases and advice to sufferer, moled free, (1) Tu, Tb, S Drawer 3, Atlanta, (a.

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TO MOTHERS.

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WEAK,

W DINDEVELOPED PARTS. Of the Ruman Body Enlarged, Dowess, d. Strengthened, etc., is an Interesting advertise-ment long run in our paper. In reply to im-quities we will say that there is no evidence of humbing about this. On the coultrary, the advertisers are very highly indersed. Inter-ested persons may get scaled circulars giving all particulars, by writing to the ERIE BEDF-CALCO., 55 wan St., Buffalo, N. Y.-Dady Te-tedo Bre.



So that he was fain to draw of his forces. Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen pecked as his master: for Dame Van Winkle ve-

covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but ma-jestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into deep mountain glen, wild, lonely and shagged, the bottom filled with frag-ments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradmusing on this scene; evening was grad-ually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Ven Windle.

Dame Van Winkle. As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance halloo-ing "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its soll-tary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived im, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, look-ing fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but sup-posing it to be some one of the neighborood in need of his assistance he hastened down to yield it.

down to yield it. On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a club ischen stranged round the waist cloth jerken strapped round the waistseveral pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of tutions down the sides, and bunches at the knces. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for hip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine or rather cleft between lofty works toward which their science and rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquer up this wild moun-tain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked

familiarity. On entering the amphitheatre, new ob-On entering the amphibicate, new ob-jects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a com-pany of odd looking personages playing at nine pins. They were dressed in a qualitt outhandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages,

dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These wanting in his usual activity. mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism. I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had as-cended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now feaning down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with bab-bling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras and witch hazel, and sometimes tripned up or entangled by sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphilheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the caw-ing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who,

overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's per-plexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife, but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shock his head, shouldered the rusty firelock and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he

knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, in-voluntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and point-ing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors-strange faces at the windows-every-thing was strange. His mind now mis-gave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his na-tive village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains-there ran the eliver Hudson at a distance-there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been-Rip was sorely perplexed—"That dagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with ellent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered and the doors off the hinges, Λ half starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor kip, "has forgotten me?" He entered the house which as set

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know-he never came back again." "Where's Van Bummel, the school-

master?" "He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in con-

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in de-spair: "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two

or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree." Rip looked and beheld a precise counter-

and booked and benefit a precise counter-part of himself as he went up the moun-tain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now com-pletely confounded. He doubted his own dentity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his be-wilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no that's somebody else, got into my shoes-I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their forcheads. There was a whisper, also, about secur-ing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment : precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, be-gan to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the are child ber when the trans of her when air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in

his mind. "What is your name, my good wo-man?" asked he. "Judjth Gardenier."

"And your father's name?" "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler. There was a drop of comfort, at least,

There was a drop of comior, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I'm your father!" cried he-"Young Eip Van Winkle once-old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkler" All stood amazed, until an old woman,

tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle-it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Lip's story was soon told, for the whole tweaty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they

Norn.-The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerhocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick der Botisbart and the Kypphaser mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an abso-lute fact, narrated with his swall fidelity. "The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredi-

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredi-ble to many, but neverthclosa I give it my full be-lief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch set-tlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well au-thenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when I last aw him, wasa very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justico's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."

The Women of Corsica.

Though as a rule not beautiful, the young and middle aged are decidedly handsome, with fine features and a mag-nificent physique. Of course much of this is due to their surroundings and the hincent physique. Or course much of this is due to their surroundings and the primitive life still so universally led. But these women, with their prominent features and fine eyes, are liberally en-dowed with sterling qualities. Brave and faithful, we find them on occasion devoloping into heroines of the truest type. Warriors at heart, when circum-stances require it, they will not be con-tented to remain on the defensive; and, being intelligent and reflective, they have often proved themselves formidable enemies, strong and loyal friends. Withal, they are womanly; cherish a deep love for their homes and a tender care for their children; are devoted to husband, offspring and hearth—yet are ready to sacrifice everything at the com-mand of the man they have avowed to

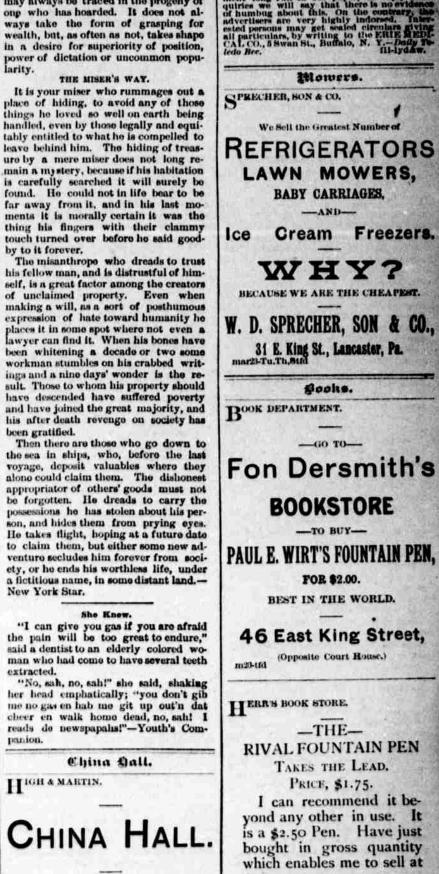
mand of the man they have avowed to obey. For woman's mission in Corsica is definite enough; she is destined to be a docile wife, to work for her husband, bring up his children and keep his castle and all its appurtenances in good work-ing order. Emphatically she is the coming order. Emphatically she is the com-plement of man, and in no way his equal. She is nothing more than Adam's rib—by far the inferior portion of hu-manity, designed, solely and expressly, as the helpmate of the mightier half.— "G. C. R." in Home Journal.

The Reconstruction of Russia.

But although much has undoubtedly But although much has undoubtedly been done, much more still remains to do. "The way in which you westerns keep calling out that Russia must re-form," said a Russian friend to me not long ago, "reminds me of a saying of one of your own statesmen, that 'people are fond of shouting for retorm as if it were an article that could be handed to them out of the window.' They seem to for-get that a system which has taken gener-ations to construct and centuries to de-velop can hardly be demolished and re-built with one turn of the hand. Russia built with one turn of the hand. Russia is not to be reconstructed in a day, any more than Rome was built in one.

This is true enough; but the marvel-ous rapidity with which so many of Rus-sia's ancient institutions have been overthrown and replaced by those of modern time's certainly offers' some excuse for these exalted expectations. Within the last twenty-eight years Russia has abolished slavery, reorganized her army, re-vised her tariff, introduced trial by jury into her law courts, remodeled her postal system, decreed and carried out a thorbysich, decrete and carried out a thor-ough redistribution of land, and taken at least one or two important steps to-ward the education of her peasantry and the support of her paupers.—David Ker in New York Thues.

SAM SMALL, the evangelist, who loctured here recently, is dangerously ill at his home near Atlanta, Ga.



L. B. HERR,

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