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SWIFT SUMMER FLIGHTS.

NANTUCKET, ITS QUAINT SEAMEN AND BRACING BREEZES.

The Last of an Eight Days' Raid in Yankeedom—Tale of a Whale by an Ancient Mariner—An Old Time Sailors' Town.

The boat for Nantucket stops at Vineyard Haven and Cottage City or Martha's Vineyard, and the impression given is that of Asbury Park and the North Jersey resorts without their surf. They are cities of cottages within easy reach of Boston people, where they may enjoy the sea breezes and boating.

The first impression of Nantucket is very different. It is a low, rolling island, with a few cottages and hotels on a bluff close to the water, and then far away you see the town of Nantucket resting on a hillside just beyond a low point where the red roof of the Nantucket house is pushed into the foreground. The steamboat draws only about seven feet of water, and rounds this point with a very close shave, but the cape is so flat that the crowd on deck have been gazing over the ugly modern hotel at the picturesque old town beyond and commenting on the domed and gilded tower of the town hall, the irregular character of the building, and the breezy but respectable and venerable air of the place. When you go to Nantucket do as the Nantucketers. To stop at a Queen Ann hotel in Nantucket would be as rank a Philistineism as to live in an American house in Paris. On this theory I pushed through a howling mob of hackmen and runners and after a pleasant ramble in the twilight through this sailors' town found lodgement in a house built by an old whaling captain in the oldest part of the town but long known as the Bay View. In the days before the discovery of petroleum, Nantucket was a great whaling town and her fleets went cruising far into the Pacific ocean in search o the sperm whale. The architecture betrays the sailor taste and in every detail of the wooden houses shows the hand of a ship carpenter. Small tongued and grooved boards are used with the elaborate care for space acquired in the fitting of cabins, and if your room is under the roof the ceiling will be shaped to meet the windows with novel and nautical effect. Next morning I explored the town and found it a veritable sailors' home, but a little spoiled by the rush of summer visitors and the loss of most of its commerce. There is a captains' club where a lot of old tars may be found any day, reeling yarns of their cod or whale fishing. Down by the wharves you pass substantial old buildings with signs hanging out "Fresh water for vessels sold here." "Sail loft." "Fresh water, wood and salt for sale." Passing a warehouse door I was surprised to see hanging from the ceiling and touching the floor what appeared to be two huge setts of the gums and teeth of some terrible monster. The teeth were pointed and curved masses of smooth bone, from four to eight or ten inches in length and very strong. They were imbedded at short intervals in dark thick leathery straps. These were from the jaws of a huge sperm whale, and they made the geography pictures of a whale making a meal of a boats crew seem quite within the range of probabilities. I joined a sailing party in the good boat Naad Queen, commanded by Captain Nickerson with Mr. Burdette as mate. The boats at Nantucket are all much larger and more seaworthy than the boats in use along the sound and in the inlets of the Jersey coast, and they require two men to sail them. A large figure three on the sail indicated that the Naad Queen was a pilot boat, and a very swift and strong two master she proved to be. In boating at Nantucket even in mild weather oilskin clothing is a necessity and a jolly party encased in a clumsy yellow oil cloth with big hats of the same, can afford to defy the spray as the boat careens far over and rushes away before the wind, while the captain holds her steady and politely requests Mr. Burdette to drop the centreboard a bit. It is boat ettiquette up here to call the mate "Mister," and politeness seems to be quite easy and natural to the good people of Nantucket. A Jersey or Chesapeake skipper would call his mate Bill or Tom, but there is a rough formality about the sailors of Nantucket that may be a heritage of the days when they sailed big ships to distant oceans, when mate and captain were men of dignity and power. It is more probable that the high standard of education on the island has something to do with it, for Nantucket has its famous school where Greek and the higher branches are well taught, and she has nurtured many able men and morefamous women. The late Miss Maria Mitchell was a Nantucket woman, and a citizen rolled off a long list of familiar names, not now recalled, of people who were born and bred at Nantucket. But Nantucket of to-day has a large supply of rather lazy boatmen as a prominent feature. They may work hard at other times, but in summer their lot is certainly easy as they wait for sailing parties to be taken out for a pleasant spin in their swift boats. Among them are many fine old salts, but none finer than our mate, Mr. Burdette, a kindly old man of middle size, with a grizzly beard and clear eyes, lithe, active and pleasant spoken. He is widely known as the man who sojourned in the mouth of a whale, and this is the way he tells the story:

"It was down in the South Pacific, and we were a huntin' whales, and we had struck one big fellow and had a mighty hard tussle with him. And he was lying on the top of the water, and we had three boats out trying to get near him to kill him. He was about tired out with fighting with the harpoon in him. And he went down again, and the captain he went with his boat to the ship to get a gun to shoot him, and I was standing in the bow of my boat with a spear and a-waiting to see where he would rise, and the men they were just a resting on their oars. And all at once, there was his mouth right in under the bow of the boat, and his lower jaw came up one side and his great big head on the other. And he didn't close his mouth, cause if he had it would have been the last of Mister Burdette. He just felt of us and then he sank, and quick as his head went down his tail came up and smashed that boat all to pieces, but I was quicker somehow and just tumbled out of the boat backwards as his mouth went down, and the men they all got out too, that quick you couldent tell how."

"Why didn't the whale shut his mouth?"

"Be—cause it weren't ordered that way. It hadn't come to my time to die."

"Was this before the war?"

"How?" said the innocent old sailor in a way that made me ashamed of doubting him; but I repeated the query and he answered: "Oh, yes! long before the war. Why it was way back in forty-one down below the Galapagos Islands; you have, maybe, read of them. Here, miss, you see that white house way down yonder under the cliff; that's it. She asked me to show her my home, and I told her I would. Now I'm a pointin' it out and there's not a prettier place on the island," and the old man fell to work at the pump, baling out some of the water we had taken from the wave tops as we rushed along.

There is fine sport in sword fishing in these waters and we passed a boat just in from a two days' trip. There was a plank out over the bowsprit on the end of which the harpooner stands, held safely by a semi-circle of iron fixed upon a vertical rod so as to encircle his waist. The sword fish is a glutton, and after a hearty meal he likes to float at the surface half asleep with only his dorsal fin above water. This fin "gives him away" and the sword fisher guides his boat stealthily along side until the man in "the pulpit" can launch his deadly harpoon. A rope is fastened in the harpoon head and the handle is usually soon broken, but as the fish rushes away with fathoms of rope a keg is thrown in the water made fast to the other end of the line. Then the fishermen cruise after the keg until the sword fish is exhausted, when they approach him and cut his throat as they would slaughter a pig, only that care must be taken to exhaust him thoroughly, for he may turn and plunge his long heavy sword through the strong sides of the boat. Boating and fishing, bathing and walking, make up Nantucket time, as they do at other resorts and as for bathing I found the bath houses well managed, the water thoroughly wet and the swimming fine. On the ocean side of the Island at Siasconset, or Sconset, as the natives call it, there is a regular Jersey summer resort, with everything but the big crowds of excursionists, and the mosquitoes. Of these two things Nantucket knows little. The latter are blown away by the strong winds, and the former cannot well get there in good time. There is a fine surf at Sconset, though the beach looks rather too steep for good bathing. It is reached by a nine mile railroad from Nantucket, and the cars rattle along over a narrow gauge road of very wobbly rails, which help to make the ride interesting, and produce the old slappety bang of the railroads of a score of years ago. After two nights at Nantucket, I started homeward at eleven in the morning and landing at New Bedford had a chance to explore this other old whaling port before the train left for Fall River. New Bedford displaced Nantucket, Cape Cod and the Vineyard, and gained a monopoly of the whaling business in the last years of the last century. Crossing more of the roughest of Yankeeland—picturesque with jungle and swamp and sluggish creeks, I at last reached Fall River and the steamer Pilgrim. We had a pleasant trip down to Newport on this floating palace, but there the fun ended for a time. It would be hard to imagine any scene more beautiful than Newport harbor on this stormy night with its thousands of gleaming lights and their reflections in the water, and the mystical shifting outlines all about us. A sail comes smoothly towards us and a yacht sweeps by, close reefed and snug but with a merry party on board singing, as we may tell by a few faint notes we catch from the gale as they pass near us. As the Pilgrim gets out into the deep water she pitches and rolls fearfully, and very soon the decks are cleared and your correspondent is left alone on the lofty deck save for an officer who cheerfully imparts the information that we will be in the mouth of the sound in three or four hours. So for three hours at least I fight with sea sickness and gain victory. Candor compels the confession that it is not pleasant to be almost sea sick. Having sought the seclusion of my cabin and arisen bright and early, the passage by New York city was pleasant enough to make a fine climax to a few days' travel—for the writer was home six hours later after an absence of eight days. In passing the Brooklyn navy yard two Englishmen stood by me. The Atlanta and the little Yorktown were lying there, and with their fresh coat of white paint attracted much attention.

"They aren't much," commented a Briton, and they glanced around on the group to note the effect of the remark. "No, but that is," said a passenger pointing to the Brooklyn bridge as we passed beneath it—and the smile was on our side. We have been great in war, we are great in peace, and the traveler, North and South, finds it out. C. S. F.

Missionary Meeting.

At a meeting of the missionary society of the Reformed church, New Providence, held on Sunday evening in connection with the usual exercises, Mr. Harry McMichael, principal of the schools in Wichita, Kansas, favored the audience with a spirited address. After speaking at length on the subject of missions he referred to the Bible as being the best book on the subject of missions. He made interesting statements in regard to the progress of the mission of the Reformed church in Wichita and college of the same place.

Before closing announcements were made that the annual election of officers would take place at the next meeting, Sept. 15th, and that on next Sunday morning, at 10:30 o'clock, would be held the annual harvest thanksgiving service with sermon.

Here is a Chance for Lancaster.

Dr. O. P. Piper, No. 31 East James street, has handed a letter from Emmerick & Lantenbacher, to the president of the Board of Trade. The firm named operate a stocking factory at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., and are looking for a place to which they can move their plant. They will come to Lancaster if they can get a suitable building in which to place their machinery. Their object in removing is to increase their facilities for work. They now employ ninety hands, and owing to the scarcity of hands, principally girls, they cannot fill their orders. What they want here is a building which will be leased at a reasonable figure.

An Unsatisfactory Postmaster.

Bowmansville Corr. Ephrata Review.

Miss Annie Ziegler, of this place, was appointed postmistress. This causes a great deal of dissatisfaction among our people. W. Scott Groff, the other candidate, though a good coachmaker has for several years been physically unable to carry on his business. For the past two years he has not been able to walk without the use of crutches. Besides this he is in poor circumstances with a family to support. He would be in every way deserving of the appointment. The sympathy of the people is with him. A large number thought that he should have had the appointment. Miss Ziegler's father is a man of considerable wealth.

A Crowd on the Conestoga.

The Conestoga from Potts' to the old city mill is growing more popular as the season advances. The attendance last evening was the largest of the summer. Boats lined the creek for the whole of the two miles. Rocky Springs, where a picnic held by the employes of the watch factory was in progress, made a very pretty appearance, under illumination and bright moonlight. There were a number of boating parties, composed largely of ladies. A large number of private and family picnics were held in the park at the landing during the afternoon.

Sunday at Mt. Gretna.

The Pennsylvania railroad will run an excursion to Mount Gretna on Sunday for the benefit of persons wishing to spend the day with the soldiers.

Mr. Rine's Dog Case.

Augustus Rine's great dog case has been brought to an end. Taylor Shober paid the costs at Alderman Deen's and the case has been dismissed.

A TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

SHE COMES FROM PHILADELPHIA TO TRAIN LANCASTER COUNTY PUPILS.

Incidents of Her Trip and the Examination for a Certificate—Her Diary Tells What She Observed.

The following is from the New York *Evening Post*:

PREFATORY.

The following articles relate the experience of a young lady of refinement and culture as the district schoolmistress in an interior county of Pennsylvania. She had been motherless for several years, when the sudden death of her father, pastor of a small church in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, threw her, at the age of 20, upon her own resources for the support not only of herself but of three younger children. Her twelve-year-old brother and two little sisters were attending school in the city at the time of their father's death. The latter had been a member of a minister's insurance league, from which her guardian received about $600. She determined, with his approval, that this money should be used to keep the children at school while she would go forth and earn her own living.

But how? She had been carefully educated, but knew nothing of book-keeping, of the typewriter, or of shorthand. She might teach music, or French—but where would she find pupils? Both these vocations seemed to be overflowing—more teachers than scholars. A saleswoman? All her previous education and surroundings caused her to shrink from this; and then, too, she was altogether too slight and delicate to undergo the severe physical strain of standing behind a counter for six days out of seven, from early morning until late at night, and all for the munificent sum of five dollars. Teach school? It seemed her only resource; and while on a visit to a friend in the old inland town of Lancaster, she accepted the first opportunity which presented itself.

The following articles relate her experience. She kept a daily journal of her adventures, and her narrative, which is taken from this journal, is therefore a veracious chronicle of actual facts.

G. R. V.

ON THE STAGE-COACH.

It was a bright April morning, writes the schoolmistress, when the driver assisted me to a seat in the old stage-coach which was to carry me to Soudersville. A vacancy had occurred in the school district of this little village—the former schoolmistress having married the Methodist minister, much to the unaccountable scandal of many good people in the community—and I was now an applicant for her place.

The driver cracked his whip, and the stage rolled lumbering through the streets, and soon left the city behind. Everything looked fresh and green and instinct with the life of spring, for there had been a heavy rain the day before, and now not a cloud could be seen in all the sky. And what a rich and beautiful farming region lay around us! I had been told that Lancaster is the wealtiest agricultural county in the United States, and I could easily believe it as we passed by the neat brick farmhouses, flanked by great barns, and on either side the green meadows in which the fat cattle were grazing, and the broad fields of grain and tobacco rich with the prophecy of a plentiful harvest.

I was startled out of a half-dreamy contemplation of the landscape by the driver's suddenly pulling up at a toll-gate. He stopped to get some packages which were to be delivered at a farmer's, a few miles further on.

"Well, McGinnis," said he, as the keeper came out, "that was a pretty heavy storm, yesterday."

"Ye may say that, now," said Mr. McGinnis, in the richest Irish brogue, "and the suddenest iver I saw. May the divil run away wid all such! Here it come slatherin' down the pike, wind and rain, blowin' down me pig-pen, and the shutters off me winders, and the door off me barn, and flattenin' me corn and wheat loike a strate leveller. And do ye moind the shingles I'd piled in me back yard as nate as iver ye saw, to roof me tobacco-shed? Blast me if it didn't scatter them along down the pike for half a mile! I niver saw such destruction of a poor man's property—it was *ridic'lus*."

"It's cleared up to the queen's taste, today, though," said the driver, as he stowed away the last package.

"It is that," said Mr. McGinnis, "though it was cloudy at sun up, and I thought we'd have rain to-day without an exception."

"Well, so long," said the driver. "Gee-up!" and away we went down the road.

STRANGE RELIGIOUS SECTS.

If the sons of Erin were not found everywhere, I should have wondered at meeting one in this land of the broad-brims. For Lancaster county is filled with innumerable small religious sects, of strangest habits, manners, and attire. Here are found the Mannist, or old and new Mennonites; the Amish, the most outlandish of all; the Tunkers, Shakers, and Winebrennarians—founded by a man named Winebrenner; the Feet-Washing Baptists, who publicly wash each other's feet at stated intervals; and the Immersion Baptists, who not unfrequently break the ice in the middle of winter and follow their pastor out waist deep into the stream where he, standing behind the novice, after certain ceremonies, grasps him or her by the shoulders and plunges the entire body backward into the water. I have seen delicate young girls thus "immersed" when the weather was bitter cold, and it was necessary to break the ice to allow the pastor and his flock to wade out into the creek or river. It is, they say, the only "true baptism." And this sect, with reverence be it spoken, sends missionaries to the "heathen."

The chief, and sometimes the only distinction between many of these sects, is altogether a matter of clothes. What splendid illustrations Carlyle would have found here for his "Sartor Resartus!" All these people, except the Baptists, use hooks and eyes instead of buttons, which are what the Rev. Mr. Stiggins would have called a "wanity." The men allow their hair to grow to the shoulders, where it is cut straight across; it is combed forward over the forehead, where it is cut straight across, from ear to ear, just above the eyebrows. All wear the broadest of broad-brimmed hats, with flat crowns, and the cheapest of home-made jeans. The women discard ribbons, bright colors, and ornaments of all kinds, and wear ugly black or mud-colored "sun-bonnets" and garments of the plainest and coarsest material. The children are miniature copies of their parents in speech, manners, and attire. Their language is the "Pennsylvania Dutch," and when they attempt to speak English, it is always with the idiom of their native tongue, and often with amusing results. "Tie the dog loose," "Lock the gate open," "Jump the fence over," "Light the candle out," and similar expressions, are very common. As the years roll on, they are becoming more and more divided upon the question of education. It seems almost superfluous to remark that the most orthodox still hold that that it is an invention of the Evil One, and refuse to send their children to school. All of them regard "high church" people, especially the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, with especial abhorrence.

But I knew nothing of all this, as the stage was carrying me to Soudersville. If fortunate enough to be appointed to the vacancy by the grave and reverend seniors who composed the local school board, I expected to find the people among whom I was to sojourn very much like those in the country surrounding Philadelphia.

THE TEACHER'S EXAMINATION.

Of course, I had already passed the teacher's examination, and had received what is called a provisional certificate. This examination was funny. There were more than a dozen applicants, and, with one or two exceptions, all were Pennsylvania Dutch and "to the manner born." Indeed, I could see with half an eye that most of them belonged to one or another of the many sects which thrive here. We were all crowded within a small dingy country school room, anxiously awaiting our fate. Suddenly a buzz of awe ran through the little assembly. Looking up, I saw that it was created by the entrance of that august personage the county superintendent. He was a tall, commonplace looking man, with a petrified smile, "childlike and bland," which it is difficult to believe left his lips even when he slept. Seating himself comfortably, he began the examination. All were first provided with printed slips of paper. Glancing at mine, I found thereon Bryant's "Thanatopsis." It was printed like prose, and both the name of the poem and of its author were absent. I could not resist the temptation occasionally of glancing curiously at the other applicants. Shakespeare's shepherd has told us long ago that "good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at court," and I naturally found that a city girl was just as much of a curiosity to them as they were to her. But since the entrance of the superintendent, they had ceased staring at me, and were now manifestly very uneasy. This was not the case, however, with one stalwart young man, who sat by my side, and who had been called upon to distribute the printed slips. He possessed an air of confidence—nay, even of arrogance—which would have been inspiring to behold in one whose manners exhibited some token of refinement and in whose countenance shone the light of bright intelligence. As it was, however, I could not help pitying this young man.

I was impressed, upon first entering the room, with a similarity of appearance, manner, and expression observable in a greater or less degree in all present. A certain stolidity characterized them all—heavy forms, short, thick necks, low brows, and a bovine expression. They seemed, as, indeed, they were, the children of a people who had lived for generations upon their rich farms, "in a sleek and rural apathy, well-fed with sameness." In this young man—great, tall, lumbering fellow that he was—all these qualities seemed exaggerated. Besides this, as my little brother would have said, he was "altogether too fresh."

"Please read the second paragraph of this selection," said the superintendent to this stalwart young man.

He rose, cleared his throat, and began with the lines, "When thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over the spirit," etc. Heavens! how gayly, with what a confident gladness, he read them! Taking their cue from him, most of the others read with a hop, skip, and a jump, that might well have made the poet turn in his grave.

"What kind of composition is this—prose or poetry, for example?"

"Prose, of course," said the confident young man, and to my great surprise this was also the answer of the others. Finally the question came to me.

"This is poetry," I said, which was followed by a general titter.

"What d'you say that fer," whispered the young man. "Don't you know that poetry *rhymes*, and is writ in lines by their own selves? 'Every line beginnin' with capital letter,'" he added, quoting from the grammar.

"This is a poem," I said, "although printed like prose. 'Thanatopsis,' I added, in reply to the superintendent's questions, "means a meditation on death. It is one of the earliest of the poems of the late William Cullen Bryant. It is written in blank verse—iambic pentameter."

We were then handed slips containing Poe's "Bells." It had transpired in reading "Thanatopsis" that a grave and solemn tone best suited that poem. The value of this information to the young man at my side was made manifest when he read the first stanza of "Bells"—"What a world of merriment their melody foretells!" in the most grave and preternaturally solemn manner. This was more than the superintendent could stand, and he forced the young man to sit down before he had read half-a-dozen lines. I was then called upon to read "Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells!" When I had taken my seat, with a nod of approval from the superintendent, I overheard the young man saying, "'Tain't fair: I read my verse jess 'zackly like that!"

In the examination in grammar and mathematics, I believe I passed well enough, but was wofully deficient in certain facts in geography—could not name certain capitals, rivers and deserts, and was found to be terribly ignorant of Mr. So-and-So's "Methods of Instruction," and also of his "Theory of Teaching." I forget even now the name of the author of these books, except that it ends in "sham," as I thoroughly believe the books do also. Nor could I name numberless dates in history—yet to my surprise, my companions had all these things at their fingers' ends.

But the most amusing part of the examination was that upon "general information."

"Who was Alexander the Great?"

"What was his last name?"

I scarcely believe the superintendent was able to supply the desired information, for he gracefully waived the point.

"Who was the mother of Gracchi?"—this to the confident young man.

I whispered maliciously, "Why, old Mrs. Gracchi, of course."

"Old Mrs. Gracchi, of course!" echoed the young man in his stentorian voice.

"Who was Napoleon Bonaparte?"

This question brought forth some startling information. We learned that Napoleon was "an old French king"; that he "was born on the island of St. Helena, and conquered all Europe at the battle of Waterloo." One young lady, however, thought that he had been defeated at the battle of "Sedam," and had died at St. Helena.

"In what battle was Julius Cæsar slain?"

It will be seen that the superintendent was not above asking "catch questions."

"I s'pose it must 'a' been in his *last* battle," responded rather dubiously a very stout young lady.

"What do you know about Henry George?"

"I've heard tell that he writ a book, a-wantin' to take farms away from them as had farms, and give 'em to them as hadn't."

"You would call him a political economist, then?" remarked the superintendent interrogatively.

"Aha!" exclaimed the confident young man with animation; "then I know why he was beat for governor of New York. This thing of economy in politics is a blamed mistake. It's what beat Capt. Oxheimer for sheriff last year. If he'd only spent more money——"

Thus far before the superintendent could stop him.

"I see you are a practical politician," said he. "What do you think of some of the leading men in political life—Allen G. Thurman, for instance?"

"Well, I just think this much," said the young man emphatically, "that even if I *was* a Democrat, I'd never vote fer *him*—I'd never vote fer no Catholic!"

"Ah!" said the superintendent, raising his eyebrows. "I was not aware that Mr. Thurman is a Catholic."

"You can't read the papers much then," replied the young man with a great air of superiority. "Ain't they always a callin' him *the Old Roman?*"

"That will do," said the superintendent, and the examination was over. I no longer wondered at the petrified smile.

Much to my surprise, most of the applicants received certificates. A great burden was lifted from my breast when mine was handed to me, for I felt that I had barely escaped; and this, I learned afterwards, was the fact. I failed completely to give several historical dates, and the location of the deserts of Atacama and Kalihari; knew neither the names nor location of the capitals of Ecuador, Bolivia, or Paraguay, and when requested to tell what I knew about the latter country, all I could say was something about the cattle and Dr. Francia. And then, to cap the climax, my disgraceful confession that I knew nothing of Prof. Sham's "Methods" and "Theories!" It nearly cost me my certificate.

GEO. R. VANDALEAR.

He Threatened to Kill Him.

John J. Hoffman, of Neffsville, has entered suit for assault and battery and surety of peace against Amos Stark, of the same place. Hoffman says he was in Stiffl's hotel when Stark entered, choked and struck him without provocation, and threatened to kill him. Alderman Pinkerton will give Stark a hearing.

Henry W. Tshudy Committed.

Henry W. Tshudy, charged by his wife with desertion, was arrested in Manheim yesterday. Constable Henry Ruth brought him on and lodged him on jail to await a hearing before Alderman [illegible]rton.

DUTIES OF POLICEMEN.

THEY MUST ATTEND FIRES AND ASSIST THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Mayor Edgerley Issues Rules and Regulations, and Now the Bluecoats Know What is Required of Them.

Mayor Edgerley to-day issued rules and regulations for the government of police officers at fires. They were read to the officers at this morning's roll call. Following are the regulations:

Upon an alarm of fire it will be the duty of the chief of police and one of the sergeants to gather with the force assigned to the district in which the fire occurs, to proceed without delay to the scene of the fire.

In the absence of the chief the sergeant will assume command of the force present: It will be the duty of the officer in command, immediately upon his arrival at the fire, to direct the men to clear the streets in the vicinity of the fire, and cause ropes to be placed across such streets, lanes and alleys as lead to the fire, at such distance as may in his judgment be necessary to form an ample enclosure.

No person will be permitted to enter the said enclosure except firemen, the occupants and owners of property, insurance agents and newspaper reporters.

The commanding officers will so post the police that this regulation may be effectually enforced, and every assistance must be given by the police for the protection of property from plunder, and the firemen must be carefully protected from interruption in the performance of their duties.

Prompt aid must be rendered by the force at the call of the chief of the fire department, should he require assistance.

All parties inciting to riot by disorderly language or conduct must be promptly arrested.

Officers must use their own discretion in giving an alarm. They must first ascertain the existence of fire and have good reason for believing that it cannot be extinguished without the aid of the firemen. On all occasions they must act promptly and give the alarm correctly.

Officers must make themselves well acquainted with the location of all the alarm boxes within the districts to which they are assigned.

The officers of the several districts will respond to the following alarms:

Box 5, 6, 7 and 16, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th districts.

Box 12, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 10th and 11th districts.

Box 26, 31, 1st, 2d, 5th, 6th, 7th and 11th districts.

Box 54, 1st, 3d, 4th, 8th and 10th districts.

Box 71, 72, 2d, 3d, 7th and 8th districts.

Box 23, 5th, 9th and 10th districts.

Box 13, 14, 32, 34, 2d, 3d, 7th and 8th districts.

Box 15, 42, 5th, 6th, 11th and 12th districts.

Box 21, 25, 1st, 5th, 9th and 10th districts.

Box 35, 2d, 6th and 7th districts.

Box 36, 1st, 6th, 7th and 11th districts.

Box 41, 6th, 11th and 12th districts.

Box 43, 5th, 11th and 12th districts.

Box 45, 46, 48, 6th, 11th and 12th districts.

Box 47, 1st, 6th, 11th and 12th districts.

Box 51, 52, 5th, 9th and 10th districts.

Box 53, 4th, 5th, 9th and 11th districts.

Box 56, 3d, 4th and 8th districts.

Box 57, 5th, 9th and 10th districts.

Box 61, 3d, 4th, 8th and 10th districts.

Box 62, 63, 64, 65, 3d, 4th and 8th districts.

Officers whether on or off duty must respond to all alarms given in the districts to which they are regularly assigned.

In case of a conflagration of a serious character, which would necessitate a general alarm to be sounded, the entire police force must respond and give every assistance to the firemen.

Upon the arrival of the police at a fire the officer in command upon all occasions will detail such members as he may deem necessary to take charge and direct. Those not required will return to their respective beats.

MINISTERS AND ELDERS MEET.

The Assembly For Spiritual Conference on the College Campus.

The third annual meeting of the assembly for spiritual conference, composed of ministers and elders of the Reformed church, convened on the college campus Thursday evening. The following clergymen were present at the opening session: Revs. T. J. Barclay, S. S. Miller, Wm. M. Reily, Ph. D., Wm. C. Schaeffer, Ph. D., S. N. Callender, D. D., E. V. Gerhart, D. D., J. S. Stahr, Ph. D., C. W. Levan, D. A. Souders, J. A. Weckert, C. B. Schneder, I. E. Graeff, D. D., Wm. Goodrich, M. H. Sangree, D. W. Gerhard, Geo. W. Stibbits, Ph. D., Theo. Apple, D. D., Conrad Clever, D. D., John B. Keiffer, Ph. D., Aaron Noll, J. V. George, A. Nevin, D. D., A. S. Weber, S. L. Whitmore, A. C. Whitmer, E. R. Eschbach, D. D., J. N. Titzel, D. D., N. Z. Snyder, E. W. Stonebreaker, D. N. Ditmarr, C. W. E. Siegle, R. C. Scheidt, J. H. Pennebecker, A. W. Seible. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Barclay, of Gettysburg, on Isaiah 40, 30: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." The sermon spoke of the fact that ministers need rest, and this is promised in the text to such as wait upon the Lord. These patient workers have four great blessings promised to them: 1, They shall renew their strength. 2, They shall mount up with wings as eagles. 3, They shall run and not grow weary. 4, They shall walk and not faint.

Bible study was begun this morning at eight o'clock under the leadership of the Rev. I. E. Graeff, D. D., of Tamaqua. The first epistle of St. Peter is the book to be studied this year. The Rev. Prof. Stibbitz, Ph. D., of Ursinus college, delivered the first lecture at ten o'clock on "The Inspiration of the Bible." A discussion by a number of the brethren followed. The afternoons are to be spent in social intercourse and an hour's devotion to be held each evening.

Visiting Lancaster.

Fred. W. Biesecker, esq., district attorney of Somerset county, and a graduate of the class of '80 in Franklin and Marshall college, spent the past few days in town. He was attending the Republican convention.

Married in York County.

George Weaver, of Lancaster county, and Miss Ada, daughter of Prenfield Ilgenfritz, were married on Wednesday at the home of the bride, in Shrewsbury township, York county. Rev. A. N. Dreshbach officiated at the marriage. After the wedding there was a reception which was attended by many friends from Lancaster and York counties.

Gave Bail For Court.

Henry Wagner and Ida Wagner, charged with surety of the peace by Addie Smith, and Mary Wagner, charged with surety of the peace and assault and battery by the same, were given a hearing by Alderman Deen on Thursday evening. All were bound over for trial at the August court.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 9.—For Eastern Pennsylvania: Rain, preceded in southern portion by fair; slight change in temperature, southwesterly winds, rain on Saturday.

Started On Their Wheels.

Harve, Jacob and Ed. Griel left on their wheels at an early hour this morning for Atlantic City. They will ride on their wheels to Philadelphia, and from there to Clifton, Delaware county. At that point they will take the cars for Atlantic City.

CAN COLLECT ITS LUMBER.

The Lumbermen's Exchange Given Permission to Take Stray Logs.

Judge Rockafeller, of Northumberland county, has filed an opinion awarding an injunction to restrain owners of shore and island land, and persons who had captured logs in the recent flood from interfering with employes of the Lumberman's Exchange in gathering up the logs and lumber which had come down from the booms and mills at Williamsport and Lock Haven, in June, and had lodged and been caught.

The lumbermen of the West Branch after the flood turned over the control of all lost logs and lumber to the exchange, and the latter made contracts with a skidding company of Michigan to gather up and load the logs along the river, and they also made contracts with private contractors to gather up the lumber, clean it and pile it up ready for shipment.

The skidding company put jack mills at a number of places along the river to raise and load the logs on cars, and a contract was made with the Pennsylvania Railroad company for hauling the logs to Williamsport.

The exchange thought there would be no difficulty in settling with land owners and log catchers, but after everything got into operation the workmen were continually stopped by persons who refused the right of entrance upon their lands and by the catchers of logs, who demanded fifty cents a log before giving them up.

The officers of the exchange, after making offers as high as $1.50 per 1,000 feet to log catchers and fifty cents per 1,000 feet to owners of islands, and being unable to make enough settlements to keep the work in operation, applied on the 31st of July for an injunction to restrain interference with their employes.

The demands of many island owners, who have from 2,000 to 10,000 logs, were fifty cents a log also, a price which the exchange was unwilling and unable to pay. To these people, as well as to all other claimants, the exchange proposed to give security for all sums which could be legally recovered by giving bonds, but they refused to take that security, preferring to hold the logs to enforce their demands.

The opinion of the court is exhaustive, covering about forty pages of manuscript and review the legislation and decisions of the courts upon the questions raised. He holds that the act of 1866 does not apply to the case of logs and lumber carried out by extraordinary freshet, and that the act only applied in case of intentional floating of logs on the river. That was the only act which allowed fifty cents a log to captors. Under the act of 1862 captors are allowed fifty cents a thousand feet, providing they have complied strictly with the act of 1812 by lodging a list of captured logs with a justice of the peace and having it published.

The owners of seven islands below the Shamokin dam who filed affidavits that they had complied with this law were excepted from the injunction without prejudice to the rights of the plaintiff to apply for injunctions against them after making a tender of fifty cents per 1,000 feet.

In regard to all the other of the 173 defendants a special injunction was awarded to restrain them from any interference with the exchange in a removal of the logs and lumber brought down by the June flood, lodged on their land or caught and secured by them. The exchange is to give an injunction bond in $30,000.

John Rockafeller's opinion is so sweeping that it is likely that upon second thought those who have been demanding a high price for the privilege to remove the stranded lumber will take a more reasonable amount and share the losses of the lumbermen.

Having A Good Time.

The friends of John A. Snyder are in receipt of a postal card dated: NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 8.—We arrived here night, and are having a good time. We go fishing to-day. Everybody is well. Sheepshead fish are scarce. We start for Richmond in the morning.

Against a Stevens Merchant.

A judgment entered in Lehigh county against Wm. S. Bear, Lehigh county, was received at the prothonotary's office this morning, and on it an execution issued, and Bear's interest in the general store of Wm. S. Bear & Co., at Stevens, was levied upon. The amount of the judgment is $3,784.19.

Pleased With Him.

Rev. John F. Moyer, graduate of the Reformed theological seminary, and well known here, has for the past few months filled the pulpit of the Reformed church in Hummelstown, Dauphin county. The congregation of Zion church, at Bellefonte, heard him preach last Sunday and will extend a call to him to become their pastor.

They Had a Pleasant Time.

A party was given last evening at the residence of John Brua, 217 East Frederick street, in honor of his son, Harry C. Brua, who has been away from home for several years and who returned for a brief visit. Dancing was the chief amusement of the evening, to music furnished by Kendig and Kissinger. A pleasant time was had.

The 79th at Chickamauga.

A meeting of the committee appointed to prepare a report of the part the 79th Regiment took in the battle of Chickamauga was held this afternoon at the office of Alderman Barr. Notes were compared and dates obtained for a correct history of the regiment's part in that engagement. It will be prepared at an early day.

Louis Reidenbach's Hearing.

Louis Reidenbach, who created great excitement in the eastern part of the city several days ago, while on a spree, is having a hearing before Alderman Deen this afternoon.

The case was continued until next week.

A Novel Party.

From the Lititz Record.

Last Monday evening there was a poverty party held at the residence of Miss Lucy Brickenstein, at which all those invited were requested to come in the oldest clothes available. The sight presented was indeed a ludicrous one and the fun unbounded.

A Wheat Elevator Burns.

MT. VERNON, Ind., Aug. 9.—Elevator B, owned by W. C. Fuhrer & Co., burned last night. The fire caught in the tower, supposed from a hot box and spontaneous combustion. The loss is about $45,000. Forty thousand bushels of wheat were burned. Fully insured.

Switchmen Strike.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Eleven one-armed switchmen on the Chicago & Nothwestern railroad are on strike for an advance in wages. Other switchmen threaten to go out if new men are put in their places.

Death of a Physician.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 9.—Dr. Walter S. Weld, a prominent physician of Franklin, Pa., died at his Ocean Grove cottage last night from a complication of diseases.

Lebanon in the League.

YORK, Aug. 9.—At a meeting of the Middle States League to-day the Shenandoah club was expelled and Lebanon admitted, making seven clubs in the league. Lebanon takes Shenandoah's place.

Must Die on the Gallows.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 9.—The *Journal's* Helena special says: Governor White has refused to interfere in the case of Bryson, the murderer, condemned to be hanged today.

Two Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—These postmasters was appointed to-day: Jacob Alvord, Lykens; H. L. Book, Shade Valley.

THE MAGIC FLUID.

PROF. BROWN-SEQUARD'S ELIXIR USED SUCCESSFULLY IN CINCINNATI.

Old Men With Rheumatism and Erysipelas Operated Upon and They Become as Spirited as Young Colts.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 9.—Dr. Robert Longfellow, professor of dermatology in the College of Medicine and Surgery, conducted a series of experiments yesterday with Brown-Sequard's discovery. Tests were made on a dozen subjects. Fielden Weir, colored, aged 70, bent and crippled with rheumatism, Thomas Alburn, lamed by erysipelas, were enabled to walk with ease by injections of the liquid. When both subjects returned in the evening they could walk with ease and to show his rejuvenation Weir kicked with both feet as high as his head, ran about the room and danced.

The exhilarating effect on Alburn was equally as noticeable. He walked a dozen squares and declared all pain and stiffness had left his limbs.

Dr. Longfellow reports this morning that in all cases to whom he administered the fluid yesterday the effects were similar except one. That was the case of a man 35 years old, in full health and in no need of a tonic. He experienced slight sickness. He reports further that the old colored man whose rheumatism was completely cured last night says that he stills retains his restored health, and that his family and friends regard his cure as little short of a miracle.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Some Cleveland People Think It is a Great Discovery.

Dr. H. C. Brainard, one of Cleveland's most eminent physicians, has been experimenting with the so-called elixir of life, prepared in accordance with Dr. Brown-Sequard's formula. The elixir was prepared from the glands of a young sheep, and it was used on several patients with startling success. Dr. Brainard took up the discovery not with