End. LOG MOOK OF PRENTICE MULFORD

est of the thip, Ditte of the Atlantic Overn—Mixture of Molesses, fish Water, Boys, Boys' Clothing, Finns Unite and "Young's Night Thoughts."



was fine. The Wizard slightly bowed to the ocean, and the sails seemed great black patches, waving to and fro against the sky. The six boys. so soon to be miserabie, gathered in a cluster on deck. Jed Coles proposed that we "spin yarns." It was the nautically correct way of passing the time. So we "spun yarns," or at least Jed did. He had a batch ready for the occasion. He sat on a tub, put

an enormous chew of tobacco in his mouth, hitched up his trousers and felt every inch a sailor. I noticed the second mate, that incarnation of evil and brutality, bovering about us, dark as it was. I saw his fiendish grin and the glare of his greenish eye. A precious lot of young fools we must have seemed to him. A little after our yarn spinning A little after our yarn spinning was interrupted by shricks and cries of distress proceeding from the forward part of the ship. We had then our first exhibition of the manner of enforcing American merchant service discipline. The second mate was beating Cum

mings, a simple being, who, having miled only in "fore and aft" coasting vessels, had made the mistake of shipping as an ordinary seaman on a square rigged craft, and was almost as much at sea in his knowledge of the ropes as the "boys." This officer had singled out Cummings for his awkwardness as the proper man to "haze." He was shower-ing upon him blows, thick and fast, with the end of one of the forebraces. It was the first time I had ever seen a man aten by one in authority. The cringing attitude, the cries, sobs and suppli cations of a full grown man, and the oaths and terrible ferocity of his castigator, were inexpressibly shocking to The incident, which was often repeated during the voyage, broke up our amateur yarning and made us very Jedediah Coles was not at all nautical

ly loquacious the next night. Then the Gulf Stream gave us a touch of its tantrums. All during the afternoon the sky grew more and more threatening. By dark it was blowing hard. The lighter sails one by one were stowed lighter sails one by one were stowed. Then it blew harder. The mate swore the harder. The captain came on deck and swore at everybody. One of the "boys" asked him if he thought it would be stormy. He considered himself privged to ask the captain that questi-He was a native of the same village. His father and the captain were friends, and his mother and the captain's wife visited each other. So he deemed it advisable to establish himself on a sociable footing with the captain at the commencement of the voyage. Poor boy! Never again during the trip did he con sult the captain meteorologically. learned speedily the great gulf which yawns between the cabin and the fore-

It grew dark, the waves became bigger and bigger, and the ship seemed taxed to her utmost trying to clamber them one after another as they presented themselves. The mates came out in mselves. The mates came out in

When the order came to reef, and I saw the men clambering up the fore and main rigging, I added myself to their number, though I felt I should never come down again-at least in one piece. It was my debut aloft off soundings. Many a time had I clambered about the rigging of the old whalers as they lay at the village wharf, but they were not roaring, kicking and plunging like this Heavy seamen's boots kicked me in the face as I followed their wearers up this awful ascent; other heavy boots trod on my fingers; they shook the ratlines, too, in a most uncomfortable nner. The mast strained and groaned fearfully. Somehow, after climbing over some awful chasms, I got on the yard with the men. I dared not go out far. The foot rope wobbled, jerked and gave way under me at times with the weight and motion of the men upon it. The great sail seemed in no humor to be furled. It hauled away from us, bellied, puffed and kept up a gigantic series of thundering flaps. Laying over on the yard the men would gather in as much of the hard, wet, wirelike canvas as possible and then together haul back on it.

This I objected to. It was risky enough to lay out on an enormous stick sixty feet in the air, while the wind tore our voices from us and seemed to hurl the words far away ere they had well got out of our mouths, and the white topped waves, dimly seen below, scemed leaping up and snatching at us. But at that height, and smid all that motion, to balance one's body on the stomach, grasp with outstretched arms a hard roll of truggling, wet canvas, while the legs rere as far extended the other way and the feet resting only against a rope work-ing and wobbling and giving way here and there from the weight of fifteen hundred pounds of men unequally disibuted over it, was a task and seeming risk too great for my courage. I dared do nothing but hold on. The conduct of the maintopsail was desperate and outrageous. It seemed straining every nerve—supposing, for the sake of forci-ble expression, that it had nerves—to pull us off the yard and "into the great ble expre

I found myself between two old sailors, who lost no time in conviacing me of my complete and utter worth asness aloft. I concurred. They bade me clear out and get down on deck. I was glad Reefing topsails in reality was ery different from reefing them in books or in imagination. On reaching he dack I concluded to he down. All agh the evening I had experienced uneasy sensation in the stomach. I see something did not agree with me.
but when I lay down in the scuppers I
dmitted being seasick. Then I only
cared to lie there. Life was too miser-

able even to hope in. the tumun went on as ever. The sailors trampled over me. Being in the way, they dragged me aside. I cared not. Finally some one bawled in my ear, "Sick! go below." I went. The five other boys, all similarly affected, all caring naught for life or living, lay in their bunks.

The lays, house was about the size of

could be brought into this pen

on the floor; plates, knives, forks, cups and

bottles rolled from shelf and bunk; bread, meat, and the molasses kegs fell; plum

and sponge cake, pie and sweetmeats fell; for each boy had a space in his sea chest filled with these articles, placed

there by kind, dear relatives at home. It

was intended that we should not refer to them until the ship was far advanced on

her voyage.

But we never had such large supplies

of cake and sweetmeats at hand before; so we went for these things immediate-

first night out. The roof leaked. We left our sliding door carelessly open, and a few barrels of the ocean slopped over

the bulwarks into the apartment. At

midnight our combined clothing, plates,

mugs, knives, forks, bottles, water kegs,

combs, hair brushes, hats, pants, coats,

meat, bread, pie, cake, sweetmeats, mo-

lasses, salt water, and an occasional sea-

sick and despairing boy, united to form

a wet, sodden mass on the floor two feet

in depth. Above, the storm howled and

swept through the rigging, with little

sail to interrupt it. Six sick and

wretched boys in their berths lay "heads

and pints," as they pack herring-that

is, the toe of one rested on the pillow of

the other, for it was not possible to lie

otherwise in those narrow receptacles

for the living. But the horrors of that

tenders of broth and champagne attend-

ed us. We were not cabin passengers on

an ocean steamer. Barely had the next

morning's dawn appeared when our door

was flung open. In it stood that dread-ful second mate of the greenish eyes,

hard, brick red complexion, horny fists

and raspy voice-a hard, rough, rude,

unfeeling man, who cried: "Come out of

that! Oh, you're young bears-your troubles ain't commenced yet!" Then

his long, bony arm gripped us, one after

another, and tore us from our bunks

Out this dreadful morning we tumbled,

in the wet clothes wherein we had lain

all night, weak, sick, staggering, giddy.

A long iron hook was put in my hand

and I was desired to go forward and as-

sist in hauling along length after length

of the cable, preparatory to stowing it

away. Sky and sea were all of dull,

monotonous gray; the ship was still

clambering one great wave after an-

other with tiresome and laborious mo-

notony. All the canvas of the preced-

ing day had disappeared, save a much

diminished foretopsail and storm stay-

sail. The mates on duty were alert and

swearing. The men, not all fully re-

covered from their last shore debauch.

were grumbling and swearing also. The

cook, a dark hued tropical mongrel,

with glittering eyes, was swearing at

something amiss in his department. It

was a miserable time. But a cure was

quickly effected. In thirty-six hours all

seasickness had departed. With the del-

icate petting process in vogue with

wealthy cabin passengers it would have

required a week. But we had no time

Life for us on board this ship was com-

menced on a new basis. We were obliged to learn "manners." Manners

among modern youth have become al-

most obsolete. The etiquette and for-

mality required from the younger to the

elder, and common to the time of perukes

and knee breeches, has now little place

save on shipboard, where such traditions

and customs linger. We were surprised

to find it our duty to say "sir" to an offi-

cer, and also to find it imperative to rec-

ognize every order addressed us by the

remark "Aye, aye, sir!" The sullen,

shambling fashion of receiving words

addressed to us in silence, so that the

speaker was left in doubt as to whether

e was heard or not, had no place off

soundings. In short, we were obliged to

practice what is not common now to

nany boys on shore—that is, an out-

ward show of respect for superiors. If business called us to the "West End" of

a ship, the quarter deck, our place was

to walk on the lee side of that deck and

leave the weather side the moment the

duty was done. If sent for any article

by an officer, it was our business to find

CHESS IN HAVANA.

Points About a Match Now Going on in

An important chess match was recently got

Cuba.

up in Havana between Gunsberg and Tschi-gorin, who divide the championship of Eu

rope. The match is for the lest in twenty games, the winner of each game to receive

\$20 and the loser \$10. In drawn games the

money will be equally divided. Each player

will receive a fee of \$250 in addition and his traveling expenses. The rivals will also

play for a stake of \$600 posted by themselves.

After this match there is to be another to

decide who shall play with Steinitz for the

championship of the world, he now holding

that honor. The match began on New Year's

day, and will continue on every Friday, Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday until finished.

Isader Gunsberg is a native of Buda-Pesth.

During the Paris exposition of 1867 he de

feated Rosenthal at chess, who attempted to give him odds. Some ten years later he went

to London, where he took up his residence. Shortly after be attracted attention, playing

he has gained many honors at different tour-

as his name indicates, and about 34 years old. He first appeared as a chess player at the in-

ternational tournament at Berlin in 1881. There he astonished older players by his brill-

iant moves. In 1882 at Vienna and 1883 at

London he added to his growing reputation.

His match with Steinitz in Havana and his

matters with which all who interest them-

The short waisted cost worn by the well known actor, Felix Morris, in "The Old Musician" is nearly 100 years old. It was bought in Montreal and belonged to a French emigre.

The stiff, high, velvet collar is made with a

neatness that no modern tailor could match

with hand work, and all the stitchery is of

the exquisite fineness that no one sees now in this age of machines, except in the work of the old semustresses or their few conservative

selves in chess matters are familiar.

success in the sixth American congress are

Michael Ivanovitch Tschigorin is a Russian,

the chess automaton Mephisto. Si

GUNSBIERG.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

(A)

Tachigonia.

it without further recourse to him.

in which to be sessick.

No solicitous stewards with basins and

econd night are not to be related.

The house abounded with them the

Feaching Young Lubbers the The boys' house was about the size of Etiquette of the Ocean. a respectable pigpen—a single pigpen. There was room in it for two boys to

LOG BOOK OF PRENTICE MULFORD

turn at once, providing they turned slowly and carefully. On going on board we had bestowed such of our outfit as In Much Missed on Board-Boys Taught manner in which boys of 16 bestow things generally on first commencing to to Appreciate Ma's fireakfast-The Ship's Lenks-Sudden Call of the Ocean-Re-"keep house." Everything was arranged fusal to Perform Further in Opera. on a terra firma basis. We made no cal-[Copyrighted, 190, by the Author.] culation for the ship's deviating from an even keel. When she did commence to pitch everything fell down. Clothing fell



work. The second mate once ordered me to find a certain iron book, wherewith to draw the pump boxes, and when, after a short search, I returned and asked him where it might be, I was hor rified by the expression of astonished in dignation spreading over his face, as he yelled: "Great Scott, he expects me to belp him find it!" I saw the point and all it involved, and never so wounded an officer's dignity again. It is a sailor's. and especially a boy's, business on shipboard to find whatever he is ordered to

We soon learned on the Wizard how well we had lived at home. Our sea fare of hard tack and salt junk taught us how to appreciate at their true value the broiled steaks, hot cakes and buttered toast of home tables. The quart of very common molasses served out to us weekly soon became a luxury, and when the steward occasionally brought us "benavlins" (the nautical term for the broken fragments from the cabin table), we re garded it as very luxurious living, though a month previous we should have deemed such food fit only for the swill tub.

In about two weeks we had settled down into the routine of life at sea. Sailors are apt to term theirs a "dog's life." I never did. It was a peculiar life, and in some respects an unpleasant one-like many others on land. But it was not a "dog's life." There was plenty to mill and we relished our "lobscouse, har junk, beans, codfish, po tatoca and -day's and Thursday's

The hours of labor were not exhaust ing. It was "watch and watch, four hours off and four hours on." Many a New York retail grocer's clerk, who turns to at 5 in the morning and never leaves off until 11 at night, would revel on such regulation of time and labor So would many a sewing girl. We had plenty of time for sleep. If called up at 4 every alternate morning, and obliged to stand watch until 8 a. m., we could "turn in" at that hour after breakfast and sleep till noon. Apart from th alternate watches the work of "joba" occupied about six hours per day. True, there was at times some heavy work, but it was only occasional. Sailor work is not heavy as compared with the incessant fagging, wearing, never ending character of some occupations on shore. Skill, agility and quickness are in greater demand than mere brute strength.

Lobscouse is a preparation of hard bread, first soaked and then stewed with shredded salt beef. It looks somewhat like rations for a delicate bear when served out by the panful. But it is very good. Salt beef is wonderfully im-proved by streaks of fat through it. These serve the foremast hands in place of butter. I know of no better relish than good pilot bread and sliced salt junk, with plenty of clean white fat. On shore that quart of boiling hot liquid, sweetened with molasses and called tea. would have been pitched into the gutter. At sea, after an afternoon's work, it was With similar content and resignation, not to say happiness, we drank in the morning the hot quart of black fluid similarly sweetened and called coffee. It was not real coffee. I don't know what it was. I cared not to know. Of course we grumbled at it. But we drank it. It was "filling, better than the cold, brackish water, im-

pregnated thickly with iron rust, a galon of which was served out daily. the fresh water was kept below in an iron tank, and, as the deck leaked, a small portion of the Atlantic had somehow gained admission to it and slightly salted it. It resembled chocolate to the eye, but not to the palate.

On the fourth day out the Wizard was found to have four feet of water in her hold. The ship was pumped dry in about four hours, when she proceeded to fill up again. The captain seemed a man of many minds for the next two or three days. First the ship was put back for New York. This course was altered and her bows pointed for Africa. Then the foremast hands became worried, and, going aft one morning in a body, asked Capt. S- what he meant to do and where he meant to go, because they had shipped for San Francisco and they did not intend going anywhere else. The captain answered that his own safety and that of the vessel were as dear to him as their lives were to them, and that he intended doing the best for the general good. This answer was not very satisfactory to the crew, who went grumbling back to their quarters. Ulti-

mately it turned out that we were to take the leak with us to San Francisco, At the rate the water was running in it was judged that the bone, muscle and sinews of the crew could manage to keep it down. So we pumped all the way round Cape Horn. We pumped during our respective watches every two hours. In good weather and on an even keel it took half an hour to "suck the pumps. If the vessel was heeled to larboard or starboard it took much longer. In very rough weather we pumped ail the time that could be spared from other duties. There were two pumps at the foot of the mainmast worked by levers, and these were furnished with "bell ropes" to pull on. Half the watch worked at each lever, and these were located exactly where on stormy nights the wild waves were in the habit of flinging over the

bulwarks a hogshead or two of water to drench us and wash us off our feet. The Wizard was a very "wet ship." She loved giving us moist surprises. Sometimes on a fine day she would

graceruity, but suddenly, poke her nose ander, and come up and out of the Atlantic or Pacific ocean with fifteen or twenty tons of pea green sea water foaming over the t'gallant forecastle, cascading thence on the spar deck and washing everything movable slam bang up and sometimes into the cabin. This took place once on a washday. Bailors' washday is often regulated by the supply of water caught from the clouds. On this particular occasion the fore deck was full of old saits up to their bared elbows in suds, vigorously discoursing washtub in suds, vigorously discoursing washtub and washboard. Then the flood came, and in a moment the deck was filled with a great surge bearing on its crest all these old salts struggling among their tubs, their washboards, their soap and partly washed garments. The cabin bulkhead partly stopped some, but the door being open others were borne partly inside, and their woolen shirts were af-terward found stranded on the carpeted cabin floor. One "duff day" we had gathered about our extra repast in the boys' house. The duff and New Orleans molasses had just commenced to disap-

Then a shining, greenish, translucent cataract filled the doorway from top to bottom. It struck boys, beef, bread duff and dishes. It scattered them. It tumbled them in various heaps. It was a brief season of terror, spitting and sputtering salt water, and a scrambling for life, as we thought. It washed under bunks and in remote corners duff, bread, beef, plates, knives, forks, cups, spoons and molasses bottles. The dinner was lost. Going on deck we found a couple of feet of water swashing from bulwark to bulwark with every roll, bearing with it heavy blocks and everything movable which had been loosened by the shock, to the great risk of legs and bodies. But these were trifles. At least we call them trifles when they are over. I have no-ticed, however, that a man may swear as hard at a jammed finger as a broken leg, and the most efficacious means in the world to quickly develop a furious temper is to loose one's dinner when hungry, get wet through, then abused by a Dutch mate for not stirring around quicker, and finally work all the afternoon setting things to rights on an empty stomach, robbed and disappointed of its duff. This is no trifle, Learning the ropes isn't all a boy's first

lessons at sea. He must learn also to wash and mend his own clothes. At least he must try to learn and go through the forms. I never could wash a flannel shirt, and how the extraneous matter called dirt, which the washing process is intended to disperse, is gotten rid of by soap and muscle at an equal average over the entire surface of the garment is for me today one of earth's mysteries. I could wash a shirt in spots; when I tried to convince myself that I had finished it, I could still see where I had washed clean and where I had not. There is a certain system in the proper manipulation of a garment in a washtub which to me is incomprehensible. An old sailor is usually a good washer. It's part of his trade. Those on the Wizard would reprove the boys for their slipshod work. slovenly washed shirt as that," said Conner, an old man-of-war's man, "hung in the rigging is a disgrace to the ship." He alluded to one of mine. The failure was not from any lack of labor put on it. The trouble lay in that I didn't know where to put the labor on.

It was particularly disagreeable at midnight as we assembled at the bell ropes to give her the last "shake up," and, more asleep than awake, pulled wearily, with monotonous clank. Sometimes at that hour, when our labors were half through, the valves would get out of order. It was then necessary to call the carpenter and have them repaired. This would keep us on deck half an hour or more, for by mutual compact each watch was obliged to "suck its own pumps." Such delays made the men very angry. They stopped singing at their work-always a bad sign—and became silent, mo rose and sullen. For the first six weeks all the "shanti-songs" known on the sea had been sung. Regularly at each pumping exercise we had "Santy Anna,"
"Bully in the Alley," "Miranda Lee,"
"Storm Along, John," and other operatio maritime gems, some of which might have a place in our modern operas of 'The Pinafore" school.

There's a good deal of rough melody when these airs are rolled out by twenty or thirty strong lungs to the accompani ment of a windlass' clank and the wild shrill sweep of the winds in the rigging above. But the men would no longer sing. The fact was reported to the captain. He put on his spectacles, walked out on the quarter deck and gazed at them mournfully and reprovingly. The mates tried to incite them to renewed melody. But the shipping articles did not compel them to sing unless they felt like it. The pumps clanked gloomily without any enlivening chorus. The captain went sadly back to his cabin and renewed his novel.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

OBSERVATIONS ON WHIST. What Is It That Constitutes a Good Whist

Player? The game of whist lies so close to human nature that when we say of a man that he is a good whist player we necessarily imply that he is not only a good fellow, but has well balanced intellectual faculties. But there are many persons who are dubbed good whist players who do not deserve the title, You hear Miss X's name mentioned. "Oh, yes," says some one, "and such a good whist player, too." With the majority of people the affairs of life are so urgent that they have not the time to devote to a thorough study of the game-and no one can master it without devoting to it much time and atten-

When, therefore, these people meet some one who knows a few more rules than they do, who occasionally disputes a play and who carries about an air of confidence, immediately they exclaim, "What a good whist player!" Thus it is that many have reputations which they do not deserve. I once played with a lady who insisted on playing the highest card of a suit first and who invariably led from her weakest suit. When the opportunity came I mildly remonstrated and was snapped up for my pains, and shortly afterward was informed that the lady was considered one of the best players in the

small community in which she lived. But what is it, then, that really constitutes a good whist player! Not a knowledge of rules, or, indeed, any amount of experience (although these are necessary), can of themselves alone constitute a good whist player. One must have all the best qualities of a judge, united with the quickness of intellect which makes a good Frenchman; one must have a sense of humor which instantly perceives contrasts, together with the best judgment, which unites extremes. In brief, th ability of a good whist player is the ability to rise above the battle field, to throw off the petty annoyances and to be able to view in a broad minded way large results. One must be able to play his own hand, which he knows, and the hand of his partner, which he can but ...fer, just as if they were one. He must be able, also, to view the hands of

his opponents in the same broad way. But more than this, he must be able to ac commodate himself to his partner's play, and to drop all rule if the occasion demands, on the instant, and to be able to take it up as quickly. This is where his knowledge of human nature comes to the front, and this is where he leaves all rules and precedents and text books behind him. The plays which we see illustrated in books are good to study, see illustrated in books are good to study, but they must necessarily suppose that each player is a perfect hand. As there are very few perfect whist players, consequently the good player must be guided in many cases by his partner's idea of the game, and not his

A. B. George, of the Manha club, is an Englishman by bir years old, five feet nine inches high, and in condition weighs 140 pounds. He is holder of the mile championship as a runner. He began running in 1884 and in 1885 won a four mile scratch race in London. Later he won don. Later he won
a five mile steeple
chase and in 1886 a
ten mile race. In
1887 and 1838 he
won several handi-

caps, and on the
4th of November,
1888, came to America and has run forty-two races here. He won the one and two mile championship of Canada at Toronto, Sept. 28, 1889, and in October won races on the New York and the Allerton Athletic club grounds. He is now disabled in his right leg, but will enter the races next spring.

CHAMPION AMATEUR BOXER.

Sketch and Portrait of W. H. Stucky, of

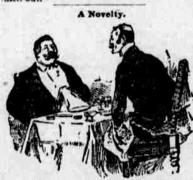
William H. Stucky, of Newark, N. J., is the champion amateur boxer for middle weights for America. He works at a wheel factory in Newark, and takes a great in-terest in athletics. He is over six feet high and is one of the lean kind, the mean on his hones being confined to hard muscle. He has not the typical smooth chops of the boxer, but wears a full beard of a brown color. Stucky was born in Elizabeth, N. J., and is now 20 years of age. He is called "the old

man" by the boys, on account of the venerable appear-30 being a married man and wearing a bushy beard. He when he was 13, and soon joined the athletic clubs of the

W. H. STUCKY. place. Later he became a member of the National Tornverein. His first fight was with A. McDicken, of the American Athletic club of Brooklyn. In 1888 he pounded Johany Behan, of the Institutes of Brooklyn, but the latter was awarded the decision on a techni-In March, 1889, he met J. J. Kelly, of New York, at Parena hall. After a hur ricane fight, Stucky put his antagonist to sleep in the third round with a punch in the

The same night be knocked out P. Doherty, of the Pastimes, but two nights after lost from Pat Cahill, who was afterwards declared professional. On Dec. 16 Stucky met J. F. Haggerty, of the Manhattans, and beat But one more man worthy of Stucky's fists

now remained. This was J. M. McAuliffe, of the Bridge club. They met, and Stucky drove his antagonist easily to the ropes. McAuliffe, feeling that the game was up, clinched and threw Stucky by a cross buttock. The foul was plain, and Stucky was given the fight eft him the championship, Cahill being uled out.



First Manager-I tell you I'm getting up piece that can't help being a grand suc-from the first night. Second Manager-Tank of real water or

the stage? First Manager-No, sir. Something mor novel than that. I'm going to have rea actors on the stage.—The Stage.

The Irishman Was Thankful. The following incident is said to have happened during a performance of "Faust" in Dublin: Satan was conducting Faust through the trap door which represented the gates of hades. His imperial majesty got through all right - he was used to going below-but Faust, who was stout, got only about half way in, and no squeezing would get him any further. Suddenly an Irishman in the gal-

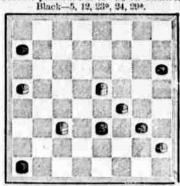
lery exclaimed: "Thank heaven-hell is full?" CHESS AND CHECKERS.

Chess problem No. 44-By L. A. Goldsmith.

Black-K, B and 3 P



White-K, Q, R, Kt and 2 P. White to play and mate in three moves Checker problem No. 44-By A. Cameron.

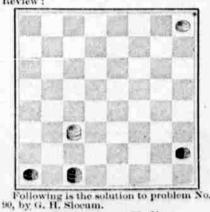


White-13, 15*, 19, 22*, 38. White to play and win. SOLUTIONS

Chess problem No. 43: Key move K to K 3. Checker problem No. 43: Black-7, 10, 14 17, 27*. White-6*, 12, 19, 26, 29. Black te play and draw. White. 1. .17 to 22

1..26 to 17 2.. 6 to 15 2...14 to 21 3..19 to 16 4..15 to 11 3. .27 to 24 4. .24 to 20 5.. 7 to 10 5..12 to 18

Following is problem No. 138, by Chas. Hefter, editor of the "American Checker



90 00 15— 8 19—23 12—26 51—23 12 - 16Black wins. HOODS BARBAPARILLA.

Rheumatism Is believed to be caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood, owing to the failure of the kidneys and liver to properly remove it. The acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joint, and causes the local manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders and in the joints at the knees, ankies, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Barsaparilla a positive and permuent cure for rheamatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralize the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

Wonderful Properties "I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it excellent for rheumatism and dyspepsis. I suffered for many long years, but my complete recovery is due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I recommend it to every one because of its wonderful properties as a blood medicine." John Kullinan, 85 Chatham Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Inflammatory Rheumatism

"I just want people to know that we think Hood's Sarsaparilia the best remedy for inflammatory rheumatism in the world. My husband had this terrible affection for two years and Hood's Sarsaparilia helped him more than any thing else, I am always glad to tell what Hood's Sarsaparilia had one." Mrs. F. ATKINGO. Sarsaparilla has done." Mrs. F. ATKINSON,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR (1)

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THE GENUINE DR. C.

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For Reading and intermediate points, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 3:45 p. m.; Sunday, 5:05 s. m., 8:36 p. m.
For Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:45, 3:46 p. m.; Sundays, 3:35 p. m.
For New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 8:48 p. m.
For New York via Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 5:45 p. m.
For New York via Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m., 8:46 p. m., Sunday, 8:55 p. m.
For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 6:25 p. m.
For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 6:25 p. m.; Sunday, 8:55 a. m., 8:55 p. m.
For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:35, 6:25 p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m., 8:00 p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m.
Tor Quarryville, week days, 9:35 a. m., 2:00.
8:00 p. m.; Sunday, 5:00 B. m.
TRAINS FOR LANCASTER.
Leave Reading, week days, 7:20, 11:55 a. m., 1:55 p. m.; Sunday, 7:20 a. m.; 3:00 p. m.;

TRAINS FOR LANCASTER.

Leave Reading, week days, 7:20, 11:35 a. m., i:55 p. m.; Sunday, 7:20 a. m.; 3:10 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, week days, 4:15, 10:00 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

Leave New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:35 a. m., 1:30, p. m. 12:15 night.

Leave New York via Allentown, week days, 4:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m.

Leave Allentown, week days, 5:52 a. m.; 4:30

p. m. Leave Pottsville, week days, 5:50 a. m., 4:35

Leave Pottsville, week days, 5:50 a. m., 4:35 p. m.
Leave Lebanon, week days, 7:12 a. m., 12:30 7:15 p. m.; Sunday, 7:55 a. m., 3:45 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, week days, 6:25 a. m.; Sunday, 6:50 a. m.; Sunday, 6:50 a. m.
Leave Quarryville, week days, 6:40, 11:45 a. m., 8:00; Sunday, 7:10 a. m.
ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.
Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut street whart, and South street whart.
For Atlantic City, week days, express, 9:00 a. m. and 4:50 p. m.; Accommodation, 7:30 a. m. and 4:50 p. m.; Sunday, Express, 9:00 a. m., Accommodation, 8:00 a. m., 4:30 p. m.;

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Arrangements of Passenger Trains on and after SUNDAY, November 10, 1890. NORTHWARD. | Lancaster | 1248 | 1238 | Manheim | 7:38 | 1:20 | 1:40 | | Cornwall | 7:59 | 1:46 | | Arrive at | 8:11 | 1:58 | | SOUTHWARD.

1:58 6:40 9:32 5:15 A. M. P. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. 7:12 12:30 7:15 7:55 8:45 7:27 12:45 7:28 8:10 4.00 7:56 1:16 7:53 8:40 4.30 8:27 1:52 8:18 9:12 5:02 Leave

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