## OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CINCINNATI ORIGINALS OF SOME OF ITS CHARACTERS.

region of Sums of the Localities Made respons to Mrs. Storm's Woodsright Book. some of the People Who Figured Theor-is Are Sidd Living.

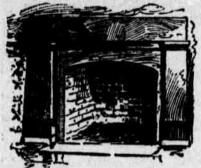
(Special Correspondence.)
CINCINNATI, O., March 20.—Last CINCINNATI, O., March 80.—Last summer, during an excursion with a camera, it was my pleasure, without premeditation, to come upon an old-farmhouse about ten miles from this city that has an interesting history for being one of the stations on the Underground Railroad that passed through Cincinnati, as well as for having once sheltered from her pursuers a girl whose experience subsequently furnished hirs. Stowe with many facts for her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." acts for her "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



RESIDENCE OF JOHN VAN BANDY. The house is situated on the creat of a hill, and from its weatherbeaten and somewhat dilapidated porch one can look away southward over one of the most charming and fertile valleys in southern Ohio, across which the rails of the Mari-etta and Cincinnati railroad glisten in parallels with the sluggish waters of the Miami canal. The man who selected this more of the love for the picturesque than is usually attributed to the rigid sect to which he belonged. This man was John Van Zandt, a Quaker, born in Kentucky, who moved to Ohio long before the war and settled on a farm north of the city, near the present suburb of Glendale. He identified himself with the Underground Railroad work, and his services in the Railroad work, and his services in the rescue of the young girl alluded to made him the subject of one of Mrs. Stowe's characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," where he figures as Van Tromp.

At the time Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle
Tim's Cabin" she lived in the east, but

t's material was arranged during her residence in Cincinnati, and the house on Walnut Hills in which she lived still stands. While the facts upon which the story is built were gleaned from far and near, the originals of many of the char-acters figured in Mrs. Stowe's every day life. For instance, her own husband, Professor Stowe, figures as Senator Bird; the Simeon Halliday of the story was Levi Coffin, who died only a few years ago, and Rachel, his good wife, was none other than Catherine Cof-fin, wife of Levi; Eliza Harris was Eliza Cit. 1 seamstress in Mrs. Stowe's family Richard Dillingham was a yould Dunker from Morrow county, O., who cope to Cincinnati to teach the colored people, and whose enthusiasm led him to Nashville in behalf of a slave, where he was arrested and imprisoned and died before his release; George Harris now lives at Oberlin, O., where he is known as George Clarke, Of course all of these characters represent the adventures of more than one person, whose identities have been lost in that of the principal person making the character. The adventures of Eliza Harris, for instance, are those of a number of slave



FIREPLACE WHERE ELIZA WAS HIDDEN girls, recorded as those of one person, a thing that was necessary to avoid cumbering the story with a confusion of

The young girl who furnished the name of Eliza Harris to the character was a slave from Kentucky, the property of a man who lived a few miles back from the Ohio river, below Ripley, O. Her master and mistress were kind to her and she had a comfortable home. But financial embarassment forced the master to sell his slaves. When Eliza learned that she and her only living child were to be separated, she resolved to make her escape that night. When darkness settled and the family had retired, she started with her child in her arms for the Ohio river, expecting to be able to cross on the ice, but when she reached its banks, at daybreak, she was appalled to find the ice broken up and drifting in large cakes. She ventured to a house near by, where she was given permission to remain during the day, hoping to find some way to cross be-fore night. But her absence had been quickly noted by her master, and before

nightfall pursuers appeared at the house. With the courage of desperation she seized her child and darted out through a back door, resolved to cross the river or perish in the attempt. The men followed in close pursuit, congratulating themselves that the chase was nearly ended. But they stood appalled when they saw their victim spring upon the ice and make for the Ohio shore, springing from cake to cake with marvelous agility. Sometimes the cake would sink beneath ler weight, and she would slide her child on to the next cake and pull herself on with her hands, and thus continued her hazardous journey. She became wet to the waist with ice water and benumbed with cold when she reached the Ohio shore, and was so exhausted that she would have drowned on the border of liberty had not a man who had watched her daring feat assisted her up the bank. She was taken to the house of Rev. John Rankin, a Presbyterian minister, whose family still lives at Ripley and cared for. Thence she was forwe'ded through Cincinnati to the house of Levi Coffin, then living at Newport, Ind., just over the Ohio line, and from there was sent to Canada.

The young girl who was rescued through the daring of Professor Stowe and the sacrifice of John Van Zandt was Eliza Cox, who also came from Kentucky, and was for some time in the service of Mrs. Stowe as seamstress. She came hito Ohio by consent of her mistress, with the understanding that her brother was to stand as hostage for her return. Slaves in Kentucky were treated with much humanity, and visits to friends across the river were frequent indulgences. Mrs. Stowe met the young girl and her sympathies were excited. Hav-ing come into the state by consent of her mistress she was, by the laws of Ohio, entitled to her freedom, and she resolved not to return to slavery, a resolution in which she was encouraged by Mrs. Stowe. Professor Stowe went before the proper authorities, secured papers attesting her freedom, and all danger of pur-ent, was supposed to be over.

Professor Stowe from various sources that the girl's master was in Cincinnati looking for her. Under the laws she was secure, but there were in the city some justions of the peace who would lame a warrant for the arrest of any colored person designated, and with this process the object of their search could be arrested and taken across the river before anything could be done in her bakalf. Once in Kentucky the master was easy victor. Professor Stowe determined to carry the girl to some piace of security till the inquiry for her was over. At night Professor Stowe secured a horse and wagen and performed the part of Senator Bird. After a drive of ten miles from the Walnut Hills residence, along a solitary road, and crossing a creek at a very dangerous fording, they arrived at the home of John Van Zandt. After some



LEWIS G. CLARK.

rapping Van Zandt appeared, candle in hand, and, as has been narrated, the following conversation took place:

"Are you the man that would save a poor colored girl from kidnapers?"

"Guess I am; where is sher"

"She is in the wagon."

"She is in the wagon."
"But what way did you come?"
"We crossed the creek."
"Why, the Lord surely helped you. I shouldn't dare cross it myself in the night. A man, his wife and five children were drowned there a little while

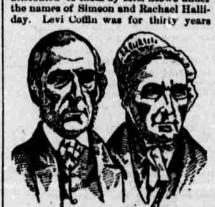
dren were drowned there a little while ago,"

Eliza Cox was never recaptured, though the house was searched once during her stay there, and the fireplace is still shown in which she was secreted behind a pile of wood arranged as for burning. This fireplace, which I photographed, is at least three feet deep and six wide, and afforded ample room for hiding. Subsequently Eliza returned to Mrs. Stowe, and afterward married and lived in Cip.

and afterward married and lived in Cin-cinnati and raised a family. For many years John Van Zandt continued his services for the fugitive slaves, and then laid down the burden of life. He was buried in a country graveyard in the valley, and from the old house in which he lived so long one can see the glistening stone that marks the spot where the body of Van Tromp moldered head to the country with the state of the country was a second or the country with the second of the country was a second or the country was a seco dered back to dust. Only one grave now remains of the hundreds once there. The greed of the husbandman has encroached upon the territory of the dead. The place is abandoned, and the graves of those whose ashes have not been removed are leveled by the plow, except this one, and that will soon follow, for

this one, and that will book the those ashes are to be removed.

Levi Coffin, in whose house at Newport, Ky., so many slaves found refuge, moved to Cincinnati soon after the rescue of Eliza Harris. Here he continued his service, and died a few years ago at a venerable age. He and his wife both exemplified in their lives the characters attributed to them by Mrs. Stowe under the names of Simeon and Rachael Halli-



LEVI COFFIN. MRS. COPPIN. president of the Underground Railroad in Cincinnati, and presided at the last meeting ever held, soon after the ratification of the Fifteenth amendment, when it was resolved that the object for which the organization had been effected had been accomplished. Mr. Coffin was a native of North Carolina.

Professor Stowe was one of the instructors in Lane seminary, and one of the ablest ministers of the Presbyterian church. His earnest labors in behalf of the slaves were far beyond what is credited to the character of Senator Bird. GEORGE S. McDowell.

A PRENTICE MULFORD LETTER.

Quarter.

(Special Correspo SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.-Twenty rears ago I thought myself pretty well acquainted with this town; but today a good deal of it has grown not only out of my remembrance, but grown since my remembrance. For instance, the Chinese quarter is two-thirds larger than in 1870, when I left. Architecturally it is greener, more dragon like, more oriental. The stores are larger and more pretentious. Most of them are neat, or-derly and well arranged. They use the large window panes. They hang out signs both in English and Chinese. Thus, "Yung Suen, dealer in clams." "Wong Hor, manufacturer of white shirts." "Long Suen, manufacturer of shirts." "Long Suen, manufacturer of brooms, New York branch." "Hung Tso, Fancy Goods. Step in and examine for yourselves." They keep ready made clothing in pattern American and Chi-nese. In these shops I observed white men bargaining for pantaloons. They have invaded and monopolized street after street, where none of their race dwelt and carried on business twenty years ago. They stretch along these thoroughfares for miles. When you look up a street and note in color a mixture of green, yellow and gilt spotted with red hieroglyphics you may know the Chinese are there in force. Green and yellow seem their favorite colors for house fronts, especially green. The Chinaman paints only such part of the house as he occupies. The rest of the front he leaves in the original hue. In San Francisco this is usually dust or mud color. Their six months of dry summer weather gives the dust time to settle, drive itself into the wood and leave its tinge thereon. San Francisco is largely as yet a wooden city. If the Chinaman occupies a second floor, he streaks its front green or yellow and leaves it sandwiched between the unpainted first and third stories. It is suggestive of boy's play when they have full gestive of boy's play when they have full access to a paint pot. It is on his large restaurant fronts that he most piles on paint, gilding, carvings, verandahs from bottom to top, glass globes, colored paper lanterns, large and small, and diminutive statues. His displays in this respect are glaring and pyrotechaio. Cul-

and the state of the big sunflower in a bed of pinks, or a spotted leopard in a facek of sheep. San Francisco's Chimadom is an open street show, a museum of curiosities in things displayed in the windows of which none but the Chimaman knows the use, and things to eat in his provision stores which, if about able to us, are curious. He has open air stands of hardware, tools, etc., like the New York outbreaks of such wares in Vesey street. His fruit stands abound with long stalks of such wares in the Chinase little boy, arrayed in fashion just like his father, but in color more luxuriant, is also far more numerous than in "70."

These seemingly little old men go about in pink or red silken loose trousers, upper garments of red or yellow, a red or blue button on their hat like head gear, embroidered Chinese shoes, and youthful pigtail extended into silk braid. He attired they race about the street and squeal sportively in their lingos as our boys squeal in theirs. Females at night may be seen chattering on the pavements, gorgeously dressed in robes of pink trimmed with many colors. If you are in certain neighborhoods at night, the Chinese man will dog you for blocks and pour most serious suggestions into your ear regarding the possibilities of seeing oriental female society. John is not at all a good man. He seems in cases corruptible, but how much he was corrupted before he came here, and how much he gained in corruption after, is more than I know.

This glare and color is confined to what seems the fashionable center of the Chinese quarter. Reaching far beyond on the outsidets is block on blocks and the outsidets is block on blocks.

This glare and color is confined to what seems the fashionable center of the Chinese quarter. Reaching far beyond on its outskirts is block on block, reaching high up the hills on which the city is built and far down to the wharves on the level made land, all filled with Chinamen at work. Buildings which wealth and fashion once occupied are full of them. Ramshackle sheds rotten with

them. Ramshackle sheds rotten with docay are full of them.

The air rocks with the peculiar odor of a Chinese population. What makes it I don't know. It is not as fragrant as a rose, neither is it so pronounced as the whiffs New York gets when the wind blows from the Hunter's Point coal oil blows from the Hunters Foint coal oil refineries. I am not defending China-dom; but in seeing and being very much alive to the faults of other races, it seems to me that we do yet strain at some guate and swallow a few camels.

A drunken Chinaman is rare. An unclean one in person ditto. Look at their hands and finger nails and compare them with those of some other races among us. He was the first washeramong us. He was the first washer-man California had, something a little less than forty years ago, and she then needed him badly, for a dirtier popula-tion has rarely been seen than that in this city in 1852. It was a sort of forced un-cleanliness. There was hardly time to wash. There were few conveniences.
The piopeer hotel often ran but one towel for a horde of guests. It paid better to buy a new shirt than expend an hour in washing it. But under these circumstances you can imagine how long some men would wear some shirts. At this juncture the Chinaman came, jumped into scapsuds and cleaned the people— at least outside. PRENTICE MULFORD.

## DIGNITY OF THE SENATE.

WALTER WELLMAN HOLDS IT TO BE A HOLLOW, HOLLOW SHAM.

Is Within Him-A Restaurant Rule That Is Continually Broken-The Appalling Blunder of a Green New Senator. (Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, March 20.—We hear a great deal of late about senatorial dignity and the protection thereof. A most se rious committee of this dignified body is now at work trying to ascertain the names of the unholy wretches of news-paper men who print facts which the senators think ought not to be printed. "The dignity of the senate must be main-tained at all hazards," say these aristocrats of the national legislature, "even if we have to put in jail the whole news-paper outfit." As if the dignity of a great body like this depended upon the action of a few newspaper writers, and could be maintained by locking those writers behind iron bars for performance of their duty to their employers and the public. There is nothing new in all this. Ever since it was born the United States senate has been striving to keep up its dignity. It has paid more attention to dignity than to brains, and in consequence has constantly degenerated. There has not been a really brilliant senate since the days of the war. These old chaps who spend half their time thinking up new devices for maintaining their dignity are as a matter of fact a commonplace lot.

Unfortunately for itself the senate
started in on this campaign of eternal
dignity the day it came into the world. At first it was going to hold all its ses-sions in secret, and actually did so until it discovered that an election to the senate was like the burying of a man alive. There were newspapers in those days and sensible men running them, as now, and the old time newspaper men concluded that the dignified, secret and stupid senate was not worth bothering with. They published no reports, rarely mentioned the names of senators, and, after three or four years of that sort of experience, so much of the dignity of the body as was embodied in the secret

proceedings was reluctantly abandoned. Early in its career the senate sought to borrow a little dignity from the office of president of the United States; it con-strued the constitutional provision concerning appointments to mean that the president must personally confer with the great senate about the men whom he wished to appoint to places in the gov-ernment service. Washington did for a time go to the senate chamber for the purpose of holding these consultations, but his good sense enabled him very quickly to perceive that such methods were beneath the dignity of his office, and he soon discontinued the practice; still, to this very day the senate keeps in its standing rules the clause, "When the president of the United States shall meet the senate in the senate chamber for the consideration of executive business, he shall have a seat on the right of the presiding officer."

The senate had no sooner been called

into existence than it endeavored to lift itself upon a pedestal above the other branch of congress. This was strikingly shown in the effort which the first senate made to compel the house of representatives to bow the knee to senatorial dignity in the matter of transmitting messages between the two houses. The senate insisted that its communications to the house should be sent by the hand of one of its employes, the secretary, who was deemed a person of sufficient importance to wait upon the common members of congress. When the house had a communication to make to the august senate, however, a committee of members was to take the bill or resolution in their hands, and with uncovered heads and cautious tread approach the senate door. There they were to be an-nounced by the doorkeeper, and, as salve for the wounds caused their pride by sarving in the capacity of menials, were

distinction between the dignity of the two bodies, and held its ground in favor of sending communications in both instances by the hand of employes till the sensity was forced in the send of employes till the sensity was forced in the send of employes till the sensity was forced in the dignity we hear so much of? It is a hollow sham. The senate at but is a congiomerate mass of insincerity, and it is as insincere and affected in its dignity as in its patriotism. These old chaps, who are so eager to punish other people for violation of rules which they are not sworn to respect, themselves disregard the rules, which they are under onth to obey, whenever it suits their convenience to do so. A week or two ago the chairman of the very committee which is trying to run down the manner in which executive sension secrets are given to the public, gave a salmon hunch in the senate restaurant. The senate without having been excused. On this cocasion the sengent-at-arms reported that there were twenty-two senators in the restaurant, and that when he informed them they were wanted upstairs to attend to the public business, said senators coolly told him they were too busy to move. One of the rules of the senate is that the restaurant must not sell intoxicating liquors, yet seven cases of champagne were opened at this lunch and several bottles of brandy and whisky. Every day grave and dignified senators may be seen drinking whisky in the senate restaurant, the rule to the contrary notwithstanding; and when the senate restaurant, the rule to the contrary notwithstanding; and when they want whisky nowadays they say whisky, and do not call for cold tea. This is the only regular ceremonial in the senate which, so far as I have ob-served, does not savor of sham and prud-

ments of dignity as defined by the sens-tors. They are exclusive even in the violation of their own rules. When they go down stairs to drink whisky they like go down stairs to drink whisky they like to do so in private, and so they provide in their rules that "the large private room of the restaurant shall be reserved exclusively for senators and their guests," while "the small private room shall be reserved exclusively for the use of senators and members of the house of representatives, and such use of the private rooms shall not be interfered with." In other words, the vulgar public must stay out altogether, while the members of the house may sit down and drink whisky only in the outer sanctum.

only in the outer enectum.

The new senator who presumes to take advantage of the superficial politeness and "we-apples-swim" tendency of the august body, will make a serious mistake. There was an instance of this a few weeks ago. A new senator from the west, who had been but a few weeks in weet, who had been but a few weeks in his seat, wanted the senate to go into executive session, and made a motion to that effect. This seemed harmless enough, but the older senators were horrified. They coughed and hemmed and stared at the new man till the poor fellow imagined he had committed the crims of sedition or arson. The presiding officer, who chanced to be one of the older senators, preserved his presence of mind, and was for the monce conveniently deaf. He didn't hear the motion, and the senate went on with some other business. Then two or three of the old fellows gathered around the new man and whispered in his ear:

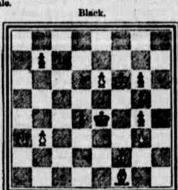
"Didn't you know that it is one of the traditions of the senate that a senator

traditions of the senate that a senator must have been here two years before he can move to go into executive ses-

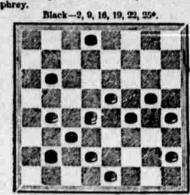
Ten minutes later a senator who had served the required two years made the executive session motion, and the gong sounded three times, the doors were closed, the vulgar public retired, and the senate went solemnly into secret session, the old chaps gossiping in the cloak rooms about the young senator's blunder like a parcel of old mads at a quitting. But the dignity of the senate must be preserved. WALTER WELLMAN.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

Chees problem No. 54-By F. W. Martin-



White to play and mate in two moves Checker problem No. 54-By Frank Hum-



White-15, 17, 18\*, 90, 96, 98, 31. Black to play and win.

Chess problem No. 53: White. 2..Any. 2..Kt to Q 4 3..B to B 3

Checker problem No. 58—White—11\*, 18\*, 2. Biack.—9, 19, 25\*. White to play and White. 1...23 to 17

1.. 9 to 13 2..25 to 18 8. . 11 to 16, and wins.

Louis Bierbauer.

uis Bierbauer (or "Bauer," as he is generally known), who is to play second base in the Brooklyn Players' team during the com-ing season, was born Sept. 28, 1665, at Erie.

Pa. He commenced his baseball career in 1883 with a semiprofessional team of his native city. After playing with several minor teams BE he signed with the Philadelphia Athetics. Through the release of Quest he was pisced on second base and did well. For four sessons he guarded that position for the Athletics, playing more than five Louis Bierbauer.

hundred championship games. He led in the official fielding averages of the American association in 1887, ranking second in 1889 and fourth in 1886 and 1888. Everything considered, it is safe to count him as one of the comics "stare"

"Gen. Greely, I thought you promised us a cold wave,"
"So I did; but I had to postpone it on secount of the weather?"—Hew York

THE OLD TIME ANGLERS.

COUNTRY FISHING WHILE YET THE FOREST LINED THE STREAMS.

Crystal Streams of Other Days—"Diggin Worms"—Missous for Butt—Also Tonds

[Copyright, 1880.]
Yet I will look upon thy face again,
By own rounants stream, and it will be
A face more pleasants than the face of men.
Thy wave are old companions: I shall see
A wall remembered form in each old tree
And hear a voice long loved in thy wild min-

These lines of Drake express the longing of the country born who now tolls in the city. But it cannot be. The stream is changed. So let me, at least, revisit it in memory and picture the scenes of boyhood's angling.



THE FISH OF WESTERN WATERS.

Time: A bright Saturday morning.

Era: In the carly '50's. Place: The border of a creek in the middle section of the Wabash valley—the region where that stream, having long run southwest and "across the geological formation," as they now say, has turned at last into the carboniferous region and flows tranquilly through broad and fertile "bottom" lands, which end at lofty bluffs from half a mile to two miles away. from half a mile to two miles away. Directly on the river one does not see that riparian scenery which charms the traveler about Logansport and thence to Lafayette and below; the banks are high and thence there is a slope towards the bluffs, near which are the black and stagnant bayous which offend the eye (and too often the nose) of the voyager on the Wabash and Erie canal, and in which the anaky, slimy looking "pond flah" have their sluggish and worthless

nistence.

But the bluffs once passed, a lovely, high and rolling, heavily timbered region extends to Wabash Mill creek, which, like all the other affluents of the Wabash, flows at a very acute angle to the river. Not then as now. Cultivation had not broken the natural surface of the riparian plades and left them so that every rain turned the crystal stream into a torrent turned the crystal stream into a torrent of muddy water. Heavy timber still lined the creek for the most part—the cultivated tracts were further back—and the roots, reaching far down into the water, created a whirl and hence a deep pool, where the silvery bass and the bright perch and still brighter sunfish loved to lie in cool and cloudy weather, coming out upon the ripples chiefly when the sky was clear and the south wind blew softly. The "dead water" about the great drifts was the favorite haunt of catfish, but they were not esteemed like the bass

but they were not esteemed like the bass and panfish. In fact, the old settlers had a prejudice against any fish that did not prefer running water. After the Wabash and Eric canal became the best fishing ground, it took them some time to get reconciled even to the products of that; and as to eating fish from a regular pond, a regular water pen made for breeding flah, the suggestion would have disgusted them. Going up any stream from the Wabash, soon after passing the "bottoms" one would find it of crystal clearness, with long, deep pools here and there, separated by short ripples rolling over clean, gravelly bottoms. Often the trees hung so far over the stream that opposite boughs intermingled, and in the growing season a faint but exquisitely delicate perfume floated down to the happy boy on the green bank, whose every sense was keen and all his being in harmony with nature.



PLINGING OUT HIS FIRST PIRH. What a blessed fact it is that almost every sound the country boy hears is a natural rhythm, almost every sight he sees is restful to the eye. No carts rattling over stony pavements, no scream of steam whistles, no whir of machinery, so roar of crowded streets; but instead the lowing of cattle, the twitter of birds, the ripple of brooks, the soft sighing of the wind in the tall trees. Sociologists tell us that after a few generations of continuous life in cities all the percep-tive faculties become extremely dull; children are born near sighted, deficient in hearing, color blind and sadly devoid of the natural sense of harmony—and no wonder. As the little fisherman watches his cork the hum of insects about the buds on the overhanging trees is borne to his ears. Sometimes a sudden gust of wind scatters buds and insects down upon the water, and then the speckled and silver sided beauties dart hither and yon for the first snap at the dainty food.

The total outfit of the boy of 1850, or thereabouts, might fetch ten cents in a builed market." There is no jointed rod, no reel, no fancy cork, no artificial fly. The rod he cut as he came through the woods-a limber ash or water beech sprout. The hook is the simplest of old fashioned barbs; the fishing line a very small and tightly woven cord, which cost him five cents at the country store. The cork (he never heard of a "bob") is a real cork, originally from Kentucky, or "som'ers down below," and imported in the grand old big bellied demijohn which contained the strong water of Bourhon county. Through & he punches a small hole and is careful to double his line in it while fastening, in such a way that he can easily readjust it to various depths of water. The "sinker" is made of two or three bullets hammered into a mass. His bait—well, it is various. "Diggin' worms" was probably his last occupation the night before his holiday,

'fishin' worms" were thought to improve a little by being kept in a box of loose earth for a night. For the canal and river, minnows seined from the branch were thought the best bait. For branch were thought the best bait. For catfish, live frogs or tonds were occasionally used, the hook being very lightly inserted in the loose skin along the back. But it was reprobated. Indeed, it was a subject at times of heated discussion, and many a tough old fisherman has wasted valuable time tryles in our

vince a tender hearted boy that it did not hurt the frog. Maybe it didn't, but the frog squirmed around all the same and imitated a burt creature remarkably

And now all is set, silence is enjoined—"Don't swear or you won't catch a dashed fish"—and there is eager rivalry for the first fish. The morning sun shining through the trees casts great feather edged scoilops of light and shade upon the water; the wind is from the south, and just strong enough to make the fish bite well. The worm is impaled, the line is thrown, the cork spins around a few times and floats on the placid pool. All at once it bobs and the eager boy leans forward with delighted eye and dilated nostril. Once, twice, three times it bobs. "A nibble, a nibble," he whispers in a hiss that might be heard twenty yards. "First nibble for me!" Once or twice more perhaps it bobs. "Gosh dang it, he's tuck my bait!" No, the cork bobs but once more and then takes a dive. The fish is hooked. With more than



boyish strength the rod is whirled up-ward and backward, the line flies out to ward and backward, the line flies out to its greatest length and the fish is thrown, perhaps, into a bush or tree in the rear, while the exultant boy, all injunctions to silence ignored, yells in a tone that echoes far along the stream:

"First fish for MEI"

"Shut up, gosh blame ye," is the only response, "you'll skeer all the fish out o' the creek."

And it does look like it, for there is generally a long walt after the first fish

And it does look like it, for there is generally a long wait after the first fish. But it's a good day, and soon the sport is on the full tide of success. It is wonderful how rapidly fish were taken in those times when conditions were favorable. "Twenty-four fine bass in two hours" was the best record I ever saw made by one person; but of course I have reliable testimony (that of fishermen) to much more lively sport. This abundance of fish food was a great advantage to the early settlers. The country boy, as aforesaid, had none of the modern conveniences; but he had what was far better—a sense of the right time to go fishing, which was a science in itself.

If he was too young to have acquired it, his father or the hired man had it. One hired man we had was a prodigy in

One hired man we had was a prodigy in this and similar lines of wood craft. He had a keenness of perception as to na-ture's doings that amounted to a sixth ture's doings that amounted to a sixth sense. Often I have walked through the deep woods with him and seen him pause and raise his gun, and then aquirrels or birds that I could not see would come tumbling from the tops of the tallest trees—and the squirrels in most cases were shot in the head. He could examine the night sky and note the ovening air and tell almost to a certainty whether fish would bite the next day. If the morning left it still in doubt he would morning left it still in doubt he would blow up a little tobacco smoke and watch its drift and gradual dissipation, and rarely indeed did he fail in this test. My one day, when I was about 9 years old, I handed him a copy of The Indiana State Journal to read something that had amused me, and discovered that he could not read. It was quite a shock. Down to that time I had thought he knew every-

thing.

If the fish bit very well at any time they did not usually keep it up long. Three hours was a long season of good fishing; then the wind changed or the sky was overcast, or, as we used to think, we had caught all the fish in that part of the creek, though the real reason probably was that it was a good day for their feeding and they had got enough and "gone up under the roots." After the fishing came the fun, if we were not too anxious to hurry home and show our

anxious to hurry home and show our spoils.

Now, alas, all the broad and fertile tracts along the creeks are cleared of timber; no lofty trees, or very few, hang over the stream, and in places the banks have to be "rocked up" to prevent destructive washing. There are no more floating logs and no drifts, and, with very rare exceptions, no deep holes for fishing or swimming. Many of the creeks are of one uniform depth, or rather shallow, from source to mouth, and few indeed are the places where the boys of 1850 can renew their youth with hoot, line and rod.

J. H. BEADLE.

Samps.

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My disease (paoriasis) first broke est en a left cheek, apreading across my nose, and a me covering my face. It ran into my open, and a physician was afraid I would late my apose altique the physician was afraid I would late my apose altique the physician was afraid I would late my apose altique the physician was afraid I would late my apose altique the physician was afraid I would late my apose altique the physician was afraid late and are altique to be afraid to the physician was promounced the physician and afraid the would thicken and bread of the tricuta Americana, and affar spending many hundreds of delian was promounced incurable. I heard of the tricuta Americans, and affar single wood of Cuticuta Americans, and affar alter the drawn and affar in and alter that alter the drawn of the tricuta Americans, and affar alter the drawn of the tricuta Americans, and affar alter the drawn of the tricuta Americans, and affar alter the drawn of the tricuta Americans, and affar alter the drawn of the tricutal and the drawn of the tricutal and the drawn of the drawn of

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PANNEYLVANIA RAILBOADBORN In effect from Nov. 18, 1886. Trains Likays Love. 18, 1886. Trains Likays Love. 18, 1886. Trains Likays Love. 18, 1886.

Side a. To. 60 p. m. ( D

CHAR. E. PUGH, General stangers.

unday Mail

THILADELPHIA & READING BATTLE BRADING & COLUMBIA DIVISION.

On and after Sunday, Nov 10, 1885, ave Lancaster (King Street), as follows: For Reading and Intermediate points, ays, 720 a. m., 1225, 846 p. m.; Sunday,

12:35 p. m.

For Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m., 5:50 m.; Sunday, 8:55 p. m.

For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 8:45 p. Sunday, 8:55 p. m.

For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 18:35, p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m., 18:30 p. m.; Sunday, 8:10 p. m.

TRAINS FOR LANCASTEE.

Leave Reading, week days, 7:30, 11:35 a. Leave Reading, week days, 7:20, 11:25 a. w. 1:55 p. m.; Sunday, 7:20 a. m.; kill p. m. Leave Philadelphia, week days, 4:15, 10:20 Leave Philiadelphia, week days, it.
Leave New York via Philadelphia, week days
7:5 a. m., 1:50, p. m. 12:15 night.
Leave New York via Allentown, week days
4:50 a. m., 1:50 p. m.
Leave Allentown, week days, fell a. m.;

Leave Alientown, week days, 500 a. m., 500 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, week days, 500 a. m., 500 p. m.
Leave Lebanon, week days, 7:13 a. m., 100 p. m.
Leave Lebanon, week days, 500 a. m., 100 p. m.; Stonday, 7:50 a. m., Leave Harrisburg, week days, 500 a. m., Leave Quarryville, week days, 500 a. m.; Leave Quarryville, week days, 600, 11:05 a. m.
Stong ; Sunday, 7:10 a. m.
ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.
Leave Philadelphia, Chesinut street what and South street what.
For Atlantic City, week days, commodation, 500 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.; Burday, Engage 9:500 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.; Sunday, Engage 9:500 a. m., Accommodation, 5:50 g. m., p. m.

Bellurning leave Atlantic City, when the Atlantic and Arkansas Avenue. Express 7:30 a. m. and 4 p. m. And a p. m. Accommodation, 7:30 a p. m. Vice Pres. & Gen'l M'gr. Gen'l Pess'r Ast.

L BAILBOAD, Arrangements of Passenger Trains on and after

Columbia
Manheim 758 156 858 858

Oornwell 758 156 858 858

Lebanon 611 158 860 868

Lebanon 713 1858 716 716

Cornwell 727 1858 716 716

Manheim 726 116 116 116

Lenguster 827 156 116 116

Lenguster 827 156 116 116

Columbia. 9:27 2:05
Eing Street, Lanc. 8:35 2:00
A. M. WILSON, Supt. B. & C. S.
B. S. NEFF, Supt. C. E. R.