

OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CINCINNATI ORIGINALS OF SOME OF ITS CHARACTERS.

Picture of some of the Cincinnati Slaves from Mrs. Stowe's Wonderful Book...

(Special Correspondence.) CINCINNATI, O., March 20.—Last summer, during an excursion with a camera...

Professor Stowe from various sources that the girl's master was in Cincinnati looking for her.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN VAN ZANDT.

The house is situated on the crest 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...

At the time Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she lived in the east, but the material was arranged during her residence in Cincinnati, and the house on Walnut Hills in which she lived still stands.

Levi Coffin, in whose house at Newport, Ky., so many slaves found refuge, moved to Cincinnati soon after the rescue of Eliza Harris.



LEVI COFFIN. MRS. COFFIN. President of the Underground Railroad in Cincinnati, and presided at the last meeting ever held, soon after the ratification of the Fifteenth amendment...

A PRENTICE MULFORD LETTER.

For Picture of the San Francisco Chinese Quarter. [Special Correspondence.] SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—Twenty years ago I thought myself pretty well acquainted with this town...

Luckily the house had no liking for the two distinct positions of 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 senators had their traditional dignity...

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 hats like head gear, unembroidered Chinese shoes, and youthful pigtail extended into silk braid.

This glare and color is confined to what seems the fashionable center of the Chinese quarter. Reaching far beyond its outskirts is black on black, 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.

A drunkard in China is rare. An unclean and inhuman dog. Look at the hands and finger nails and compare them with those of some other races among us.

DIGNITY OF THE SENATE.

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

He Gives His Reasons for the Faith That 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 serious committee of this dignified body is now at work trying to ascertain the names of the unholy wretches of newspaper men who print facts which the senators think ought not to be printed.

The dignity of the senate must be maintained at all hazards. The aristocratic of the national legislature, "even if we have to put in jail the whole newspaper 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.

Early in his career the senate sought to borrow a little dignity from the office of president of the United States; it constructed the constitutional provision concerning appointments to mean that the president must personally confer with the senate.

Louis Bierbauer, as he is generally known, who is to play second base in the Brooklyn Players' team during the coming season, was born Sept. 24, 1865, at Erie, Pa.

THE OLD TIME ANGLERS.

COUNTRY FISHING WHILE YET THE FOREST LINED THE STREAMS.

Civilization Two Miles on the Edge—The Crystal Stream of Other Days—"Diggin' Worms"—Sifters for Bait—Also Treads and Green-peppers.

Yet I will look upon the face again. My own rostrum stream, and it will be a face more pleasant than the face of man.

These lines of Drake express the longing of the country boys who now tolls in the city. Bait is not bait. 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.

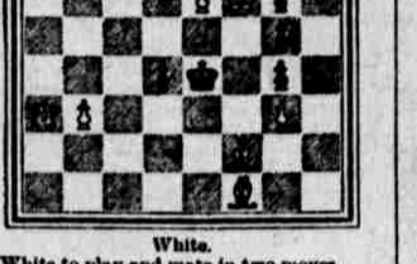
Time: A bright Saturday morning. Era: In the early '30's. Place: The border of a creek in the middle section of the Wabash valley region where that stream, having long run southwest and "across the geological formation," as they now say, has turned at last into the carboniferous region and flows tranquilly through broad and fertile "bottom" lands...

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 glades and left them so that every rain turned the crystal stream into a torrent of muddy water.

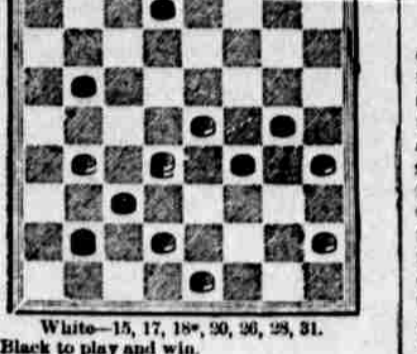
The "dead water" about the great drifts was the favorite haunt of catfish, but they were not esteemed like the bass and panfish. In fact, the old settlers had a prejudice against any fish that did not prefer running water.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

Chess problem No. 54—By F. W. Martin. Black.



White to play and mate in two moves. Checker problem No. 54—By Frank Humphrey.



White—15, 17, 18, 30, 32, 33, 31. Black to play and win. SOLUTIONS. Chess problem No. 53: 1. B to R 5. 2. Any. 3. K to Q 4. 4. B to B 3. 5. Any. Checker problem No. 53—White—11, 19, 22. Black—9, 19, 25. White to play and win.

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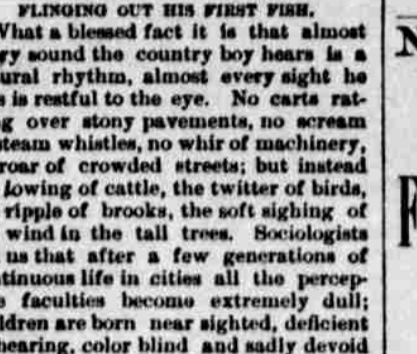
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CUTICURA REMEDIES.

SCALY SKIN DISEASES.

Procurable in 3 Years, Covering Face, Head and Entire Body With White Scaly Skin, Itchy and Bleeding, Swelling, Pain, and Disfigurement. Pronounced Incurable. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

Cured by Cuticura.

My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician said it would kill me if I did not get it cured. It spread all over my body, and I was unable to work, and I was in great pain. I tried many remedies, but they did not help. I was in great pain, and I was in great pain. I was in great pain, and I was in great pain.



"WILL THE FISH BITE TODAY?"

boyish strength the rod is whirled up 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 ME!"

"Shut up, gosh blame ye," is the only response, "you'll never all the fish out of the creek."

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 fall tide of success. It is wonderful how rapidly fish were taken in those times when conditions were favorable.

"Twenty-four fish 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 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 this and similar lines of wood craft. He had a keenness of perception as to nature'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 squirrels 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 evening air and tell almost to a certainty whether fish would bite the next day. If the 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 reverence for him was unbounded until 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 everything.

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 under the roots." After the fishing came the fun, if we were not too 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 boy of 1850 can renew their youth with hook, line and rod. J. H. HEADLE.

Call and See.

THE FINE NEW LAMPS.

ART GOODS.

ON SECOND FLOOR.

John L. Arnold's Building.

NORTH QUEEN STREET.

PUMING, GAS FITTING, &c.

John P. Schaum & Son.

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING AND ROOFING.

26 SOUTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER PA.

Photographs.

I JUST RECEIVED.

Kaenigsburg, Prussia.

Two Backgrounds made especially for Rust and Three-quarter Length Photographs.

+ROTE+ 50-1-2 NORTH QUEEN ST.

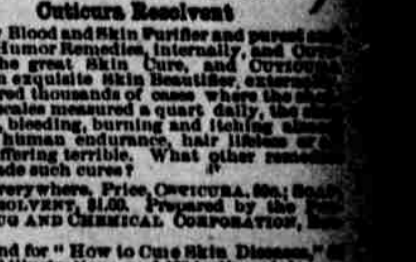
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