To celebrate 225 years of Lancaster newspapers, we present this weekly series of 52 front pages from throughout our history. Many feature events that would shape the course of world history. Some feature events of great local importance. Still others simply provide windows into the long-ago lives of Lancaster County residents. Make sure to check in every week, and enjoy this trip through time with LNP.

1884

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10 lines a square	1 sq.	1 sq.	2 sq.	3 sq.	1 sq.	2 sq.
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Three Days	80	1 50	3 00	4 50	6 00	7 50
Four Days	1 00	1 85	3 50	5 15	6 80	8 45
Five Days	1 10	2 20	4 00	5 80	7 60	9 40
One Week	1 25	2 50	4 50	6 50	8 50	10 50
Two Weeks	2 25	4 00	7 50	10 50	13 50	16 50
Three Weeks	3 00	6 00	10 00	13 50	17 00	20 50
One Month	3 50	7 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	24 00
Two Months	5 00	10 00	17 00	22 00	27 00	32 00
Three Months	6 00	12 00	20 00	26 00	32 00	38 00
Six Months	9 00	18 00	28 00	35 00	44 00	52 00
One Year	15 00	28 00	45 00	55 00	65 00	75 00

OUR PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.

FORTY-THREE VERY HAPPY GRADUATES

Thirty-Second Annual Commencement Exercises of the Lancaster High Schools. Essays, Addresses, Recitations and Music—Unusual Decorations.

The thirty-second annual commencement exercises of the Lancaster High Schools took place at Fulton Hall, at eight o'clock this morning, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The day could not have been more auspicious, just pleasantly cool—the delightful calm that follows the storm. The hall presented a charming appearance. Around the galleries and on either side of the stage were arranged the sketches and paintings of the young ladies of the Girls' High School, and the stage presented a rarely beautiful appearance. Never before, in the history of the high schools, was so much attention paid to stage decoration. Harry Schroyer had brought to bear all the artistic taste he possesses to make the occasion a success, so far as the decorative artist was concerned, and how well he succeeded can be attested by the thousands of delighted people who were present. A wealth of beauty adorned the front of the stage, comprising the prettiest tropical plants, and one hundred yards of evergreens were used in the festooning. From the top, near the front of the stage, depended a crescent, eight feet in length and formed of white immortelles, while at each end was a large floral book—this constituting the class emblem. On the crescent was the inscription, "Class of," and on the book, "1884."

The Exercises.

At 7:30 the Directors, teachers and the pupils of the High Schools met at the High School building and marched to the hall, which they reached a few minutes before eight o'clock. As they marched down the main aisle Prof. Matz played a pleasing march, and, every one seated and the graduates arranged in circles on the stage, the curtain went up and the exercises began with prayer by the Rev. J. V. Eckert.

Music—"Beautiful Spring-Time," by the High Schools.

Salutatory—"Palman Qui Meruit Ferat," Miss Carrie S. Breneman. "He bears the palm who merits it," was the literal theme of this young lady's really meritorious essay, and her words of welcome were fitly chosen and happily expressed. Originality of thought and expression were notable features of the effort.

Essay—"Never Despair," Miss Anna M. Swartzwelder. Full of hope, the essayist pointed bravely to possibilities that exist for all of us, and her words of cheer were words of wisdom as well, exhibiting such a bright and hopeful view of the earthly affairs as reflected creditably on the mind and heart of the essayist.

Address—"Monitor and Merrimac," Master John W. Hetrick. A carefully written production, showing a familiarity with and comprehension of events that occurred before the writer was born, it is not a matter of surprise that its delivery won the heartiest applause. The delivery was free, easy and manly, and Master Hetrick acquitted himself most creditably.

Address—"Mastery of the Seas," Master John L. Coho. The war ships of the ancients were insignificant when compared with those of modern times, and the speaker reviewed the progress made in shipbuilding from the earliest times to the present. The ironclad vessels of America came in for a large share of praise, and the prediction was made that vessels of war would, in the not distant future, be made impregnable. The address was interesting.

Music—"Pull Away," (Rossini), by the Boys' High School.

Essay—"Delusive Buoys," Miss Clara Ream. The delusions of life were adverted to by the young essayist in a manner that exhibited more mature thought than can naturally be looked for in one so young, and if the hundreds of young hearers present gave ear to what was so wisely and kindly set forth by the author, giving more than ordinarily fine expression to her performance. The young lady was compelled to bow her acknowledgement to an encore.

Address—"Abraham Lincoln," Master Harry C. Mercer. In this an eulogy of Lincoln, the speaker, in clear, forcible language, gave a careful review of the life of one of the greatest of the earth's great men, and the love and reverence with which the memory of the martyred Lincoln is held found expression in the prolonged applause which greeted Master Mercer at the conclusion of his excellent address.

Recitation—"Wooing of Irving," (Thackeray), by Harry N. Mills, who, with a popular theme, treated in a popular way and rendered in a pleasant manner, won much praise.

Music—"Breathings of Spring," (Weber), by the Girls' High School.

Essay—"Spectacles With False Lenses," Miss Annie M. Wolf. Here was a theme which presented opportunities for telling a great many accepted truths in a terse way, and the fair essayist made the most of it. The deceptions which arise from spectacles with false lenses were arrayed in vivid word painting, and elicited deserved applause.

Essay—"Modesty a Sign of Merit," Miss Jennie Harrison. This modest demeanor, belitting her subject, Miss Harrison glowingly pictured the beauty of modesty, pronouncing it the most desirable and important requisite in the formation of a noble character. Miss Harrison was also favored with an encore.

Address—"The Work of Rivers," Master Martin L. Ream. The ceaseless action of the waves of the sea, and the important part the great bodies of ocean water play in the affairs of the world, as well as the numberless benefits arising from rivers, creeks and brooks, formed the theme of the well-digested and very entertaining address, in which some familiarity with science was exhibited, and the young orator, like the lady who immediately preceded him, was rewarded with an encore.

Recitation—"The Fate of Virginia," Macaulay), by Master D. R. Gundaker, was given with much spirit, and, to prolonged and rapturous applause, the young gentleman arose and bowed gracefully in acknowledgement.

Music—"Laurel and Rose," by Misses Fegley and Zecher, was very prettily sung.

Essay—"Our Place in Society," Miss Katie Sharp. Are we filling that place in the world which our Creator intended that we should fill? This was the text of a most charming essay, filled with good and beautiful thought, and pointing the way to the better and nobler life. Noted instances of great accomplishments from humble beginnings were given, and all were advised to strive after noble ends.

Recitation—"Here she goes, and there she goes," by Miss Alice P. Thompson, was given with spirit, and, the subject being pleasant and the recitation admirable in style, it constituted one of the most creditable performances of the morning, and was justly rewarded with a hearty encore.

Address—"Our Commonwealth," Master Wm. J. Eberly. The greatness of our Commonwealth was expatiated upon in terms of pride by the young orator, whose acquaintance with history and whose ostentatious way of giving it made him a favorite, and the applause which greeted his fine effort was most generous, compelling the young man to acknowledge it with a bow.

Address—"Art in Nature," Master Chrn. J. Urban. Here was a lover of nature, one who saw the highest types of art in nature's works, and right cleverly did he pursue his argument. It was a notably fine address, and the delivery was equally creditable.

Music—"Ever of Thee," by the High Schools.

Essay—"The Love of Excitement," Miss Anna L. Kreider. The love of excitement is natural to humanity, and healthful excitement is to be commended. But there should be a restraint, something to check unnatural and hurtful excitement, and the fair essayist dealt broadly and comprehensively with her subject. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but there should be a distinction between proper and improper excitement, and the fair essayist "brought down the house" when she said that base ball, once called "the national game," would soon be called "the national nuisance."

Essay—"Flattery," Miss Maggie E. Feagley. The flatterer was handled literally "without gloves," by the essayist, who gave all merited rebuke to those who, by their flattery, by their insincere words, mislead those whose confidence they gain, only to rejoice, perhaps, later on, at their chagrin, disappointment and mortification. A very meritorious production, it could not fail to win approving smiles and hearty applause.

Address—"Value of the Microscope," Master Arthur Boardman, who, in well chosen language, painted the wonders, the beauties and the uses of the microscope, now forming so conspicuous a part in the studies of the youth of the land. Time was when study, with the aid of the microscope, was the portion of the few; now it is becoming general, and this advance step cannot be overestimated. Master Boardman was greeted with applause when his name was announced, as well as at the conclusion of his admirable address.

Address—"Trees: Their Use and Beauty," Master Charles C. Herr. Starting with the statement that each boy in the High School had been presented with a tree, which he was requested to plant and care for, the speaker proceeded to picture the beauty of trees, and to impress upon all the importance of cultivating and preserving them for our uses. It was a thoroughly practical essay on forestry, and, for its importance to the people in general, no subject treated during the morning's exercises exceeded it, and few were its equals.

Music—"Protect Us," by the Girls' High School.

Essay—"Firmness in Duty," Miss Mary A. Kreider. The importance of firmness in performing many duties of life, however great the temptation to swerve from it, was dwelt upon in the most earnest manner, and a just regard for duty and the courage to perform it was regarded as one of the foundation stones of all success in life. The essay was a thoughtful one, and could not have failed to leave a lasting, beneficial impression on those who heard it.

Essay—"Class Prophesy," Miss Bertha Cox. This was a new feature in High School commencements, and Miss Cox did full justice to the task assigned. The oracles that had been consulted told some very funny things that were in store for the High School graduates of 1884, all of which the prophetess mentioned in detail—some to be "married in January," some to cross the ocean, some to live in palaces exceeded in grandeur only by the Queen's, but all to have some pleasant and honored place in life. It was a witty production, provoking a great deal of laughter and applause.

Recitation—Blaine's "Eulogy on Garfield," by Master Wm. M. Maxwell. The pronunciation of the name of Blaine reverence felt for the subject of the eulogy, and the clear, distinct tones in which the recitation was given, all served to make the performance a noteworthy one, and it was received with unmistakable evidences of approval.

Music—"The Styrian Land," by the High Schools.

Essay—"But Once," Miss Martha Stanton. The world, so full of temptations, often calls forth the expression, "But once; but by whom and how are they used? Man has been placed by his Creator in a very elevated position, but his giving way to weakness, this "but once," places man on the mountain side, with little hold on the slope. Avoid temptations, resist the beginning of evil, and all will be well. The door once opened, the fall quickly follows. Sound practical in substance, graceful in diction, and read with much ease and grace, this essay won golden opinions, as it deserved to.

Essay—"Elements of Success," Miss Lizzie F. Shoemaker. How prone people are to imagine that they are more deserving of success than those around them, and yet how many such fail where others succeed. It is because they have not started in the right way. An overseeming confidence often leads to defeat, and the true elements of success are found in selecting an object in life and working energetically to its accomplishment, turning neither to the right nor to the left.

Some Rare and Humorous Prophecies.

Address—"Class Prediction and Prophecy," by Master A. Wayne Bitner. His chaos weighed about a ton and a-half, at least the boy side of it. Any one might be a critic, and as to prophets they could be found on every street corner. Master Bitner then proceeded to prophesy the future of his class-mates, which he did in the most humorous (and yet far from offensive) manner. He was almost constantly interrupted with peals of laughter, as some palpable hit on the peculiarities of a classmate was given, and his prophecy was certainly one of the most enjoyable productions a High School commencement day. The prophecy is so good, indeed, that we publish it in full, as follows:

Our class weighs upwards of a ton and a half, per scale, but the chemist of a century hence suggested a few days since that it looked as if the fraction carried the ton! This may be true and, indeed, as an unprejudiced observer, I am inclined to agree with this opinion, but it is not of the matter.

Belonging to the ton and not to the fraction, I may with the more propriety serve as critic and prophet on this memorable day. The critic may be a fault and the prophet a humbug. But this is a free country. Anybody can criticize; and as for prophecy—why the prophets are to be found on every street corner. The party that cannot prophesy in these days of free speech, cheap newspapers and universal wisdom is not of much account, and if anybody supposes that the profession is not popular I would ask him to take account people we take this happy occasion to disabuse his mind on that particular point.

But to the duty which the class imposes. And remember, class-mates, if I hit you too hard, yours was the voice that called me to the task. While the judgment of your critic may not be altogether infallible, be sure the little he may say will be true. The critic will hit the bulls-eye more times in twenty than will the prophet.

Master Hetrick, who opens the ball for us to-day, is a worthy youth, well-made and self-satisfied. What he don't know about the merit roll isn't worth knowing for he has studied it with care, whatever else he may have neglected, and to such extent that he can tell you to a cent high figures on the last home run. He will create an impression wherever placed. The editorial profession has its attractions for John and if he shall handle the stick and form, the reporter's lead-pencil and the editor's pen, with that energy which has characterized his previous work, we risk little in our prophecy of a successful career in journalism, and give him as he may select, the honored post of editor-in-chief of the New York *Tribune*, Harper's *Weekly* or the London *Times*.

John L. Coho is a youth of retiring manners and modest demeanor. He is, therefore, admirably adapted for success as an insurance agent or a dry goods drummer. He loves music, sings bass, delights in poetry and aged patriarchs—of the rare Abou Ben Adhem species. The account of this old gentleman, as given by Leigh Hunt, he has long known verbatim et literatim et punctuatim; and how often he has given to his admiring classmates, from the platform on declamation day, the story of good Abou's awakening from his "deep dream of peace," of the "moonlight in his room making it rich and like a lily in bloom" of the radiant "angel writing in the book of gold," etc., etc., as narrated in that master-piece of poetic fancy—these are things I'll never tell you. Ill-natured people might suggest lack of energy as we tell the brevity of "Abou," and the frequency with which we've heard the oft-told story. Far be such a thought from the mind of your critic. He will be an insurance agent and in the year 1901, if the fates approve, we shall inaugurate him Governor of Pennsylvania.

And our friend Mercer. His is another of our champion bass voices and he also occasionally "drops into poetry." How many a time and oft have we heard, with never failing interest, his eloquent Friday afternoon effort at "Driving Home the Cows:"

> "Out of the meadow and blue-eyed grass
> He turned them into the river lane;
> One after another he let them pass,
> Then fastened the meadow bars again."

We recall the familiar lines with a feeling of half regret and entire satisfaction that we shall hear them no more forever. Harry will be a reformer who will divide his attention between politics and the humanities. He will finally be Lord High Chancellor of England.

Harry Mills threatens to become an apothecary. He will deal in patent medicines, pills and soda water of approved flavors. There are worse things than to be in an apothecary shop, but just now we don't think what they are. When this youth was a lad, a ramrod was one day lost somewhere in the vicinity of his back. It has not since been discovered, which may account for the rigidly erect attitude that has so often arrested the eye of the critical observer. We predict for him a handsome show window and his name in gold letters on a rich blue ground—a sign that shall attract the attention and stir the envy of all his fellows in the trade. He will be Prince of Wales, when the present incumbent of that title shall succeed his mother on the throne of England.

Master Ream is an artist in the line of trigonometry. To hear his lucid demonstration of your prophet-critic would uphold it all at once) of that beautiful proposition in trigonometry: "When two sides and the included angle of a triangle are given, the area of the sides is to the difference of the sides as the tangent of half the sum of the remaining angles is to the tangent of half their difference," was the treat of the terror of our school-boy lifetime. His deliberate earnestness and the eloquence with which his points were pressed upon the unresisting victims of his villainous theorem stamp Martin as a genius in mathematics. "Ream's Geometry and Trigonometry" would sound well as a running title. We shall live in hope.

David R. Gundaker next arrests attention—our tenor singer and dramatist. "Why is the forum crowded?" is the question he propounds to-day. It has been duly answered with semi-dramatic fervor. And in song, Balfe, Wallace, Verdi, Tom Karl and Campanini, look to your well-earned laurels, ye waning stars of the operatic and the concert stage! A new star is rising, Dave will also be an operatic manager, the successful rival of Abbey and Mapleson.

Master Eberly is a Greek who has followed the march of Cyrus with a lame neck from too much searching of the lexicon and short rations in the way of a Greek vocabulary. Still the teachers—whose authority ought to be final in such a matter—say that he seems to know as much as any other member of our large and studious class. Fortune favor him and fame attend him! He will soon be a college man. Then will come the law, the green bag with briefs innumerable, a good book account, at least the honors of the bench; then old age, and then a loud epitaph and a niche in the valhalla of lawyers. As I've taken you to Paradise, I now take my leave to bid you "Good night," or, if you like it better, to wish you "Good morning."

Our class musician is C. J. Urban, who in days long syne has touched the keys of our Mason and Hamlin school organ until, like Orpheus of old, he has often drawn about him every suit of clothes within reasonable distance that ensed a boy within it. He has also, in common with others of his age and experience, heard of Ozymandias, having frequently met that interesting traveller from an antique land who said:

> "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
> Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
> Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
> And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
> Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
> Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
> The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
> And on the pedestal these words appear:
> 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
> Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'
> Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
> Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
> The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Friend Christain, to thee we award a crown. Thou shalt be King of Sorrow, the mysterious country of the white elephant. For further particulars of the land of thine adoption, see advertisements of the rival showmen, Forepaugh and Barnum.

Arthur Boardman is our class Beau Brommel, our "glass of fashion" and our "mould of form"—he of the auburn hair and sky blue eyes. In the days to come he'll be a night-blooming cereus, an early tulip, or a St. James lily, or a June rose or a spring crocus, or some other equally delightful outcome of the High School flower garden. The direction of his development is foretold, but into what particular flower he will be metamorphosed is not so clearly defined. He is a good fellow and will make a charming druggist, whose investigations with the microscope will attract attention and will bring him well-earned reputation. He will one day be President of the National Pharmaceutical Society.

Charley Herr, thy forte is eloquence. It is true, thou dost not, at once remind us of Demosthenes or Cicero, or Sheridan, or Webster; but these also were orators. We venture modestly to name thee in this honorable connection. Thou has been a student who for his inches has done more work in the humble opinion of thy critic than ever another of thy class, which numbers an honest score of well-dressed graduates. The college doors stand open for thee. Go thy way, be good and generous and great. Grow in stature as in knowledge. Stand six feet when thou dost stock-ings and study the Gallic tongue, then mayst thou hope one day to be known in history as President of the French Republic.

And Maxwell, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, captain in days gone by of the gymnastic forces that were wont to gather on our Mansard floor, there is a legend told of thee that is more youthful than thou wast a student of reputation. But the fervor of thine early enthusiasm too soon exhausted itself, and thou hast since been too suggestive of a mental cooking-range, whose fires have smouldered and finally burnt themselves out. Much in fires depends upon the grate and this grate looks like a good one. We dream of the time when a competent fireman shall again make its bars glow red and white. The furnace capacity of William should be immense. We forsee the better day when it will be again in full Bessemer blast, and, soaring upward, Phœnix-like from the dead ashes, he shall be at last an eminent jurist—Dave, we say it, old boy, Chief Justice of our United States Supreme Court, the highest-seated American?

Edward Hartman is our champion base ball player. Physically active, he is mentally lazy. An honest youth, and what Josh Billings would call an inflammable buzzer when excited. He proposes to translate Cæsar's commentaries—when all the Latin verbs are regular and of a single conjugation, or when he sees the use of it. Like the millenium, the day that sees that work accomplished is far away in the dim future. He takes little advice; but neither did Solomon. He knows; so did Solomon. He will travel. In his wanderings he will reach the valley of the Don, become leader of the wild Cossack cavalry; and, rising by rapid degrees, at last sit supreme in power, the Czar of all the Russias

Wm. L. Adams, being an earnest advocate of the improved method of phonetic spelling, seriously contemplates a thorough and laborious revision of both Webster and Worcester, ten pound quarto, and will shine as one who has merited and received the thanks and blessings of the rising generation for his Royal Road to orthography. His heart is generous, he is an industrious student and in the interval of his revised spelling, he will give attention to mechanics and become master machinist of that great corporation the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Our good natured friend Snyder, laying aside his present aspirations to further the "art preservative," will be found the inventor of a superior gold-foil for dentist's use made largely of iron filings. Besides his patent composition, he will be found skilful in the extraction of teeth, his office sign containing the suggestive lines:

> "Oh, well for him whose will is strong,
> He suffers, but he will not suffer long!"

Howard is a meritorious youth who will achieve such distinction in his profession as to become, by unanimous choice, dean of the faculty of whatever dental college he may enter as student, and deign to honor with his patronage and approval.

Herman Wiant is our class philosopher, peripatetic in habits and easy-going in disposition. He deals in paradoxes, store-boxes and other like hardware. "If you don't get it done to-day it will do just as well to-morrow" is the leading maxim of his life philosophy. "Why," he asks, "should a mortal of the boy species toil and spin when he can take it easy and get his dinner for eating it." He is an inconsequent youth, but so was Mark Tapley. He has brains and uses them in action sometimes, but he is at his greatest in impromptu discussion of any subject above ground or under it. He reads, and when aroused can talk forcibly. Your prophet foresees the day when he will fall to work like other people and, instead of letting them turn his attention to our electric lights and the gratitude of a free people may make him Mayor Wiant in the year of grace '99.

Abram Bitner! Can prophet wise or seer of old foretell the future of this erratic youth? Shall it be the wholesome discipline of sledge and anvil for twelve hours in twenty-four that will nurse him to habits of industry? He has been a student characterized by a "rock me to sleep, mother," sort of energy. If he told incredible yarns of travel like Baron Munchausen, or rode mad races like John Gilpin, or herd cows like a hard-working farmer, or did anything else that had earnest life in it, or the fiery rush of well directed energy, we should be hopeful of the lad. Ah, your grandsire, Abram, was a good fellow and a ball well; we'll make you umpire of the field, and after that a Wall street broker, for by the time you have graduated from the "diamond" you'll be ready for the "tickers and the tapes" of the exchange.

Sherman Edgerly is our class botanist. He has scored an even five hundred on his list of plants. We congratulate him. Wood and Gray would find delight in his enthusiastic love for these mute children of nature. But you ought to hear him on the history of any nation under the sun, past, present, or future. We think he knows not Gibbon would hug him, nor would Bancroft or Macaulay clasp him in a warm embrace, hailing him "a man and a brother!" His appropriate carol might be,

> "The sea, the sea, the boundless sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

as indicating the line of travel that he will take in pursuit of his favorite science. Twenty years hence, if he has been round the world and home again, we'll hear him tell, at our class reunion, of people he has met and lands he has seen. Then it will be Dr. Edgerly, a distinguished authority in plant-life.

Master Spreeher is fated to be the poet of the class. His earliest effusion may run somewhat thus:

> Mase, Mase, come into my soul,
> And I'll give you some blackberries big as a bowl.

Thence to the confessions of an inquiring mind, containing an address to the moon, destined to become famous. So contented and happy is Edward in the narrow compass of his scholastic acquirements, that good-natured Bob Gradnet is at once suggested. Shall we say for him that he will be the 47th President of the United States, when our population shall exceed a hundred million?

Walter Peters is our fancy farmer. He will be known far and wide as one who introduces all new-fangled notions, improved machines, windmill pumps, expensive breeds of stock, and occasionally prize vegetables, not so much for his own profit as for the benefit of the community in which he may happen to do his sub soil ploughing. He will be a successful farmer, whose voice will often be heard.

> "Come forth into the light of things;
> Let Nature be your teacher."

We also predict that he will be commissioner of Agriculture, and shall then be even more glad than now to hail him a member of our class of 1884.

And what shall the Critic say of himself? Nothing. He knows the subject to well, and doesn't propose to "give himself away." What shall the Prophet say of himself? Some one suggests that he will be Queen of Hearts, Queen of Diamonds. But that high honor he respectfully declines, for dreams of success or failure are of all things most deceptive and illusory. He is satisfied to take his honey from the flower of to-day, not yesterday's or one; to-morrow is not come. To-day will always be his, and yours, to do with as it shall seem best. So mote it be for him and for us all.

Music—"O, Ye Tears," by the High School.

Essay—"Trifles," Miss Margie L. Humphreville. The important part that trifles play in the world's history was the very interesting essay. Those trifles that often cause disagreements, bickerings and quarrels were held up as things to be avoided. There was much food for thought in the topic which the essayist so pleasantly presented.

Recitation—"Brier Rose," by Miss Ella G. Zecher, is familiar to most of our readers, the beautiful story being admirably told and so finely recited—as it was on this occasion—won hearty and prolonged applause.

Addresses—"Love of Country," Master Edward Hartman. Love of country, born in every breast, is a feeling which should be cultivated. It is one of the noblest feelings known to mankind, and its growth is productive of patriots. For a free government, where all men are equal, the love of country should be unbounded, and the noble sacrifices made during the War of the Rebellion form striking examples of that devoted love which is felt for country.

Recitation—"Apostrophe to Water," by Master Wm. E. Adams, was creditably given, and health-giving water was glowingly depicted as a thing to be cherished, and, if the applause which greeted the young man may be accepted as a test, it was a good deal of a temperance audience; but, of course, the performance of Master Adams came in for a share of the applause, as well as the sentiments which he uttered.

Music—"O, Wert Thou," by Misses Swartzwelder and Smaling.

Recitation—"Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," by Miss Amanda Pfeiffer, was plaintively given, voice and manner being just suited to the subject.

Essay—"Life's Web Has Mingled Threads," Miss Daisy Smaling. The delicate fibres—the threads running through life's web—have each an important part to perform, and not one is so trifling that it may safely be disregarded. In weaving the essay Miss Smaling exhibited as much ingenuity of thought as were pictured in the figurative web which she presented to her auditors, and the production was one of unusual merit.

Addresses—"Perseverance Essential to Success," Master Howard G. Snyder. The importance of perseverance in all things worth attaining in this life was impressed upon the audience, and the language used was as forcible as it was earnest. The address was, without doubt, one of the best on the program, and speaker and subject met with much favor and richly deserved applause.

Recitation—"Memory of the Good," (Humphreys), by Master Abraham Bitner, was entertaining in its treatment of the subject and was most cleverly recited. The young gentleman, as were a number of others of the performers, was loudly encored, and the applause did not cease until he recognized it with a bow.

Music—"Evangeline," by the High Schools.

Essay—"Luck or Pluck—Which?" Miss Katie M. Raub. Pluck, and not luck, is the open sesame to success in this world. We are too apt to ascribe the achievements of those whom the world regards as successful to luck, when the truth is that nearly all objects, worth the effort, are obtained largely by pluck.

Recitation—"The Angels of Buena Vista," by Miss Hattie E. Hartman, given with a slightly tremulous voice that was becoming to the selection, was received with marked favor.

Address—"Nature of Light," Master Herman L. Wiant. The nature of light and its beneficial effects was considered by this young orator in an intelligent and instructive manner, and he was generously applauded.

Address—"Out-door Study," W. S. Edgerly. The beauties of out-door study cannot be overestimated, cannot be painted too glowingly. The most insignificant flower has in it that which should elevate us if we but give it the proper consideration and study. The elevating tendency of out-door studies upon our natures is excelled by no other study, and is equalled by few. Himself a student of nature, as Master Edgerley is known to be, he depicted the beauties of nature in a manner that did credit to his heart and mind. It was a masterly production for one so young.

Music—"National Hymn," by the Girls' High School.

Essay—"Faith in Honesty," Miss Katie M. Baldwin. This was the theme of a pretty written essay, in which the young lady took rather a cheerful view of the world. Graceful in manner, and clear in her enunciation, Miss Baldwin did credit to herself and her Alma Mater.

Essay—"Growing Old," Miss Margie E. Berner. Like a thief in the night, time steals upon us, and we grow old before we are aware of it. Soon, all too soon, comes that pitiless time which is the harbinger of decay and death. To realize this is to make the best of our present opportunities, and prepare for such an evening of life as shall bring honor, peace and happiness to the close of our lives. A sensible essay, from its beginning to its conclusion.

Address—"Our Rulers and Our Rights," Master Edw. D. Spencer. Holding that our government can only be preserved by the intelligence and purity of its people, the speaker proceeded to point out the rocks to be avoided—the rocks on which the ship of state might be wrecked. The address evinced much thought and careful preparation, and its delivery was in keeping with the subject.

Address—"The Spirit of Discovery," Master Walter G. Peters. The whole universe, spread out before us, invites investigation of the treasures contained in its depths, and there is nothing that can escape man's scrutiny. The spirit of discovery has been instrumental, in a pre-eminent degree, in making the world the glad place that it is, and the chief requisites to successful investigation are energy and perseverance. A brief review of the great discoveries in the world's history was pleasantly given, and the address was interesting throughout. Master Peters was favored with an encore.

Music—"Beautiful Venice," by the High Schools.

Valedictory Essay—"Re, non Specie," Miss Hannah E. Underwood. "In the thing, not in the species," was the theme which, though given in a "dead language," was far from being a dead subject as treated by the bright young essayist, and her essay concluded, in terms couched in the most chaste language, she bade the last farewells, performing her difficult and trying part in a style that would have reflected credit on one much better mature in years and of far greater experience.

Music—"From Days of Old," by the graduates.

Dr. Levergood, President of the Board, now presented the coveted diplomas, the Doxology was sung, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. A. Peters, and the Thirty-second Commencement of the Lancaster High Schools was at an end.

A creditable feature of to-day's performances—and one, we think, upon which too much stress cannot be laid—was the modest unassuming way in which the young lady graduates were attired. There was little attempt at ostentation or display, and, while all looked neat and charming, there was a commendable absence of foolish fashionable dress. Let the good example set this day be followed by future graduates.

A new departure was inaugurated at this commencement, and a commendable one it was. All floral and other gifts, instead of being carried to the performers by the ushers, were deposited under the stage. This possessed a two-fold merit: it prevented the stage from being lumbered with the gifts, as in former years, and it obviated the exhibition of favoritism which is sometimes shown. Under the stage a scene of unusual beauty was presented, and we believe we have never seen such fine bouquets and floral emblems in one aggregation before. Harps, anchors, pillows, crosses, ships, baskets and the whole category of floral designs were there, and some of them were perfect in size and exquisite in design. Not a few of the emblems were two, three or four feet high, and baskets of fruit formed a conspicuous part of the display.

We cannot close this hastily-written report without making special mention of the music. It is not saying too much to pronounce it the best ever given by the pupils of the High Schools. Admirable time, perfect harmony, clear and with full expression, the music certainly was a marked feature of the entertainment. Pleasant weather, fine music, beautiful decorations, generous gifts, and an appreciative audience—all combined to make the occasion a remarkable one, and as such it will long be regarded by all who had the good fortune to participate.

ORGANIZING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

B. F. Jones, of Pennsylvania, Elected Chairman of the National Committee. Mapping Out the Work.

The Republican National Committee met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, shortly after noon on Thursday, John W. Mason, of West Virginia, in the chair temporarily, and George W. Hooker, of Vermont, temporary secretary. Edmund M. Smith, of Illinois, acted as Sergeant-at-Arms of the committee.

After the call of the roll, the temporary chairman having announced that it was in order to select permanent officers, Mr. Haynes, of Maine, moved that the Chair appoint a committee of three to nominate permanent officers. This being adopted, the Chair named J. Manchester Haynes, G. A. Hobart and F. E. Morey as the committee, and those gentlemen retired. Pending their deliberations, the National Committee, at 12:35, took a recess for half an hour.

It was 1:25 p. m., before the committee was again called to order. Mr. Haynes thereupon reported as chairman B. F. Jones, of Pittsburg; secretary, Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut, and the following executive committee: J. B. Chaffee, of Colorado; J. C. New of Indiana; J. W. Mason, of West Virginia; J. M. Haynes, of Maine; W. W. Crapo, of Massachusetts; E. Sanderson, of Wisconsin; S. B. Elkins, of New Mexico; G. A. Hobart, of New Jersey; George W. Hooker, of Vermont; John D. Lawson, of New York; R. W. Humphrey, of North Carolina; Frank S. Blair, of Virginia; Powell Clayton, of Arkansas; Frank Morey, of Louisiana; A. L. Conger, of Ohio; John P. Sanborn, of Michigan; Church Howe, of Nebraska; Cyrus Leland, jr., of Kansas; John R. Lynch, of Mississippi; J. S. Clarks, of Iowa; D. J. Layton, of Delaware, and E. H. Rollins, of New Hampshire. Also the following finance committee: B. F. Jones, Horace Davis, John D. Lawson, David T. Litner, W. W. Crapo, E. H. Rollins, James A. Gary and George W. Hooker.

The committee further recommended that the chairman and secretary of the committee be authorized and empowered to appoint such additional officers and clerical force as they may from time to time find necessary. The report was adopted. A recess was then taken till three o'clock.

At 3:15 the Chairman again called the committee to order. Secretary Fessenden thereupon read a communication from the Young Men's Republican Club of New York city suggesting that the club would be able to contribute to the election of the Republican candidates in November. The communication was favorably commented on and referred to the executive committee.

Senator Chaffee reported in behalf of the sub-committee to select a headquarters in New York city, that No. 242 Fifth avenue could be secured. The report was adopted, and the sub-committee was instructed to consummate arrangements for that house. The committee then, on motion, adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

Executive Committee Work.

After the adjournment of the full committee the general executive committee met, and was in session for two hours with closed doors. Senator Chaffee was made permanent chairman of the executive committee and Colonel Hooker its permanent secretary. The committee decided that it had power to sub-committee to act during its recess, consisting of Messrs. Chaffee, Elkins and Hobart. At a meeting of this sub-committee Thursday afternoon it is stated that it resolved to add, under the power given it by the general executive committee before it adjourned to enlarge its membership, the names of Messrs. Conger, of Ohio, and Clarkson, of Iowa, to whom was especially care of the committees and party's work in the Western States. The executive committee adjourned at five o'clock, subject to the call of the sub-committee.

A Bank President Arrested.

On Monday last Mr. Ed Mercer, who is one of the creditors of the James Bank, of Atlanta, Ga., swore out two warrants against John H. James, who failed for $400,000. One of the warrants is for larceny after trust, and the other for embezzlement. Mr. James was taken into custody Thursday, and after hearing the nature of the complaints said that he would waive examination and let the charges go before the Grand Jury. Mr. James, his friends say, regards the prosecution as an attempt to force him to compromise certain claims outside of the general settlement with his creditors.

The Cholera at Toulon of the Asiatic Type.

By Telegraph to The New Era.

TOULON, June 27.—Fires are burning in the streets for purifying purposes. A post mortem examination of two bodies has been made. In each case there were signs of Asiatic cholera. The heart was shrunken and without vesicles, the blood was drawn into the lungs, the liver was congested, the interior of the stomach was shrunken, spots generally of yellow hue were found on the intestines and the kidneys were affected, but the liver was intact.

No Clue to Mrs. Flippen's Assailant.

By Telegraph to The New Era.

GALVESTON, Texas, June 27.—Henry Bartley, the negro accused of the murderous assault on Mrs. Flippen, the banker's wife, was released by the authorities. A mass meeting of citizens was held and a committee of six prominent citizens appointed to investigate the case. This committee reported Bartley innocent. There is no clue to the guilty party. Rewards have been offered and detail of citizens are doing patrol duty. Mrs. Flippen's condition is still serious, but her convulsions are less frequent.

July Prices of Coal.

By Telegraph to The New Era.

PHILADELPHIA, June 27.—The committees of the Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal Exchanges met to-day and agreed to recommend that no changes in line and city and harbor prices of coal be made during July. The ruling harbor rates for hard white ash coal at Port Richmond are $4.20 for lump, steamboat, broken and egg, $4.45 for stove, $4.30 for chestnut, and $2.95 for pea. The line and city prices at Schuylkill Haven are $2.75 for lump, steamboat, broken and egg, $2.50 for chestnut, $2.75 for stove and small stove, and $1.50 for pea.

Death of Mrs. Pittlken.

By Telegraph to The New Era.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., June 27.—The wife of Hon. R. Bruce Petriken died here today.

Exploring an Unknown Country.

Dr. Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey of Ottawa, Canada, has arranged for an exploration of the almost unknown country between Lake St. John and James Bay. The expedition will ascend the Bersimis river, and after exploring the height of land and the basin of Lake Mistassini continue down the Rupert river to James bay. The leaders of the party will occupy from 15