

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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## TERMS.

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Carpets made to order at short notice. Will  
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Jobbing promptly attended to.  
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**FASHIONABLE TAILORS.**

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**COATINGS,**

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one of the Best Selected Stocks of

**WOOLENS**

—FOR THE—  
**Spring and Summer Trade,**

Ever brought to this city. None but the very  
best of

**ENGLISH, FRENCH**

**—AND—**

**AMERICAN FABRICS,**

In all the Leading Styles. Prices as low as the  
lowest, and all goods warranted as represent-  
ed, at

**H. GERHART'S,**

No. 51 North Queen Street.

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**24 CENTRE SQUARE.**

We have for sale for the coming seasons an  
immense Stock of

**Ready-Made Clothing,**

of our own manufacture, which comprises the  
Latest and Most

**STYLISH DESIGNS.**

Come and see our

**NEW GOODS**

—FOR—  
**MERCHANT TAILORING,**

which is larger and composed of the best styles  
to be found in the city.

## Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 1880.

**A Slice of Bread and Butter.**

"Dorothy—Dorothy Waldo!" screamed  
Miss Lorinda Cross—"cross by name and  
cross by nature," the children—yes, and  
many of the grown-ups—of the neighbor-  
hood declared her), as she pounced upon the  
huge loaf of bread which she had taken  
from the oven and put into the big stone  
crock only half a dozen ago, just before  
she turned her straight-up and down back  
to the kitchen, to stalk to the market after  
"that idle hussy, Molly"—the maid-of-all-  
work—who had been twice as long as  
the ought to have been making the beds  
there."

I said the huge loaf. I should have said  
the huge loaf, for only that proportion  
of the newly baked bread remained.  
"Dorothy Waldo-o-o!" again screamed  
Miss Cross, in an ascending scale, with an  
ominous tremolo on the last note.

"Yes, aunt," replied a sweet, fresh young  
voice; and a pretty young girl came from  
the garden, with a basket of cherry-red  
currants in her hand.

A tiny thing she was, with round, dim-  
pled, rosy face, innocent child-like blue-  
gray eyes, and fair hair some short tresses  
of which had escaped from the braid into  
which they had been bound, and were  
making a delightful use of their freedom  
by curling in the most charming manner  
about the low frank brow and little pink-  
tipped ears.

About "sweet sixteen," a stranger  
would have pronounced her; but Dolly,  
as her youthful companions, much to the  
disgust of her Aunt Lorinda, called her,  
was older than that by a year and a-half.

An orphan at the time, she had  
been left to the care of the only relative she  
knew, her mother's elder sister—a woman  
hard in speech and manners, and anything  
but soft in heart. This maiden lady soured  
irrevocably on her twenty-fourth birthday,  
which should have also been her wedding  
day; but at the very moment she was fac-  
turing the orange blossoms in her hair,  
had come the news that her be-  
trothed had eloped with the girl-  
friend she had chosen for her bride-  
maid.

Lorinda tore the bridal wreath  
into fragments and scattered it to the  
winds; never mentioned the false pair  
from that hour, banished forever all the  
womanly grace and tenderness she had  
possessed (truth to tell, she had never  
possessed much), and became the hardest  
worker of her sex that ever worked upon  
a farm. In a man's boots, coat and hat,  
early and late, hot or cold, wet or dry,  
with set mouth, lowering brow and silent  
lips, she toiled side by side with her sturdy  
old father, until the day he was struck  
down by the palsy and died a few  
hours after—died just in time to be saved  
the pang of hearing that his youngest  
and favorite daughter was lying at the  
point of death, widowed and friendless,  
in a far away city.

Lorinda buried her father  
—if she wept for him, none but some  
noted a man who had been long in his  
employment to the position she used her  
self to occupy, and started for her sister's  
bedside. When she returned to Pennville  
again, she brought back little fair-haired,  
soft-eyed Dorothy with her, and some of  
her neighbors fancied that since that time  
she had been a shade less stern; but if  
she had been, it was so slight a shade that  
it was almost impossible to perceive it.

True, she did less out-of-door work, and  
devoted more of her time to sewing and  
teaching her niece to sew and cook and  
churn, and other like accomplishments;  
but never were the lessons accompanied by  
an approving smile or kindly word, much  
less a loving kiss. Even to the gentle,  
winning child, Lorinda Cross remained a  
cold stern woman. But Dorothy, God  
bless her! was so sunny in disposition that  
the stern ways and dark face of her aunt  
could not cloud her young life.

All thought shut out from that inflexible  
woman's heart, she found the door of all  
other hearts wide open to her. The dogs,  
the cats, the hens, the chickens, the horses,  
the cows, the calves, the very geese, re-  
garded her with adoration. The farm  
laborers blessed her pretty face whenever  
she came among them; and as for Molly,  
poor, hard-worked Molly—she would have  
kissed the gro and the little feet trod upon.

What wonder, then, that Dan How-  
ell, the young surveyor, who lived half a mile  
away, in the old stone cottage, and whom  
she had known from the very first day of  
her arrival in Pennville (when he, then a  
tall, bright-faced boy of fifteen, passing  
her aunt's gate, and seeing the sad-looking  
little girl, in her black dress, standing by  
it, silently offered her the prettiest white  
rabbit she had ever seen—a rabbit he had  
been coaxing Aunt Brown for a month  
past to sell him, and which he now parted  
with without another thought, at the  
sight of those lovely tearful eyes and that  
sweet wistful face)—what wonder, I say,  
that he thought of her by day, and  
dreamed of her by night?

But to go back. Dorothy came smiling  
into the kitchen, her lips and cheeks as  
red as the currants she carried; but the  
smile faded away when she met her aunt's  
irate gaze.

"Did you cut this loaf, and then leave  
it here in this hot room to dry to a chip?"  
demanded Miss Cross; and then she  
added, emphatically, without waiting for  
an answer: "But of course you did. No  
one else would have dared to do it. And  
how dare you, knowing that I never  
allow bread to be cut in my house until it  
is at least a day old?"

"I am very sorry, aunt," began Dolly,  
"but he looked so hungry!"

"He!" screamed her aunt, regard-  
ing her with a look of horror. "You gave  
it away, then! And to a 'he'! I trany-  
I've no doubt, who will come back some  
night, rob the house, and murder us all!"

"Please, aunt," entreated the young  
girl, "don't be so angry. He wasn't a  
tramp; indeed he wasn't; but a hand-  
some young fellow with long golden  
hair."

"A wig," snarled Miss Cross.  
"—and the most beautiful blue eyes,"  
Dolly went on, "I ever saw in my life.  
And he wasn't near the house. And he  
didn't ask for anything. Oh, do listen,  
aunt, while I tell you all about it. I was  
on my knees in the path, picking up some  
currants I had let fall, when I saw him,  
through the hole in the hedge. Brownie's  
call made the other day, coming slowly up  
up the lane."

"If you had been looking at what you  
were doing you wouldn't have seen him,"  
said her grim listener.

"He didn't see me, of course," said  
Dolly, "or I shouldn't have looked at him  
so intently. And, oh, Aunt Lorinda, it  
was just like looking at a picture!"

"Stuff!" said Miss Cross.  
"He was so handsome, and so dandy,  
and so shabby, poor fellow! And he sat  
down under the old oak tree, took a crust  
of bread out of his pocket, and began to  
eat it as though he was very, very hungry.  
That went to my heart."

"Rubbish!" said her aunt.  
"And I got up softly, and ran into the  
house, and cut a slice—"

"Yes, aunt; I only took the butter that  
was left in the dish."  
"Half a pound! You go without butter  
for a week!"

"And I ran out again, and into the lane  
as fast as I could," continued Dorothy,  
"apparently undismayed by this threat,  
for fear I might lose courage; and stop-  
ping suddenly before him, I put the bread  
in his hand, and said, 'I am so sorry for  
you'; and turned to run away, when he  
seized me and kissed me." (Miss Lor-  
inda Cross became a rigid invalid.)

"and said, 'These are the first kind words  
I've heard since I came to this beastly  
country. Tell me your name, little one.'  
Dorothy Waldo," said I. "Dorothy Wal-  
do," he repeated, "I shall never forget it;  
and he raised his hat and went away.  
Dear aunt, had you been in my place,  
would you not have done as I did?"

"I?" cried Aunt Lorinda—"I carry  
meals to a strange man on the public high-  
way? I let a 'foreigner' who called my  
country 'a beastly country' kiss my hand?  
No, indeed; he never would have kissed  
my hand."

"Perhaps not," said Dolly, with a mo-  
mentary twinkle in her eyes; and then she  
added, pleadingly, "But don't be angry  
any longer, aunt. I'll make another loaf  
of bread right away."

"But that won't bring back what you've  
wasted," said her inflexible relative. "A  
pretty wife you'd be for a man who hasn't  
the lot and butter by the pound." (Miss  
Cross had retained at least one womanly  
trait—a slight tendency to exaggeration,  
"to all the thieves and tramps who  
happen to come along.")

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed her niece; "he  
looked like a prince."  
"A prince!"—with a snort of scorn.  
"Your head is turned by that trashy poet-  
ry you read. A prince! A likely story in  
shabby clothes, and nibbling a crust! A  
sneaking burglar, in my opinion. But  
buried or not, he was a prince, and you  
must be confessed with some irregularity  
—you shall never marry a man who hasn't  
a dollar to call his own, with my consent,  
and if ever you marry without my consent,  
you make a liar of your mother in her  
grave."

"Aunt, I have told you again and  
again," said Dorothy, firmly but gently,  
"that I never would. I have not forgotten  
my mother's last commands."

"Then don't be encouraging that Daniel  
Howell to get every tack and turn; and  
if you must have some one to walk  
home from church with you—I can go and  
come by myself, thank heaven!—there's  
Aber Brown, and he has a thousand dol-  
lars in the bank."

"But, aunt, I've known Dan so long,  
and he is so much more than when he is  
at home I feel as though—I mean, I  
wouldn't like to hurt his feelings."

"Bah!" retorted the grim maiden.  
"Men have no feelings. And as for  
knowing him a long time, I think you've  
known him quite long enough."

"But if he had the thousand dollars,  
instead of Aber Brown?" questioned  
Dolly, with more spirit than she had yet  
shown.

"That would be in his favor, certainly.  
But he hasn't, and never will have, with  
that old father and mother depending upon  
him. A thousand dollars, indeed! Where  
would he get it? The sooner you forget  
Daniel Howell, and the sooner Daniel  
Howell puts you out of his heart, the bet-  
ter."

"There's no need for you to talk so  
loud, aunt," said the little girl, indign-  
antly; and then, startled by the look of  
malicious triumph on her aunt's face,  
Dorothy looked around, just in time to  
see a farewell bow from Daniel How-  
ell as he turned from the door.

"He heard me," said Miss Cross. "I'm  
glad he did; 'twill save trouble."  
"Oh, Aunt Lorinda, how can you be so  
cruel!" said poor Dolly, bursting into  
tears.

A year and a half passed away, during  
which, owing to his frequent absences and  
Miss Lorinda's watchful care, Dolly and  
her lover had met but three or four times.

"It's hard," said the young man, on the  
last of these occasions, "to know that I  
cannot ask your aunt for my hand, be-  
cause I have not a thousand dollars of my  
own, when I know that there is plenty of  
room and love and everything for you at  
the old stone cottage. Oh, Dolly, if I'd  
make you my wife this moment!"

"Dan," interrupted the girl, with dewy  
eyes, "it isn't her anger—though I feel  
that it would be most ungrateful in me to  
provoke it—but the promise my mother  
gave me, and never will have, when you  
had not been for that promise. Dan, you  
must remember, I should have been the  
inmate of an orphan asylum, and we would  
never have met." Adding, the sunshine  
coming back again, "Don't you see how  
much worse things could have been?"

"You are right, my darling, as you al-  
ways are," said Dan; "but think—it may  
be years before I have 'the bond.'"

"I can wait, Dan. Yes"—with a mis-  
chievous little laugh—"I can wait until I  
am as old as Aunt Lorinda."

"God forbid, love!" he said, catching  
her in his arms and kissing her sweet lips.  
"And now good-by; I am going away  
again to-morrow, to be gone I can not tell  
you how long. Oh, Dolly, Heaven speed  
the little white wife shall be waiting  
with the old father and mother at the  
stone cottage to welcome me home!"

She raised herself on tiptoe, clasped his  
face between her two tiny hands, gazed  
into his eyes with a wealth of tenderness  
in her own, and said, "Who knows?  
Good fortune may at this very moment be  
on its way to us."

And the very next day, January 3, 1880,  
as Dorothy, with a crimson shawl thrown  
over her head, was out in the garden scat-  
tering crumbs on the snow for the spar-  
rows, she heard the jingle of sleigh bells,  
and Farmer Beers came down the lane with  
a sled-load of wood. "Mornin', Miss  
Dorothy," he called, as he reined up at  
the back gate. "Here's a letter for you.  
They thought it might be important at  
the office, and so, knowing how keener I  
be, and that I was comin' this way, they  
asked me to fetch it to you." And the  
old man tossed the letter over the hedge,  
into the girl's outstretched hands, and  
drove off.

With trembling fingers she tore open the  
second envelope, which was also addressed to  
her, but in a different, more elegant hand;  
and sure enough there was a check—a  
check for a thousand dollars, payable to the  
order of Miss Dorothy Waldo. And on a  
slip of paper which had kept it company  
were these words: "In payment for a  
slice—a very large slice—of bread and but-  
ter." And that's all the young girl ever  
knew about it.

For one moment she stood dazed with  
joy and astonishment. The next she  
thought of Dan. Perhaps he had not started  
yet. How could she get to him through  
the deep snow? Sleigh bells again. Far-  
mer Beers coming back without the wood.  
She ran into the lane. "Oh, do take me  
with you!" she cried to the great surprise  
of the honest old fellow. "I must see  
Dan—Mr. Howell, I mean. I must see him  
as soon as possible."

"Jump right in my dear," said the old  
man, "and I'll have you at the stone cot-  
tage in a jiffy."

Away they went, the gray mare making  
excellent time—for her; and as they neared  
the house, Dolly caught sight of Dan  
just leaving it.

"Dan! Dan!" she called, her clear  
young voice ringing on the cold air, and  
nearly waving her crimson shawl.

Dan turned, saw the bright flag and her  
sweet face below it, and came bounding  
over the snow in time to receive her in his  
arms as she jumped from the sled.

"You couldn't—no, not if you guessed  
for ever," she said, half crying and half  
laughing. "I guess you guess what  
brought me here this morning."

"Whatever it was, Heaven bless it a  
thousand times!" said her lover.  
"It is—leap-year, you know, Dan."

"Yes, now I think of it, it is. But it  
can't be possible you have come here to  
propose to me?"

"Very possible, indeed," answered  
Dolly, slowly and deliberately. "Mr.  
Daniel Howell, will you marry me?"

"Mr. Daniel Howell's?" only reply was  
to fold her in so close an embrace that, being  
the tiniest of maidens, she almost disap-  
peared from view.

"And has Miss Cross—" he began,  
when the pretty blushing face, all  
implied with smiles, was again raised to  
his.

"No, she has not," interrupted Dolly.  
"She knows nothing about it. But it's  
all right, Dan," carefully tucking some-  
thing with her dainty left hand—Dan held  
the right—into the breast pocket of his  
overcoat. "You may come and see Aunt  
Lorinda as soon as you choose. You didn't  
know it, Dan dear, but you've got a thou-  
sand dollars."—Harper's Weekly.

Hall to the Chief among pulmonary reme-  
dies, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, used exteri-  
orly and internally. This grand preparation  
unifies such ailments as COLIC, BILIOUS-  
NESS, LAMENESS, PILES, KIDNEY TROUBLES, and  
rheumatic sores, cuts, burns, boils, warts and  
corns. Its cures are attended by the simplest  
and most positive testimony. For sale by  
H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North  
Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

Statistics prove that twenty-five per cent.  
of the deaths in our larger cities are caused by  
consumption, and when we reflect that this  
terrible disease in its worst stage will yield to  
nothing but Lecher's Consumptive Cough Syrup,  
we can pity the sufferers for their negli-  
gence, or pity them for their ignorance. No.  
9 East King street.

When a child is suddenly attacked and  
threatened with convulsions by the group, Dr.  
Thomas' Electric Oil is precisely the medicine  
for the emergency, since it is prompt as well  
as efficient. Every household should be pro-  
vided with it, as it is a quick antidote to pain,  
and its cures are attended by the simplest  
and most positive testimony. For sale by  
H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North  
Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

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**CHEAP CARPETS**  
FROM AUCTION.

Opened this day Lots of

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—ALSO—  
**White, Check & Fancy Mattings,**

—AT—  
**FAHNESTOCK'S,**

Next Door to the Court House.

Just received a Fine Line of

**DRY GOODS,**

—AT—  
**Philip Schum, Son & Co's,**

38 & 40 WEST KING STREETS.

Having added in connection with our Large  
Stock of Carpets, Yarns, &c. A FINE LINE OF  
DRY GOODS, such as CALICOES, BLEACHED  
AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, TICK-  
INGS, COTTON FLANNELS, CASSIMERES,  
BLACK ALPACAS, SHEETINGS, NEW  
STYLE OF SHIRTING, NEW STYLE DRESS  
GOODS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS,  
TOWELS, &c., which we are selling at  
MODERATE PRICES. m4-3nd

**WALL PAPERS, &c.**  
**WE ARE BETTER PREPARED TO**  
meet the wants of the people than any  
season heretofore. Our line is larger than  
usual, and in

## DRY GOODS.

SPRING, 1880.

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