The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVI—No. 259. LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880 Price Two Cents.

CLOTHING.

Spring Opening

—AT—

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.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE.

26-1yd LANCASTER, PA

SPRING OPENING

—AT—

H. GERHART'S

Tailoring Establishment,

MONDAY, APRIL 5.

Having just returned from the New York Woolen Market, I am now prepared to exhibit 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 represented, at

H. GERHART'S,

No. 51 ...

J. K. SM...

THE ARTIST TAIL...

Opening to-day of a large and select line of

English Novelties

—FOR—

SUMMER WEAR.

Tropicals, Serges and Rep Worsteds,

BANNOCKBURN CELTIC CHEVIOTS.
GAMBROON PARAMATA
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SEERSUCKERS, VALENCIAS, PAROLE AND MOHAIR COATINGS.

Linens in Great Variety. Wiltord's Padded Ducks in Plain and Fancy Styles. A Large Assortment of Fancy

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All the latest novelties of the season. The public are cordially invited to examine our stock, which we claim to be the handsomest and most recherche ever offered for the hot weather.

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REGILDING OF ALL KINDS

—AT—

SHORT NOTICE.

My arrrngements are now completed to do Regilding in first-class manner and at reasonable prices.

THE NEW PICTURE FRAME STORE,

15½ East King Street.

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HENRY A. RILEY
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
21 Park Row, New York.
Collections made in all parts of the United States, and a general legal business transacted.
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TRY LOCHER'S RENOWNED COUGH SYRUP

DRY GOODS.

$25,000.

DRY GOODS.

HAGER & BROTHER will offer for sale in the Wareroom in rear of their store on

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1880,

Goods partially damaged by water during the fire on their premises on Saturday last.

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Wall Papers, Queensware, Table Linens, Muslins and Sheetings, Woolen Goods and Clothing, &c.

All of which will be marked at such a low price as will insure the sale of the entire lot. Goods in main Storeroom were not damaged. Business there will go on as usual.

HAGER & BROTHER,

NO. 25 WEST KING STREET.

GREAT CLEARING SALE

—OF—

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

—AT THE—

NEW YORK STORE.

All the New Shades in Twilled Cashmeres 12½c a yard; regular price 15c.
All Wool Beiges 25c a yard.
All Wool Momie Cloths 25c a yard; sold everywhere at 37½c. Special Bargains in

BLACK SILKS,
COLORED SILKS,
BLACK CASHMERES.

Watt, Shand & Company,

8 AND 10 EAST KING STREET.

CLOTHING.

A FACT WORTH REMEMBERING!

THE REPUTATION OF THE GREAT CLOTHING HOUSE

—OF—

A. C. YATES & CO.

FULLY ESTABLISHED.

Four Years of Success in Producing First-Class

CLOTHING.

INCREASING SALES AND SPREADING POPULARITY THE RESULT OF OUR EFFORTS TO PLEASE THE PUBLIC.

AN OPEN DOOR TO ALL AT THE

LEDGER { CHESTNUT AND SIXTH STS., } BUILDING,

PHILADELPHIA,

THE FINEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

Try Locher's ... cures ... Sold by a...

Brown's ... Is the most effe... world. Will m... Ever taken in... by m...

JUST RECEIVED THE LARGEST LOT OF

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' FURNISHING GOODS

ever brought to this city, embracing all the new, beautiful and most stylish colors in Neckties and Scarfs for the Summer Season.

Men's Colored Balbriggan Hose, with Embroidered Silk clocks; Scarlet and Blue Silk Hose; Fancy Colored Half Hose; Striped Cotton Half Hose and Merino Half Hose. Men's and Boys' Suspenders and Fine Braces, in all styles and Colors. Men's and Boys' White Dress and Colored Shirts, Superior Cheviot Shirts, and Blue Flannel Negligee Shirts. Men's and Boys' Summer Underwear in Merino and India Gauze. Men's and Boys' Colored Lisle Thread and Kid Gloves, for Summer Wear. Men's and Boys' Vulcanized Rubber Braces, and a large stock of fine Silk, French Linen and Cambric Handkerchiefs. Men's and Boys' Latest Styles Fine Linen and Paper Collars and Cuffs.

MYERS & RATHFON,

CENTRE HALL,

No. 12 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PENN'A.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

EDW. J. ZAHM, Jeweler,

Zahm's Corner, Lancaster, Pa.,

DEALER IN

AMERICAN & FOREIGN WATCHES,

Sterling Silver and Silver-Plated Ware,

Clocks, Jewelry and Arundel Tinted Spectacles.

We offer our patrons the benefit of our long experience in business, by which we are able to aid them in making the best use of their money in any department of our business. We manufacture a large part of the goods we sell, and buy only from First-Class Houses. Every article sold accompanied with a bill stating its quality.

☞ First-Class Watch and General Repairing given special attention.

ZAHM'S CORNER. LANCASTER, PA.

CARRIAGES, PHAETONS, &c

E. BAILY. W. W. BAILY

S. E. BAILY & Co.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

Office and Warerooms, 430 and 432 North Queen Street. Factory, 431 and 433 Market Street, Lancaster, Pa.

We are now ready for SPRING TRADE, with a Fine Assortment of

Buggies, Carriages, Phaetons, Market Wagons, &c.

Having purchased our stock for cash, before the recent advance, we are enabled to offer SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN PRICE. We will keep in stock BUGGIES OF ALL GRADES and PRICES to suit all classes of customers SPECIAL BARGAINS IN MARKET WAGONS. Give us a call. All work fully warranted one year.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 1, 1880.

The Political Mrs. Grundy.

Harper's Magazine for July.

There are two very familiar sayings the source of which is generally unknown. One is, "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed;" and the other is, "What will Mrs. Grundy says?" They are from two plays of Thomas Morton's, the first from "A Cure for the Heart Ache," and the other from "Speed the Plow." The Mrs. Grundy saying is one that tersely expresses the motive by which action is greatly controlled. There is a social Mrs. Grundy, and a religious and a political Mrs. Grundy, and it is always the fear of what that terrible lady may say which makes cowards of very estimable men.

In the beautiful and stately essay of Elia, "Blakesmoor in H——shire," Elia speaks of "that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day time, with a passion of fear." But it is old Mrs. Grundy living of whom we are all in such mortal terror, and it is from the dire thought of hearing her voice that we creep about with a passion of fear. Men do the most unworthy and unexpected acts, and their only excuse and explanation is that they could not help themselves. But if you press them home upon so obscure an assertion to learn why they are unable, they own with a certain shame that it was fear of this awful being. "Who is the woman?" said the Turkish cadi when a complaint was laid before him, assuming that at the bottom of all trouble there was a woman. His assumption was justified by the oldest tradition in literature, the siege of Troy, at the bottom of which lay the beautiful Helen, and by the last incomprehensible political or social, or sectarian cowardice, at the bottom of which lies Mrs. Grundy.

The scholar in his study simply and naturally reaches conclusions that are not generally accepted. That is to say, the mass of those who have no time to think or study upon such subjects receive the common tradition about them, which is different from the conclusions of those who do think and study. The scholar's opinion is sincere, and founded upon apparently incontrovertable reasons. Loyalty to truth demands the dispersion of illusions that exhale from ignorance, and he is morally bound to speak. But his mouth is sealed. In vain he is chided by his own conscience and by conscientious friends. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is his terrified answer. In "society" it is the same. This tyrannical woman is omnipotent. The brave and generous wife proposes to Edward, whose salary is small, to take cheap and pleasant rooms in a pleasant street. "Good heavens! what will Mrs. Grundy say if we live in Y street?" Men go do down to early graves or to the mad house because of the struggle and despair to maintain a certain "style." To every remonstrance Edward has but one reply, "My dear, we live in Mrs. Grundy's world, and if we break her laws, what will Mrs. Grundy say?"

The attention of the easy chair has been attracted to this permanent and pervasive question by some recent events in the political world. Some conspicious persons naturally decided to say what they thought and to do what they felt that the ought to do, and when asked in blank dismay, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" they replied, pleasantly, that they did not care a —say, button—for what Mrs. Grundy might say. It was a position so unprecedented that to take it seemed to the church of Mrs. Grundy to be equivalent to attempting to subvert the moral laws of the universe. This is not surprising when it is considered that the political Mrs. Grundy is a very important personage. The social Mrs. Grundy's sneer may ban Edward and his wife as "those queer people," which is a form of the sentence of exile to the social Siberia. The religious Mrs. Grundy may brand the honest scholar as an "unbeliever." He may stoutly deny Mrs. Grundy's supremacy; yet it suffices to hurt his influence and career. The political Mrs. Grundy is very powerful. The man who does not mind her will or word is "recreant," "dishonorable," "sore," "silly," "false." He merely follows his own conscience instead of her will; that is to say, he does merely what every honorable man ought to do, and the only comment is a scream of honor, "what will Mrs. Grundy say?"

Many of those who join in the cry despise it, and very probably they despise themselves for swelling it. But it is the condition—or they think it to be the condition—of their personal and political advantage. Beside, Mrs. Grundy's "say" has a tremendous echo. It is constantly and infinitely repeated, and it is that reverberation which makes it terrible. A man might be very willing that one copy of one newspaper should call him a dirty dog, a thief, and a liar. But when he is called by these names in a hundred thousand copies of it every morning in the week, and hundreds of other newspapers repeat it, and millions of people who do not personally know him, and who are apt to believe what they constantly see, read every day that he is a dirty dog and a liar, a man naturally begins to count the cost, and asks himself whether he had not better keep his opinions to himself if this is the penalty of expressing them.

But the moment he yields and falls dumb he helps to make the tyrannical Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy, in other words is the creation of those who despise her. If those who really spurn the idol would but show their contempt for it, the stone would drop and be shivered in a moment. On the other hand, the enormous power of the political Mrs. Grundy is shown in the consternation with which contempt of her word is treated. There is nothing more ridiculous than the air with which those who themselves secretly hate her look upon those who quietly say so, as if they had causelessly committed harikari. Yet, we repeat, it is those who hate her who themselves make opposition to her will a kind of political suicide. "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" But what matters what she says, if her word is impotent? And impotent it is if every man who scorns it laughs at it instead of fears it. It is not courage which is most unfortunate in this world, by any means. "For the first time in my life," said a distinguished public man recently," "I don't care what the political Mrs. Grundy says, and I never was so happy and light-hearted." Other distinguished public men —Webster, Clay, Calhoun—lacked the courage, asked with terror what Mrs. Grundy would say, and died broken-hearted.

Every man who defies this tyrannical old woman does a great public service. She is a kind of malign Diana, a triple Duessa of society, religion, and politics. Every man who helps to rivet her yoke is a public enemy. "What will Mrs. Grundy say? Let her say what she will, so long as the honest man asks only what honor and manliness say, and having heard, goes quietly on to make their word his deed.

Gregory Thomas, a son of C. Davitt Thomas, of Philadelphia, was drowned on Tuesday night in Cedar creek, N. J., while bathing. The body was not recovered.

Buried Gold.

The Sequel to a Murder—A Haunted Cave —Would-be Explorers Frightened Off.

A letter from Youngstown, Ohio, says Your correspondent having heard rumors of the existence of a haunted cave and a buried treasure in the vicinity of Mount Nebo station, on the Atlantic and Pacific road, about six miles from Youngstown, yesterday visited the place in company with several others. Being directed to the gentleman who owns the land on which the haunted cave is situated, the party hied themselves thither. The gentleman who lives about half a mile south of the station, was found and questioned as to the authenticity of the report concerning the cave. He at first was quite reticent on the subject, but finally, being pressed hard by the anxious news men, led the way to the cavern, relating on the way the following particulars.

Many years ago, when the country in the vicinity of Mount Nebo but was sparsely settled, two men—one a peddler and the other a friend of his—camped one cold winter's night in the cave. The peddler had been to this part of the country on a trading expedition, and was returning to the east on foot with $18,000—quite an amount of money in those days—that he had realized from his venture. The money he carried in a leather belt that encircled his waist, and it consisted entirely of gold coin. His companion was well aware of this, and concocted a plan to rob, and, if necessary, murder the peddler. Accordingly, on the night in question, after the peddler had gone to sleep, his friend stole up to him and tried to disengage the belt from around his waist. His efforts awoke the peddler, who immediately on becoming conscious of the presence of the villain, grappled with him. The would-be murderer, drawing a knife plunged it again and again into the body of his victim. Then securing the money, he buried the corpse in the cave, and hid the money in the floor of the cavern, six feet from the grave of the peddler. Not waiting for daylight he struck across the country in the direction of Cleveland. The night was bitterly cold and the snow deep and soft. He was unable to proceed very far on account of a numbness in his feet. He reached a settler's, where he found that both his feet were frozen. A surgeon was sent for and amputated both his members. From that time to the day of his death, he was the inmate of various almshouses and the object of private charity. He kept his dreadful secret locked in his own breast, and revealed it to no one till on his death bed in Cleveland, some twenty years ago, when he made his niece his confidante.

That lady with her husband, who by the way was in rather straigitened circumstances, visited Mount Nebo and was able to find the cave by means of certain marks the murderer had left on the trees in its immediate vicinity. But now an almost insurmountable obstacle stood in the way. The cave had fallen in, and thirty ton of rock had rested on the grave of the murdered man and on the buried treasure. Thoroughly disheartened, and without means of prosecuting the search, the niece and her husband returned to Cleveland. From that time to the present various efforts have been put forth to unearth the hidden treasure but all endeavors have proved fruitless. Some years ago a gentleman who claimed to be a "medium," visited the spot. He was gone from his host but a short time when he returned with his clothes torn his face terrible lacerated. According to his statement, he was approaching the cave and was crossing a grassy plot that overlooks it, when he felt himself raised with irresistible force and dashed to the rocky bed of the stream.

He was "impressed" that if he stayed and searched for the gold some one would be killed inside of a few days. So he left. A gentleman from Youngstown, with commendable nerve and courage, visited the cave at the dead of night, and was peering into the crevices of the rock when a ghostly wavering light suddenly appeared, having its source, apparently, under the mass of debris. He left too. A party of gentlemen from Youngstown built a fire near the cave one autumn night with the intention of searching for the gold at midnight, and were warming their hands on one side of the fire when they were startled by seeing a man standing on the opposite side gazing at them intently. Immediately afterward he vanished into space. They left rather precipitously.

By the time the narrative was concluded the party had arrived at the haunted cavern. A pile of rocks and rubbish was all that was to be seen of the cave. Excavations have been made which extend far back under and through the rock. The host informed the correspondent that he himself had found human bones not far from the cave which, he had no doubt, once belonged to the murdered peddler. It is a singular fact that the trees surrounding the cave are in a state of premature decay, presenting much the appearance of having been scourged by fire.

The facts above can be authenticated by any of the residents of Mt. Nebo. The gentleman who owns the cave desired his name suppressed, solely for the reason that his time is taken up by his daily duties, and he does not wish to be bothered by treasure seekers and inquiring correspondents.

How Americans Spend Their Summer Holiday.

Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine for July.

Here is the summer holiday again. What shall we do with it?

It is not more than a dozen years since the hard-worked New Yorker or Philadelphian with small income made up his mind that the summer holiday, which was an indulgence to his well-to-do neighbor, was a necessity for himself—as much of a necessity in the work of the year as the hours for sleep are in the work of the day. So far so good. Now that he is convinced of that, he takes his holiday; but he is not yet used to it. He carries the luxury uneasy; it discomforts him; he does not know how to use it. Having but the one chance to be idle in the year, he is capticus about the idleness, and scared lest he may not enjoy every moment of it.

He knows what he wants very well. He and his wife and children are talking about that at this very moment in a hundred thousand places. He will tell you that he is not hard to please. There are certain essentials, to be sure, which he must have when he leaves home for enjoyment; sublime scenery, pure air, no mosquitoes, plenty of game, fruit, milk and eggs, congenial society, spring mattresses, well-cooked meals, and little to pay at the end of the week—give him these, and he is satisfied. Where he shall go to find them, and, after he has gone, how he was cheated while he was there, afford him matter for grumbling from May until December.

Now his French or German cousin over the sea has a hundred holidays in the year. He knows how to bring the flavor out of every drop in the orange, He drifts into idleness easily, without thought. When his fete comes, he goes, for a few francs, with his sweetheart or wife, a mile or two out of town. They joke and laugh. The sun shines, the wind blows—it is all good. It rains, it is dusty—but they joke and laugh all the same. They criticise nothing. How good it all is!

But as for our American, a corn-husk bed, or a mosquito in the woods will overturn a whole summer's airy of fabric of happiness. In his anxiety lest he should not seize the best chance of enjoyment, he is apt to follow the largest crowd. He goes to Niagara, to Cape May, the Adirondacks or to some one of the countless pasteboard mansions or hot farmhouses in the suburbs of the cities. He tells you that his object is rest and freedom, but the chances are that he leaves both behind in his house in town. There he could wear his old slippers; he chose his own companions; he held such habits and opinions as suited him; he was the MacDonald, and where he sat was the head of the table. But in every one of these summer homes society tramples him down. It is often a little clique of which he never heard before, "without father, mother or descent." He may laugh at it as vulgar and ignorant, but it is master of the position; he is not. In the hottest months of the year, when even the beasts in the field lie down to rest, it forces upon him a hurly-burly of fashion gossip, dress, outlay and weariness, which at home he can manage to shut outside of his own door. He goes back, as a rule, to his shop or office, his gas pipes and family table, unrefreshed, and glad that the holiday is over. The average American is afraid not to move with the crowd.

The history of all summering-places is alike. An adventurous artist usually ventures into a new field, and whispers his discovery to his friends. Scenery is well-nigh as popular a hobby just now as house hold decoration. After him come pell-mell the would-be æsthetics, and later the mere fashionables, as the flock follows the tinkle of the bell-wether, and up go the mammoth hotels as fast as mushrooms spring on a May morning on betramped sheepwalks.

Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P. O., writing about Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, says: "George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of Rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for Asthma with the best results. It acts like a charm." For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. 25

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 a bottle of Locher's Renowned Cough Syrup, shall we condemn the sufferers for their negligence, or pity them for their ignorance? No 9 East King street.

Whether taken to relieve internal suffering in the throat and lungs, or applied externally to heal a tumor, sore or cut, remove a corn, or remedy stiffness, rheumatism, lameness or soreness, Thomas' Electric Oil is equally reliable. Testimonials from the most authentic sources, conclusively prove this. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa 25

DRY GOODS.

BLACK SILKS

For Trimming and Dress, 60 cents and up, at

FAHNESTOCK'S,

Next Door to the Court House.

COLORED SILKS,

60 Cents, at

FAHNESTOCK'S.

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Of every description, at

FAHNESTOCK'S.

Quantities of LADIES' SKIRTS, White and Colored, 50 cents and up, at

FAHNESTOCK'S,

Next Door to the Court House.

J. B. Martin & Co.

Lawns,
Ginghams,
White Goods,

SWISS,

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

Full Lines of Goods in all Departments at Very Low Prices.

J. B. MARTIN & CO.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

NEW STATIONERY!

New, Plain and Fancy

STATIONERY.

Also, Velvet and Eastlake

PICTURE FRAMES AND EASELS.

—AT—

L. M. FLYNN'S

BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE,

No. 42 WEST KING STREET.

JOHN BAER'S SONS,

15 and 17 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.,

have in stock a large assortment of

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Attention is invited to their

FAMILY AND PULPIT BIBLES

Teachers' Bibles, Sunday School Libraries, Hymnals, Prayer Books,

HYMN BOOKS AND MUSIC BOOKS

For Sunday Schools.

FINE REWARD CARDS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REQUISITES of all kinds

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JAMES BROWN, DEALER IN STOCKS and Bonds, 64 and 66 Broadway, New York. Operations on margin and by means of privileges. Information furnished on all matters connected with stock speculation and investment. m15-lydTr.ThaS

REMOVALS.

DR. S. B. FOREMAN, (PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON), Removed from No. 18 South Prince street to No. 211 West King street, Lancaster, Pa. [m24-3md*

JEWELERS.

LOUIS WEBER, WATCHMAKER, No. 159½ NORTH QUEEN STREET, near P. R. R. Depot, Lancaster, Pa. Gold, Silver and Nickel-cased Watches, Chains, Clocks, &c. Agent for the celebrated Pantascopic Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. Repairing a specialty. apr1-lyd

NOTICE!

From July 1 to September 1, 1880,

Saturdays excepted, our store will be closed at 6 p. m.

E. F. BOWMAN,

106 EAST KING STREET.

LANCASTER, PA.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

AUGUSTUS RHOADS.

Jeweler, 20 East King Street,

LANCASTER, PA.,

Will close his store at 6 p. m., Saturdays excepted, from

JULY 1 TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.

BAILEY, BANKS AND BIDDLE,

12th and CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

OUR AIM HAS BEEN ALWAYS TO KEEP THE VERY BEST IN ALL THE DEPARTMENTS OF OUR BUSINESS, AND BY LAYING IN LARGE QUANTITIES ENTIRELY FOR CASH, TO MAKE OUR GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES. OUR IMMENSE BUSINESS IS ABUNDANT PROOF OF COMPLETE SUCCESS IN THIS ENDEAVOR. WE SEND, ON APPROVAL, BY EXPRESS OR OTHERWISE, DIAMONDS, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, JEWELRY, DECORATIVE ARTICLES, &c. OUR STOCK COMPRISES AN IMMENSE VARIETY OF ELEGANT AND NOVEL GOODS SUITABLE FOR WEDDING GIFTS.

WALL PAPERS, &c.

WE MAKE ALL KINDS OF

WIRE SCREENS

FOR WINDOWS,

and put them up in such a manner that you need not remove when you wish to close the window. A decided advantage over the old way, and a Screen will wear longer and is much more easily handled.

Wire Screen Doors

made of every description. Have a nick stock of Plain and Landscape Wires. Sold by the foot in any quantity.
Some Odd Lots of

WALL PAPER

at bargains to close out.

PHARES W. FRY,

No. 57 NORTH QUEEN ST.

FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS.

LANCASTER BOILER MANUFACTORY,

SHOP ON PLUM STREET,

OPPOSITE THE LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.

The subscriber continues to manufacture

BOILERS AND STEAM ENGINES,

For Tanning and other purposes;
Furnace Twiers,
Bellows Pipes,
Sheet-iron Work, and
Blacksmithing generally.

☞ Jobbing promptly attended to.

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FIREWORKS.

Fireworks! Fireworks!!

HEADQUARTERS FOR

FIREWORKS,
FLAGS AND
CHINESE LANTERNS.

Campaign Torches for Parades, burning 3 hours. Firemen's Torches, colored fire.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Orders received for all Sizes Bunting Flags.

D. S. BURSK'S,

No. 17 EAST KING STREET.