

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVII—No. 55

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1880

Price Two Cents.

DRY GOODS.

THE FAVORITES IN DRESS GOODS NOW.

The following are selling so fast as to indicate that they are unusually desirable:

Cannel hair, 44 inches, \$1 to \$2.50.
Billiard cloth, 44 inches, 1.50.
Damasses, 44 inches, 1.25.
Jersey cloth, 44 inches, 1.75.
Plush suitings, 44 inches, 1.50.
Armures, 44 inches, 1.00.
Novelties, 44 inches, 0.75.
Powder cloths, 44 inches, 0.75.
Chudra cloths, 44 inches, 0.50.
Lupin's merinoes, 36 inches, 0.50 to 0.60.
Flannel suitings, 0.30 to 1.25.
Plaids, silk and wool, 0.37.
Plaids, German, 44 inches, 0.50.
Plaids, German, 32 inches, 0.15.
Cashmeres, colored, 22 inches, 0.25.
Cashmeres, colored, 22 inches, 0.12.
Materlases, 24 inches, 0.20.
Balmores, 22 inches, 0.14.

Our dress goods include almost everything desirable. In many instances we are very much below the market; never above.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Dress Goods occupy nine counters near Thirteenth street entrance. Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City Hall Square.

PHILADELPHIA.

WATT, SHAND & COMPANY

Call attention to their stock of LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S

FALL HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Our purchases have never been larger nor prices more reasonable.

SPECIAL BARGAINS:

150 dozen Ladies' Vests and Pants at 37 1/2, 45 and 50c.
15 dozen Gents' Shirts and Drawers at 37 1/2 and 50c.
50 dozen all Linen Handkerchiefs at 12 1/2 each, or 17c.
2,500 yards Double Fold Cashmeres, New Fall Shades, at 17c a yard, usual price 25c a yard.

NEW YORK STORE, 8 & 10 EAST KING STREET.

BECAUSE Our Goods are Carefully Selected,
BECAUSE The Designs are Artistic and New,
BECAUSE The Colorings are Rich and Harmonious
AND
BECAUSE The Prices are Extremely Reasonable.

WE ASK YOU TO VISIT US WHEN YOU ARE IN WANT OF

PAPER HANGINGS.

J. B. Martin & Co., West King St.

MILLINERY.

FINEST ASSORTMENT!

BEST DISPLAY OF

MILLINERY GOODS

IN LANCASTER CITY NOW READY AT

M. A. HOUGHTON'S CHEAP STORE.

No. 25 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

CLOTHING.

GARFIELD VS. HANCOCK. FALL CAMPAIGN OF 1880

Now opened and the battle has commenced and rages fiercely, and while there may be some doubt in the minds of many persons as to who will be the next President of the United States, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person in want of CLOTHING as to where can be bought the cheapest and the best, either in Ready-made or Made to Order.

MYERS & RATHFON.

Centre Hall, No. 12 East King Street, the Great Clothing Emporium. The second story room is packed from full with the greatest variety READY MADE CLOTHING FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN, all our own manufacture. They are well made, well trimmed, and the goods are all sprung before they are made up in garments.

MEN'S ALL WOOL SUITS AS LOW AS \$12.00.

Our Piece Goods fill the first floor to its utmost capacity, and is nicely arranged, so as to give the purchaser the advantage of seeing the whole stock in a very short space of time. We are prepared to make up to order at the shortest possible notice and at the most reasonable price. Our stock has been bought for cash and will be sold at a very small advance. Buy your clothing at Centre Hall and save one profit. Call and examine our great stock and save money.

MYERS & RATHFON, LANCASTER, PENN'A.

No. 12 EAST KING STREET,

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 Towers.

Blowdown Pipes, Shot-iron Work, and Blacksmithing generally.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

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TINWARE, &c.

STOVES, STOVES, Brick-Set and Portable

HEATERS and RANGES

Shertzer, Humphreville & Kie Ter's

40 EAST KING STREET.

FURNITURE.

HEINITSH, FINE FURNITURE

—AND—

Cabinet Manufacturer.

All in want of Fine or Fancy Cabinet Work would do well to call and examine specimens of our OFFICE FURNITURE A SPECIALTY.

HEINITSH, 15 1/2 East King Street.

I MAIN SPECULATION

W. T. SOULE & CO. CORP. 139 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill. for circulars.

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CLIPPING.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!
SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!!
The old! The old!

Rathvon & Fisher Ready-Made Clothing

at and below Cost, with a view of discontinuing the READY-MADE CLOTHING business, and devoting their attention exclusively to

CUSTOM WORK.

CLOTHING made promptly to order, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed. A select line of Cloths, Cassimeres, Worsted, Coatings, Suitings, Cheviots, Meltons, Overcoatings, Vestings, &c., always on hand and orders respectfully solicited. Also, a general line of Furnishing Goods.

RATHVON & FISHER

Merchant Tailors and Drapers, No. 101 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

SPECIAL—Those in want of Ready-Made Clothing will consult their own interest by giving them a call before purchasing elsewhere, as their Clothing are mainly of their own manufacture and substantially made.

FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATINGS.

To-day we display a full line of the Latest Novelties in Overcoatings for the

Fall Season,

In all the New Colorings, with Silk Facings to match; also a superior line of Heavy Weights in New Designs.

Fur Beaver, Seal Skin, Elysian, Montanak, Ratina and Chinchilla Beaver.

BARR'S ENGLISH MELTONS,

Double and Treble Milled, all the New Mixtures.

Taylor's English Wintrys,

In Plain and Fancy Backs, Combination Colors, all made up and trimmed in the highest style of Art.

SMALING'S THE ARTIST TAILOR,

121 N. QUEEN STREET,

FALL OPENING

—AT—

H. GERHART'S Tailoring Establishment,

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1880.

A Complete Stock of

Cloths, Suitings

—AND—

OVERCOATINGS.

which for elegance cannot be surpassed. The Largest Assortment of

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH SUITINGS

in this city. Prices as low as the lowest at

H. GERHART'S

No. 51 North Queen Street.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

We have now ready for sale an Immense Stock of

Ready-Made Clothing

—FOR—

Fall and Winter,

which are Cut and Trimmed in the Latest Style. We can give you a

GOOD STYLISH SUIT AS LOW AS \$10.00.

—AND—

PIECE GOODS

In great variety, made to order at short notice at the lowest prices.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

LANCASTER, PA.

GROCERIES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LEVAN'S FLOUR

—AT—

No. 27 NORTH PRINCE STREET.

417-17d

Lancaster Intelligencer.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 3, 1880.

The Dean's Watch.

Erckman-Chatriain.

The day before the Christmas of 1832, my friend Wilfrid, his double-bass slung over his shoulder, and I, with violin under my arm, were on our way from the Black Forest to Heidelberg. An extraordinary quantity of snow had fallen that season. As far as our eyes could see over the great desert plain before us, not a trace of the route, either of road or path, was to be discovered. The north wind whistled its shrill aria about our ears with a monotonous persistence, and Wilfrid, with wallet flattened against his thin back, his long heron legs stretched to the utmost, and the visor of his little hat cap pulled down over his nose, strode along before me, humming a gay air from "Undine."

Every now and then he turned his head with a grim smile and cried: "Comrade, play me the waltz from 'Robin'—with a dance!" A peal of laughter always followed, and then the brave fellow would push on again with fresh courage. I toiled on behind in his footsteps, with the snow up to my knees, and my spirits sinking lower and lower every moment.

The heights about Heidelberg had begun to rise on the distant horizon, and we were hoping to reach the town before nightfall, when we heard the gallop of a horse behind us. It was about five o'clock, and great flakes of snow were whirling about in the gray light. Soon the rider was within twenty paces of us, and he checked his pace, examining us out of one corner of his eye. We also examined him.

Imagine a big man with red beard and hair, wrapped in a brown cloak, over which was loosely thrown a pelisse of fox-skin; on his head a superb cocked-hat, his hands buried in fur gloves, reaching to the elbows. On the crup of his stout stallion was strapped a well filled valise. Evidently he was some burly sheriff or burgomaster.

"Hey, my lads!" he cried, drawing one of his hands from the mull which hung across his saddle bow and clapping his charger's neck, "we are going to Heidelberg, I see, to try a little music."

Wilfrid eyed the traveler askance. "Is this an affair of yours, sir?" he answered gruffly.

"Eh? yes; I should have a piece of advice to give you."

"Well, you can keep it till it's asked for," retorted Wilfrid, quickening his pace.

I cast a second glance at our new companion. He looked exactly like a great cat, with ears standing out from his head, his eyelids half closed, and a long bristling moustache; altogether, he had a sort of purring, paternal air.

"What was that to make you, this time addressing me," the best thing you can do is to return whence you came."

"Why, sir?"

"The famous Maestro Prinetti, from Novara, has announced a grand Christmas concert at Heidelberg. Everybody is going to it; you will not get a single kreutzer."

This was too much for Wilfrid. "A fig for your maestro, and all the Prinettis in the world!" he cried, snapping his fingers. "This lad here, with his long curls and blue eyes, and a hair yet on his chin, is worth an army of your Italian charlatans. Though he never played outside the Black Forest, he can handle a bow with the first musician in Europe, and will draw melody from his violin such as was never heard before in Heidelberg."

"Hear, hear!" cried the stranger. "Blowing on his fingers, which were red with the cold, these set out to run, and I followed him as best I might, thinking he wished to make game of the traveler, who kept up with us, however, at a little trot.

In this way we went on in silence for more than half a league. Suddenly the stranger cried out, in a harsh voice: "Whatever your talents may be, go back to the Black Forest. We have vagabonds enough in Heidelberg already without you. It is good advice I give you, you had best profit by it."

What was about to make an angry report, but the rider had started off at a gallop, and already reached the grand avenue of the Elector. At the same moment a great flock of crows rose from the plain, and seemed to follow him, filling the air with their loud cries.

About seven o'clock in the evening we reached Heidelberg. There, in fact, we found posted on all the walls Prinetti's flaming placards, "Grand Concert, Solo," etc., etc. We wandered about among the several musicians from the Black Forest, all old comrades of ours, who immediately engaged us to play in their band. There were old Bremer, the violinist; his two sons, Ludwig and Carl, capital second violin; Heinrich Heibel, the clarinet player; and big Bertha with her harp. Wilfrid, with his bass-violin, and myself as first violin, made up the troupe.

It was agreed that we should all go together make one purse, and divide after Christmas. Wilfrid had already engaged a room for himself and me. It was on the sixth-story of the little tavern "Sheep's Foot," in the middle of the Holdergasse, and was only a garret, though, luckily, it had a sheet-iron stove, in which we lighted a fire to dry ourselves.

While we were sitting quietly over the fire, roasting chestnuts and discussing a pot of wine, who should come tripping up the stairs and knock at the door but little Annette, the maid of the inn, in scarlet petticoat and black velvet bodice, with cheeks like roses and lips as red as cherries. Next moment she had thrown herself into my arms with a cry of joy.

We were old friends, the pretty Annette and I, for we were both from the same village, and to say truth, my heart had long been captive to her bright eyes and coquettish airs.

"I saw you go just now," she said, drawing a stool to my side, "and here I am, come for a minute's talk with you."

With that she began such a string of questions about this one and that—in fact, about every one in our village—that I declare to you it was as much as I could do to answer the half of them. Every little while she would stop and look at me with such a tender air—we would have been there till this time, had not suddenly Mother Gredel Dick screamed from the bottom of the stairs:

"Annette! Annette! are you ever coming?"

"This minute, madame, this minute," cried the poor child, jumping up in a fright. She gave me a little pat on the cheek and flew to the door. But just as she was going out, she stopped.

"Ah!" she cried, turning back, "I forgot to tell you. Have you heard—"

"The death of our pretor Zehn?"

"Well, what is that to us?"

"Ah, yes; but take care, sir, take care—if your papers are not all right! Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock they will

come to ask for them. They have arrested so many people during the last two weeks. The pretor was assassinated yesterday evening, in the library, at the Cloister of Saint Christopher. Last week the old priest, Ulmet Elias, who lived in the Jews' quarter, was killed in the same way. Only a few days before that they murdered the nurse, Christina Haas and the Delirium, the agate merchant of the Surichstrasse. So, my poor Kasper," she added, with a tender glance, "take good care of yourself, and be sure that your papers are all right."

"This is strange news," said he, at last. "At any rate, your papers are all in order?"

"Certainly," I replied, and showed him my pass.

"Good! There is mine. I had it viced before we left. But still, all these murders spread upon the bare boards, the blacked beams overhead, the little fire table, which cast an uneasy shadow on the worm-eaten floor. A mouse, attracted by the heat, darted back and forth like an arrow along the wall. We could hear the wind whistling and howling around the high chimney-stacks, sweeping the snow from the gutters beneath the eaves in misty swirls. I was dreaming of Annette. Silence had fallen upon us. Suddenly Wilfrid, throwing off his coat, cried:

"It is time to sleep; put another stick of wood in the stove, and let us go to bed."

"Yes, that is the best thing we can do," said I, and began to pull off my boots. Two minutes afterward we were stretched on mattresses, the blankets drawn up to our chests, and a great log under our heads for a pillow. Wilfrid was asleep in a moment. The light from the little stove blazed up and died away, the wind roared its violence without, and, in the midst of a great calm, I, too, in my turn, slept the sleep of the justing.

About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a strange noise. At first I thought it was a cat running along the gutters; but, my ear being close to the rafters, I could not remain in doubt. Some one was walking over the roof. I touched Wilfrid with my elbow, to awaken him.

"Hist!" whispered he, pressing my hand.

He also had heard the noise. The fire was fast dying out; the last feeble flame flickered on the crumbling walls. I was on the point of springing from the bed, when, at a single blow, the little window, kept closed by a fragment of brick, was pushed open. A pale face, with red hair, eyes gleaming with phosphorescent light, and a pair of spectacles appeared in the opening and looked about the room. Our fright was so great that we could not utter a sound. The man passed first one leg, then the other, through the window, and descended into the garret so carefully that not a board creaked under his footsteps.

This man, with heavy, round shoulders, short and thick-set, his face wrinkled and set like a tiger crouched in spring, was none other than the rider who had overthrown us on the road to Heidelberg. But what a change in his appearance since then! In spite of the excessive cold, he was in his shirt sleeves, a pair of breeches, belted about his waist, woollen stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. A long, snaky, flecked with blood, glittered in his hand.

Wilfrid and I gave ourselves up for lost. But he did not seem to see us under the shadow of the sloping roof, although the fire was fanned again into a blaze by the current of cold air from the open window. The intruder seated himself on a stool, covering and shivering in a strange way. Suddenly his greenish-yellow eyes fixed themselves on me, his nostrils dilated. For more than a minute, which seemed to me an age, he stared at me. The blood still in my veins. Then, at last, turning toward the fire, he coughed with a husky, hoarse sound, like that which a cat makes, without moving a muscle of his face. Drawing a watch from the fob of his pantaloons, he seemed to look at the hour, and then, whether from absence of mind or some other reason, I know not, laid it upon the table. At length rising from his seat with an air of uncertainty he looked toward the window, appeared for a moment to hesitate, and then passed out of the door, leaving it wide open behind him.

I jumped up to shove the bolt, but already the man's steps were creaking on the staircase two stories below. An irresistible curiosity overcame my terror. I heard a window open, which looked upon the court, and, in a moment, I was at the dormer in the landing of the stairs on this height, like a deep well. A wall fifty or sixty feet high, divided into two parts. On the right was the court of port-butchery; on the left that of the Sheep's Foot. The wall was covered with moss and the rank vegetation which flourishes in the shade. Its summit reached from the window which the marauder had just opened into the cellar, to the rear of the Bergstrasse. All this I took in a glance, as the moon shone out from among the heavy snow-laden clouds, and I trembled as I saw the man come out through the window, and fly along the top of this wall, he bent forward, the long knife in his hand, while the wind whistled and wailed a dismal chorus.

He gained the roof in front, and disappeared through a window. I believed I must be dreaming. For several moments I remained with open mouth, my breath bare, and my hair blown by the wind and wet by the sleet which fell from the eaves. At last, waking from my stupor, I returned to our garret, and found Wilfrid with face blanched and haggard with fright, and muttering a prayer under his breath. I hastened to bolt the door, threw some wood into the stove, and slip on my clothes.

"Well," asked my comrade, getting out of bed.

"I replied, "we are safe this

time. If that man did not see us, it was only because heaven was not yet ready to take us to die."

"Yes," he murmured, "it is one of the assassins Annette told us about. Good heavens! what a fate! what a knife!"

He fell back on the mattress. I swallowed what was left of the wine in the pitcher; and, as the fire was now burning brightly, filling the room with its heat and the cold seemed a strong one, I began to regain my courage.

Still, the watch ran there; the man might return to look for it. Our fears arose again at this idea.

"What is to be done now?" asked Wilfrid. "Our shortest plan will be to go back at once to the Black Forest. I have no wish to play any more double-bass. You can do as you choose."

"But why? What should make us go back? We have done no crime."

"Hush! speak low!" whispered he. "The word crime alone is enough to hang us, if anyone heard. Poor devils like us serve as examples for others. Were they only to find this watch here—"

"Come, Wilfrid," said I, "it is no use to lose one's head. I dare say a crime has been committed last night in the neighborhood; it is more than probable; but, instead of flying, the honest man should aid justice; he should—"

"But how aid it? how?"

"The simplest way will be to take the watch to-morrow to the provost, and tell him what has taken place."

"Never! never! I would not dare touch the watch!"

"Very well; I will go myself. Come, let us go to bed again."

"No; I can not sleep any more."

"As you will. Light your pipe, then, and let us talk."

As soon as day dawned I took the watch from the table. It was a very fine one, with two dials—one for the hours, the other for the minutes. Wilfrid seemed, however, by this time, to have regained his assurance.

"Kasper," he said, "all things considered, it will be better for me to go to the provost. You are too young for such a piece of business. You will not be able to explain properly."

"Just as you choose," I replied. Besides, it would seem strange for a man of my age to send a child."

"Oh, yes, Wilfrid; I understand."

I saw that his self-esteem had driven him to this resolution. He would have been ashamed to own to his comrades that he had shown less courage than I.

He took the watch, and we descended the stairs with grave faces. Passing through the alley which leads to the street Saint Christopher, we heard the clinking of glasses and knives and forks. At the same time I recognized the voices of old Bremer and his two sons.

"Faith, Wilfrid," said I, "a good glass of wine would not be bad before we go out."

I pushed open the door into the saloon. All our friends were there; violins and horns hung upon the walls—the harp in one corner. They received us with joyful cries of welcome, and made us take seats at the table.

"Heh!" cried old Bremer, "good luck comrades! See the snow, the wind! Every flake of snow in the air is a florin in our pockets!"

The sight of my little Annette, as fresh and piquant as ever, smiling on me with eyes and lips full of love, gave me new spirits. The best pieces of ham were for me; and every time that she came to set down a glass near me her hand would tenderly press my shoulder. Ah! how my heart beat as I thought of the nuts which we had cracked together the night before.

Still, the pale face of the assassin would pass from time to time before my eyes, making me shudder at the recollection. I looked at Wilfrid. He was grave and thoughtful. As eight o'clock struck, we all rose to go, when suddenly the door opened, and three men-looking fellows, with leaden faces and eyes sharp as rats', followed by several more of the same sort, presented themselves on the threshold. One of them, with a long nose, which seemed to be on the scent for some mischief, a great curl in his fist, advanced with the demand:

"Your papers, gentlemen!" Unhappily, however, Wilfrid, who was standing near the stove, was seized with a sudden fit of trembling; and as he saw the practiced eye of the police agent regarding him with an equivocal look, the unlucky idea occurred to him by letting the watch slip down into his boot. Before it reached its destination, however, the officer stepped up to him, and snatching him on the long, cried, in a bantering tone:

"Ah ha! something seems to trouble you here!"

Upon this, Wilfrid, to the consternation of all, succumbed entirely. He fell back upon a bench, pale as death; and Mace, the chief of police, with a malicious show of laughter, drew forth the watch from his pantaloons. But the moment the agent looked at it, he became grave.

"Let no one go out!" he thundered to his followers; "we've the whole gang here. 'Tis the watch of the dean, Daniel Van der Berg. Quick! the handcuffs!"

Thereupon arose a terrible tumult. Giving ourselves up for lost, I slipped down under the bench close to the wall. In spite of their protests, poor old Bremer, his sons, and Wilfrid were all handcuffed. Just then I felt a soft little hand passed gently about my neck. It was Annette's, and I pressed my lips upon it as a last adieu, when, seizing my ear, she pulled it gently—gently. Under one end of the table I saw the cellar door open; I slipped through; the trap-door closed.