#### We call attention to a tew very desirable articles at unusually low prices

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

Boys' Silver Hunting Cased Watches at...... \$ 6.25 Boys' Silver Hunting Cased Stem Winding Watches ...... 15.00 Gentlemen's Silver Hunting Cased Full Jeweled Watches. 5.00 Gentlemen's Silver Hunting Cased Stem Winding Watches 15.00 Ladies' lo and 14 Carat Gold Hunting and Half Hunting Cased Watches at...... 18.00

We call attention to our fine Movements for Ladies' Watches Full Jeweled, even in centre pivots, which we will case to order in Handsome Box-joint Monogram Cases or otherwise. Gentlemen's 18 Size Movements Cased and Engraved or Monogrammed to order.

A special new line of goods is just received, consisting of Gentlemen's Silver Box-joint-Cased Watches, the Handsomest Silver Watches ever brought to this city. We invite an inspection of these goods, feeling confident we can show inducements to buyers not to be found elsewhere.

H. Z. RHOADS & BRO., Jewelers,

4 West King Street, - -

## EDW. J. ZAHM,

Manufacturing Jeweler, Zahm's Corner,

OPERA GLASSES.

#### Beautiful and Durable Christmas Gifts.

Things in our stock that make

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,

SPECTACLES, GOLD HEAD CANES, GOLD BRONZES, SILVER HEAD CANES, GOLD THIMBLES, SILVER THIMBLES,

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE BOXES, GOLD BRONZE SMOKING SETS,

> FINE CIGAR SETS, BACCARET VASES. ALL THESE AND MANY MORE AT

ZAHM'S CORNER, LANCASTER, PA.

## . DRY GOODS.

## HOMER, COLLADAY & Co., 1412 and 1414 Chestnut St.

PHILADELPHIA.

The general improvement in business the past year, with the prospect of a very large increased demand for all kinds of Dress Goods, induced all American buyers of Foreign Goods to place immense orders. This was universally the case, so much so that, perhaps without exaggeration, 50 per cent, more goods were imported than the country could possibly consume. As a consequence, there has been a great break in prices in a great many fabrics, which we shall fully meet. WE SHALL SELL

	Former Prices.		Forme Price
All Wool Armures	\$0.50 1.00	Camei's Hair Stripes	5 2
French Striped Fancies (all Silk and Wool)	1.50 .8534	English Novelties	5 1.
French Brocades (all Silk and Wool	1.75 1.00	French Handkerchiefs, squares	5 2
Finest French Brocades (in several designs)	2.50		

In addition to our offerings in the above goods, we have some lines of very choice goods of which it is difficult to meet the demand, in which we have a very choice assortment, both in CLOTH SUITINGS:

44-inch Cloth Suitings (very desirable goods) \$0.75 | 54-inch Cloth Suitings (in all colors 1.20 | 54-inch Cloth Suitings 1.20 | 54-inch Cloth Suitings 2.00 FRENCH SHOODAS:

Our make of these goods we believe to be the best in the market, and the assortment of FINE CAMEL'S HAIR:

Our assortment of these beautiful goods is still complete, from \$1.25 to \$2.50. We have just received one case of Can. I's Hair in Evening Shades in very beautiful quality, in Cream, Pink and Light Blue, 46 inches wide, to sell at \$1.25. BAREGE DE VIRGINIE:

We have just received one case of this very desirable texture for Evening Dresses, quality very superior, in Cream. Pink and Light Blue, 27 inches wide, to sell at 50c.

#### CLOSING SALE OF COATS AND DOLMANS,

NEW YORK STORE.

LADIES' COATS reduced to \$2, \$2.75, \$4.25, \$7 and \$9.

LADIES' DOLMANS reduced from \$10 to \$6.50, \$12.50 to \$8.50, \$15 to \$10.

Ladies in want of these goods should call at once, as they can't last long at these prices. JUST OPENED A CHOICE SELECTION OF

HAMBURG EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS. Latest Designs, Beautiful Work, Lowest Prices

NEW YORK STORE.

GREAT SLAUGHTER IN CLOTHING.

#### GRAND MARK DOWN AT CENTRE HALL. Will be sold in sixty days TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH of

HEAVY WINTER CLOTHING,

Without regard to cost. Now is your time to secure a good Suit of Clothing for very little money, Ready-made or Made to Order.

OVERCOATS IN GREAT VARIETY. For Men. Youths and Boys. Men's Dress Suits, Men's Business Suits, Youths' Suits in every style. Boys' Clothing, a very Choice Variety.

MYERS & RATHFON. No. 12 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PENN'A.

FOR BALE.

## FOR SALE CHEAP.

# THREE-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,

WITH A GOOD STORE ROOM.

This Property is situated on the corner of Mulberry and Lemon streets; with nine good rooms and large cellar; also hot and cold water and gas through the house. This Property will be sold cheap or exchanged for a small house or building lots. Also, a FIEST-CLASS BRICK STABLE in the rear of the house, and occupied by Samuel

For further particulars call on BAUSMAN & BURNS,

Or at HOUGHTON'S STORE, 25 North Queen Street.

#### The Clothing Bargain Rooms.

CLO1HING.

The mass of the stocks selling below cost is so great that we may say there is no change from last week, except that a very few lines are exhausted-not enough to mention. .

Large and complete stocks of new clothing of all grades, from common to fine, are here, going for less money than their original cost.

Remember, though, that still larger, though not more complete stocks are not marked down at all. You can buy out of either, as you may prefer.

These stocks have been separated for convenience in selling; but they are made together, in the same way, for the same purpose, and after the same standards.

Bring back whatever you don't

want at the price.

WANAMAKER & BROWN. OAK HALL, Market and Sixth.

## OVERCOATS!

Closing out at a great reduction our i line of Novelties in Overcoatings.

Fur Beavers, Seal Skin, Elysian, Montanak, Ratina and Chinchillas.

All the New and most Desirable Styles

## STOCKANETTS.

IN NEW COLORS AND CHOICE STYLES

Why not leave your order at once and secure an Elegant, Stylish, Well Made and Artistic Cut Garment as low as \$20. A LARGE LINE OF CHOICE

# English and Scotch Suitings,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

# J.K.SMALING'S.

THE ARTIST TAILOR, 121 N. QUEEN STREET,

Special Announcement!

Now is your time to secure bargains in

CLOTHING!

To make room for our large stock of Cloth-ing for Spring, now being manufactured, we will make sweeping reductions throughout our large stock of

# HEAVY WEIGHT CLOTHING,

Overcoats, Suits, &c.,

MEN, BOYS AND YOUTHS.

ODDS AND ENDS OF CLOTHING IN COATS. PANTS AND VESTS, BELOW COST.

Call early to secure the best bargains.

# Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

LANCASTER, PA

A RARE CHANCE!

The Greatest Reduction ever made in FINE WOOLENS for GENTS' WEAR at

# H. GERHART'S

A Large Assortment of Genuine

English & Scotch Suiting, sold during the Fall Season from \$30 to \$40. A Suit will be made up to order in the Best Style from \$20 to \$30.

HEAVY WEIGHT DOMESTIC

Suiting and Overcoating,

Reduced in the same proportion. All goods warranted as represented.

The above reduction will for cash only, and tor the next

THIRTY DAYS.

H. GERHART, No. 51 North Queen Street.

#### Lancaster Entelligencer.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 12, 1881.

The Story of Elaine.

A study read by Mr. O. F. Adams Before His Class in English Literature in No-vember, 1880. Says our distinguished countryman, Henry James, in speaking of the "Idyls of the King," "If one surrenders one's sense to their perfect picturesqueness, it is the most charming poetry in the world."
High praise this is, yet Mr. James is by
no means an unqualified admirer of the
Laureate, and is quite capable of criticising harshly when the occasion seems to him to demand it. But who will not agree with him in this instance? Who that has once read that wonderful group of Arthuonce read that wonderful group of Arthurian poems, from the mystical advent of the hero to his passing to the "island Valley of Avilion," but likes to turn to them again and again? Who do does not delight to follow the patient Enid riding through the forest with her disdainful lord; to watch the combats of the youthful Gareth, while the scarpful Lynette. ful Gareth, while the scornful Lynette looks on with curling lip, or to follow the knights in their quest of the Holy Grail. Who does not love the meek Sir Percival and tearfully regret that the freshness of Sir Pelleas's love should be wasted on the worthiess Etarre? Who does not lose patience with the fine Gawain, whose courtesy, though fine, yet "had a touch of traitor in it;" and who but wishes that the brave Sir Lancelot might have been as the pure Sir Galahad. An abler critic than Mr. James has declared the poem Guinevere to be superior to all modern English poetry. Admitting this to be true it is not the poem of the ten which we love best, for among many there

were put. There she stands, the lily maid of Astolat at the castle gate, "Her bright hair blown about the serious face Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss." And let us hope that as long as the story of sweet, pure love shall have attractions, so long "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lov-able," will still be dear to all the sweet

must always be one that appeals most

strongly to our sympathies. I need not ask you which this one is of the wonder-ful Idyls; you are doubtless of one mind in

this, and would say Elaine if the question

and pure. Like Viola, she was "ail the daughters of her father's house," but the Lord of Astolat had two sons, the "blunt and plain Sir Torre" and the "young, impetuous Lavaine," in whom there seems to have dwelt a grace akm to that of the lily maid, but manly as becomes a man.

" Mother of the house there was not." Had there been, the story had been yet untold, for the lady of the castle would have found many a task for her gentle daughter's fingers that would have left her mind less free for thoughts of love, and when she met Sir Lancelot she would not

"Lifted up her eyes
And loved him with the love that was her Ferhaps she would not, but love is not

to be lightly turned aside in a simple maiden who sees for the first time the man who seems to her

"the goodliest man That ever among ladies ate in hall," yet a mother would doubtless have taken care that she should not have climbed her

care that she should not have climbed her tower and "lived in fantasy."

Loving and tender as her father and brothers were, they could not understand the lily maid who suddenly became a thing apart from their lives when came the "love that washer doom," and yet her gentle spirit must always have been in a measure something apart from their coarser. ire something apart from their coarser

nasculine natures. It is a pretty picture that we have before us when the great Sir Lancelot comes to Astolat. Unknown to them he is, yet from his presence the men of Astolat divine him one of those

"Who eat in Arthur's halls." While they hold converse with him the lily maid stands behind her father, and "held her eyes upon the ground," till when he has spoken

"The fily maid, Elaine, Won by the meilow voice before she looked, Lifter, her eyes and read his lineaments." The Lord of Astolat was but a poo knight compared with those of the Table Round, but Lancelot

"into his rude hall Stept with all grace, and not with half dis dain Hid under grace, as in a smaller man, and so doing won the hearts of his entertainers. And while he talks the young Lavaine becomes "rapt by all the sweet and sudden passion of youth toward great-ness in his elder," and when Lancelot

says of Arthur "There lives no greater leader, Low to her own heart said the lily maid, 'Save your great self, fair lord.'" There can be nothing sweeter than the story of the sudden love of this guileless maid for the greatest man of that day. But he at first knew nothing of it, for his guilty leve for Guinevere precluded the possibility of his loving elsewhere. She

takes note of all he does, and "All night long his face before her lived, Dark, splendid, speaking in the silence, full Of noble things, and held her from her sleep." Her beauty, when he at last perceives it, strikes him with a sort of wondering fear, for when in early morning ere his departure, she comes shyly near,

"He looked, and more amazed
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
The maiden standing in the dewy light.
He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.
Then came on him a sort of sacred tear,
For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood
Rapt on his face as if it were a God's."

Still he thinks her but a child, consenting to wear her favor, "a red sleeve bor-dered with pearls," at the lists, as he would grant the request of some fair child whose heart was set upon a certain fancy, and so rides away, leaving his shield in her care. And well she guards her trust. Better she had not done so, since her love for this great unknown knight is only deepened by the presence of that sacred

Which first she placed where morning's which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and wake her with the gleam;
Then fearing rust or soilure, fashion'd for it.
A case of slik, and braided thereupon.
All the devices blazoned on the shield.
In their own tinet, and added, of her wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throsted nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day,
Leaving her household and good father,
climbed.
The eastern tower, and entering barred her

The eastern tower, and entering barred her door, tript off the case, and read the naked shield, Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where;

\* Soshe lived in fantasy."

Later, when the fine Gawain comes in search of Lancelot and sets

"Himself to play upon her With sallying wit, free flashes from a height Above her, graces of the court, and songs, Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden eloquenc And amorous adulation," The Lily Maid is no wise dazzled by it all, and in her sweet simplicity she answers him when he questions of her love for Lancelot:

"What know 1? My brethren have been all my fellowship, And I, when often they have talked of love, Wished it had been my mother, for they talked,

Methinks there is none other I can love."

There is nothing unmaidenly in the frank avowal; it is the utterance of a There is no distributed in the came the fine Gawain and wondered the meek Sir Percivale And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid; And reverently they bore her into hall. guileless heart that is filled with one pure, fervent emotion. When she goes to nurse Sir Lancelot after his deadly hurt the knowledge of her love can be no longer hid from Lancelot, for

"All her heart's sad secret blazed itself In the heart's colors on her simple face." One longs to interpose to save, this tender little maid from the ine vitable. Surely it seems Lancelot might love her if he chose and so he does

"with all love except the love
Of man and woman when they love their best,
Closest and sweetest, and had died the death
In any knightly fashion for her sake," but that is all, and the lily maid dimly sees it that it may be no more.

"Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of tew notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning, till the ear
Wearles to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating "Must I die?"
And now to right she turned, and now to left,
And found no ease in turning or in rest:
And "him or death," she muttered, "death or
him."

him," Again and like a burthen, "him or death." Still she hopes and after Sir Lancelot returns to Astolat with Lavaine and her, "There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self In that wherein she deemed she looked her best,
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought
If I be loved these are my festal robes;
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."

It is pitiful, this waste of that rare thing, pure, simple-hearted love that like charity thinketh no evil and endureth all things. Yet there are Elaines of our own day who throw around an unworthy object the mantle of their pure affection and refuse to see their idol's feet of clay. At last the day comes to the lily maid when it is no longer a doubt that Lancelot loves

"Then suddenly and passionately she spoke: I have gone mad. I love you. Let me die." Ah sister, answered Lancelot, 'what is this?" And innocently extending her white arms,
'Your love,' she said, 'your love—to be your
wife.'
And Lancelot answered, 'Had I chosen to wed,
I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine,
But now there never will be wife of mine."

O wondrous selflessness of woman's lovet! Sustained by her own purity of intention and knowing in her happy ignorance nothing of the coarse judgments of the world she throws her whole fair soul into a last appeal:

"I care not to be wife,
But to be with you still, to see your face,
To serve you and to follow you thro' the
world."

Like the "fair and happy milkmaid" whom Sir Thomas Overbury has immortal-"she fears no manner of ill because she means none," and in this one heartbreaking appeal we have the most perfect presentment of sweet innocence that the world has ever seen. But it is a hopeless appealing and Sir Lancelot rides away again, this time to return no more, while she looks down from her casement upon his loved retreating presence, and after sits alone in her room from which is gone

the sacred shield. "But still she heard him, still his picture form'd And grew between and the pictured wall." Full tenderly her father and brothers abor to comfort her in their way which, tender as it is, is yet unlike a mother's. "Then came her father, saying in low tones, 'Have comfort,' whom she greeted quietly, Then came her brethren saying, 'Peace to

thee, Sweet sister,' whom she answer'd with all But their words of comfort fall on unheed-ing ears for still she sits in her tower in tearless quiet. "And when hey left her to herself again, Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field

Approaching through the darkness, called," and then as the fabled swan, she sings her own death song while wonderingly her kindred listen from without. Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in

vain, And sweet is death who puts an end to pain; I know not which is sweeter, no, not I. Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be : Love, thou art bitter : sweet is death to me. Love, it death be sweeter, let me die.

There is a helpless, clinging pathos in every line of this song which one must needs be hard indeed to read unmoved. Sweet Love, that seems not made to fade away ; Sweet Death, that s ems to make us loveless

clay. I know not which is sweeter, no, not I. I fain would follow Love, if that could be: I needs must follow Death, who calls for me Call and I follow, I follow! let me die." I doubt if there is another song in the language of equal beauty and pathos when we consider the setting in which the Lui-

reate has placed it. Fain would her kindred divert her mind from the object of her love, but they perform their task but clumsily, and defeat their purpose.
"The rough Torre began to heave and move
And bluster into stormy sobs," and speaks ill of Lancelot, and her father

tells her of the guilty love the great knight bears toward Queen Guinevere, but she listens only half comprehending. As her love is great so is her faith, and she Never yet was noble man but made ignoble

He makes no friend who never makes a loe, But now it is my glory to have loved One peerless, without stain." The end comes rapidly, and while her grasp on life grows every day more feeble, the beseeches Lavaine to write a letter at her dietation to Lancelot, and then makes one last request of her father, which is pathetic in the deepest sense.

"'O, sweet father, tender and true. Deny me not,' she said—'you never yet Denied my fancies—this, however strange. My latest: lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it. I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat is gone from out my hear!,
Then take the little bed upon which I died
For Lancelot, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
I all I have of rich and lay me on it. In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.

And let there be prepared a chariot barge
To take me to the river clothed in black.

I go in state to court to meet the Queen. There surely I shall speak for mine own self, And none of you can speak for me so well. And therefore let our dumb old man alone Go with me, he can steer and row, and he Will guide me to that palace, to the doors." The lily maid has no mother to soften those sad last days, but no mother can be tenderer than the Lord of Astolat and the

brothers; but the morning comes at last, when Elaine the fair, Elaine, the lovable, is beyond the reach of their tenderness, "that day there was dole in Astolat," and only her request remained to be filled. I know of no more beautiful description. none more touching, in modern English

iterature : "So those two brethren from the chariot took And on the black decks laid her in her bed, Set in her hand a lily, c'er her hung The silken case, with braided blazonings, And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her, "Sister, farewell forever;" and again, "Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears. Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead Steered by the dumb went upward with the

In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming
down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white All but her face, and that clear-featured face Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

Meseemed, of what they knew not, so myself I know not if I know what true love is, But if I know, then, if I love not him, Methinks there is none other I can love."

Samite" to the king's palace at Camelot, and the Methinks there is none other I can love."

Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale

her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
At last the Queen herself and pilied her;
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stoopt, took, broke seal, and read it; this was
all:

all:

'Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And to all other ladies, I make mean.
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless.

Think of this life, maid, lying, there in

Think of this lily maid lying there in her dead innocence before these gay knights and dames, and the grave voice of the blameless king, faltering somewhat as he reads those simple words of hers. Little wonder was it that

"Ever in the reading lords and dames Wept, looking often from his face who read To rers, which lay so silent, and at times, So touched were they, half thinking that he lips Who had devised the letter, moved again."

Surely for sweetness and tenderness this story of Elaine has no counterpart. The "Elaine" of Sir Thomas Malory's "Age of Chivalry" is a cold abstraction beside Tennyson's matchless portrait of the maid of Astolat. All honor to the poet who in this material age, when sentiment seems to be well-nigh gone from the earth, and love to be strangled by conventionalities, could realize for us the story of a pure, sweet, tender love, whose very contemplation should make us better for the time For, "after heaven," says King Arthur :

"On our dull side of earth What should be best if not so pure a love Clothed in so pure loveliness." Never spend your money before you have it. This will save you from many difficulties and some temptations. But it you have a cold, spend 25 cents for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough

The Better Part. The worst part of bad actions is, they "make us worse" whilst the best part of Spring Blos-som in cases of Headache or Dyspepsia is that it always makes us better. Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

To Ache, or not to Ache, that's the question.
This cheerful conundrum, ye rheumatic sufferers, is by no means as difficult as a proposition in Euclid. Try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and you will find it just as easy not to ache as to ache.
For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

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Blood Humors, Itching and Scaly Dis-eases, Scrofula, Scrofulous Sores, Ulcers, and Swellings, positively, per-manently and economically cured. CUTICURA RESOLVENT is the greatest blood purifier in medicine. It acts through the bowels, liver, kidneys and skin. Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, arrests external disease, cats away lifeless flesh and skin, allays inflammation, itching and irritation, and heals. Cuticura Soar cleanses, heals, softens, whitens and beautifies the skin. It, and the Cuticura Shaving Soar, the only medicinal shaving soap, are prepared from Cuticura.

Salt Rheum. Mrs. Asa R. Brown, Malden, Mass., had Salt Rheum on body and limbs tor eight years. No kind of treatment or medicine or doctors did her any good. Limbs so raw and paintul that she was obliged at times to go about on crutches. Many of Malden's best citizens can testify to her condition. She despaired of cure or even relief. Used the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and the Cuticura and Cuticura Soar externally, and was cured in six months.

Wonderful Cures.

What cures of Blood and Skin Diseases, and Scalp Affections with Loss of Hair, can compare with those of the Hon. Wm. Wm. Taylyr, Boston, State Senator of Massachusetts; Aderman Tucker, Boston; S. A. Steele, esq., Chicago; F. H. Drake, esq., Detroit; H. E. Carpenter, esq., Henderson, N. Y.; Charles Houghton, esq., Boston, and many others, details of which may be had on application to Messrs. Weeks & Potter, Boston.

Eezema. Manuel Manintz, New Orleans, La., writes:
"No other can compare with the CUTICIRA
REMEDIES. I have used them in all forms for a
severe case of what the doctors called Eczema,
which was effectually cured in eight weeks."

CUTICURA REMEDIES are prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 250 Washington street. Boston, and are for saie by all Druggists. Price for CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, \$1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, \$1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAF, 15 cents; in bars for Barbers and large consumers, 50 cents. consumers, 50 cents.

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Instantaneous, Economical, Safe. Radical Treatment for One Dollar.

Poisonous catarrhal matter filing the nasal passages rots away the membranes tissues and cartilages, causing loss of Smell, Taste and Hearing.

The putrid accumulations drop during sleep into the throat and are swallowed, paralyzing direction. into the throat and are swallowed, paralyzing digestion.

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Strike at the roots of this gigantic disease. Cleanse, purify and heal the membrane lining the nasal passages, and then, by constitutional treatment, neutralize the poison in the blood and other fluids.

Sanfords Radical Cure, with Improved Inslater and Catarrhal Solvent, reaches every SANFORD'S KADICAL CUER, WITH IMPROVED IN-HALER and CATARRHAL SOLVENT, reaches every part of the affected system, cleansing, purify-ing and restoring. It is radical and permanent. It is economical and safe. Try it before it is

Price, with Improved Inhaler, CATARRHAL Polvent, Treatise and Directions, \$1. Sold Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters. The Electro-Galvanic Battery attached to Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters is warrant ed superior to every ₹2 Battery before the public, and is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver, Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Nervous Pains and Weakness, Malaria and Ague Pains. ≿old everywhere.

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Repairing promptly attended to.

One set of workmen especially employed for that purpose. [n25-tfd&w]

that purpose. But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

It is an exquisite picture drawn by the hand of a most consummate artist. Slowly s'ides the barge, "palled all in blackest chants, 130 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill., for cir ulars.

Price Two Cents.

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