WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

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

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 15 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, - - - Lancaster, Pa.

EDW. J. ZAHM,

Manufacturing Jeweler, Zahm's Corner,

Things in our stock that make

Beautiful and Durable Christmas Gifts.

WATCHES, CLOCKS.

DIAMONDS, SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,

SPECTACLES, **JOLD BRONZES,** GOLD THIMBLES,

GOLD HEAD CANES, SILVER HEAD CANES. SILVER THIMBLES,

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS,

HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE BOXES. GOLD BRONZE SMOKING SETS, BACCARET VASES.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE AT

ZAHM'S CORNER, LANCASTER, PA.

DRY GOODS.

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 \$5.50, \$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,

NEW YORK STORE.

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

PHILADELPHIA.

The general improvement in business the past year, with the prospect of a very large insaced demand for all kinds of Dress Goods, induced all American buyers of Foreign Goods to
sace immense orders. This was universally the case, so much so that, perhaps without exagiration, 50 per cent. more goods were imported than the country could possibly consume. As
the rector, in gown and college cap,
ordered there has been a great break in prices in a great many fabrics, which we shall

WE SHALL SELL

	Former !		orme
	Prices.	P	Tices.
All Wool Armures90.2	5 \$0.50	Camel's Hair Stripes\$0.65	\$1.1
French Flannel Suitings		Brocade Novelties	
French Striped Fancies (all Silk		French Fancies (very costly goods75	2.7
and Wool)	5 1.50	English Novelties	.5
French Shoodas (in all colors) 6		French Handkerchiefs, squares75	1.5
French Brocades (all Silk and		French Handkerchiefs, squares	1.5
Wool	0 1.75	French Novelties 1.25	2.7
Plain French Plaids	5 1.00	French Novelties	
Finest French Brocades (in several			
designs)1.0	0 2.50		
acong moj		oods, we have some lines of very choice	

CLOTH SUITINGS:

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 ust received one case of Camel's Hair in Evening Shades in very beautiful quality, in Cream, lak 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 Bine, 27 inches wide, to sell at 50c.

CLOTHING.

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.

Don't fail to call and secure some of the bargains.

MYERS & RATHFON, LANCASTER, PENN'A.

No. 12 EAST KING STREET,

For further particulars call on

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A FIRST-CLASS

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 ms 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 Keeler, for sale now.

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

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 19, 1881

Lancaster Intelligencer.

old parish church stood open, so that the rector as he stood preaching in the wormeaten pulpit, a commanding-looking figure in his black gown could see all around him, not only the living flock of which he was the shepherd, and who now sat respectfully hearkening to his accents of rolling thunder, but also the quiet, grassy graves outside, where the village fore-fathers lay taking their rest under the daisies. I, too, could see from the corner where I sat in my grandfather's pew, a green patch of churchyard, with a butterwhere I sat in my grandiatner's pew, a green patch of churchyard, with a butter. fly skimming about the porch, which was very refreshing to me after keeping my eyes dutifully fixed on my prayer-book such a long, long time. Close to the door sat the workhouse children, who also saved for the time. But now, again, I saw her steadily approaching. Surely love as they sniffed the saw her steadily approaching. Surely breast, and a defiant look at gradmam who was always on the watch for our snatched a fearful joy as they sniffed the saw her steadily approaching. Surely summer air, but woe to the wight whose she would not desecrate the holy day with roving eye, or gently protruded head was profane antiquarian researches. There detected by the guardian's scarching was no saying. I slipped out at the glance. Crack went the cane on poor churchyard gate, and made for the "miniwoodenpate, to his grief and anguish, and at the well known sound my heart would bleed for woodenpate as I thought how would not ask Miss Betty to Fairholm till sore ms head would be next time he had his hair brushed. Our pew was a comfortable square box in the north aisle, well cushioned and carpeted with plenty of high hassocks, on one of which I generally sat, my head resting on my grand the would not ask Miss Betty to Fairholm till after my departure, for the good lady, having a nervous disinclination to sleep alone in the yellow guest-chamber, had invited me, on a recent occasion, to keep her company there. Should I ever former father's knee. We were great allies, he and I, and braved my grandmother's looks of mild disapproval on many minute occa-OPERA GLASSES. cions, when her sense of propriety was ruffled by some childish freedom of gesture or breach of rules conventional. She was a strict disciplinarian and could not forget "How deadly still all is!" a strict disciplinarian and could not forget how in her young days the maternal hand had held a stick when the hour of correction came, a vision which always made

mother was safe out of sight and reach before I came into a world, where, as a rule, children were naughty. No reforming finger had as yet been laid on Aspenkirk church. The large east window, thickly festooned with ivy, looked beautiful in my inexperienced eyes. I did not the look of the large that the olders of pine and fir! What a liberal look of the long drive of four miles. ful in my inexperienced eyes. I did not know how hideous the whitewashed walls and great high pews were, but I hated old Robbie, the clerk, who took so there we passed a cottar's cow, peacefully prominent a part in the services, and grazing on the roadside, followed step for whose droll nasal performances, and self-satisfied smirk, used to excite me to illicit in miniature—for whom there was genersmiling, which not all the cold severity ally a bit of gingerbread to spare. Why of my grandmother's eye could control. does not gingerbread taste the same nowamance was the days?

Old Hundredth" in those days at Aspenkirk church! There was no organ, tuous. The hedges and ditches hereabouts nor can I remember any tuneful voices, are all a tangle of meadow sweet and but I can still hear Robbie, in high monotone, giving out each line successively be tame and monotonous; but in the disfore it was sung by the congregation of tance rise the blue hills of the Borderland.
untutored north-country voices at the full And now we must cross Lyn Bridge. pitch of the lungs. One hymn-tune which was in use, and which, in spite of barbar ous treatment, still haunted . my ear and gave me pleasure, I never heard elsewhere, till after many years, in a French convent, I found it again, and recognized in the old Latin invocation to Mary, chanted so pathetically by the nuns of and Farmer, with no need of admonition, Avranches, the identical melody that had turns into the courtyard, his labors ended charmed me in Aspenkirk church when I for the day.

was a child. But this is a digression. Let us get outside the church this glorious summer day, for the rector's discourse is over, the first rush of Cumberland clogs has escaped into the churchyard, the lads and lasses are sliding off in company, the farmers gathering in knots for a gossip about the hay and other rustic matters, and their wives and daughters are ex-changing civilities and the little tattle of children, the women curtsy; he nods, pleasant and royal-looking, as he passes through them all down the churchyard path, his eagle eye sweeping their ranks,

breeding and careless kind-heartedness playing about him like an invisible atmo-"Ah! Mrs. Somerby," he cries out to my grandmother, "what a fine rose you have there! Why have I none like this in my garden?"

and an indescribable effluence of high

Dear! Mr. Featherstone," she says, "you have finer far than this, for certain," as she puts the rose into her hand.

He stood smelling it critically. "Where will you match me a fragrance like this among all the apothecary's gums?" says he, in that deep, rolling voice that always sounded to me like the

He carried it off with him as he disappeared through the door to the rectory wall, and from that day the bush on which the ruddy rose had grown was called the "apothecary's rose." My grand-mother's quaint-looking conveyance, styled the "minibus," was standing wait-ing for us outside the churchyard wall under the shade of a great elm-tree, but old Farmer may just go on whisking his tail at the flies for another ten minutes,

for the meetings at the church gate are

not to be scrambled through all in a I sat down on a gravestone and waited contentedly enough while grandmamma gossiped. "Mary Atkinson" slumbered below. I began to draw mental pictures of Mavy Atkinson's past, present and fu-ture condition, who had laid here for fifteen years. Her natural body must have been eaten by the worms long ago. I wondered if her bones were quite gone also, and if the coffin was empty, and what was going on inside it now; and where Mary Atkinson's soul was waiting all this time, and if she were not rather tired of waiting, and feeling chilly without her old body? Suddenly I heard a cracked quavering voice close at my ear, which made me start up in apprehension. Mary Atkinson's voice might sound as queer as that if she had nothing but a few hours left; but oh relief! it was only Miss Betty Jeffer-son, who stood looking curiously at me from under her long poke bonnet eccentrically trimmed with a knotted bunch of worsted stay-laces. My grandmother's more familiar tones saluted me-

I stood up, confused and properly overeover, her cow, "Miss Story" was an old acquaintance, having been once a calf in our Holm field. Her garden lay in pleasant proximity to a broad and silvery river, and there, on a bed of fine gravel, I could enjoy an unmolested half

"Lotty, are you dreaming, child? Do

you hear Miss Betty is inviting you to

hour at the agreeable game of ducks and I demurely thanked Miss Betty, whose old, puckered, parchment mask took an additional crease of approbation. I was only a visitor at my randmother's house, and was to return to my parents in Scotland shortly. I think Miss Betty somehow expected to inhale, through my small how expected to inhale, through my small over, the psaims for the day were read aloud by my grandfather and me, faithfully, verse about. My grandmother listened with her hands folded on her knee, and always said the doxology at the end in a curious accentuated way accentuated way and aloud by my grandfather and me, faithfully, verse about. My grandmother it at the first opportunity. Boothby Hall was her world, and in hereyes no Boothby could do wrong. The present Lady Boothby was a dowager, and an earl's tebit-its

personality, some impressions of the northern metropolis, as her sister, Miss Anne always dubbed the city of my birth. Of Miss Anne I was considerably afraid. She was much mere imposing than Miss Betty; wore a silk gown, and confined her hair by a very broad fillet of black velvet, which gave her an impressive appearance. The pretty, sleepy parish of Aspenkirk lay basking in the fervid blaze of a noon-tide sun, on Sunday, early in Towns. tide sun, on Sunday, early in June, some five-and forty years ago. It was the hour of morning service, and the doors of the displeasing custom of always coming displeasing custom of always coming down on me with a sudden public appeal on historical questions, which was sorely disconcerting, and made me timid in her august presence. Only last week, at my grandmother's tea table, just when the hot

buttered cakes were coming in, she had startled me by the abrupt question, "Now then, Miss Charlotte, what is your opin-ion of the character of Henry VIII.?" Trembling I felt that upon the style of my reply would depend Miss Anne's opinion of the system of education in the northern metropolis, and that my mother

My grandmother joined me at last, and we drove home to Fairholm in our usual jog-trot fashion, picking up my grand-father after we had gone about a mile. the Aspenkirk plantation! How fragrant the odors of pine and fir! What a liberal

Narrow grew the lanes, and more tor-How black and sullen the river looks on the one side under the cliffs of red sandstone, and how brightly it ripples on the other! Then we turn a sharp corner, and descend gently for half a mile, through grandpapa's fields and plantations. At last we sight our own pretty homestead,

CHAPTER II. Reader, let me linger a moment over the memory of Paradise, for such was Fairholm to me. The days I passed there were purely happy, the only days out of a long life that shine ever undimmed in memory's golden light-Arcadian days, when my soul, like a bud, began to open softly to the morning sun, and no cankering worm crept nigh the favored blossom—days that rolled by blessedly uneventful, as I learned to read out of Nature's book, and to rejoice in the operations of her hands; to distinguish the notes of the birds, and watch them in the coverts where they reared their young; to stand in the early morning, as the mower whetted his scythe, and smell the new-cut grass; to hunt the mushroom ere the dew dried upon the meadow, and gather the eggs for breakfast from the eackling hens; to watch the cows, over the byre-door, as they yielded their milk to the pail, and stand aside as they passed me lowing to the fragrant 1 astures. Here I learned the names and properties of flowers and herbs, and wrought in a corner of my own with spade and wateringpot; watched the bloom on the plum, as it swelled to ripeness on the sunny wall, and the cherries reddening day by day beneath the net, among their pointed, glossy leaves. Down in the hay fields, I played till I was weary, and read fairy tales underneath the gold tassels of the laburnum tree. And moving through all, was the influence of a mighty affective. tion, which tinctured everything in which I lived, moved, and bad my being. Never have I loved any human being as I loved my grandfather. I loved my grandmother also, but in quite a secondary way. She was less indulgent, more impatient of the small mistakes and blunders of childhood. A little wholesome fear tempered my love for her, yet I liked well to lay my round young cheek against her soft, velvety old one, or to trot by her side as she visited the dairy and larder, and to watch her decant her clear gooseberry wine into the

quaint old pint decanters, with roses wrought into the crystal. My first view of her in the day was always pleasant. She sat in a sunny window of the break-fast parlor, which looked into the garden -in sober, black gown, a clean muslin kerchief folded across her bosom, pinned at the throat by a little rose in garnets, the only ornament she ever wore, a gift of my grandfather in his courting days. She was always reading the same little book, Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury," whence she gathered, I fancy, her note for the day. I can see her well-cut fea-tures, her calm, sensible, spirited expression, and the little stiff brown curls upon her forchead, for she did not then wear her own hair. I now know that the mis tress of Fairholm was a very handsome woman. My grandfather was not handsome—a homely-looking, blue-eyed man of medium stature and ruddy complexion. His smooth, bald crown I admired exceedingly. I was not the only person who paid him homage. John Somerby was master wherever he stepped. An-other bright tint at the breakfast table never seen the same again. Nor could came evermore the

plantations. Perhaps there was a sheep washing on hand, then a glorous mornriver one by one to the men who waited, waist deep, to receive them, each newly washed sheep swimming off to the opposite bank after the operation, as nimbly as though it had done nothing but swim

through life. On market days I was sometimes al. lowed to drive to the cathedral town in grandpapa's dog-cart. These were days marked by a white stone. Then the old man would teach me to drive, and I was ma, who was always on the watch for our return, as much as to say, "Who says we can't drive?" Balzac writes somewhere of "the little blue flower of perfect felic-Seldom is it found upon earth; but I gathered it, reader, at moments like these and wore it in my bosom.

There was a curious erection in one of the plantations, an ingenious device of "Harry the Carpenter." A large barrel, set on end with a door in the side, and a seat all around within. Here would my the vague, unutterable terrors of that night, when I, aroused by some inexplicable sympathy with Miss Betty's wakeful fears, opened my eyes in a pitch darkness within the hears-like bed, and heard in the uncarthly silence the odd, croaking the uncarthly silence the uncarthly silence the uncarthly silence the uncarthly silenc he trolling out some old English ballad, which I repeated after him, verse by verse, till I knew all he had to teach, and could give "The Minstrel Boy," or "Dulce Domum," at a harvest supper, to the wondering admiration of the rustics. The old man was, I believe, as happy as the child. Purer, more legitimate joys were never marred by the trail of the serpent. John Somerby was a man with a pent. John Somerby was a man with a story, all unknown to me in those sweet, early days. I learned it bit by bit long

> must have dreamed of her in some happy night, for in all the enchanting girlish heads that laugh or pout from his canvas, there is a fugitive glance of Hannah. No sheltered, pampered, delicate toy was she, but a playmate of nature, a creature kissed by breeze and sunshine, whose healthful, innocent charm blossomed all about her, from the curling, golden head, to the arched and rosy foot that seldom wore a stocking.

Madame Boothby, from the great house, driving slowly through the village one summer evening, heard a fresh voice singing like a lark.

"Larks don't usually sing so late," she suggested languidly. Then she spied the songstress, ankle deep in the stream which madam's horses must presently ford. A three-year-old urchin sat astride on her shoulders, his fat arms euddling round her neck, whose white secret was half revealed under the rumpled folds of a checked cotton kerchief. Madam's coach stopped, and she beckoned imperiously from the window. "Where do you spring from, pretty water-witch?" she said, in a

"She's noan a witch," cries little Bill from his perch, with a strangling embrace, which sends the rosy color racing over the girl's brow and bosom, "she's

just our Hannah." "Down, Bill, and hold thy tongue, will thee, when the lady speaks?" And now Bill's cheek is laid sheepishly against his sister's rough skirts, as she swings him from her shoulder to the dusty road. "I'm Ralph Somerby's Hannah," said the girl simply.

"Somerby, Somerby," mused the lady, her large, black eyes scanning the girl curiously. "Everybody knows Ralph Somerby," said Hannah seriously.

The lady smiled. "I do believe this is the child that I sketched five years ago, Tamar," and she turned to the small, prim woman who sat beside her; Tamar Bee was housekeeper at Boothby Hall. "Likely enough, my lady," she answers quietly. "Hannah's a good girl, and comes of good, honest felk. Her father

My lady laughed. "What has that to do with it, good Tamar? Why, the girl's a prodigy, a

marvel of beauty. She has the pose of a nymph, and her coloring, 'tis a Galatea! Oh that Gainsborough could see her! What have you been gathering, child?" "Watercresses for mother's supper,"

said the girl, shyly proffering her basket, "but if madam will have them, they're rare and wholesome for the blood this time o' year," and the ripe, pouting lips parted in a dewy smile. Lady Boothby put out a white hand for the cresses, on which flashed a magnifi-

cent sapphire. Hannah's eyes were caught by the sparkling jewel. "Your eyes are finer, child," said madam with a sigh, patting the girl's downy cheek. "Tell your mother to bring you to the Hall to-morrow. I must see you again."

Then she drove away, and Hannah and little Bill stood and watched her coach till a bend in the road shut it out from their sight. "Sing again, Hannah." cried little Bill:

sing 'Willow, Willow;' " but Hannah

walked on and sang no more that night. When she and her mother repaired to the Hall next day, they were very graciously received in the housekeeper's room where Mrs. Tamar Bee was occupied in arranging much fine linen in large oaken presses. There was a fragrant smell of lavender all about. The French windows opened upon a little garden, where deep borders, set with sweet old-fashioned flowers and herbs, entertained the bees and butterflies on sunny days. A flagged pathway led down through the middle of the garden, overhung here and there by overarching apple-trees, and a high hedge of hollies bounded the little powered by such an honor. Miss Betty's girdle-cakes were the creamiest in the cloth, with odd, unmeaning pattern in Chinese style, vermilion and blue. Thave you have easily matched the grim waiting maid in her large-flowered print gown, with forbidding countenance, the malevo lent looking old fairy of the house. She had but one eye, but nothing ever escaped Hall for five-and twenty years. Her the other. Work was as the breath of mother had been confidential maid and her nostrils. There are no such servants companion to a deceased Madam Boothnowadays. As soon as breakfast was by, under whose eye Tamar had been over, the psalms for the day were read trained and educated so perfectly for her

come out of his corner of the vinery at our entrance, or spudding thistles in the Holmfield, or walking through the young plantations. Perhaps there was a sheep washing on hand, then a glorous morning of excitement was spent at the riverside, where, amid a babel of barking dogs and shouting shepherds, the heavily-fleeced creatures were plunged into the river one by one to the men who waited, waist, deep, to receive them each newly habits were foreign, and her visits to the habits were foreign, and her visits to the habits were foreign, and her visits to the hall were rare. She dabbled in art, drew and painted with some skill, and kept up a large correspondence with odd and emi-nent people. She sincerely mourned the loss of her husband, and regretted the po-litical excitements from which his death had in some measure, excluded her. Whimsical and eccentric, of proud, imperious temper, she yet exercised much fascination when she desired to please. She had secluded herself now at the hall, to await tidings of her son, whose adven-turous life at once touched her imagina-tion and awakened her maternal anxiety. She now saw before her in this beauti-

ful peasant girl a source of interest, and kindling, as she ever did, at the presence of beauty, she insisted that Hannah should leave her father's cottage and come to the hall. The girl was nothing loth. She nestled under the wing of Tamar Bee, who taught her the delices housewifely arts whenever my lady was tired of her plaything, and soon grew attached to the docile, graceful creature, who moved about in costumes of my lady's devising, gathered the lavender and rose leaves, washed my lady's laces and brought sunshine and music into the quiet solitude of Boothby Hall. Old Ralph Somerby fretted for his daughter; little Bill, and an elder brother, Ralph. missed the pretty, soft-hearted sister, who had been at once playfellow and nurse. The rose was plucked from the home

wall and the cottage looked dull without it. But gentle, unselfish Mrs. Somerby would not complain. The girl was better off, and learning what would lift her a step higher in life than her neighbors. The child was too pretty for their rough ways; and when Hannah would come in for an hour, blooming and tenderly loving as ever, with a cake for the boys of her own baking, and a compliment of tea from In a secluded Lincolnshire village, fifty years before I came upon the scene, there grew up a rustic beauty in her father's cottage by the roadside, known to her little world as Somerby's Hannah. A fairer creature than Hannah at the age of proclaimed war with Holland; and from the American shows tidings came of the sixteen, no artist ever drew. Greuze the American shores tidings came of the must have dreamed of her in some happy another from the Spaniards. But no news from Mr. Boothby had reached his mother

who grew anxio

Hogarth, while Hannah hovered near. holding now one, now another, in this light or that, as she was bidden, the heavy silken curtain was parted which hung across the doorway of the chamber, a handsome, dark young face looked in upon the two women, and, in a moment, with-out further notice, Mr. Boothby was kneeling by his mother's side, kissing her hands. But the joyful surprise was too much for the poor lady, who, with a faint cry, swooned away, Pale and terrified, a scared look in her lovely eyes, Hannah flew to support her mistress, passed a round arm about her neck, and gazed speechless at the splendid apparition of manhood in all its bravery that stood before her. As in a dream she saw and heard all the wonderful bustle of the next few moments, took the distilled water from Mrs. Bee's small, trembling fingers, and bathed the pale face whose eyes pres-

in spring, as my lady lay on her couch,

turning over a portfolio of sketches by Mr.

ently opened, and fastened with a look of hungry love upon her son.
"Come, mother," cried a hearty, boyish voice. "I never thought to frighten you so. Don't you see it's your own ne'er do-weel Jack, who is always blundering, confound him, instead of doing things

soberly, like other folk !" She was awake now, and hanging on his neck with tears of joy. "Tamar, do you see him? So like his father! so changed in three short years! Oh, my boy! what tales you have to tell Then the vision faded, and Hannah

was back in Mrs. Bee's room with a fluttering at her heart.

[Concluded To-morrow.]

"There may be some virtue in all of them," he said, "but for actual worth and rapidity of effect, I know that nothing made can excel Dr. Buil's Cough Syrup,"

R. Scheutenmuller, Brooklyn, writes: Your Spring Blossom is invaluable. I have had Scrofulous sores on my legs for a number of years, and occasionally they would break ont on my face. I have taken two bottles of Spring Blossom, according to directions, and now all the sores have disappeared and my skin is perfectly healthy. Price, 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

Jacob Martzolf, of Lancaster, N. Y., says: Your Spring Blossom works well for every-thing you recommend it, myself, wife and children have all used it, and you can't find a healthier family in New York state.-Oct. 5. 1880.
For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY. FOR THE LATEST NEW BOOKS,

GOOD STATIONERY.

FINEST PAPETERIE, L. M. FLYNN'S.

No. 42 WEST KING STREET. DIARIES FOR 1881, Giving Church Days, Religious Festivals, Moon's Changes, Blanks for Westher Record, and much other useful information, in styles, New and Novel.

JOHN BAER'S SONS.

15 & 17 NORTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER, PA.

NEW YEAR CARDS. Ar Elegant Assortment for sale at the BOOKSTORE OF

JOHN BAER'S SONS,

15 and 17 NORTH QUBEN STREET, LANCASTER, FA.

BOOTS AND SHOES. EASY made on a new principle, insur ing comfort for the feet.

BOOTS Laste made to order.

MILLER,

133 East King street

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. Curricura, a Medicinal Jelly, arrests external disease, eats away lifeless flesh and skin, allays inflammation, itching and irritation, and heals. Curricura Soar cleanses, heals, softens, whitens and beautifles the skin. It, and the Curricura Shaving Soar, the only medicinal shaving soap, are prepared from Curicura.

Salt Rheum.

Mrs. Asa R. Brown, Malden, Mass., hid Sait Rheum on body and limbs for eight years. No kind of treatment or medicine or doctors did her any good. Limbs so raw and painful that alse 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 and Cuticura Soar externally, 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 com-pare with those of the Hon. Wm. Wm. Taylyr. Boston, State Senator of Massachusetts; Alder-man Tucker, Boston; S. A. Steele, esq., Chi-cago; F. H. Drake, esq., Detroit; H. E. Car-penter, esq., Henderson, N. Y.; Charles Hough-ton, 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 Curicua.
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 REMEDIUS are prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 350 Washington street, Boston, and are for sale 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 Toller Soar, 25 cents; in bars for Barbers and large consumers, 50 cents. onsumers, 50 cents. 18. All mailed free on receipt of price.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH.

us, Economical, Sufe. Radica Treatment for One Dollar

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

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

digestion.

Taken up by the absorbents, the virus enters the blood, weakening and debilitating every organ, and generating fatal affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys.

Strike at the roots of this gigantic disease. Cleanse, purify and heal the membrane lining the mass progress and then by constitutions.

the nasal passages, and then, by constitutional treatment, neutralize the poison in the blood and other fluids.
SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, 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 SOLVENT, Treatise and Directions, \$1. Sold

Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters. The Electro-Galvanic Battery attached to The Electro-Galvanic fattery attached to Colling? Voltare Electric Plasters is warranted superior to every \$2 Battery before the public, and is a positive core for Kheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver, Kidney and Urinary Discuses, Nervous Pains and Weakness, Malaria and Ague Pains. Sold everywhere.

KIDNEY WORT.

THE ONLY MEDICINE IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM That Acts at the Same Time on

The Liver.

The Bowels, and the Kidneys. These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect, if they become clogged dread ful diseases are sure to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING. Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Janudice Constipation, Piles, Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Rheumatic Pains or Aches, are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should be expelled nat-

KIDNEY WORT Will Restore the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you

evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.

Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back?

Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles? Kidney-Worr will care you. Try it at once and be satisfied. Your druggist has it. Price 51.00.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in Aftin cans, one package of which makes six for quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those, who cannot Freadily prepare it. It acts with equa

We efficiency in either form. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's, Burlington, Vt.

(Will send the dry post-paid.) LOCHER'S

A Pleasant, Safe, Speedy and Sure Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, Influ-enza, Soreness of the Throat and Chest, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Spit-ting of Blood, Inflammation of the Lungs, and all Diseases of the Chestand Air Passages.

This valuable preparation combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient qualities for the cure of all kinds of Lung Diseases. Price 25 cents. Prepared only and sold by

CHAS. A. LOCHER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST!

NO. 9 EAST KING STREET. olf-tfd INVALIDS TAKE NOTICE. NEARLY 3,000 PERSONS

have placed themselves under my charge dur-ing the last three years in Reading and this city. One-half of them at least were called in-curables. Chronic cases of Dyspepsia, Con-sumption. Rheumatism, and other affiletions. sumption. Rheamatism, and other afflictions. Nearly all reported the same story, viz: I have tried many doctors and quack medicines, and all in vain. I am discouraged. While civing the sick in these two cities over 1,500 deaths have occurred in other physicians' practice, and not a half-dozen in mine. Won't you in person (at my offices) or by letter investigate my remarkable cures. Men and women, sick for years, were under my practice in a few days or weeks able cures. Men and women, sick for years, were under my practice in a few days or weeks cured. Send or call and get a 12-page pamphlet (free), containing the names of people thus rapidly restored to health here in Lancaster. All cured by placing my inexpensive medicines on the outside of the body. No poisons used and no drugs, syrups, pills, powders, bitters, or other such vile stuffs placed in the stomach. Consultations and Examinations Free at my offices. Hundreds have been cured of Catarrh for 50 cents. Cure Quick for Catarrhsent to any address in the United States for 50 cents.

DR. C. A. GREENE,

(32 Years Experience), No. 236 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

Lancaster, Payauli 30-tidMWF&S