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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' 16 and 14 Carat Gold Hunting and Half Hunting

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

FINE CIGAR SETS, BACCARET VASES.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE AT

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CLOSING SALE OF COATS AND DOLMANS,

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

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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.

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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 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 FIRST-CLASS BRICK STABLE in the rear of the house, and occupied by Samuel Keeler, for sale now. For further particulars call on

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

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Practical Carriage Builders, Market Street, Rear of Central Market Houses, Lancaster, Pa.

We have on hand a Large Assortment of

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

Which we offer at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES. All work warranted. Give us a call.

The Repairing promptly attended to.

One set of workmen especially employed for het nurnose.

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A LANCASTER FAVORITE ORGAN. -OR A-

CHICKERING & SON'S PIANO. A full line of SHEET MUSIC, VIOLINS, ACCORDIONS. BANJOS, HARMONICAS, &c.

The above Instruments will be sold at reduced prices during the Holidays. MANUFACTORY-NO. 220 NORTH QUEEN STREET. Branch office during the Holidays, No. 26 CENTRE SQUARE.

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LANCASTER WATCHES ALL GRADES.

AUGUSTUS RHOADS'S, No. 20 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

OUR FACILITIES FOR

Fine Watch Repairing.

Are most complete. We have talented and experienced workmen, Fine Machinery and tools; use only First-class Material, and make moderate charges.

E. F. BOWMAN,

106 EAST KING STREET. BOOTS AND SHOES.

BOOTS, SHOES AND LAST made on a new principle, insur-ing comfort for the feet. Lasts made to order. 133 East King street tebl4-tfd

to fine, are here, going for less meney than their original cost. Remember, though, that still

ed-not enough to mention.

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

The Clothing

Bargain Rooms.

The mass of the stocks selling be-

low cost is so great that we may say

there is no change from last week, ex-

cept that a very few lines are exhaust-

Large and complete stocks of new

clothing of all grades, from common

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.

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

Fur Beavers, Skin, Elysian, Montanak, Ratina and Chinch Seal Skin,

All the New and most Desirable Styles STOCKANETTS,

IN NEW COLORS AND CHOICE STYLES Why not leave your order at once and secure an Flegant, 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,

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 Full 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

THIRTY DAYS.

H. GERHART, No. 51 North Queea Street.

Special Announcement!

Now is your time to secure bargains in

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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

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.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 20, 188

Girl and Grandfather.

From Temple Bar. [Concluded.]

Now began a time of joyful excitement.

The young heir was come to take possession. His friends crowded around him. He went and came and made a joyful stir. The tenantry were feasted, and my lady looked younger by ten years when she cast aside her mourning garments. The hall was alive. Horses, men and coaches went and came, bringing gay company. The village was en fets and there was a thanksgiving service in the parish church for the safe return of the wanderer from the sea and all its perils. Moreover, Mr. Boothby had brought wonderful store of all strauge and beautiful spoils from other lands and [Concluded.] and beautiful spoils from other lands and much prize money, which he displayed and gave with lavish hand. Many wonderful tales had he to tell, to which Hannah was often permitted to listen, as she sat at her mistresa's fect, with eyes cast down and an indescribable tremor at her heart. Twas Othello and Desdemona over again, with a difference. When she looked up to steal a difference. When she looked up to stear
a glance at the sunburnt, animated face,
such wonder shone in her eyes, that as a
loadstone, they drew his down to meet
them. One fatal flash, and the sweet eyes
would fall abashed, But Jack could not

brook such glances unscathed. Her beauty took his breath away; and it was not long before every shining hair on the girl's head had become precious to him.

"Mother," he had said, the day of his arrival, "what rare blossom of beauty is that you have coming and going in the

"My little Hannah," she answered.
"Yes, yes; it is Ralph Somerby's daughter, one of the laborer's children-quite a curiosity of beauty. I shall take her abroad with me next year. Sir Joshua must paint her. She is too choice a rose to bloom on a Lincolnshire hedge."

Mr. Boothby quite agreed with his mother, and commended her taste of a handmaiden. Never had he dreamed of so choice a creature. But Hannah seemed so choice a creature. But Hannah seemed to fear him, and went no longer unsummoned to her mistress's presence. Then the youth must visit Mrs. Bee with dutiful regularity; watch the boiling of preserves and the brewing of cowslip wine, while Hannah tripped about, bashful and silent. See the girl he must and would. One day he brought her a necklace of

"Here, Hannah," said he, "I have given you nothing from all my stores. You shall have these beads for your pretty neck," and he would have clasped them

The boy laughed. "Wear them yourself then, Mrs. Tamar. will not have them back again."

"Nay, sir," said she earnestly, "that will not do either." "Let me have them, Mrs. Bee," said poor Hannah, piteously. She stretched out her hand, looking almost ready to ery. lifted them from the table, and hung them on her arm with a tow, mappy

laugh.
"Go, go, sir," now said Mrs. Bee. The young fellow strolled off through the garden and passed into the wood. Mrs. Bee was disturbed with a vague presentiment of evil, to which she could give no name. She kept Hannah always beside her, and was shorter to her than usual. Hannah bloomed more deliciously pretty than ever and Mr. Jack had long fits of

So Christmas tide came on and passed and then Mr. Boothby must join his ship again, sorely against his mother's will; but in this thing he would have his way. He had pledged his word to sail yet once more, to win glory with his mates upon the Spanish main, and his time was up. After this voyage he would come home for good, and dwell with his mother at the

So he went and left sad hearts behind him. Hannah drooped and pined so visi-bly, that at last my lady noticed her pale the lowing of his kine, and the barking of

"What ails you girl?" she asked.
"Naught, madam," said Hannah, flush-

ing scarlet.
Mrs. Bee watched, disquieted.
Two or three months glided away. Lady Boothby talked of a journey to town during her son's absence, and began in an indolent, purposeless way to get ready for it, when a terrible rumor came to the

hall, which a few days confirmed. A desperate engagement of twelve hours' duration had taken place with the French, off the island of Dominica. Ad miral Rodney was victorious, and the French admiral was taken prisoner with

the "Ville de Paris," six ships of the line. But the English had lost two ships and among the slain was Lieutenant John Boothby. He had died fighting bravely as an English gentleman should, and one long, gold curl lay upon his heart, which they did not take from him.

Lady Boothby was childress, and the hall without a master. When the poor bereaved lady awoke from her first trance of anguish she called for Hannah; but Tamer Bee, paler and graver than ever, told her the girl was gone home to her mother, and talked long with her mistress. In a few days the old housekeeper accompanied Lady Boothby to London, and soon after returned alone to the hall, which was once more left silent and solitary.

A cloud rested upon the village and lay blackest on Ralph Somerby's cottage. same night she passed away without a word or a sigh, and a wailing, nameless baby took her place in the cottage. The broken-hearted grandmother nourished it in her bosom. But Ralph passed out and in, heavy and displeased, and was never more seen to smile. He aged prematurely and was carried to the churchyard a year

When ten years had passed away, Susan Somerby said to the boy: "Jack,love, it's time thee was earning thy living." "Very well, mother," said he. "What mun I do ?"

She put five shillings, rolled in

"It's all I shall ever give thee, child,"

papers, into the boy's pocket.

questioner, with an odd twinkle in his eye.
"May I sit down behind you, for old acnuaintance sake ?"

Bill looked hard, rose up slowly, and gazed at the strauger, but no recognition followed. Then he began to talk.

In a few minutes, "It's never our Hannah's little Jack!" they cried.

Early next morning John Somerby went Early next morning John Somerby went to the churchyard, to see what time had left him of his past. It was Saturday, and the church door stood open. An old woman was sweeping out the week's dust. Nothing was much changed. A tablet in the chancel wall which he remembered, ran, "Sacred to the beloved memory of John Everard Boothby, second son of Joseph Roothby. Esquire, of Boothby

Joseph Boothby, Esquire, of Boothby Hall, Lieutenant in H. M.'s Navy. Killed in the glorious action off Dominica, under Admiral Rodney, April 12, 1780." Then he wandered into the churchyard, and, after some searching, found a stone, sunk almost out of sight, whose moss-grown almost out of sight, whose moss-grown letters traced three names. First stood "Hannah Somerby, aged 17, died July 6, 1780." Then, "Ralph Somerby, January 2, 1782." Lower down, "Susan Somerby, December 12, 1795." Here was kindred dust, and—many nettles. He gathered two or three blades of grass, placed them in his pocketbook, and turned away.

. CHAPTER IV. Fortune had favored Jack Somerby. She had played a rare game at ball with him, and tossed him here and there into many an odd corner, but she always picked him up again, and rolled him in neatly to the right place, at the right moment. He had plenty of bounce in him. Hard knocks never hurt him, and he was always in the thick of the game. Jack was dogged, plucky, and indomitable. His blood was warm; he took his whinnings dogged, plucky, and indomitable. His blood ran warm; he took his whippings as a matter of course; enjoyed his dinner, or could go without it; sleep as soundly under a haystack as in a bed; and picked up knowledge and halfpenco anywhere, everywhere, as best he could. Fortune threw him many a chance, and he never lost one. He never forgot a face or a favor, never lied, and was never found in bad company. By-and-by he found, to his surprise, he had a character. He kept it. He sought no friendships, and made no enemies. There was something in his good-humored, steadfast, sterling nature that made him welcome everywhere. Honest, handy and shrewd, he never lacked a given you nothing from all my stores. You shall have these beads for your pretty neck," and he would have clasped them on, but she trembled, and drew behind Tamar Bee.

"Nay, now, Mr. Boothby, better not," said the little old woman. "Hannah is she and she must not he spailed sir."

"Hannah is his way, ond he was too busy for reading. The had an old imperfect copy of the spailed sir."

"A she would have heard a word in season. What do you keep such a large stick on your bed for?"

"Deed, mun, just to hit at the rats as they run over me by night. I'm moighty bothered wi' rats, Mrs. Somerby."

"A she wilder passed over me, and I raised

> church. When Jack was twenty years old he had an acknowledged place in the world, to which he had honestly fought his way. Two or three years later Mrs. Tamar Bee, dying in Lincolnshire, at Boothby Hall left four thousand pounds to Jack Somerby, with her blessing. He Jack good advice, and bought a thriving business in the North. The Featherstone Arms was one of the best houses on the road to London. The Scotch mails passed that way and traffic was 'rapidly increasing; the world was beginning to travel. Here Jack was his own master, the right man in the right place, and the ball at his feet, with golden Opportunity holding out her hand to him. Jack took it and strode on to foctune. He married happily and wisely, an old soldier's daughter, and the pair transmitted to a beautiful only child, a full tide of life, and promise of happy

fortune. As she reached womanhood her father withdrew to a small estate he had purchased, as a permanent home for wife and daughter. Fair was the home that arose at his bidding, amidst lawns and mead-ows, while slowly and steadily rose the house he had planned, under his shaping hand, and the sound of the mason's chisel, ator. Day by day his hand and eye pre-pared and arranged the landscape which his soul foresaw, a belt of plantation here, there a sweep of lawn, and with every tree was planted a hope, and a fair ambi tion lay imprisoned in every rising wall. But sweet Anne Somerby was presently lured from her father's side, away over the Border, by a "braw wooer," who had also prepared a dainty nest for a delicate turn, a smiling penitent, bringing a peaceoffering to the proud grandparents of baby the flock.

Now the acts of these youngsters, and the games that they played, and the sins that they sinued, and the joys and the terrors of their rosy, blissful infancy, are they not chronicled in the memories of certain old ladies, who look through their spectacles across the tract of bygone years fondly and sadly, to the place where the morning broke for them, golden and fair. They remembered a certain Monday morning, when three of them, Lotty, Mary and Bet, all arrayed in fresh calico dresses, and spotless sun bonnets, sauntering in the Holmfield with vague intentions of blackest on Ralph Somerby's cottage.
Hannah was in trouble, and her trouble could not be spoken of. She lingered, sad and suffering, till she bore a son, and the an island, and the ducks' house. The only summer evenings, watching in the low an island, and the ducks' house. arrived at the duck pond, a considerable simple joys, why so fleeting? Memory sheet of water in the centre of which was recalls it with a pang. Joys of the calm communication with the mainland was a oak window seat, the swallows skimming plank, a foot wide., close to the level of the water. Satan (it could be no other) implanted in their bosoms a strong desire to call at Ducks' island. He spoke by the mouth of Bet The terrors the mouth of Bet. The tempta- and down the terrace that ran around the tion was irresistible. It was a dwelling, till darkness fell, and the twinkspot hitherto unexplored. There was a ling waxlights within warned us of bedpossibility of plunder, in the shape of time.

ducks egg's. Mary hesitated and dissented, not, I grieve to say, from a moral point of view, but from a nervous conviction that she should not be able to cross bedroom! What discomfiture! The swal bedroom! What discomfiture is the swal that the should not be able to cross bedroom! Then she washed and mended him the I, Lotty in the van, Bet in the rear, and

ing their supper with horn spoons in the evening sun.

The stranger looked at them fixedly.

"This was once Ralph Somerby's cottage," he said at last.

"Ay, ay, so 'tis still. I'm Ralph Somerby," said the older of the two men.

"And you are Bill then," pursued the questioner, with an odd twinkle in his eye.

"May I sit down behind you, for old ac-

grandmamma knows aught."
Without a word we followed his advice, and stole like thieves into the back court. There, as ill-luck would have it, stood my grandmother, bargaining with old High-land Nelly for fowls. Her eye instantly fell upon us, and there was no mercy in it. I suppose such misdemeanors are heinous in the sight of good housewives, and we must certainly have been disreputable objects, but it seems to me, nowadays, a pity old ladies don't laugh on such occasions. What an hour of martydom we en dured in the washhouse that Monday

morning! Yet another little episode. My grandmother was a charitable woman, and visited much among the poor people of the country side. Sometimes she took me with her on these visitations. One of her pensioners was a disreputable old raseal named Tom Brown, who inhabited a mud-hovel on the road to C-My grandmother warned me to beware, at the entrance, of a kind of circular ditch full of dirty water, which lay upon his threshold. I had to leap across it before I could enter the cottage, where bleareyed Tom sat smoking. He was a very uniquities looking areaiman of humanit.

preach you a sermon, all for yourself,' says he. And I went, ma'am. But he deceived me, did Mr. Featherstone. Ne'er a word on't touched my case at all. Ugh! twas all about the ordinary run of sinner. ma'am, quite commonplace; and when I'd walked four mile, and a broiling arternoon, 'twas downright un bandsome of him to put me off, and so I showed him, for when he was nich ball them. when he was nigh half through what he'd got to say, I jist gev him a look, and walked out at the church door, I did. But, Mrs. Somerby" (with a villainous whine), "if ye want to do a good turn to a poor wretch, I want a pair o' specs, to read the Word o' God, mum.

My grandmother surveyed him grimly. "There's a piece of beef for you, Tom, in the mean time. If you had stayed to the end of the rector's discourse, I doubt

Ho had an old imperfect copy of the Bible and a prayer book, with his mother's name in it. He always went to den. A rope stretched across one corner, my eyes toward the roof of the miserable whereon hung a very dingy-looking gar-ment, shaped like a shirt. "Will no neighbor wash you a shirt,

Tom ?" said my grandmother.

washing. I wear my shirt as long at practicable and then just hang it there till the need drap and then just hang it there till the saves a warld o' trouble." I was glad to leap back over Tom's cesspool and enter presently a more agree-able-looking dwelling, where a bright, hearty woman welcomed us. But my

"Deed, Mrs. Somerby, I canna afford

grandmother was in a scolding mood to-"Now, Peggy," said she, irritably, 'What's this I hear of you, another baby coming, and the last not walking yet! Fie, fie," and she looked quite crossly at poor Peggy, who, turning aside, and ready to cry, apologized humbly for the accident

"Oh, Mrs. Somerby, don't ye say word. Poor John's that vexed, he is!" "John should be ashamed of himself," said my grandmother, severely, "and so should you. There is no excuse for such folly. Have you not enough to do as it is, with these three children, and you not four years married yet!" "Oh, Mrs. Somerby, little Johnny can

herd the coo like a man, and wee Betty there minds the cradle like a granny, and his pointers. The wise master-builder as for Tom" (catching up a fat infant of tasted the incommunicable joys of a cre-ator. Day by day his hand and eye pre-now, bless him, greet lazy that he is; he'll be on his feet time enough, I'se warrant Peggy was looking so blithely at the

situation that my grandmother was worsted, and was presently promising divers acceptable offerings at the hour of need. As we escaped Peggy's tearful thanks, and crossed the fields towards Fairholm, we came upon a favorite pensioner, Highland Nelly. This old woman maintained his son in-law. He had stolen the bird that should have sung in the Fairholm bushes. Year after year she would rewearing her usual smile of contented faith, a little brown, lean, weather-beaten daughters, a stumbling, prattling troop of blooming cherubs. I was the first-born of manufactured by her ewn spinning wheel, and who contrived, over and above, to send a pair of socks to her son's bairins,

now and again, across the border. She had a long tale to-day about her pig, which had mysteriously disappeared. Dark sus-picions had fallen on Tom Brown, whose larder was known to have contained reinforcements of pork of late and the old woman was in such distress at the collapse of her Christmas prospects. Nelly was a prime favorite at Fairholm, and was desired to make a visit to see the master, and consult him on the matter, as the moment was propitious, and a young litter in the fauld.

"Thou mun go to Carraby next market she should remain behind, she scouted. was a regular pitched battle between my day, and seek out Mark Preston at the Golden Lamb. He is my sister's son, and has promised me to look after thee."

To remain behind was ignominious, and not to be endured. It was finally arranged she should be placed in the middle lows, my grandfather and myself, on the other. Build at the corner of the front clothes on his back, and a change in his that she should touch a supporting hand door they would, and what Dinah's dehand, and when Farmer Sloman's cart on either side. Forward we went, and stroying broom ruthlessly knocked away one day, the birds built up again with hars. Somerby was there with him ready.

She put five shillings rolled in many a word of warning plunged with a faint was victorious and sat winking on her ged with a faint was victorious, and sat winking on her screech into the pond, dragging both Bet and me down to perdition. Sinking to the waist in mud and water, we floundered Sad catastrophies occasionally occurred. B HOSTOTOR SOUARE,

she said.

He kissed her with a sob, clambered into the cart, and was borne away, to begin life for himself. He never saw her again, or his native village, till forty years had passed away, and he stood once more before the cottage door, a gray-headed, prosperous gentleman. Two old men, wrinkled and bent, sat in the porch, eat-

mistake, though how the younger generation was educated to caution is a mystery. A few stunned birds, who afterwards recovered, may possibly have acted as mentors. That summer came to an end too soon. As I hung about my grandfather's neck, the day we left Fairhalm, "I wish I were not going to leave

you," I cried.

There was something very like a tear in the old man's eye as he answered,— "Why you can't stay with me forever,

you know, Lotty !"
"You will send for me again, grand-

papa!" I pleaded. "Will you come if I do, Lotty?" said

"To be sure I will," I replied. "Who shall hinder me?" Vain, impetuous question, floating back to me after thirty years, along with the answer, so different from our loving ex-

I stood, not long since, on the delicious old lawn at Fairholm, a woman rather weary of her tramp along life's dusty highway, and drank in the fragrant silence of that sacred enclosure, with its bird chirpings, and rustling of boughs, as the hunted hart drinks up the waterbrooks. As I looked round on the scene of so many childish joys the old dreams came many childish joys, the old dreams came partly back. But the 'childish things' have indeed passed away forever. My grandfather's grave is green in Aspenkirk full of dirty water, which lay upon his threshold. I had to leap across it before I could enter the cottage, where bleareyed Tom sat smoking. He was a very uninviting-looking specimen of humanity in rags, and existed, I believe, on a small allowance from the parish. My grandmother addressed him with some sharpness in her accent.

"How long it it since you were at the church, Tom?" said she.

"Three weeks agone last Sunday, Mrs. Somerby. The rector, he says to me, 'If you'll come to church, Tom,' says he, 'I'll preach you a sermon, all for yourself,' gelebet."

grandfather's grave is green in Aspenkirk churchyard, and no whisper comes thence to tell whence he came or whither he went. Does his spirit haunt these bowers, so redoent of his presence to me, though a ruthless young hand has carved the features of the beloved old place into strangeness, and change has rubbed off the inseffable bloom from his work as he left it? As a dream when one awaketh, so have the old things vanished clean away, and under the porch where I stand, softly saying farewell, the nestling swallow beneath the eaves answers, "Ich habe geliebt, und

How foolish are the endeavors of parties to introduce new remedies for coughs and kindred complaints when they should know that the people will have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and nothing else.

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