The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVII—No. 132. LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1881 Price Two Cents.

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Practical Carriage Builders,

Market Street, Rear of Central Market Houses, Lancaster, Pa.

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BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

Which we offer at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

All work warranted. Give us a call.
☞ Repairing promptly attended to.
One set of workmen especially employed for that purpose. [n26-tfd&w

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EASY BOOTS BOOTS, SHOES AND LAST made on a new principle, insuring comfort for the feet. Lasts made to order.

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—GO TO—

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—AND—

BIRTHDAY CARDS

IN GREAT VARIETY AT

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BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

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GREAT VARIETY.

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UNEQUALED.

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ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC TEA CO.,
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205 WEST KING STREET.

THE PLACE FOR

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Fresh Groceries, Pure Spices, and Best Cigars in town. All at

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FINE FLORIDA ORANGES

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A FEW MORE BARRELS OF THOSE

White Grapes at 20c. Per Pound,

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BAKER'S & TRIUMPH CANNED CORN at 15 cents; Winslow at 18 cents,
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FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY WE WILL sell you 2 Cans of the Celebrated

G. & R. TOMATOES,

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AT BURSK'S,
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WE OFFER

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You will save money to buy at

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

Fur Beavers,
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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,

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A RARE CHANCE!

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

H. GERHART'S

Fine Tailoring Establishment.

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 for the next

THIRTY DAYS.

H. GERHART,

No. 51 North Queen Street.

Special Announcement!

Now is your time to secure bargains in

CLOTHING!

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

HEAVY WEIGHT CLOTHING,

—CONSISTING OF—

Overcoats, Suits, &c.,

— FOR—

MEN, BOYS AND YOUTHS.

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

Call early to secure the best bargains.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

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HIGHEST CASH PRICE WILL BE PAID FOR EXTRA NICE

CARPET RAGS.

Carpets made to order at short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.
Rare chances in Carpets to reduce stock of

6,000 Yards Brussels Carpets,

AT AND BELOW COST.

Call and satisfy yourself. Also, Ingrain, Rag and Chain Carpets in almost endless variety at

H. S. SHIRK'S

CARPET HALL,

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CARPETS, COAL, &c.

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MANUFACTORY,
No. 150 SOUTH WATER STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.,
Well-known Manufacturers of Genuine
LANCASTER QUILTS,
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CARPETS,
CARPET CHAIN,
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CUSTOM RAG CARPETS A SPECIALTY.

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Dress Goods Dyed either in the piece or in Garments; also, all kinds of silks, Ribbons, Linen, Cotton and Woolen Goods Dyed. Gentlemen's Coats, Overcoats, Pants, Vests, &c., Dyed or Scoured; also, Indigo Blue Dyeing done.
All orders or goods left with us will receive prompt attention.
CASH PAID FOR SEWED CARPET RAGS.

COAL. COAL.

Coal of the best quality put up expressly for family use, and at the lowest market rates
TRY A SAMPLE TON.
YARD—150 SOUTH WATER STREET.
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Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 3, 1881.

A Strange Story.

The Mysterious Sketch.

Erckman Chatrain.

I.

Opposite Saint Sebalt Chapel, in Nuremberg, at the corner of Trabaus street, there is a little tavern; it is narrow and high, the windows—if now as then—are covered with a heavy coat of dust, and the sharp gable end is surmounted by the Virgin in plaster. It was there that I passed the most joyless days of my life.

I had gone to Nuremberg to study the German masters; but, being poorly supplied with money, I was compelled to paint portraits—and what portraits! Fat old women with their cats on their laps, big-wigged aldermen, portly burgomasters in their three-cornered hats, the whole illuminated with ochre and vermilion by the handful.

From portraits I descended to sketches, and from sketches to silhouettes.

Nothing makes life a greater burden than to have your landlord, with his weazen face, his shrill voice, and impudent air, come to you every day and assail your sensibilities with,

"Well, sir, well! Am I ever to see the color of your money again? Do you know how much your little bill amounts to now? No idea, probably—don't want to have! My fine gentlemen eats, drinks, and sleeps calmly as if all the world were his own. Your bill amounts to two hundred florins, sir. A mere bagatelle, I know, sir; but I could make good use of it just now, if I had it."

He who has not been forced to listen to the chanting of a gamut of this construction can have no idea of its effect on the human mind. Love of art, imagination, enthusiasm for the beautiful, everything poetic and ennobling in the realms of thought, is scattered to the winds by a harangue of the sort. You become awkward, timid, limp; you lose all your feeling of personal dignity, and seek to escape the gaze of your fellows.

One night, being, as was often the case, without a kreutzer and menaced with imprisonment by the worthy Rap, I resolved to bankrupt him by cutting my throat. While I sat opposite the window occupied with this agreeable thought, my mind wandered off into innumerable philosophic reflections, more or less edifying.

"What is man?" I asked myself. "An omnivorous animal; his jaws, provided with canines, incisors and molars, sufficiently prove it. The canines are made to tear, the incisors to cut, and the molars to crush such animals and vegetable substances as constitute his food. But when he has nothing to masticate, the creature man is a veritable superplenitude in nature, a fifth wheel to the coach."

Such were my reflections. I did not dare to touch my razor for fear that the force of my logic would inspire me with the courage to make an end of it. After having argued for some time in this manner, I blew out my candle and postponed the continuation till the next day.

This abominable Rap had completely brutalized me. In my art nothing but silhouettes; and yet my uppermost desire was to have the money necessary to rid myself of his odious importunities. But that night a singular change came over my mental condition. I awoke about 1 o'clock, lighted my lamp, and, enveloping myself in my well-worn dressing-gown, I rapidly threw upon paper a sketch *a la flamande*—something strange and weird, that was totally unlike my ordinary conceptions.

Imagine a somber court-yard, inclosed by high, dilapidated walls, which are provided with hooks seven or eight feet from the ground. One readily sees that it represents a butcher's yard.

At the left there is a sort of lattice partition, through which you see the carcass of an ox suspended by pulleys on a heavy framework. Sluggish streams of blood flow over the flagstones toward a gutter already well-filled with all sorts of debris.

At the further side of the enclosure there is a shed; under the shed a pile of wood; on the wood a ladder, a few bundles of straw, some coils of rope, a chicken coop and an old, unused rabbit cage.

How came these details to present themselves to my imagination? I know not. I had no analogous reminiscence, and nevertheless every stroke of the pencil had the appearance of contributing its share toward the representing of a reality. Nothing was wanting to give the sketch the semblance of truth.

But at the right there was a corner that remained unfilled. I was at a loss to know what to put there. At that point it seemed to me that something moved. All at once I saw a foot, or rather the sole of a foot. Despite this improbable position, I followed the inspiration without pausing to consider. This foot was attached to a leg, and on the leg, the muscles of which seemed to be vigorously contracted, there soon floated the tattered skirt of a dress. In short, an old woman, wan and dishevelled, appeared, stretched out beside an old well, struggling to free herself from the grasp of a hand that held fast to her throat.

It was a murder scene that I was sketching! Horror-stricken, I let the pencil fall from my hand.

The woman, in this perilous situation, her features distorted with terror, her hands grasping the arm of the murderer, made me tremble with fear. I could not look at her. But the man—he to whom the arm belonged—I could not see him. It was impossible for me to finish the sketch.

"I am tired," said I to myself, my forehead dripping with perspiration; "I have only this figure to finish—I will do it tomorrow. Then it will be easy enough."

With this I returned to bed. In a little while I was sound asleep.

The next morning I arose at an unusually early hour. I had barely got ready to resume work on my nocturnal sketch when there came a gentle rap at my door.

"Come in."

The door opened. An elderly man, tall and lean, and neatly dressed in black, appeared on my threshold. His mien, with his small, deep-set eyes, and his big, hooked nose, surmounted by a high, bony forehead, was dignified and stern. He saluted me with ceremonious gravity.

"M. Christian Venius, the painter?" said he.

"At your service, sir."

He bowed again, saying:

"The Baron Frederick von Spreckdal."

The appearance of the rich dilettante Von Spreckdal, judge of the criminal court, in my garret, very nearly robbed me of my self-possession. I involuntarily cast a furtive glance at my old worm-eaten furniture, my torn wall-paper, and soiled floor. I felt humiliated by the dilapidated condition of the surroundings in which my distinguished visitor found me; but the baron seemed to take no notice of these details. He seated himself before my table, and resumed.

"Master Venius," said he "I come—"

But at this moment his eyes fell upon the unfinished sketch; he stopped in the middle of the sentence. I was seated on the side of my bed. The sudden attention this august personage gave to one of my productions made my heart beat with an indefinable apprehension.

He looked at it intently for a minute or two; then turning toward me, he asked, in a very earnest tone:

"Are you the author of this sketch, sir?"

"I am."

"The price of it?"

"I never sell my sketches. It is the first step toward a painting."

"Ah!" said he, as he picked up the paper with the ends of his long yellow fingers.

He took a lens out of his waistcoat pocket, and set to studying the sketch in detail.

The sun at this hour shone obliquely into my garret. Von Spreckdal was silent. The acquilinity of his big, thin nose seemed to me to have suddenly increased; his heavy brows contracted, and his long, pointed chin had taken a turn upward, making a thousand little wrinkles in his thin, colorless cheeks. The silence was so profound that I could distinctly hear the buzzing of an unfortunate fly that struggled to escape from the toils of a spider's web.

"The dimensions of the picture you propose to paint, Master Venius?" said he, without looking up.

"Three feet by four."

"The price?"

"Fifty ducats."

The Baron von Spreckdal laid the sketch down on the table, and drew from his pocket a long green silk purse.

"Fifty ducats," said he, slipping the rings of his purse—"fifty ducats! There they are."

I could hardly believe my eyes.

The baron rose, bade me good morning, and descended the stairs, making his heavy ivory-headed cane heard on each step as he went down. Then, recovering from my stupor, it occurred to me that I had not thanked him, whereupon I plunged down my five flights almost as fast as gravitation would take me; but, arrived at the lower door, I looked for my generous patron in vain. He was nowhere to be seen.

"Humph!" said I to myself; "this is very strange!" And I hastened back to my garret.

The unexpected visit from the munificent Von Spreckdal quite bewildered me—I was ecstatic. "Yesterday," said I to myself, as I contemplated the pile of ducats shining in the sun—"Yesterday I sinfully considered the advisability of cutting my throat, and all for the want of a few miserable florins. How fortunate that I did not open my razor! If ever I am again tempted to end this existence, I will profit by experience and put it off till the morrow."

After making these wholesome reflections, I sat down to finish my sketch. A few strokes of the pencil is all it required. But these two strokes I found it impossible to make; I had lost the thread of my inspiration. Cudgel my brain as I would, I could get nothing from it that harmonized any better with the rest of the sketch than a figure of Raphael would with the frequenters of one of Teniers's pot-houses.

While I was thus absorbed, I was suddenly interrupted by Rap, who, as he was in the habit of doing, entered my room without rapping. As his astonished eyes fell upon my pile of ducats, he cried out in a tone that enraged me beyond all control:

"So, so, Mr. Painter, I catch you, do I? Perhaps you'll tell me now you have no money?"

As he spoke he came forward with his fingers crooked, as though about to seize something, and with a certain nervous agitation that the sight of gold so often produces in the avaricious.

For a moment I was stupefied; but the recollection of the indignities I had been compelled to submit to from the fellow, his greedy look, and his insulting smile were more than sufficient to arouse me. I sprang toward him, seized him by the shoulders, and, quick as thought, put him out of the room, slamming the door in his vulgar face.

But no sooner was he outside the room than the old curmudgeon began to cry out at the top of his voice:

"My money! pay me my money, you thief! Give me my money!"

My neighbors came out of their rooms, and added to the confusion by shouting out: "What's the matter? Who's a thief? What't all this?"

Before the worthy Rap could satisfy any of these inquiries, I flung my door open, and by a well directed kick sent him heels over head down the first pair of stairs.

"That's what's the matter!" I cried, and returned to my den, bolting the door securely, while my neighbors made the house resound with loud peals of laughter.

I was well satisfied with myself; I felt truly triumphant. The episode had put new life into me. I returned to my sketch and had just finished it quite to my satisfaction, when my attention was arrested by an unusual noise. It reminded me of the striking of the butts of muskets on the pavement. I looked out of the window, and saw three gendarmes in full uniform, leaning on their carbines and standing directly before the street door.

"The devil!" said I to myself not a little terrified; "have I, perhaps, broken some of the fellow's bones?"

And now see the inconsistency of the human mind: I, who yesterday cared not a button—as I thought—whether I lived or not, to-day trembled in every nerve at the thought that I had, perchance killed my landlord, and should be hanged for it.

The stairway became the scene of confused and ominous sounds—the steps of feet incased in heavy boots, the clanking of arms, and tones of voices which at that moment struck me as being of bass the basest.

Suddenly some one tried my door. It was fastened, which seemed to give rise to a general clamor. But soon a voice was heard above the others; it cried out;

"Open, in the name of the law!"

I arose to find that my knees had suddenly become very weak.

"Open the door!" the voice repeated.

It occurred to me that I might escape over the roof; but I had hardly thrust my head out of the window when I was seized with a sort of vertigo, and quickly withdrew it. I had taken in at a glance the windows below me, with their shining panes, their flower pots, their bird cages, and their gratings; and, still lower, the balcony; lower still, the street lamp; then the sign of the "Red Cask;" and, finally, the three shining bayonets that only awaited my fall to split me as they would a piece of cheese on a toasting fork. On the roof of the house across the street there was a big cat hiding behind a chimney, and watching a little band of sparrows that were engaged in settling their differences in the gutter.

One can not imagine with what clearness and rapidity the human eye takes in a situation with all its minutest details when the visual powers are stimulated by fear.

At the third summons, "Open the door or we shall force it!" seeing that escape was impossible, I slipped back the bolt.

In an instant a stalwart fellow seized me by the collar, and a little, pompous official, whose breath was offensively odorous of alcohol, announced:

"Sir, you are my prisoner!"

He wore a bottle-green, single-breasted coat, buttoned to the chin, and a high hat patterned after a stove-pipe. He had side whiskers, rings on all his fingers, and was called Passauf. (Anglicized, "Mind your eye."

He was the chief of police.

Five more bullet-headed minions of the law waited for me on the stairs.

"What do you want of me?" I asked Passauf.

"Down stairs!" he cried, as he made a sign to his underlings who had me by the collar to drag me in that direction.

While the order was being obeyed, he, with assistance of the others, hastily searched my room, turning everything topsy-turvy and inside out.

I descended the stairs supported on each side like one in the last stage of consumption.

They thrust me into a cab between two brawny fellows, armed with heavy clubs secured to their wrists with leather straps.

I was glad they drove away without delay, as in a very few minutes we should have had all the idlers in the neighborhood about us.

As soon as I had sufficient control over my organs of speech, I turned to one of my guardians—the one whose mien seemed to me the least forbidding—and asked what I had done.

"Hans, he asks what he has done—ha, ha, ha!" says he to his comrade.

Their laughter fairly chilled my blood.

It was not very long before a shadow enveloped us, and the sound of the horses' feet echoed under an archway. We were at the entrance of the Raspelhaus. It is there that one may say:

"Dans cet antre.
Je vois fort bien comme l'on entre,
Et ne vois point comme on en sort."

[I see very well how one gets into this den (or cave), but I do not see how one gets out.

All is not rose-colored in this world. From the persecutions of Rap I fell into a dungeon, from which it is only the minority that escape.

Dark, spacious courts; windows in long lines like a hospital, and furnished with grating; not the smallest clump of verdure, not even the leaf of a bush or a spear of grass—such was my new lodging place. It was enough to make one pull out his hair by the handfuls.

The police officers and the jailer put me provisionally into a sort of ante-room.

The jailer, as well as I remember, was called Kasper Schluessel. With his gray woolen cap, his pipe in his mouth, and his bunch of keys at his waist, he reminded me of the god Hibou of the Caribs. He had the same large eyes, with a yellow circle, that see in the night, a nose like a comma, while his neck disappeared between his shoulders.

Schluessel locked me in as mechanically as one locks his bureau drawer, his thoughts the while seeming to be far away. As for me, I stood fully ten minutes with my hands behind my back, looking down at the floor.

"Rap," said I to myself, after taking a complete survey of the situation—"Rap cried out as he fell, 'I am killed! I am killed!' but he did not say by whom. I will swear it was my neighbor, the old merchant with the green spectacles, and he will be hanged in my place."

This idea I found very consoling, and I consequently breathed more freely. I now proceeded to examine my prison, or rather my cell. It had been newly whitewashed and there were no sketches on its walls except in one corner, where a gallows had been crudely outlined by my predecessor. Light was admitted by a bull's eye some nine or ten feet from the floor. As for the furniture it was limited to a bunch of straw and a bench.

I sat down on the straw and clasped my hands around my knees in the most unenviable frame of mind imaginable. I had not been long seated when it occurred to me that Rap, before breathing his last, may have denounced me. The thought brought me quickly to my feet; I coughed involuntarily, and imagined I felt a choking sensation, as though the hempen cord were already round my neck.

Just at this moment my hallucinations were interrupted by footsteps in the passageway. Schluessel opened my door and bade me follow him. He was still assisted by the two officers who had had the honor of lodging me in prison. They received me with a triumphant smile as I issued forth, as though they were proud of their achievement. I seemed to take no notice of them, but, summoning all my fortitude, I followed with a tolerably firm step.

We passed through long galleries, lighted from distance to distance by small grated windows. On the way I saw, behind massive bars, the famous Jie-Jack, who was to pay the penalty of his crimes the next day on the gallows. He was in a strait-jacket, and was gagly singing:

"Je suis le roi de ces montagues!"

When he saw me, he cried out:

"Ho, comrade! I'll keep a place for you at my right."

The two policemen and the god Hibou looked at one another and smiled, while I felt the gooseflesh creep down my back and shoulders to my waist.

Concluded To-morrow.

He Dropped It.

Free Press.

You may have been a passenger on a street car at a time some one picked up a half-dollar off the cushions, or a dollar bill from the straw, and anxiously inquired for an owner. At such a time every man instinctively feels in his pockets. Every man feels like saying that he is the lucky party, but an inward voice somehow restrains him and he remembers that George Washington could not tell a lie. The money is invariably pocketed by the finder and he is set down in the opinion of his fellow passengers as contemptible and mean.

On a Woodward avenue car yesterday a young man purposely dropped a green back on the floor and, at a proper moment he picked it up and observed:

"Who lost this dollar?"

Every one looked at him, and every mouth watered.

"Did anyone drop this bill?" continued the young man as he held up a corner.

There was another embarrassing pause. Then a man reached out for it with the remark:

"I dropped it, sir. You are an honest man to return it."

"Are you sure you dropped it?"

"I am. I am not a liar."

"But—you see—you—," stammered the yound man.

"You give me my money or I'll wring your neck!" interrupted the other, as he reached out for his victim.

The young man gave it up. He looked white and red and green, and he felt so bad over it that he soon dropped off the car and took the icy walk.

Competitive Examination.

A number of candidates for schoolmasters' certificates were recently examined in Germany. One was shown a stuffed squirrel and asked, "Where is this species of squirrel to be found?" "In the dealer's window," was the reply. "What is this?" asked the professor, showing another candidate a butterfly. "That's a butterfly, sir. "No doubt, but what kind of butterfly?" "*Ach Himmel*," was the answer, "we have so many of them in our parts that we never pay any attention to them!" "It is now four o'clock here," remarked the examiner to a candidate for honors in geography; "What time is it in London?" "Well, it must be quite as late there," was the reply. "How many square miles does the North Pole cover?" was another question, to which came the answer, "No one knows. A great many people have tried to go there, but not one has succeeded in the attempt." "How do you teach children the difference between the right and left bank of a river?" "I don't teach them that, because there is no river in our parts." Another candidate was shown a skeleton map and asked to name a particular mountain; but he observed that the map was a bad one, as the names were not marked in it as in the one at home, which was far superior. "Why did the companions of Columbus refuse to go further?" was another question. "Because," replied the candidate, "they had come to the spot where the ship would have tipped over; for you know, sir, the earth is round!"

How He Secured a Dinner.

It is an awkard thing sometimes to be absent minded. A certain noble lord it is stated, found this out to his cost the other day. It so chanced that the dining-room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who knows his failings pretty well happened to come in very hungry. Of course the waiter said there was no room at present. Suddenly the newcomer espied Lord X. Said he to the waiter, "Has Lord X. dined?" "No sir." "Well never mind—take him his bill and tell him he has had his dinner." The waiter hesitated for a moment, but complied, and handed Lord X. his bill. Quoth Lord X., "What is this for?" "Your dinner, my lord," replied the waiter. "My dinner!" said the forgetful one. "Have I really had it? "Yes, my my lord," said the waiter. "Dear me," was the reply. "I thought I was just going to have it; but I must have made a mistake;" and he got up and went out, leaving the table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.

MELTING SNOW TO OBTAIN WATER.

Wells, Cisterns and Rivulets Dry Up in and About Kingston.

Not in many years has water of all kinds been so scarce in Kingston, N. Y., and surrounding country as now. The drought began nearly a year ago, and at no time since has the soil had anything like a normal supply of water. Streams were very low all summer, and crops were parched and shortened, It was supposed by many that the evil would be remedied by the usual copious late fall rains. But instead came the heavy snows and severe cold of early winter, and now wells and springs never known to fail before, are either dry or too low and foul to be of service. The streams, brooks and rivulets are frozen nearly solid; saw mills, grist mills and other factories dependent upon water as a motor, are idle and everybody is looking anxiously forward to the break-up of winter as the only hope of relief. Cisterns in the city have also become very low and empty, and the principal occupation of hundreds of householders is melting snow to obtain water for drinking and all other purposes. Roofs are well supplied with snow, but nature has thus far shown very little disposition to thaw it and frozen leaders would have refused to conduct it into the cisterns if she had. Throughout the county and adjoining locality also the scarcity of water is a source of great inconvenience. Farmers are compelled to melt snow for their stock in many cases. This is done in large kettles hung over fires outside in the old-fashioned way and the process is attended with much time and labor, as is readily apparent. For family uses in such cases of course the same source of water supply must be resorted to.

The popular verdict is generally the right one: and concerning Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the people have long since decided that it is the best cough remedy ever introduced.

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