LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1881

A Strange Story.

The Mysterious Sketch.

[Conclusion.]

Schluessel led the way to a large room

furnished with rows of benches arranged

in a semicircle. The aspect of this spa-

shoulder, inspired me a sort of religious

All my ideas of false accusation disap-

peared and my lips involuntarily mur-

I had not prayed for a long time. Mis-

fortune always brings a submissive frame

Erekman-Chatrain.

mured a prayer.

face with deep interest.

"I made it.

imagination."

dal asked me, in a loud, distinct tone:

of mind.

Price Two Cents.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

DRY GOODS FOR JANUARY

If you cannot visit the city, send to us by | This is the particular season in which to get LIST and UNDERWEAR PRICE LIST. Fancy Goods, and general outfits.

postal card for HOUSEKEEPER'S PRICE and prepare HOUSEKEEPING DRY GOODS -Sheetings, Pillow Materials, Linens, Napkins, We fill orders by letter from every State and Towels, &c. It is also the season for Ladies' Territory at same prices charged customers Underwear. The Grand Depot contains the who visit the store, and allow same privilege greatest variety of goods in one establishment in the United States, and exchanges or refunds The stock includes Dress Goods, Silks, Laces, | money for things that do not suit, upon examination at home.

AND FEBRUARY.

Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

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 Boyz. Men's Dress Suits, Men's Business Suits, Youths' Suits in every style. Boys' Clothing, a very Choice Variety.

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

MYERS & RATHFON,

No. 12 EAST KING STREET,

LANCASTER, PENN'A.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

We have just placed on exhibition about one hundred Oil Paintings, all handsomely framed. They embrace a wide range of subjects, from the familiar Madonnas and Holy Families of the celebrated masters of painting, to the illustration of humorous scenes in real life.

Our collection includes Figure Pieces, Bird and Animal Paintings, Landscapes, Ancient and Modern Architecture, Ancient Ruins. Character and Costume Studies, &c., &c. Cl torical, Mythological and Ideal Subjects, &c.

We have a number of very fine specimens of the sculptor's art, in beautiful white marble figures, mounted on colored marble columns.

We take pride in placing these goods before our patrons, believing that our community must appreciate our endeavor to popularize a class of fine goods, that could not heretofore be obtained except from abroad.

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.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES,

SILVERWARE, JEWELRY, GOLD BRONZES. GOLD HEAD CANES, GOLD THIMBLES, SILVER HEAD CANES. SILVER THIMBLES,

OPERA GLASSES. GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE BOXES. GOLD BRONZE SMOKING SETS.

FINE CIGAR SETS,

BACCARET VASES.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE AT

ZAHM'S CORNER, LANCASTER, PA.

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

PHILADELPHIA.

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

WE SHALL SELL

Former	
Prices.	
All Wool Armures	Camei's Hair Stripes
French Flannel Suitings	Brocade Novelties
French Striped Fancies (all Silk	Brocade Novelties
and Wool)	English Novelties
French Shoodas (in all colors)65 .85%	French Handkerchiels, squares75 1.5
Franch Procedus fall Sills and	French Handkerchiefs, squares
Wool	French Handkerchiefs, squares
Plain French Plaids	French Novelties 1.25 2.7
	French Novelties
Finest French Brocades (in several	
designs) 1.00 2.50	in the second se
of which it is difficult to meet the demand, in v cloth and colorings.	goods, we have some lines of very choice good which we have a very choice assortment, both is
CLOTH S	BUITINGS:
41-inch Cloth Suitings (very desirable goods)	54-inch Cloth Suitings \$1.9 54-inch Cloth Suitings 1.5

54-inch Cloth Suitings (in all colors. 1.10 51-inch Cloth Suitings. 1.20 FRENCH SHOODAS: Our make of these goods we believe to be the best in the market, and the assortment of

colors our own selection. FINE CAMEL'S HAIR:

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

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

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

bit-tide 133 East King street NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Columbia and Port Deposit Railroad company will be held at the office of the company, No. 23 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1881, at 1236 o'clock, p. m. Election for President and Directors same day and place.

JAMES R. McCLURE,

Secretary.

8 O'CLOCK COFFEE IS THE PUREST and best for the Breakfast Table. ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC TEA CO., 111 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pr

GROCERIES

Wines, Liquors and 95 per cent. Alcohol, Fresh Groceries, Pure Spices, and Best Cigars in town. All at RINGWALT'S.

OVERCOATS!

Closing out at a great reduction our humanse ine of Novelties in Overcoatings. Fur Beavers, Seal Skin,

> Elysian, Montanak, Ratina and Chinchillas.

All the New and most Desirable Styles

STOCKANETTS.

IN NEW COLORS AND CHOICE STYLES Why not leave your order at once and secure an Elegant, Stylish, Well Made and Artistic Cut Garment as low as \$20.

A LARGE LINE OF CHOICE

English and Scotch Suitings, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

J.K. SMALING'S THE ARTIST TAILOR,

121 N. QUEEN STREET, 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,

HEAVY WEIGHT DOMESTIC

THIRTY DAYS.

H. GERHART,

No. 51 North Queen Street.

Special Announcement!

CLOTHING!

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

HEAVY WEIGHT CLOTHING,

Overcoats, Suits, &c.,

MEN, BOYS AND YOUTHS.

PANTS AND VESTS, BELOW COST.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

CARPETS.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE WILL BE

CARPET RAGS.

Carpets made to order at short notice and

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

LANCASTER, PA.

Call early to secure the best bargains.

Now is your time to secure bargains in

magined all these details-that you did sold during the Fall Season from \$30 to \$40. A Suit will be made up to order in the East Style from \$20 to \$30. not copy them somewhere?" "That is just what I want to say. This is purely a fancy sketch. I may have seen

somewhere at some time a court-yard similar to the one represented here; but the details are all imaginary." Suiting and Overcoating. "Christian Venius," said the judge, in

demn tone, "I counsel you to Reduced in the same proportion. All goods better for you in the end." warranted as represented.

The above reduction will for each only, and for the next Indignant at having my veracity called in question, I replied, with some spirit: "I have said, sir, that this is entirely a

"Do you mean to tell us that you

work of the imagination-of my imagination—and I repeat it." "Write down his answer," said Von Spreekdal to the clerk.

Again that ominous pen went scratching over the paper.
"And this woman," continued the at the mouth of this well-did you imagine this detail with the rest?"

"Certainly." "You have never witnessed such a scene ?" "Never !"

Von Spreekdal rose as though he was exasperated; then resuming his seat he seemed to consult his colleague. The mysterious whispering in front of me, the three men standing behind me,

the silence that reigned in the halleverything combined to make me shud-"What does all this mean? What am I accused of?" I asked myself. Suddenly Von Spreekdal said to my

guardians: "Reconduct your prisoner to the vehicle in which you brought him here. We will go to Metzer street." Then turning to me

"Christian Venius, you are in a perilous situation. You should remember that, if the law is inflexible, there still remains to

you the mercy of heaven, which you may merit by confessing your crime.' These words stunned me like a blow with a hammer. I threw up my arms and

fell back, crying out. "Ah! what a frightful dream!" ODDS AND ENDS OF CLOTHING IN COATS, The next moment I was unconscious,

having swooned. When I regained my senses, I was being driven slowly through one of the principal streets; another vehicle preceded us. The two servants of the law were still watching over me. One of them, on the way, offered a pinch of snuff to his confrere. 1 mechanically reached out my fingers toward the box; but he drew it away, as though he feared there was contamination

My cheeks reddened with shame and indignation, and I turned away to conceal my emotion. "If you don't look out," said the man

with the snuff box, "we'll have to put a pair of bracelets on you; do you hear?"
The wretch! I could have strangled him. Under the circumstances, however, I deemed it wiser to remain silent than to

make the attempt. In a few minutes the two carriages came to a stop. One of my guardians got out while the other held me by the collar till his comrade was ready to receive me, when he pushed me rudely toward him. These precautions to retain possession of my person angured nothing good; still I was far from imagining the exceeding

Call and satisfy yourself. Also, Ingrain, Rag gravity of the accusation that hung over and Chain Carpets in almost endless variety, at me, when an alarming circumstance opened my eyes and threw me into de-They had led me, or rather pushed me, into a low, narrow passageway, with an irregular, broken pavement. Along the side of the wall there was a pool of yellow-

ish water that exhaled a most disagreeable odor. The passage was quite dark. Beyond, it was evident there was a courtyard. As I advanced 1 felt myself more and more possessed with an indescribable terror. It was a feeling such as I had never

experienced before; there was something His owl-like impassibility gave way to an sort of nightmare. I hesitated at every tion, "Go on ! go on !" cried one of the ruf- in such good spirits!"

fians behind me, at the same time pushing me rudely forward.

saw at the end of the passage the court I had sketched the preceding night, with its | Schluessel. walls furnished with hooks, its piles of not a single detail had been omitted.

Near the wall stood the two judges, her back. Her long, white hair was

The spectacle she presented was indescrib- and trembling in every limb, cried out : ably horrible. Lancaster Entelligencer. "Well," said Von Spreckdal, in a tone of the utmost gravity, "what have you to

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 4, 1881. say, sir?"

> after having strangled her in order to rob Trabaus street." her of her money?" "I strangle this woman? I rob her of her money? Never! I never knew her, never saw her till now! Never, as Heaven

is my judge!" "That is sufficient," said he; and, with out adding a word, he left the yard with

cious hail, deserted as it was, with its two his confrere. My guardians now seemed to think high, grated windows, its image of the they were justified in putting handeuffs on me. They took me back to the Raspel- of straw, and rested my head on my knees, Savier r in old browned oak with his arms extended and is head inclined toward one hous. I was completely crushed; what quite exhausted. fear that harmonized with my situation, to think, I knew not ; even my conscience troubled me. I almost thought that I had murdered the old woman, but how, when? My brain was confused ; everything seemed

o dance before my eyes!
It was evident that the two policemen dready saw me on the road to the gal-

Before me, on an elevated seat, sat two I will not attempt to describe the agony of mind I suffered that night as I sat on men with their backs toward the windows which put their faces in the shade. I nevertheless recognized Von Spreekdal by his my bunch of straw, the bull's-eye window aquiline profile. The other was a stout before and above me and the gallows in round-faced man, with short, pudgy hands. perspective, and heard, from hour to hour, They were both in judicial robes.

Below them sat the clerk of the court,
Conrad. He was writing at a small table the watchman ery out: "One o'clock, and all is well! two o'clock, and all is well!" and so on the night through. and stroking his cheek with the feather-

Every one will be able to form some idea of such a night. It is not true that it is end of his pen. When I arrived, he leaned better to suffer innocently than being guilty. back in his chair, and seemed to study my For the soul, yes! but for the body, there s no difference. On the contrary, it curses I was shown to seat, when Von Spreekits lot, struggles and tries to escape, "Christian Venius, where did you get knowing that its role ends with the cord. Add to all this its regrets at not having sufficiently enjoyed life, and at having He held up my nocturnal sketch, then listened to the soul when it preached ab-

in his possession. It was passed to me. After looking at it a moment, I replied: "Ah! if I had only known," it cried, 'you would not have led me about by the There was a prolonged silence. The nose with your big words and fine phrases! clerk wrote down my answer. As I listened to his pen going over the paper, I thought: "What is the meaning of the You would not have allured me with your seductive promises. I would have had question they have just asked me? What many a happy hour, lost to me now forrelation has my sketch to the kick I gave ever. Be temperate, govern your passions : said you. I was temperate, I did govern You drew this sketch, you say?" said my passions. What have I gained by it? Von Spreckdal, "Very well. What is the They are going to hang me and you; afterward, you will be apostrophized as the sublime and stoical soul that fell a martyr "Nowhere in reality, but only in my to the errors of the law and its ministers. Of me, not a word will be said."

Such were the reflections of my poor body in my extremity. The day finally began to appear. At first, pale and undecided, it shed a vague glimmer on my bull's-eye window; then, little by little, the sun neared the horizon. Without, everything began to be astir; it chanced to be market-day, Friday. I could hear the earts pass, loaded with market opposite; then came the arrang-

ing of the benches. Finally, it was broad day, and going and coming and murmur of voices told me that the crowd without must be quite large.

With the light, my courage in some measure returned. Some of my gloomy forebodings disappeared, and something judge-"this woman who is being killed akin to hope usurped their place. I felt a desire to look out. Other prisoners before me had managed

to get up to the bull's eye; they had dug holes in the wall in order to accomplish the task more easily, or, rather, to make it possible. I climbed up in my turn, and, when I was seated most uncomfortably on the edge of the oval around the window and could look out at the crowd, the life, the movement, abundant tears ran down my cheeks.

I thought no loager of putting an end to my earthly existence; I felt a desire to live and to get back into the besy world "Ah !" said I to myself, "to live is to be

happy! Let them harness me to a wheel-barrow, or attach a ball and chain to my leg-let them do no matter what to me, so that they only let me live!" The old market, with its pointed roof supported by heavy pillars, offered a most interesting spectacle. Old women seated beside their piles of vegetables, their coops of poultry, and their basket of eggs; behind them were ranged the dealers in old clothes, Jews with complexions resembling the color of old boxwood; then

there were the butchers, with their bare arms, cutting and sawing their meats; countrymen, with their broad-brimmed felt hats pushed back on their heads, calm and grave, their hands, behind their backs resting on their evergreen sticks, and tranquilly smoking their pipes. Add to all this the noise and turnoil of the crowd, the various tones of the voices, and the expressive gestures, which convey to the distant observer the nature of the discussion, and so perfectly reflect the character of the speaker. In short the scene faseinated me, and, despite my unenviable po-sition, I felt happy in the thought that I

While I was thus occupied looking out of my window, a man, a butcher, passed. He was bent forward, and carried a large quarter of beef on his shoulders; his arms were bare, and extended above his head. His hair was long, like that of the Sicambrian of Salvator, and so fell about his face that I could not distinguish his features; and yet, at the first glance, I involuntarily shuddered.
"It is he!" I exclaimed aloud.

All the blood in my body seemed suddenly to have taken leave of me; there was apparent none in my face or extremities. I hastened down from the window with all possible expedition, feeling chilled to the very ends of my fingers.

'It is he! he is there!' I stammered

"and I, I am here to explate his crime. Great Heaven! what shall I do? what shall

An idea, an inspiration from heaven, flashed upon my mind. I reached for my crayon, which I providentially chanced to have in my coat-pocket. Then I mounted to my seat again, and set to work to sketch the scene of the murder, with a nerve that seemed to me truly superhuman. There was no more uncertainty : every stroke of the pencil told. I had my man; I saw him; he was there before me.

At ten o'clock the jailer entered my cell. supernatural about it; it seemed to me a exhibition of something akin to admira-"Is it impossible?" said be. "Up, and

"Go, bring me my judges," said I, in a triumphant tone, as I gave the last touches But what was my amazement when I to my sketch; "I wish to see them here." aw at the end of the passage the court I "They are waiting for you," said

"Waiting for me! Let them come here; A Large Lot of FRUIT, ORANGES, LEM ONS, &c. New Large on the wall, stood out on the white back-I was overwhelmed by this strange revelation.

I on the wall, stood out on the white background with a life-like vigor that was startling.

I on the wall, stood out on the white background with a life-like vigor that was startling.

"There is your assassin!"

Von Spreckdal after a moment's silence asked:

"His name?" I made no response.

"Do you confess to having thrown this woman Theresa Becker, into this well,"

"I have no idea, but he, at this moment, is in the market; he is cutting up meat in the third stall to the left as you enter from

"What do you think?" he asked his colleague. "Let the man be sent for," said Richter,

gravely. The order was obeyed by some officers who had remained without the cell. The judges remained standing, to examine the sketch more minutely. Von Spreckdal, especially, seemed to take the deepest in-

It was not long before we heard ap-proaching steps in the arch way. Those who have never awaited an hour of deliver

ance and counted the minutes, which then seem of interminable length; those who have never experienced the harrowing emotions of doubt, hope, terror and despair—such as they can have no conception of my feelings at this moment. I should have distinguished the step of the mur-derer, though surrounded by a thousand others. They approached. The judges themselves could not conceal a certain

nervous agitation. I looked up, and fixed my eyes upon the door. It opened, and the man entered. His face was flushed, and his jaws were convulsively pressed together, while his little, gray, restless eyes looked wildly about from under his heavy,

reddish brows.

Von Spreckdal ilently pointed to the

This brawny man had looked at it but for a moment, when the color left his cheeks, and, uttering a crythat sent a thrill of horror through us all, he extended his strong arms, as though he would sweep aside every obstacle that hindered his escape, and sprang toward the door.
A terrible struggle in the corridor ensued; you could hear nothing but the heavy breathing of the butcher, his mutered imprecations, an occasional cry of the guards, and the shuffling of their feet on the flagstones.

It was brief, however; for scarcely more than a minute had elapsed when the assassin re-entered, his chin on his chest, his eyes bloodshot, and his hands secured behind his back. He looked up again at the sketch, seemed to reflect for a moment, and then, like one thinking aloud, he mut tered:

"Who could have seen me?-at midnight !" I was saved.

Many years have passed since this ferri ble adventure. Thank Heaven! I make vegetables, and sometimes eatch a few portraits of burgomasters. By hard work words of the rusties who were driving and perseverance I have conquered a place, them. I could hear them opening the and I earn my living honorably by producing works of art-the only object, in my opinion, a veritable artist should ever have in view. But every circumstance connected with the nocturnal sketch has always remained fresh in my memory. ometimes, in the midst of my work, my thoughts wander back to the days I spent in Rap's garret-to the deprivations and humiliations I experienced there. Then I lay down my palette and dream—dream

often for hours.

But how a crime, committed by a man l had never known, at a place I had never seen, could be pictured by my pencil even to the most unimportant details, is something I have never been able to compre-

Was it accident? No! And, then, what is accident? Is it anything else than an effect produced by a cause of which we are ignorant?

May not Schiller be right when he says The soul is not affected by the decay of matter: when the body sleeps, it spreads its radiant wings and goes Heavens knows where. What it then does, no one can know; but inspiration sometimes betrays the secret of its necturnal wanderings." Who knows? Nature is more audacious

in her realities than man's imagination in its loftiest flights! If some enterprising fellow would now corner the market on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup he could make his fortune; for there are thou-sands who would rather pay double the retail price than be without this valuable remedy.

2nd Edition of Job. Ars. Ogden, N. Division street, Buffalo, says: I cannot be too thankful that I was induced to try your Spring Blossom. I was at one time atraid I should never get out again. I seemed to be a second edition of Job without his paticnee; my face and bedy were one vast collection of Boils and Pimples: since taking one bottle of your Spring Blossom I am quite eured, all cruptions have disappeared and I feel better than I have in a long time. Price, 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents.

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LANCASTER FANCY

Von Spreckdal and Richter. At their strate or to make any observations, disapfeet the old woman lay stretched out on peared. was deep purple, her eyes were half open, speechless with amazement. PHILIP SCHUM, SON & CO and her tongue protruded from her mouth.

old rubbish, its chicken coop and its rab- I must see them here!" I cried, as I gave bit cage! Not a window, large or small, the last strokes to the mysterious personhigh or low, not a broken pane, in short, age He lived. His figure, foreshortened

startling.

The jailer, without waiting to remon-In a few minutes he returned, accom-

Nos. 50 AND 52 WEST KING STREET.

spread out over the pavement, her face was deep purple, her eyes were half open, speechless with amazement.

In a few minutes he returned, accombanied by the two judges. They seemed write w. T. SOULE & CO., Commission Mer But I, pointing to my sketch on the wall