The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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CLOTHING.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AL. ROSENSTEIN,

THE LEADER OF FASHIONS,

WILL REMOVE

—ON—

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—TO—

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I will have a

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Quality and Weight guaranteed. Orders respectfully solicited.

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TO INVENTORS.

W. H. BABCOCK,

Attorney-at-Law, of Washington, D. C., formerly an examiner in U. S. Patent Office, offers his services as solicitor before the U. S. and Foreign Patent Offices. Careful work at fair prices. Was associate of Mr. Jacob Stauffer, of Lancaster, until the latter's death. f10-8md&w*

Lancaster Intelligencer.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, 1881

The Twin Bracelets.

"I will not threaten, you, Hilton! Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and my respect, but this money will be yours."

The quick, indignant flush on Hilton Graeme's face, the sudden erectness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words. Truly, with his frank brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed, but it was easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections. When he spoke, his voice was low and his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest, noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you would love her."

"Yes—yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she has told me herself, that her mother died of poverty; after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began giving her work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home, and after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, and adopted her."

"What was her name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of disgust. "Well, marry her if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here; and with a sudden fierceness, he added: "I want no woman here to remind me of the past I had hoped forgotten."

Never, in all his recollection of his grave, quiet uncle, had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. "I will tell you what never before passed my lips to another living being. I have a wife somewhere and a child, it may be." Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It's all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father: Twenty years ago, when I was past 40 years old, I fell in love. Fell in love, for I was nearly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her three times, I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at 40. I had traveled extensively, had been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer and commanding large wealth. Myra was 25, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful.

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only love and devotion in the love-light of her large blue eyes, the varying color on he cheek. We were married, traveled two years on the continent and then returned here to this house and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home and what love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna. We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling, all in all to each otner, there was sleeping in my heart a demon who stirred to life when we returned. Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was an idiot—a mad, jealous idiot—for I stung a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiant of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as a hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any man a pleasant smile or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, after sullen and defiant. Finally she left me."

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note on the table, telling me that Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarreling and reproach. She had taken her child and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to her relatives?"

"She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain; I never found wife or child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I cannot tell. I remained here for five years and then, as you know, went to see my only sister, dying of consumption."

"And to become my second father."

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heart-broken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life's history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, traveled with you, made you my one interest in life. You filled an empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby daughter whose childhood is a closed, sealed book to me."

"But, Uncle George, can nothing be done now?"

"We have been in London three years and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy. It is hopeless now. If in the future you ever know of my wife and child I trust them to your care and generasity."

It seems as if in the excitement of his recital Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it. He arose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp and locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had the bracelet made out of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this, which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes, you see how beautiful she was?"

"I see more than that," said Hilton, "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour, to see if——"

"If what?"

"Only one hour—I will be back then."

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement.

But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock until the hour should be over. He walked up and down, tried to read; he lived over again that past, whose remorseful memory had been so vividly recalled. With Myra's picture before him, he thought over again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable, as became my years and my position!" he asked himself bitterly. "Why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society and respected all its requirements? I lived an idle life—Myra the one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here."

But before the hour was over Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing room to the library, where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this!" Hilton answered gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate to the bracelet on the table.

The same braid of sunny-brown hair, with here and there some raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering too—George and Myra twined together with fantastic scroll and twists. For several minutes there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked: "Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but in Heaven she has surely forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! Do you know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket c Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet rescued from poverty, and adopted for her own, is my cousin and your daughter?"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith is the name that her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity and Ada is the name of Mrs. Willet's only child who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton with almost a sob in his voice.

And as he spoke the door which Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter? It must be, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lived in perpetual youth. My child, I wronged your mother, but have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said:

"My dear father!"

That was all, but as George Hilton folded his child in his arms he knew he was forgiven, and for him at least there might be happiness in making others happy. Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her own loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife and after all they would still be neighbors. But she would not give up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

Editors and Reporters.

One of the Veterans Tells the Children Some Facts About Them.

M. Halstead's "Tales for Little Folks."

A few days ago I promised to tell you something more about reporters. You have learned already what easy times they have; but often those who have the best chances in the world do not seem to appreciate this fact, and sometimes a reporter gets this way and thinks his salary ought to be raised. So he speaks to the editor about it. Editors are very liberal men.

Many of them do not think any more of a dollar than some men do of their lives, but they know that if the reporters were paid too much they would save their money and buy the paper, and then the editors would have to be like the Chinese—they would have to go. So in self protection they have to keep the salaries of the reporters at $5,000 or $6,000 a year. They hate to do this, but self-preservation is the first law of editors as well as of nature. Many editors preserve themselves so well that the reporters never buy them out.

But editors are kind-hearted. Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, once heard that a horse which had been very fast, but which everybody thought played out, was going to be sold at auction by his master. So he sent around and bought the poor horse for $4,000. The next summer he put him in a big race, "just for fun," everybody said. There were a great many noted horses in this race and men bet large sums of money on them, Mr. Dana's horse only bringing $1 in $50 pools. But he won the race and all the money that was bet. This is called "paralyzing the pool box." So you see that the fairies are kind to those who do good.

Some good stories are told about reporters. Once a young man who had graduated at Harvard college, and was a splendid scholar in baseball and rowing, came to a large Western city and hired out to be a reporter. The next day the editor sent him to an inquest. He came back to the office at night with enough manuscript to make a book.

The editor gave this to an experienced reporter and said "Cut that down to a stickful." After a while he went over to where the experienced reporter was sitting and said: "How did that new duck get along with the inquest?" "Oh," said the experienced reporter, "he got everything except the verdict." And then the other reporters that were sitting around laughed heartily, but the editor only let drop a few words of tropical warmth and discharged the new reporter—who was very much surprised to see that the paper continued to come out regularly after he had left it to its fate.

New reporters always tell everybody that they are "journalists," but the old ones call them deckhands. New reporters always think they know everything, and in some offices it is customary to put a dish of salt on a new reporter's desk. The salt is sometimes sent through the mails. This is a delicate way of telling him he is too fresh. Reporters never like to hurt anybody's feelings. Once an editor in Cincinnati hired a reporter in Chicago to do some work for his paper. After awhile the reporter forgot to send anything about an important matter, which made the editor very angry. So he sent a dispatch to the reporter, saying: "You are discharged. Why did you get left on that murder? Answer." When the reporter read this he laughed to himself and said: "I wonder if that old plum thinks he can get the best of me." So he wrote all about the matter, and closed by saying he had been discharged because he disliked to be connected with a paper that allowed itself to get scooped. It took 1,850 words to say this, and, as it was sent by telegraph, the Cincinnati editor had a pretty big bill to pay. But it taught him never to ask for explanations by telegraph again, and that Chicago reporters were pretty liable to keep up with the procession.

REMARKABLE PRECOCITY.

Music in a Child Under Six Years of Age. New York Times.

A rather remarkable phenomenon in the way of youthful precocity is developed in the person of Frank Morris Witmark, the little son of Marcus Witmark, of No. 402 West 4th street. Frank will be six years of age on the 8th of July next. He is a bright little fellow, with large, twinkling eyes, a rather dark complexion and black hair. He is fond of asking questions, and seems possessed of a wonderful power of comprehension and a most remarkable memory. He had been to school only three days of his life, and has not even mastered the alphabet. He comes of a musical family, but no attempt has ever been made to teach him a note of music. Notwithstanding this fact, the little fellow will give the names of upward of 300 pieces of music, after having once seen them, upon being shown a page of the notes. He stands by the side of his 11-year-old brother as the brother plays the piano, and turns the music for him when the botton of the page is reached as correctly as a professor of music. A *Times* reporter visited the residence of Mr. Witmark last evening and witnessed the child's performances. Taking a piece of music from the middle of a large pile on the piano, the reporter opened it in the centre, turning the pages back so that the child could not possibly see the illuminated cover and thus gain a clue to the title by this means. A page of the music was then shown to Frank, who, after simply glancing at the notes, piped out in his boyise voice, "Boccaccio March." His answer was correct, and he was equally correct in telling the names of about fifty other pieces which were presented to him in the very same manner. They included all kinds of music, from operatic selections to sentimental ballads and comic songs. The rapidity with which he made his answers was astonishing. "Now, turn some of the music upside down," said the father, "you will find that he will recognize it as quickly as he has these." Selecting the "Blue Danube Waltz" the reporter presented a page of the notes in an inverted position to the boy, and his eye scarcely rested on them before he told the title of the piece. This experiment was repeated with about twenty selections, and in every case the answer was rapid and correct. It is very doubtful if any professor of music could recognize a selection without running over a few bars of the music, but this five-year-old boy, who knows nothing of the art, and cannot tell one note from another, recognizes the notes belonging to any piece that he has once seen or heard played instantaneously. Although many persons have visited him since his power became known, nobody has as yet attempted satisfactorily to explain this intuitive knowledge.

When these experiments were concluded Frank's brother, Isidore, himself only 11 years of age, but a very good musician, took his seat at the piano and played a selection from "Il Trovatore." Frank stood behind him and turned the music whenever the end of a page was reached or rather he indicated the time to turn, for his little hand could only just reach the bottom of the sheet when he stood on tip-toe. He did not fail once to indicate the proper time for turning the page, and this experiment was successfully repeated with half a dozen selections. In some of the pieces Isidore played false notes occasionally, and Frank's acute ear invariably detected them, a fact which he made known by twisting nervously around to his father and muttering: "False." After having shown what his son could do, Mr. Witmark turned his attention to giving the reporter a short history of Frank, of whom he is naturally proud, and whom he looks upon as destined to prove the greatest musical genius in the world. While his father was talking about him the little fellow sat in a high arm-chair kicking his feet, but listening intently to every word and wearing a pleasant expression on his tiny face. "It was about six months ago, said Mr. Witmark, "that we discovered this singular faculty in Franky. Isidore was arranging some of the music in his book and Frank was watching him from a high chair in which he stood. As Isidore turned the pages Frank would point to them and name the pieces. Isidore told me of this, and I determined to test my little boy. I took some of the music, and, showing him only the notes, he told me the name of piece after piece in the twinkling of an eye. I was astonished, and when I told some of my friends they would not believe me. I invited them to come and see for themselves, and since then we have had company nearly every night to see Frank and wonder at his powers. It is only a few days ago that we discovered that he could turn the music for his brother. A week ago Monday I sent him to school for the first time, and on that day I took the advice of many of my friends and went to see S. R. Well & Co., the phrenologists, about him. They asked me to bring him to the store and on the following day I did so. Mr. Sizer, the phrenologist of the establishment, examined the boy's head and told me he had a wonderful faculty for music. 'In him,' he said 'you have combined the genius of Auber, Liszt, Mozart and Meyerbeer.' Mr. Sizer gave me several directions about his diet, and I came home determined not to let him go to school again for a few years at least. Yesterday we had his photograph taken for Mr. Sizer. If the boy lives—and there never was a healthier child than he is now—I shall educate him strictly with a view to his musical abilities."

Everything has a cause. Tickling in the throat, husking of voice violent coughing, etc., are the effects of a severe cold. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures the cold at once, and removes its serious effect.

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