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WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, MARKET AND SIXTH,

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THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

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THE LEADER OF FASHIONS.

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ANY STYLE YOU DESIRE. FOR \$15.

A Choice from 150 Different Patterns, which he guarantees pure all wool. The Best Trimmings will be used, and a perfect fit always given.

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Will remove to No. 87 North Queen Street on MAY 1.

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IRON BITTERS!

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IBON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and effi

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, INTERMITTENT FEVERS, WANT OF APPE-

TITE, LOSS OF STRENGTH, LACK OF ENERGY, &c. It enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. It acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as Tasting the Food, Beiching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book, 32 pp. of useful and amusing reading—sent free.

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Lancaster Intelligencer.

WEDNESDAY EVEN'G, APRIL 20, 1881.

FROM STEP TO STEP; Or, The Mysterious Letter.

From the German of Ernst Fritze.

Translated Especially for the INTELLIGENCER

Our story takes us back to the times, when steam had not yet been applied as a motive and working power; when the railroad of foreign lands was looked upon with wonder and ridicule; when people related derisively that the Frenchman Daguerre boasted of being able to portray the human countenance with a pencil of

About that period there lived in a large and populous city, that we shall call Non-nenburg, a certain grain dealer, Otto Marklin by name, who had risen from the humble condition of hostler to that of an opulent and highly respected merchant, thus affording an additional proof that nothing under heaven is impossible to industry and a determined will. Herr Otto Marklin's dwelling stood near a small church court, not far from the Martinsgate. It was not exactly elegant nor of very great dimensions, yet stately enough to rank among the better sort of houses, at that time by no means numerous in the

good city of Nonnenburg.

The front of this building faced the church, the side looked upon a short, narrow street, cut off from the premises by a broad gateway. The large roomy, gran-aries, barns and stabling that surrounded the spacious grounds, afforded unmistak-able evidence that the business of Herr you?" Otto Marklin was in as prosperous a condition as could be wished, and the brandnew, gold-lettered sign of the tirm, displayed over the right window of the front informed every passer-by that the son of Herr Otto Marklin had lately been taken

into partnership by his father. From this glittering sign of the new firm "Otto Marklin & Co." the last glowing beams of the setting sun were flashing back, as from a mirror, when a young horseman, in furious gallop, rode through the Martinsgate, spreading coufusion and dismay among the children that were at play in the court. The rider, a fair-haired youth, plunged recklessly forward, and in pure wantonness rode over a little boy, who, in his haste to escape the threatened danger, had fallen directly in the middle of the road. fallen directly in the middle of the road.

With a heartless laugh, he called out to the poor little fellow, "Get up, youngster,

the house with the glittering new sign and dismounted at the door. The injured but I wanted the power of making reparachild had set up a terrible screaming, all tion for what you have suffered through the mothers in the neighborhood came my fault. Now, the man to whom I sold rushing from their doors to see whether their children were safe. The bystanders loudly abused the rider, threatening him with personal violence; but what cared young Felix Marklin for all that; he, who respected nothing on earth. Throwing the reins to a stable boy, who was hurrying forward, he passed under the deep arch of the door which was just then thrown open

A stout little woman appeared at the entrance, with displeasure in her goodnatured face, and indignation flashing from her rolling dark eyes. She placed her left hand upon her side, and stretched out the right, armed with a large kitchen knife,

towards the young man. "What mischief have you been doing again, Herr Felix?" she said, reprovingly.
"None, Madame Spalding," returned Feliu with a well-contented laugh. "Do you not see—the dead child is screaming fearfully, and the wounded are running home. What business have the imps to play about the street? the thing will not always pass off so well—not every rider is as skillful as I am, and not every horse as well taught as | is dying. my Fox. If the little clown that rolled over should come here, give him a piece of

"So ?-iust as if I were here only to make up for the harm you have done," angrily re-plied Madame Spalding, who for eight years had played the part of housewife in the Marklin family. "Your feats of horse manship have a purpose, you wish to play the aristocrat, the gentleman on horseback, but your attempts will not be successful, they will only remind people of your father's earlier position in life." Herr Felix Marklin laughed aloud, "Keep away from me with your rabid wisdom, Madame! My soul knows nothing of such noble passions. My 'Open Sesame' is gold—gold—gold in abundance. Let me

have money to pay for my pleasures; let me have money enough to live luxuriously -that confers respectability-that raises the plebeian above the noble Is it not so, dear Madame ?" Madame turned with head proudly erect

and left her station at the door. She un derstood the taunt conveyed by her young master. Her own family had become bankrupt by indulging in pleasures and luxurios beyond their means, therefore she found herself obliged to serve the uncultivated upetart Marklin as housekeeper. Felix looked at her with a triumphant

smile. "Has my father come home?" he asked, going toward the counting room, "Yes," replied Madame shortly, "he waits for you at the tea-table." Felix hastily entered the count-ing room, and flew round with

noisy activity, here shutting up a large book, locking a closet there, glancing swiftly over the place to see that all was in proper order. Thus occupied, he chanced to notice a letter, just brought from the postoffice by the errand boy. He took it up, and tripping from the count-ing room with all the airs of a fine gentleman, passed into the opposite departments in one of which the daily meals were taken. As he stepped into passage letween them, the golden light of the evening sun, falling through the still open door of the house upon his crisp curls, formed a sort of glory about his head. The young fellow ap-peared quite handsome in his luminous haze. The modern elegance of his dress, set off his figure to advantage, giving him that air of distinction, which it is the aim of fashion to bestow. Herr Felix Marklin was, in the full sense of the word, a fool of the period. He affected to be weary of Europe, kept his saddle-horse, strutted about the live-long day, booted spurred,

a few weeks ago, he had already discovered that he had in no way come nearer to the goal of his desires, and that he had essentially overrated the advantages of his position. Instead of allowing him to dispose freely of the income, his father gave him control of only certain branches of the business, with judicious directions how to earn his own share of the receipts. expenses." Not a very enviable partnership in the

drawn, he was thrown upon his own resources, and compelled to depend upon his speculative skill to obtain the larger sums that had now become necessary to him. This unfavorable change of circumstances of the money you wanted? You are a like advantage of the tenderness of a father's heart to supply yourself with money."

take advantage of the tenderness of a father's heart to supply yourself with money."

"Pah, pah, Madame! he who does not life in the lively desire of the money you wanted? You are a live as he can is a fool!"

"So ! But he who would more than he without constraints." seemed to him extremely inconvenient, and to offer but little comfort in the fu-

With hasty steps, Felix entered the room where his father awaited him. They greeted each other in silence, by a nod, expressive neither of pleasure, nor affection. With the same quiet indifference Felix held towards his father the letter he had brought from the counting-room. Herr Otto Marklin was the perfect image of his son Felix, only that he dressed less in the fashion, wore no spurs to his boots, and instead of the frivolous smirk of the latter, bore upon his features an expression of grave content. He took the letter from his son's hand, with a questioning glance, as he passed his fingers, in per-plexity, through the locks of whitening

"Confidential' is written upon the envelope," said Felix, "I concluded from this that it must relate to circumstances of a private nature, and have not, there-

old gentleman, curtly, giving him the letter back. "Read, and tell me what is wanted of me. 'Confidential' evidently means nothing more than some impudent

mermaid. He drew the letter somewhat more quickly from the envelope, when he noticed that it was written upon rosecolored paper. "From a lady papa!" he cried, archly; "written in a very fine and small hand. Shall I read the letter to

"Nonsense! Read it. What should cause a lady to write to me? Does she want to borrow money to pay her son's debts. These aristocratic mothers are sometimes so foolish as to sacrifice themselves for their sons. She will find no pity with me. But, let us hear what she has written."

"This appears to me to be a curious letter, papa!" cried Felix, in a tone of great astonishment, when he had rapidly glanced over the contents. Tell me, first of all, whether you were ever acquainted with a certain Alexandrine von Haidek-Bonhausen, born von Erxle-

curling locks of his gray head, with a gest-

and conscience urges me to discharge my debt toward you. I cannot die, although in the same house, to which I have made you a stranger. The rustling of the lin-dens and their balmy fragrance remind me of the day when you left this house never again to enter it; with a curse upon your lips and an oath that betrayed your contempt for me. These, truly, are wretched memories, but I willingly humble myself and entreat you, for your own and your son's sake, to hasten to one who

SEN (nee VON ERXLEBEN)." the rose-colored billet away, and do not stare at it so earnestly, as if you

probably destroyed the letter, and thus rendered it harmless. Felix swiftly drew back his hand, and concealed the paper in his breast pocket. He had thoughtfully re-read certain phrases of the letter, and it had appeared to him worth making the attempt to learn what the writer really meant "to make good" what debt "she wished to discharge," and in what manner she would assure "the earthly well-being"

of his father. Since he had himself been spoken of "as a hopeful son of his father" he believed himself to have a certain claim to the letter and therefore took possession of it. His defiant and frivolous deportment announcedthe conception of a plau, which he had no intention of previously putting into words. The old gentleman, however, rendered this intention futile.

"You look as if you wished to make a journey to the Residence, Felix," he remarked, in a mocking voice.

Felix returned no answer. "Only go," continued his father,
Only go, go in the name of heaven if you have money. Aha! that is wanting to you, is it? I am sorry, my boy. If you had a talent for business, you would have your pockets full of money; but it suits you better to spend than to

with his knife upon the plate standing before him. The lectures of his worthy father, in regard to "partners," began

and withal, was always in want of money.

Although declared partner with father but date from the receipt of this confused letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter, my dear son, it is a long cherished and letter lett passionate wish, and I fear that you invented the letter, in order, by this may vented the letter, in order, by this may recurred the stout little woman. "Why not neuvre, to gain funds for the journey. It indeed! for the sake of pleasure in order their whole appearance, here visibly the their whole appearance. would not be the first time that you have to squander directly, what you have just their whole appearance, bore visibly the sought to carry out your will by similar earned." experiments. Confess that this crazy letter is the product of your fancy, and I will reach far with that." be ready and willing to bear your traveling

of the money you wanted? You are a master in swindling speculations! Take care, Felix! you do not steal—you do not cheat—no; but you have been very near doing both Remember the proverb. 'Give the devil a finger, and he will soon take the whole hand. If you wish to go to the Residence by way of experiment, I have nothing to say against it and am

ity I greatly doubt." "That I promise, papa," replied Herr Felix, perfectly satisfied with this declaration, since it fulfilled a long cherished wish, and at the same time gave him on opportunity of putting to the proof the mysterious allusions of this enigmatical

to the aristocratic letter-writer, whose san-

"But one thing I must stipulate.
Madame Spalding is not to learn anything about the letter. "You believe she will laugh at our redulity?"

Felix nodded in reply.
"I am satisfied; she needs not, in any case, know all that passes in the house, and will, like me, find your journey to the metropolis quite a natural event.' "With these last words the door was flung open, and immediately after Madame Spalding stood in the room, followed by a servant who carried a dish of steaming carp with Polish sauce. She had evident-ly heard Herr Otto Marklin's last words, or her quick eye glanced from one to the other, and thus she also observed that Felix had placed a rose-colored paper into his portfolio, and thrust the same quickly

under his coat. The supper began, The two, with praiseworthy zeal, disposed of the viands furnished by Madame Spalding's skill in cookery, but did not consider it worth the trouble to acquaint her with the plans of Herr Felix, which, however, had been betrayed to her by the words "and will, like me, find your journey to the metropolis quite a natural event." That aroused suspicion and anger in her breast. She at once discovered the en-velope that lay beside the plate of Herr Otto. Quick as thought she flung over it the napkin she was holding in her band in order to secure its possession. Something lies behind this, was her thought. Long as she had been in the house she had never before known of a letter being read and discussed in the living rooms. Whence did this one come? She would know! · With an expertness that presupposed constant practice, she took up the napkin after a while, and with it, naturally, the envelope, which she secretly

slipped into the pocket of her gown. Neither of the two gentlemen noticed this when the meal was finished, with some trifling excuse, left the room and hastened to her own apartment on the second floor in the place remained a secret to him until that the might examine the envelope at the moment when the mysterious letter leisure. But, unfortunately, she discovered nothing more of the mystery than that the address was in the handwriting of a lady: 'His Honor Herr O. Marklin, Nonnenburg-Confidential," was the result of her study. Shaking her head she set herself to discipler the post-stamp. "Aha!" she murmured, triumphantly, with her arms akimbo, "Aha!—here is the rub!' A letter comes from the Residence, and Herr Fehx suddenly finds it necessary to go there secretly. Wherefore ?-on business? for pleasure? Pah !- the address is written in a woman's hand. Might it perhaps

the world for me to have a young mistress in the house. She suddenly broke off her soliloquy and listened. A clear, sharp voice was calling up from below. "Madame Spalding!" cried Felix, still louder than at first. The woman drew up her brows, took the envelope, thrust it into a Bible lying upon the bureau, and placed this Bible hurridly between some books that stood on a small but elegant book-shelf; then she opened the door and asked Herr

be a project of marriage! Look out! It

would not be the most agreeable thing in

Felix what he wanted. "Have you not seen an envelope that was lying on the table near my father's plate?" asked Felix, in a hasty tone. Frau Spalding was undecided for a moment—she delayed her answer while she drew a long breath. "No, Herr Felix,"

was then her confident, reply. "But I will come directly and help in the search for the envelope, if it is of any importance." She stepped tranquilly down the staircase to the landing. Here she stopped, grasping the balustrade for support. A convulsive trembling in her limbs hindered her from going farther for some secdered her from going farther for some sec-onds. Had she but followed the promptings of conscience, and given up the en-velope even now! "What is there about the envelope that you are so eager to find it?" she asked, quickly recovering her self-command, and finishing her descent, to

"Nothing at all," grumbled the young man, vexed by the useless search; "I only wished to convince myself again that the address was really to Herr O.
Marklin." "Papa has just given me the
idea that there might be another Herr Marklin in Nonnenburg."
"O, yes; that is so," interrupted Mad-

ame, smilingly, for she considered this declaration as a mere evasion. "The other Marklin is, however, Recorder, and has for years borne the title of 'Hofrath.'"

"Then the letter is not directed to him. Those who sent it would not have omitted his title, and I remember distinctly that the address reads, 'Hon. Herr O. Mark-lin;' the letter is for my father." "The contents must show you that,

said Frau Spalding, watching him closely " Pah! even the contents show noth ing-nothing at all," was the young man's reply. "Does it then relate to some business matter," inquired madame, as she opened

the basket in which the silver used at table was kept for safety.
"Why—yes; an old debt," said Felix
with a significant smile. Madame breathed more lightly, and shook out the table-cloth, together with the napkins. "From what place did the

letter come? By whom was it written?"

But she asked in vain. Felix was convinced that she knew nothy father, in regard to "partners," began to vex him.

But the old gentleman went on without noticing his anger. "Your desire to travel to the Residence does not date from the receipt of this confused let.

Felix burst out laughing. "I shall not "So much the worse if you allow yourexpenses."

Felix still remained silent and drummed louder than before. A would very much like to. know how you

"So! But he who spends more than he

have nothing to say against it, and am willing to allow you funds for the journey. on condition that you give me a true and faithful account of the result of your visit government shall soon find an end—soon very soon, and a fearful one truly!"

Frau Spalding, in some astonishment, had retreated several steps; she had never yet seen the young man so violent. "Why you really frighten me with your wrath," she retorted, with a scornful toss of the head; "really this new experience gives me the idea that you might succeed in in-timidating me. May it not be possible that great qualities slumber in you, of whose existence I have hitherto been ignorant? Indeed, I never believed that

Only go on, Herr Felix, surprise me with your spirit and energy. I declare myself ready to bestow unqualified respect and esteem upon you."

door : there stood the servant maid and the house-boy, their eyes and ears wide open to the unexpected quarrel; they drewlback, however, with great respect and vanished instantly upon seeing themselves detected by Frau Spalding. Notwithstanding their hasty retreat, they had still time enough to notice that Herr Felix had nenacingly elenched his fist, and followed MadameSpalding with eyes sparkling with anger, as she ascended the steps. The idea was impressed upon the minds of these two also, with lightning swiftness, that in certain cases the young gentleman might become far more excited than one would have supposed from his usual trifling and indifferent mien. Felix soon after left the house, but simply with the intention of obtaining intelligence of the

The name was unusual enough to warrant the idea of common descent. His father had always decidedly repelled the idea of any relationship when he had occasionally been asked about the matter by his acquaintances, and, until now, he had never thought it worth the trouble to mention in his household the existence of another family Marklin in the town. Nonnenburg was large and populous. Herr Otto Marklin lived retired and quietly and only for his business. His son Felix had at long intervals been absence of the reconnoctre the little house on walloon avenue once again by daylight before setting out on his journey to the Residence. He returned disenting the long to the passed by the house of Hofrath Marklin, glancing each time furtively into the open windows of the parlor. What a petty, miserable household! Everything progate! son Felix had at long intervals been absent from his native town, and the circle of his acquaintance was limited to comartful jugglery of the worthy woman, who, in the habit of intercourse with officials of higher or lower rank. Consequently, the fact that he might not be the only Marklin had excited his curiosity. When, how ever, he had learned this, a secret fear took possession of him that the other family Marklin might be better fitted to claim relationship with a noble lady, and he determined to make careful inquiry before taking any steps in this doubtful matter that might lead to important results.

He had learned through the directory that the Hofrath Marklin lived in the op posite part of the town and in a remote and little-known street. Felix had scarcely heard of "Walloon avenue," yet in the fading twilight of a beautiful summer's day he steered his course toward the quarter in which he supposed it to be lo-cated. To his astonishment he found a rather short but wide avenue, bordered on both sides by handsome houses, uniting

two broader streets. The houses themselves were neat and rural in their exterior ; they were to all appearance inhabited by people who vished to keep at a distance from the whirl of fashionable society and from the

turmoil of business life in the town. bright light shone through the mirror-like windows, that were adorned with white curtains. A glance at the number over the door satisfied Felix that this must be the residence of Hofrath Marklin, and his heart grew heavy with doubt. Might not the letter, that a provoking chance had thrown into his hands, have been intended for the dweller in this retired street? The young man earnestly revolved this question in his thoughts, for the aristo cratic quiet and seclusion that, like a foreign atmosphere, pervaded the whole place, situated as it was in the midst of a surging population, agreed perfectly well with the fanciful romance of this inex-plicable letter from the Residence. Governed by the impression to which he yield-ed, without any will of his own, he leaned against the area railing of an opposite house and listened dreamily to the music. But this soon ceased, after a quicker measure and a cadence of full piano chords, accompanied by the tones of a violin, played in a brilliant, artistic style. Within the house all was now in motion. Lights flashed through other apartments dark until now, loud voices were heard in the hall and the front door was suddenly opened.

opened. A slender girlish figure appeared in the illumined space, with a little girl at each side, and the group appeared in haste to

leave the house. Behind them in the same halo of light stood a second form who belonged without dispute to those youthful beings, that still look joyously out upon life, and have faith in a golden future. The dimples in her rosy cheeks, the broad smooth forehead, and the bright laughing eyes, bore witness to her serene and cheerful disposition. Her voice accorded well with this inward beauty, as she called out in clear, ringing, and cordial tones "Good night!"
—"Good night!" adding, "do not be
anxious, Clotilde, you will not be too late" Fraulein Clotikle, merely replied "Good night, Elsie" and hurried past Felix, who still stood upon the watch. A light mockstill stood upon the watch. A light mocking smile played for a moment about his lips; he knew this lady, he knew the two little girls she was leading by the hand. They were the daughters of the Counsellor Bergland, who lived in the great mansion on the opposite side of the church court,

their whole appearance, bore visibly the stamp of simple citizen rank.

The elder sister, Clotilde, had always appeared to him in the same light, on the occasions when he had seen her crossing the square with her little pupils. He could not deny to himself that she was beautiful, but for dignity of manner, for the noble simplicity of a lady of rank, Herr Felix Marklin had no appreciation. He considered only the most fashionable and striking style of dress as a characteristic of wealth, and for this his soul opinion of Felix. His yearly allowance had until now enabled him to emulate the doings of richer people, and by careful management to obtain his full share of the enjoyments of life. But, that being with-

without exertion and without const

His moderate share of common sense had preserved him from the evils that might have disturbed his personal well-being.

As he was quietly observing the young girl who had been called "Elsie," the thought arose in his mind, for the first time, that his father's house had become exceedingly uncomfortable under the despotic rule of stout little Fran Spalding.

lin & Co." The heart of Felix grew warm with the hope of so desirable a change.

Under the influence of this emotion he moved from his position and stepped inadvertently into the circle of light streaming from the open door opposite to him. A little scream betrayed that Elsie had first became aware of his presence. She at once closed the door and extinguished the light. The house now lay dark and sombre be force him, yet, as from a far distance, the fore him, yet, as from a far distance, the soft and lovely tones stole out, that he had before heard drawn from a violin as by a skillful and practised hand, Felix could not skillful and practised hand, Felix could not determine precisely whether these tones were only an echo that lived in his soul, or whether some one had been playing and singing in one of the more retired rooms of the building. It was a sweet, mournful melody that stole out on the air, such as a mother would sing to her sick child in order to invoke upon its languid eyes the gentle slumber that brings health in its train. Why did these tones cause doubt to insinuate itself into the mind of the youth? Why did they link themselves youth? Why did they link themselves with the wonderful letter? He could not banish this music from his thoughts for the whole of the night that followed; it haunted him like a restless spirit, and the contradictory feelings it excited drove him to reconnoitre the little house on Walworn out by age! Everything prosaie! Everything of the commonest! Herr Hofrath was either a friend of old-fashioned contentment, or he was a very poor man

light of the preceding evening was dissolved by the beams of the morning sun. With a soul at peace, he took his place in the diligence and rode forward to meet

his fate.

To be continued.1

SPRING OPENING

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY.

-AT-

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BONNETS. RIBBONS, LACES AND OTHERS.

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Regilding and Repairing at short notice.

HEINITSH,

15% EAST KING STREET.

TO INVENTORS. W. H. BABCOOK,

fore, opened it " "I carry on no correspondence that you may not know and regulate," returned the

begging application."

Felix leaned back in his chair, and with listless slowness broke the seal, which bore the device of a

Her Otto Marklin coldly shook the

"Well, this is droll! Only listen. First, there is no address, but the get up, come and be paid for your pains—
get up, come and be paid for your pains—
madame Spalding shall give you a piece
me your forgiveness, so that, after long years of torment, I may at last die in years of torment, I may at last die in peace. The terrors of eternal destruction my love and my life is no more. And, as if heaven wished to point out to me the way to repair the mischief I did in the levity of worldly pride, I had to learn this day, by the lips of a loving and innocent child, that you are living in Nonnenburg, mar-ried, and the father of a hopeful son. I recognize a dispensation of Providence in the chance that brought me this revelation. I belong in part to the grave. Come, I entreat you; come to the dying one, who from minute to minute longs most anxiously for rest, and who dares not leave this world, until she has first assured your earthly well-being. You will find me still in the same house, to which I have made

> " 'ALEXANDRINE VON HAIDEK-BORNHAU-Upon concluding this letter, Felix gazed in suspense upon his father's furrowed countenance. Not a glimpse of sympathy answered his glance. He took the envelope with the utmost indifference, examined it on all sides, saying in a harsh, unfeeling tone, "The woman is evidently deranged; throw the letter into the waste basket. The remorse of this Lady von Haidek-Bornhausen shall not disturb my tranquillity for an instant. I shall take no step to rescue her from it, and least of all shall I make a visit to the Residence on account of it. Throw

wished to learn it by heart. Away with So saying, he would have seized, and

earn it." Felix drummed rather disdainfully

"Your wisdom will very soon be come burdensome to me," exclaimed Felix, with violence. "I will show you

standing water could also throw up waves.

The stout little woman courtesied with mocking deference, and went back towards the staircase; her eye fell on the kitchen family that also bore the name of Marklin.

Music was floating out on the air from he second story of one of the houses. A

career of folly that may plunge him into perdition," returned the woman very earnestly.

keeping them so.

He was no enthusiast in the practice of the nobler emotions, still less did he revel in the more vicious desires of youth. ing, who, by her domineering spirit, had made herself disagreeable even to his father. To this another thought coupled itself. Since Fraulein Clotilde had accepted the situation of governess, perhaps pretty little Elsie, there in the doorway, might also he found willing to fill the might also be found willing to fill the post of housekeeper for the firm "Otto, Mark-lin & Co." The heart of Felix grew warm

The spell that fancy had thrown over the mind of young Herr Felix in the twi-

An exchange says: A one-armed negro boy in Augusta has saved four persons from drowning. This is nothing however, for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has saved thousands of from consumption.

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