

Lancaster Intelligencer.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 31, 1881.

IN ARABIA.

"Choose thou between 'em and to his enemy The Arab chief a heavy hand displayed,

"Choose thou between death at my hand and thine!"

"Close in my power, my vengeance I may wreak, He haste to strike. A hate like mine

And Ackbar stood. About him all the band That bled his captor captive, with the grave

Then Ackbar near crept and lifted high, His arms toward the heaven so far and blue

"Strike! for my fate is greater than thy own!"

But with a frown the Arab turned away, Walked to a distant point and stood alone,

With eyes that looked where purple mountains lay.

This for an instant; then he turned again Toward the place where Ackbar waited still,

Or with a hateful mission to fulfil.

"Strike, for I hate thee!" Ackbar cried once more.

"Nay, but my fate is greater than thy own!"

Live, life were more than death to such as thou."

So with his gift of life the Bedouin slept That night untroubled; but when dawn broke through

The purple East, and o'er his eyelids crept The long, thin fingers of the light, he drew

A heavy breath and woke; above him shone A lifted dagger—"Yes, he gave thee life,

But I give death!" came in fierce undertone, And Ackbar died. It was dead Nourid's wife.

—James Henry Boyd.

HOW THEY MAKE IT IN IOWA.

Do you play the guitar? No, I don't play the guitar;

I have a catch in my throat when alone In my head; but my stomach

With the red-haired hair, She plays the guitar Quite la-de-da.

Have a care! —Burlington Harbinger.

A New England Story.

Which May Not and Yet Might Be True. Johnny Bouquet in New York Tribune.

A father in a New England town had a son; a little, large-headed boy of nervous

intensity, with eyes of startling wonder and long curling eyelashes which started

like his fawn-like eyes with quick apprehension and timidity; a boy who played

with all intensity, kept doing something all day long without the power to rest,

spoke with himself, chased the goose with little legs as lean and swift, and at the

table eating his meals could not sit very still nor bear to sit all the morning in

church hearing the sermon because his heart was too rapid and his narrow little

chest, where every rib could be counted against his tender flesh and skin. In the

morning he was awake at earliest light; at evening his tired nature yielded to the

deep sleep of exhaustion. His mother feared she could never raise him to be a

man. His father might be wrong too long becoming a man in gravity, sobriety and

formal obedience. "What ails my son?" the father sternly asked. "He is rattle-headed and without

my wife, who often, perhaps, searches un-

authorized there?"

"As he said this a dreadful idea crossed his mind. That son, spoiled by the

mother's indulgence, already corrupted by spending money, was a thief—a thief while yet a child! He rose in bed and

spoke in a voice of thunder: "Robert, you are stealing my money!"

"Horror from the boy! he dropped from the chair like a cat, and was into his own

bed in the next room and covered his face with the sheets. Anguish and stern re-

solve possessed at once the father's stricken heart. He had delayed too long

to chastise his wayward son now gliding into ruin. It must be done hard though the thought should be. He awoke his

wife, and suppressing her replies with an iron will, related the story of her depraved

child. "Henceforth," he said, I must be the magistrate and mother instead of you!

Robert, come dress yourself!"

He thrust the frightened mother back. The boy fell on his knees, but could not

speak one word, so large the knot that gathered in his little throat, so resolute

the startled, fawn-like eyes, as if agony and perversity worked together to make

him obscure. Down the stairs and into the porch, away from sight, the father

bore his child, and making him kneel upon the grass, struck hard and slow with a

switch of the apple tree, telling his boy to confess; yet dumb as Isaac upon the altar

beneath his father's knife, the shrinking childhood of the boy received his hard

chastisement. Choked back, all trem- bling as with a chill of death, to the house

of mourning, the little boy was laid in his bed, still frozen tight of speech and only

the ointment of a mother's tears fell on his tortured back and famine narrowed

his little eyes. But large eyes looked at the little boy that he kept his treasures in, and

and placed it in his bed where he lay all day sighing from his inarticulate

soul. The father's heart was wrenched to think of such a frail, weak creature

in his wickedness, and turning from re- pentance. He sat by his side all that

afternoon, demanding his boy to confess and save them both the pain of another

chastisement, which else he would feel re- quired to enforce next day. The boy

trembled, but did not speak, and put his arms around his little box as if it was his

brother. The long night through a sigh went through the chamber ever and anon from

those suffering lips. Neither man nor woman slept. At early dawn the anguished

father meted out again unless his boy spoke and repented. He rose and passed into

the chamber where the son lay in his lowly bed, all strewn with his little draw-

ings, and his arms around his little box, which he held so dear, and seemed asleep. Upon

his face a color paler than the snowy sheet extended. Another guest was in the

bed; the guest that cometh like a real thief in the night.

"Mary," cried the father, "Mary, my wife, come here! Robert is dying!"

The mother came on feet of doves' wings. She raised her son upon her breast. The little lips unsealed and

spoke the last forever to this world: "I love my papa. Mamma, I only

DEY GOODS.

REASONABLE GOODS.

WATT, SHAND & CO.

Are now showing an Immense Stock of New Styles in

Dress Gingham & Lawns,

LACE AND PLAIN BUNTINGS, SUMMER DRESS GOODS, SUMMER SILKS,

VICTORIA LAWS, INDIA LINENS, CAMBRICS AND FIGURES,

Ladies', Gents' and Children's

GAUZE UNDERWEAR

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SUMMER HOSIERY.

In all sizes and qualities at Lowest Prices. Regular Make Hosiery a Specialty. Just opened a Choice Line of

PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES

In Natural Stick, Horn and Walnut Handles. SCOTCH GINGHAM PARASOLS, PLAIN SILK PARASOLS,

TWILLED SILK PARASOLS, BROCADE SILK PARASOLS, LACE TRIMMED PARASOLS.

Parasols to suit everybody at the

NEW YORK STORE,

8 & 10 EAST KING STREET.

MEDICAL.

READ THIS! LANCASTER, PA., April 28, 1881.

THE KIDNEY-CURE CO. I have been entirely cured of a severe pain in my back and sides, long standing, and that

after trying various known remedies. I have every confidence in your medicine, and my friends who have used it have been benefited. PETER BAKER, 231 1/2 Foreman Examiner and Express.

LOCHER'S Renowned Cough Syrup!

A Pleasant, Safe, Speedy and Sure Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, Influenza, Soreness of the Throat and Chest, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, Inflammation of the Lungs, and all Diseases of the Chest and Air Passages.

This valuable preparation combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient qualities for the cure of all kinds of Lung Diseases. Price 25 cents. Prepared only and sold by

CHAS. A. LOCHER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, NO. 9 EAST KING STREET, 018-14

KIDNEY WORT

WILL SURELY CURE KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, PILES, Constipation, Urinary Diseases, Female Weakness and Nervous Disorders, by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Never too Late to Mend. Thos. J. Arden, William Street, East Buffalo, writes: "My Spring Blossom has worked so well, and I had no appetite; used to sleep badly and get up in the morning unrefreshed. I had no appetite; used to suffer from severe headache; since using your Spring Blossom all these symptoms have little or no return. Price 25 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 North Queen Street, Lancaster.

A Good Account. To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden to a man. His father might be wrong too long becoming a man in gravity, sobriety and formal obedience.

"What ails my son?" the father sternly asked. "He is rattle-headed and without stability. I fear for him. Do you

chastise him severely? Spare not the rod, lest he grow beyond you and your rule!"

"Alas!" exclaimed the mother, "he has his little world we cannot see, perhaps. He is growing and sensitive. The

doctor says we must not push him at his studies, but let him play all he can, till his frame is equal to his brain."

The father shook his head and spoke sternly to the boy, and feared he was going to give them all trouble growing up so seldom moulded and unrestrained.

All day the little boy was doing something, carrying the cat by the tail, carrying the dog under his arm, making pictures on paper, of engines, and steamboats and Indians, and bellows.

"He will be an artist," said his mother hopefully.

"He will spoil the library," exclaimed the father suspiciously.

Antagonism grew up between the father and the boy, born on the boy's part, of fear; on the father's, of criticism and severity. The boy was of his mother and his

father's protection from his father's suspicious eye. The father feared his wife was spoiling the son with mistaken generosity and allowance. At times the father's

habitual suspicion broke away like the clouds above hard, humid Britain, and his calm, rigorous eye, of theology down to take her walking, and they grew a little nearer. Then again the father observed some voluptuous tendency in the

son which started his fears anew; some taste for worldly, passing moods and joys.

Wife, said, "do you ever give our boy money?"

"A little," she said; "a few pennies, to buy drawing materials and colors; he will be an artist, I think."

"Money," exclaimed the sire, "is the root of every evil. You had better give him fire or poison. He will become a wild, ruined spendthrift."

The idea that his wife gave the child money operated in the father's head like jealousy or revenge; it tainted everything about his son's conduct, and he believed his wife had deliberately set to indulge her child at the expense of his

soul. One morning, thinking of such things, the father lay awake in bed and a gentle noise disturbed him. The sun was nearly up, though it was scarcely 5 o'clock, and the light air striking through the chamber

curtains, showed a little boy in his night-gown stealing along the floor toward the foot of his father's bed. Lying perfectly still, with eyes almost closed, the father saw that small, large-headed

child, unable perhaps to sleep yet careful not to awake his parents, turn an eye of timid covetousness upon his father's

trousers and vest hanging upon a nail. He glanced sharply toward his father to see if he was quite asleep, and then

swiftly, like a little bird, hopped upon a chair and ran his lean white fingers into his father's vest pocket.

"Ha!" thought the father. "My son in my pocket by stealth, before I am awake, and imitating the bad example of

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

SHALL WE SELL THEM?

There is in Philadelphia a clothing house which has no double in all the world. The world is full of clothing houses; and it is a good deal to say that one is unlike all the rest.

First, in its dealing; and it is surprising that one house should differ much from another. Selling clothing is so simple a matter, that it is likely, one would suppose, to be done in every much the same way in Philadelphia, New York and London. But Philadelphia is ahead; and, curiously enough, one house in Philadelphia is ahead of all the rest.

To be ahead in dealing is to deal on a higher plane in a more liberal way, to give the buyer more well founded confidence without loss of the merchant's safety. This Philadelphia clothing house says to a stranger: "We want to deal with exact justice. We want what belongs to us, viz., a fair profit; and we want you to have what belongs to you, viz., a liberal money's-worth. Our way to arrive at a result is to mark the price on everything we sell, which price is absolute; and to let you buy what you like, go away and think the bargain over, and come and trade back, if you want to. We find by experience that this liberality is harmless to us. Of course, you like it. And it makes quick and ready dealing. We don't want you to bring back what you buy—it would cost us money every time; but we would rather you would bring back, than keep what you don't like. So, we try to see that you get at first what you will like the better, the more you know of it. This is really the whole philosophy of our dealing."

Second, in its goods—the amount and variety of them. There are other houses where excellent clothing is kept, and a great deal of it; but there is none, anywhere, that keeps so much. The dealing related above has won the largest trade the world has yet seen. To supply such a trade great quantity and variety of clothing are required; and these in turn increase the trade, because everybody likes to choose out of many things, rather than out of a few.

This is the country of ready-made clothing. Great Britain makes the most of any European country; but there is not in all London any clothing business a quarter as large as that of Oak Hall. New York has several large clothing businesses; but no one nearly equal to that of Oak Hall; Boston likewise.

Look back twenty years! Have we done you good service, or not? But that is not what we had in mind; we were thinking of the clothes you are going to buy. Shall we sell them?

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, MARKET AND SIXTH,

PHILADELPHIA.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE. ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE.

CHILDREN'S SUITS.

LARGE NEW LOT JUST GOT IN.

1,000 Different Lots to Select From.

Ladies, you are invited to examine our mammoth selection of Boys' and Children's Suits, whether you intend to buy or not. It is our business and pleasure to SHOW goods, as that is the only way we can convince you that we are Headquarters for Clothing, and the only house in the city

RETAILING AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

AL. ROSENSTEIN'S

ONE PRICE

Clothing & Merchant Tailoring Establishment

NO. 37 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

NEXT DOOR TO SHULTZ AND BRO.'S HAT STORE.

CENTRE HALL! CENTRE HALL!

ALL IN MOTION.

Every available hand is busy in getting out Clothing in our Custom Department. We have facilities to make up in good style over

ONE HUNDRED SUITS PER WEEK,

And that is just what we are doing at this time, and we are happy to say that the public appreciates enterprise and Centre Hall is supported better to-day than in any of its previous history, and our trade has steadily increased year after year and we purpose to continue as the leading Clothing House, for fair dealing and low prices will be rewarded. Our stock of pieces goods is still full and complete of all the leading Manufacturers, both Foreign and Domestic. CENTRE HALL has the largest stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

OUTSIDE OF PHILADELPHIA.

For Men, Youths, Boys and Children.

And we defy competition. We sell Men's All Wool Suits for \$10, \$12, \$14, all our own manufacture. Our \$10 suits are as good as suits sold at other houses at \$10. Call and judge for yourself. The purchaser saves one profit by buying at

CENTRE HALL,

NO. 12 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PENN'A.

MYERS & RATHFON.

PLUMBERS SUPPLIES.

THE CARBOLIZED MOTH PROOF FELT

SAVES THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS EVERY YEAR BY DESTROYING MOTH. ONLY SIX CENTS A YARD.

Do not fail to see the most MAGNIFICENT CHANDELIER that has ever been produced in this country. All are invited to call and see it. A car load of COPPER AND ZINC BATH TUBS; just received and for sale to the trade at the lowest prices. A lot of galvanized and plain BATH BOILERS at reduced prices.

FOUR THOUSANDS OF

GAS, WATER AND STEAM FIXTURES

FOR SALE TO THE TRADE AT PHILADELPHIA PRICES.

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Nos. 11, 13 & 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ESTATE OF JOHN SCARBOROUGH, LATE of Lancaster city, deceased. Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in the city of Lancaster.

J. W. H. HOGGONIGLE, Administrator. 435-610-600

ESTATE OF MRS. B. FITZPATRICK, LATE of the city of Lancaster, deceased. Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in the city of Lancaster.

J. W. H. HOGGONIGLE, Administrator. 435-610-600

ESTATE OF HENRY F. BOWMAN, LATE of Lancaster city, deceased. Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said city.

H. F. BOWMAN, Administrator. my23-610-600

PAPERHANGINGS, &c.

WINDOW SHADES, &c.

200 WINDOW SHADES

In a variety of Colors, that will be sold from forty to seventy-five cents a piece. These are about half value for them. A few of these light patterns left, in order to close, will be sold at seventy-five cents a piece.

Plain Shading for Windows in all the newest colors, and in any desired quality wanted. 40 inch, 42 inch and 72 inch for large windows, and Store Shades.

SCOTCH HOLLANDS

The best goods made, American Hollands in assortment. Measure of windows taken, estimates made and Shades hung in a satisfactory manner. O'

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PHARES W. FRY,

NO. 57 NORTH QUEEN ST.

WANTED.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE, &c.

Old Things Wanted.

Antique furniture, rare old china, fine cut glass, old sterling silverware, candle-branches, silver shoe-buckles, old plated ware; everything that is rare, curious and fine. For cash.

Call or address

JOHN WANAMAKER,

PHILADELPHIA.

MEDICAL.

REIGART'S OLD WINE STORE.

Brandy as a Medicine.

The following article was voluntarily sent to Mr. H. E. Slaymaker, Agent for Reigart's Old Wine Store, by a prominent practicing physician of this county, who has extensively used the Brandy referred to in his regular practice. It is commended to the attention of those afflicted with

Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

BRANDY AS A MEDICINE.

This new medicinal Alcoholic Stimulant was never intended as a beverage, but to be used as a medicine of great potency in the cure of some of the destructive and most distressing ailments which sweep away their annual thousands of victims. With a purely philanthropic motive we present this to the favorable notice of invalids—especially those afflicted with that miserable disease, Dyspepsia—a specific remedy, which is nothing more or less than

Brandy.

The agent, with feeble appetite and more or less debility, will find this simple medicine, when used properly.

A Sovereign Remedy

or all their ills and aches. He it, however strictly understood that we prescribe and use but one article, and that is

REIGART'S OLD BRANDY.

Sold by our enterprising young friend, H. E. Slaymaker, at No. 15 North Queen Street, the best for years, and has never failed, as far as our experience extends, and we therefore give it the preference over all other Brandy, no matter how many jaw-breaking French titles they may use. One-fourth of the money that is yearly thrown away on various impotent dyspepsia specifics would suffice to buy all the Brandy to cure any case of jaundice. In proof of the curative powers of

Reigart's Old Brandy,

In cases of Dyspepsia, we can summon a hundred of witnesses—one case in particular we cite—

A hard-working farmer had been afflicted with an excessive dyspepsia, and several departments thereof, for the fiscal year commencing on the 1st of January, 1881, he was unable to restrict his diet to crackers and stale bread, and as a beverage he used McGowan's Root Beer. He is a Methodist, and he is now, preached at times, and in his discourses often alludes to the medicinal qualities of strong drink. When advised to try

Reigart's Old Brandy,

In his case, he looked up with astonishment, after hearing of it, and he was obliged to the cases of some of his near acquaint