

DRY GOODS. GREAT CLOSING SALE. STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

ANNOUNCE A GREAT CLOSING SALE SEASONABLE DRY GOODS, JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

Which commenced May 26 and will be continued during A MILLION OF DOLLARS

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUTURE. looking to the extension of our business and the enlargement of facilities for its convenient transaction, also render it desirable that this stock should be speedily and greatly reduced.

THIRTY-FOUR DEPARTMENTS. Our organization and machinery for the rapid distribution of large quantities of goods smoothly and satisfactorily are believed to be unsurpassed in the American market.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Market Street to Filbert, - N. W. Cor. Eighth St., PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN WANAMAKERS, PHILADELPHIA. DRESS GOODS. Our dress goods have been most heavily drawn upon since for three months, and of course many sorts are gone altogether.

JOHN WANAMAKERS, PHILADELPHIA. SUMMER GOODS. BLACK TRAVELING DRESSES. Plain and plaid nun's veiling, 25 cents to \$2; suitings, 25 cents to \$1.25; and cordes, 25 cents to \$1.25.

JOHN WANAMAKERS, PHILADELPHIA. BLACK BEADED NET. Eight varieties, 50 cents to \$1.50. Second circle, southwest from centre.

JOHN WANAMAKERS, PHILADELPHIA. LADIES' COLLARS. Two new collars; embroidery and point d'Alencon, 50 cents; Swiss reversing, 18 cents. First circle, west from centre.

JOHN WANAMAKERS, PHILADELPHIA. IRON BITTERS. A TRUE TONIC. SURE APPETISER. IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially

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Lancaster Intelligencer. FROM STEP TO STEP;

Or, The Mysterious Letter. From the German of Ernst Fritze. Translated Especially for the Intelligencer.

CHAPTER XIII. The rapid and terrible development of events in which the family of Hofrath Marklin found themselves involved against their will, made a startling impression on the dwellers in the small house on Wallon street.

Elisbeth, in particular, was greatly perplexed by the turn of affairs that gave such sorrowful notice to the death of Madame Spalding. The Hofrath took the matter differently; he adhered to his resolution of troubling himself about nothing, and no occasion arose for summoning him to attend the trial, he remained in ignorance of the proceedings, as well as of the fact that the whole had been seized, and was about to be delivered to the heirs and added to the mass of the inheritance left by Frau Von Haidek.

A letter from his son Oswald produced a peculiar effect upon him. In this letter he announced the speedy arrival in Nonnenburg of Kuno, and spoke with more warmth of the Haideks than was agreeable to the father, declaring that upon former acquaintance he had learned to understand and greatly esteem them. The Hofrath indignantly agreed with Oswald, and alleged as to the integrity and fine sense of honor that underlay the characteristics of the present Haidek family, but when his son began to compare the pride of birth, of intellect, and of wealth, and to pronounce these three qualities the combined ever of culture, he declared himself to be in sympathy with the first two, than with the last, the brow of the Hofrath clouded over, for he knew that his son Oswald was a type of the family, not merely in outward appearance, but was one with them in his innermost soul.

Still his peace of mind was not disturbed by this conviction; he wished for no further enmity between himself and those who had only inherited the name of Haidek but had neither loved nor injured him. Simply they were in his way to blame for the occurrences that had put so sorrowful an end to his earlier career, how could they still be objects of hostile feelings to him. His heart could not grow warmer towards them, but he would no longer forbid his family to hold intercourse with them, his latest son, Kuno, considered as dead to him. His only desire was that his son Oswald might be spared an experience similar to his own.

Kuno's arrival at Nonnenburg soon followed upon Oswald's letter. With the stormy haste of a messenger, the young man this time turned his steps towards the house on Wallon street, rather than to the imposing mansion of Counsellor Berglar. It was noon. Elisbeth sat alone at the window when Kuno suddenly turned up the opposite side of the street, followed by a servant, Jean, who was carrying two articles carefully wrapped up.

In an instant both master and servant had crossed the street, and stood before the blushing, trembling girl. "Elisbeth—have you thought of me?" whispered Kuno hastily, gazing wistfully into her bright flashing eyes. "Where is your father?" he asked. Pointing to the packet, he continued, "Can we not see each other somewhere unknown to others? I am acting from Oswald's dictation. Oswald sends you greeting, he will soon be here on a short visit. O, Elisbeth, Elisbeth, have you been thinking of me?"

What could she answer to so stormy, impassioned a greeting? Elisbeth scarcely had courage to return his glance, much less to reply to his words. She pointed the servant to the next room. She was too greatly excited to feel any curiosity, yet a wandering glance told her that the packet had contained two portraits. Jean retired and the two young people were left alone with their eyes fixed upon the packet, as if they were waiting for something else to be said, but they said nothing.

Kuno said nothing for a long time, but kept striding up and down the room, visibly striving to regain his self-command. "I have promised Oswald," he muttered to himself several times. "Of what use were it to speak—before I have the right to do so—I might be made to experience, that my hopes were without foundation." Again he began to pace the room after a momentary glance at the disconcerted, blushing girl. "Your father is at home?"

"He is above stairs in his room." "Good! then I will no longer delay putting on my hat, and I will go to my father and then back his head: 'A battle is to be fought—I know it. The conflict will be waged with unequal weapons—one side love; on the other 'implacableness.' Elisbeth, pray for my weapons, pray that the victory may be mine." "Well, and this is the most painful and incurable wound upon the soul of a man, who has already been greatly and severely tried?" asked the girl, as if awaking from a dream and suddenly becoming aware of Kuno's meaning.

contemplating them with all the deep fervor of his real nature. How did it happen that in this sacred moment, he could review with feelings so entirely changed, the fearful experiences that had driven him forth from his paradise? That had discovered to him the unworthiness of his betrothed, and the foolish infatuation of his uncle whom he had believed fanatics? How came it, that he could review with inward satisfaction, how he had boldly revealed to his uncle the intrigues and mercenary spirit of his bride; how on this occasion, he had so bravely set her free, and pressed upon his uncle the duty of doing the same? Why could he now suddenly look with a smile of contempt upon the folly of the uncle who had cast him off, hoping thus to secure to himself the happiness of love, in the coils of a passion, which he had so bravely rejected?

The Hofrath turned his expressive eyes full upon the young man's face, saying, kindly, "Give up what you have in view; in the heavy hours, when I was obliged to leave the name of Haidek from the tablets of my memory, I also buried for ever, my love for this family." "But in spite of that, we have been drawn more closely together; your heart will again open to admit us; my prayer is more important than you can imagine; do not reject me! If you send me away I shall never dare to return. I shall then have to bear the heavy load of retribution without having earned it."

The Hofrath rose, with a deep, significant sigh, his countenance bore the traces of painful emotion; he thought upon the possibility that his darling child, his Elisbeth, might be a shaver in this business. "Let us end this sad interview," he said dejectedly. "My experience in life fits me to judge that a firm resolve, taken at the best time, is worth a hundred times as much as a life. If your mind can realize the circumstances in which I am placed, you will recognize that my past must form a barrier to your wishes. Farewell, Kuno! I know that my son prizes you; that is sufficient guaranty of your worth, and I have the right to believe, that you will be convinced of the impossibility of such a connection with me as you wish."

"I honor your openness. I will go!" returned Kuno, calmly, "but I await the moment when your heart shall respond to my wishes, when you will wish to recall your rejection!" The Hofrath reached out his hand to Kuno, but did not look at him. Greatly softened by these submissive words he bent his head in sorrowful reflection. Kuno left the room with a heavy step; he felt as if the man who had addressed him in this glimpse into the feelings of his heart must at once reverse this harsh decision—must repent of the consequences of his animosity—he lingered in vain. Slowly he descended the staircase and passed through the hall into the room which he had left alone, he recognized the tones of Clotilde and her mother; but Elisbeth was silent. Naturally, she was listening for his step, and she concluded from it that he had just departed. Hastily throwing open the door, she came forward to meet him, with flashing eyes and marble paleness. Almost without volition he approached her gazing down upon her with indescribable tenderness.

"I hoped in vain that I might overcome your prejudice," he whispered to her; "my last hope rests in the portraits; take your father at once into the room where I have placed them. Not so said, dear Elisbeth, let me see once more the sunny smile that has worked like a miracle upon the whole being." She smiled upon him with tearful eyes, as she said, "Think of me without resentment."

Kuno, true to his resolve, was obliged to hasten his farewell. He left the house without bidding adieu to the two ladies, who had been perplexed spectators of this secret scene. He entered the room, at this juncture; he cast an uncertain glance upon the pale countenance of his daughter Elisbeth. She tremulously opened the door of the adjoining apartment and pointed mutely to the portraits that were lighted up by a bright gas lamp, while all the other objects in the room remained in the shadow. The Hofrath went up to them. She saw that his countenance changed; that his eyes opened wide; his features twitched convulsively, and that his lip trembled as he called out, "My mother!" Elisbeth softly drew the door after him, and related to her mother and sister what had just passed, and what Kuno had enjoined upon her.

"If this attempt fails to propitiate our father, Elisbeth, said Clotilde with lively sympathy, "I beg to say, that I will ever have your hope you may have cherished in your bosom." The Hofrath was silent; she waited in disquiet bordering on despair the result of this evident outburst of emotion. She waited patiently for a long time. Nothing moved in the next room. Overcome by the grief, she fled to her chamber, and cautiously into the chamber. It was vacant, and the portraits had disappeared. The Hofrath had left the room by another door and had carried the portraits with him. The ladies looked at one another anxiously, as if they were seeking for the heart grown old and hardened of Oswald Marklin had at last been touched and warmed to its inmost core by the sight of the beloved forms that had flashed out upon him like points of light from the deep gloom of the past. Once again his family affection stirred within him, urging him to remain sternly implacable, but finally his power of resisting his natural sensibility was broken. With a pensive melancholy he abandoned himself to a delight of a sight that had long been withdrawn from him. Alone with his portraits, up there in the room that was sacred to him as the scene of his mental conflicts, he gave himself up unreservedly to the power of memory. The panorama of his youth unrolled itself before him; he saw himself bereaved of his father, he saw himself growing up in the splendor of a high position and an old and noble name, and feeling himself secure in the possession of a happiness not to be shaken. As he grew up to eminence through his intelligence, ability, his denials, he distinguished as the heir of his uncle, and called by his name. Then in the full blaze of prosperity the care-free, happy man was struck to earth as by a lightning flash. His very life shuddered within him as he recalled the horrors of that period. Seemingly beloved by the most beautiful girl in the Residence, holding his illusory undisputed in the tumult of the gay world around him, he was suddenly unaccommodated. The heartless coquette, to whom he was openly betrothed, believing it wiser to become the wife of the elderly uncle than the expectant bride of the nephew, began an ignoble flirtation with the aged man. She ensnared him also by her charms, and the old man who had dedicated his youth to ambitious striving became weak enough to believe that Ernestine was Ernsel's could love him, in despite of her youth, and her beauty. O, these scenes—these terrible scenes! A thousand times, the remembrance of these had poisoned the peaceful hours of the man, who was now sitting before the portraits of his parents,

his death put an end to his tribulation, and snatched the self-imposed martyr-crown from his brow. Respected by none, lamented by none, his mortal remains were deposited in their mother earth. His neglected grave soon fell together, notwithstanding the beautiful monument and gilded railing that marked the spot where he was resting from the troubles and cares of earth. To the living that pass along this forsaken, desolate grave, his remarkable fate offers an impressive testimony of early retribution.

Well for the dead that they remain unconscious when obloquy and contempt are heaped upon their memories. FINE.

Many people have lost their interest in politics and in amusements because they are so out of sorts and run down that they cannot enjoy anything. If such persons would only be wise enough to try that celebrated remedy, Kinney-Wort, and experience its tonic and renewing effects they would soon be brimming with the life and vigor of youth. In either dry or liquid form it is a perfect remedy for torpid liver, kidneys or bowels.—Exchange.

Go to H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 North Queen street, for Mrs. Freeman's New National Dye. For brightness and durability of color, are unequalled. Color from 2 to 5 pounds. Directions in English and German. Price 15 cents.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says that for nine months he could not raise his hand to his head through lameness in the shoulder, but by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil he was entirely cured. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, No. 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Frederic Amos, Taylor street, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Your Spring Blossom is wonderful; I never used anything that acted so well on the bowels, and at the same time was so free from the drastic properties of medicines usually sold for the purpose. Price 50 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, No. 137 North Queen street, Lancaster."

Under the impulse of this resolution he opened the door and invited the faithful mother of his children to enter the sanctuary of his dreams. Putting his arm around her he led her before the portraits: "See, my dear wife, that is my father—that my mother, who lived to see me in the world; my father having died when I was nearly twelve years of age. You know that my youthful hopes suffered shipwreck—that heaven preserved me on an island, that I might name the isle of quiet happiness; my tender affection for you was not, my mother that secured my renewed prosperity."

Filled with present joy, the Hofrath embraced her husband; it had rarely happened that the man she loved spoke to her so mildly and tenderly. "These portraits shall be for me the symbols of peace," he continued in the same tone. "They shall inflame my heart to justice and goodness, when the old defiant spirit stirs within me." With all the fervor of one praying for the peace of the souls of those who were memorialized by these portraits, the Hofrath approached them, raising her clasped hands. She was praying for the protection of the dead. It was not the salvation of a soul that was at stake, but the happiness of a life on earth, if the stern father's will should yield to the persuasion of these soft voices. Her eyes turned to the father of her best loved child, her eye questioned, but her lips were mute. "I will refuse the benefits of these Haideks, to whom this gentle, careful phantom mother belonged, but from henceforth I will reject their esteem, their kindly feelings and their sympathy. I shall have no obstacle in the way if they wish to visit me. I will grant them the place they are minded to fill, and my blessing shall never be denied them."

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AL ROSENSTEIN, ONE PRICE CLOTHIER, MERCHANT TAILOR. My stock of Linens and Alpaca Goods is the most complete ever before exhibited in any establishment in this city.

My Blue Striped Marcelline Vest, which I sell for \$1, is very stylish and is almost exclusively worn this summer. My White Marcelline Vests for 75c, 90c, \$1 and \$1.25 are much cheaper than they can be purchased for elsewhere.

My Reversible Vest is white on one side and blue striped on the other, very stylish, high cut and extra long; really two vests in one. My Black Alpaca coats are made in the latest style, short roll and fashionably cut-away. Have them from \$1 up.

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