DRESS GOODS.

DRESS GOODS.

Shetland shawls, without fringe, also i

known as the crazy stitch is one of the cu-

riosities from Boston; large and heavy

too heavy, maybe, for an invalid; at the

amazing price of \$3.50. Is it possible

that in Yankee Boston human life is

Lace mits, 50 cents to \$4.50. The

writer has forgotten of how many sorts,

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Sheepskin gloves, made rough side out,

Bathing suits for men; all wool flaunel,

mostly blue, trimmed more or less with

Old patiers, seven sizes, \$2.75 to \$4.

Yoke pattern, \$4; indigo-dyed, \$4.50

Est from Chestnut-street entrance.

for gardening, 35 cents.

white flannel, \$4.75.

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JOHN WANAMAKER,

Thirteenth, Market and Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

REDUCING STOCK IN OUR

CARPET DEPARTMENT

Bargains in Plain White and Fancy Mattings to close out this season's steck.

Oil Cloths, Window Shading and Fixtures, Rugs,

Mats, &c., all at Lowest Prices.

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Dry Goods Offered at Great Bargains,

AT THE OLD RELIABLE STAND,

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The general DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT constantly being added to and prices marked down to promote quick sales.

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CARPETINGS, QUEENSWARE AND GLASSWARE in immense variety and at very

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FRENCH RANGES FOR HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

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

IRON PAVE WASHES, CURB STOPS,

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LANCASTER, PA.

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NEW DRESS GOODS, ETC.,

WANAMAKER'S.

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One of the finest buntings we know of | pect little at such a price. A large double (if it had a border, it would be a nun's zephyr, for an invalid, \$4.50. veiling), which we have sold up to within a week at \$1, is now 60 cents. How it got great variety, 75 cents to \$8. to 60 cents is one of the curiosities of the trade. It is made, right here in Philadelphia, of the finest foreign wool; we buy of the maker; and sell at a profit; 44inch, at 60 cents.

Next-outer circle, Chestnut street entrance. · Canton pongees, very light color and extraordinary quality, \$9.50 and \$10.50 for | such a shawl?

Summer silks mostly at 55 cents. Bronzes, 75 cents and \$1; bronze satin merveilleux, \$2.25; bronzo damasses,

Millinery damasses at 73 cents, all silk; used also for dresses. All silk colored damasses 75 cents. Black damasses, \$1,50.

Bonnet black silks a tifth off. American black silk \$1.35. Black surah, light, 241-inch; heavy 19-inch; both \$1.50. Canton crepe, \$2.

Next-outer circle, Chestnut street extrance. In the whole range of dress goods our trade is highly satisfactory. It is evident that we have provided acceptable goods, and that our prices are regarded as libera'. In five distinct lines of dress goods it is perfectly clear that we have the largest variety and the choicest patterns in the city. These are: black grenadines, fine French woolens in plain colors, cashmeres, illuminated melanges, cottons, especially fine French cottons.

Nine counters, north' south and east from Canter.

Zephyr shawls, with fringe more than a lady will care to see, 50 cents to \$5. One Northern gallery.

CIVLER, BOWERS & HURST!

Bargains in Carpets offered every day.

Bargains in Half Wool Ingrain Carpets.

25 EAST KING STREET,

Bargains in Hall and Stair Carpets.

Bargains in All Wool Extra Super Ingrain Carpets.

Bargains in Body Brussels.

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WE SOLICIT A CALL.

TACCB M. MARKS.

JACOB M. MARKS,

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BATH BOILERS,

IRON FITTINGS,

Bargains in Tapestry Brussels.

PROPRET IS NOT WITHOUT Honor save in his own country."

True and yet like most truisms it has its exceptions. The most striking illustration of this is found in the reputation acquired by Mishler's Herb Bitters during the twentyfive years it has been before the people. Growing from small beginnings as simply a local remedy, it has steadily worked its way to the foremost rank among the standard medical preparations of the age; yet nowhere is it more highly regarded than right here at ome, in the scenes of its earliest victories over disease. You can scarcely find a man, woman or child in Lancaster county, who, at some time or other, has not used it, and the testimony of all is given in its praise. The farmer, the mechanic, laboring men and women, the merchant, the clergyman, the banker. the lawyer; people in every walk and condition of life are all alike familiar with its A zephyr shawl knit by hand in what is

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

HERB BITTERS is the most wonderful com worth no more than \$3.50 for knitting bination of medicinal herbs I ever saw."

> The Hon, A. L. Haves, Law Judge of the Courts of Lancaster county, writes: "I have used it myself and in my family and am satis-

Hon. George Sanderson, Mayor of Lancas gloves for both ladies and gentlemen at 25 ter city for 10 years, writes: "It has become familiar as a household word, and a necessary addition to the medical requirements of every family. In my opinion it is THE BEST REM-EDY EVER INTRODUCED."

> Jacob F, Frey, esq., Sheriff of Lancaster ounty, was cured of Rheumatism.

Lancaster County Hospital, testifies to its success in that justitution in the treatment of Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Asthma and Scrofula, and this The yoke pattern fits more perfectly testimony is endorsed from a like experience than the old. The white flannel is, of by A. Fairer, esq., Steward of the Lancaster course, conspicuous; and as a conspicuous

garment ought to be, it is very fine in Boys' bathing suits; old pattern, \$1.50 Tapestry carpets at \$1.15 down to \$1; and at \$1 down to 75 cents some time ago;

To-day it is sold by drugglsts and country

yerdict is recorded.

Thousands of families far removed from physicians rely upon it in every emergency and it never fails them; with it in the house plumbs and apricots for preserving purthey feel, yes they know, they are safe against the attacks of disease. It has earned, it possesses and will continue to deserve the confidence of the people.

for purifying the Blood and secretions-A QUICK AND APSOLUTE CURE for Dyspepsla, Liver Complaint, all Diseases of the Kidneys, Cramp in the Stomach and every form of Indigestion-A SURE REMEDY for Intermittent Fever, Fever and Ague, and all other periodical Complaints. AN IMMEDI-ATE RELIEF tor Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus and Kindred Diseases. It is a PURE and pansies in the streets; and I'm quite AND WHOLESOME STOMACHIC; AN UNEQUALLED APPETIZER, A TONIC Plitake Doreas, my maid, and a few cans WITHOUT A RIVAL AND A PANACEA tor all Diseases of the Lungs, Heart and Throat. IT CURES Fever and Ague with greater certainty than Quinine, and In the river bottoms of the West has largely superceded that long considered specific for Chills and

PROMPT, CERTAIN AND POWERFUL

safety to the youngest child.

delicacy of their bloom. In a word it is

NATURE'S OWN ASSISTANT,

Enclosed in a yellow wrapper. See that the cork is covered by a 4 cent proprietary stamp from our own private date, bearing a finely engraved pertrait of Dr. B. Mishler It is sold by all Druggist and Storekeepers.

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

PROF. PARKER'S PLEASANT WORM the can and reached over to look out SYRUP, the Satest, Speedlest and Surest of the window at the golden, Western Remedy. IT DESTROYS AND REMOVES Sky. "So quiet, too!" said she, "so se-cluded!" quired. It is so pleasant that even the youngest child will take it readily.

Ask for Prof. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup and Take No Other.

Sold by all Draggists and Storekeepers. Price 25 cents per Bottle.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

ble terms," year after year it still hung hopelessly on his hands.

The Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, member of Congress from this district, suffering from an affection of the Kidneys, could find relief in nothing else. In a letter to a triend (now in our possession) he writes: "MISHLER'S

fiel that its reputation is not unmerited."

J. O. Steinhauser, Superintendent of the

Charles A. Heinitsh, a leading Druggist of Lancaster city, Pa., and an ex-president of the Pennsylvania State Pharmaceutical Society, says: "I sell large quantities of Mishler's Herb Bitters, and my customers praise it very highly, having been cured by it of Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Kidney Complaints, General Debility, &c. Some call it a Universal'Family

A preparation thus approved alike by the most prominent officials and the great mass of the community must po-ses merit. In fact

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Fever, and the various forms of Malaria.

Its tendency to direct action upon the Kidneys renders its use peculiarly beneficial in all Diseases of this nature. It prevents the formation of Gravel, and where formed will dissolve and remove it. The aged and feeble ing, it remedies the frequent necessity for getting up at night and will ensure sound

in its effects; it is so mild and gentle in its operations that it may be given with absolute

LADIES, old and young, married and single, in every walk and condition of life will find its occasional use highly beneficial. The weary aches, the pains in the back and shoulders, the sinking, all gone feelings, nausea and headaches, will be avoided and the pallid cheeks of the weak and debilitated will rival the rose and peach in the brightness and

SOLD ONLY IN BUTTLES

Mishler Horb Bitters Co.,

LANCASTER, PA.

If your child has worms, you will find

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, 1881.

To Let-Kipple Grange. Mr. Pixley was a real estate agent. Mr. Pixley had had a goodly number of houses on his list in his time, but never one so persistently, unalterably, perseveringly on his list as Kipple Grange. Year after year it has figured on his books as a "desirable country residence, to be had on reasona-

Nor was Mr. Pixley the only real estate agent who had wrestled, so to speak, with Kipple Grange. Other land brokers and rent-collectors had their "try" at it, with equally unsatisfactory results. It had been advertised in newspapers and pasted up on bulletin boards, and still it remained "Kipple Grange—To Let."

"Hang the old place!" said Mr. Pix-

ley, vehemently scratching his bald head.
"I wish it would burn down, or blow away, or something! It's a disgrace to a ousiness man to keep such an eye-sore on his list. I've a great mind to put old Miss Briggs into it, to keep it in order until I can get a better tenant. She wants a place cheap. I'll let her have Kipple Grange for nothing."

So when Miss Briggs came tiptoeing into the real estate office-a faded, melancholy little old maid, leading her terriordog by its string, and wearing a green veil to neutralize the spring winds— Mr. Pixley told her that Kipple Grange should be hers, for the present, at least. "You'll probably find it lonely," said

he. "I dote on the country," said Miss And very much out of repair," he

"I don't doubt but that it will do for me," said the little old spinster, her faded eyes brightening. "Probably, also, there's a ghost about the premises," joeosely uttered the

Miss Briggs shook her head with a sad smile. "It's live people I am afraid of,"

said she, " not dead ones." "Well," said Mr. Pixley, "Kipple Grange shall be yours this quarter, if you will fix up the garden a little, and give the place a lived-in sort of look. Of course it will be for sale, and I shall expect you to do your best for our interests.' And Miss Briggs courtesied, and said, 'Yes, she would," and withdrew, greatly

elated in spirit. Upon the same day, the 25th of April, Mr. Beggerall, the real estate agent of Dorebester, let Kipple Grange to old Mr. Hyde, who was a naturalist, and a botanist, and an entomologist, to say nothing of half a dozen other ists, and who wanted a quiet country home, with woods and meadows in its vicinity, wherein to prosecute his beloved sciences. And Macpherstorekeepers in almost every town, village and son & Co., of Long Island, made a bargain with the Reverend Mr. Bellairs, an invalid clergyman, who was in search of country air and complete repose. Mrs. Bellairs

> And strangely enough, it occurred to none of the three real estate agents to let the other two know of his action. "There is never any demand for Kipple Grange," said Macpherson & Co., indiffer-

"I'll write to Pixley and old Mac when

I get time," said Beggarall. "There's no hurry about Kipple Grange," thought Pixley. "If Miss Briggs keeps it from tumbling to pieces, she wil lo very well.'

Meanwhile Mrs. Kipple herself, the plump widow whose grandfather on the husband's side had bequeathed her this impracticable piece of property, began to think of running down to look at it herself, "They tell me there's no such thing as letting it," said she. "I've a mind to go down and see for myself. One really pines for the country, now, that they are selling lilac blossoms sure that change of air would do me good of peaches and sardines, and we'll picnic at Kipple Grange, just for the fun of the

"It never rains but what it pours, saith the ancient proverb; so upon this windy, blooming April day, when the sunny meadow slopes were purpled all over with wild violets, and the yellow narcissus was shaking its golden tassels over the neglected borders of Kipple Grange, the old brickhouse, which had stood empty for six good years at least, became all of a

It was an ancient, mildewed structure on the edge of a wood, an old red house whose front garden tangled over with rosebriers, and grown with the fantastic trunks the July sunshine, and the clumps of velvety sweet williams blossomed first and sweetest. Great cream-hearted roses swung against the tumble down stone wall, and love-in-a mist, London pride and all those rare old fashioned flowers of our ancestors ran riot, sprawling across the grass grown paths, and packing themselves into the angles of the fence, where the honey suckles trailed, and the scarlet poppies looked like drops of blood. The old gar-den of Kipple Grange was like a horticul tural show gone mad in midsummer. And even now it was sweet with tufts of crocus, blue velvet iris and daffodils, while at the rear rose up the silent hemlock wood, still and scented and emerald green in the twi-

light.
Miss Briggs, with her terrier dog, her band boxes, and her poor little hair trunks studded with brass nails had got there early. She had opened the windows to let in the yellow glow of the April sunset kindled a fire with straight sticks on the deep tiled hearth, and was sitting on a starch-box turned upside down, drinking cold tea, and feeding her dog with occa-sional scraps of canned beef and baker's

"It seems rather lonely here," said the little old spinster to herself, "and the rooms are large and dreary-looking; but I dare say I can hire a little furniture in the village, and the garden is really superb. I never saw such tulip roots in my life. And the little brook twinkling at the foot of the wall is an idyl in itself." Miss Briggs, who had a good deal of poetry in her starved soul, sat down

But, to her amazement, even as she ooked, she perceived the figure of a stout old gentleman, bald and spectacled and old gentleman, bald and spectacled and down here for life?"

We both like this place, saw like in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, toothcache, &c. One trial only is necessary to prove its efficacy. For sale at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster. looked, she perceived the figure of a stout old gentleman, bald and spectacled and carrying an immense flat traveling case under his arm, who was picking his way

hurled the tin can recklessly down into the udding current bushes "Go away !" she cried.

Mr. Hyde peered upward, with one hand back of his ear. "Eh?" said he. "Or I'll set the dog on you," squeaked Miss Briggs, encouraged by the shrill bark

"Woman," said the scientist, "who are you?" "I'll let you know," said Miss Briggs waxing more and more excited in her in-

dignation. "How dare you trespass or my premises? "How dare you trespass on mine?" torted the old gentleman, curtly.

"He's a madman," thought Mis Briggs, and she remembered, with a thrill of terror, that there was no key to the big front door, and the bolt was rusted into At the same moment the sound of

whooping voices was heard through the wide, echoing halls, and three chubby lads rushed hilariously in, tumbling over one another as they came.

"Hurrah!" they shouted; "hurrah!
Ain't this a jolly old cavern of a house!
My! here's a fire! and here's an old wo-

Miss Briggs, who had drawn her head in from the window, stared at the three cherry-cheeked invaders, who returned her

gaze with interest. "Boys" said she, severely, "what are you doing here ?" "Why," said Master Bruce Bellurs, etat eleven, "it's our house. And pa and

ma are helping unpack the cart at the south door. And I've got a red bird, and Johnny's got a brood of Brahma chickens n a basket, and Pierre has a monkey." "But, boys," said Miss Briggs, with

little hysterical gasp, "this is my "No, it ain't," said the three Masters Bellairs in chorus, "it's ours. We've rented it for a year, and pa and ma are

inpacking down stairs. "Is that your pa?" said Miss Briggs. with a sudden inspiration, as she pointed to the old gentleman in the garden who stood stock still, like the Egyptian obe-

"No, indeed," said Pierre, contemptuously. "Nothing of the sort," said Johnny. "Our pa ain't such a guy as that chuck

led Bruce "I think I must be asleep and dreaming," said Miss Briggs, as the door opened and a stout blooming matron entered upon the scene, with a kerosene lamp in one hand and a basket of carefully packed china in the other, while from her finger depended a bird cage.
"My good woman," said the Rev. Mrs.

Bellairs, "I suppose you have come here to see about a situation. If you can bring good reference as to character-You are entirely mistaken madam, said Miss Briggs, with energy, "I am here because—'

But at that moment, Mrs. Kipple herself, with Dorcas, her maid, entered the She was a tall, handsome woman dressed in elegant mourning, and she used an eye-glass as she talked, and somehow she seemed to take up a good deal more room than anybody else. Mrs. Bellairs set down the ketosene lamp and the bird cage, Miss Briggs' terrior stopped barking and the three boys instluctively retired behind the starch box.

"Who are you all ?" said Mrs. Kipple, surveying the scene through her eye-glass. And how came you to be here?"
"I have taken this house," said Miss

Briggs, with dignity.
"So have we," said Mrs. Bellairs.
"So have I," declared the bald-headed old gentleman, who had by this time made his way up into the ruby light of Mrs. Briggs' fire, and stood there closingly hugging his flat traveling case.
"Dear me!" said Mrs. Kipple; "this is very singular. And I have come tor. "You see-"

here because the house wasn't rented at explanations, laughter and deprecation whose general effect was heightened

by a single combat between Master Pierre Bellairs' monkey and Miss Briggs' "What are we to do?" said Miss Briggs, plaintively looking at the hair trunks studded with brass nails.

"Do?" said Mrs. Kipple, brisklywby, there is but one thing to do that see; the house is big enough for us and half a dozen families to boot. Let us all live here together."

" I am sure I have no objections at all," said Mrs. Bellairs. " Neither have I," said the old gentleman, setting down his flat traveling case with a sigh of relief.

"Birds in their little nests agree,"

quoted the Reverend Mr. Bellairs, who had by this time entered upon the scene, with one joint of a bedstead balanced across his shoulder. And it really seems to me as if we might do the same thing. So Kipple Grange was let, in good earn-est. Mrs. Kipple and Doreas established of mossy pear trees, and apples that leaned almost to the ground, sloped down to the bank of a merry little rivulet. Here the bank of a merry little rivulet. Here the against the lozenge shaped panes of the ensement. The Bellairs family settled down all over the rest of the floor, in a down all over the rest of the Hoor, in a miscellaneous, cosmopolitan sort of way, mixing up birds, old china, sermon paper, patch-work and theology in a manner which amazed the precise soul of gentle Miss Briggs. The scientific man perched himself on the top floor, where he could have a good outlook with his telescope, and set up his greatmans without let or

> story, and devoted her whole energy-and not without some degree of success-to keeping the peace between Chica, the monkey, and Nip, the terrier. Mrs. Kipple, however, got tired of rural felicity, and returned to the city in the

> and set up his specimens without let or hindrance. And Miss Briggs herself made a home-like little home on the second

ware parish, where peaches where thicker than blackberries, and the climate was soft as that of Italy, and he accepted it promptly. "What shall we do now?" said Miss

Mr. Bellairs received a call to a Dela

Briggs, who was disposed to take a timorous view of things.

Mr. Hyde pushed his spectacles on to the top of his head. "Don't you like the house?" said he. "Yes," Miss Briggs admitted, "I like

"And don't you consider the situation

salubrious?" "Certainly," said Miss Briggs.
"Then," said Mr. Hyde, looking at the edge of his geological hammer, "why don't you stop here?"
"What, all alone by myse!f?" said Miss

Briggs. "No," said the scientific gentleman "Good gracious !" cried Miss Briggs.

"But I never have thought of such a thing," said Miss Briggs, in trepidation.
"Think of it now," said Mr. Hyde, in

never been to let since.

Dropping Into Poetry. Brooklyn Eagle.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady timidly, as the exchange editor hand ed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice, as far as they go, and pa takes the Eagle every day."
She was a handsome creature, with

beautiful blue eyes and a crowning glory as yellow as golden roses. There was a expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appeared to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" con-tinued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses, and if you would be so kind as to "Help her! Though he had never even

read a line of poetry the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should

"The first verse runs like this, she went on, taking courage from his eyes: " How softly sweet the autumn air The dying woodland fills, And nature turns from restful care*

"To anti-bilious pills I" added the ex-change editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes, and it's so. You take anybody now. All the people you meet

rupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now, the second verse is more like this:

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor book tender, meek and sad, while from the valley comes the roar—"
"Of the matchless liver pad!" roared the exchange editor "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open up in the poetry business to-morrow."
"Think so?" asked the young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the

theme. "You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes. If you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."
"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I don't think of that.
Now I'll try the third verse:

"How sadly droops the dying day,
As night springs from the gien,
And moaning twilight seems to say—"

" 'The old man's drunk again,' wouldn't do, would it ?" asked the exchange editor. Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism We must have this thing original. Suppose we say-now just suppose we say- Why did I spout "Is that new?" inquired the rosy, sweet

lips. "At least I never headon't know what it means." "New?" Deed it's new. Ben is the Presbyterian name for overcoat, and spout means to hook. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my copper? That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don't be afraid, that's

"At least I never heard it before. I

just immense."
"Well, I'll leave it to you" said the glorious girl with a sweet smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. 'This is the fourth verse: "The merry milkmaid's sombre song

Re-echoes from the rocks, As silently she trips along." "With holes in both her socks, by Jove " cried the delighted exchange edi-

"Oh, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden." Not that."
"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state the things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that that's the best idea we've

struck yet." "I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say,

"As silently she trips along In autumn's yellow tracks. Would that do?" "Do? Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in this paper it don't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks' you give the impression of some fellow heaving things at another fel-low who is scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hand, rhymes with 'recks and beautifies them while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition, shows her to be a child of the very

"I think you're right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he is wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

"' And close behind the farmer's boy Trills forth his simple tunes, And slips beside the maiden coy-?" "And splits his pantaloons; done it myself; know exactly how it is. Why,

bless your heart, you—''
Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste.
But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left, but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounces him as a "nasty brute," and went out from him forever.

The Doctors Disagree as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.—New Covenant. ju20-1wd&w

Not For a Fortune. "Phew," I wouldn't marry hor if she'd a tortune. Poor girl, she'd be all right it she took Spring Blossom, the best thing in the world for offensive breath. Price 59 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Evils to be Avoided. Over-cating is in one sense as productive of evil as intemperance in drinking. Avoid both, and keep the blood purified with Burdock Blood Bitters, and you will be rewarded with robust health and invigorated system. Price \$1. For sale at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

No Matter What Happens You may rest assured that you are safe in

among the rose-briers that lay prone across the path, stopping here and there to examine the growth of silver green house-leeks on the garden wall.

Miss Briggs, who was somewhat near sighted, jumped at once to the conclusion that this interloper was a tramp. She

AL. ROSENSTEIN ONE PRICE

CLOTHING, &C.

CLOTHING, UNDERWEAR, &C.

MERCHANT TAILOR

CLOTHIER

My stock of Linens and Alpaca Goods is the most complete ever before exhibited in any establishment in

My Blue Striped Marseilles Vest, which I sell for \$1, is very stylish and is atmost exclusively worn this sum-

My White Marseilles Vests for 75c., 90c., \$1 and \$1.25 are much cheaper than they can be purchased for else-

My White Duck Vests for \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.50, are marvels

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 Alpaea coats are made in

the latest style, short roll and fashionably cut-away. Have them from \$1 up. Blue Creole Suits for \$3.50-coat, pants and vest-they are very comfortable and cut in the latest style. Blue Striped and Cheek Summer

coats I sell for 45c. If you have never

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and see it, as this is the only place it can be seen. Fine Gents' Furnishing Goods, I positively sell 25 per cent less than

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