The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVII—No. 307. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY AUGUST 26, 1881. Price Two Cents.

CLOTHING.

A CORDIAL INVITATION!

is given everybody who comes to Lancaster, on business or otherwise, to call at

Williamson & Foster's

and see the preparations they are making for the

Fall Trade.

Some few cases of

CLOTHING & HATS

have already come in, and in order to make room for all that is coming OUR SUMMER STOCK has been overhauled and

PRICES REDUCED

to such figures as to force the sale of nearly everything.

WILLIAMSON & FOSTER'S

ONE-PRICE HOUSE,

36-38 EAST KING STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

SPRING OPENING

—AT—

H. GERHART'S

New Tailoring Establishment,

No. 6 East King Street.

I have just completed fitting up one of the Finest Tailoring Establishments to be found in this state, and am now prepared to show my customers a stock of goods for the

SPRING TRADE.

which for quality, style and variety of Patterns has never been equaled in this city.

I will keep and sell no goods which I cannot recommend to my customers, no matter how low in price.

All goods warranted as represented, and prices as low as the lowest, at

No. 6 East King Street,

Next Door to the New York Store.

H. GERHART.

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING

—FOR—

SPRING 1881,

—AT—

D. B. Hostetter & Son's,

No. 24 CENTRE SQUARE.

Having made unusual efforts to bring before the public a fine, stylish and well made stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

we are now prepared to show them one of the most carefully selected stocks of Clothing in this city, at the Lowest Cash Prices.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

CLOTHING!

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Piece Goods of the Most Stylish Designs and at prices within the reach of all. Give us a call.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

6-1yd LANCASTER, PA.

ASTRICH BRO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

ASTRICH BROTHERS'

LANCASTER BAZAAR,

13 EAST KING STREET.

We have made great reductions in every-one of our departments and we are closing out our stock of

Trimmed Hats and Bonnets

AT A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Lace Trimmed Hats, one lot at 25c.
Another lot of Fine Hats at 50c.
Bargains in Ombrie shaded Ribbons, Nos. 9, 12, 16, 22, 40, at 5c, 30c, 38c, 44c and 50c a yard.
Large Shetland Shawls at 75c.
Fine Linen Dusters at $1.

HOOP-SKIRTS.

15 springs, 5 tapes....40c
20 springs, 5 tapes....45c
25 springs, 5 tapes....50c
20 springs, tape front....60c

LADIES' UNDERWEAR CHEAP.
CORSETS A SPECIALTY.
PARASOLS LESS THAN COST.

Mosquito Net Canopies $2, including all Fixtures
Hamburg Edgings and Insertings in Swiss, Lawn and Nainsook.
Deep Flouncing at 50c, 75c, $1 and $1.25 a yard.
Laces of all kinds at greatly reduced prices.
Lace Collars for ladies and children in large variety, from 10c to $3.50 apiece.
Lace Mits and Lisle Gloves greatly reduced to close out the stock.
Childs' Pink and Blue Hose, knit, seamless, fast colors, 2 pair for 25c.

ASTRICH BRO'S.

CLOTHING.

THE BUSINESS OF SELLING CLOTHING AT

OAK HALL

Has grown to its present greatness because these points are faithfully observed:

IN MAKING.	IN SELLING.
To Get the Best Material.	To Get the Cash.
To Sponge it Properly.	To Have One Price.
To Cut it Fashionably.	To Pay Back Money if Unsuited.
To Sew it Thoroughly.	To Guarantee the Goods.

The Stock of MEN'S CLOTHING is always kept very full in assortment, even to the end of the season.

In BOYS' CLOTHING the Styles and Trimmings are not approached by any Clothing House in the Country.

A cordial welcome is ready for all who come, and we expect to sell only when people are satisfied in every respect.

—:o:—

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, Sixth and Market Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Anyone having neglected or put off getting themselves a SPRING OR SUMMER SUIT will do well to call at CENTRE HALL, No. 12 EAST KING STREET.

MYERS & RATHFON.

The LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN THE STATE OUTSIDE OF PHILADELPHIA. We are offering our Stock of

Spring and Summer Goods

At reduced prices, in order to make room for our coming Fall Stock. If you want a Ready Made Suit you can be suited for a very small amount of money.

If you prefer being measured and having a Suit made to order you can find no better stock to select from and at such prices as will astonish you. Indeed the prices are so low that no one need go about in a shabby suit these days.

Just think of it, we can furnish you with

COAT, PANTS AND VEST

to keep cool in, for the the enormous amount of THREE DOLLARS. Yes, for a man to wear, and a big man too. Call and see and be suited and save money. We employ the best experienced Cutters, and we can guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

MYERS & RATHFON.

CENTRE HALL,

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

DRY GOODS.

GIVLER, BOWERS & HURST! GIVLER, BOWERS & HURST!

—:o:—

BLACK SILKS! BLACK CASHMERES!

LADIES, we are offering extra inducements in BLACK SILKS AND BLACK CASHMERES. We invite examination of these goods before purchasing, as we are confident we can save you money. We are also offering extra inducements in a few

FANCY DRESS GOODS

To close out. We also open on FRIDAY an Elegant Line of

COLORED SILKS,

In all the Choice New Shades. Also NEW DRESS GOODS in Ombre Stripes and Plaids.

Mosquito Canopies at Lowest Prices.

—:o:—

GIVLER, BOWERS & HURST'S

Dry Goods and Carpet House,

25 EAST KING STREET. LANCASTER, PA.

IRON BITTERS.

IRON BITTERS. IRON BITTERS.

IRON BITTERS!

A TRUE TONIC. SURE APPETISER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, INTERMITTENT FEVERS, WANT OF APPETITE, 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, Belching, 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.*

BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY,

[23-1yd&w] BALTIMORE, MD.

For Sale at COCHRAN'S DRUG STORE, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

ROOFING, &C.

HEATERS AND RANGES. TIN ROOFS REPAIRED AND PAINTED.

—:o:—

JOHN L. ARNOLD,

—CONTRACTOR FOR—

Slate Roofing, Gravel Roofing, Tin Roofing,

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.

—:o:—

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

fapr2-tfd

MISCELLANEOUS.

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE.

Patroness, H. R. H. Princess Louise. Founder and President, The Right Rev. I. Hellmuth, D. D., D. C. L., Lord Bishop of Huron. Fall Term opens Wednesday, Sept. 21. Handsome and spacious buildings, beautifully situated in a most healthy locality, about four hours by rail from Niagara Falls, and on one of the principal through routes between the East and West. The Grounds comprise 140 acres. The aim of the Founder of this college is to provide the highest intellectual and practically useful education. The whole system is based upon the soundest PROTESTANT principles, as the only solid basis for the right formation of character. FRENCH is the language spoken in the college. MUSIC a specialty. Board, Laundry and Tuition Fees, including the whole course of English, the Ancient and Modern Languages, Calisthenics, Drawing and Painting, use of Piano and Library, Medical Attendance and Medicine, $300 per annum. A reduction of one-half for the daughters of clergymen. For "circulars" and full particulars address MISS CLINTON, Lady Principal Hellmuth Ladies' College, London, Ontario, Canada. jll-16tdM&F

Lancaster Intelligencer.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 26, 1881.

My Wedding Tour.

I was only seventeen when Charlie married me, and I wrote myself for the first time Mrs. Charles Vail, jr., and saw the initials of the same emblazoned on the end of my new Saratoga trunk, when we started for our wedding journey. My wedding journey! I can speak of it calmly now, but the time was when it harrowed up my inmost soul. To this day Charlie becomes wroth when it is mentioned, and says it is my "blamed imagination;" but he knows, and I know well, that that is only one of those convenient little loop holes through which big masculinity can crawl on emergency; and the facts remaining unchanged and indisputable, I shall defy Charlie and state them to the world.

Imagine then, reader or listener, whoever you may be, that the last silken train had swept itself out of Trinity chapel, and the last notes of the inevitable "Wedding March" shuddered themselves out of the groaning organ, and that Charlie and I are married. Also, that the kissing and crying over is achieved, and the voices of my husband's sisters and my maiden aunts, hailing down blessings on our heads, are happily lost in distance—that the only sound we hear is the rattle and roar of an express train eastward bound, and I am looking out into the golden noonday, watching the fields and roads and villages and woodlands race past us, and sweep back into a stream like running water. There we sat, two blissful young fools—but it isn't of our bliss or our foolishness either that I am going to tell you—only of the singular adventure of our wedding tour.

Charlie hadn't told me where we were to go, and I rather liked being left in ignorance, knowing no more than that we were being swept away to some little paradise of our own—in might be to an island of the Hesperides or Crusoe's kingdom, or Eden itself. We stopped at a good many stations by the way that looked anything but pardisical; but I saw everything through a glass, rosily, as I sat there demure and mute by Charlie's side. The shadows were growing short, and it was just noon when we stopped at some "ville" or other, whose long, low, straggling buildings, crowding close upon the track, and the broad, dusty village street, branching off at right angles, are photographed upon my memory. Not for anything instrinsically remarkable; there were only a good many teams and farm-wagons, and open carriages, and light carryalls standing about, with lazy horses rubbing their noses against old worm-eaten posts, under the row of drooping green trees, and plenty of people on the platform, crowding together with greetings and good-bys; it was a commonplace, every-day picture enough, and not even a pretty one, except in fragments. There was a general exodus from the car, and a rush dinnerward, as we supposed, toward the swinging sign of some "house" or other down the lazy little country street; and Charlie, looking at his watch, said it was twelve o'clock—and didn't I want some lunch?

Of course I didn't, but of course he said I must have it, and immediately started up. He wouldn't be five minutes, he said, and I mustn't move till he came back. I was to guard our two seats and let no one come nigh them, and above all, I was to sit still, and not be led away by any possible warnings to change cars. "We're going through," Charlie remarked, "so just keep the seats and don't pay any attention." I nodded obedience, and Mr. Vail marched out of the car, leaving me to peer after him in the crowd and catch the last glimpse of his straw hat vanishing down the street.

I watched the crowd, when Charlie was out of sight, and mused and wondered over the faces, and built up all sorts of dreamy speculations upon them, as one does in a crowd when they have nothing better to think of. Presently the door banged open, and the voice of some unseen functionary shouted, "Change cars for Bos—ton!"

Everybody began to scramble their bags and bundles and canes together, and there was a rush among the few who remained my fellow-passegers. I watched them go without emotion, and merely settled myself more comfortably for the solitary journey through which Charlie had indicated—wondering a little where its terminus might be, but in no wise disturbed and anxious thereat. I stared out at the people for five minutes longer—at least so said the fat-faced clock in the "ladies' room" opposite my window, though I made it fifty, at least my mental calculation—and then the door swung open again. This time a head projected into the car, roared, "All out!"—evidently at me—and vanished again. "I won't get out," I replied, defying the empty air. "Charlie told me to sit still, and I'm going to. Oh, Charlie! why in the world don't you come back!"

But no Charlie came to answer me, and I began to stare out in the crowd with rather more anxious eyes, and to grow a little hot and uneasy, and to think, with certain unpleasant thrills running down my back, what would become of me if the train should start and Charlie should not come back at all! At this awful point in my meditations the locomotive gave vent to an unearthly screech, which I took for a premonitory symptom of departure, and I was so terrified that I started up from my seat just as the little door swung back for the third time to admit of a last warning, like that of Friar Bacon's brazen head. This time the face reappeared on a big, shaggy suit of clothes some six feet high, and was a grim, not to say irate, visage.

"Change cars, miss," said the person gruffly. "I told you to do so twice before!"

"I am to sit still," I replied meekly. "I'm going through." I thought this was the right thing to say because Charlie had said it; but it didn't have the right effect.

"Change cars then—there's the Boston train over there. This car runs back to New York."

I simply stared at the person in a dogged way that he seemed to take ill.

"Come!" he exclaimed, waxing impatient. "You can't sit there all day, you know. Where do you want to go?"

"I—I—don't know," I stammered. "I was told to sit still, and I—I must wait till the person comes back."

The man stared back at me now with interest. "Where' your ticket?" said he, extending a dirty hand.

"I haven't got it," I answered in a meek and conciliating tone. "My—Char—at least, the gentleman who is with me has got them both."

"The gentleman! Pretty fellow he must be! Told you to sit still, did he?"

I made no reply to this unwarrantable lack of respect in referring to my absent lord, but drew myself up and looked severely out of the window.

"Well, you can't go back to New York," observed my tormentor, summarily. "The best thing you can do is to get out and look for your gentleman, miss." Saying which he jerked my bag down from the rack, turned the opposite seat, which Charley had inverted, back into its place, and, by a species of moral suasion, caused me to pick up my shawls, parasol, etc., and follow him in abject submissiom to the door.

"Now where did the gentleman go?" he demanded, as he handed me out on the platform.

"He went to get me some lunch," I replied, almost ready at this crisis to disgrace my bridehood and cry.

"And told you to sit still, did he? Well, you stand right here and keep a lookout for him. There's the Boston train over there, goes in fifteen minutes, and he can't get into it without you seeing him, if he ain't inside already; and my advice is, stick fast to him if you find him, for he must need looking after."

With which remarkable words the man set down my bag, and winked at a by stander.

"What's the row?" asked the person thus invited to participate in the enjoyment of my woes. Then they whispered—about me, I suppose—and everybody stood and stared at me.

Poor little bride! Then I stood, holding fast my parasol, with a shawl on my arm, my own small satchel on the other, and Charlie's bigger one at my feet, feeling like a very "lone lorn critter" indeed. There stood three men in a knot, contemplating me, and any quantity of the some species coming and going, who all looked at me as they passed, and then turned round and stared again—and there was no Charlie visible in all the range of surrounding country. Dire thoughts began to be born within me, and to turn me cold and damp with extreme horror; the nightmare of my infancy—"being lost"—came back upon me, and crushed my seventeen years and the new dignity of Mrs. Charles Vail, jr., with a fell swoop. What was to become of me? Suppose there had been an accident, and Charlie knocked down and fearfully mangled, or that he bad just vanished away, as one occasionally hears of respectable gentlemen having done, and never would appear again or be heard of at all; supposing I were just to stand there waiting, and the train shrieking away in the distance, and night coming on, and all these strange men staring and whispering? Pretty soon I should begin to cry, for I couldn't stand it much longer; and here I began to feel for my pocket book as a slight resource. I dived to the utmost corners of my pockets before I remembered that I had confided it to Charlie, with wifely duty, at the very outset of our wedding trip.

At this alarming discovery a cold moisture brok eupon my frame. A night passed under the lee of the depot, crouched among my little possessions, now loomed before me—unless I could deposit the same possessions or pawn my diamond ring and my gold bracelets for a night's lodging and a ticket back to New York. I suppose the horror depicted on my countenance was a sufficient challenge for inquiry. I don't know what an extreme it must have reached, but somebody appeared to find it moving, for a benevolent voice presently saluted my ears:

"Are you waiting for anybody, miss?"

I turned around with a gasp of alarm, which subsided a little, however, when I met an elderly face, spectacled and benign in the extreme.

"Excuse me miss," said the old gentleman in a sympathetic tone, "are you waiting for anyone?"

"I—I—yes, sir—I'm waiting for—"

I came to a dead stop. "For Charlie" should I say. "My husband" was a step beyond utterance just now. I only turned scarlet, choked and twisted the handle of my bag in silence.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I—don't know—where to go!" I burst out involuntarily. "They told me to change cars and I didn't expect to, and I don't know what to do."

My new friend looked bewildered and came a step nearer, as he inquired, in a solemnly lowered voice: "Are you alone?"

"No, no," I said very quickly under my breath.

"Who is with you?" asked he, with a kind of confidential compassion that a little confused me. I did not understand it.

"My—a—a—gentleman," I faltered out. "He went out to get something and he told me to sit still and not move; and a man came and made me change cars—and I don't know what cars we were to take—and—and—I—I—don't see him anywhere."

Here I choked and fell to biting my lips and winking my two eyes hard to wink the tears down.

"That train's ageing back to New York," said one of the last arrivals, grining. "Going through to Boston, was you?"

"I don't know where I was going," I answered very shortly.

"A gentleman!" repeated my friend, suddenly. By this time two more men had drawn near to listen.

"Your father?"

"No."

"Brother, then?" very mysteriously.

"N-no."

I began to get very red and uncomfortable, and to wish that they wouldn't stare so.

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked the first Samaritan, after a solemn pause of some minutes.

"I don't know," I answered faintly. "He didn't tell me; he just said, when he went to get me some lunch, that I wasn't to move if the man said to change cars, for we were going through; and I told the man so, but he made me change."

"Let me see your ticket?" said the old gentleman, feelingly.

He had a compassionate way of looking at me over his spectacles; and he looked queerer still when I answered faintly—"He's got it—and my money—and—oh, why don't he come!"

Here I cast loose all ceremony and burst into tears.

"Oh, don't cry now," said the old gentleman, soothingly. "Don't now! it'll be all right—you'll be taken care of. Where did he—your friend—where did he go?—which way."

"I don't know," I sobbed from behind my handkerchief.

"Went to get some lunch, did he say? Well, now, can't you tell me what sort of a looking person he was, and perhaps we can find him? Was he young or old?"

"Young," I murmured, still behind a barrier of cambric. "W-with a yellow moustache, and g-gray clothes and a straw hat."

"Pretty bad business!" one of the men muttered aside to another. "Sharp fellow!" responded a second. And then there was some antistrophes of "What's the matter?" "It's a shame!" "Left her, did he?" from a small crowd that had by this time started up around me.

"Well, now, just come here and sit down, said my old gentleman paternally gathering up my bag; "and compose yourself, my dear, and we'll see what can be done. Don't cry, it'll only flurry. you, and won't do any good, you know. There, that's right!"

For I wiped my eyes with the remnant of a sob pulled my veil down, and was turning to follow him when, behold! as I swept the landscape o'er with one last look of desperation their appeared Charlie—gray clothes, and straw hat, and yellow moustache, and all, coming from the dim distance, with a brown paper parcel under each arm.

"There he is?" I shrieked, dropping bag and parasol in my ecstasy and rushing down the platform with extended arms. "There he is! Oh, call him, somebody—tell him I'm here! Make him look this way!"

"Where? which? where is he?" cried half-a-dozen men quite excitedly.

"Him in the straw hat, with the bundles? Halloa, sir! Halloa! Stop him!" and the small boys and one man started in pursuit.

Poor Charlie! There he came, hurrying along in our direction, rather swiftly, it is true, when my four companions gave chase. And just as they uplifted their voices, and just as Charlie's eyes, sweeping the surrounding scene appeared to light upon them—just then did the locomotive behind which we had been sitting fifteen minutes before, and which manner of trains, chose its time to set up a shriek and a violent ringing of the bell, and go puffing off on its way back to New York. And Charlie first stared wild, and then turned and chased the locomotive; and the three small boys and the man chased him, rending the air with shouts of "Stop him!"

But Charlie couldn't keep up with the train very long, and the impotency of his efforts seemed to break upon him suddenly after he had run himself very hot and damp, and shed all the hot buns from his brown paper parcel for twenty yards along the track. He turned and faced his pursuers like a man at bay, and figuratively speaking, they all fell upon him.

"Stop there! where are you going? Come back after your lady, you scamp! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" shouted the small boy, in ecstasy. "Wanted to run away, did you? Didn't do it that time, old fellow!"

"What the deuce do you want?" said Charlie, fiercely. "Where's Sarah?" Where's my wife?"

"There she is!" roared a dozen voices, with appropriate action of as many unwashed hands. "Ain't got rid of her so easy yet!"

I will draw a decorous veil over the embrace that followed and the compliments exchanged by the populace, who evinced the wildest joy at what was supposed to be the discomfiture of villainy. I will merely observe that the whistle of the Boston train cut short our little scene, and that I was hauled on the last car amid the cheers of the bystanders, greatly multiplied since Charlie's appearance on the scene, and speeded on my way by a parting word from one benevolent personage to "keep a tight eye on my young man, for he warn't to be trusted as far as you could see him!" Also that Charlie shed bank notes as well as buns in the excitement of the chase, and that my point d'Alencon parasol with an agate handle, the wedding gift of my beloved Arabella, is probably marching around Blankville at this very hour, poised in the Lisle thread hand of some village belle.

Indigestion.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column. au15-2wd&w

Joseph Durrinlurger, Broadway, Buffalo, was induced by his brother to try Thomas' Eclectric Oil for a sprained ankle; and with half a dozen applications he was enabled to walk round again all right. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Kidney Complaint Cured.

B. Turner, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have been for over a year subject to serious disorder of the kidneys, and often unable to attend to business; I procured your Burdock Blood Bitters and was relieved before half a bottle was used. I intend to continue, as I feel confident that they will entirely cure me." Price $1. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Mr. Riffenstein, Boston, Mass., writes: "Your Spring Blossom has cured me of dyspepsia, of four (4) years standing. I have regained my normal appetite, can sleep well and feel like a new man." Price 50 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

JEWELERS.

SILVER JEWELRY.

LACE PINS, EAR RINGS AND BRACELETS, NECK CHAINS AND HAIR PINS, STUDS, SLEEVE BUTTONS AND SCARF PINS OF

SILVER.

AUGUSTUS RHOADS,

No. 20 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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NEW AND CHOICE

STATIONERY, NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,

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—AND—

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of LUMBER AND COAL.

Yard: No. 420 North Water and Prince streets above Lemon, Lancaster. n3-1yd

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

LUMBER AND COAL.

Connection With the Telephonic Exchange.

Branch Office: No. 20 CENTRE SQUARE. feb26-1yd

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—FOR—

GOOD, CLEAN FAMILY COAL,

Farmers and others in want of Superior Manure will find it to their advantage to call. Yard, Harrisburg Pike. Office, 20½ East Chestnut street. ag17-tf

DRY GOODS, UNDERWEAR, &C.

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NEW CHEAP STORE

Have the Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Black French Cashmeres

In the city, bought at an Importer's Auction Sale in New York.

BLACK CASHMERES at 12½c.
BLACK CASHMERES at 20c.
BLACK CASHMERES at 25c.
BLACK CASHMERES at 37½c.
BLACK CASHMERES at 45c.
BLACK CASHMERES at 50c.
BLACK CASHMERES at 60c.
BLACK CASHMERES at 75c.
BLACK CASHMERES at 87½c.
BLACK CASHMERES at $1.00.
BLACK CASHMERES at $1.12½.
BLACK CASHMERES at $1.25.

METZGER, BARD & HAUGHMAN'S

NEW CHEAP STORE,

No. 43 WEST KING STREET,

Between the Cooper House and Sorrel Horse Hotel,

LANCASTER, PA.

NEXT DOOR TO THE COURT HOUSE.

FAHNESTOCK!

DRESS GOODS REDUCED.
DRESS GOODS REDUCED.
DRESS GOODS REDUCED.
DRESS GOODS REDUCED.

We have reduced our Immense Stock of

DRESS GOODS

FOR THE BALANCE OF THE SEASON.

DRESS GOODS at 10c., 12½c. and 15c., that were sold at 20c. and 25c.

UMBRELLAS

—AND—

PARASOLS

REDUCED.

FAHNESTOCK'S,

Next Door to Court House.

DRESS GOODS, &C.

HAGER & BROTHER

Have still a Large Line of

DRESS GOODS,

In all qualities, including many of the Choicest Styles of the Season. Also

Black and Colored Silk.

GINGHAMS, LAWNS, CHINTZES AND WHITE GOODS.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

All of which will be sold at Very Low Prices to Reduce Stock.

SPECIAL!

For JULY and AUGUST we have made a Special Low Price for

CARPETS,

Of which we have a Handsome Line of the Newest Patterns in

BODY BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, EXTRA SUPER INGRAIN, WORSTED, WOOL AND HALL AND STAIR CARPET WITH BORDERS.

Also a line of Carpets at 25, 31, 37½ and 50c.

OIL CLOTHS AND MATTINGS

Will be sold on the same low basis. We invite examination.

HAGER & BROTHER.

WALL PAPER, &C.

WALL PAPER, WALL PAPER.

Our Stock includes all the Choice Spring Patterns in

EMBOSSED AND PLAIN GILT SATINS, FLATS, BLANKS, CEILING DECORATIONS, FRIEZES, DADOS AND BORDERS.

To reduce stock we will make a

SPECIAL LOW PRICE.

We invite examination.

HAGER & BROTHER.

LIQUORS, &C.

THE PLACE FOR GOOD COFFEES Fresh Sugars, Pure Syrups, Best Teas, at A. Z. RINGWALT'S Old Wine and Liquor Store, No. 26 West King Street. feb19-1yd