

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVIII--No. 34.

LANCASTER, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1881.

Price Two Cents.

## DRY GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

## NEW GOODS FROM EUROPE, —AT— JOHN WANAMAKER'S, PHILADELPHIA.

**SILKS.**  
Long pile-plushes, one plain black with pile longer than seal fur, and with high lustre, having the effects of a very glossy fur; for coats, \$2. Another figured, the figures made by varying the length of the pile; several colors, \$2.50. Another plain, \$2.25 to \$2.50. Alternate wide stripes of more antique and bright armures of an oriental character, \$2.50. Anti-dekay lincelle in the color combinations:

White  
Bronze  
Light green  
Light blue  
Light pink  
Light yellow  
Light lavender  
Light sage  
Light rose  
Light peach  
Light cream  
Light buff  
Light tan  
Light brown  
Light black  
Light gray  
Light blue  
Light green  
Light yellow  
Light pink  
Light lavender  
Light sage  
Light rose  
Light peach  
Light cream  
Light buff  
Light tan  
Light brown  
Light black  
Light gray

**WHITE GOODS.**  
Of fine white goods we have a complete stock waiting nothing. Whatever one may want, that ladies, children or babies wear, is to be found here, with many sorts to choose from.

**DRESS GOODS.**  
A choice dress cloth, really of a fine check with an irregular illumination and a very obscure plaid; but, looked at a yard away, it appears to be a basket. It is therefore a basket-effect produced by color; if we mistake not, an entirely new and interesting piece of color-work. \$2.50 per yard.

**CASHMERE AND MERINOS.**  
Lupin's merinos and cashmires, accepted throughout the world as the standard of quality, we have in sixteen colors and ten qualities of each, 50 cents to \$1.

**BLACK DRESS GOODS.**  
Black cashmires of seventeen qualities, 25 cents to \$2. Black merinos, 25 cents to \$1.50. Three makes, Lupin's, Vogel's and Carlier's, of three shades, jet-black, medium-black and blue-black.

**NEW LINES HANDBKERCHIEFS WITH**  
colored borders have come; but, so far as we have seen yet there's nothing notably new in styles. They are almost all mechanical figures of the general character that has prevailed for some months.

**IRON BITTERS.**  
A true tonic. SURE APPETISER.

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## Lancaster Intelligencer.

TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 11, 1881.

### The Rocks of Deer Creek.

Through Lower York and Upper Harford Counties.

Special Cor. Intelligencer.

Outside of Lancaster county, one could scarcely find a more delightful drive through an agricultural district than your correspondent found from West Bangor, York county, to the Rocks of Deer Creek, Harford county, Maryland. Add to the natural attraction of the drive, a pretty good team, (no matter if it is borrowed), a fine, cool morning, with the sun warming what the wind cooled; and as your companion—a lady of course—the most charming one outside of Lancaster county and a cousin into the bargain, and you may imagine, my unfortunate reader, the felicity that dropped into my life and filled it so full that I cannot help but write.

First on the way came the wide-awake and pleasant borough of Delta, the eastern terminus of the western division of the Peach Bottom railroad from York; and the eastern or northern terminus (alas, my geography) of the new narrow-gauge, building between Delta and Baltimore. The latter road is almost all graded and is expected to be in operation inside a year, making an excellent direct connection for southern York county, so rich in its recently developing agricultural resources with the Baltimore market. Passing through Delta we crossed "the line" into Dixie's Land, and I felt quite a swelling in the region of my left suspender buckle when I became aware that my horse was kicking up his historic Democratic soil.

On the fine level roads of Harford it does not take us a long while to reach our destination, as we drive sharply by the farm and tenant houses, between the brown fields where the grass hasn't yet withered for the frost to steal its green away; and through the thick woods where "the melancholy days have come" and are shaking down the leaves and here and there a chestnut.

When we come to the creek we see perched on a hill on the other side the ruins of what was once no long since quite extensive iron works and furnaces, now like a picture of industry, old in years and broken down in health, and energy, sitting there on the hill with his hands folded, looking down into the creek perhaps with the hope of seeing a trout. Crossing the creek here on a fancy iron carriage bridge, we drive leisurely along the bank for about a mile; and while I am thinking there are a great many more rocks in the creek than there are in my cousin tells me that here in the spring and summer time resort the gay and festive of all classes, but each class at a different time of course, to hold their picnics and frolics. Here, too, come the older heads, less gay but just as festive, to indulge in their fishing holes and once again steal honey from life as they fly. Harford is proud of her Deer Creek rocks, and she should be; for it is a very pretty creek, with very romantic surroundings beside and independent of its rocks, with their wild and pride-inspiring traditions and associations.

At the end of our mile-drive down the creek we find substantial stone buildings building for the bridge across the creek for the new railroad, spoken of above. Driving back about a distance of a mile or two, we reach a point where the road is very rough and buggy and ascend the hill, which must be done to see the rocks properly. No matter how grand a view may be found on the top of a steep hill, or what the reward that awaits us there, climbing is hard work; and only those of us who have one in can appreciate and sympathize with the efforts of the young man, who pressed on, with his ears waxed to the siren voices along the way, to plant his banner "with its strange device—Ex celso!" on the top.

It was a steep hill, but we put it below us, and gained the rocks which crown the top. We searched a flock of buzzards from the rocks where they had been sitting gazing sadly—and a buzzard can gaze sadly—down into the valley on a squad of rail-roads, as if wondering what an Irishman's flavor would be. Being part of an Irishman myself I "showed" them off indignantly, and they flapped and circled away impressed no doubt that Irish meat is tough any way. The rocks form a high narrow ridge, broken through by the creek. From the crest of the ridge we look perpendicularly up. I have no idea how many hundred feet, but certainly several; built up by great, bare, detached rocks piled up on top of each other in every shape and position, suggesting that may be some of the same old-time "chick-meat" inhabitants' recollection. Titan children had piled them up in making playhouses. Here you find a nice comfortable seat, there a shelter if it should rain, and everywhere openings and holes through which a person might slip his head, slip his nose, or know whether he had gone, or he know after starting where in the world, or the one to come, he was going to stop. Away for miles you see the creek hiding, then glistering out into the sunshine playing hide-and-seek with the hills. In every direction you see woodland rising up to hills and drooping into valleys, trees everywhere, rising head and shoulders above each other, like a mighty host coming to take this pass in the rocks, where from above, my cousin and I would tilt down rocks that would crush the host below. Wonderful! We were almost Spartans. Everywhere dates of visits and names and initials of visitors are chiseled in the rocks. Some of them were of recent date, others had been almost washed away by the storms that had fallen on them, till they were no longer decipherable, and their legends with the hands that cut them passed away. The name that does not deserve immortality may as well be "written in water" as carved in the rock, for its oblivion is only a question of time.

There on the highest rock is the Indian king and queen's seats side by side. In all the Indian tales I ever read, when a boy, I do not remember that the queen was ever allowed to sit by the side of the king, but this may have been an exception, and as it is one of the legends of the Rock, I scorn to profane it by doubting. It is certainly an isolated throne, and indeed, looks very much as if it had been made for two seats. As a throne it is a model, for from that rock nearly half way to the clouds, the king might survey all of which he was monarch, in fact might look down his subject's chimney—but the Indians had no chimneys, but that's not my fault; and for an assassin to creep up behind the throne and stab the monarch they have had an impossible task. Then my cousin told me of a dusky Indian maiden, dark-eyed and beautiful, who had loved a brave of a rival tribe, and her stern old dad, with blackberry juice smeared over his face, swore by his halldome that it must not be; and how by his rude hand a tender love chord that once in the secret, sylvan shades of the forest had thrilled such sweet music for two lives was snapped asunder and two hearts broken. How the dark eyes that once

were stars grew dim, how the light, quick step became heavy and slow, and how her tribe saw her who was once its proudest flower, droop and fade like a crushed rose, till one beautiful moonlight night they saw her walk listlessly along those rocks, on out to that point, not wider than my hand, never stopping, right on over the edge, and how they found on the cruel rock away below, a poor crushed thing, indeed.

I have not time now to say anything about the bad taste of such a proceeding on the part of the dusky beauty, for fear I should forget what my mentor told me about the danger of such a proceeding on that same point and off into eternity. Another version of this last tradition is that he rode on till there was no rock beneath his horse's fore feet, when he wheeled the animal around on its hind feet, rode back, down the hill and was drowned fording the creek. The advocates of this last construction say the marks of the clogs of the horse's hind shoes can yet be seen cut into the rock where the horse turned. They may be there. I don't go out to see. I was neither drunk nor in love, and these clogs and leathers had left a bad impression on me. I saw or heard nothing more and I will not tell what I did not see or hear.

**DRUMORE ITEMS.**  
Our Regular Fairfield Correspondence.

The new public road from Long Green through Murphy's Loop to Jim Crow school house was opened for travel this week.

Benjamin Riley sold his tobacco to John McLaughlin for 22, 8 and 3; Dr. Robert Clark sold for 23, 12, 8 and 3; Lederman bought Frank Pyles for 25 through, and B. F. Tennis for 30, 15, 8 and 3; Jos. Ekin sold to DeHaven for 24 through.

Fred. Gregg, son of Solomon Gregg, cut his foot quite seriously last week with an axe, but is improving under the medical care of Dr. Glacken.

Mr. Jere B. Boyd, bought the house and lot in Fairfield, belonging to the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth Pyle, deceased, at public sale, on Saturday, for one thousand dollars.

Mrs. Letitia Clark, wife of Rev. R. Lorenzo Clark, died last Saturday. Mrs. Clark was a niece of Mr. Scott Clark, of Chestnut Level, with whom she lived for several years, until about three years ago when she was married, and soon after went with her husband to a pastoral charge in Chanceford township, York county, where she died. Interment at Chestnut Level Tuesday. Mrs. Clark leaves one small child and, wherever she was known, friends who lament her early death. Possessed as she was of extraordinary qualities of mind and a heart that never failed in kindness and virtue, she seemed peculiarly suited to be the companion of a minister, and as we see things we sorrow that she was called so soon from the field where "the harvest is great and the laborers are few."

**Mr. Barker's Mourning.**  
A gentleman named Barker, a well-to-do mechanic, of Washington, D. C., was absent from town when the president died. When he returned Mr. Barker found the city in mourning. He also found his residence, occupied in his absence by his brother-in-law, draped in a sort of a way with black calico. He saw some of his neighbors' houses similarly decorated, and determined not to be outdone by them he ordered his brother on his mother-in-law's side to go down town and procure something better. While the latter was gone Mr. Barker went to work and stripped off the cheap mourning preparation to putting on the better material. In this act he was seen by his neighbors and passers-by and these patriotic people were very much incensed. The former, who knew Mr. Barker as a Democrat, ran out to the newspaper offices and the latter gathered in front of Mr. Barker's residence and looted and insulted him. After awhile the brother-in-law returned and up went more mourning. But putting up mourning did not attract the attention as did tearing it down. Those who had witnessed the first act had spread the news about town and Mr. Barker's neighbors were convinced that the hoots of the mob had restored Mr. Barker to the consciousness that mourning was necessary. There was a very cruel article in the local papers. A photographer came around next day and got a picture of the picture. This week the picture appears in the *Public Gazette* with Mr. Barker in the foreground, a demonaical smile on his face, tearing down the black drapery. There is also a caption of "A Contemptible Cur" beneath this one, and another picture of the same Barker. For all this the unfortunate victim has no redress. The local papers never retracted and Mr. Barker's demonaical smile grins at the whole country. The gentleman himself, perhaps more sensitive than even such aggravation calls for, is actually sick from the occurrence.

**Unconsidered Trifles.**  
Time is money, but that is not why the man who has no money asks for more time.

A sexton, recently arrived from Warsaw has been engaged by a telegraph company on account of his experience in planting Poles.

According to the *Chicago Tribune* Mr. Schurz is now occupied "in duties purely editorial" showing away poems and trying to teach Mr. Godkin to drink Weiss beer.

The Evansville *Argonaut* advertises for sale an elegant pair of diamond-mounted opera glasses. The reason for selling is that since the coming of the cool weather our dear don't have to use them to hunt our morning chunk of ice with.

"Is there much game about here?" asked a newly arrived stranger in Austin of Patrick O'Rafferty.

"Indeed, there is. There are plenty of curlews, and when you shoot wan of them the rest of them stay around until you have time to shoot at them, and never fly away until they are all dead entirely."

An Austin gentleman went out on Onion creek to shoot quail. When he got back he was very much surmised. On his return he met Gilhooley, who asked him what he had been doing.

"I've got a little sunburnt shooting quail."

"Well, you had better go home and sleep it off. If you had got that badly sunburnt in town the recorder would have fined you \$10 and costs."

The peculiar adaptation of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to so many phases of Throat and Bronchial diseases has rendered this remedy immediately popular. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle.

**Ponder on These Truths.**  
Kidney-Wort is nature's remedy for kidney and liver diseases, piles and constipation. Sediment or mucus in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort. It cures all kidney troubles and cleanses the system. Rheumatic, bilious attacks, dizziness, and loss of appetite, are cured by Kidney-Wort. See advertisement.

**Sins of the Fathers Visited on the Children.**  
Physicians say that venereal taint cannot be eradicated; we deny it "in toto." If you go through a thorough course of Burdock Blood Purifier, your blood will get as pure as you can wish. Price \$1. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

**Years of Suffering.**  
Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadways, Buffalo, was for twelve years a sufferer from rheumatism, and after trying every known remedy without avail, was entirely cured by Thomas' Electric Oil. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

**JEWELRY.**  
LACE PINS, EAR RINGS AND BRACELETS, NECK CHAINS AND HAIR PINS, STUDS, SLACKER BUTTONS AND SCARF PINS OF SILVER.

**SILVER.**  
AUGUSTUS RHODES, No. 29 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

**SOLID STERLING SILVERWARE.**  
BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE.

Our stock is larger than that of any other in the city.

It comprises every article in silver that can possibly be called for.

We have silver for presentations and for testimonials.

We have silver in large and small articles for Wedding Presents.

We have silver of the most superior Workmanship and Elegant Designs.

We have silver at the Lowest Prices at which such Silver can be obtained.

We send Silver "On Approval" to any part of the country.

**BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE,**  
12th AND CHESTNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**PAPERHANGING, &c.**  
WALL PAPERS.

Our New Patterns of **WALL PAPERS**

are now coming in. The line embraces every grade, from the Lowest to the Finest Goods made. Plain Color and Embossed Gilt for Parlors, Halls, Dining Rooms, Chambers, &c. Common and Low-Priced Papers of every description.

**PHARES W. FRY,**  
NO. 57 NORTH QUEEN ST.

**SCHOOL BOOKS!**  
SCHOOL BOOKS! SCHOOL BOOKS!

**L. M. FLYNN'S,**  
NO. 42 WEST KING STREET.

**JOHN BAER'S SONS,**  
SCHOOL BOOKS

**LOWEST PRICES,**  
BOOKSTORE:

**JOHN BAER'S SONS,**  
15 and 17 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

## DRY GOODS.

SNODGRASS, MURRAY & CO.

### CLOTH HOUSE,

MARKET AND NINTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

We desire to call the attention of EARLY BUYERS to our superb selection of

### DRESS CLOTHS,

Which have been prepared with extra care for making a serviceable Suit for a Young Lady or Young Man. Some have been shrunk, others have not; but our facilities for having them steam shrunk, when customers so desire, are so great that it causes very little delay. We have a long list of colorings in PLAIN CLOTHS, and a great many new effects in FINE CHECKS, NEAT MIXTURES, STRIPES, PLAIDS, &c. Among them may be mentioned some very pretty GREEN CHECKS, entirely new.

**Seal Skin Cloths and Seal Skin Plushes.**  
These very handsome goods will be worn this winter for Long Coats, Dolmans, Costumes, Suits, and extensively used for Trimmings; all grades up to the very finest upon are represented, and it is worth a visit to our store.

**WRAPS, SACQUES AND MANTLES**  
For Fall, our many novelties are too numerous to mention. We have everything desirable pretty and handsome, including many new styles, at low and medium prices.

**Fine Merchant Tailoring Goods for Gentlemen's Wear.**  
Our stock of SUITINGS and CASSIMERES comprises all the new styles and standard makes of Domestic and Foreign Goods, in low, medium and fine qualities. We desire to call special attention to our unlimited variety of ENGLISH, SCOTCH and FRENCH fabrics for

**Suits, Fall and Winter Overcoats, and Pantaloon.**  
OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

SNODGRASS, MURRAY & CO.,  
Market and Ninth Streets, Philadelphia.

**FLANNELS! BLANKETS!**  
Fine, large stock just opened and now offering at low prices. All qualities from the very lowest to the finest made, in White, Scarlet, Gray and Blue.

**WHITE AND GRAY BLANKETS**  
AT BARGAIN PRICES.

**Bleached and Unbleached Canton Flannels**  
ALL PRICES.

**GIVLER, BOWERS & HURST'S**  
Dry Goods, Merchant Tailoring and Carpet House,

**LANE & CO.,**  
No. 24 EAST KING STREET, No. 24

**DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, ETC.**

**BOLTING CLOTHS**  
of the very best brand in the market, at New York Prices. An examination solicited of our entire stock, and satisfaction guaranteed to all.

**CHANDELIERS**  
EVER SEEN IN LANCASTER,

**GAS GLOBES CHEAP.**  
TIN PLATE AND PLUMBER'S SUPPLIES.

**JOHN L. ARNOLD,**  
Nos. 11, 13 & 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

**STOVES, FURNACES, HEATERS, RANGES.**  
OFFICE STOVES, ROOM STOVES, PARLOR STOVES, EGG STOVES, AND ALL OTHER KIND OF STOVES.

**MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS.**  
Floor Oil Cloth, Buckets 10, Brooms 10c., Table Knives, Spoons, Wood and Willow Ware, &c. go to

**FLINN & WILLSON'S,**  
152 & 154 North Queen Street.

**PLUMBING, TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING SPECIALTIES.**

**BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
For Sale at COCHRAN'S DRUG STORE, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

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