WANAMAKER & BROWN.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

## No Such Store.

DET GOODS.

If there is any such store as Oak Hall in either England or France I could not find it. The nearest approach to it is "La Belle Jardiniere" Paris on the Seine, but any one visiting this store will say Oak Hall does better in quantity to select from, style and make-up of goods, though the prices in the main are cheaper in Paris; because of the cloths without duties, and the cheap labor of France. The people here, however, think our prices are quite low enough, considering all things. American Clothing outranks all other throughout the world for real gracefulness. We have here none of the narrow-breasted and contracted shouldered coats that are so universal abroad. Some of the New York Tailors who have opened branches in Paris are among the most popular artist-tradesmen there, and are well patronized.

The English and French open their eyes wide when told of the size of the Oak Hall Clothing House and its vast stock of ready goods for Men and Boys.

It is our purpose and hope always to have Philadelphia lead the retail clothing trade and we are giving our best efforts to improve every year on our cutting, patterns and workmanship. The character of materials we use is no longer an uncertain question. The people know that we are to be depended on for sound judgment (based on experienced) in the goods selected. This year our fashions and finishing would warrant higher rates, but our prices are as reasonable as ever. Signed,

> JOHN WANAMAKER, WANAMAKER & BROWN.

The Largest Clothing House in America. OAR HALL, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

LANE & CO.

# LANE & CO.,

No. 24 EAST KING STREET. No. 24 Have Just received, opened and ready for inspection a large and complete stock of general

DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, ETC.

At prices that defy competition. High Colored Satin Suitings, New and Rich, Flannel Suitings in 64 and 34 goods. Blooming Black Cashmeres, a matter we pay special attention to. Shawls in long and square, in endless variety and quality. Francels, Checks and Muslins in all widths, and in fact anything necessary to constitute a complete stock for the buyer to select from.

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS CARPETING AT 75c. PER YARD.

Elegant in Designs and Colorings. Feathers, Steam Dressed, the best the market produces Queensware, Cloth, Cassimere and Ladies' Coats.

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.

Jacob M. Marks.

John A. Charles, IRON RITTERS.

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A TRUE TONIC.

SURE APPETISER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and effi-cient tonic; especially

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, INTERMITTENT FEVERS, WANT OF APPE

TITE, 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, Hearthurn, 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.

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

PLUMBER'S SUPPLIES.

TOHN L. ARNOLD.

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Largest, Finest and Cheapest Stock of

# **CHANDELIERS**

EVER SEEN IN LANCASTER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. GAS GLOBES CHEAP.

TIN PLATE AND PLUMBER'S SUPPLIES.

JOHN L. ARNOLD,

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

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

HOUSEFURNISHING.

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—GO ТО— FLINN & WILLSON'S,

# Furnaces and Stoves of all Kinds.

Just received 1,003 YARDS of FLOOR OIL CLOTH from 25 cents per yard up.

#### CHANDELIERS.

COMPLETE LINE OF HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS FOR THE FALL SEASON. Call and examine our stock. No trouble to show goods.

FLINN & WILLSON, 152 & 154 North Queen Street.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 20, 1881.

Mr. Jay. An English Story.

"Small and neat-very; age, uncertain spectacles, thin, faded hair, faded over coat to match, and an alpaca umbrella. He may be good, Will, but he is one of the most common-looking persons I have seen for some time. "

"Did you ever see an original looking clerk?" queried Will reflectively, from his sofa by the fire. "It seems a moral necessity that they should all be fashioned after the same pattern."

"Is he a clerk ?" I asked, turning round from the window. "So Ford told me this afternoon. Jay his name is; he's the cashier at Grims-

The said cashier had come up the street, and let himself in at the next house. A wood-yard on one side, and a long, low store shed on the other, separated the two houses, that and ours, from the rest of the street. The house had been empty for months past, but a week ago the bill had been taken down from the narrow, dusty window; some old fashioned furniture had arrived in a cart under the charge of a grim-faced, deaf old woman, and lastly the tenant himself appeared upon the scene, and from the open laths of the Venetian we anxiously surveyed him, and straightway came to the aforesaid

conclusion. Will was an invalid - there was something wrong with his spine, and often for weeks together he neve. left his sofa. There were only the twoof us now; and necessarily spending the greater part of our lives shut into our tiny house, we had fallen into a habit of watching and speculating upon the stray threads of busier lives that sometimes drifted past the quiet corner where our barks had stranded. This was one. We had built up tall castles round the coming unknown, and it was rather a descent to find such a common-place per-

sonage for the occupant. difference to us. There was not a shadow of peculiarity about him to waken any interest. Punctually at twenty minutes to "That 'but' was over long ago for me," niue every morning he let himself out of he interrupted. "That is why I wanted terest. Punctually at twenty minutes to the front door; punctually at twenty min- the baby. utes to six every evening he let himself in. Every Sunday morning he went to church, and in the afternoon read a big brown volume that might have been either a family Bible or a Shakespeare, and after a lengthened discussion the first week upon his possible reasons for wearing such a remarkably dark drab overcoat, we left our little neighbor's movements unnoticed and

house was nearly a mile away and our maid was a stranger and knew nothing of the place; there was no time to lose and next. It was opened after what seemed a terrible long interval by little Mr. Jay himself, with a caudle in his hand; he

"Isn't it Miss Bryce ?" he asked ; " is anything the matter ?" "It is my brother-he is so fil and I

haven't any one to send for the doctor; would you mind-" "Of course I will," he interposed; and I remembered after how promptly the response came; "where does he live?"

I told him and hurried back. The doctor cames; he had helped us through many previous illnesses, and shortly after the paroxysm passed and Will dropped

quietly to sleep.

He was not able to come down the next day at all, and we took our tea upstairs

together in the evening. In the midst of it there came a gentle knock at the front door and a message was brought up that Mr. Jay would like to see me for a few minutes.

"The first call of the series," commented Will. "Mind, you thank him for me for fetching Ford." Mr. Jay was standing on the rug in the half-lighted sitting room, and I delivered

Will's message in due terms. I wound it up rather abruptly, finding that my elo quence was not making the impression I and expected.

"Miss Bryce," he began eagerly, the moment I stopped. "I wanted to ask you something. Do you think I could take proper care of a young baby? It's a

I looked at him in considerable astonishment. "I-I con't know exactly," said I.

'Have you got one?" "I found one last night as I came back from the doctor's; it's at the police station now. The mother was in a fit in the street,

and she died this morning." "Don't they know where she lived " Has she no friends?" I asked dubiously.

"No; I went round to-night. London's the workhouse unless I take it." "Babies need a great deal of attention," I sagely observed. "Do you really want

There was a minute's silence before he answered.

"Miss Bryce," he said, "I am a good way past forty now, and since I was sixteen I have never had anything to care for or belong to me. I'm poor and plain, but this little creature would not know that, and I would be better for her than on the child's strength—and he left us to the workhouse.' "What does your housekeeper think

about it ?" "I haven't said anything to her yet she's old, you know; besides, babies sleep nearly all day," he explained with an air of calm confidence, "and I am always back by 6; don't you think it's possible? out the long night, while we watched the fluttering little life that had been so bright and vigorous only yesterday—only yesterday, and it seemed almost a lifetime. The fair spring morning was breaking across

I thought you would understand." I thought of the little man's forty lonely years—Will and I had each other—and relaxed into a quiet sleep. Will's eyes turned to him suddenly. . "Mr. Jay, you

be very hard to find out." "Thank you," he said gratefully. "If Theodora seemed the right name for her you would look at it sometimes during the afterward; we never gave her any other. day, or tell me what to do, I'm not at all afraid of the nights."

there was another low knock at the door, flourished like a rose in June. She was and Mr. Jay came in with a big bundle in his arms. There was not a shade of anxithe rough shawl to show us his new pos-

"There! isn't she a bonnie little creature?" he demanded. "Indeed, she is," assented Will, warmly, ed no welcome from any one of us that night. We solemly debated over the merits contemplation of them. of various feeding-bottles and vague fragments of half-forgotten nursery lore for an hour; and when Mr. Jay gathered up bis little waif and left us, it seemed almost

impossible that only two days before we tution as the workhouse. She eught to be had been perfect strangers. Before a week was over, Mr. Jay's baby

was an institution; but ah! the anxious hours before we got into that baby's waysit had to come to that, for it utterly de-clined to fall in with ours. We read aloud elaborate theories from ponderous tomes, on the propriety of regular hours and firm

Through the day, the basket that did duty for a cradle generally occupied one corner of our tiny sitting-room, but punctually at twenty minutes past six Mr. Jay ings from him-he was not a communicative person-but through the thin partition wall we often listened to his hurried quarterdeck walk for hours together, trying to still its crying. Mr. Jay's hair was rougher now, and his general appearance lost much of the neatness that had drigin ally distinguished him; but there was a lightness in his step as he went down the street every morning that there had not been heretofore, and a look of quiet content

from that pedestal forever.

He had mentioned his new responsibility at Grimsby's, and made inquiries in every likely direction, but the little waif seemed as completely unknown as though it had come-as we sometimes fancied Mr. Jay verily believed-straight from heaven. She grew quickly into a part of his life

was gradually dawning upon his insignifi-

lasked him merrily one night what he would do with her if he chanced to fall in love, and his lady objected to this clai He look at his reflection in the chimney

you think I look like a man for any woman to fall in love with ?" he asked. I could not conscientionsly say that he did. "But if you-"I began, hesitat For two or three months, his comings ingly. I had read or heard it somewhere and goings were a matter of careless inthat any man not absolutely deformed that any man not absolutely deformed might win a woman if he wished, and wanted to put it as politely as possible.

And that is all we have ever learned,

then or later, of his past. We might tend the little one in his absence, and he was grateful for it; but once he reached home, he seemed to prefer that she should be left entirely to his care. It was a curious mixture of the pathetic and the ridiculous, to see the methodical little man promenading up and down before the woodyard with his treasure, when the At length, in the middle of one bleak early spring evenings began to lengthen October night, we inaugurated an ac- out, to give it the benefit of the fresh air, quaintance with him. Will was seized and the smell of the pine boards, which it with one of his worst attacks ; the doctor's was one of the articles of our creed to believe had a genuine country fragrance.

"He always reminds me of the old parable of the poor man and his one ewe in utter perplexity I slipped out at the front door and knocked loudly at the him as he passed the window on one of these constitutionals. "Don't you think it's time she had a

himself, with a caudle in his hand; he name? What are you going to call her?" looked slightly amazed at the sight of he asked, as Mr. Jay suspended his pilgrimage a moment to tell us of another tooth that was shortly to make its appearance. It was a profound mystery to me in those days—it is still, for that matter why babies are not sent into the world ready furnished in that particular. So many of this one's grievances seemed to be connected with the getting them.

Mr. Jay rested his arm on the windowledge and looked down at Will's cushion. "Theodore," he said briefly.
"Theodore," echoed Will, "it sounds quite impressive. Is it after anyone you

cnow? "No-o," he answered slowly, and a lit-tle unwillingly, "it was because—it means

something, you know." A little silence fell upon us, and he went back to the neighborhood of the pine "I rather think," observed Will, medi-

tatively, after a long pause, "that Jay was originally intended for a great man-it comes out in strange things occasionally, but unfortunately he has not the slightest capacity for either looking or expressing the character.'

Early the next morning (it was Saturday) Mr. Jay came in. There was something wrong with the baby he thoughtwould I come and look at her? She was lying in her basket flushed and heated, and when Mr. Jay had reluctantly gone away to business I put a blanket over it

me. The morning wore on and brought no change, and at noon we sent for Dr. Ford. His face grew serious as he listened to her breathing. "Keep her in one room and have plenty of steam and hot water about; there are

symptoms of cronp." Our hearts failed within us at the word. Croup was a fell destroyer we had heard of and read about in books, but we had

not counted upon finding it at our own | a large place, and they can't find anything about her, and the baby will be sent to rections and went, promising to look in If it had been to save her from want it rections and went, promising to look in again in the course of an hour or two. Will, what are we to say to Mr. Jay?" I cried, as the door closed upon him. "It will be a case of doing, not saying,

I fancy," he returned; though she may be all right by then—children often are." But she was not. Mr. Jay came in with the doctor about 5, and there was no need to tell him; he saw it for himself. Dr. Ford stayed a little while, then he told us he could do nothing further-it depended our vigil. It was the first time we had ever seen a baby suffer. Hour after hour the old church clock down the street tolled out the long night, while we watched the the houses, when at last the hoarse breathing grew soft, and the tired baby's limbs turned to him suddenly. "Mr. Jay, you helped us last night, and if you take it I'll help you all I can with it. I don't know anything about babies, but it cant't he perry herd to find out."

lence was deeper than our tears. At half-past 6 the very next morning him. The blossoming-time, we used to say, of little Mr. Jay's life; his treasure ashion. Midsummer day she had her first pair of little blue shoes; Mr. Jay brought them back with him that evening and proudly fitted them on. Will

laughed at their unserviceable appearstretching up from his sofa to look at the tiny face and placid blue eyes nestling among the gray folds on his arm. It lack-her in that sort of thing." street, Lancaster. Mr. Jay lifted his radiant face from the

"Ah, if you had had only your own to

running to meet you in them in a few more months."

Mr. Jay looked down at the tiny feet in his hand. "I don't know; if I could I would keep her always just as she now is-my little

Theodora. Yet there were not many days that he training, but one pitiful baby cry scattered | did not brin; some remarkable article them all to the four winds; and, ah! the that would be of little use till she ha humiliating blunders I made in trying to reached a far more advanced age; the exfashion the little garments and make it traordinary toys and books and little look like other people's babies. Hitherto, garments that were laid up ready for her I had ranked as a moderately intelligent and accomplished person, but those melancholy failures brought me down nie golden head, always in such close juxtaposition—it is a good many summers now, but it comes back as freshly as

yesterday. The first little cloud came with the shortening days. It was an advertisement appeared and took his treasure home; we in one of the morning papers, that Will did not hear much of the after proceed-suddenly read out one gay at breakfast: "Information is earnestly requested of the whereabouts of Jane Dawson, late of 31 Cham-ber street, last seen on the evening of the 10th of October, having in charge a young baby five months old."

A description of her dress and appearance followed. He dropped the paper, and we looked at

each other in sore dismay.

"Oh, Will, I hope Mr. Jay has not seen that," I broke out. "Jane Dawson's friends should have looked for her sooner if they wanted her cant face that completely transfigured it so earnestly," was his comment. "It's late in the day to begin now. We are not obliged to help them at any rate. " And with reprehensible want of princi-

ple we put the paper in the fire and preserved a discreet silence about it. Two days later, sitting by the open window, we saw a policeman come down the street and knock at Mr. Jay's door. Will

put his head out : "There is no one there; what is it?" The man leisurely decended the two eteps, and took a position, whence he could survey our interior.

glass a full minute before he spoke. "Do "I've come about that baby, sir, as your neighbor got from us last year.' "What about it?" said Will, abruptly. "We think the lawful owners have turned up. They was in Australia and left the baby out at nurse; we sent round to them yesterday; they were advertised for it. Maybe you, ve seen it, " he added.

"Is it the mother?" I asked, quickly, without going into that last item. " No, mum; a haunt, or something in that line. " "Then she cannot have it," I decided promptly. "No aunt can take better care of it than Mr. Jay has; it would be

eruel to take it away now.' Very sorry, mum, but right's right, and he can't expect to keep other people's children if they wants them; perhaps I'd better come when he's at home.

Will shut down the window sharply.

"Kate, I am afraid poor Jay's is a losing game." She was lying cooing to herself in the corner and I took her up with a pitiful sob for the little man whose one ewe lamb she was in very truth. He came in an hour after, and she gave a merry little crow at the sight of him ; he took her al-

most jealously out of my arms.

"Come, my blossom! say good-by till after tea," and with her on his shoulder, her basket under his arm, and the drab hat very much on one side, he dispecared into his own premises. As we sat at our little tea table we saw

the dreaded policeman go past again, and knock at Mr. Jay's door, and the old housekeeper admitted him. He was there about half an hour and Mr. Jay let him out himself. We waited up till late, thinking he would come in and tell us, but we heard nothing more of him that

I slipped in at 9 o'clock the next morning. He was sitting by his untouched breakfast, little Theodora on his knee. I faintly tried to suggest there might be 2:-1yd some mistake; there were so many servants and babies in a place like Lendon. "I am afraid there is none," he said

rising up. "I am going to make inquiries about it to-day. The lady is at some hotel in Bloomsbury." "Let me go and see her, Mr. Jay," I cried out impulsively; it's hard for you."
"I thank you," he said. "You are very kind; but I took her, and it is right

that I should arrange it myself." And somehow, for almost the first time, in spite of his stature, I recognized the fact that he was a man, and beyond many men in his capacity for loving and suffering, and therefore to be safely left to act

as he thought wisest. Will was worse that day, and I never left him; on the next, which was Sunday, he limped down stairs late in the afterroon, and lay on his sofa drawn close to and carried the whole concern back with the fire, which began to look cherry in the September evenings. Winter promised to set in early that year. Just at the edge of dusk Mr. Jay came in with little Theodora wrapped in a thick shawl-the one she had

worn on her first advent in our midst.
"I brought her to say good bye," he said, quietly. "She is going back to her own people." "You are going to give her up entire-ly?" asked Will increduously.

"Yes; they are rich people, and they would have been different; but it would be a selfish thing to tie her down to my poverty because I loved her-the love would not be worth the name. '

We looked at him in silence. Pity! he needed none. His commonplaceness had risen to heights where we could not follow
—he was beyond us now.

And then he gathered her up in his arms

Our little neighbor goes in and out still in the old methodical fashion. His hair is a little more faded than in the days we watched him first, his step a little slower; but to us the halo of that great unselfish love is about him always, and by it we have learned a deeper sympathy with all the vast brotherhood of the rank and file—the commonplace persons.

-Quality and efficacy considered, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is without exception the best Cough preparation in the market. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"It is Curing Everybody,"

Mr. Jay stood over her without one word and yet I think we both felt that his si lence was deeper than our tears.

Theodora seemed the right name for her afterward; we never gave her any other.

That summer was a very happy one to him. The blossoming-time, we used to Small Comfort.

When you are continually coughing night and day, aunoying everybody around you, and hoping it will go away of its own accord, you are running a dangerous risk—better use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, an unfailing remedy in all such cases. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster. Josh Billings says: "Thare ain't no pt in natral histry that haz been et more, and that more oft than apple pt, and no medicine kan cure indigestun and billousness haf so well as Spring Blossom." Price 55 cents. For sale at Il. B. Cochran adrug store, 137 North Queen street. Lancaster

Go to H. B. Coenran's Drug Store, 137 North Queen street, for Mrs. Freeman's New Na-tional Dyes. For brightness and durability of color, are unequaled. Color from 2 to 5 pounds. Directions in English and German. Price, 15

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HAVE NOW ON HAND SUCH AN ASSORTMENT OF GOODS FOR FALL AND WINTER, THAT IT WOULD BE HARD FOR A PURCHASER TO LEAVE THE STORE DIS-SATISFIED.

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DRESS GOODS SILKS, SATINS, PLUSHES, VELVETS, CLORKS, DOLMAMS AND JACKETS,

In the latest styles, neatly trimmed with velvet plush and passementerie. Single and Double Shawls at very low pricess. NEW FALL COATINGS.

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