

JOHN WANAMAKER'S GREAT HOLIDAY SALE.

## JOHN WANAMAKER

WILL INAUGURATE ON

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5th,

# THE GREAT HOLIDAY SALE

of Philadelphia,

## AT THE GRAND DEPOT,

In both the Main Building and the two new annexes,

when FIVE ACRES OF FLOOR SPACE AND GALLERIES will be thrown open to the public for the marvelously beautiful exhibition of dry goods, fancy goods, ladies' dresses, and house-furnishings of every description.

Vienna, Paris, Berlin and Switzerland have poured in beautiful things for Christmas, and the new toy department covering a half acre lot is

## LIKE FAIRY LAND.

All told, the present stock offers our customers a selection from almost two million dollars' worth of goods.

The ladies' suits and coats and the Fur Department occupy the new building directly on the corner of Thirteenth and Chestnut.

The ladies', gents' and children's hosiery, gloves and gents' furnishing goods occupy the three stores (thrown into one) on the west side of Chestnut Street entrance.

## The Immense Windows On Chestnut Street,

and the arcade entrance, with its splendid displays of Christmas things,

### Will be illuminated with Electric Light until 10 o'clock every night.

Mail orders have our careful attention. We are organized to attend to twelve hundred letters daily.

## JOHN WANAMAKER,

Grand Depot, Thirteenth, Market and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

MYERS & RATHFON. FINE MERCHANT TAILORS and CLOTHIERS, EMPLOY THE FIVE BEST CUTTERS IN THE CITY.

### READY MADE CLOTHING.

If we undertake to describe our FINE ASSORTMENT in these goods it would consume more than our share of space and more of your patience to read it than is allowable. Suffice it to say we have every thing, from the \$10 SUIT we have told you about, to the FINEST CLOTHING a gentleman requires.

BY THOSE WHO HAVE DEALT WITH US OUR GOODS ARE CONCEDED TO BE THE BEST IN LANCASTER CITY OR COUNTY.

WILLIAMSON & FOSTER. The Leading Clothiers OF THE CITY OF LANCASTER, HAVE SOME SPECIAL HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS, BOYS' FUR, BEAVER, CHEVIOT, CASSIMERE AND MELTON OVERCOATS. Boys' School and Dress Suits, Boys' Pants, Made of wear-resisting materials. Men's Sacks and Outaway Suits, Of the most approved shapes. Men's Ulsterettes, Prince Charles, Fur Beaver, Cheviot, Kersey, Melton and Cassimere OVERCOATS, In an unlimited variety of styles. Men's Fine Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets, Stout men and thin men, of every height may be fitted from our stock. We Lead the Styles Rule in Prices. THERE ARE BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT. WILLIAMSON & FOSTER, 30-32 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA. CEASELESS TOILERS FOR TRADE.

**DRY GOODS.**  
**A SPECIAL BARGAIN IN FINE BLACK FIGURED BEAVERS.**  
Last week we purchased from one of the largest importers his entire stock of handsome, high-cost, neat-figured, fur-back BEAVERS. The transaction was a large one, and the prices at which we bought them very low. We shall sell them at from 25 to 40 per cent. below what the importers' price has been previous to this sale. The goods are all fresh manufactured for this season's sales, and the patterns the very newest, including Silhouette Corded, &c. We think this is a bargain without precedent. Such goods are always fashionable for Ladies' Coats, Dolmans, &c.  
Light Colored Beavers with Plushes and Seal Cloth for Trimming.  
Light Coats, Dark Coats and Black Coats are all trimmed with Seal, Cloth or Plush, both of which we have in a great variety of colors and many qualities. This not only applies to Coats, but also to Ulsters, Wraps and almost every outside garment worn by ladies this season as well as suits.  
**CHILDREN'S CLOAKINGS.**  
We are very busy with the little ones. No wonder; for nowhere is there such an assortment of handsome colors and pretty things for Children's Coats, Ulsters, &c. Then we have the Seal Cloths and Plush, in shades that blend beautifully with the Coats. Mothers, bring your children along and let them help make a selection.  
**BOYS' OVERCOATINGS.**  
For the boys we have a great many light-colored Beavers, also some handsome thick soft, nappy Beavers—and then we have Green, Olive, Brown, Blue and every other color and kind of Beavers, some plaid backs, others plain backs, but all can be made up without lining. Many are made very stylish by having pockets, cuffs and color of seal cloth or plush, if you like it. Nowhere else can you find such beautiful trimmings at prices always the lowest consistent with quality.  
**Handsome Seal Cloths for Ladies' Coats and Dolmans.**  
Ladies who are debating in their minds about purchasing Seal Cloths should decide promptly; present sales indicate a great scarcity in the near future.  
**SNODGRASS, MURRAY & CO.,**  
CLOTH HOUSE,  
MARKET & NINTH STREETS, Philadelphia.

### Lancaster Intelligencer.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 17, 1881.

#### Jeanie's Christmas Gift.

By Emma Garrison Jones.

As Jeanie sat on the old meadow-stile, in the radiant splendor of the September afternoon, she was thinking of a Sabbath morning, when her father sat in the cottage with the great Bible on his knees, reading the sacred word to his family. It had been a bright summer morn, and the very scent of the roses and lavender, and the busy hum of the bees seemed to come back to her.

It was her father's custom to require Jeanie and her little sister to repeat a verse when he had finished reading. That morning Jeanie's verse was, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done unto Me."

"What does that mean, papa?" Jeanie had asked.

And papa had said: "Why, my dear, it means this: If you were to see me a poor beggar, sitting by the wayside, and give him food and drink, or shelter, the great Lord would regard your kindness just the same as if bestowed upon himself."

This was the memory that came back to Jeanie, as she sat on the old stile. She repeated the verse softly to herself; and then, with tears rising in her blue eyes, she glanced over her shoulder, in the direction of the village, where her father now slept.

Childhood's sorrow, however, is short-lived. She soon dried her tears, and began to jingle the two silver dollars in her pocket. Two round silver dollars! Oh, how hard and patient she had worked for them, picking berries in the hot sun for the village market.

When they were earned, and she had them in her little, brown hand, mamma had said: "They are yours, Jeanie; you shall do with them as you like. Buy a new hat for yourself, or—"

"Mamma, no, no, please," Jeanie cried, breathlessly. "I will do without the hat, let me buy the dolly with the eyes that go to sleep, and the darling little doll to put her in, for Dot, the dear. Oh, mamma, she has wanted them so long."

"Do just as you please, Jeanie, love; you worked hard for your money," mamma said.

And now, Jeanie was on her way to the village, to make her purchases. Dot was weakly, and somewhat deformed—poor, little mite,—and could not accompany Jeanie. But, Jeanie had kissed her when she set out, and said:

"Now, sit here, and be patient, and watch for me. Dot; I'll hurry as fast as ever I can, and you shall have the big dolly in your arms, the very minute I get back."

Jeanie thought of Dot, as she jingled the two silver dollars in her pocket; and springing from the stile, hurried across the meadow. When she came close to the great elm that stood by the wayside she stopped short. Sitting beneath it was a man with a bandage across his eyes, and a little dog at his feet. The dog had a forlorn look, and the manster was clad in rags. Jeanie looked on in silence, for some minutes, and then drew a little nearer.

"Good man, are you blind?" she asked.

"No, not entirely," answered the man. "I've had a sunstroke, and the light hurts me."

Jeanie's tender heart was moved. She drew still nearer, and patted the little dog.

"What makes you sit here?" she asked at last. "Why don't you go home?"

"I am trying to get there, but walking makes my head hurt."

"How far is your home?"

"Nearly a hundred miles."

"Oh, oh! You surely don't mean to walk that far?" said Jeanie.

"I did; but I can't make much head way now."

"Why don't you go on the cars?"

The man laughed a sad, half scornful sort of laugh.

"Because I haven't got a cent, little one."

"Poor man," said Jeanie, "are you hungry?"

"Not very; I got a bite on the road."

the door. Dot was almost helpless, and the mother herself was frail, and at last fell ill. The heavy burthen of care rested on Jeanie's shoulders.

One winter afternoon found her sad of heart. Her mother was in need of nourishment and medical attention; poor little Dot's pale face betrayed her lack of strong wholesome food, and a debt hung over the cottage, which would soon make them homeless.

Suddenly she remembered that it was Christmas day. But alas! there was no Christmas cheer for them, much less Christmas gifts. And yet how she would have liked to buy some little trifle for Dot!

Jeanie stood in the door, and looked out at the fast falling snow. A tall, slender girl, graceful as a young willow, with a sweet, sad face, and tender, resolute eyes. It was an inclement afternoon, but Jeanie was determined to face the storm. She had formed a purpose.

"Dot," she whispered, approaching her sister's low chair. "I'm going to see Doctor Farnsworth. Don't let mother know. I shall not be gone long, dear."

She left the cottage, and crossed the fields in a rapid step, the snow beating in her face. The old meadow stile stood at the crossing, and just beyond it, the giant elm tree. Jeanie paused for breath a minute; her eyes filling with tears. It saddened us, sometimes, to see how strong and changeless nature is, when the dearest treasures of our hearts seem to be slipping away from us.

Jeanie hurried on, under the snow-laden branches of the elm tree, and along the selfsame path her childish feet had trod on that memorable day, when she was on her way to purchase the big dolly. She did not recall the circumstance, however; other and graver thoughts filled her mind.

She reached the village, after a fatiguing walk, and made her way to Dr. Farnsworth's residence. The old physician's son, a young disciple of Esculapius, just returned from abroad, and getting ready to step into his father's shoes, occupied the sitting room, in which Jeanie was ushered. He rose to his feet, politely inquiring in what way he could serve her.

"Thank you; but it is old Doctor Farnsworth I wish to see, please," said Jeanie, in her sweet, soft voice.

And the young doctor left the room, thinking he had never seen a sadder or a lovelier face.

"Why, bless my soul, here you are; and I had just ordered my buggy, to come over and see you," exclaimed the elder physician, when he appeared.

"The, you know, mother was ill?" said Jeanie, with flushing cheeks.

"No, I didn't; is she ill?"

"Yes, sir; she's been ill for weeks," replied Jeanie, speaking rapidly, lest her courage should fail her; "but she wouldn't allow me to come to you, sir, because—because we haven't the money to pay you. But I can't see her die for want of medical aid; and if you'll only go to see her, sir, if there's anything I can do, any sort of work—"

"Never mind, never mind," interrupted the doctor; "we'll settle that hereafter, you should have let me know long ago. Come to the fire and warm; you didn't walk over?"

"Yes, sir, I walked; but I'm not cold; and please, sir, if you'll be good enough to go at once—"

"Yes, yes, my buggy will be around in ten minutes. I was just coming over to see you, Miss Jeanie. I've got a letter for you."

"A letter for me, doctor?"

"A letter for Jeanie Goodwin. That must be you. It came enclosed to me from Marshland. One Rathburn, a lawyer, sent it. Here it is."

Jeanie received the letter, and looked at it with wondering eyes. She could scarcely break the seal her fingers trembled so. Doctor Farnsworth busied himself with his saddle-bags, while she read it, a suppressed twinkle in his eyes.

The substance of the letter was as follows: A man, named Hiram Burns, dying recently at Marshland, had left a will, bequeathing a pretty cottage and grounds, and something over six thousand dollars in cash to Jeanie Goodwin, a little girl living at Hazelwood cottage, some two miles from Berryville; and Jeanie, by winning having given him two dollars to pay his fare to Marshland, some seven years before, when she found him sitting by the wayside, ill and penniless, said he, Hiram Burns, desiring to pay the debt with interest.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie, clasping her hands.

"Oh!" echoed the doctor, looking up. "Now there's luck, young woman? You'll be able to pay my bill, you see? I've written back to Hiram Burns; and if you say so I'll take you down to Marshland and see that you are not cheated. And now a merry Christmas to you."

Jeanie could not speak; her heart was too full. After many days her childish act of self-sacrifice had been rewarded. And it seemed to come, too, as a special Christmas gift.

Some weeks later, as soon as her mother was able to make the journey, they went down to live in the pretty cottage at Marshland; and, not many months after, Jeanie married Dr. Farnsworth's son.

**Hedging on the Administration.**  
New Era, Oct. 27.  
Let us not deceive ourselves. The fact that long and frequent consultations take place between the president and such leading Statesmen as Grant, Cameron, Logan, Jones and others, and with Roscoe Conkling by proxy, together with the fact that Blaine, MacVeagh and James, positively refuse to remain members of the cabinet, furnish strong confirmation to the impression that the chief question now under consideration among Mr. Arthur's confidential advisers is how to put the State into complete possession of the administration without alarming the country before the November elections.

We would be the last to do President Arthur injustice. The New Era was among the first to ask for a generous judgment and a fair trial. But, if, as now seems painfully apparent, his policy is to be supported by the deceptive counsels of Conkling, Platt, Cameron and the others, who conspired to embarrass the Garfield administration, the sooner the people know it, the better for the future of the Republican party and the welfare of the nation.

### STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

FROM MARKET STREET TO FILBERT,

AN ENTIRE BLOCK,

IS FILLED WITH DRY GOODS,

Selected Carefully by Experts in the Best Markets of the World.

This Huge Array of Stuffs Aggregates in Value Considerably more than

A MILLION OF DOLLARS.

AND IS DIVIDED AMONG

THIRTY-TWO DEPARTMENTS.

In which are contained everything needed in

Wearing Apparel for Ladies and Children,

And everything coming under the head of

HOUSEFURNISHING DRY GOODS

For such exhibits as this are made in the country. None can surpass it in attractiveness, variety and interest. The almost perfect system to which the business is reduced, insures the most prompt, careful and economical service of all patrons.

The prices are beyond controversy as low as the goods can be conveyed from producer to consumer, as all methods of cheapening prices are in vogue known to the most exact business science. On moderation of prices, primarily, has the success of the house been based, and success has furnished facilities for still further lowering of prices, while giving additional advantages of convenience, comfort and despatch in all transactions.

There is no reason why all who desire should not share in the advantages which are offered by this great mart of fashion and of use.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. Cor. Eighth & Market Sts.—S. W. Cor. Eighth & Filbert Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

JEWELERS.

OPERA GLASSES,

OPERA GLASSES,

OPERA GLASSES,

AUGUSTUS RHODES, Jeweler,

No. 29 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

CHRISTMAS

DIAMONDS.

CHRISTMAS

WATCHES.

Christmas

FANCY GOODS.

CHRISTMAS

STATIONERY.

All Goods sent on Approval.

PRICES LOW.

BAILEY,

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BIDDLE,

12th and Chestnut Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

ROOTS & SHOES.

LADIES AND GENTS, IF YOU WANT A

Good and Fine Fitting Boot or Shoe

made to Order, go to

F. H. MENZ'S,

No. 103 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

Custom Work Specialty.

HOLIDAY SLIPPERS.

A large and the display of

HOLIDAY SLIPPERS

—AT—

THE EAGLE SHOE STORE,

51 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

Larger than any two stores in Lancaster city. All the latest styles so beautiful and prices so reasonable they almost sell themselves.

JOHN HEIMENZ.

The only place you can buy BUST'S Celebrated Fine Shoes.

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JOHN HEIMENZ.

The only place you can buy BUST'S Celebrated Fine Shoes.

Now Open—Sprecher House—on

European plan. Dining Rooms for

Ladies and Gentlemen. Entrance at No. 31

North Duke Street. Clean and Tidy Soap

Loafers Sold, Oysters in Every Style and all

the Delicacies of the Season. We solicit the

patronage of the public. may 7-11

STEAMED OYSTERS.

Specially made of Steamers Oysters at the

Sprecher House.

No. 27 North Duke Street.

Having furnished our Restaurant with a

boiler for steaming oysters, we take this meth-

od of informing the public that we are pre-

pared at all times to furnish them to families

at their houses or at the restaurant.

Ladies' entrance, No. 27 North Duke Street

GROFF & COPELAND, Proprietors.

NOTICE.

LANCASTER COUNTY NATIONAL BANK.

Lancaster, Pa., December 3, 1881.

An election for thirteen Directors of this

bank to serve during the ensuing year will be

held in the room now occupied as the Bank-

ing House, No. 29 East King Street, on TUES-

DAY, JANUARY 10, 1882, between the hours

of 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. W. L. PEPPER,

Cashier.