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# FINE CLOTHES

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A SUIT OF

Made Up to Order at Cost Price. In order to reduce my heavy stock of

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t shall make them up to order for the NEAT THIRTY DAYS for Cash only at cost price. This is without exception the greatest re-duction ever made in FINE CLOTHES, and

# Spring Importations,

which we expect to have in stock by the early of these goods already in store, and any one desirious of securing first choice for SPRING WEAR can do so now, and the goods will be tained for him.

Remember the above reduction is for

Heavy Weights and Cash Only.

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No. 6 East King Street, A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The season of 1881 closed one of the most brilliant and successful campaigns in the history of our trade. We congratulate our patrons and ourselves in anticipation of a lively and increased Spring Trade.
In order to meet the demand we have In order to meet the demand we have made extensive improvements in our room and otherwise extended our facilities to present our spring offering of Select and Choice FOREIGN NOVELTIES to arrive about the First of Francisch, We will be able to please the most withele as well as the general class of trade, A great desideratum among our people seems to be a cheap article in Clothing. There is no good in it We have tried it and found it don't pay. We will wager one of our \$30 Overcoats will last three seasons' hard wear and look genteel, while a \$20 Overcoat will hardly be recognized after one season's wear. Where is the economy in buying trash? Few persons are competent judges of fine articles of Clothing done up in first-class style; therefore, we invite special attention to our establishment, where can be found at all times the very best in the market, at prices as reasonable

# in the market, at prices as reasonable as can be expected. We are selling a tew HEAVY-WEIGHT OVERCOATINGS

SUITINGS,

at very Low prices in order to close them out to make room for our new QUEENSWARE. Spring Stock.
Thankful for the very liberal patronage, we hope to continue our motto of Square Dealing in all our transactions, and show a practical and happy result during our Spring Campaign.
All are cordially invited to call at Just received per Steamship Lord Gough at

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# Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 16, 1882.

The Inmates of Cozy Cottage. BY MANNIE M. HUMPHREY.

A Story written expressly for the Intelligen-[CONCLUDED. ]

PART II. Uncle Timothy had been to the post-office and came cheeringly into the kitchen a little after sundown. He brought with him a fresh March breeze, for it was in the early part of that month.

"There's going to be a big freeze to-night, Belinda; it don't seem much like old times when we used to have garden made and onions planted by the middle of March, does it?"

"A body'd think it was the middle of August, the way you stand in the door and keep it open! Shut it and give me the

"I; I only got one letter, said Uncle Timothy, and that is for me. Here it is, too, and I couldn't help its coming to me, he said, as he saw the fury in her eyes, "I really don't know what Barbara meant by writing to me instead of you. She's coming home and says she writes to meahem, as the head of the house to notify me of the fact ; that is, that she's coming. and for me to meet her at the station." "I guess, Belinda, she knows I'm the older," said he soothingly, still seeing the

gathering tempest in her face. "You know I used to be, and she forgets and-and, thinks I am yet. Lord knows, Belinda, I never was the head of this house. I never could have managed things like you have done. I know that my say is nothing but as a little wag of the tail end, as the poet says."
"All right, Mr. Wagtung! all right!"
broke in Aunt Belinda. "You and I are

two houses from this out, and we'll see how your managing will come out. It's come to a pretty pass when a man gets a letter from a female friend of no blood relation, and he refuses to show it to his wife." "I did not refuse, Belinda, in deed I didn't, here for heaven's sake take it, I only said ;" "I know what you said : you, a Christian, stand up in class meeting and talk about being grafted on to the true vine. I tell you, Timothy Wagtung, you never were changed, your'e nothing but the patural dwart fruit, the old Adam, the -" "Hold on, Belinda, stop this minute, stop I say! I'll have none of that; anything but that," said Uncle Timothy. "That's between me and the Lord, and

we'll have no meddling.' At this outburst of righteous wrath from uncle Timothy, aunt Belinda sank down with bowed head. "Oh, Timothy, Tim ter and read it, and don't go on so. When you talked about me being unchanged, and not a branch of the True Vine, it raised my dander. I know it ought'nt, to be a follower of my humble master, but I know I have a title to the royal vineyard, face would have convinced any one that he was one that should be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.

His wife looked up at him first with wondering look which gradually changed to one of subdued reverence. Resuming his old affectionate way, he said, "Why, yes, Belinda, talking about being grafted, wasn't I grafted on to you,

tung for better or for worse?" Aunt Belinda took up the letter and read it, and concluded that she had not managed affairs so brilliantly that time, and that Timothy had rather the better of

The next morning was bright and cherry.

Joe and Mag were up to breakfast by candle light, and as the day wore on, and train time approached, they were wild with excitement, for they were allowed to go with uncle Timothy to meet Barbara. Mag was dressed in a new pink apron; for like the June roses she delighted in warm, bright colors. Aunt Belinda had started toward the wood pile for more chips, when Mag, in her exuberance of spirits, dashed past her saying, "I will get them auntie." Uncle Timothy was going toward the spring, and Mag ran after him she said. just a minute to see how soon they would start; then talking excitedly all the while, she stooped down, and with a tin cup which hung at the spring, began dipping water into her beloved pink apron, which she had thoughtlessly gathered up to hold the chips. The water trickling through to her feet, brought her to a sense of what she was doing.

Uncle Timothy! my apron! my apron! my new pink apron!" and looking ran-fully at the dripping garment, she burst "Never mind lass, never mind," said Uncle Timothy. "Run and get the chip basket and leave the apron with me; no one will ever notice, I'll tend to it. The sun will dry it in a jiffy, and if it don't shine out to-day, they'll both keep till tomorrow. Run little ene, call Joe, and in five minutes we will start for Barbara."

Aunt Belinda asked tartly if she had made the chips, and said she'd had them herself in half the time, and children always were a nuisance; but never no-

The train came wizzing into the station, and before Barbara had fairly alighted she was met with cries of "Oh Bab, Bab, Bab! Dear, dear, Bab!" and almost smothered with hugging she was dragged off to the wagon by main force, not having had time to even look at Uncle Timoagain the dear face, for Barbara, like the boys," loved the kind old man.

Such a hugging time; the "boys" lowed Barbara in hugging Uncle Timothy, and then hugged each other. Barbara was a sweet faced girl of eighteen or nineteen years, with dark brown hair arranged in fashionable coiffure, and a few loose ringlets straying carclessly over

rather large but well shaped mouth with handsome teeth. of the "boys," ever since they were old enough to play; and Mr. Meekheart not a bit too much." thought that evening she would be a fit

doing lots of "yarning" as Mag said.
"I tell you Barbara" said Joe, "Mag don't get a bit better, she still plays with himself and manage for himself. We have was surely wrong. Belinda begged him to one winding.

Mag said.

are first rate at managing things in genham and Barbara, then he thought better to wait and see her first for something playing from 10 to 50 minutes by one winding. Musical Albums. dolls, has a new one now that's a boy."

lies "Oh, yes," said Joe, "we're thick as ever." Mag calls her boy for Tom." "Oh, Joe," said Mag and she actually blushed. "You know I call it Joe,"

"Yes, said Joe," she has for the last three days, because she and Tom had a fall out. That's the way she does. She and he and Beckey were coming over that evening if Aunt Belinda was in a good humor. Tom was coming as far as the barn first to see."

We will not relate all the events of the evening; suffice it to say that the minister came, and the Jollies came too, and they had a good time all around.

Aunt Belinda entertained them at the

tea table with an account of a trip she once took to a certain city, and how some boys asked her in the street, if she were not some relation to Roger Williams. They used to know him and thought there was a strong resemblance.

She teld them not as she knew of, as she did not know Mr. Williams. "Oh, ho!" said they. "Didn't know Roger here it is, though of course it's for you Williams. Why he was president of the United States once.

"I just told them," said Aunt Belinda, 'That I lived in the country, and hoped to all my days. Maybe I wasn't posted in all the latest news, but it was enough to ruin the morals of a saint to live in such a proud, stuck up place as a city, all is vanity of vanities. It flattered them a good deal when I told them they were the only ones who had a mite of politeness, being the only ones who had spoken to me throughout the day, although I was inclined to be sociable and nodded to all I met."

" I just thought now was a good chance to sow some good seed; so I gave them a ound lecture on the pride and vanities of this wicked world, particularly in dress." Here she gave Barbara a searching look, "and not to be bothering their relations for new coats, caps and shoes, every whipstitch;" here Joe and Mag had the benefit "I told them to look at my bonnet; that was its twelfth year, and as good as new. They said it was a stunner. That's the very word. I never could get used to city words and expressions, but I was satisfied that they were sensibly convicted. They said my name ought to be immor talized, and wanted my card. I said I had no cards, that I didn't deal in such things, and I always thought they belonged to Beelzebub, and they should always steer clear of cards. My name, I said, was Belinda Wagtung. They got it wagon-tongue, but I corrected them, and theysaid it was a very expressive name.

Just then a man with a lot of buttons on his coat, came along. A policeman, I guess, and told them to send. Those eyes had a soft tender look, and when the Were there any witnesses?" policemen are a nuisance, and, I told him othy, your e killing me! Oh, such cruelty. is nothing like a word spoken in season, Oh," "Here Belinda now take the letis nothing like a word spoken in season, yours forever Paul, and the parsonage were Uncle Timothy, he and Mag and the those few words to those enquiring minds them are at last missionaries in the wilds of India. Before parting that night, Mag and Joe

and the Jollies voted the minister a firstand I can read my title clear bless His rate fellow. "He didn't think it a sin to holy name," and the tears streamed from laugh" and Tom, "just bet he was a real the upturned eyes of the good old man, Christian, too, and at a big meeting he'd and the radiance which shone from his be capital.

and he was just his idea of what Paul in the Bible must have been. And Tom was not wrong. Paul Meekheart was not only a disciple in name, but worked band and soul in the Master's

handsome, and might have lived at his ease, or shone among the brightest in any when you took me to be Timothy Wagprofession. But he chose to go through the world as one of Christ's lowly ones, working for the salvation of souls. He was well acquainted with Belinda Wagtung, and tried not to judge her rash-

> ligion of God s'rould be so misrepresented by one of his thek. He thought her not a bit like her sister,

and that she had the prettiest eyes, and sweetest ways he ever saw. taking him to board for a spell. He had been bearding at a hotel, but concluded that it would be more suitable for a minister to beard with a private family. "The parson-age would be accordingly. "The parson-age would be accordingly." The parson-age would be accordingly in the specific to have been the talk of the neighbor-hood. He has accordingly involved himbors self, and as a minister of the gospel and a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it, and you can't find a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it has a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it has a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it has a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it has a man of honor, he can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it has a man of honor have been the talk of the neighbor. A man of honor have been the talk of the neighbor. A man of honor have been the can't get out of it. But healthful have all used it has a man of honor have been the neighbor. A man of honor have been the neighbor. A man of honor have all used it has a man of honor have all used it. But he have all used it has a man of honor have all used it. But he have all used it has a man of honor have age would be completed soon, and then he ought to go to housekeeping. Yes, Sister oh dear ! there are so many duties involved on a minister's family which a sis- that sooner or later." ter cannot be expected to undertake.

but-well, he'd see." Cozy Cottage about taking the minister to board. "Of course we will take him," said Aunt Belinda. "Its a Christian duty have no convictions of wrong. If I were and I know that there is not another fam to give any advice in the matter I'd say, ily belonging to that church which he would ask for boarding, not one. They'll all be jealous as they can be. He knows a thing or two. He knows they are all crazy to have him. A young man is always liable to be led off, no odds how good his heart may be. Brother Meekheart has truly chosen a wise part. Associations advised and in multitude of counsel there

is strength." always were a nuisance; but never to ticed the loss of the apron, for she was busy making custards; Mr. Meekheart, busy making custards; Mr. Meekheart, woung man for a cent of board, not one cent, until he gets lit—." "Timothy cent, until he gets lit—." "Timothy come here like a beggar?" "He needn't come like a beggar, let it be his home. It thy. Freeing herself, she would her arms angles unawares?" "Timothy Wagtung, those letters, and running to the postoffice around his neck, and kissed again and if it were not a sin, I'd call you a natural every day; don't let me hear one word enough to drive me distracted. You'll see he'll not be satisfied to come that way, and that he'll want to pay the outside cent,

too. I can't see why a minister shouldn't be a free and independent man, besides he's not poor. He has more money than her forehead; laughing brown eyes and a wheat crop was a failure last year, and the cows don't come in till September and She had been the romping companion will insist on paying at least six dollars a to you, and allowed you to tell them week, and we will throw Sunday in. It's

I expect he and Barbara will be fooling companion for boys of all ages from three around and falling in love with each years upwards.

around and falling in love with each revelation of the whole plot, as she called generally sold in this country, and other. Well, I should'nt object to that, it, which she had prevailed upon Barbara need only be seen or heard to be They all chatted pleasantly on the home-and if they would only let me manage to confess. "It was breaking her heart, appreciated. Musical Boxes with ard way; Barbara telling of her school affairs I'd have it fixed in a jiffy." "Now and she had hoped that things might have bells, drums, castanets, celestial ward way; Barbara telling of her school life, Uncle Timothy about Brownie and her twin calves, and Joe and Mag of their daily joys and sorrows at school, and Joe and Joe and Joe and Joe alittle bit of advice." You let these young ones alone. You Belinda with the state of affairs between the school, and Joe and Mag of their daily joys and sorrows at school, and Joe and Joe alone. You belind with the state of affairs between the school and Joe and Mag of their daily joys and sorrows at school, and Joe and Mag

Joseph," but she wasn't mad at Tom now light, or any such nonsense; going on dially advised. round here, we never did it, and I don't think its right."

In the middle of April the minister came to take up his abode at Cozy Cot tage. The trailing arbutus was blossoming on the hill, and dandelions starred the nad come back to live in the same old nest. It was an evening to fill lovers hearts with rapture, and to inspire poets with immortal thoughts. The robin's song, the breath of the violets, and the sun sinking behind the hill in a golden haze, tempted the minister as well as the orchard grass, and the boys said that robin haze, tempted the minister as well as the other inmates of Cozy Cottage, to forsake walls and windows, and enjoy the bliss of

Barbara and Mag had gone for violets, Joe was in the orchard. He and the min ister were fast friends. He said he had some little notions of his own about some things that were going on for the last few weeks. "Barbara used to do all her errands to the village in the morning; nowdays she did n't go 'till evening. Mr. tion, but would happen to stroll over that

violets were so thick? well, about this

beauty up there.

"He believed he hadn't time to go along this time; he was fixing up his old sled for next winter, was taking advantage of can't be out doors and he always liked to ave things ready."

Mag before long, for Joe had told her he surged in her breast. Disappointment parwanted her to be on hand in fifteen min ticularly at having things taken so uncereutes sharp. The minister went slowly up the slope to the woodland, and joined Barbara in her search for violets. They came home laden with the fragrant flowers, a wedding. And, "she had intended havand stopped under the old apple tree. It seemed as if they had both found some- whole congregation would be jealous. She thing sweeter than violets: for Barbara's expected too that it wasn't half done. minister told her that next to his God, she question was settled then and there.

a sorrow. You have been a good girl and deserve a good husband. But let me tell boy! you, Barbara, whatever turns up or goes wrong never get to nagging. Its enough to ruin the nature of a saint to be contin-He had heard him preach and pray ually nagged, and it drives a man to doing and saying desperate things. Remember, Barbara, don't get to nagging." The young folks concluded to wait a little while before acquainting Belinda with the fact of their engagement. She had expressed berseif one time as adverse to such an cause. He was talented, wealthy and idea, explaining to Timothy that the way to urge young folks in such things was to Barbara that she was going to put a stop to this lounging around in the moonlight, and walking in the orehard; it meant y, but sorrowed in his heart that the re-

nothing and to hurry a man up was to make herself precious scarce and appear as if she didn't want him. "But Timothy it suits you," she said,

to take that thing in hand better than "Tell him that if he wants Barbara you And would'nt it be nice to have her have no objections to his having her, and sweet encouraging words and smiles to and that if he does not it all amounts to cheer him always, and he fell to wonder- the same. His attentions in that direcing if Sister Wagtung would object to tion have been the talk of the neighborreligiously and piously;" "and announce ran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lan-it from the pulpit, hey?" said Uncle caster. Maggie would come and take charge, but, Timothy. "Nothing of the kind," she said. "But you make up your mind to do

"In the name of common sense what Sister Maggie of course would do her duty, am I to do, Belinda?" "Why just tell him your convictions of the right or wrong That night there was a private confab at | of the matter. Just what Joe's been tell ing you." "Do you expect me to remember all that string of stuff? Bosides, I

Go ahead and get done.' "Timothy Wagtung, you shall assert yourself; you shall say that as the head of this house you-" "I'm not the head of this house; never was, nor never will be -" "Hat you put your fcot on spooning." "Timothy," in half an hour after, when he had fallen asleep. "Timothy, have a great deal to do in forming character. Here he will be strengthened and "Good Lord, Belinda! there, I told you you'd drive me to desperate things." Oh me, oh me! such profanity from

"Very well, Belinda," said nuc'e Timo-thy, "we will make it a Christian duty could't help it, Belinda; and if you think its piety to nag the life out of the partner of your joys and sorrows, you'd better reform." So saying, he settled down to sleep again.

"Sister," said Barbara one day; "I Lava something to tell you; a happy secret; I he's determined on paying his board, take | would have told you before, but-" "You it and put it in bank for him. We will be wanted to fool around and break some fully paid in having him around. It will body's heart, you deceitful, unprincipled be like having one of the Lord's guests, girl! A secret, indeed! Some silly and aren't we commanded to entertain school-gul nonsense; I know now about born fool. Such an expression for a man of it; some good-for-nothing, scapegrace of your bringing up and training! Its of a fellow, I know." "Belinda, listen. "I won't listen: to think of that pious, gentle, trusting man, to be so deceived under my very nose; and for you to sit up now and teil me you're going to marry that other good for nothing-" da, I have told you nothing yet." "No; I for the holidays, at cost of producyou have. You said yourself that the and what's more, I will hear nothing. A secret, indeed! Go to your room and repent." As she went out Barbara sobbed like as not there'll be butter to buy. He | bitterly. "Oh Paul, Paul! Had I listened

everything, this would never been." Belinda went straight to the minister's study, and startled that gentleman with a no more right to interfere than we go to her, perhaps she would listen to him. "Yes, and Joe don't get a bit better" said Mag. "He cut the pattern for its pantaloons, said he ought to know best about them, and nursed it a whole half day when it was new." Barbara laughed merrily and asked for her friends the Jolous Interfere than we have to choose robin's mate for him on Valentine's day. Suppose any one had said I wasn't to have you or you weren't to have me. Why they'd just made big fools of themselves, and it would come completely broken down," the said. "Barbara," he continued, "needs recreations and the same anyhow, at least it would be better."

"Oh, that poor deluded girl!" He proposed to Belinda to give Barbara entirely into his charge. "Anything, anything. Mr. Meekheart to work a change, I am completely broken down," the said.

on my part," said Uncle Timothy gal- tion. She has confined herself too much to the house of late, and it is likely to "I tell you I won't have any fooling create a morbid disposition. Now leave it round any how," said aunt Belinda. "If to me. If I see fit to point out to her the they get to meaning business, let him ask beauties of nature, and use that as a her and be done with it, and I'll see that means of clearing her mind of this, I she says yes. It will be one responsibility scarcely know what to call it. You must off my hands. But I don't want any not interfere." "I shall not indeed. I calls it Tom till they spree out, then she honors me for a few days;" whereupon Mag confessed that she did call it Thomas the gates, or strolling out in the moon-

" To think" she said when alone, "with all my managing it's come to this." She soon departed in splendid dignity to visit a niece living some miles distant. The only one who seemed to mourn her departure was Uncle Timothy. He had a very ten-der conscience, and said, " maybe he had

without fear. Joe and Mag declared that it seemed as if all the bees in creation had emptied out their honey and it had spread over everything. Mr. Meekheart and Barbara enjoyed existence as only lovers can whose feet know nothing but rose-strewn

ound than the songs of birds. Mr. Meekheart had a visitor one day, a college chum and also a clergyman. The next morning there was a quiet wedding in the little parlor, with uncle Timothy Meekheart seemed to be paying no attention, but would happen to stroll over that guests. Uncle Timothy said, "did n't it way about coming home time, and it all come out as Barbara said it would at would take them the longest time to get the beginning." At which Barbara through that orchard. Of course it was blushed. The old man was almost beside none of his business what they did or himself with joy, and when asked if he where they went, but it would not be his sauctioned the proceedings, he said. "No, fault if things did n't come out straight." Sir, he was no hand at managing busi-"He said to Mr. Meekheart that evening, ness, what would Belinda say? They'd If you admire a grand old sunset, you go never get his consent, but go ahead, go to the top of that hill; he knew where the ahead! Oh boys ain't these happy times!"

Aunt Belinda came home in two weeks, time in the day, it beat all creation for and Mr. Meckheart went to meet her. To her anxious inquiries for Barbara, be replied, that in all respects but one she remained the same. She had changed her name and henceforth would reside at the the fine weather, for doubt there'd be lots parsonage. A change in any other resof thundergusts this summer when a fellow | pect would not be desirable, as she was already perfect.

It would not have been consistent with The minister smiled curiously, chatted her many professions to show the anger, pleasantly a while and passed on. He met mortification and disappointment which

moniously out of her hands. She could not help berating Barbara secretly about the unbecomingness of such ing such a grand affair out of it that the

Joe coming in just here said, "Yos, so, but you see, Brother Meekheart, there was the idol of his heart, she whispered- there were witnesses in abundance. There When Barbara found Uncle Timothy ful boy. You too conspired against me. may have done; without doubt, some of alone she nestled her brown head on his You, whom I raised from a baby with a shoulder and told him her great happiness. | mother's care; yes, and brought up by He said, "God bless you, Barbara, I have hand, too, and saved one cow's milk all wished it all along. May you never know through the dog days. Just think of the trouble and expensee, you ungrateful

It must be said though to Aunt Beliada's credit that she confessed that ber heart's desire was realized; and that she managed the moving, as Uncle Timothy

said, " real beautifully." Joe was such an ardent admirer of Mr Meekheart that he declared he would be a preacher too. And Mag said that Barbara looked so pretty and happy that she thought it must be real nice to be married and guessed when she grow up she would marry Tom Jolly. Let us hope that contrary them. But she said earnestly to Thomas will be like-minded, and that Joe and Mag may both have their hopes realized, for all's well that ends well.

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