

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVIII.-No. 165

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MARCH 15, 1882.

Price Two Cents.

GRAND OPENING OF THE GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR.

## GRAND OPENING

### THE GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR!

GOTTSCHALK & LEDERMAN, Proprietors,

26 and 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET, Lancaster, Penn'a.

ON OR ABOUT APRIL 1,

WITH A MOST SELECT STOCK OF

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS,

Hosiery, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

LACES, RIBBONS, GLOVES,

IN FACT EVERYTHING IN FACT

APPERTAINING TO A FIRST-CLASS APPERTAINING

MILLINERY AND NOTION BAZAAR!

LOOK OUT FOR OUR GREAT OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT! LOOK OUT FOR OUR

### THE GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR!

GOTTSCHALK & LEDERMAN, Proprietors,

26 & 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

LOEB'S OLD STAND.

### ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

#### A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

She Relates Her Impression While in a Trance.

A letter from Evansville, Ind., to the Cincinnati Enquirer relates the following remarkable story:

Josephine Ryman, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman, is just recovering from a remarkable illness at the home of her sister, Mrs. Brown, in this place. Her parents died some years ago, and Josephine went to work in St. James, a little village near here. One Saturday night last winter she went to singing school. She had not been in her seat long when she felt a very strange sensation about the head, accompanied by pains in the back. She arose to her feet, as if to start out of church, when she fell in a dead faint, and was carried home. Her friends at first thought that the attack was but a mere fainting spell, and the usual restoratives were applied, but the girl continued to lie as if dead. Sunday came and went, but still there was no change. The body became colder and colder; the eyes were open and staring the whole time, and there was no perceptible pulse, and every indication pointed to death. Physicians pronounced life extinct. The priest was sent for to administer the last rites, and the weeping sisters and friends of the family prepared to bury the body in the afternoon. The coffin was ordered, busy fingers began to prepare the white clothes in which to bury the corpse, and, in fact, every preparation was made for the final scene.

This passed Monday. On the evening of that day there was a slight change in the appearance of the body, which gave the startled watchers a faint hope that the girl lay in a trance, and that this was but death's counterfeit. The body lay on its back, with arms folded, just as the attendants had placed it. There was not the least perceptible breathing; the eyes still had that stony, unmeaning gaze; the face was as pallid as white marble; but the ice of real death was wanting. The feet and limbs were not warm, but they did not feel chilly, and there was a sure accompaniment of actual dissolution. There was sufficient doubt in the minds of those in attendance to warrant caution, and so another day and night passed. On Wednesday, or the fourth day, after the girl was first stricken down, the priest was again sent for. After critically examining the case and consulting with the physician, he said: "It is a trance. She may come to herself, but it will be but momentary. When she recovers all will be over. She can't live." The priest was not to be deterred, and the next day he arranged for the funeral, which possessed the girl when it is known that she was cognizant of every word that was spoken in that room, and could see the forms of her friends and watchers about her couch. Her terrible condition is best told by herself. She said to me yesterday:

"Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay there on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet together, with the lighted candles about my head, and could see my sisters and neighbors come and peer into my face, it was awful. I heard every word spoken. My body, limbs and arms, were as cold as ice. I felt the agony of being buried alive, of being nailed in a coffin and lowered in the ground. I tried to make some noise, but I could not. To let them know that I was alive, but it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie, she's gone.' Their tears dropped on my hair and on my face, and I felt warm to my lips. As they turned to leave me it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by moving my eyelids. But I couldn't do it. I felt like screaming. I tried, but I couldn't move a muscle. The priest came in and felt my arms and wrists, and struck his head. Then he placed his ear to my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a short prayer for the repose of my soul, he, too, turned and left me, and my agony and horror were redoubled. 'Will no one find out that I live?' I said to myself. 'Must I be buried alive to wake when it is too late? Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and suffocation?' The thought was madness. Why doesn't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead! It was no use. There I lay thinking and listening to every word that was said. I could hear a woman giving directions to the making of the shroud, and I heard the rustling of the shroud as it was laid out. The thought was madness. I could see every one who came to look at me. I tried to look conscious and let them know that I understood it all, but it was impossible. It is a wonder I did not die of fright and agony. I often heard the noise of the woman jumping back nearly scared to death, and I sat up. You should have seen that house a little while after that. I thought everybody had gone crazy. 'Venie's alive! Venie's alive!' The whole neighborhood was rushing in as soon as they heard of it and for several days there was nothing talked of but me. My folks thought I didn't know what had been going on. Little they thought that every word that had been spoken in that room was heard and understood by me. They tried to keep everybody from referring to the fact that my shroud was bought, the coffin ordered and the funeral arranged. They made an excuse, too, for part of my hair being cut off. They told me the reason was that a plaster had been put on the back of my neck, and my hair got so tangled in it that it had to be cut away. I didn't say anything. One day my little brother said to me, 'Venie, you was goin' to be buried last Thursday, and they cut your hair off.' He never imagined that I knew more about it than he did. The recollection of those terrible days and nights will never leave me. I pray to God that I may never be called upon to pass through it again. I would rather die."

### ENDING HER LIFE BY DROWNING.

#### The Suicide of Mrs. Frank Reynolds at Cleveland.

In Cleveland, Engineer Reid, of the insane asylum, found at the bottom of the little creek that winds through the grounds the body of Mrs. Frank Reynolds, the head of the distributing department of the asylum. She arose when all were asleep, and leaving her apartments, hurried to the creek and threw herself into the waters. Mrs. Reynolds had been connected with the administration of the asylum for about a year. She was a native of Vermont, where her invalid son now lives, and had friends and relatives in Oberlin. She was cultured and refined. She was of a very sensitive nature, and the most that had ever been observed as regarded her conduct was that at times she seemed very much depressed, and appeared to be brooding over some past trouble. Last week she gave notice that it was her intention to sever her connection with the asylum. She assigned no reason and no particular notice was taken of it. At times she was won't to imagine that she was distrusted at her work. Sunday she attended church and taught a class, as usual, in the Sabbath school. Upon her return nothing strange was noticed in her demeanor, and when at night she retired to her apartments she appeared all right. About 5 o'clock Monday morning she was heard to leave her apartments. Suspecting something wrong, she proceeded soon after by two persons connected with the institution. They tracked her to the bank of the creek. Upon the bank they discovered the fragments of a number of letters which she had torn up. Very much alarmed, they proceeded immediately to the asylum and told what they had discovered. She was 28 years of age.

### LOVERS AND THE GREAT QUESTION.

#### Some Humorous Instances of Asking Girls for Their Hands Through Life.

Brooklyn, N.Y., Feb. 12.

Let us suppose that a lady has been out during the evening before to a party. The gentleman might say that she looks fatigued. On her rejoicing that this was a foolish thought, he will get an opportunity of saying: "Not foolish at all; I feel very much interested in you to permit my own wishes to run counter to your welfare." This is properly called the magnificent style of beginning. But very often the young lady is considerate enough to assist her bashful lover. For instance, there was once a timid fellow who was fond of borrowing John Phoenix's jokes; when she asked him how he felt he answered himself accordingly to the Phenix plan of being very definite, and said that he felt "about 88 per cent." "Indeed," she said, with a demure look, "are you ever going to par?" And she got in her work that evening. Another young man was saying, as he scratched a lucifer on the side of the house: "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know." "Is that so?" she asked demurely. "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint," and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked her "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't. He took the hint, and the match was struck then and there. This method of "giving a hint" has been put poetically in this way:

Young Fred, a bashful yet persistent swain, Was very much in love with Mary Jane.

One night she told him in her tenderest tone, "Is not good for you to be alone."

Said Fred: "Just so you darling little elf, I've got an thought of that same thing myself."

Then said the lass, while Fred was all agog: "You ought to buy yourself a terrier dog."

What may be called a physiological precedent is illustrated in the case of Miss Mary Flynn and Mr. Budd. The young lady—a Boston girl, by the way—was studying medicine, and Mr. Budd was courting her. One evening, while they were sitting together in the parlor, Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts for him.

"Do you know," she said, "that thousands of persons are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory pendants?"

"Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me, when I told her she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonably!"

"Why, a person cannot kiss without sphincter!"

"I know it is so!"

"May I try if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad of you to make light of such a subject."

That he tried to do, and he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, very faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel."

"And it sounds out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform."

"Small wonder for that when it's bursting for joy, must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

### Fifth Avenue hotel when in town, where he always keeps the same apartments.

"Aren't you glad when Mr. Conkling goes away?" I asked this clerk. "No. Why should I be?"

"Doesn't he give you lots of extra trouble?" I then asked him if he is very busy about little things and that he all the time requires a great deal of extra attention.

"That isn't so. There isn't a man in the house who gives us so little trouble. I'd rather have a hundred like him than one such as a good many of them are. He never makes any complaint about anything and always minds his own business. That's more than I can say for most of our guests. There are some people who come here who think because they have got money that we are all their slaves and that they can raise Cain and make things as disagreeable for us as they please. There's nothing of that sort about Mr. Conkling."

"Perhaps you take special pains to see that he is provided for so that he really has no occasion or excuse for fault-finding?"

"Not a bit of it. We don't do a thing for him that we do not do for any one stopping here. He gets no better and no worse than the rest."

"He takes his meals in his room, I suppose?"

"No, he eats at the regular table, except when he is ill. That reminds me that the only complaint he ever made was awhile ago when he was really ill and he was annoyed by the noise in his part of the house. He wanted to be moved where it was quieter, but when we told him we had no other place to put him it was all right. If all the people who stop at hotels were like Mr. Conkling the life of a hotel clerk wouldn't be as disagreeable as it is now. I'll tell you another thing I think of Mr. Conkling, though—I think he would be a first-class bar, and I shouldn't like to have him down on me."

In a parenthesis I may add that the rates at the Fifth Avenue hotel have recently raised to six dollars a day. I am also told that the bill for the entertainment of the French visitors to the Yorktown Centennial while at the Fifth Avenue, is still unpaid.

Look out for cold weather and don't catch cold, but if you do, nothing will meet the requirements of your situation so well as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

An effective medicine for kidney diseases, low fevers and nervous prostration, and well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus keep myself and family in good health and spirits. See ad."

Engene Cross, Swan Street, Buffalo, writes: "I have used Spring Blossom for dyspepsia and indigestion, and have found it to act admirably as a gentle aperient and blood purifier. I consider it unequalled 'you are at liberty to use my name as a reference.'" Price 50 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen Street, Lancaster.

T. Walker, Cleveland, O., writes: "For the last twelve months I have suffered with humors and general debility. I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters about six weeks ago, and now have great pleasure in stating that I have recovered from my illness and my complexion has grown ruddy, and I feel better altogether." Price 50 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen Street, Lancaster.

Wm. McCartney, 88 Lloyd Street, Buffalo, N. Y., fell and sprained his ankle. His medical attendant, Dr. D. S. Jones, prescribed some Thompson's Electric Oil, and he says that the application enabled him to go to work as usual. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen Street, Lancaster.

CLOTHING, &C.

The advantages of buying your Clothing from A. O. YATES & CO. An immense stock to select from, made in a very superior manner and at reasonable prices. Now ready a Beautiful Line of Spring Overcoats; a Grand Assortment of Spring Suits.

A. C. YATES & CO. LEDGER BUILDING, CHESTNUT and SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.

LIQUORS, &C.

WINE, LIQUOR, ALCOHOL and GROCERY STORE, No. 205 West King Street, Philadelphia.

HOUSE & CO'S NEW LIQUOR STORE, No. 43 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa. The very best and finest quality of Foreign and Domestic WINES and LIQUORS constantly for sale at wholesale and retail.

SOLELY IMPORTED Custom House Blend, warranted of the vintage of 1880. Best especially for medicinal purposes. Pure Old Holland Gin, and other Wines, Brandy and Wines to suit the trade.

MALT WINE.

MERCURY MALT WINE. An invigorating HEALTH AND TABLE BEVERAGE. PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND HELPS TO PROMOTE DIGESTION, DEBILITY AND MALNUTRITION highly recommended for ENFEBLED PERSONS, CHILDREN AND INVALIDS. BEING MOTHERS.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AT 25 CENTS per Pint Bottle. CHEAR WOLTERS, PHILADELPHIA.

COHO & WILEY. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in LUMBER AND COAL.

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### BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

NO WHISKEY!

Brown's Iron Bitters

is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of Intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

Brown's Iron Bitters

is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will in nearly every case take the place of all liquor, and at the same time abolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

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Brown's Iron Bitters

### CLOTHING.

TALK: Christmas has come and gone. The old year has kissed its "good bye" to '82 and dropped back into the past, taking its place among the most eventful years of history.

The "old fog" merchants are preparing to wear out their cushions and trousers by sitting themselves down during the months of January, February and March, to await the coming of "SPRING TRADE."

The "WIDE AWAKE" MERCHANT, the "Man-Who-Nevee-Has-a-Dull-Season," the man who has learned that trade can be made in the usually dull months by working for a launching forth some new idea, some attraction which will draw the people; and accordingly keep the trade a "booming" and give his sleepy neighbors something to talk about and worry over.

Can any person be so obstinately blind as not to see that the "EVER-BUSY MERCHANT" is the one who REDUCES HIS GOODS TO COST in the dull season rather than store them away for the next season, whether his neighbor likes it or not, and such a store is being sought after by the swarming thousands of Lancaster city and county's purchasers.

AND NOW WE HAVE OUR STORE ILLUMINATED BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT by which every that and color can be seen as well by night as by day.

I therefore call your attention that every garment has been MARKED DOWN TO COST FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS, whereby you will be enabled to buy an OVERCOAT OR SUIT OF CLOTHES AT A VERY LOW PRICE

Having still a good assortment on hand to select from. My "Custom Made Department" is filled with the choicest Woollens the market affords. A perfect fit always guaranteed.

AL ROSENSTEIN, THE PIONEER OF MODERATE PRICES, NO. 37 NORTH QUEEN STREET. Next door to Shultz & Bro.'s Hat Store.

### HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

HOUSEFURNISHING. GO TO FLINN & WILLSON

FOR HOUSE-STRES. COOK STOVES AND RANGES.

With Kirt and Longwy Ornaments. All the Latest Novelties. At Prices which Defy Competition.

CHANDELIERS Great Bargains in our 5c., 10c., 15c. and 25c. Departments. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

FLINN & WILLSON, Plumbing, Gas-Fitting, Tin-Roofing and Spouting Specialties.

FLUMBER'S SUPPLIES.

### CLOTHING.

A BARK CHANCE. A SUIT OF FINE CLOTHES

OR AN OVERCOAT

Made Up to Order at Cost Price.

In order to reduce my heavy stock of FINE WOOLENS

I shall make them up to order for the NEXT THIRTY DAYS for Cash only at cost price.

This is without exception the greatest reduction ever made in FINE CLOTHES, and is done to make room for our heavy

Spring Importations, which we expect to have in stock by the early part of February. We have the sample cards of these goods already in store, and any one desirous of securing first choice for SPRING WEAR can do so now, and the goods will be tailored for him.

Remember the above reduction is for Heavy Weights and Cash Only.

H. GERHART, TAILOR, No. 6 East King Street,

### CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

As we wish to Close Out the balance of our WINTER CLOTHING!

WE HAVE MADE SWEEPING REDUCTIONS

Throughout our Whole Stock. We have on hand a large stock of HEAVY SUITS and OVERCOATS,

MARKED AT SUCH LOW PRICES AS WILL INSURE A READY SALE.

As we only ask that you call and examine our stock and be convinced of what we say.

D. B. Hostetter & Son Tailors and Clothiers, 24 CENTRE SQUARE, LANCASTER, PA. BOOTS & SHOES. LADIES AND GENTS, IF YOU WANT A Good and Fine Fitting Boot or Shoe Ready-made or Made to Order, go to HEMENZ'S, No. 105 North Queen Street. Custom Work Specialty. 152-1105A