The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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GRAND OPENING OF "THE GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR."

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GRAND OPENING

— OF —

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. Lancaster, Penn'a.

CLOTHING.

TALK:

Christmas has come and gone. The old year has kissed its "good bye" to '81 and dropped back into the past, taking its place among the most eventful years of history.

The Holidays are over. The gifty givers have ceased their giving, and the time when any thing and everything would sell so readily has gone.

The "old fogy" merchants are preparing to wear out chair 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-Never-Has-a-Dull-Season," the man who has learned that trade can be *made* in the usually dull months by *working for it* is lauching 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's and county's purchasers.

AND NOW WE HAVE OUR STORE ILLUMINATED BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

by which every tint 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 Woolens 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-STIRES.

COOK STOVES AND RANGES.

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

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.

PLUMBER'S SUPPLIES.

JOHN L. ARNOLD. JOHN L. ARNOLD.

PATENT COLD-CASE HEATERS.

BEST PORTABLE IN USE.

SLATE ROOFER AND ROOFS REPAIRED.

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING,

Stop and Valves for Water, Gas and Steam.

JOHN L. ARNOLD,

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

fapr2-tfd

CLOTHING.

A RARE 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 laimed 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.

☞ 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,

26-1yd LANCASTER, PA

RINGWALT'S

WINE, LIQUOR, ALCOHOL AND GROCERY STORE,

No. 205 West King Street. feb16 1y

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

Margaret Eytinge in Harper's Weekly.

Madame Dupont, wrapped in a loose robe of some soft gray material, a faded cashmere shawl partly covering her, lay on the lounge before the bay-window that formed almost the entire front of her tiny cottage. Her large black eyes, their brightness somewhat dimmed by her long sickness, dwelt with dreamy pleasure on the landscape spread before her.

It was a very commonplace landscape, such as can be seen in any country place on any summer day—only a broad field, white with daisies, among which two or three brown cows patiently sought for tender blades of grass, with one tall stout tree standing midway, solitary and alone, and a back ground of dense tangled brushwood. Two careless eyes, scarce worth a careless glance; but to hers, so long shut out from sight of earth and sky, a scene most beautiful. The slender white wrinkled hands folded upon her breast were yet too weak to hold even one of her beloved books, and the small feet still lacked sufficient strength to sustain the frail body. But—thank Heaven!—the cruel pain had gone, and in its stead had come a blissful rest.

All through the fickle months of spring taking no heed whether they smiled or wept, she had never raised her weary head from the pillow.

And the snow-drops and crocuses and scillae and hyacinths and tulips had grown and budded and bloomed in her little garden, and she, who had hoped to watch them grow from the first green leaf to the perfect blossom, had only seen the few Viola plucked and brought to her bedside, where, seen through a cloud of suffering, a shadow had fallen upon their beauty.

And now it was the heart of June, and the roses, gay in every shade of pink, climbing about the window, looked in, and entreated her to come out. But no; she could not hope to walk again among her flowers until the roses had faded and the lilies had begun to reign. And perhaps even this hope would not have been hers had it not been for the love and care and cheering words of Viola, the eldest daughter of the many daughters at the big farm house. Kate, the strong, rough Irish servant maid, was kind and faithful in her way; but hers was money service, and left to it alone, she might have died; but Viola served for love (she had loved the pretty old madame since first they met), and love brings faith and hope and patience, and many other beautiful things.

For weeks the young girl came morn, noon and eve, to stay an hour each time, and her visits were the only gleams of brightness that lighted that darkened room. And many the wee loaf of whitest bread, and golden pat of butter, and drink of rich sweet milk, and fresh-laid, pink tinted eggs, she brought to tempt the languid appetite; and many the song she sang, soft and low, to woo for the sick woman the angel of sleep.

And yet not only were they neither kith nor kin, but she knew naught of Madame Dupont save that she had built the four-roomed cottage the preceding spring and had lived there since the last of July in the humblest way.

There was a large family at the farm-house and much work to be done—hard, unlovely work, the very thought of which often made the young girl, waking in the gray morning from pleasant dreams, clasp her hands and cry out, "Is this to be my life forever?" And had it not been for the glimpse of beauty she caught about her home—the far-off river gleaming in the sunlight or moonlight, the orchard trees white with blossoms in spring, and laden with fruit in summer and autumn, the shady woods where countless shy wild flowers hid from the glare of the world, the songs of the happy birds, and the grand sunsets behind the distant hills—she would have been heart-weary indeed. For she loved everything beautiful. And especially did she love music with all the tenderness of a creator, as madame discovered one day—the day they first saw each other, in fact, when Viola, coming on some errand to the cottage, stopped, entranced, on the theshold of the door to listen to a plaintive melody in a minor key feebly but beautifully played on the old-fashioned upright piano.

"You love music?" said madame, turning slowly and confronting her.

"With all my heart," answered the girl, the vivid blush that was ever ready to appear flushing her sweet young face.

"You play?"

"A little—a very little; but I have had no piano for three years—since my own mother died."

"Let me hear you."

"Oh, madame, I dare not try after you."

But the old lady rose and gently led her to the instrument. There were two or three keys entirely dumb, and the rest were not in perfect tune; but the spirit of music so guided the long slender fingers that they reproduced the minor melody madame had played, so daintily inwrapped in bird-like thrills and rippling runs, that she, in turn, stood entranced.

"After me, indeed!" she said, as the girl struck the last chord. "*I* had to learn, but *you*—it is part of you. And you have no piano? Ah, that is sad. Could I give you mine, it should be yours. But it belonged to my dear husband, who died twenty years ago, and I could not bear to part with it. He was a Frenchman, and a professor of music. I was an American girl and one of his pupils. When I married him I helped him teach others, and so came to be called 'madame.' We loved each other very much. But I shall be glad, my dear—very glad—to have you come here and play as often as you will."

"Could I come as often as I would," said the girl, with a bright smile, "I'm afraid I should soon tire you. But I will come as often as I can. And oh, madame"—suddenly kissing the soft wrinkled cheek—"I cannot tell you how much I thank you!"

But the "often" proved very seldom, for some of the summer boarders staid until the end of October; and the butter had to be churned, and the fruit canned, and the younger sisters to be prepared each day for school, and the twin boys—nothing to speak of in point of years, but perfect Methuselahs in mischief—to be looked after from morning until night, and winter wardrobes to be made, and a thousand and one other things to be done.

And then madame fell sick, and all the time Viola could spare she spent at her bedside. "Time that had much better be spent at home," scolded her step-mother; "for there's a servant there, and one servant's enough to take care of two such houses as that, and their mistresses too, sick or well. *I* have no servant."

"You have me," Viola might have replied, "and no servant ever worked harder or for less wages;" but she set her lips firmly together, and said nothing. But she rose earlier than ever thereafter, that she might not leave undone the slightest of her tasks, and thus merit no reproach for the few hours each day she gave her dear old friend. And now madame was getting well, and, with the help of her strong servant maid, could go from room to room; but she was best satisfied as yet to lie in the wee parlor on the lounge before the big window.

And here Viola made her appearance the day the roses were beckoning, with a merry greeting and a dish of luscious strawberries smothered in cream; but in spite of the merry greeting there was a hint of a shadow on her bonny face that did not escape madame's keen black eyes.

"Tell me about it, my dear," she said, in her sweet, trembling voice.

Viola knelt beside her. "You must be a fairy, madame," she said; "for none but a fairy could have guessed that I was a little sorry to-day. And for such a trifling cause I'm ashamed to speak of it." But the old lady insisting with gentle persistence, she began: "It is a ball I would like to go to, but cannot. I have never been to a ball, and this one—. You remember the young lady who boarded at our house last summer, with her father and sister—"

"And brother," suggested madame.

"And brother," repeated Viola, never lowering her frank blue eyes, but blushing from the tip of her round chin to the curls shading her low, fair brow. "Well, she and I were good friends then, but I never dreamed that she would remember me after she went away, for he—she, I mean—is rich, and I am poor, and our ways in life lie very, very far apart. But she has not forgotten me. See, madame, here is an invitation to a ball to be given on her nineteenth birthday at her aunt's house, only a few miles away. And—and her brother signs it too. He writes a handsome hand, does he not, madame?"

"A strong, handsome hand, my dear, and he is a handsome, manly fellow. I do not forget the messages he used to bring me from you, and deliver with such courtly grace. You must go to the ball."

"Oh, madame, it is impossible. I could not go if it were to be the simplest of parties, and it is to be a fancy dress. I have nothing to wear. You know the crops failed last night on account of the drought. But what folly for me to let so slight a thing distress me for a moment, when all at home have health and strength, and you are fast getting well!"

"For which we should be—and no doubt we are—devoutly thankful," said the old lady, "and all the more reason why you should go to the ball. You said just now I must be a fairy. I'll prove my right to the title by being a fairy godmother. You did not know that my name was Violet. Take the key you will find under the clock on the mantel, and open the ottoman that stands yonder."

"Open the ottoman, madame?"

"Yes: it is simply a chest in disguise, and in it lies your ball dress."

The lid of the disguised chest was raised, a long box lifted out and opened. An exclamation of delight burst from Viola's lips. There lay a satin dress of creamy whiteness. It unfolded into a miracle of old-fashioned loveliness. Purple violets were scattered here and there upon the scant skirt, as though dropped from some careless hand, and the puffed sleeves and short waist were made of a wealth of amber-hued lace. And then came a large, quaint fan of sandal wood and peacock feathers, a necklace of pearls, a high tortoise-shell comb, and a pair of satin shoes with low flat heels and queer pointed toes.

"But you never mean that I should wear *these*, madame?" said Viola.

"That do I, most surely," said madame, gayly. "I wore them, child, many, years ago. And now another Violet needs them. There is a fate in it. And I will put a spell upon them; and—who knows?—they may help you to win a true lover, as they did me."

"But the shoes, madame—they are too small, I'm sure."

"Try them, my dear."

Viola slipped one on. "It binds across the instep," said she.

"Take the scissors and cut it, then."

"Oh, madame, it would spoil it."

"Do as I bid you. Fairy godmother must be obeyed. Now take the rosettes still remaining in the box, and fasten one over each shoe to hide the damage done."

And with the beautiful rosettes of satin and lace, with a "V" encircled in seed pearl in the centre of each, hiding the gaps the scissors had made, the toilette was complete.

And so Viola went to the ball, not in a fine carriage drawn by prancing steeds, but in her father's covered wagon, behind the old farm-horse. But when she appeared in the brilliantly lighted room it was rather late, for the old horse traveled slowly—the creamy white satin dress clinging to her slight, graceful figure, the pearls clustering around her smooth throat, her golden hair wound about the tortoise-shell comb, her dimpled arms and shoulders just showing through the ancient lace, her innocent blue eyes looking shyly over the quaint fan, and her feet clad in the queer pointed shoes, half hidden by the great rosettes—the gay crowd felt, some of them (the fair maidens these) with bitter envy, that an unknown Princess of Beauty was among them.

And the prince of the reigning house quickly followed his sister to welcome her, leaving a Night with diamond stars to sparkle for some more faithful worshipper. And again and again he and the unknown princess danced together until nearly daybreak, when, a servant summoning her hastily—for the farmer father was tired of waiting—she flew to the dressing room, and one of the rosettes bursting from its fastening on the way, away went the shoe it had helped to hold in place, down, down through the well of the winding staircase, to regions far below.

And Viola, having the enchantment of the night still strong upon her, never missed it, but hastily drawing on her stout boots, ran to the old wagon, jumped in, and drove away in the dim first light of morning from the Prince and Fairy-land.

But when she awoke from the deep sleep into which she sank as soon as she reached her home—the sun was then on its westward way—she discovered the loss and while she was bewailing it the Prince rang at the door.

"I have found a slipper, or shoe, or something of the kind," he said, taking it from the breast pocket of his fur-trimmed coat; "and as it will not fit either of my sisters, or my cousins, or any of the lady friends who with them bide, I thought it might fit you."

"It does not really," said truthful Viola, with her lovely blush. "I could not have worn it had it not been cut open at the instep—I have not an aristocratic foot—and that is how, the stitches that held the friendly rosette, giving way, I came to lose it."

"That I, thank fortune!—might find it. And now, Viola dearest—"

But what need of saying more? You can all end the story for yourselves, I am sure, even to guessing that madame lived to be a hundred years old, and that never was fairy godmother so loved and petted as she.

As our reporter came along Water Street last night, shivering with the chill night air, and drawing his overcoat tightly about him, he thought, "now is the time for colds and coughs," but if poor mortals only knew what a certain cure Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is, how few would long suffer, and then it costs only twenty-five cents.—Sandusky (Ohio) Register.

An effective medicine for kidney diseases, low fevers and nervous prostration, and well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters. m13-1wd&w

"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 adv. m1-1mdeod&eow

Gently Does It.

Eugene 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 unequaled '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.

In Good Spirits.

T. Walker, Cleveland, O., writes: "For the last twelve months I have suffered with lumbago and general debility. I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters about six weeks ago, and now have great pleasure in stating that I have recovered my appetite, my complexion has grown ruddy, and I feel better altogether." Price $1. 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 employer, H. Anderson, 94 Main Street, procured some Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and he says that a few applications enabled him to go to work as usual. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

CLOTHING, &C.

CONTEMPLATE

The advantages of buying your Clothing from A. C. 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,

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

VALENTINES.

Valentines and Valentine Cards.

In Great Variety at

L. M. FLYNN'S,

BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE,

No. 42 WEST KING STREET.

JOHN BAER'S SONS.

NOVELTIES,

—FOR THE—

EASTER SEASON!

PLAIN AND FRINGED

Easter Cards,

EASTER FANS AND SACHETS,

EASTER BOOKS.

At the Bookstore of

John Baer's Sons,

Nos. 15 & 17 North Queen Street.

LIQUORS, &C.

HOUSEAL & CO'S NEW LIQUOR STORE,

No. 43 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

The very best and finest qualities of Foreign and Domestic WINES and LIQUORS, constantly for sale at wholesale and retail. Straight Old Rye Whisky of the distillation of 1875. Pure unadulterated Custom House Brandy, warranted of the vintage of 1860. Kept especially for medicinal purposes. Pure Old Holland Gin, and other Whiskies, Brandies and Wines to suit the trade.

feb3-3md HOUSEAL & CO.

MALT WINE.

HERCULES MALT WINE.

The Best and Cheapest

MALT EXTRACT

EVER PREPARED.

An Invigorating HEALTH AND TABLE BEVERAGE. A reliable remedy for INDIGESTION, DEBILITY and MALNUTRITION highly recommended for ENFEEBLED PERSONS, CONVALESCENTS and NURSING MOTHERS.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AT

25 Cents per Pint Bottle.

CHAS. WOLTERS,

PROSPECT BREWERY, PHILADELPHIA.

LANCASTER DEPOT.—GEO. A. KIEHL.

m1 3md

CARRIAGES, &C.

THE STANDARD CARRIAGE WORK OF LANCASTER COUNTY.

EDGERLEY & Co.,

FINE

CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

MARKET STREET,

Rear of Central Market Houses,

LANCASTER, PENN'A.

We make every style Buggy and Carriage desired. All work finished in the most comfortable and elegant style. We use only the best selected material, and employ only the best mechanics. For quality of work our prices are the cheapest in the state. We buy for cash and sell on the most reasonable terms. Give us a call. All work warranted. *Repairing promptly attended to.* One set of workmen especially employed for that purpose. [n25-1fd&w

MEDICAL.

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 absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

REV. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 16, 1881.

GENTS: The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

Brown's Iron Bitters

has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

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

m13-1wd&w

A VETERAN TRAVELER'S EXPERIENCE.

On being asked what he thought of the present system of advertising, and if he considered that it paid, he replied: "My experience shows me that in order to achieve any success with advertisements, the article advertised must have merit. The masses of the people of the present day are not taken in so easily as formerly, and they look with a degree of suspicion upon anything the intrinsic merits of which have not been thoroughly tested; but when the reputation of an article is once established, it requires a good deal to damage its character. When I first saw the advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, I immediately made inquiries in different sections of the country as to its sale and success, and was agreeably surprised to find it giving such universal satisfaction. Every one who had used it was loud in its praises. C. Blacket Robinson, proprietor of the *Canada Presbyterian*, Toronto, was amongst the number; he had for several years been a great sufferer from severe headaches, and by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters he was entirely cured." There is not another preparation in the world which acts so directly and quickly on the liver and kidneys and purifies the blood.

Sold by H. B. Cochran, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. m15-1wd

DOCTORS AGREE THAT SCARLET Fever, Diphtheria, Consumption, Catarrh and Chronic Throat Diseases are due to neglect of common Sore Throats. Children frequently have wet feet; sore throat follows and often serious sickness. Are we not affected likewise? Why not try the *OCCIDENTAL DIPHTHERIA CURE*. It will positively cure the worst form of sore throat and eradicate the germ of any disease subject to it. A cure guaranteed or money refunded. For sale by H. B. Cochran, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. feb27-3md

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

MUSICAL-BOXES.

MUSICAL - BOXES.

BARGAINS.

CLOSING OUT SALE of a large importation, having arrived too late for the holidays, at cost of production in Switzerland, about 1-2 and 1-4 their value that same quality instruments could be sold for in this country. They are mostly of the large and medium size and, with few exceptions, of High Class Musical Boxes as sold in Geneve, but far superior to the ordinary instruments generally sold in this country, and need only be seen or heard to be appreciated. Musical Boxes with bells, drums, castanets, celestial voices, mandoline, diva-harmonie, overture, tremelo-piccolo, sublime-harmonie, harp-zither attachment, etc., also two and three mainsprings playing from 10 to 50 minutes by one winding. Musical Albums. Circular on application.

C. Gautschi & Co., Manufacturers,

Ste. Croix and Geneve, Switzerland.

SALESROOMS: 1020 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. j23-1fd

COAL.

GO TO

REILLY & KELLER

—FOR—

GOOD, CLEAN FAMILY COAL,

Also, Hay and Straw by the bale or ton.

Farmers and others in want of Superior Manure will find it to their advantage to call Yard, Harrisburg Pike.

Office, 20½ East Chestnut street. ag17-1

B. B. MARTIN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of LUMBER AND COAL.

☞ Yard: No. 420 North Water and Prince streets above Lemon Lancaster. n3-1yd

COHO & WILEY,

350 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

LUMBER AND COAL.

Connection With the Telephonic Exchange.

Branch Office: No. 20 CENTRE SQUARE. feb28-1yd