

GRAND OPENING OF "THE GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR."

THE GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR.

GOTTSCHALK & LEDERMAN'S

Great New York Bazaar, Great New York Bazaar,
26 and 28 NORTH QUEEN ST.

1882—Spring Season Announcement.—1882

Our Grand Spring Opening being over, and being declared by everybody who witnessed the same to be a COMPLETE SUCCESS, we are ready to inform the public that we are fully prepared to satisfy everybody who will call at the Great New York Bazaar. In the short time that the New York Bazaar has established its large branch in Lancaster, the public are already convinced that we are

Headquarters for Low Prices and Largest Assortment of Goods
IN THE CITY OF LANCASTER.

Just received, 25 dozen of
REAL BLACK CHIP HATS
for ladies, the best shape of the season. We will sell them this week for

25 CENTS.

These Hats cannot be bought elsewhere for less than \$1.00. 100 dozen of

Children's Rough-and-Ready Sailors,
In all colors, to match dresses, at the ridiculous price of 25 CENTS. Call early if you want any. Only 25 dozen left of our FINE MILAN STRAW BONNETS at 35 CENTS. These Bonnets are really worth \$1.00. We have constantly on hand all the latest shapes of the sea-on, such as

PATIENCE, TYROLE,
PARISIENNE, REGENT,
EMPIRE, &c., &c.

We have the above in every imaginable shade, to match suits. We have also any style of

OSTRICH PLUMES AND TIPS,
To match Hats. In endless variety.

AS OUR SPACE IS SO LIMITED WE SHALL CALL THE ATTENTION OF OUR LADY PATRONS FOR

THIS WEEK

SPECIAL BARGAINS

Millinery Department.

Our Ribbon Department

Is declared by all who have visited the Bazaar to be the richest and most complete ever seen before in this city. We have received for this week 100 pieces of 4-inch elegant

MORISE ANTIQUE RIBBON,
In all silk, to match Hats and Feathers. We are offering the same at 25 cents yard. This RIBBON we cannot duplicate after this lot is gone.

Order Department.
We must now call the special attention of our lady patrons to our MILLINERY ORDER DEPARTMENT. It will really pay every lady to order their Spring Hats and Bonnets at the Bazaar. The Milliners we employ are the most experienced in the trade, and we have no doubt will give entire satisfaction.

Crope Hats and Crope Veils
made to order at very LOW PRICES. We keep constantly on hand the FINEST REAL ENGLISH CREEPELS.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We shall commence on Monday, May 8th, another Great Bargain Week, and will give a full description of the same in our next week's advertisement.

REMEMBER, the only Headquarters for Low Prices and Largest Assortment of Goods is

GOTTSCHALK & LEDERMAN'S

GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR
26 & 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN FINE CLOTHING.
MEN'S SUITS, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$14. MEN'S SUITS (Silk Faced), \$15, \$15, \$15.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING IN THE CITY.

AL. ROSENSTEIN,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
NO. 37 NORTH QUEEN STREET, Lancaster, Penn'a.

MYERS, RATHFON & CO., CLOTHING!
Our stock of piece goods is larger than ever, and the styles are all that could be desired. We are receiving daily the latest and best styles the market can produce. With our increased trade we are kept constantly in the market filling up our stock of Choice Goods, and our stock is always kept full and of the best quality of the market all the time. CLOTHING IS ALL IN MOTION. Every available item is brought into the market all the time. The large basement floor is kept full of duplicated goods, and the second floor is literally jammed full of CLOTHING for Men, Youth Boys and Children—all our own manufacture—warranted to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Our TEN DOLLAR (\$10.00) MEN'S ALL-WOOL SUITS are moving off rapidly, every body being surprised at the cheapness. They are equal if not superior to any suit offered by any other house at twelve dollars. All we ask of you is to call and examine and be your own judge. Our Youth's, Boys' and Children's are all sold at LOW PRICES. Come and bring your boys along and have them clothed, and save one profit by buying your CLOTHING at

MYERS, RATHFON & CO.
CENTRE HALL, No. 12 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa. PENN HALL, No. 508 Penn Street, Reading, Pa.

JOHN BAER'S SONS,
Nos. 15 & 17 North Queen Street, LANCASTER, PA.

Books and Stationery
That is to be found in the interior of Pennsylvania, embracing New and Standard Books, Illustrated Books, Juvenile Books, Sunday School Books and Bibles, Family Bibles in various styles, Teachers' Bibles, Evans Books, German Bibles, Prayer Books.

John Baer's Sons,
Nos. 15 & 17 North Queen Street, LANCASTER, PA.

REIGART'S OLD WINE STORE
ESTABLISHED 1785.
NO. 29 EAST KING STREET.
REIGART'S OLD WINES OF 1800, 1812, 1817, 1818 AND 1827. FINE OLD BRANDIES AND VERY OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES.
All the leading brands of CHAMPAGNE, BROWN STOUT, SCOTCH ALES, &c.
Mineral Waters, Apollinaris, Vichy, Friedr. Richell, Hunyadi Janos, Saratoga and Ginger Ale. Also Fine Olive Oil.

S. CLAY MILLER,
Win s, Brandies, Gins, Old Rye Whiskies, &c.,
No. 33 PENN SQUARE, LANCASTER, PA.
GIBSON'S WHISKY BOTTLED A SPECIALTY.
LOOK OUT FOR MOths!
BUY CARBOLIZED PAPER,
BEST MOTH PROOF ARTICLE IN THE WORLD FOR CARPETS, FURS, &c.
Tarred Roofing Felt by the yard or ton.
WHOLESALE SUPPLY DEPOT:
Nos. 11, 13 & 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.
JOHN L. ARNOLD.

A GENERAL REVIEW OF

THE PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE.

Corporal O'Shaughnessy Attends—Sees the Drum Major's Appearance at the Convention—Resumes His Home—Resumes His Home.

Corporal O'Shaughnessy in Wilkes-Barre (N. C.), Rep.

Our Don, our genial, whose soul was, went right up to you. Don, beneath whose waistcoat beats a heart, larger by far, than ever fluttered beneath the plumage of the largest mosquito that ever lived, our unselfish senator gave me permission to go to Philadelphia last Saturday to attend the conference. And I hesitated not to declare, since I am sure that there will be a fat girl, and the wild men of Borneo, Philadelphia has seen nothing like it.

"I don't care to sit in," I remarked to Drum Major Quay, as I entered the room. "Don't I hear, is hanging; and the limit is likely to be rather too large for me."

"Come right in, corporal, come right in," remarked a portly and somewhat ponderous statesman, who was sitting behind a large amount of seated shirt bosom and whom I at first mistook for the late lamented Thomas H. Benton. It seems it was not Mr. Benton, but a kicker from Easton. That is to say, he was a kicker when Passmore was nominated a few years since.

"Never mind the limit," said the drum major.

"Shoot your gaff," said the Christian statesman from Pittsburgh.

"Please to come in," said the Hon. C. Seltzerwater Wolfe, and I took a seat.

"Don't drink the water, my friend. When they get thirsty they went into the next room. I may as well remark right here that in the next room there was nothing but drink. They made Kingsley take up the carpet to enable them to get in more packages."

They went into the next room. When they returned Seltzy wished to know if any statesman had a clove.

No statesman had a clove.

"This seems to be an unexpected calamity," said the statesman from Easton. "Let us see if we can't get some 'business.'" They went into the next room.

When they returned Seltzy wished to know if any statesman had an uniseed or two.

No statesman had an uniseed or two.

I am surprised at the murky and somewhat dim condition of the drum major's eye. "Let us proceed to business."

They went into the next room. When they returned Seltzy wished to know if any statesman had a cardroom seat.

"My friend," said the statesman from Easton, addressing Seltzy, "I don't wish to seem impertinent, but I would like to know what business you follow for a living. Are you in the drug line?"

This comment served to dampen the ardor of the convention somewhat, but the statesman from Easton rallied and remarked, "Gentlemen, let us proceed to business."

The procession was formed as before. The drum major promptly took the lead, when Seltzy asserted that he had an idea. Of course, it was a startling proposition. It broke up the procession. The statesman from Easton observed, "Sir! you astonish me." The statesman from Pittsburgh suggested, "Where is it?"

The drum major murmured, "S-s-mother year." But Seltzy still bubbled up, "The people have been defrauded; the people want and the people will have office."

I don't think the drum major's reply was appropriate to the occasion. He remarked, "S-s-mother year."

But the statesman from Easton was logical and polite.

"The people!" he said, "the people."

"How many of you people do there happen to be, my dear sir?"

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," replied Seltzy. "For the purposes of this convention I am the people."

"S-s-mother year," reiterated the drum major.

Some other year, said Seltzy.

"Seems to me I have heard that remark before."

Several other statesmen said they thought they heard a similar observation.

"S-s-mother year," murmured the drum major, drawing his hand diagonally across his expansive forehead and limited cheek, after the manner of a man playing a cold check.

Now, Mr. Editor, whatever else may be said of the Hon. C. Seltzerwater Wolfe, he is a patriot. No reasonable man will deny that, and his subsequent course clearly demonstrated that fact.

"Gentlemen of the convention," he remarked, "I move to amend."

"Let us proceed"—At this point the procession again reformed. Some of the delegates did not return from the next room. Seltzy returned, nibbling a bit of lemon peel.

"Gentlemen of the convention," he again remarked.

"S-s-mother year," said the drum major, fixing his Beaver county eye, which was yet open, on the Union county patriot.

"I protest," said Seltzy, "on behalf of the people I protest."

"Protest," said the statesman from Pittsburgh. "Protest, you have been protesting ever since I know you. Now what's your game? Sit down there, and up with clips, and we will see up to them."

Suddenly the tone and manner of the Union county patriot changed. The lemon peel dropped from his fingers, his left eye glared rampant, and a genuine frowning smile overspread his classical face as he remarked, "And you give the dear people all they ask?"

Mr. Editor: I did not hear the response. It was not audible more than two or three hundred miles away, but there was that silent recognition of each other's position that patriots always resort to under such circumstances, and I went into the next room.

It was rather late when the convention adjourned.

You see, it's not very often that the ten men who own this state happen to get together. When they do meet it takes some time to arrange the details.

And as we caromed down the marble stairway, over the scumbers and out on the sidewalk where the little birds were pecking their breakfast, I remarked to the drum major:

"Major! The future is big with harmony."

"And the drum major replied, 'S-s-mother year, corporal, s-s-mother year.'"

Recalling the Women Doctors.

Lately, by the new rules of the Philadelphia county medical society, female practitioners are allowed membership, and in consequence of this action five women—Mrs. Anna Broomall, Clara Marshall, Frances E. White, Hannah Crossdale and Ida Richardson, all professors in the Women's medical college—were duly recommended for fellowship. Three members of the county society presented and indorsed each name in writing, which is understood to be a guarantee for fitness.

These five names were passed upon by the county, and after some months of probation, at a regular state meeting all of the five names thus offered were duly balloted.

THIEVES AND COUNSEL.

BOB INGERSOLL AND HIS CLIENTS.

Guilt Confessed by Attempted Avoidance of Trial.

New York Times (Rep.) Friday.

The trial of the Star Route conspirators has been postponed for two days on account of the absence of one of the defendants—John W. Dorsey—who is now a fugitive. Dorsey is the brother of the ex-senator, and his counsel, Col. Robert Ingersoll, with a mighty air of innocence and outraged justice, promised that he should be present whenever the trial was called. The case is called. The government is ready. Dorsey is not to be found, and Col. Robert Ingersoll has to admit his inability to keep his promise. This grotesque conclusion of the windy vapors of the learned colonel, however, is not unexpected. The tactics of the thieves have been dilatory from the first. While pretending that they wanted nothing so much as a speedy trial and "vindication," every one could see that a shyster and a petty lawyer could possibly have been put in the way of ascertaining the simple fact whether Brady, Dorsey, and the rest are innocent or guilty. This is not usually the course pursued by men who have a reasonable defense. Criminals take refuge in technicalities. Honest men are impatient of delays which stand between them and their complete vindication. If the Star Route conspirators were really the much maligned men that they claim to be, they are most unfortunate in the selection of their counsel.

For example, it was set up yesterday by the counsel for the defendants that the two classes of persons indicted—officials and private citizens—should not be included in one indictment, because the acts of each class are of a different nature, and could not be committed by a private citizen. And, on the other hand, the acts of a private citizen, while they might be in themselves felonious, would be wholly changed when attributed to official persons. Therefore, it was asked, that the prosecution should be compelled to discharge either one or the other of these two classes of defendants, since both could not be included in the same indictment. This is a fair specimen of the petting to which the counsel for the defendants have been obliged to resort in order to stave off the trial of the alleged thieves. If, at the beginning of these proceedings, disinterested people had any doubt as to the guilt or innocence of Brady, the Dorseys, and the remainder of their gang, the management of their counsel had long since dissipated all such doubts. Innocent men, secure in the rectitude of their doings, and assured of the justice of their defense, do not interpose quibbles and quiddities when their trial comes on. They are not ashamed to stand self-confessed before the people to-day, by the fitness of the pretexts by which they have endeavored to postpone the day when guilt or innocence could be proved.

If anything could add to the discomfiture of the defendants in the cases, the conduct of that worthy blatherer, Col. Robert Ingersoll, has amply filled the bill. When he is prevented by the deceptions of the tribunal, before whom he appeared as advocate, from fulfilling a lecture engagement in another city, he revenged himself upon the court by insisting upon the reading of a voluminous document, occupying three hours, by way of "getting square" for his detention. Ingersoll has imported into the case the blackguard and vulgarities which are not only not necessary to the case, but which belongs to the rascals whose case he is so zealously defending. It was the spirit of Brady and the Dorseys that bawled in open court, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars," when a proposition was made by the government to try the case on the other side a "har" in open court. This sort of the thing may be tolerated in the wilds of the far West, where to be "handy with one's shooting iron," and to bandy oaths and blackguard epithets is fascinating to the crowd, but it is not exactly what courts in civilized communities are accustomed to. The trouble with Ingersoll is that he has been fighting Moses, St. Paul, and other dead-and-gone worthies, who are incapable of reply, for so many years, that he has become inflated with the notion that he is unanswerable. Public opinion is never very far wrong. And public opinion has already convicted these men. Ingersoll promised, in open court, that John W. Dorsey should be produced when the trial began. To-day Dorsey is a fugitive and Ingersoll coolly says that he (Ingersoll) is not to be expected to help the prosecution. Brady and his gang have pretended that they are hungering and thirsting for vindication, and when the opportunity comes, they do us wrong tricks to secure delay, and their counsel attempts to browbeat the court and cover an ignominious flight by a display of vulgarity that would disgrace a Tombs police court. It does not, perhaps, so much matter now, as it did, what punishment is meted out to the man who is so inflated with the notion that he is unanswerable. Their example is already sufficiently conspicuous and notorious for the improvement of mankind. They are in a pillory from which there is no escape.

NYE AND WILDE.

The *Esthetic* William Interviews the Fascinating Oscar.

Laramie Boomerang.

We went down on the overland train Thursday to see the great aesthete. We picked him out without any trouble and backed him for a quiet little talk all by ourselves. Mr. Wilde is very tall, with a face like a broad axe. We told him that our name was Nye, the great Wyoming aesthete. He smiled like the rolling-mill and shook hands.

He wore a soft hat and a kind of steel colored velvet sack coat. He also wore his hands in his pockets clear up to the elbow joint. He wears a kind of Bryon collar and a necktie the color of a diseased liver. His pants were of grey material, and held in place with six miniature suspenders. They were shown as he stooped over, his coat being cut just below the shoulder blades. His shoulder blades are high and intellectual. He wears his hair long, with hay and little mementoes from sleeping-cars in it. His face is thin, and when buried in a piece of pie must be a ghastly sight.

Mr. Wilde's teeth are evidently his own. Nobody could make teeth like them and escape the vigilance committee. They are broadly and prominently set, with a tendency to go out and look for air. He does not seem strong, but his breath proves this impression to be erroneous. Mr. Wilde wore a silk handkerchief the color of the illustrations found in public documents describing the cattle plague.

He spoke of various topics with a seductive drawl, wiggling his limber, angular worm legs as he spoke, and posing like a giraffe with the colic, for the benefit of the ladies who stood near. He wipes his nose in a languid yet soulful way that makes you wish he would do so again. We asked

him when he would return to England, and he tossed his mane in the air and said:

"Ah! I don't know whether I shall survive or not."

"You get a good deal of free advertising," I see," said the *Boomerang* man, gnawing a little fragment from an irregular piece of navy and thoughtlessly stepping on the patent-leather shoe of the great aesthete.

"Oh, yes," said Oe, as he straightened up and extended his neck up through his collar till you could see the scalloped edge of his chemise. "Yes, sir; most too much of it. Still it pays moderately well. He, he, he! However, it is absolutely stupid of them to make such beastly and peculiar little jokes upon me, you know."

We had a good deal more confidential talk with him before the train left, which we may give to the public after awhile, but at present space forbids.

Mr. Wilde's complexion is very pallid, with here and there a little pimple that relieves the monotony some. He wears no beard or mustache at all, but makes up for that with a large growth of hair on his head, which falls in graceful festoons over his shoulders like a horse's tail over an olive-green dash-board. He is just as full of soul as he can be, and walks and breathes like a 2-year-old steer in a cabbage grove. He smiles every little while like a colicky baby in its sleep, and gigns and places himself in statuesque positions, as though something had given away in his apparel and he was trying to keep his ethereal pantaloons on till people looked the other way.

Ladies and sticky girls requiring a non-alcoholic, gentle stimulant, will find Ingersoll's Iron Bitters beneficial.

SEVERAL nights, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale at Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen St.

An old lady writes us: "I am 62 years old and was feeble and nervous all the time, when I bought a bottle of Parker's Ginger-Tonic. I have used little more than one bottle, and feel as well as at 20." See other column.

THAT hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen St.

Ceriticeus.
"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit for indigestion and constipation of the bowels."
C. L. EASTON, Hamilton, O.

Price 8c. For sale at H. B. COCHRAN'S drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

WILL you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver complaint? Shiloh's Valerian is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen St.

Triumphant.
Mrs. Seltzy, Marion, O., says Thomas' Electric Oil was triumphant in her case; she used it for a severe cold and pain in the face and was relieved in a few minutes. For sale at H. B. COCHRAN'S drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Prof. Gullmette, the inventor of the French Kidney Pad bearing his name, was one of the most noted medical men of his day in France. His cures of kidney diseases are most marvellous and are said to be permanent. For sale at Kaufman's drug store, North Queen street.

CLOTHING.

A Statement That Tells.

Fresh woolen goods in sight for to-day's trade at Oak Hall. One hundred and thirty-two kinds of Men's Suits. Eighty kinds of Youths' or Young Men's Suits. Eighty kinds of Large Boys' Suits. Seventy-nine kinds of Small Boys' Suits.

They are distinct from all separate pantaloons, thin coats or other goods sold as single garments; also from all broken lots. Save a few small boys' garmets they are all of Oak Hall make.

An equal opportunity to this for buying good clothing at least prices is not offered elsewhere in America.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

SPECIAL OFFERING
TO PERSONS IN WANT OF AN

Elegant Suit of Clothes

OR A—
STYLISH SPRING OVERCOAT,

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.

We suggest placing an order only to secure prompt attention to choice of stock. Dispassionate from our minds the thought of buying cheap, trashy garments when such splendid facilities are offered to obtain the very best at such moderate prices from the leading establishments and the acknowledged headquarters for CORRECT STYLES, the most striking and novel effects to be found in the European market, which we import direct and have exclusive control.

"Remember, no other house in this city can show the same line of goods. We are the only party that handle the Original London and Parisian productions of OIGET, 21 RUE VIVIENNE, PARIS.

An examination of our immense stock will satisfy the novice as well as the aesthetic taste that for tone and character our goods cannot be excelled, and rank among the leading houses on this continent.

No. 121 North Queen Street.

J. K. SMILING,
ARTIST TAILOR.

MEDICAL.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I endorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, Ph. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore, Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD ERICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I endorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAFFORD, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well known character of the house which makes it a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.
Roanoke, Md., Oct. 12, 1880
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all.

Geo. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.
Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

For sale at H. B. COCHRAN'S Drug Store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATION AS TO THE CAUSE OF SCARLET FEVER AND DIPHTHERIA among the children, and the deaths thus frequently attending. Those suffering from any of the numerous forms of Debility arising from abuse of other causes, will be well by sending a three cent stamp for further information. Address, DR. J. A. GIBBON & JOHN DAN (late Jordan & Davidson), 705 Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Hours for consultation: 10 a. m. till 2 p. m., and 5 till 8 p. m.

ENTLENER.
We call your attention to an important discovery in our practice which we have found very successful in cases of prostration arising from indigestion. Those suffering from any of the numerous forms of Debility arising from abuse of other causes, will be well by sending a three cent stamp for further information. Address, DR. J. A. GIBBON & JOHN DAN (late Jordan & Davidson), 705 Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Hours for consultation: 10 a. m. till 2 p. m., and 5 till 8 p. m.

CLOTHING.

The coming of Spring does not always determine you to lay aside heavy clothing, hence we shall keep our winter stock accessible for a while and have the spring goods also handy, if wanted; but if our advice is worth considering you will make changes gradually, beginning with a Spring Overcoat.

The advantage of dealing with us is that we have all weights and kinds of goods to meet the sudden changes of this climate.

A. C. YATES & CO.
LEDGER BUILDING,
Chestnut and Sixth Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

GREEN'S

Carpets, Carpets,

I can show the largest stock in this city. Call and see my latest BURLS, THREE-PLY, INGRAINS, EXTRA-SUERS, ALL-WOOL INGRAINS CARPETS; the very latest Designs and Patterns the market can afford. I also have a large stock of my own make of CHAIN and EAG CARPETS as low as the lowest. Satisfaction guaranteed. No trouble to show my goods.

H. S. SHIRK,
202 WEST KING STREET.