

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVIII. - No. 304

LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1882.

Price Two Cents.

DRY GOODS, &c.

BOWERS AND HURST'S NEW STORE, NO. 129-131 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

NEW FALL GOODS NOW OPENING

NEW DRESS GOODS, NEW CLOTH SUITINGS, NEW CLOTH SACKINGS, NEW REPS, NEW FLANNELS IN PLAIN AND PLAID, NEW PEROALES, NEW PRINTS.
New Oretottes, New Merino Underwear for Ladies, Men and Children, in Scarlet White and Gray, New Corsets, New Dress Buttons, New Lace Fichus, New Lace Collars. Everything New at the

NEW STORE OF BOWERS AND HURST,

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PLUSHES AND SILK VELVETS

IN ALL THE POPULAR SHADES AND QUALITIES

AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES

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MYERS & RATHFON.

Well-Made Garments.

In the manufacture of READY-MADE CLOTHING we observe three points:
1. The Selection of Stylish and Serviceable Material with the Best Wearing Qualities.
2. The Selection of Good, Strong and Serviceable Trimmings, Pockets, Linings, etc.
3. First-class Workmanship, Good, Strong Thread and Careful Sewing.

In our CLOTHING you will find no machine-made button holes, but good, strong, regular hand-made buttonholes. Our Cutters are the most skilled. Our Patterns are the best.

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DRY GOODS.

HAGER & BROTHER'S CARD.

A CARD.

LANCASTER, July 28, 1882.

In anticipation of changes to be made in our Clothing Department (arrangements for which are now going on) we desire to reduce our stock to the minimum, and offer Spring and Summer wears at the Lowest Figures. Light Weight goods of all kinds for both men and boys to be closed out; Linen and Mohair Dusters; English Seersucker Suits; White Marseilles and Duck Vests; Creole Check and Alpaca Coats; Linen and Cottonade Pantalons; Cassimere Suits, made skeleton; Blue Flannel Suits and full lines of Summer-Weight Cloths, Cassimeres, Serges, &c., &c.

Yours, respectfully,
HAGER & BROTHER,

No. 25 West King Street.

NEXT DOOR TO THE

COURT HOUSE.

FAHNESTOCK'S.

We shall continue, during the remainder of AUGUST to close out the balance of SUMMER STOCK of every description, at LOW PRICES, preparatory to receiving a Large Stock of

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Our ONE DOLLAR QUILT Beats Anything Ever Sold at the Price. New DARK STYLE CALICOS and SATINES Now Opened. Choice Styles at Low Prices.

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Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Tin Roofing and Spouting Specialties.

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No. 11, 13 & 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

JOHN L. ARNOLD.

THE GRANGERS' PICNIC.

ENORMOUS CROWD ON THE GROUND.

Our General Beaver was Received and What He Had to Say—Inquisitive Colonel Piollet.

When at sunrise Thursday morning the little army of grangers who spent the night in camp on the banks of the Potomac, found that the camp was already thronged with visitors. The crowd increased hourly till noon, when a twenty-five thousand people were present. It was a thoroughly representative gathering of practical agriculturists from the most good feeling prevailed. In the assemblage were tawny-bearded mountaineers from West Virginia, fair-haired planters from the banks of the Potomac, home-spun chad men from Western Maryland, round-shouldered truckers from the Pennsylvania, white-haired fruit-growers from New Jersey, sturdy-looking Germans from Berks, Lehigh and Lancaster counties, well-fed Quakers from Chester, Delaware and Montgomery counties and scores of other types of American grangers. So numerous were the executives from the Cumberland Valley railroad that all regular trains, freight and passenger, were stopped for fifteen hours. Large as the grove is, it was uncomfortably crowded, and with the multitude came schools of sharpshooters, who, with wheels of fortune, click-a-lung, thimble rig and other games, victimized hundreds of the guileless farmers. It would be impossible to calculate the immense number of melons the crowd devoured between sunup and sundown, but one dealer, whose stock was exhausted early in the afternoon, disposed of 3,000. Before noon the Republicans on the ground became considerably exercised over Gen. Beaver's absence, particularly as politicians of other parties were swarming around, and, as Col. Piollet expressed it, "getting in their best legs." The day advanced there was a growing impression that the Independents of Cumberland county had gained a point by arranging for Stewart a mass meeting at Mechanicsburg. The Regular Republicans there recognized the fact and were troubled by W. L. Hensel, S. C. Wagner, W. A. Duncan, H. J. Myers, Frank E. Belthoover and other Democratic missionaries were doing all the good in their power, and the amount of handshaking was astonishing.

In the morning the speakers' stand was surrounded by a crowd of several thousand people, and at 10 o'clock the platform was filled with officers of state and county granges, who gazed placidly on the surging crowd below and congratulated each other on the success of the picnic. Dr. Calder is the brother of the Pennsylvania state grange. He was the first to rise and distributed saccharine compliments so generously that the assembled grangers blushed to their ears, but bolted the candy without a murmur. As a whole, his address was long, prosy and uninteresting. When Dr. Calder finished, Mr. Haines, of New Jersey, a perfect type of a well-to-do farmer, came to the front. He spoke in a plain, unpretentious way about the good work the Patrons of Husbandry were doing for the farmers as a whole. Mr. Haines said Jersey had no much of a place for politics, but it was a great state for farmers. While his address were endeavoring to reconcile this assertion with the previous reports they had heard of the Sahara-like regions referred to in his speech, he was interrupted by a glowing description of the number of immense fat hogs and monster watermelons that are annually produced in the county he hailed from. His style of oratory was a trifle antique, and the number of "years and 'tack' tasks" and "a-ya-eyes" and "forsoshts" that he injected into his remarks amused his hearers greatly. A. Z. Griesemer, of Berks county, spoke in German for ten or fifteen minutes, and then Colonel Baker, grand master of the grangers of West Virginia, made a speech that did little to improve the opinion of education and the benefits farmers are receiving through the granges. Mr. Donny, a young Virginian, talked half an hour in a sophisticated way, after which there was a recess for dinner, and during that intermission the multitude raised the standard so thoroughly that the supply of cooked victuals was exhausted in a few minutes and the lamentations of the noted ones were frightful.

General Beaver, who passed the previous night in camp, was expected to reach the grove by one of the first trains, but he concluded to come to the picnic with ex Mayor Patterson, of Harrisburg, and General E. W. Biddle, treasurer of the Cumberland Valley railroad. The trio made the journey from Harrisburg in a carriage and arrived there about noon. They were met on the outskirts of the grove by a delegation of prominent grangers, a very bad band of music and two or three thousand picknickers. General Beaver shook hands with the members of the reception committee and then stepped to the center of the camp, where the headquarters are situated. To the surprise of the managers neither the procession nor General Beaver created any particular sensation. In fact, so little was the distinguished visitor's presence noticed that it is doubtful if he was remembered by those on the ground more than one-third of the people in the grove saw him. At Mr. Thomas' tent General Beaver passed to the customary hand-shaking with his friends. Not more than fifty people came forward, however, and consequently he had an easy time. He stood at the tent door, leaning against a pole, while behind him round shouldered Colonel Piollet was stationed. The Colonel, who is a Democrat and anti-monopolist and the leading granger in the state, paid close attention to the hand shaking, and as each agriculturist came forward to clasp the general's fist the military man in the rear smiled and winked at the spectators.

As the reception did not pan out as was expected, General Beaver dined at the latter camp, where he covered best beef, pork, cabbage, corn, potatoes, tomatoes and bread and butter were the standard articles of diet. In the meantime the oratorical machinery at the stand was started by a mild looking young granger from the Old Dominion. He said nothing new and soon gave way to Colonel Piollet, a vigorous talker, who in a half hour's talk snote railroad monopolists, corrupt politicians and middle men hip and thigh. It was arranged that General Beaver, Mr. Hensel and Mr. Stewart, if the latter came, were to follow. Piollet, who in private said he intended to draw the Regular Republican candidate out, so that the other speakers would be compelled to reply to him. The general, however, did not work for the scheme, who was the first speaker, refused to be drawn out an inch. Colonel Piollet carried out his part of the programme to the letter, but without success. In closing his address Colonel Piollet said: "Beaver is a pretty good sort of a fellow. I got my seed-corn from him last year;

gave him seed-potatoes for it. Now, I want him to tell you that the farmers are entitled to the same voice in the government and public affairs that members of other classes are. I want him to tell you that he doesn't believe that money is necessary to secure your rights, and that the vote of any honest man who is opposed to political corruption, and I want him to tell you that he is opposed to all such dishonest measures."

General Beaver received some scattering applause when he came forward. He said that he did not desire with many things Colonel Piollet had said and believed farmers would be more numerous if land was not so high and so much money was not required to stock a farm. The speaker believed there were hundreds of young men in the world who would be willing to accept of a notice to change places with well-to-do farmers. He spoke somewhat gushingly about the nobility of farming, which he held was as much a profession as law or medicine. After complimenting Col. Piollet on his worldly possessions and his own farm, he mentioned several objects, and predicted that the organization would increase in strength and power every year. The brightest and most refreshing portion of the general's speech was that part which he devoted to the waste of money in burying and repairing the regular passenger line. From the irrepressible Piollet came a rumbling laugh. "Ah," said General Beaver, "I'm not repairing my political fences. They don't require it just now." He drew a picture of a boy, who had had dropped corn for a man named Campbell and raked and bound grain for another man. He wanted to understand that he wasn't a fancy farmer, but believed in making, not losing, money by his farm. He demonstrated that money could be made by feeding cattle with corn fodder and selling the bovines when they accumulated a sufficient amount of fatty matter.

The general believed that if red cedar trees were planted and allowed to grow into barbed wire posts the cost of fences would be greatly lessened. As he was about to take his seat Colonel Piollet said: "Now tell us what kind of a governor we want." "This is an off year in politics for me," but perhaps Hensel will tell you of it," replied the general. W. L. Hensel was introduced and said that, owing to certain reports and publications, he felt that it was proper for him to say that the absence of Mr. Piollet was due to his inability to leave his desk, owing to the office business. He was then followed by Col. Piollet, who said the people wanted public officers who would work six days a week, the cause of Mr. Piollet's absence would satisfy them that he was a man who attended to the duties of the office he held to. This explanation was applauded. Then Mr. Hensel explained that he did not come to the picnic to repair any of General Beaver's fences. He did not agree with Colonel Piollet when that energetic gentleman asserted that the farmers had no interest in public affairs. The speaker was of the opinion that farmers would have political power if they desired and worked for it, but they wanted to reform the nation when, in point of fact, they did not pay any attention to the purification of the government. He urged his hearers to break down party lines in township contests, complimented the grangers on the success of their picnic and sat down amid hearty applause.

DRIVEN MAD BY HER GRIEF.

The Story of a Young Girl's Love and her Man's Faithfulness. Baltimore American. She graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons last spring a man from Pittsburgh, Pa. He wore a full beard, and dressed in a rich and expensive style. While he did not gain a very high position as a devotee to Esculapius, nevertheless he became somewhat noted among the fair sex as a society man. Whatever his ability may have been, it was not developed as a medical student, but certain it is that he was a man of many and decided social accomplishments. He took board on Continental street, near the city hall, in a four squares of the college, with an aged lady, who had living with her an orphan granddaughter. The young lady was noted for her beauty of form and of face. Her figure was well rounded and fully developed, and she was not yet 18 years of age. The gay gallant from Pittsburgh naturally was struck with the beauty of the young lady. Thrown daily in her society, he began to pay her more than friendly attention, and soon it was whispered among the boarders that the young girl was falling a victim to his charms, which all seemed to acknowledge he possessed. They became engaged. The season of the betrothal was as happy as two loving hearts could make it. The descending room was neglected for the theatre, and the houses were abandoned for afternoon strolls or twilight musicales, both being good musicians. So the winter days wore on, and finally the commencement brought separation. The new doctor must live in his smoky home to establish himself in a practice, after which he would come to claim his fair love for his bride. She, hopeful and coqueting, bade him God speed. At first the letters came thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa; but a month or six weeks passed and the ardor of the lover seemed to grow less on his affections to be transferred, for only now and then came a letter, and that was still cold. To the young, innocent and coqueting girl, this sudden change was inexplicable. All efforts to discover the cause proved of no avail. But there those to say the handsome doctor, now full fledged as assistant surgeon in a Pittsburgh hospital, had found another love. After waiting and trying in vain to discover the trouble, the young lady grew disconsolate and wrote her recent lover telling him that unless he could explain his conduct in a satisfactory manner, she would no longer continue in that relationship. This was evidently what the man wanted. Promptly came the reply that he was satisfied, and that he would return to her. The letters, the little trinkets and the ring were immediately sent back to the donor. But hers was not a passing fancy. She brooded all the spring over the matter, until finally fever set in. She grew rapidly worse, and six weeks ago she had to take to bed and summons a physician. Her symptoms grew worse, and soon the doctor pronounced her ill with brain fever. For four weeks she was delirious, and throughout that long delirium her ravings were of her "George, dear George." Her sufferings were intense, and when she would start up in the midnight and cry aloud for "George" to come back, her nurse describes the scene as heartrending, so terrible seemed her sufferings. Gradually she grew worse, and last Monday the doctor, who had been afraid of a fatal turn of the case, pronounced her insane—tempor-

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Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fathom. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question but that opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often affects the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever the person afflicted growing weaker and weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the doctor of the system is thrown open to nervous diseases. The body weak and enfeebled absorbs no nourishment, but subsisting upon itself, the digestive organs no longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing to do their routine work, speedily become disordered, and dissolution and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and chills and fever, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially indigestion, dyspepsia, intermittent fevers, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs. It is for sale by all respectable medicine dealers, price, \$1 per bottle.

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REMAINTS are accumulating at all the time in small lots, which are very desirable for Closets, Vestibules and Rooms, running in price from Three Cents apiece up.

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