

The Lancaster Intelligence.

Volume XIX--No 55.

LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 3, 1882.

Price Two Cents.

DEY GOODS, &c.

Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!

BOWERS & HURST,

Nos. 26 and 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

White Blankets, \$1.50 per pair, White Blankets \$2.00 per pair, White Blankets up to \$12.00 per pair.

We call special attention to our \$5.00 WHITE BLANKETS, as they are the Best BLANKETS for the money offered in this city. NEW BLACK CASHMERE just opened, NEW BLACK SILKS just opened, LADIES' COATS and DOLMANS now opening.

ALL AT LOWEST PRICES AT

BOWERS & HURST,

Nos. 26 and 28 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa.

JNO. S. GIVLER & CO.

JOHN S. GIVLER & CO.,

NO. 25 EAST KING STREET.

BLANKETS, BLANKETS, BLANKETS.

WHITE, GRAY AND SCARLET

Crib Blankets, Marseilles Quilts and White and Brown Mixed Spreads. Home-Made Comfort-Beds with clean Cotton. Double and Single Shaws in all the new colorings. Ladies', Gents' and Children's Underwear. Wool and Cotton Cloth Quilted Skirts. P. S.—Our store is the lightest in the city, buyers can see just what they are getting, as we have a much lighter on cloudy or rainy days as most stores in clear days. All our goods are marked in plain figures at the lowest prices, and one price only.

JNO. S. GIVLER & CO.

No. 25 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

JNO. S. GIVLER.

MYERS & RATHFON.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

New effects in Imported Worsteds in Basket, Diagonal and Birdseye weaves, in Blue, Green and Black. New effects in Silks Mixed English, Cheviots in all fashionable colors. New effects in Scotch Cheviots, in all fashionable colors. New effects in Imported Overcoating, in London Beavers, English Meltons, Kerseys and the popular "Niggerhead."

MYERS & RATHFON,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS, No. 12 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

HAGER & BROTHER.

OVERCOATS.

We invite attention to a complete line of Overcoats for Men, Youths and Boys; manufactured with much care, from materials best adapted to give excellent service and comfort. They are handsome, well-fitting and in good style. Also Overcoatings in full assortment to be made to order.

HAGER & BROTHER.

FAHNESTOCK.

Our CLOAK ROOM is now supplied with a LARGE STOCK of the

LATEST STYLE COATS, THOSE IN WANT SHOULD SEE THEM.

CASHMERE, SILKS, PLUSHES, VELVETS,

UNDERWEAR, for Ladies, Gents, Boys and Girls, in Quantities.

UNDERWEAR, for Ladies, Gents, Boys and Girls, in Quantities.

Fahnestock,

Next Door to the Court House, Lancaster, Pa.

THE BEST.

STOVES, HEATERS & FURNACES.

SPEAR'S PARLOR HEATERS

Are SUPERIOR to ANY in the MARKET. Don't fail to SEE THEM and SAVE MONEY. In our ENDLESS VARIETY of OTHER STOVES we HAVE AIMED to have NONE BUT WHAT ARE GOOD, all of which WE GUARANTEE.

We have the SOLE AGENCY for the

Three Best Furnaces in the Market.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

FLINN & WILLSON.

LANCASTER, PA.

WATER CLOSETS AND BATH TUBS.

Iron and Wooden Hydrants,

Plumbers' Earthware,

Gas and Steam Fitters' Supplies,

Gas Fixtures at Reduced Prices,

Plumbers' Supplies, Tinner's Supplies

SLATE ROOFING.

SLATE ROOFING.

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

JOHN L. ARNOLD.

WHERE COTTON GROWS.

THE GREAT STAPLE OF THE SOUTH.

Our Arkansas Correspondent Tells all about the Processes by Which it is Made ready for Market.

Correspondence of the INTELLIGENCER.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 31, '82. Eds. INTELLIGENCER:—This city, which for the past month has been active in preparation for the three great events of the year—the state fair, meeting of the National Cotton Planter's association and the meeting of the cotton market, has been crowded with hundreds of visitors and representative "cotton men" from every cotton raising state in the South, and merchants from New England and the Middle States have again laid aside their holiday attire and settled itself for the winter. The Arkansas State Fair

Of '82 was the largest ever held in this state. They have a handsome exhibition ground, which was crowded with exhibits of every kind, but machinery for the speedy ginning of the cotton crop and for the quicker and better making of cottonseed oil predominated. The array of agricultural products of the state (made by the railway companies who own thousands of acres of land and used this occasion to "advertise their wares") was large. It embraced anything and everything from a 19 feet spruce to a tobacco plant, including anything the heart of the sturdy yeoman could wish for. They were lacking in domestic and household articles, live stock and fine arts. The thing most enjoyed by all was the races, for while they were in progress the grounds became empty and the grand stands full. They race nearly all on horseback and some fine riding was exhibited. Arkansians are great betting people, and the pool centres were crowded and thousands of dollars changed hands on the track. In the interstate contest for the best bale of cotton for \$1,000 the prize was divided between a white and negro planter, both of Mississippi. We saw the bales opened and they did look nice and white, and judging from the praise heaped upon the lucky growers, it must have been fine.

The meeting of the planters of every Southern state with the eastern buyers and brokers added considerable interest to the fair. They were in convention daily, and what they said and did has been reported to you in the eastern press and it would be superfluous to dwell upon it. "Cotton Days,"

In our last letter we attempted a description of cotton in the field; we will continue; we didn't before because we didn't know, but the "Cotton days" have come it becomes plain.

You cannot go anywhere in this state now that they are not hard at work in cotton. You see the picker with almost lightning rapidity pick the white substance from its horny boll, catch it in a basket, and when he has three filled with one in each hand and one on his head you see him take it to a covered spot where he empties it until at evening he has a great hill of snow it seems. When the field is cleared ginning is commenced. Heap after heap of cotton is taken to large saw-mills, and here it is made the source of a leading industry here. The cotton is taken to a "lint room," as they style it—a barn or shed on the same principle as you dispose of your tobacco. It is raised to see the merchants buy it. Here is a planter who has brought to town say 100 bales, each averaging 40 pounds, weighing about 300 pounds. He piles it up on the wheat and a buyer comes along. He, with his knife, cuts the bale open, and there he places, and sticking in, he pulls some cotton from the centre. This he takes, and with both hands starts a spinning wheel on a small scale. He twists and pulls and pulls and twists until he has woven it into a thread. If any of the gas comes along the cotton is of long fibre quality and better for the eastern mills; if he fails to weave a good thread he concludes it is "short fibre" or has been spoiled in ginning, in either case it is not worth near as much. It would then be put in a sack to be taken to town to equal the moderate buyer in rapidity. The contract is signed; the staple weighed; the check given, and all is finished. Mr. Jones all things considered has put a buck or two in, or a few pounds of iron, how will he be detected when his bale, with thousands of others, is taken from the vessel at the wharf of some eastern town? I will tell you. Each man is numbered, and every bale he sells bears the same print. His bale may not be opened for a year, but when it is and the dishonest trick is found it will return to him as surely as "chickens come home to roost"—that's about the surest thing I can think of now; and if he fails to make good the dishonesty practiced in cotton in the future will bear the mark of his meanness, and let it be of long fibre, white and fleecy, buyers will avoid it and him.

Our streets leading to the warehouses are piled high with bales; the wharves are filled with them and the hulls of the steamers sink deep in the water weighted with the great staple as they grow down the river towards the great cotton mart of the South—the Crescent City. And then again, by rail or water, north, to reach through the thousands of looms in your seven factories that make the name of Lancaster and Conestoga known far and wide, even in this far away country.

We stood on the levee on Friday when Col. Zed's cotton from his lower patch—3,000 acres—was brought to town on several large steamers and tug-boats, and his army of colored men and convicts. We saw them unload the boats until night came on; then the convicts were put into a weather-boarded house with a great number of boards on each side, and the colored men built large bonfires outside, made their black coffee and ate their pork and corn bread, and sang their songs as of old. Hundreds watched the novel scene. Though an old custom, yet, like a well told tale, it is always pleasing when repeated. So it is now and so it will continue until the last bale has been taken away, and the darkey leaves the "old plantation" and with his family hies to his rude cabin and spends the winter in idleness, occasionally hunting the opossum on the coast.

After the seed is taken from the cotton to anyone it would seem worthless, but let me tell you what is made of it. The seeds are gathered, together put into sacks and taken to the mill. Here they are first re-ginned, that is there is a little cotton in each seed, this is taken off and though not fit for the weave room it is made into lamp wicks, rope, twine, etc. The seed is then taken to a large machine, called the "huller," and the hull is broken and the kernel drops out. The former is carried by an endless screw to the boiler room and used as fuel, and it may surprise you

when I state that in a mill here that has a 40 horse power boiler not a scrap of fuel except the seed hulls are used. The kernel is carried by a pipe to the bin below, and then to a large cylinder, where, by the aid of steam heating apparatus, is warmed to a certain heat and then run into the steam press where it is crushed and the oil extracted. Taken from the press in one solid dry mass it looks as if its age of usefulness had passed, but not so. This mass is dried in ovens and run between stones and made into a flour, sold to and appreciated by our poorer families and sent by the ton to Europe. The oil is barreled and sent to foreign ports, where it is flavored, respiced here and eaten on the table as "Pure Olive Oil." This is no exaggeration, but has been detected. Considerable cotton seed oil is used in this section also, mostly for cooking, as a substitute for lard and butter. One factory here uses up nearly 120 tons of seed per day when in the height of business.

To many this long recital of the cotton and what it is to this section in all its branches may not be pleasing, but it is the fact, involving the greatness of our industry and of more commercial worth than many others. It is upon what the South largely, yes, we may say entirely, depends, and its extent can only be measured by millions.

The new insane asylum and the only one ever built in this state is nearly completed. It is built something like our new hospital, but not so large or grand a scale. In its other public charities this state ranks with any. Its blind institute is a large building and is presided over by one of the leading instructors of the blind in this country. They have some thirty pupils. In the deaf mute institute, which is situated along the Arkansas river some miles from Little Rock, there are some fifty scholars. These buildings are admirably situated a mile or more apart.

Wild ducks that have eluded the shot of your Northern sportsmen, are coming here in flocks, and our gunners are killing large numbers daily. The son of the Right Rev. Stevenson, bishop of the P. E. church, of Philadelphia, who is in the U. S. coast survey and stationed here, was married to Miss Susie, daughter of Bishop Pierce, of the P. E. church, this city. The P. E. church North and the P. E. church South, have thus united. Now for the M. E.

The congressional candidates of both parties and in some places the G. B. have adopted the plan of joint discussion—what Stowart wanted but Deaver didn't get. The vote of action of an Arkansas congressman. Sometimes the discussion gets spirited. In the anti-bullion days two candidates tried the same plan here, and a duel was the result. The funeral of one of the contestants was largely attended.

Abolition Versus Civil Service Reform. Mr. J. Emery Round, of Baltimore, brother of Mrs. L. A. Pine, who was recently removed from the office of postmaster at Lancaster, Pa., at the request of Senator Mahone, and for the reason, assigned by the senator, that he wanted "a man who could work for the party," has addressed a letter to the president, in which he discusses the incident from the point of view of civil service reform. There was no fault found with Mr. Pine's mode of discharging his official duties. On the contrary almost the entire community within the delivery of the office petitioned for his retention. The president having refused the removal of Mr. Pine from the ground that he had a right to his position, the administration, Mr. Round quotes Senator Mahone to show that the alleged fault had nothing to do with the original removal. He then proceeds to condemn in severe terms the doctrine of "ability to work for the party" as the first qualification for an official, and fitness for office secondary. He deprecates the fact that there is any one who may arbitrarily dictate appointments to the cabinet, and even the president himself, with regard to the ability to work for the party, and a virtual obligation to give reasons for his action, either to the heads of departments or the people. In conclusion, Mr. Round, who is a Republican, cruelly quotes from "the letter of acceptance" of the last Republican candidate for vice president, "original appointments should be based on ascertained fitness and the tenure of office should be stable." "I appeal," says Mr. Round, "from the Chester A. Arthur of 1882 to the Chester A. Arthur of 1880."

The little daughter of the editor of the Times, O. Daily Star was immediately and permanently relieved of a severe cough by three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A twenty-five cent bottle of this valuable remedy will cure the worst cough.

"Facts speak plainer than words," says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but I didn't for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggist told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am as well as ever. I feel strong, and in both dry and liquid form, sold in both dry and liquid form.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a new growth where it has taken root, and they give faster and more brilliant colors.

Sawyer's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 127 and 129 North Queen Street.

The Colloid Eye-Glasses are the lightest, handsomest and most durable made. Get a pair. For sale by all leading Jewelers and Opticians.

Druggist's Testimony. H. F. McCarthy, druggist, Ottawa, Ont., states that he was afflicted with chronic bronchitis for some years, and was completely cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Electric Oil. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 127 and 129 North Queen Street.

Nothing builds up shattered constitutions so quickly as Sawyer's Iron Bitters. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 127 and 129 North Queen Street.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Sawyer's Bitters is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by H. B. Cochran, 127 and 129 North Queen Street.

MEDICAL.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

KNOW

That Brown's IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy.

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had become almost a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's Iron Bitters advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.

For sale wholesale and retail by H. B. COCHRAN, Druggist, 127 and 129 North Queen Street, Lancaster.

For the Permanent Cure of CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whichever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it. Acts at the same time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly clears all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have been failed.

For sale by all druggists and grocers. See that the name is on the wrapper and the wrapper is sealed with the name of the manufacturer.

CLOTHING.

THE SWELL.

Our immense stock of Fine Clothing comprises goods suitable for all classes. The Olegymen, the Business Man, yes, even the "Swell Young Man," will here find things suited to his taste.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

Ledger Building, Chestnut & Sixth Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

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