

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XIX--No 61.

LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1882.

Price Two Cents.

BOWERS & HURST.

DRY GOODS, &c.

BOWERS & HURST,

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

Muslins and Sheetings large stock at low prices,
Scarlet and Gray Flannels, large stock at low prices,
Bleached and Unbleached Canton Flannels at Low Prices, Blankets and Comforts at Low Prices.

We invite special attention to our WHITE BLANKETS at \$1.50 per pair. Our \$5.00 WHITE BLANKETS beats them all. Call and see them.

BOWERS & HURST,

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

J. NO. S. GIVLER & CO.

ARE OPENING DAILY NEW STYLES IN

LADIES' COATS & DOLMANS.

Fur Trimmed Silk Circulars.

ALSO FUR TRIMMINGS FOR COATS, DOLMANS, &c.

We have a few COATS and DOLMANS left from last season, which will be sold without regard to cost.

JNO. S. GIVLER & CO.,

No. 25 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.
JNO. S. GIVLER. GEO. F. RATHFON.

CLOTHING.

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, Kersseys and the popular "Niggerhead."

MYERS & RATHFON,

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

DRY GOODS.

NEXT DOOR TO THE COURT HOUSE.

FAHNESTOCK.

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

LATEST STYLE COATS, THOSE IN WANT SHOULD SEE THEM.

CASHMERES, 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.

HAGER & BROTHER.

AT THE LOWEST FIGURES.

At the very lowest figures we are prepared to supply all kinds and qualities of

CARPETS, DRUGGETS AND RUGS.

We insure all Carpets to be WELL-SEWED and PROMPTLY LAID by the BEST CARPET LAYER in the city.

Paper Hangings.

From lines of CHOICE WALL PAPERS and CEILING DECORATIONS all orders will be filled on the best possible terms, and estimates made on the LOWEST BASIS. Our Paper Hangers are especially employed by us, and we guarantee their work, in all cases, to give perfect satisfaction.

Also, Lace Curtains, Poles, Shades and Fixtures.

HAGER & BROTHER,

No. 25 West King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

HOUSEFURNISHING.

THE BEST.

We all want the best and most economical

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.

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.

JOHN L. ARNOLD.

JOHN L. ARNOLD,

Nos. 11, 13 and 15 East Orange Street, Lancaster, Pa.

COME AND LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS IN

GAS FIXTURES AND PATENT COLD CASE HEATERS,

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

JOHN L. ARNOLD,

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

COLONIAL HISTORY.

BURDETTE IN WEST PENNSYLVANIA.

He Tells About Braddock's Battle With the French and Indians—The Humorous Observations on Males.

R. J. Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.

"Eastward go, westward ho, everybody takes the B. & O." from Pittsburgh to Connellsville. At least I did, and I am the only everybody interested in this trip. It is a pleasant run all the way down or up, as the case may be. I think it is up. About ten miles out of Pittsburgh we reach Braddock, a town of twenty-five hundred people, more or less, and across the run is the old Braddock battle ground. Braddock was an English general, you may remember. He came over here as long ago as 1755. By that time the good Indians on William Penn's reservation were celebrating their Bicentennial in advance with the most thrilling and startling tableaux whenever they caught a white man out alone. It was necessary that the red brother should be licked clear out of his moccasins, and Braddock thought he was the man who could do it. He came over here with an Englishman's idea about America, and though New York and Pennsylvania were nearer each other than Wappington, New Half-Market, Old Street Stairs, St. Trevors's Terrace, City Road, Millersville Cross Station, Choroconster Square, is to Millington-Walshington on Walshingham-Walshingham. He intended to spend a few days in this country and then go home and write a book about it. Poor Brad. He never wrote that book, although he furnished material for it. He came out here across the Youghiogheny river at Connellsville, came on up to Braddock station, and then across the wild man of the woods and a lot of French fell upon him in the ravines and hills of the Monongahela, and they encompassed him round about, and treated him roughly and senseless him that he died, and raised jumps all over his arms. It was a really surprising surprise party. From the wooded sides of the steep hills there suddenly broke volley upon volley of rattling musketry, mingling with the frightful war whoops of the savages. The men war whoops of these days, Braddock's regulars, numbering one thousand, fought and unseen for three hours, vainly endeavoring to employ regular tactics and European methods against an enemy that only fought to hurt and shoot to kill regardless of the regularity of the thing.

"I'm sorry he got away," said the horse reporter, "but perhaps you were lucky to lose him. There isn't anything in this poem about the brown mantle of October resting lightly on the hills is there? or the deep green of the pines being collected against the turquoise bloom of an autumn sky? Because if there is we can't take it. There is more brown mantle of October poetry stowed away here now than the window-cleaner can use in a year. If you've got anything about the white messages of heaven drifting silently down through the keen air or the gaunt outline of the leafless oaks standing haggard against an un pitying sky we might do the business with you. Our stock of November poetry is rather light this season. If you could ring in something about a hobnobbing on the steps of a banker's residence Christmas Eve, while inside the house the wassail bowl was going round, it would be a daisy."

"I'm afraid my poem will hardly meet the requirements of your request," said the young lady, "because the theme is a sad one, and the treatment is naturally in accord with this fact. I can read it to you, however."

"Nothing about 'put away his little rat' in it, is there?"

"No, sir."

"Nor 'the beautiful summer is dead, a'na?'"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, you may read it," and the horse reporter settled himself in a critical attitude.

The young lady produced a roll of manuscript and read as follows:

And this is the end of all, Ernest! The end of our happy dream.

A walk to the quiet graveyard, where the snowy marble gleams; Tattered and broken hearts, and broken hearts that mean.

For their buried loves and the weary years that must be lived alone.

You go back to the world, Ernest—men's And under new stars, in new skies set, soon that will make me glad to see you go.

But I go back to a desolate life—no man can ever be.

Though roam the wide world over, what once you were to me.

And this is the end of all, Gool-by! Perhaps it had caused less pain To have gone our separate ways without seeing each other again.

For want of one little word, Ernest, lives often drift apart.

You spoke that word, but it came too late; it only broke my heart.

"Nice, ain't it?" remarked the horse reporter when the reading was finished.

"Are you the girl that's been up to the graveyard and taken a look at the tablets of blighted hopes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ernest is going back to the world, is he? What has he been doing in St. Louis all this time?"

"I hardly think you appreciate the circumstances under which the poem was written," said the young lady.

"Oh, yes I do. Ernest is your young man, and you have quarreled with him because he only called you his looney wooter eighteen times, instead of twenty, as you had figured on. You think your heart is broken, and you want to get even by breaking other people's hearts with your poetry. That's wrong. Just now the world seems desolate to you, because of your life is o'ercast with leaden clouds. But time heals all wounds, and about a month from now, when some young man mentions oysters, the chances are you will beat the record getting your scalps jacket off the hat-rack."

"You are very much mistaken, sir," said the young lady. "My love is no ephemeral passion."

"Do you still want Ernest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I can tell you how to get him."

"Oh! can you?" asked the girl enthusiastically. "I shall be so thankful if you will."

"You take this poem," said the horse reporter, "and send it to him, then drop him a line saying the papers have agreed to print it for you. If he doesn't answer when it comes to having his name mixed up with a lot of graveyards, blighted hopes, broken hearts and a desolate life I shall miss my guess."

"Do you really think so?" asked the girl.

"Yes; really and truly."

"And I will tell you whether or not your plan succeeds," she continued.

"Never mind that part of it," replied the compiler of the 230 list. "The scheme will work all right. Come around again after you are married, and I will give you a pointer on how to keep Ernest at home nights."

Love and Sister Affection.

"Give me another doughnut."

Reine McCloskey's voice is husky with grief as she speaks these words, and over the dimpled cheek that looks so fair and white in the moonlight, the blushes are chasing each other in rapid succession. To her right are the Catskills, their summits bathed in a flood of silvery light, while at their base lies the placid Hudson, its shimmering surface reflecting the twinkling stars that are looking down in all their silent splendor from the azure zenith. Directly in front of the girl, and lending to the tout ensemble a soft warmth of coloring not otherwise obtainable, is a large jar. Immediately behind it stands Hercules Perkins.

"I am going away," he says.

The girl does not reply. The shadow of the doughnut jar conceals the look of haunting fear that passes her face, and the white lines around the drooping mouth

LOVE AND HORSE-SENSE.

A Romance Showing How Timely Advice May Bring Great Joy.

Chicago Tribune.

"Is the hymeneal-happening editor in?"

A very pretty young lady stood in the doorway and glanced in an appealing way at the occupants of the room.

"Hymeneal means something about getting married, doesn't it?" said the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady, "but I don't want to marry."

"Oh, I know you don't," said the friend of Mars's. "Girls never do. They spend most of their time trying to escape from the dreadful abyss or matrimony which countless young men are endeavoring to plunge them."

"The object of my visit," said the young lady, "is to see some editor in regard to a poem, and it occurred to me that perhaps the gentleman for whom I asked might be the person having such matters in charge. I have met with a sad disappointment and have written this poem in commemoration of the event."

"I'm sorry he got away," said the horse reporter, "but perhaps you were lucky to lose him. There isn't anything in this poem about the brown mantle of October resting lightly on the hills is there? or the deep green of the pines being collected against the turquoise bloom of an autumn sky? Because if there is we can't take it. There is more brown mantle of October poetry stowed away here now than the window-cleaner can use in a year. If you've got anything about the white messages of heaven drifting silently down through the keen air or the gaunt outline of the leafless oaks standing haggard against an un pitying sky we might do the business with you. Our stock of November poetry is rather light this season. If you could ring in something about a hobnobbing on the steps of a banker's residence Christmas Eve, while inside the house the wassail bowl was going round, it would be a daisy."

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"Well, I can tell you how to get him."

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"Yes; really and truly."

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ARE NOT SEEN BY THE ONE WHOSE WORDS HAVE CAUSED THEIR PRESENCE.

"Shall you miss me?" he asks.

The little white hand that rests upon the back of a chair is trembling now, and in the deep brown eyes there are hot tears of sorrow and pain. Suddenly Reine speaks.

"Go away," she says in agonized tones. "Go away before I tell you that which had better remain unsaid, and sobe choke her utterance."

A great light breaks upon Hercules. Stepping quickly to the girl's side he places his arm around her. "Tell me truly, sweetheart," he says, "do you love me?"

For answer she places a soft white arm around his neck, and as he bends over to kiss her the other hand reaches forward, feels cautiously around for an instant, and then, with a wild cry of agony Reine McCloskey falls forward in a swoon.

The doughnut jar is empty.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good through its clarity. Hold on to virtue, it is beyond price to you at all times and places. Hold on to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for there is nothing like it to cure a cough or cold.

"Troubles often come from where we least expect them." Yet we may often prevent or counteract them by prompt and intelligent action. Thousands of persons are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases—dyspepsia and constipation being their tormentors. They should know that a kidney-wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so relieving the whole system.

The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equal. All popular colors easily dyed, fast and beautiful. 50 cents a package.

The Rev. Geo. H. Trayer, of Houston, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Smith's Compound Cure. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street."

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Smith's Compound Cure is the best cure you can use. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street. my-lwdo&w

Fine, brilliant and clear lenses are used in making the Celluloid Eye-Glasses. When you buy a pair you may know you are getting the best. For sale by Smith's Jewellers and Opticians.

Deaf as a Post.

Mrs. W. J. Lang, Bothay, Ont., states that for fifteen months she was troubled with a disease in the ear, causing entire deafness. In ten minutes after using Thomas's Electric Oil she found relief, and in a short time she was entirely cured and her hearing restored. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

SMITH'S COMPOUND CURE—A positive cure for Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

Scars & Striae.

E. Asenath Hall, Birmingham, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for several months with a dull pain through the left lung and shoulders. I lost my spirits, appetite and color, and could with difficulty keep up all day. My husband procured some Burdock Blood Bitters; I took them as directed, and have felt no pain since. I feel much better, and am now well." Price 50c. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

SMITH'S CAPSULE REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Discharge and Cancer of the Bladder. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and its name indicates it is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will restore gray hair to its natural color and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It cures itching humors and Cancer of the scalp. A walk to the quiet graveyard, where the snowy marble gleams; Tattered and broken hearts, and broken hearts that mean.

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Love and Sister Affection.

MEDICAL.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have no energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking Brown's Iron Bitters, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

STRENGTH

50 N. Fremont St., Baltimore.

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a shell, and I have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment.

I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.