HAGER & BROTHER

BY L. A. PAUL Amidst the roses, lo! my dear wife stands, Herself the fairest, sweetest flower of all, I think, as from her slender, snow-white

the lets the honey-petaled blossoms fall. Amidst the roses while the daylight pales, Our home stands golden in the setting sun And 'neath our vine-wreathed porch she never

To give me welcome when the day is done. And when I meet her happy, love-lit eyes, I know it cannot be through sordid pelf

That I have won my life's most preciou She loved and took me simply for-myself. Amidst the roses, lo! my darling stands!

Herself the sweetest, tairest flower of all I think, as from her slender, snow-white Sne lets the honey-petaled blossoms fall.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH, Author of "The Bride of an Evening," "Th Deserted Wite," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE NOCTURNAL VISIT. · · · Whence is that knocking ?

* * * I hear a knocking In the south entry! Hark !-more knocking SHAKESPEARE. Hurricane Hall is a large old family mansion, built of dark red sandstone, in

one of the lonliest and wildest mountain regions of Virginia. The estate is surrounded on three sides by a range of steep, gray rocks, spiked with clumps of dark evergreens, and call

ed, from its horse shoe form, the Devil's On the fourth side the ground gradually descends in broken rock and barren soil to the edge of the wild mountain stream

known as Devil's run. When storms and floods were high, the loud roaring of the wind through the wild mountain gorges, and the terrific raging of the torrent over its rocky course, gave

to this savage locality its ill omened names of Devil's Hoof, Devil's run and Hurricane Hall. Major Ira Warfield, the lonely proprie tor of the Hall, was a veteran officer, who, in disgust at what he supposed to be ill requited services, had retired from public life to spend the evening of his vigorous age on this his patrimonial estate Here he lived in seclusion with his old fashioned

housekeeper, Mrs. Condiment, and his old family servants, and his favorite dogs and In person Major Warfield was tall and strongly built, like some iron limbed Don

glas of the olden time. In character Major Warfield was arro from his character, fixed upon him the ap propriate nickname of OLD HURRICANE.

There was, however, other grounds of and toasted his feet.

At this moment W violent temper and domineering babits Old Hurricane was said to be an old bachelor, yet rumor whispered that there was in some obscure part of the world, hidden away from human sight, a deserted wife and child, poor, forlorn, and heart broken It was further whispered that the older brother of Ira Warfield had mysteriously disappeared, and not without some suspi cion of foul play on the part of the only person in the world who had a strong in terest in his "taking off" However these things might be, it was known for a cer tainty that Old Hurricane had an only sister, widowed, sick and poor, who, with her son, dragged on a wretched life of ill requited toil, severe privation, and pain ful infirmity, in a distant city, unaided, unsought and uncared by her crus

It was the night of the last day of Octo ber, eighteen hundred and forty-five. The evening had closed in dark and gloomy. About dusk the wind arose in the north west, driving up masses of leaden hued clouds, and in a few minutes the ground was covered deep with snow, and the air was filled with driving sleet. As this was All Hallow Eve, the dread

ful inclemency of the weather did not prevent the negroes of Hurricane Hall from availing themselves of their capri cious old master's permission, and going off in a body to a banjo break down held in the quarters of their next neighbor.

Upon this evening, then, there was lef at the hall only Major Warfield, Mrs. Con-diment, his little old housekeeper, and Wool, his body servant.

Early in the evening the old house was shut up closely to keep out as much as possible the sound of the storm that roared through the mountain chasms, and can nonaded the walls as if determined to force an entrance. As soon as she had seen that all was safe, Mrs. Condiment went to bed and to sleep. It was about ten o'clock that night that

Old Hurricane, wrapped up in his quilted flannel dressing-gown, sat in his padded arm chair before a warm and bright fire, taking his ease in his own bedroom. This was the hour of the coziest enjoyment to the self indulgent Sybarite. And, indeed every means and appliance of bodily comfort was at hand. Strong cake shutters, and thick, heavy cartains at the Mary's. windows, kept out every draft of air, and so deadened the sound of the wind that its subdued moaning was just sufficient to remind one of the stormy weather without in contrast to the bright warmth within Old Hurricane, as I said, sat well wrapped up in his wadded dressing gown, recining in his padded easy chair, with his head thrown back, and his feet upon the fire-irons, toasting his shins and sipping

On his left hand stood his cozy bedstead, with its warm crimson curtains festooned back, revealing the luxurious swell of the full feather bed, and pillows with their snow white linen and lambswool blankets and the corner of the fire place stood Oid Hurricane's ancient body servant, Wool, engaged in warming a crimson cloth

night cap.
"I take this," said Old Hurricane, as he sipped his punch and smacked his lips
—"I take this to be the very quintessence of human enjoyment-sitting here in my soft, warm chair before the fire, toasting my legs, sipping my punch, listening on fered hospitality, and leave your comfort the one hand to the storm without, and able roof to night, and sorrier still to have glancing on the other hand at my comfor-table bed waiting there to receive my

"I wonder now if there is anything or the face of the earth that would tempt me to leave my cozy fireside and go abroad to night? I wonder how large a promise

of pleasure or profit or glory it would take "Much as ebber Congress itse'f could

give if it give you a penance for all your Punch Bowl there is an old woman sarvin," suggested Wool. "Yes, and more ! for I wouldn't leave my home comforts to night to insure not only the pension, but the thanks of Con

gress," said the old man, replenishing his glass with steaming punch, and drinking it off leisurely. again filled his glass, and, while sipping

its contents, said : "You may fill the warming-pan and warm my bed, Wool. The fumes of this fragrant punch are beginning to rise to "Her confession God has already ceived."

my head and make me sleepy."

The servant filled the warming-pan with glowing embers, shut down the lid, and thrust it between the sheets, to heat the couch of the luxurious Old Hurricane. The old man continued to toast his feet, sip his punch, and smack his lips. He finished his glass, set it down, and was just in the act of drawing on his woolen night-cap preparatory to stepping into his well warmed bed, when he was suddenly startled by a loud ringing of the hall-door

"What the foul fiend can that mean at this time of right?" exclaimed Old Hurricane, dropping his night cap, turning sharply around towards Wool, who warming-pan in hand, stood staring with aston-

"What does that mean, I ask you?"

her to fill a large basket full of everything
a poor old dying woman might want, and
you shall carry it." nighted trabeller in search o' shelter out'n de storm.' "Humph! and in search of supper, too, of course, and everybody gone away or gone to bed but you and me.'

At this moment the ringing was followed by a loud knocking.

"Marse, don't le's you and me listen to it, and then we ain't 'bliged to sturb ourselves wid answering of it," suggested

"What, sir! do you think that I am going to turn a deaf ear to a stranger that comes to my house for shelter on such a night as this? Go and answer the bell di rectly."
"Yes, sar."

"But stop-look here-mind I am not to be disturbed. If it is a traveller, ask him in; set refreshments before him, show him to bed. I'm not going to leave my warm room to welcome anybody to night, please the Lord. Do you hear?" "Yes, sar," said the darkey, retreat-

As Wool took a shaded taper and opened the door leading from his master's cham-ber, the wind was heard howling through the long passages ready to burst into the cozy bedroom.

"Shut the door, you scoundrel!" roared Old Hurricane, folding the skirt of his warm dressing gown across his knees, and hovering closer to the fire. Wool quickly obeyed, and was heard

retreating down the steps. "Whew !" said the old man, spreading his hands over the blaze with a look of this? Winds blowing great guns from the northwest-snow falling fast from the heavens and rising just as fast before the wind from the ground !-cold as Lapland, dark as Erebus! No telling the earth from the sky. Whew!" and to comfort the cold thought Old Hurricane poured the major completed his toilet by the time out another glass of smoking punch and the servant returned and reported the carbegan to sip it.

"How I thank the Lord that I am not a doctor! If I were a doctor now, the order given by Old Hurricane, as he folsound of that bell at this hour of the night would frighten me; I should think some old woman had been taken with the pleurisy, and wanted me to get up and go out | repeat that part of the church litany that in the storm—to turn out of my warm bed prays to be delivered from 'battle, murder, to ride ten miles through the snow to pre- and sudden death;" for if we should be gant, domineering, and violent; equally scribe for her. A doctor never can feel so lucky as to escape Black Donald and loved and feared by his faithful old family sure, even in the worst of weathers, of a his gang, we shall have at least an equal servants at home; disliked and dreaded by his neighbors and acquaintances abroad, am free from all such annoyances, and if I who, partly from his house, and partly am sure of anything in this world it is of we publish as a specimen chapter; but my comfortable sleep," said Old Hurricane, as he sipped his punch, smacked his lips

At this moment Wool reappeared.

"SHUT THE DOOR, you villian! Do you in end to stand there holding it open on me all night?" vociferated the old man. Wool hastily closed the offending portals and burried to his master's side.

" Well, sir, who was it raug the bell?" "Please, marster, sir, it wer' de Reberand Mr. Parson Goodwin." " Goodwin? Been to make a sick call,

I suppose, and got caught in the snow orm. I declare, it is as bad to be a parn as it is to be a doctor : Thank the Land I am not a parson, either! If I were now, I might be called away from my cozy arm chair and fire side to ride twelve miles to comfort some old man dying of quiusy. Wool, here-help me into bed pile on more comforters, tuck me up warm put a bottle of hot water to my feet, and then go and attend to the parson," said the old man, getting up and moving towards his inviting couch.

"Sar ! sar ! stop, sar, if you please ! cried Wool, going after him.

"Why, what does the old fool mean exclaimed Old Hurricane, angrily. "Sar, de Reverend Mr. Parson Good win say how he must see you yourse'f.

personable, alone." "See me you villain! Didn't you tell him that I had retired?"

"Yes, marse, I tell him how you wer' gone to bed and asleep more'n an hour ago, and he ordered me to come wake you up, and say how it were a matter o' life "Life and death! What have I to do

with life and death? I won't stir! If the person wants to see me, he will have to come up here !" exclaimed Old Hurricane, suiting the action to the word by jumping into bed and drawing all the comforters and blankets up around his head and shoulders.

"Mus' I fetch his reberence up, sar?" "Yes. I wouldn't get up and go down to see-Washington- Shut the Door, you rascal, or I'll throw the bootjack at our wooden head !"

Wool obeyed with alacrity, and in time escape the threatened missile. After an absence of a few minutes he was heard returning, attending upon the ootsteps of another. And the next minute he entered, ushering in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the parish minister of St.

"How do you do? How do you do? Glad to see you, sir! glad to see you, though obliged to receive you in bed! Fact is, I caught a cold with this severe change of weather, and took a warm negus and got to bed to sweat it off. You'll excuse me! Wool, draw that easy chair up to my bedside for worthy Mr. Goodwin, and bring him a glass of warm negus. It will do him good after his cold

"I thank you, Major Warfield. I will take the seat, but not the negus, if you please, to-night."

"Not the negus? Oh, come now, you snow white linen and lambswool blankets inviting repose. Between this bedstead eatching cold, and be a most comfortable night-cap, disposing you to sleep and sweat like a baby. Of course you spend the night with us?

"I thank you, no. I must take the road again in a few minutes." "Take the road again to-night | Why,

man alive, it is midnight, and the snow driving like all Lapland." "Sir, I am sorry to refuse your prof

to take you with me," said the pastor, "Take ME with you! No, no, my good sir -no, no, that is too great a joke—ha!

"Sir, I fear that you will find it a very serious one! Your servant told you that my errand was one of imminent urgency ?" "Yes, something like life and death " Exactly. Down in the cabin near the

dying-" "There! I knew it. I was just saying there might be an old woman dying. But, my dear sir, what's that to me? can I do?"

"Humanity, sir, would prompt you." toff leisurely.

The clock struck eleven. The old man again filled his glass, and, white sipping its contents, said:

"But, my dear sir, how can I help her? I am not a physician to prescribe—"
"She is far past a physician's help."
"Nor am I a priest to hear her confes-

"Well, and I'm not a lawyer to draw up her will." "No sir; but you were recently ap-

pointed one of the justices of the peace for Alleghany."
"Yes. Well what of that? That does not comprise the duty of getting up out of my warm bed and going through a snow storm to see an old woman expire." "I regret to inconvenience you sir; but

in this instance your duty demands your attendance at the bedside of this dying "I tell you I can't go, and won't. Any-thing in reason I'll do. Anything I can send she shall have.—Here! Wool, look in my breeches pocket, and take out my purse and hand it to me. And then go and wake up Mrs. Condiment, and ask

"Spare your pains, sir. The poor woman is already past all earthly, selfish wants. She only asks your presence at her dying bed."
"But I can't go! P! the idea of turning

out of my warm bed and exposing myself to a snowstorm this time of night!" "Excuse me for insisting, sir; but this is an official duty," said the parson, mildly but firmly.

"I'll—I'll throw up my commission to-norrow," growled the old man. "To-morrow you may do that; but meanwhile, to night, being still in the commission of the peace, you are bound to get up and go with me to this woman's

"And what the demon is wanted of me

there " "To receive her dying deposition." "To receive a dying deposition! Good Heaven! was she murdered, then?" exclaimed the old man, in alarm, as he started cut of bed and began to draw on his nether garments.

"Be composed—she was not murdered," said the pastor. "Well, then, what is it? Dying deposition! It must concern a crime!" exclaimed the old man, hastily drawing on

his coat. "It does concern a crime." "What crime, for the love of Heaven?" "I am not at liberty to tell you. She will do that."

"Wool go down and rouse up Jehu, and tell him to put Parson Goodwin's mule in comfortable appreciation. "What would the stable for the night. And tell him to induce me to go abroad on such a night as put the black draught horses to the close carriage and light both the front lanterns -for we shall have a dark, stormy road-SHUT THE DOOR, you infernal- I beg your pardon, parson, but that villain

riage ready.
"The Devil's Punch Bowl!" was the found only in the N. Y. Ledger. The Hidden Hand is the most popular story we ever published, and Capitola, its spirited and attractive heroine, is the greatest favorite of all heroines. Ask for the num ber dated July 28, which can now be had at any news office or book store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have that numbers of the Ledger mailed to you by sending six cents (post stamps will do) to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street, New York.

How many people there are who are struggling to rise in this world that are kicked down and out by envious rivals. Thomas' Eclectric Oil never "kicked out" its patrons. It is true blue. For throat affections, asthma and catarrh it is a certain and rapid cure. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

No Deception Used. It is strange so many people will continue to suffer day after day with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sour Stomach, General Debility, when they can procure at our store SHILOH'S VITALIZER, iree of cost it it does not cure or relieve them. Price, 75 cents. Sold by H. B. Cochran, '37 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

From Syracuse, N. Y. "I felt weak and languid; had palpitation of the heart and numbness of the limbs. Burdock Blood Billers have certainly rejeved me. They are most excellent." Mr. J M. Wright. For sale by II. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

NOTIONS.

QPECIALTIES.

ASTRICH BROTHERS, Agts.

PALACE OF FASHION NO. 13 EAST KING STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

We have made LARGE REDUCTIONS THIS WEEK in the price of our

PARASOLS, and are selling them cheaper than anybody CHILD'S LACE CAPS

Are all to be sold at cost price. Immense Reductions in HATS AND BONNETS. A Large Stock of

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR. At Lowest Prices. We still have a Large and Elegant Stock of LACE MITTS on hand.

WHITE GOODS.

Victoria Lawns, India Linens, &c., and all Dress Ginghams. An Immense Stock of these goods in Choice Styles, reduced to 8c.

LA WNS. An Elegant Assortment of these goods, all reduced to 10c.

Ready-Made Dresses. All of our Summer Goods we are now selling for less than they can be made for. Among them will be found an Elegant Line of CHILDREN'S DRESSES, in White, Ginghams, Seersuckers and Calicos as low as 25c.

LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS. A Large Line of these goods have just come in, and we claim that twenty per cent. can be saved by buying these goods from us,

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Valuable City Building Lots. Situate on the northeast corner of North
Lime and James streets. These lots will make
clegant building sites, being situated in a
tast improving part of the city. For further
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Real Estate Agents,
No. 108 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.
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HAVANA AND YARA CIGARS ONLY 50 the best for the money in the town, at HARTMAN'S YELLOW FRONT CIBAR TORR.

CANES, CANES, A FULL LINE FROM Se. Up, at HARTMAN'S YELLOW FRONT CIGAR STORE.

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THE NEW WALL DECORATION.

This new and elegant material known as LINCRUSTA-WALTON, has the effect of Embossed Leather or fine Wood Carving, and is much cheaper than either. It is extremely durable, and is manufactured in a great variety of artistic patterns, suitable for Wall and Celling Decorations ; also, Panels in Furniture, Cabinets, Screens, Book Binding, etc. It is tough, strong and elastic, and will stand severe blows without injury. Lincrusts, when highly decorated in colors, Gilt or Bronze, produces a most striking effect.

We take pleasure in calling attention to a full line of this beautiful novelty.

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TRADE DOLLARS TAKEN AT FULL VALUE FOR ANYTHING IN OUR STORE.

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Suits to Order and Fits Guaranteed at Reduced Prices, to Close Out Spring and Summer Stock. Gents' Gauze Underwear and Jean Drawers. Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts at 50c., 75c, \$1.00 and Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Ties, Gloves, Etc., at Bargain Prices. Choice Patterns in Linen and Mommie Cloth Embroidered Lap Rugs Cheap.

Bargains in our Dress Goods Department. All Goods marked in Plain Figures and One Price only. Trade Dollars taken at Full Value.

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Dry Goods, Carpet and Merchant Tailoring House,

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Nos. 26 and 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

Low Prices in White Dress Goods, Low Prices in Swiss Embroideries, I ow Prices in Lawns,

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Low Prices in Every Department to Reduce Stock.

Store closes at 6 o'clock, p. m., during July and August, except Saturday Evenings. BOWERS & HURST.

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MEDICAL.

Benson's skin cure. [From the Baltimore American.] **MYSTERIOUS**

Articles with High Sounding, Crack-Jaw Names are Not a Success.

A REFRESHING CHANGE

To Plain English. Every reader of newspapers has observed OP time, and again, in the advertising columns, many singular and frequently unpronounce able names of medicinal remedies. The Greek and Latin languages especially have been drawn upon to furnish names by which patent medicines could be introduced to the public. The inference is, in many cases at least, that their proprietors depend more upon the attraction of high sounding titles

than upon the essential merits of the reme It is retreshing once in a while to find a medicine advertised, whose simple, inte'ligi-ble name in English at once conveys to the reader an understanding of the uses and pur

A notable instance of this kind is found in the medicines of Dr. C. W. Benson, Whose FKIN CURE and CELERY and CHAMC-MILE PILLS impart at once in their names, either their purpose or the ingredients which compose them. Dr. Benson's SKIN CURS is warranted to heal all diseases of the skin, such as tetters, humors, inflammation, milk crust, ecz ama, diseases of the hair and scalp, scrofula, ulcers, pimples and itching on all parts of the body, It makes the skin white soft and smooth, removes tan and freekles, and is the best tollet dressing in existence. Its popularity is attested by the immense sales of it which are taking place everywhere It is the only genuine " Skin Cure " and all should beware of the various remedies which have been struegling for existence, and now endeavor to ride into popularity by advertising themselves as "The Great Skin Cures." There is only one, and that is Dr.

Benson's. Be sure and get it. DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

No Matter What Cause, Sick, Nervous, Nouraigic, Dyspeptic.
Which is it? A revolution in the treatment of nervous diseases is now taking place. Dr. C. W. Benson has discovered a sure remedy in his Celery and Chamomile Pills-they permanently care sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and all nervous diseases. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents a box. Address, Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for \$1, or six boxe for \$2.50. C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is the Wholesale Agent for W. C. Benson's remedies

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We are in a posit'on to turn out over 100 WINDOW SCREENS a day. Our PATENT FRAMES enable us to do this. They are simple in construction, easily adjusted to size, squared, and make a good and strong Screen. They are cheaper than the old styles that pull out and stand under the windows, when size is taken in consideration. The Frames are from 23 to 35 inches high, two inches difference in each size to fit even inches of wires, and 32 and 38 inches wide. Drop us a postal card and we will send to your house, take size and tell you the exact cost put up. Frames sold separate. A liberal discount to

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Chains, Rings, Spectacles, &c. Repairing of all kinds will receive my personal attention. LOUIS WEBER, No. 159; North Queen street. Remember name and number. Directly opposite City Hotel, near Pennsylvans railroad depot.

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CLOTHING: 40.

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-OF-

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ALL THE LATEST

PARISIAN and LONDON STYLES.

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A Word About Straw Hats.

The Straw Hats that we now have on hand we don't intend to carry over, therefore we are selling them very low. We are determined to get rid of them one way or the other. We might possibly have room to store them away, but we prefer offering a new and fresh stock Men and Boys. every season, thereby giving our customers the latest styles. We believe we are the only house that is doing this. We Largest and Best Selected Stocks have a few of Taylor's Mackinaws left. Remember they

must all go. The members of the Lancaster Mænnerchor will receive our thanks if they will drop in while passing our store and leave the size for their hats to be worn during the Saengerfest in August.

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J. E. ROTE.

There has been such a demand for LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS that I was compelled to get a VERY LARGE CAMERA BOX to meet the demand. small as the smallest locket will hold up to a 5-inch face, to fit an 18x22 Frame.

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85 Single, Dark Colored Cassimere Coats at

\$3 50, worth \$4.50 to \$8.00. CALL AT ONCE,

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AT ONE-HALF THEIR VALUE. They Must Be Sold Within Two Weeks, GAUZE UNDERWEAR, JEAN DRAWERS, WHITE & COLORED SHIRTS,

Neckwear, Hosiery, Linen and Paper Collars and Cuffs and Trunks and Valises at Bottom Figures.

White Ties, 10c. a Dozen.

GOSSAMER and RUBBER GOODS at prices Hirsh & Brother,

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IN FULL ASSORTMENT FOR

And if the question with you is where to buy, give us a trial, and we will show you one of the of Clothing in the City.

We have a few of those ALL-WOOL, MEN'S SUITS AT \$10

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STEVENS HOUSE SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

Good Journeymen and prices same as other
H. WAGNER,

Leave Lancater (P. R. Depot), at 7, 9, and 11:30 a. m., and 2, 4, 6 and 8:50 p. m., except on Saturday, when the last car leaves at 9:30 p. m. Leave Millersville (lower end) at 5, 8, and 10 a. M., and 1, 3, 5 and 7 p. m.

Cars run daily on a we time except on Sun day. COLUMBIA & PORT DEPOSIT RAIL-EQAD TIME TABLE.

Trains now run regularly on the Columbia
& Port Deposit Railroad on the following
time: SOUTHWARD. | STATIONS. | NORTHWARD. | A.M. | A.M. | Columbia | 8.40 | 5.33 | 10.33 | Washington | 8.40 | 5.33 | 10.33 | Creaswell | 8.02 | 5.25 | 10.35 | Kafe Harbor | 7.45 | 5.05 | 11.00 | Shenk's Ferry | 7.40 | 5.01 | 11.00 | Shenk's Ferry | 7.40 | 5.01 | 11.05 | York Furnace | 7.36 | 4.58 | 11.10 | McCail's Ferry | 7.22 | 4.51 | 11.15 | McCail's Ferry | 7.23 | 4.56 | 11.15 | McCail's Ferry | 7.23 | 4.57 | 11.15 | McCail's Ferry | 7.23 | 4.57 | 11.15 | McCail's Ferry | 7.23 | 4.57 | 11.15 | Fite's Eddy | 7.10 | 4.36 | 11.38 | 7.10 | Peach Bottom | 6.57 | 4.36 | 7.50 | 11.54 | 7.37 | Conowingo | 6.41 | 4.12 | 7.36 | 7.36 | 7.37 | F. M. 8:13 12:03 7:37Octivali 6:32 4:05 7:28 8:25 12:15 8:00 ...Port L'apisit ... 6:32 3:55 7:17 12:50 8:20 ...Perryville ... 3:41 7:05 READING & COLUMBIA R. B. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1978, 1882, NORTHWARD. Quarryville Lancaster, King St...... Reading ... SOUTHWARD.

A.M. M. P.M. P.M. 7:25 12:00 6:10 ... 9:45 8:20 5.50 ... At Columbia with trains to and from York, Hanover, Gettysburg, Frederick and Bulti-more. M. WILSON, Supt. DENNSYLVANIA BAILBOAD-NEW SCHEDULE — On and after SUNDAY MAY 13th, 1883, trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad will arrive at and leave the Lancaster and Philadelphia depots as follows: EASTWARD. Frederick Accommodation arrives. Sea Shore Express.....

TRAVELERS SUIDA

Hanover Accommodation west, connecting at Lancaster with Niagara Express at 9.45, will run through to Hanover daily, except Sunday.

Frederick Accommodation, west, connecting at Lancaster with Fast Line, west, at 1:35, will run through to Frederick. News Express..... Hanover Accommodation leaves... Harrisburg Express, west, at 5:40 p. m., has direct connections (without change of cars) to Columbia and York.

Fast Line, west, on Sunday, when flagged, will stop at Downingtown, Coatesville, Parkes, burg, Mount Joy, Elizabethtown and Middle, town. Day Express, Fast Line, News Express, Mai Train, No. 1, Western Express and Pacific Ex-press run daily.

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