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GAS FIXTURES, OIL FIXTURES, TIN ROOFING, SLATE ROOFING,

Steam Fitters' Supplies, Patent Cold Case Heaters.

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м. у. в. соно 530 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in LUMBER AND COAL. Connection With the Telephonic Exchange, Yard and Office No. 330 NORTH WATE TREET feb28-1vd

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to trespass on any of the lands of the Cornwall or Speedwell estates, in Lebanon and
Lancaster counties, whether inclosed or uninclosed, either for the purpose of shooting or
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undersigned after this notice.

WM. COLEMAN FREEMAN
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LOWE MY Restoration to Health and Beauty

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Disfiguring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Hehing rotures, Sciolula, Sait Rheum and Infantio Humors cured by the Curicula Romedies.

Cutteura Resolvent, the new blood puri-er, cleanses the blood and perspiration of mpurities and poisonous elements, and thus

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Catterra Soap, an exquisite skin Beautifier and Tollet Requisite, prepared from Curicuas, is indispensable in treating skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blentishes, Sunburn, and Rough, Chapped, or Greasy Skin.

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Cutteurs Remedies, are absolutely pure and he only Blood Purifiers and Skin Reautifiers, rectrom mercury, arsente, lead, zinc or any other mineral or vegetable polson whatsoever. It would require this entire paper to do justice to a description of the corespectomed by the Curicus Resolvest interbally, and Curicus Resolvest interbally,

Eczema of the pains of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat and usually considered incurable; small patch s of tetar and sait theum on the cars, now and

ber, beads covered with dan ruff and scally cruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of scales;

Itehing, burning and scaly tortures that saffled even relief from ordinary remedies, nothed and healed as by magic;

Psoriests, he prosy and other frightful forms of skin diseases, scroth one ulcers, old sores, and discharging wounds, each and all of which have been specifity, permanently and economically carred by the turicua Reservings when physicians, hospitals and all other remedies faited, as proven by a vast number of sworn testimonials in our possession which we will cheerfully man to any address.

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For the relief and prevention, the instant it is applied of theumatism, Neuralgia, Selavica, Conghe, Colds, Weak Back, Stomach and Bowels, Sucoting Pains, Numbress, Hysteria, Fernace Pains, Palpitation, Dyspepsin, Liver Complaint, Billous Fever, Malaria and Epidemics, use Colling Plasters, (at Ecoctric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster) and laugh at pain. 25c, everywhere.

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RENSON'S POROUS PLASTERS.

NO USE FOR THEM.

Concerning Certain Rolles of the Past-

Groupe Stephenson's "Rocket," and the singuific at locomotives of to-day, are built apon the same general principle, yet the mabline with which the great engineer astonished his age, is interesting now only as an illustration of the be, inning of the in ention. There were plasters with holes in them long before BENSON'S CAPCINE PORUS PLAS-TER surprised both the public and the physiclaus; and the triumpa of the tapeine is founded upon the partial successes, or the utter f of its predecessors. Everything of value in the old porous plaster is retained

In the Capcine; but at this point all comparison ends, and contrast begins. For example: The old plasters were slow in their action; the Capcine is quick and sure.

The old plasters lacked the power to do more han to impart slight, temporary relief in cases easy of treatment; the Capelne penns rates the system and permanently cores the roubles for which it is recommended.

The cld plasters depended for any good resuits they might atten, upon an accident of their makers and the naked faith of their wearers; the Benson's reaches its ends by means of the scientific combination of the rare

nedicinal ingresients which it contains. In brief, the old plasters, like Stephenson' discarded engine, are switched off the track, while the Benson's goes on its way winning colden optutons from all sorts of people Yet in this very fact lies the leading danger o the people who buy and use this reliable and scientific remedy. "Hypocrisy is the tri

ate vice pays to virtue," Imitation is the concession failure makes to success. Benson's Plasters are parodied in name and style. Reware of swindles. The genuine have the word CAPCINE cur in the center. Price 25

Scabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

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Standard Carriage Work OF LANCASTER COUNTY.

EDGERLEY & CO., FINE CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

MARKET STREET, REAR OF CENTRAL MARKET HOUSES,

LANCASTER, PA.

A SUNDAY IN ROUEN. N THE ANCIENT NORMAN CAPITAL

How the French Keep Sunday - The Cathe dral and Other Churches-Richard Cour

de Lion-Jean of Arc, Paris is undoubtedly the most beautiful city in the world; and I spent five delight ful days there—driving though its magnificent boulevards—rambling in its charming gardens, its Champs Elysen, its Place de la Concorde—visiting its splendil palaces, its Notre Dame, its Pautheon, its Hotel des Invalides—druking in at every pore of my being the beauties that crowd the galleries of the Louvre; bot of this I

will not now speak: n would take a volume to tell of what I saw and felt. I

prefer to speak in the present paper of the Sunday I passed in the ancient capital of Normandy—the city of Relf the Ganger, of William the Conqueror—the city whence the soul of heroic Maid of Orleans ascended

It was near midnight (Saturday, Ang-4th) when the express train from Paris stopped at the station. "Rwong?" shouted the guard. I did not recognize the name at first, it sounded so strange in its French disguise; so I put my head out at the window and inquired whether it was Rouen, "Out, M'sieur, Rwoog," replied an official. Accordingly I lost no time in putting the rest of myself out. Bidding my companions (a Philadelphia family) good by, I started on foot, matchel in hand, in the direction of the city. I chose to go in this tramp fashion, because there was a spice of adventure in it, and because (need I be ashamed to confess it?) it was more economical. In a few minutes I came in sight of the ancient city, with its ingrial twinkling lamps, stretching away down to the Seine. Entering the Rue Jeanne d'Are I came presently to a neat little inn calling itself the "Hotel du Square;" and there I engaged a room and breakfast for four frames (Fo this amount, however, a frans was added for towels, service, and coffee.) I had one of the neatest, elequest, most delightful rooms in the world, and I was well pleased with my accommodations, I breakfasted next morning in a little porch, quite in the French fashion. The French are great levers of out-doors. Along the streets of Paris and other cities you see crowds of people suring at little tables, sipping wine or coffee, and revling

or chatting in front of the cafes. How the French Keep Sunday After breakfast I started down the reet in the direction of the cathedral, in which, as it was Sunday, I expected to attend divine service. At least the almanae said it was Sunday, but I was half inclined to think the almanae lied, for as I turned aside to look at the ruins of an old church, to and behold! there Head Co ds. Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Einging Noises in the Head. Nervons Headache and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking muons dislosted, membrane cleansed and headach breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored, and raveges checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Tirront, Pats in the Cleat, Dyspepsis, Wasting of Strength and Frish Loss of Sleep, etc., one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Dr. Sanforsi's Inhaler, an in one package, of all druggists for \$1. Ass real sandy property of the people scanned to spend the day much as we do, at least in spend the day much as we do, at least in were men and borses at work in the erecspend the day much as we do, at least in the forenoon. In the afternoon the shops were pretty generally open, and at night the theatres and other places of amuse-ment were "in full blast."

A Noble Church Going in the direction of a fall steeple, I soon entered an open space, or place, on one side of which stood a noble church which I supposed to be the cathedral, but which I afterwards found to be the church of St. Ouen, A recent writer on architecture calls it "one of the most perfect Gothic churches in existence." It is certainly ther than any that I sawin England, there in some respects than the Notre Dame of Paris, or even the cathedral of Cologno. I stood for some time admiring its west facade, with its symmetrical corner towers rising in pinnacled beauty towards heaven, like thenes of devotion congeated to stone, its great central win dow, its deeply arched doorways adorned with a multitude of canopied saints-then passed around to the souli, viewing its tril tower, with its p numeles and delicate tracery-then around to the east front; and wherever I went new beauties sprang into view, all harmonizing so as to produce a unity of effect, and constituting a perfect work of art, a secred prem written n stone. I entered and seated myself to await the beginning of the services. The interior, with its piers of clustered shafts under the arches; its

"Windows richly aight, Casting a dim religious light;" its happy blending of simple grandeur and costly magnificence, —was well calculated old arch or gateway in one of the streets,

to inspire awe and reverence. "Fuss and Ecathers."

One of the most showy objects in the church was the officer known in English churches as the verger, and who in his gorgeous uniform looked as if he had stepped out of a picture book representing the gay courtiers of the age of Louis XIV. I must describe him. He wore red breeches, with red stockings, gold garters and red heeled shoes; a black coat (or possibly dark blue) eliberately trimmed with gold braid; a black chapeau trimmed with gold, and with a white plume; a broad red and gold baldrie; and a straight sword, that stuck out from under his coat nearly at right angles, as it was worn by knights of "ye olden time." He carried a long staff with a large head, like that the staff, I mean, not the head) of a drum major; and also had a spear and battle axe. He looked as if he belonged literally to the "church militant," and walked with proud step and head erect, like one who " magnifies his office."

The Service was that of the Roman Catholic church, and was of the most claborate character. Several priests participated and their vest ments were literally stiff with gold and may say, induced me to break my journey gems. The ritual was all intened or at Rouen; I mean the fountain and chanted, as in the English churches, but statue of in a lower key, giving the round deep tone natural to men's voices, and with a the heroic but ill-fated Joan of Arc. It is much finer effect. The chanting was a drinking fountain, probably thirty feet done by boys and men clad in white sur- high, crowned with a statue of the Maid, plices. There were some fine solos artisti- and standing in the market place of Rouen. cally sung, and some choruses in which the grand organ over the west door came crashing in like harmonized thunder, and and recalled the history of the inspired

and around through the southern aisle. First, as a gorgeous figure head, came the verger; then a crucifix with a monstrance on each side, borne by small boys, followed by the choristers and ministr two and two, arranged according to

the youngest first and the oldest last These numbered about seventy.

It is worthy of remark that these Euro pean cathedrals are not seated with finely upholstered pews, like our modern churches. The floors, be it remembered, are stone, and the seats are plain, slat-bottomed, unpainted, straight backed chairs. This is convenient; for the pulpit is on one side of the nave, and during the sermon a portion of the congregation must

turn around so as to face the preacher. An Old Norman Street-The Osthedral, Etc. On the east side of the church of St. Ouen is a pretty garden or park, with a band-pavilion, fountains, flowers, etc. and I noticed here also a statue of Rolla or Rolf, the first of the Norman dukesthe original Norman, or Northman. After spending a short time here, I went to visit the cathedral, the lofty spire of which was plainly in sight. On my way there I passed through one of the oldest and narrowest streets of this very old city-a street only wide enough for a single roadway. Many of the houses had carved, projecting fronts like those I had seen in Chester, Shrewsbury and other old English towns. In some places, inde d, they nearly came together over the street, and in one place they were propped to keep them from falling. Here was a piece of genuine an tiquity. The waves of modern life had surged and roared around it, but it had escaped innovation. As it was in the time of William the Conquerer, so it remains to day. I like these old streets and generally sought them out. We have new and showy things enough at home; what I wanted to see in Europe was its old and venerable things-its monuments of the past. I soon reached the cathedral, a noble building, but, like the cathedral of Autwerp, crowded and almost hidden by mean surroundings. It is Gothic, of coarse, but is of the flamboyant order-not so pure a gothic as the church of St. Ouen ; and the same may be said of the church of St. Mactou, which I afterwards visited. But I will not weary the reader with architectural criticisms; let us enter. A priest is saying mass, but no matter; nobody will mind us, if we keep our hats off. We look above and around to get the effect of the vast interior, which is intensitled by the solemn tones of the organ and the low chant of the ministrant. We

come to a tomb and glaune carelessly at the instription. Why, what is this? With a shock of surprise we retithe name Richard Cour de Lion

then, is the tomb of the bereich Richard, the bold crusader, the mighty warrior, the black knight of Scott's Ivenhoe and the hero of many a romantic story. Let us recall the circum stances of his death. Some one said of a writer, "It a relief to have him quote." I will relieve my reader thus by giving him a few of Hum's eaphonious sentences :

Richard, accompanied by Marcadee levie of the Barbancons, approached the cashe for Chilous in order to survey it; when one Be-trang de Gourdon, an archer, took at a at 1 in, and also gould be accepted. ou ple ced his mounter with an arrow. The ring, however, give orders for the assault, ook the plate, but honged all the garrison, exe-pt Gourdon, who had wounded him and whom he reserved for a more deliberate and more crack execution. The would was not in itself-langeous, but the anskillulass of the and a shoulder in pulling out the arrow that gangrane of so di and that prince was now conside that his life was drawing towards a period. He sent for Gourdon, and asked him.

Wretch, what have I ever time to you to oblige you to seek my His? What have you done to me? replied codly the prisoner. You killed with your own han is my father and two brothers; and you intended to have hanged myself. I am now in your power, and you may take revenge by indicting on me the most severe torments; but I shall endate them all with pleasure, provided I can think that I have been so happy as to rid the world of such a nulsance. Richterd, struck with the reasonableness of this roply, and humbled by the near approach of dath, or level Gour Jou to be set at liberty, and a sum of money to be green to him. M. crades nakeows to him. to be set a liberty, and a sum of money to be given to him; but Maradee unknown to him selzed the nan oppy in in, and flayed him alive, and then hanged him."

Richard here met a man as lion hearted as himself; and thus he closed his roman tic career in April, 1199, in the fifty second year of his age, and his heart is buried in the chancel, between his undutiful brothers Henry and Geoffery, whose ingratitude so embittered the last days of their roya! father, Henry IL, of England There are tombs here even older than these. I saw buttresses, its flying arours, its grand cen. the tomb of an uncle of Wm. the Conqueror; and Archbishop Maulins, who died in 1955, is buried in the nave. There are also monuments of Rollo and his son Long Sword, but I did not see them. Other Churchus-The Great Clock, Etc.

After leaving the cathodral, I visited But as you draw near, the woman the old and magnificent church St. Maclou, raises her wasted features. Would Doand the church of St. Vincent. In the latter I noticed, attached to the columns, running up to the roof, or spreading out fourteen tablets, carved in high relief and bishop, well. Oh, mercy! what a groan painted, representing the trial of Christ, his progress to calvary, and his crucifixion; also some fine old tapestries, one of them having on each side an immense dial plate. The whole is elaborately carved, and on the under surface of the arch are several deep panels containing in alto-relievo, an allegorical representation of Christ the Good Shepherd. In one corner, where the arch joins the tower, is a drinking fountain in honor of Louis XV., with a carving above representing the legend of Alpheus and Arethusa. This curious work, probably one of the ancient gateways of the city, is known as Le Porte et la Fon-taine de la Grosse Horloge (the Gate and

Fountain of the Great Clock.) On an island in the seine, between the city and the faubourg St. Sever, is a fine statue of Corneille, who was a native of Rouen. La Salle, the American explorer, was a native of this city, but he is not honored with a statue. There is, how-ever, a fine monument of Brother La Saile, a benevolent priest and founder of a re-ligious order. I should like to speak of the Pulais de Justice, a fine Gothic building, some of it very old-of the ancient fortifications, now converted into magnificent boulevards-of its public gardens, and other interesting things; but I pass them by, to notice the one thing which of all others I most desired to see -which,

made the vaulted arches tremble with the maiden of Doremy, who, believing herself to be divinely called to deliver her beloved Besides the grand organ there was a land from a foreign yoke, donned a suit of smaller organ in the chor used for ordinary accompaniments. It was the day of Holy Communion, and the bread, after it was crowned at Itheims, as she had pre-We make every style Buggy and Carriage desired. All Work finished in the most comfortable and elegant style. We use only the best selected material and employ only the best mechanics. For quality of work our prices are the chespest in the state. We buy for cash and sell on the most reasonable terms. Give us a call. All work warranted. Repairing promptly attended to. One set of workmen especially employed for that purpose.

LANCASTER, PA.

around in a big basket like a clothes basket like a good Catholic, and did it. I trust in a catholic, the tongues of devouring serpents—my heart swelled with shame and indignation the blessing—and who shall say that there was efficacy in the blessing—and who shall say that there was efficacy in the blessing—and who shall say that there was efficacy in the blessing—and who shall say that there was efficacy in the tongues of devouring serpents—my heart swelled with shame and indignation that such a dastardly outrage should have disgraced the history of England. Hiltory at the cloud of the propose.

Barriage of the chest say that there was efficacy in the blessing—and who shall say that there are the chest such a dastardly outrage should have disgraced the history of England. Hiltory at the chest such a dastardly outrage should have disgraced the history of England. Hiltory at the chest such a dastardly outrage should have disgraced the history of England. Hiltory at the chest such a dastardly outrage should have disgraced the history of England. Filter at the chest such a dastardly outrage should have disgraced the history of England. Filter at the chest such a dastardly outrage should have disgraced the history of England. She believed herself to be inspired; she heard voices calling her to free had been blessed by the priest, was passed dicted; as in imagination I pictured this

her beloved country, And why not? We talk of the inspiration of genius—why not of the inspiration of patriotism? We talk of a "call to the ministry;" we are told of a voice that rebuked Paul on his way to Damascus; is it utterly incredible that this saintly maiden, who wearied the ear of God with her inportunities, was divinely called to her heroic work? At any rate she believed she was called, and it was her duty to obey. She did obey; she gave her life for her country, and she is fitly enshrined in the heart of mankind, as a Christian heroine and marker. As I stood there in the market place of Rouen, indulging in these reflections the elegency. indulging in these reflections, the eloquent words of DeQuincey kept sounding in my ears. Have you read them? They may be found in his admirable essay on "Jorn of Arc"—an essay which for beauty, for pathos, for withering scorn, for sublimity of thought, for magnificence of diction, stands first, it seems to me, among all the works of this inimitable master of style. Why not quote a portion? I am sure it is far more interesting them anything that I

can write. DeQ docey's Thrilling Words. "The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the flery stairs to seize er, even at that moment did this nobles of girls think only for him, the one friend hat would not forsake her, and not for perseif; bidding him with her last breath o care for his own preservation, but to eave her to God.

"Bishop of Beauvals! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together in sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were dreams. gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl-when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you-let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to discipher the flying features of your separate visions. "The shepherd girl that had delivered

France-she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Doremy, saw the fountains of Doremy, saw the pomps of forest in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart-that resur rection of spring time which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps, (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for her might be created, in the fare well dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like that, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been surfaced, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the rection of spring time which the darkness surgeon made it mortal. He so rankled Richard's shoulder in pulling out the arrow that ard's shoulder in pulling out the arrow that steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffeld she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died-died amidst the tears of ten thousand enemiesdied amid the drums and trumpets of armies-died amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the

saluting clarions of martrys. "Bishop of Beauvais ! because the guilt burdened man is in dreams baunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror rising (like the mocking mirrors of mirage in Arabian deserts) from the feus of deathmost of all are reflected the sweet coun tenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also entering your final dream, saw Doremy. That fountain of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. remy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but you known them, was that which the servants, waiting out side the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off! Yet not so to escape the woman, whom once again he mus, behold before he dies. In the forests in which he prays for pity will be find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling ; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to the departed hours. There is the great English prince, Regent of France. There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Doremy a second time? No: it is is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and the nations stand around it waiting for a trial. Shall my tord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment seat, and number again the hours of the innocent? Ah, no; he is a prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting : the mighty audience is gathered, the court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arranged, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord have you no counsel? 'Connsel I have none; in heaven above, or in earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would that would take a brief from me; all are silent.' Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas, the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your b.isf; I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Doremy; Who is she in bloody cor-onation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop,

for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you; yes, bishop, she when heaven and earth are silent."

I will not spoil the effect of this splendid passage bp further description, merely re-marking in conclusion that I left that evening for Dieppe on my way back to London, high'y pleased with my visit to Normandy. J. WILLIS WESTLARD MILLERSVILLE, October, 1883.

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