THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

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CORRESPONDENCE solicited from every part of the state and country. Correspondents are requested to write legibly and on one side of the paper only; and to sign their names, not for publication, but in proof of good faith. All anonymous letters will be consigned to the waste basket.

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The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, MARCH 14, 1885.

The Objections to Him.

The charge that Mr. Randall opposes the appointment of Phil Thomson to be commissioner of internal revenue in order "to avenge himself upon a man who contributed no little to his defeat for the speakership," is probably as untrue as the insistence upon Thompson's appointment by his Kentucky friends seems to be unreasonable.

Mr. Randall, like most other men in public life, no doubt prefers his friends to his enemies; but he very probably knows as well as others that the administration exists for other purposes and will be guided by other motives in its appointments than to pay off Mr. Randall's grudges, if he has any, or to redeem Mr. Carlisle's obligations, if there are any outstanding.

It would be just as reasonable to charge that Mr. Thompson is pressed simply because he opposed Mr. Randall, as that he is antagonized only on that account. While this circumstance is no disqualification for the office he seeks, neither is it sufficient qualification for such a high and responsible place.

The truth is—as should be recognized by Senators Beck, Blackburn and Voorhees, Speaker Carlisle, Representative Morrison and Editor Watterson who are urging Mr. Thomson—that the weighty reason against his appointment is the popular judgment that he is a very light man for a very important place. The circumstances under which he "killed his man" demonstrated this; and the fact that he is the candidate of the distillers to be chief director of their relations with the government does not disprove it.

Henry George's Sermon.

Henry George is a very brilliant rhetorician and theorist. His writings have attained a wonderful circulation and as a pamphleteer he has been without a rival in his day. His sword is as keen as it is bright; the blade is as well tempered as the hilt is glittering with jewels.

His theory that the source of all social and political evils is private ownership in land, and that the cure-all for the things that afflict us is the investment of the state with the title to real property has not found lodgment in popular conviction. It has not appeared even from his own brilliant statement of the case that this theory is sound.

Nevertheless he arraigns society and the later-day civilization with the power of truthful as well as skillful statement, and the "lay sermon" that we reprint to-day from one of his books is more than interesting reading. He falls far short as a political philosopher, in that he fails to draw sound conclusions or to provide adequate remedies; but that does not impair the force with which he states problems that have baffled greater intellects and made as sincere hearts as his despair.

The Newspaper Critics.

Very much that passes for literary criticism in the great metropolitan newspapers is rot. It is the work of professionals, who like the dramatic critics are half-educated and more than half-biased. There is, too, a very close connection between the publisher's department and the critic's, and the notice that a book or a play receives is governed largely by the advertising space that it pays for.

For example, when Mr. McMaster's very excellent history of the people of the United States was published by the Appletons, the New York *Tribune*, which had a business quarrel with that house, could see nothing notable in a work that really marked an epoch in American history making, except the "gross plagiarism" that it found in certain resemblances of style to Macaulay.

But the other day the *Tribune* slobbered over with praise of a new life of John Marshall, which an acute writer on the Philadelphia *Times* had several weeks before pilloried as a theft from a work printed years ago, the larceny having consisted of an appropriation of the text, arrangement, thought and quotations of the earlier writer. So that whether the *Tribune's* book critic is a knave or fool matters little to the abused reader.

Suppressing the News.

It is alleged that the Tioga and Bradford county common pleas courts have prohibited the publication of the jury lists, for fear jurors will be corrupted.

If the courts of these counties have undertaken to do any such thing they have grossly exceeded their authority, and it is earnestly to be hoped the newspapers will pay no attention to this attempted exercise of power.

The names of the jurors drawn is a very proper subject of popular information, and there is no power lodged in the courts to suppress it. The pretext upon which it is attempted shows a marvellous misconception of the proper way to deal with the abuse complained of.

If the newspapers will throw light on the jury fixing and jury fixers they will probably illuminate the beclouded judicial mind.

Time For the Truth.

Senator Cooper's Media *American* having declared that the present business depression was caused by the reduction of the tariff on iron, wool, &c., made by the last Congress, Major Griest's Lancaster *Inquirer* answers that "this is the vilest nonsense we ever encountered in any publication."

This surperlative form of criticism is probably not entirely warranted by the circumstances of the case. The *American's* declaration is no less vile, perhaps, than most of the campaign arguments of its party on the tariff. It is a part and parcel of them.

It is refreshing, however, to see a reputable and intelligent Republican journal in Pennsylvania stand up and characterize them vigorously and courageously. More nonsense is uttered on the tariff question than upon any other political issue; and the people are widely misled by newspapers which ought to have such respect for themselves and for their readers as to withhold deliberate falsification, at least, of a question that is one of practical business interest and not a partisan issue at all.

THE continental puddle must be kept well stirred up and Germany and Italy are now engaged in that diverting occupation.

THE rope of amity that binds England and Russia seems to be composed principally of sand. Each power has agreed that it will not advance one step farther than its present position in the debatable Afghan territory. But there is nothing in the compromise effected that will prevent either power from massing its troops on the edge of the forbidden ground to be ready for a collision whenever it may occur. The czar's tender soul is harrowed at the thought of war, and he thus unbosoms himself: "I cannot conceive that any but the wildest dreamers could think that I would declare war against England. Our ends can be attained and will be attained, but it will be by the gradual power of civilization, and not by force." The Muscovite faith does not, however, rate very high in the truth market, and it would not be at all surprising to hear of a hostile eruption in Afghanistan before many moons.

IN these days of newspaper aridity, Grant's illness is made to go a long distance.

BANKER COMEGYS, of Philadelphia, hard-headed as he is kindly, said some good things in his "Plain Talk" to the young men of the Quaker city, the other evening. He congratulated them on being poor, and told them there was never so much required of young men to be successful as there is now. It seems paradoxical to tender congratulations because of absence of wealth, and yet the number of young men of means, who go down every year because they have never known the toil of money-making, must strike every intelligent observer as pretty well establishing the point that poverty is the best crucible in which to prepare the alchemy of worldly success. And young men must remember that other remark of this man of experience that to be successful to-day more is required from them then ever before. In the keen competition taking place in the world to-day, young men need to have their powers sedulously developed if they would rank with the successful men of their time.

THE Philadelphia *Times* signalizes its tenth anniversary to-day by appearing as a twenty-eight page journal loaded down with the cream of the day's news, skilfully arranged, and containing page after page of advertisements. Its twenty-eight pages show better than words its success as a newspaper, and Philadelphia has good reason to be proud of the high place it has achieved in the ranks of journalism.

WHO will say that woman is not forging to the front in this blessed nineteenth century? Of six failures reported on Saturday last two were those of women.

BOSTON in common with all American cities of any size has long struggled with the subject of taxation, so far as it concerns the proper assessment upon its citizens of the sinews of government that are paid in the shape of taxes. It has an intricate system in a board of assessors consisting of five persons. The members are elected for three years, two members each year for two consecutive years, and one member every third year. The salaries paid are $3,200 to the chairman of the board, $3,200 to the secretary, and $3,000 each to the other members. The city is divided into 33 assessment districts, and the street work is performed by 33 first assistant and 33 second assistant assessors. These assistant assessors are appointed with special reference to their districts and they are deemed to know enough of the value of the realty and personalty of their neighbors to fairly assess them. The principal assessors and the first assistants form the board that finally fix upon the assessment figures. The law provides that every citizen shall make a personal statement of his liabilities for assessment and very few do, so that the board in secret session makes an estimate by vote. The assessors are convinced that they do not get hold of more than thirty per cent. of the personal property liable to taxation. This amount however, is far greater than that obtained in Pennsylvania municipalities where the returns of personalty are little more than nominal. Then the Boston assessment is annual, while ours occurs once in three years. Our system of assessment is most crude and offers opportunities for unscrupulous assessors to defraud the city of its dues. While the Boston plan is cumbersome and expensive, it is a vast improvement on that of Lancaster, which with a steady increase in the value of its real estate shows a stationary assessed valuation.

PERSONAL.

PRESIDENT SEELYE, of Amherst college, was somewhat better on Friday, though still very sick.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON, who has been very unwell for some time, is reported convalescent.

MR. SAMUEL J. TILDEN gave $500 to the Westchester county, N. Y., Women's Christian Temperance Union.

EVANGELIST MOODY has begun a series of meetings in Des Moines, Iowa, and immense throngs from cities and towns around attended.

MR. GEORGE GRANT, a stock jobber, has brought suit for libel against Mr. Edmund Yates, editor of the London *World*, claiming £5,000 damages.

MME MODJESKA has taken a quaint little cottage on the coast of Cornwall, England, and means to live there until she comes to America in September.

POPE LEO has intimated that the Irish bishops had better postpone their proposed attendance in convention at Rome until after the visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland.

MRS. JAMES B. BECK, wife of the senior senator from Kentucky, is an exceptionally fine horsewoman, and when she visits her son's ranch in Wyoming territory she rides his most fiery steed.

NOBLE HEATH, a resident of Plain Edge, near Babylon, L. I., is dead. He was one of the surveyors of the Erie canal under Governor DeWitt Clinton, and author of "Heath's Arithmetic" and other works.

Doing Away With Sinecures.

Secretary Manning has decided that hereafter the appropriation for the prevention and detection of frauds upon the customs revenue shall not be used for the purpose of making permanent appointments, but shall be confined strictly to paying for information received concerning revenue frauds and to enable the department to employ persons in special cases where it is believed frauds are being perpetrated.

Vindicated From a Black Mailer's Charge.

Dr. Samuel E. Fetzer was aquitted in Pottsville of the charge of criminal assault preferred against him by Mrs. Adelia Zimmerman, of Frackville. The commonwealth abondoned the case. The court ordered a verdict of not guilty and the jury put the costs, amounting to $385, on the prosecutrix. The defense claimed that it was a blackmailing scheme and had been attempted on two other doctors in the county.

A LAY SERMON.

THE CIVILIZATION THAT IS AND THE CIVILIZATION THAT OUGHT TO BE.

A Forcible Presentation of Some of the Sins and Shortcomings of Society—Life in the Great Cities—Crime and Squalor in the Shadow of the Churches.

From Henry George on the Land Question.

When we think of the civilization that might be, how poor and pitiful, how little better than utter barbarism, seems this civilization of which we boast! Even here, where it has had the freest field and fullest development! Even here!

This is a broad land and a rich land. How wide it is, how rich it is, how the fifty millions of us already here are but beginning to scratch it, a man can not begin to realize, till he does some thousands of miles of traveling over it. There are a school and a church and a newspaper in every hamlet; we have no privileged orders, no legacies of antiquated institutions, no strong and covertly hostile neighbors, who in fancy or reality oblige us to keep up great standing armies. We have had the experience of all other nations to guide us in selecting what is good and rejecting what is bad. In politics, in religion, in science, in mechanism, everything shows the latest improvements. We think we stand, and in fact we do stand, in the very van of civilization. Food here is cheaper, wages higher, than anywhere else. There is here a higher average of education, of intelligence, of material comfort, and of individual opportunity, than among any other of the great civilized nations. Here modern civilization is at its very best. Yet even here!

Last winter I was in San Francisco. There are in San Francisco citizens who can build themselves houses that cost a million and a half; citizens who can give each of their children two millions of registered United States bonds for a Christmas present; citizens who can send their wives to Paris to keep house there, or rather to "keep palace" in a style that outdoes the lavishness of Russian grand dukes; citizens whose daughters are golden prizes to the bluest blooded of English aristocrats; citizens who can buy seats in the United States Senate and leave them empty, just to show their grandeur. There are, also, in San Francisco other citizens. Last winter I could hardly walk a block without meeting a citizen begging for ten cents. And, when a charity fund was raised to give work, with pick and shovel to such as would rather work than beg, the applications were so numerous that, to make the charity fund go as far as possible, one set of men was discharged after having been given a few day's work, in order to make room for another set. This and much else of the same sort I saw in San Francisco last winter. Likewise in Sacramento, and in other towns.

Last summer, on the plains, I took from its tired mother, and held in my arms, a little sun-browned baby, the youngest of a family of the sturdy and keen Western New England stock, who alone in their two wagons had traveled near three thousand miles looking for some place to locate and finding none, and who were now returning to where the father and his biggest boy could go to work on a railroad, what they had got by the sale of their Nebraska farm all gone. And I walked awhile by the side of long, lank Southwestern men who, after similar fruitless journeyings way up into Washington territory, were going back to the Choctaw nation.

IN THE GREAT CITIES.

This winter I have been in New York. New York is the greatest and richest of American cities—the third city of the modern world, and moving steadily toward the first place. This is a time of great prosperity. Never before were so many goods sold, so much business done. Real estate is advancing with big jumps, and within the last few months many fortunes have been made in buying and selling vacant lots. Landlords nearly everywhere are demanding increased rents; asking in some of the business quarters an increase of three hundred per cent. Money is so plenty that government four per cents sell for 114, and a bill is passing Congress for refunding the maturing national debt at three per cent, per annum, a rate that awhile ago in California was not thought exorbitant per month. All sorts of shares and bonds have been going up and up. You can sell almost anything if you give it a high-sounding corporate name and issue well-printed shares of stock. Seats in the board of brokers are worth thirty thousand dollars, and are cheap at that. There are citizens who rake in millions at a single operation with as much ease as a faro dealer rakes in a handful of chips.

Nor is this the mere seeming prosperity of feverish speculation. The country is really prosperous. The crops have been enormous, the demand insatiable. We have at last a sound currency; gold has been pouring in. The railroads have been choked with produce, steel rails are being laid faster than ever before; all sorts of factories are running full time or overtime. So prosperous is the country, so good are the times, that, at the presidential election a few months since, the determining argument was that we could not afford to take the chance of disturbing so much material prosperity by a political change.

THE SORROWS OF THE POOR.

Nevertheless, prosperous as are these times, citizens of the United States beg you on the streets for ten-cents and five cents, and although you know that there are in this city two hundred charitable societies, although you realize that on general principles to give money in this way is to do evil rather than good, you are afraid to refuse them when you read of men in this great city freezing to death and starving to death. Prosperous as are these times, women are making overalls for sixty cents a dozen, and you can hire citizens for trivial sums to parade up and down the streets all day with advertising placards on their backs. I get on a horse-car and ride with the driver. He is evidently a sober, steady man, as intelligent as a man can be who drives a horse-car all the time he is not asleep or eating his meals. He tells me he has a wife and four children. He gets home (if a couple of rooms can be called a home, at two o'clock in the morning; he has to be back on his car at nine. Sunday he has a couple of hours more, which he has to put in sleep, else, as he says, he would utterly break down. His children he never sees, save when one of them comes at noon or supper time to the horse-car route with something for him to eat in a tin pail. He gets one dollar and seventy-five cents per day (that will buy at Delmonico's a beefsteak and cup of coffee). I say to him that it must be pretty hard to pay rent and keep six persons on one dollar and seventy-five cents a day. He says it is; that he has been trying for a month to get enough ahead to buy a new pair of shoes, but he hasn't yet succeeded. I ask why he does not leave such a job. He says, "What can I do? There are a thousand men ready to step into my place!" And so, in this time of prosperity he is chained to his car. The horses that he drives, they are changed six times during his working day. They have lots of time to stretch themselves and rest themselves and eat in peace their plentiful meals, for they are worth from one to two hundred dollars each, and it would be a loss to the company for them to fall ill. But this driver, this citizen of the United States, he may fall ill or drop dead, and the company would not lose a cent. To judge between him and the beasts he drives, I am inclined to think that this most prosperous era is more prosperous for horses than for men.

Our Napoleon of Wall street, our Charlemagne of railroads, who came to this city with nothing but a new kind of mouse-trap in a mahogany box, but who now, though yet in the vigor of his prime, counts his wealth by hundreds of millions, if it can be counted at all, is interviewed by a reporter just as he is about to step aboard his palace-car for a grand combination expedition into the Southwest. He descants upon the services he is rendering in welding into one big machine a lot of smaller machines, in uniting into one vast railroad empire the separated railroad kingdoms. He likewise descants upon the great prosperity of the whole country. Everybody is prosperous and contented, he says: there is, of course, a good deal of misery in the big cities, but then there always is!

THE TRAMP FOLLOWS THE LOCOMOTIVE.

But not alone in the great cities. I ride on the Hudson river railroad on a bitter cold day, and from one of the pretty towns with Dutch names gets in a constable with a prisoner, whom he is to take to the Albany penitentiary. In this case justice has been swift enough for the crime, the taking of a shovel, has only been committed a few hours before. Such coat as the man has he keeps buttoned up, even in the hot car, for, the constable says, he has no underclothes at all. He stole the shovel to get to the penitentiary, where it is warm. The constable says they have lots of such cases, and that even in these good times these pretty country towns are infested with such tramps. With all our vast organizing, our developing of productive powers and cheapening of transportation, we are yet creating a class of utter pariahs. And they are to be found not merely in the great cities, but wherever the locomotive runs.

Is it real advance in civilization which, on the one hand, produces these great captains of industry, and, on the other, these social outcasts?

It is the year of grace 1881, and of the Republic the 105th. The girl who has brought in coal for my fire is twenty years old. She was born in New York, and can neither read nor write. To me, when I heard it, this seemed sin and shame, and I got her a spelling book. She is trying what she can, but it is up-hill work. She has really no time. Last night when I came in, at eleven, she was not through scrubbing the halls. She gets four dollars a month. Her shoes cost two dollars a pair. She says she can sew; but I guess it is about as I can. In the natural course of things, this girl will be a mother of citizens of the republic.

Underneath are girls who can sew; they run sewing machines with their feet all day. I have seen girls in Asia carrying water-jugs on their heads and young women in South America bearing burdens. They were lithe and strong and symmetrical; but to turn a young woman into motive power for a sewing machine is to weaken and injure her physically. And these girls are to rear, or ought to rear, citizens of the republic.

But there is worse and worse than this. Go out into the streets at night, and you will find them filled with girls who will never be mothers. To the man who has known the love of mother, of sister, of sweetheart, wife, and daughter, this is the saddest sight of all.

BROOKLYN AND UTAH.

The ladies of the Brooklyn churches—they are getting up petitions for the suppression of Mormon polygamy; they would have it rooted out with pains and penalties, trampled out, if need be, with fire and sword; and their reverend congressman-elect is going, when he takes his seat, to introduce a most stringent bill to that end; for that a man should have more wives than one is a burning scandal in a Christian country. So it is; but there are also other burning scandals. As for scandals that excite talk, I will spare Brooklyn a comparison with Salt Lake. But as to ordinary things: I have walked through the streets of Salt Lake City, by day and by night, without seeing what in the streets of New York or Brooklyn excites no comment. Polygamy is unnatural and wrong, no doubt of that, for nature brings into the world something over twenty-two boys for every twenty girls. But is not a state of society unnatural and wrong in which there are thousands and thousands of girls for whom no husband ever offers? Can we brag of a state of society in which one citizen can load his wife with more diamonds than an Indian chief can put beads on his squaw, while many other citizens are afraid to marry lest they can not support a wife—a state of society in which prostitution flourishes? Polygamy is bad, but is it not better than that? Civilization is advancing day by day; never was such progress as we are making. Yet divorces are increasing and insanity is increasing. What is the goal of a civilization that tends toward free love and the madhouse?

This is a most highly civilized community. There is not a bear nor wolf on Manhattan Island, save in a menagerie. Yet it is easier, where they are worst, to guard against bears and wolves than it is to guard against the human-beasts of prey that roam this island. In this highly civilized city every lower window has to be barred, every door locked and bolted; even door-mats, not worth twenty-five cents, you will see chained to the steps. Stop a moment in a crowd and your watch is gone as if by magic; shirt-studs are taken from their owners' bosoms, and ear-rings cut from ladies' ears. Even a standing army of policemen do not prevent highway robbery; there are populous districts that to walk through after nightfall is a risk, and where you have far more need to go armed and to be wary than in the backwoods. There are dens in which men are lured only to be drugged and robbed, sometimes to be murdered. All the resources of science and inventive genius are exhausted in making burglar-proof strong-rooms and safes, yet, as the steel plate becomes thicker and harder, so does the burglar's tool become keener. If the combination lock cannot be picked, it is blown open. If not a crack large enough for the introduction of powder is left, then the air pump is applied and a vacuum is created. So that those who in the heart of civilization would guard their treasures safely must come back to the most barbarous device, and either themselves, or by proxy, sleeplessly stand guard. What sort of a civilization is this? In what does civilization essentially consist if not in civility—that is to say, in respect for the rights of person and property?

THE SPIRIT OF LAWLESSNESS.

Yet this is not all, nor the worst. These are but the grosser forms of that spirit that in the midst of civilization compels every one to stand on guard. What is the maxim of business intercourse among the most highly respectable classes? That if you are swindled it will be your own fault; that you must treat every man you have dealings with as though he but wanted the chance to chat and rob you. *Caveat emptor.* "Let the buyer beware." If a man steal a few dollars he may stand a chance of going to the penitentiary—I read the other day of a man who was sent to the penitentiary for stealing four cents from a horse-car company. But, if he steals a million by business methods, he is courted and flattered, even though he steal the poor little savings which washerwomen and sewing-girls have brought to him in trust, even though he rob widows and orphans of the security which dead men have struggled and stinted to provide.

THE CHURCHES OF THE CITY.

This is a most Christian city. There are churches and churches. All sorts of churches, where are preached all sorts of religion, save that which once in Galilee taught the arant socialistic doctrine that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God; all save that which once in Jerusalem drove the money-changers from the temple. Churches of brown and gray and yellow stone, lifting toward heaven in such noble symmetry that architecture seems invocation and benison; where, on stained-glass windows, glow angel and apostle, and the entering light is dimmed to a soft glory; where such music throbs and supplicates and bursts in joy as once in St. Sophia ravished the souls of heathen Northmen; churches where richly cushioned pews let for the very highest prices, and the auctioneer determines who shall sit in the foremost seats; churches outside of which on Sunday stand long lines of carriages, on each carriage a coachman. And there are white-marble churches, so pure and shapely that the stone seems to have bloomed and flowered—the concrete expression of a grand, sweet thought. Churches restful to the very eye, and into which the weary and heavy-laden can enter and join in the worship of their Creator for no larger an admission fee than it costs on the bowery to see the bearded lady or the Zulu giant eight feet high. And then there are mission churches, run expressly for poor people, where it does not cost a cent. There is no lack of churches. There are, in fact, more churches than there are people who care to attend them. And there are likewise Sunday-schools, and big religious "book concerns," and tract societies for spreading the light of the gospel among the heathen in foreign parts.

Yet, land a heathen on the Battery with money in his pocket, and he will be robbed of the last cent of it before he is a day older. "By their fruits shall ye know them." I wonder whether they who send missionaries to the heathen ever read the daily papers. I think I could take a file of these newspapers, and from their daily chronicling match anything that could be told in the same period of any heathen community—at least, of any heathen community in a like state of peace and prosperity. I think I could take a file of these papers, and match, horror for horror, all that returning missionaries have to tell—even to the car of Juggernaut or infants tossed from mothers' arms into the sacred river; even to Ashantee "customs" or cannibalistic feasts.

I do not say that such things are because of civilization, or because of Christianity. On the contrary, I point to them as inconsistent with civilization, as incompatible with Christianity. They show that our civilization is one-sided and cannot last as at present based; they show that our so-called Christian communities are not Christian at all. I believe a civilization is possible in which all could be civilized—in which such things would be impossible. But it must be a civilization based on justice and acknowledging the equal rights of all to natural opportunities. I believe that there is in true Christianity a power to regenerate the world. But it must be a Christianity that attacks vested wrongs, not that spurious thing that defends them. The religion which allies itself with injustice to preach down the natural aspirations of the masses in worse than atheism.

PATIENCE.

Judge none lost; but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the night of pain;
And love and glory that may raise
This soul of God in after days.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Worth a Thousand Dollars!

Every child born into a family is thought to be worth "a thousand dollars" to the parents. Then they should be cared for from infancy to maturity. Keep the mouth and teeth right by SOZODONT, and you start them right. m10-1wdeod&w

The Doctor Doctoring.

Some doctors love to prescribe long voyages for very debilitated and failing patients, just to get them out of the way and not have them die on their hanes. Last week the doctor told a poor fellow who can't raise money to buy a new hat, that he ought to go to Europe. Better tell such a man to keep near home and use Iron Bitters. Dr. Myers, of Fairfield, Iowa, has tried it extensively among his patients. He says: "It is the best iron preparation I have known in my thirty years of practice."

MEDICAL.

IRON BITTERS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely CURES DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESSION, MALARIA, WEAKNESS, IMPURE BLOOD, CHILLS and FEVER and NEURALGIA.

By rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood it reaches every part of the system, purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles and nerves, and tones and invigorates the system:

A fine Appetizer—Best tonic known.

It will cure the worst case of Dyspepsia, removing all distressing symptoms, such as Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.

The only Iron medicine that will not blacken or injure the teeth.

It is invaluable for diseases peculiar to women, and to all persons who lead sedentary lives.

An unfailing remedy for diseases of the Liver and Kidneys.

Persons suffering from the effect of overwork, nervous troubles, loss of appetite, or debility, experience quick relief and renewed energy by its use.

It does not cause Headache or produce Constipation—OTHER Iron medicines do.

It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Physicians and druggists recommend it as the best. Try it.

The genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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HATS AND CAPS.

CLOTH HATS.

LEE, the Hatter, IS SELLING CLOTH HATS AT $1.00

No. 23 North Queen Street,

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BELOW COST —AT— STAUFFER & CO'S.

A Beaver Shoulder Cape, a Russian Hair Shoulder Cape, a Silver Hair Shoulder Cape, Two Dozen Ladies' and Gents' Fur Caps, Half-Dozen Robes.

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Durable, Neat and Pretty.

Everything New in Spring Styles. All the Leading Blocks in Skeleton, Extra Light Weight, Semi and Full Stiff Hats. Soft Hats in Young and Old Gents' Style. KNOX'S NEW SPRING SILK HAT now in.

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YARD: No. 420 North Water and Prince streets, above Lemon, Lancaster. n3-lyd

BAUMGARDNERS & JEFFERIES, COAL DEALERS.

OFFICES: No. 129 North Queen street, and No. 564 North Prince street.

YARDS: North Prince street, near Reading Depot.

LANCASTER, PA. aug15-tfd

COAL. M. V. B. COHO,

330 NORTH WATER STREET, Lancaster, Pa., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN LUMBER AND COAL.

CONNECTION WITH THE TELEPHONIC EXCHANGE. YARD AND OFFICE: No. 330 NORTH WATER STREET. feb28-lyd

C. J. SWARR & CO., COAL.

OFFICE: No. 20 Centre Square. YARDS: East Walnut and Marshall streets. (Stewart's Old Yard.) Both Yard and Office connected with the Telephone Exchange.

KINDLING WOOD A SPECIALTY. oct13-6mdM&FR

WATCHES, &C.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY, at LOUIS WEBER'S, No. 159 1-2 North Queen Street,

Opposite City Hotel, near Pa. R. R. Depot. Retailing at Wholesale Prices. Repairing at Extra Low Prices. jy31-lyd

CALL AT REIGART'S OLD WINE STORE —FOR— LISTON'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. FINEST IN THE WORLD.

Established, 1785. H. E. SLAYMAKER, Agt., feb17-tfd No. 29 East King St.

CHAMPAGNE. BOUCHE "SEC." THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE WINE NOW IMPORTED. AT REIGART'S OLD WINE STORE, No. 29 EAST KING STREET. H. E. SLAYMAKER, Agt.

Established, 1785. feb17-tfd

CLOTHING.

TAILORING. W. B. NELSON,

LATE OF D. B. WINTERS, NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PA.,

Importing Tailor.

NEW YORK PARLORS: ESHLEMAN'S LAW BLOCK, North Duke Street, Lancaster, Pa.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CLOTHS FOR SUITS AND TROUSERS.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

I have just opened at the above parlors with a fine line of Foreign and Domestic Goods for the Winter and Spring of 1885, where I will be pleased to have my friends and the public call and see my stock.

W. B. NELSON.

BARGAINS.

NO FIRE! NO WATER! BUT SLIGHTLY SMOKED! THE SALE OF DAMAGED CLOTHING!

Still continues. An enormous lot of Clothing has been sold, yet there remains many CHOICE BARGAINS.

Before April 1st Everything Must Be Disposed Of,

A no Damaged Goods will be retained after that date. Don't be Skeptical! Don't be Prejudiced! Don't have in your head the idea that this is only a sham sale—that it is only a "so-called" reduction. We have made a reduction, and a big one, too, and everybody who needs Clothing can profit by it.

MYERS & RATHFON, LEADING LANCASTER CLOTHIERS, NO. 12 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

WILLIAMSON & FOSTER.

SPRING $16.00 Light-Weight Overcoat.

A DARK OXFORD MIXED MELTON, $18.00. Spring Overcoat.

NEAT, FANCY OVERCOATING, MADE UP STYLISH, $20.00. Spring Overcoat.

DARK, FASHIONABLE COLOR IN REPPELLANT, $23.00. Spring Overcoat.

VERY FINE SOFT WORSTED, DARK COLORS.

These coats are as handsomely made and trimmed as the finest Custom Work, and are intended to and do take the place of Custom-Made Garments. In Fit and Finish they are superior to many made to order, Overcoats being finished with Silk Sleeve Lining and Facings.

DRESS PANTALOONS.

MIXED CASSIMERE	$4.00
PIN STRIPE	5.00
FANCY WORSTED	6.00
VERY FINE GLOBE CASS	6.50

New Spring Styles Fine Silk Hats

Of the Best Makers, including Dunlap & Co., for who we are the exclusive agents for Lancaster.

The Cassimere Hat

In a large variety of Checks and Plaids, Light, Dark, Brown, Gray and Mixed Colors. Price, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN Spring Neckwear.

The assortment of Colors and Patterns large. One Novel Pattern is Club, Heart, Spade, Diamond. The leading new shapes are THE SHELBORNE, THE CROXTON, THE HUYTON.

Price, 50c. and 75c.

THE UNIVERSITY SHIRT,

Fancy Colored Flannels, with a complete set of studs, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.

British Half Hose, 25c.

Super Stout, regular made, fine gauze, full fashioned feet, a very comfortable Hose.

The Finest Dress Shoe

For Ladies are known as Turns. That is the Shoe is turned inside out after it is made. This cannot be done unless the Leather used is of the finest and toughest. Our Ladies' Turns are of Fine French Kid, all hand work, including the Button Holes. The styles are Opera Toe and Common Sense.

FOR GENTS,

The best and most durable are the Waukenphast. This shoe is well known for its durability. Our sales of it indicate it it is appreciated.

We have also a Waukenphast for Boys. Our Young Gent's Fine Calf Congress Gaiter with Cloth Top and London Toe, are very fashionable. The same style in Bals and Button, with Kid Tops. They are all hand stitched and sewed.

Children's and Misses' Spring and Wedge Heel Fine Dress Shoes of French and Curaco Kid.

Williamson & Foster,

32, 34, 36 & 38 West King St., LANCASTER, PA.

The opportunity to purchase a Winte Overcoat 16 to 20 per cent. below regular price is to buy now.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

H. L. STEHMAN & CO.

Holiday Presents.

MEERSCHAUM SMOKERS ND PIPES, TURKISH PIPES, FRENCH BRIAR PIPES, CIGAR AND CIGARETTE HOLDERS, CIGAR CASES, SMOKER'S SETS, CIGARETTE CASES, ASH RECEIVERS, MATCH CASES, CANES, &c. All in great variety and at very low prices.

Call and examine our goods. No trouble to show them.

H. L. STEHMAN & CO.,

No. 116 North Queen street.

CLOTHING.

FOR GLOVES, To keep the hands warm. MITTENS, To keep the hands warm. SOCKS, To keep the feet warm. EAR MUFFS, To keep the ears warm. MUFFLERS, To keep the neck warm. UNDERWEAR, To keep the body warm.

Go to ERISMAN'S, No. 17 WEST KING STREET.

SPECIAL. ON ACCOUNT OF BUILDING

interfering with our making our usual Window display for the early

Spring Trade of 1885,

We take this means of informing the public that our business is being conducted as usual. We desire you to call and see for your benefit the splendid line of FINE WOOLENS for

Spring Suitings, Pantaloonings,

Which we are now making to order. Our usual Immense and Full Line of

CLOTHING —FOR— MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS and CHILDREN,

As also a full and complete line of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Of all grades and qualities, is now ready.

Our Prices ARE THE VERY LOWEST.

HIRSH & BRO., PENN HALL CLOTHING HOUSE, Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Announcement Extraordinary!

THE GREATEST REDUCTION EVER MADE —IN— FINE CLOTHING —AT— HENRY GERHART'S,

No. 6 East King Street.

In order to reduce a heavy stock before moving, I shall make up to order all lines of goods at

A Reduction of 25 to 30 Per Cent.

I have also a number of CUSTOM-MADE SUITS, not called for, which will be sold at a great sacrifice. This reduction is for cash only, and will extend to the FIRST OF MARCH.

N. B.—Will remove on or about the first of April to

NO. 43 NORTH QUEEN STREET, (Opposite the Postoffice.)

H. GERHART.

ECONOMY IN CLOTHING.

Bargains Added To-day.

To create work for our hands and keep them together during the dull season, we organize to-day a

SPECIAL SALE IN OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

Having bought for cash at a late New York sale a Large and Fine Line of PANTALOONINGS, we are prepared to offer SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

ALL-WOOL PANTS, made to order, at $3.00.
ALL-WOOL PANTS, made to order, at $3.50.
ALL-WOOL PANTS, made to order, at $4.00.
ALL-WOOL PANTS, made to order, at $4.50.
ALL-WOOL PANTS, make to order, at $5.00.

There are chances for Big Bargains in this offering. The prices are down 25, 35, and 50 per cent. Don't forget amidst the noise of the clothing dealers, just now, that we have the first claim on your attention as offerers of the Best and Newest Clothing and Goods in the Piece at Prices guaranteed lower than any competitors.

SAMPLE PRICES in our Northwest Window, Marked in Plain Figures.

Business Suit to Order as Low as $10.00

L. GANSMAN & BRO., Nos. 66-68 NORTH QUEEN ST., (Right on the Southwest Cor. of Orange Street,) LANCASTER, PA.

Open evenings until 8 o'clock. Saturday until 10 o'clock.

J. K. SMALING.

GREAT SLAUGHTER —IN— FINE OVERCOATS.

We offer to-day a reduction of 25 to 30 per cent. below last month's prices. Crombie's celebrated and popular Overcoatings,

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

In all the different shades and styles. Elysians, Furs, Velours, Vicunas, Lallapels, Ratinas, Montanak's, Astrachans, etc. F. & H. Edredons, Czarines, Duffel's and Patent Beavers, Royal Irish Frieze, Garryowen, Petershams, Meltons and Kerseys. These goods can only be had at leading houses in large cities, and range in price from $50 to $100. We are selling them from $30 to $50. A full line of Domestic Fabrics, ranging in prices from $15 to $30.

SUITINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT PRICES CORRESPONDINGLY LOW.

All colors are subjected to a thorough chemical test. Our work is of the best and highest style of art. Our long experience in business and close inspection enables us to be thoroughly familiar with all the best manufactures and latest styles in the market. Give us a trial and be convinced.

—AT— No. 2 West King Street and Centre Square.

Smaling's Tailor's Guild.

mar19-lyW&S