

DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING IN THE YEAR, (Sundays Excepted)

BY STEINMAN & HENSEL. INTELLIGENCER BUILDING, 8. W. CORNER CENTER SQUARE, LANCASTER, PA.

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WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER, (Eight Pages).

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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 Correspondents are requested to write legibly and on one side of the paper only, and to sign their names, not for publication, but to proof of good faith. All anonymous letters will be consigned to the waste basket.

Address all Letters and Telegrams to THE INTELLIGENCER, LANCASTER, PA.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, JUNE 26, 1885.

Consumed by the Consumers. The Consumers' gas company, which is the Reading name of the Lancaster gas company, went to our neighboring town to give it the benefit of gas competition; and Reading welcomed it and called it blessed. It had a warm side toward anything labeled competition; and as it was just getting a new railroad it had open arms for a new gas company.

It does not seem to have inquired very critically into the character and antecedent of the promoters of the concern, nor to have stipulated in any way to secure the continued competition they promised. If the Reading councilmen had come over to Lancaster we would have given a good character to the gentlemen of the Consumers' gas company, and have declared them to be especially exempt from that disposition to benevolence, philanthropic and unprofitable competition with which they were accused of brimming over. We would have told how they had started a gas company for Lancaster's benefit, and bought out the rival company for their own, and how, ever since, they have been making us poor gas at a high price.

The Reading councilmen, perhaps, knew all these things, but concluded that what was good enough for Lancaster was good enough for them. Our neighbors have a high appreciation of our dignity and wisdom, and are ready to humbly follow where we lead. The old gas company in Reading, infected by this spirit, has dropped to the gun of the Consumers', even more speedily than did the old Lancaster gas company. That corporation, composed of some of the wealthiest men in the place, was the laughing stock of the town when it came down to the Baumgardners' rifle as subservient to the rich men in the Reading concern are away ahead in the speed of their surrender. Our people waited until the new works were started and operated; the Reading folks fainted at the sight of the first spasm of earth thrown out for the new gasometer pit.

Our people, scared as they were, sold out for cash; the Reading men in their terror are said to have been content with a dividend to the old concern. One of the hard-headed stockholders of the latter, and seemingly the only hard-headed one in the lot, has sued out an injunction against the dike, because he is not satisfied with the responsibility of the guarantee offered him for his dividends during the coming century. Mr. McVaine may well be dissatisfied; while there is no doubt that the Consumers will do a profitable business for a while in furnishing for a big price a small candle power illumination to the good folks of Reading, there is no telling how long it will last. Mr. McVaine is wise to want cash for his stock. And when he gets it, and the Consumers' company has swallowed the old company to its tail, the good people of Reading will be able to calculate upon their fingers what they have made by the competition in gas supply they sought for, and how much better off they are now and are likely to be in the future in the hands of the foreign corporation into which they have fallen.

A licensed Oath. The New York Sun is very amusing sometimes, and generally when it does not intend to be. Its force is not in its fun. Its relation to the present administration is in a condition of great mixedness. It was for a time Cleveland's election, but since he has taken the trick the Sun is not so much so; and of Miss Cleveland it is such a champion as to be almost named as her organ. The Sun omits no opportunity to sink at this lady's feet, while it regresses with manifest difficulty its disposition to criticize her brother. Miss Cleveland has written a book giving her views of things generally, which the Sun thinks are very wise. Mr. Cleveland's latest offense is in explaining to a visitor "by the great Jehovah," which the Sun thinks was a shocking oath and pretends to believe that Miss Cleveland's brother never said it. We do not know whether he said it, and would not consider it very bad if he had. Since General Jackson swore "by the eternal," that form of oath has become of presidential quality, and the people are never better pleased than when they have an executive of the "by the eternal" sort; and Mr. Cleveland's variation is on the words, not the idea, and the Sun makes nothing by criticizing him for exclaiming as Jackson did.

There are very many people who are shocked by an oath who are yet shocking bad people. From our observation we are not sure that there are more wicked people among the swearers than among the rest of mankind. This does not make swearing sensible and proper, but shows that virtue does not necessarily abide with politeness of tongue.

We call the attention of the mayor and the chief of police to the nuisance occasioned by the driving of cattle through the streets of the city, on their way to the drive yards, in the late hours of the night. The practice, we presume, is followed because it is a cooler time to drive than during the day. But it is attended with so much noise as to be an insufferable nuisance during the hours that are devoted to slum-

ber. The drivers of cattle, no more than any other persons, have the right to disturb the people and make night hideous with their yells; and we call upon the mayor to instruct the police accordingly.

WITH timber and rails ruling in price at double the rates prevailing 30 or 40 years ago, the question of wood preservation becomes a big thing.

THE convention of American civil engineers, now in session in Deer Park, Md., is a brainy body of men, and they are engaged in the discussion of live topics. A paper read on Wednesday prepared by Edward Bates Dorsey, consulting engineer in London, reviewed in an interesting manner the difference between the English and American railroad systems. Mr. Dorsey says the first thing that strikes the American engineer in England is the security of the passenger cars. But they are suitable to the exclusive tastes of the people. Very long trips are not possible because of the smallness of that island, and travelers are therefore not tired out in the narrow coaches. Few grades in England are allowed, and those are carefully guarded. Iron sleepers or ties are being used, but their success remains to be established. The average cost of the coal used on English railroads is less than \$3 a ton. No road in England makes any money on its first-class fares, and there is always plenty of empty room on the first-class coaches. Ninety per cent of the travel is third-class, and from this the roads have their principal revenues. It is somewhat remarkable that baggage checks are so very uncommon in England. Octavo Chamusca, one of the delegates, a resident of Kansas City, gave it as his opinion that in the last ten years one hundred millions of dollars have been squandered in useless enterprises. Octavo would restrain these people by legislation forgetting that the law-making power, potent though it be, cannot make wise men out of fools.

Mr. Burdard will not go, so the "Rom, Romanism and Rebellion" log on him. THE question of funeral reform is getting stronger day by day, and perhaps the middle of the next century will witness a quiet, orderly interment or cremation of the dead that will far removed from many of the absurd practices that characterize the modern funeral. The Moravian covers a great deal of the ground against funeral foolishness, when it says: "It is beginning to be recognized as vulgar to have a floral show connected with a funeral. It is vulgar and wasteful, and in many cases, it is sinful for people so poor that they scarcely have enough to buy their bread for the morrow to spend from ten to twenty dollars for still-looking floral designs with which to encumber the coffins of their dead. It is a waste of their daily bread, and a waste of the living—not in order to pay a tribute of love and honor to the dead, but simply to gratify a low, carnal vanity, which can not brook to have fewer flowers than some neighbors." My companion was gazing at me with a blank stare of horror which banished all other expression from his face. "Can it be true?" I heard him mutter. "Can it be true? Can I be so ignorant? I was drawn back to the place in spite of myself!"

Reverberating himself, however, he turned to me, and forest all his white lips into a smile. "A mysterious story!" he commented. "I don't believe a word of it, but I should hardly care to take a house with such an uneasy reputation. I think I need not trouble you with my fears." As he turned toward the door, I saw his figure waver as if he were falling. He put his hand to his side, with a gasp of pain, a bluish shade gathering over his face. "Are you ill?" I exclaimed in alarm. "I—I feel nothing. I have a weakness of the heart, and I feel fainter than I do at attacks. I left the room to procure it. When I returned I found that he had fallen upon the bed in a dead, unconscious state. I hastily dispatched a servant for Dr. Cameron, who happened to be at home, and came immediately to his face. He recognized my visitor at once, and glanced at me significantly. I rapidly explained what had happened, while he bent over the unconscious man, and I turned his eyes to listen to the heart-beats. When he raised himself his face was ominously pale. "Is he in danger?" I asked, quickly. "Not in immediate danger, but the next attack will probably be his last. His heart is mortally diseased."

It was nearly an hour before Vandeleur awoke and then only to partial consciousness. He lay in a sort of stupor, his limbs nerveless, his hands damp and cold. "It is impossible to remove him in this condition," the doctor remarked. "I fear he must stay here for the night. I will send you some one to watch him." "Don't trouble—I intend to sit up with him myself," I replied, feeling that an impulse I could hardly explain. He looked at me keenly over his spectacles. "Should you like me to share your watch?" he inquired after a moment. "I should be only too glad of your company, if you can come without inconvenience."

He nodded. "I must leave now, but I will return in an hour," he responded. Three hours had passed away; it was nearly midnight. The night was oppressively close and sultry, and I had not a breath of air stirred the curtain. Outside, all was vague and dark, for neither moon nor stars were visible. Vandeleur still lay, half-dressed, on the bed, but now asleep. His deep regular breathing sound was the only sound in the silence. Dr. Cameron sat near the dressing table, reading by the light of a shaded lamp. I, too, had a book, but found it impossible to keep my attention fixed upon it. My mind was possessed by an uneasy feeling, half dread, half expectation. I found myself listening nervously to the faintest sound, and starting when the doctor turned a leaf. At length, overcome by the heat and stillness, I closed my eyes, and unconsciously sank into a deep sleep. How long it lasted I can not tell, but I woke abruptly, and looked around with a sense of vague alarm. I glanced at the clock, and saw that it was half past one. I was leaning forward with one arm on the dressing table, looking intently toward the door of the room. Instinctively I held my breath.

Never shall I forget the thrill that ran through my nerves when I heard from within a muffled sound, and then a child's voice, distinct, though faint, and broken by sobs, crying piteously: "Let me out, let me out!" "Do you hear?" I whispered, leaning forward to my companion. He inclined his head in assent and motioned me to be sitting up. I sprang from the bed, its utterance moved me incoherently, suddenly he pushed back his covering and sat upright, gazing round with a wild, bewildered state. The pillow entreaty was repeated more violently, more passionately than before. "Let me out, let me out!" With a cry that rang through the room, Vandeleur sprang from the bed, reached the closed door in two rapid strides, and opened it. It was empty. Empty at least to our eyes, but it was evident that our companion beheld what we could not see. For a few breathless seconds he stood as if frozen, his eyes fixed with the fascination of terror on something just within the threshold; then he stepped back, and with a cold step by step across the room till he was stopped by the opposite wall, where he crunched in an effort to force his way through a window, and he fell heavily forward at my feet. "He has swooned again," I said, turning to my companion, who stopped and lifted the drooping head on to his knee. After one glance, he laid it gently down again. "He is dead," was his grave reply. And with Vandeleur's death my story comes to a sudden, a convulsive end. The forlorn little ghost was at rest.

Wait Until After October 1. From the Examiner. The governor has signed the marriage license bill, but the effect is not yet seen in the marriage announcements.

Two Men Dredged. The Denver fishing club, of Reading, makes a trip to Denver, this county, to-day. The remains of Henry A. Miller, whose tragic death has been noted, took place in Scranton on Wednesday.

IN THE DARK.

(Concluded.)

One evening I was sitting on the lawn, smoking an after-dinner cigar, and re-reading Edeh's last letter, which quite reassured me as to her health and spirits, when my sedate old housekeeper presented herself with the information that a "party" had called to see the house.

"A gentleman or a lady?" I inquired. "A gentleman, sir, but he didn't give his name."

I found the visitor standing near the open window of the drawing room; a tall, thin man of thirty-five or thereabouts, with handsome but haggard features, and restless dark eyes. His lips were covered by a thick mustache, which he was nervously twisting as he stood looking out at the lawn.

"This house is for sale, is it not?" he asked, turning toward me as I entered. "His voice seemed familiar; I looked at him more closely, and then, in spite of the change in his appearance, I recognized Captain Vandeleur."

What could have brought him here I wondered. Surely he would not care to return to the house in which he had lived so long, and which, judging from the shabbiness of his appearance, seemed very doubtful. Half a dozen vague conjectures flashed through my mind as I gazed at his face, and noticed the restless, hunted look which told of some wearing dread or anxiety.

After a moment's hesitation I assented to his request, and resolved to conduct him myself on his hour of inspection. "I had better go first, to be sure," I said, feeling curious to know whether he recalled me at all.

"Possibly—but not of late years; for I have been living abroad," was his reply. Having shown him the apartments on the ground floor, I led him upstairs. He followed me from room to room in an absent, listless fashion, till we came to the chamber which Edeh had occupied until his interest seemed to revive all at once.

He glanced quickly round the walls, his eyes resting on the door of the box-closet. "This is a bath, is it not?" I supposed. "No, only a place for lumber. Perhaps I had better tell you that I have no bath here. I added, affecting to speak carelessly, while I kept my eyes on his face. He started and turned toward me.

"Hastily and to be sure," he said, with a faint sneer. "Nothing worse than rats or mice, I expect." "There is a tragical story connected with that place," I answered deliberately. "It is said that an unfortunate child was shut up there to die of fear, in the dark. The color rushed to his face, then retreated, leaving it deadly white.

"Indeed!" he faltered; "and do you mean to say that he—that child—has been here?" "No, but he has been here, knocking within, and crying to be let out. The fact is confirmed by every tenant who has occupied the house since."

I stopped short, startled by the effect of my revelation. My companion was gazing at me with a blank stare of horror which banished all other expression from his face. "Can it be true?" I heard him mutter. "Can it be true? Can I be so ignorant? I was drawn back to the place in spite of myself!"

Reverberating himself, however, he turned to me, and forest all his white lips into a smile. "A mysterious story!" he commented. "I don't believe a word of it, but I should hardly care to take a house with such an uneasy reputation. I think I need not trouble you with my fears."

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HOW BEER IS MADE.

Some of the secrets of the Brewer—The Adult is usually freely exaggerated.

Theoretically, it's very easy to brew beer. You get your malt, grind it up, stir it with hot water, strain it off and boil this extract with hops, cool it off, let it ferment and drink it. Practically, it isn't quite so easy. It requires a knowledge, a wisdom, rather, that time and experience only can bring to, and how much hops, how much extract to use, and how long to let it ferment, and how long to keep it, are secrets which every brewer keeps to himself, very distinctly. But we will very cheerfully show you the brewer's trade.

The malt-house is not in use this year, because he can buy the malt as cheaply as the barley. But he shows you the large vats where the barley is steeped, the long floors on which the soaked, swollen grain is spread out until it attains a certain growth. There are the kilns in which it is slowly dried when it has sufficiently sprouted, and then it is malt, ready for brewing. It is only once a year that the most brewers find it cheaper to buy the malt than to malt the barley.

The brewer's secret, it got in the mill-house is broken off by intricate, beautiful machinery. Then it drops one floor to the mill, and is again brewed. The brewer's secret, it got in the mill-house is broken off by intricate, beautiful machinery. Then it drops one floor to the mill, and is again brewed. The brewer's secret, it got in the mill-house is broken off by intricate, beautiful machinery. Then it drops one floor to the mill, and is again brewed.

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MALARIA.

Enters the system from unknown causes, at all seasons, attacks the Nerves, Impairs Digestion and Enfeebles the Muscles.

THE BEST TONIC. Quality—Pure—Not Quantity. On Every Bottle. Quickly and completely cures MALARIA and CHILLS and FEVERS. For IMMEDIATE RELIEF OF FEVERS, LASSITUDE, LACK OF ENERGY, it has no equal. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the system, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

FATHER T. J. REILLY, the patriotic and scholarly Catholic divine, of Arkansas, says: "I have used your Iron Bitters with the greatest satisfaction for Malaria, and as a preventive of Chills and Malaria, and will always keep on hand a supply of your Iron Bitters. Genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD."

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