DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

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The Cancaster Intelligencer

LANCASTER, JULY 10, 1885.

The McPherson-Sewell Scandal.

Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, replies to the charge that he entered into a combination with Senator Sewell, in 1878, to elect the latter, a Republican, to the United States Senate from New Jersey. The statement was that this bargain was made in room, No. 26, in the Continental hotel, Philadelphia, on Dec. 5, 1878. The Trenton True American made the publication, which consisted entirely of a statement alleged to have been made by Peter H. Watson, of Ashtabula, Ohio, formerly president of the New York & Erie railroad, and assistant secretary of war under Stanton, along with Tom Scott. Mr. Watson is said to have occupied the room adjoining No. 26, and to have overheard the conversation between McPherson and Sewell; to have reduced it to writing at the time and to have handed it to Abram S. Hewitt, of New York.

The statement was very particular in its detail, but manifestly rests on the reliability of Watson, if he has stated what is alleged. He is now said to be on a sickbed and unable to be called to testify further. Senator McPherson says, if he is not crazy and has said what is attributed to him, he either lies or was deceived as to the parties, or one of them, whose conversation he overheard. For he says, and adduces witnesses to prove, that although he was at the Continental hotel, on December 5, 1878, and was assigned room No. 26, yet he in fact pever went into it, as he arrived late in the day and went to New York the same night, after transacting some business with parties in whose companghe was during the whole of his stay in

Philadelphia. Senator at Pherson further says that roes 26 was so separated from the adjoinbeen impossible to hear in one what was said in the other. This amounts to a charge that Watson lies deliberately, and is a surrender of the suggestion that he may have been mistaken as to the parties whom he heard conversing. No motive to lie is shown upon Watson's part; and the insinuation that he is insane is not supported. The testimony adduced by Senator McPherson shows that he was not in room 26, as charged; and as the matter stands there is an irreconcilabe conflict in the evidence, with the burtien upon the Trenton True American to prove its case.

The Suffrage Question.

In the Republican state convention at Harrisburg the other day, there was a good deal of talk about the rrinciples of the party of Abraham Lincoln, from those who professed to be the exponents or custodians of them. From the same lips there was a shameless avowal of the doctrine that the federal government should by force regulate the suffrage in the states: and that Republican power in Pennsylvania should be so manipulated as to influeuce apportionment in Louisiana. If those who indulged in such declama-

tion had taken the trouble to read the platform upon which the party of Abraham Lincoln succeeded in 1860, they would have found that it contained this unmistakable declaration of the relations of the states and the general government.

"Fourth: That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend." Subject to the restrictions of the con-

stitutional amendments, the suffrage is now just as much one of the "domestic institutions" of the state as any other of them. The supreme court has decided repeatedly that there is no "national" or "federal" suffrage. It is a franchise of the state, granted, directed, protected and controlled by the state. Rhode Island exercises that right by excluding all foreigners, except they own real estate of a prescribed value; Pennsylvania imposes a poll tax, which it is in the power of any board of county commissioners to make ten dollars per capita, and at least one-third of the voters of the state now have political committees pay it for them. No Southern state has adopted or exercises more proscriptive franchise methods than these; and in truth the ballot is to-day as fair and free in the South as in the North.

But the theory that the franchise is to be regulated from Washington is false and unconstitutional; it is a "domestic institution," and the right of each state to regulate it for itself was by no authority more emphatically declared than by "the party of Lincoln."

An Expensive Humbug.

We are right glad to see that Gov. Pattison has vetoed a bill " providing for the establishment and operation of a scientific agricultural experiment station" in connection with the Pennsylvania state college, and appropriating \$8,000 yearly for four years for maintaining the same.

Such a veto needs no apology. The state college is a humbug. With the \$500,000 endowment and other facilities which it possesses, its work is of no commensurate value. There is scarcely another educational institution in the commonwealth that is not achieving far better results with a much less expenditure.

Its income of \$30,000 a year from state boads is ample for all its legitimate pur-poses, including "a scientific agricultural

experiment station", if any such thing is needed to complete its course of instruc-

We have long been convinced that the best thing for the state to do would be to entirely abandon and close up this college. and cover back into the treasury the \$500,-000 upon which the commonwealth yearly pays \$30,000 interest to keep up a concern that does not do as much for the promotion of agriculture in Pennsylvania, as one good, self-sustaining Lancaster county

It is gratifying to learn that a man cannot be an agnostic and a Mason at one and the

A WRITER in the Memphis, Tenn., Appeal pleads the cause of the caged birds which beat out their miserable lives against the prison walls in the hope of securing that free dom which nature intended the birds of the air should enjoy. The bright blue heavens are their natural elements. They soar above the clouds; their home is in the mountains and the boundless expanse of the wilderness Their sufferings while imprisoned are infinitely greater than that of the caged beeve while on the way to the slaughter house, or the overloaded mule; yet we shed tears over the cruelty to animals and have no sympathy for the hungry and neglected birds torture for years by a confinement which is as cruel as it is wicked. It seems like a waste of time to devote all this tender consideration to the feathered tribe, but it is in the line of pure philanthropy to see that the wants of the imprisoned beauties are properly attended to. George H. Holden, of New York, has written a work on "Canaries, and Other Birds," the avowed purpose of which is to inculcate a better knowledge of these denizens of the air that will lead to the amelioration of their condition. The food and care of feathered pets in health and sickness is dwelt upon at length, and if birds could express themselves to human ears they would pour many a wave of melody over Mr. Holden's good name and

LONDON will soon take from Paris the distinction of being the "wickedest city in the

CONTROLLER DECHERT, of Philadelphia, cannot find any warrant in law for the payment of the \$1,397.62 bill incurred by the entertainment of the mayor of New Orleans and others of the municipal government of that city when they brought back the Liberty bell. He has found an act of as-sembly that says: "It shall not be lawful for any department or committee to draw any money out of the city treasury or to use any moneys or the proceeds of the sales of any work or materials for or in any office, etc., or any revenues whatsoever thereof, for any entertainment, eating, drinking or smoking." It is but common prudence for Col. Dechert to halt in view of this prohibition until he receives the advice of the city solicitor. But it is never an exhibition of wisdom to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen. If the above quoted legislation is in force with regard to Philadelphia, the ordinance of the city councils appropriating \$1,500 to the entertainment of the visitors was a gross violation of the law. But what commonly occurs in sprees of this kind has been true of the visit of the nunicipal officers of the Crescent City, The sum of \$1,500 was appropriated and \$1,724.17 spent. It is ever thus. Junketers find it easy to drive a coach and four through a council ordinance.

BENEATH the surface waters of the apparently harmonious Republican party there 8 4 Geep undercurrent of disgust at Quay's

AT the meeting of the commercial travelers of the country in Buffalo, N. Y., recently, Mr. M. J. Nolley spoke of the immense work looming up before the drummer of the future in the many distributing centres of the United States as compared with Europe. France, with a population of 38,000,000 and an area of 205,000 square miles, has but one great centre of trade. Paris, St. Petersburg and Moscow are the only great commercial marts of Russia with its population of 77,000, 000 and 2,132,000 square miles of territory, four times the area of the United States. Germany, with a population of 45,000,000 and 211,000 square miles of territory, has only the city of Berlin for its great volume of trade to centre from. England, with its three tributaries of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, a population of 34,000,000 and 121,000 square miles, supplies its vast trade from its great depot, the city of London. These four great countries of Europe present a population of 194,000,000 with only five grand distributing points, while the United States, with only 52,000,000 inhabitants, has not less than fourteen cities, great hearts of the body commercial, which supply their immediate sections with all of the commodities of trade. Boston, supplying the New England states: New York, the great import entry and distributor of this country; Philadelphia, the storehouse of Pennsylvania; Chicago, the great provi-sion depot of the country and Europe, San Francisco, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, Norfolk, Richmond, Wilmington, Charles ton, Savannah and New Orleans.

THE state teachers in Harrisburg adopted resolution that tobacco was very bad for those who teach the young idea how to shoot. Is not the teacher's lot hard enough without imposing on it this added burden?

"It is very interesting to watch the ex "It is very interesting to watch the expression upon the faces of owners of horses during important races," says Yanity Fair.

"Lord Rosebery selects a choice cigar and proceeds to cat it. The Duke of Westminister tries to look as it he were interested in anything or anybody except the horses. Lord Cadogan retires to an isolated spot from whence he can watch the proceedings unmolested, and apparently studies the mechanism of his race glasses. Mr. Craven walks about as if he had arrived by accident, and wondered what it all meant. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild selects the critical moment in a race tor appropriating and summarily devouring the choicest article of food at hand. Lord Alington turns the color of a sheet, and forcibly suggests a rough passage across the channel. Sir John Astley is always pleased and greets fortune with a grin, whatever happens, although occasionally even he is forced to dissimulate. The Duchess of Montrose invariably seeks solitude, and if successful, emerges like a Jack-in-the-box from some totally unexpected quarter. Lord Hartington is never pleased and views the proceedings with an expression of countenance worthy of Torquemada himself. The Prince of Wales, although unsuccessful, is always imperturbable, and, no matter what happens, has always a kind smile and a genial remark for all his friends." pression upon the laces of owners of horses

He Was Angling for Compliments.

From the Texas Sittings.

A prominent Texas politician was bragging to a crowd of friends a few days ago, on the streets of Dallas.
"Gentlemen," he said, "do you know that I was born on the very day that Thomas Jefferson died ?"

Jefferson died?"

"This is a wonderful country," remarked one of his friends. "There is no limit to its recuperative powers. Just think of it surviving two such disasters, and how true it is misfortunes never come singly."

A Bloody Mystery.

Thomas Pugh, aged 62 years, started in a buggy from Hubbard, Ohio, on Wednesday,

for Greenville, Pa., to get \$6,000 in bank. His horse returned at night with the empty buggy covered with blood. There is no clue to the murderers. A SUMMER WALK. Through the woodland where dense shadow Drooped o'er beds of tall, rare forn, And the breezes, with wild-rose scented, Kissed our cheeks at every turn;

Over fields perfumed with clover, Down along the river's bank, Up the hills snow-white with datates, And through fields of broom-straw rank,

Arm in arm we used to wander Till the stars flashed forth in heaven; caree sixteen was I that summer; She a widow thirty-seven. — Walter M. Raymond. • THE COLONEL.

A STORY OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

I Concluded.)

CHAPTER II. The two men, left alone, stood at the win dow and looked in the direction of the razed village, to detect some sign of life; but they saw only a stray dog who wandered disconsolately amid the ruins, sniffing the heaps of garbage with a disdainful air. The light waned and the serried ranks of mist that had been lying in wait amid the western hills and across the straits, closed in upon the city. The merchant grew impatient under the long

"I can't understand, Martin, why you didn't get rid of the man along with the rest. Did be venture to question your authority

or my right to control my property?"

"Why, you see, sir, I didn't like to speak rough to the old chap. I'd venture to say he hasn't always been what he is now. Fact is, I didn't speak to him direct. I thought he'd

take the hint and leave.

"My soul!" The man shrank from the indignation and disgust expressed in his employer's tone, then hastened to smooth away his indignaton with a happy after-thought.

"Come to think of it, I haven't seen a sign of him since yesterday. Like as not he has gone of his own accord, unless—" The watchman's face became suddenly grave.

"Well, unless what?"

"He's lying down there all this time. He

"Well, unless what?"

"He's lying down there all this time. He was a thin, weakish-looking fellow; the kind that go off quick, sometimes."

"What a ghoul you are, Martin!" Brewster laughed a short nervous laugh. Pleasant suggestion this, that on his own land, not forty rods away, a dead man was lying, who had perhaps perished from lack of proper food and care! Then a better sentiment stirred his heart. He was a narrow-souled man, but not hard-hearted.

"Take your lantern and come ahead, Mar-tin no progress on my cremises. If Lean

tin; no morgue on my premises, if I can

They stepped out into the chill and dark ness, carefully locking the door behind them as a precaution against lawless intruders. As they left behind them the tall lumber-piles with their sweet scent of the woods, and apwith their sweet scent of the woods, and approached the border of Mission Creek, malarial poisons filled the air, and a host of unsavory odors assailed them. Reeking vapors seemed to arise from the putrid heaps and clutch at their throats with phantom fingers. Their teet slipped and sank into the masses of festering decay. It was Brewster's first visit to this choice portion of his recently acquired possessions, and the thought came to his mind that it was a poor stick of a man who would deny a fellow-creature the hospitality of such an accursed spot, on any grounds than that of its unfitness for human occursarey. Suddenly Martin brought up occupancy. Suddenly Martin brought up with a short step, swinging his lautern around to filuminate the spot for his em-

ployer's inspection.
"Here we are, sir."
Brewster leaned forward and descried a low, irregular structure, not four feet above the ground at its highest point. His pre-conceived notions of the style of building operations pursued in these primitive dwell-ings were completely overturned. Instead of neat and shieing rows of tin cans, rising tier upon tier into a pretentious and fanciful structure, he beheld a rude framework of restructure, he benefit a ruce framework of re-fuse boards, imperfectly covered with rusty strips of tin, an humble defense against wind and weather; the merest apology for a covering. He had time to take but a cursory glance at these details, when a weak voice from the interior halled the visitors. "Who's there ?"

Brewster hesitated an instant before replying. He could not announce himself as a friend, for his mission was far from friendly. He resolved to present himself on strictly neutral grounds.

"Your landlord." "Your landlord."
"Sorry not to give you a more fitting reception, mine host, but as I'm hardly in shape to receive company—if you'll be kind enough to slip your bill under the door—"

Browster's dignity was offended. It was all very well for him, the man of property and position, to condescend to address a joke to the vagabond who trespassed on his domain; for the rascal to presume to assume a joculiar tone toward him, in turn, was intolerable! He thought of the underwriters and the increased premium, and interrupted the fellow angrily.

"Humbug! I want you to understand

that you are on my ground, sir. Every moment you stay endangers my property. Out of this place in two minutes, or I'll bave

Brewster had been working himself into a fine rage, and felt that he was acquitting himself with credit. His self-congratulatory meditations were interrupted by a move-ment within the tramp's domicile. The highest section of the roof was pushed away brough the aperture like a jack-in-the-box. something more than the unexpected nature of the apparition caused Brewster to fall back with a start, as if he had seen a ghost. He was not a fanciful man, but the uncanny was not a fanciful man, but the uncanny locality, the noisone smells, the curling wreaths of vapor, the moon struggling to pierce the thick veil of mist overhead, coupled, perhaps, with the afternoon's reminiscences, carried him back twenty years, and he was in the pens of Andersonville, waking from a troubled sleep to see the thin form of Lenoir stealing to his side at midnight, to thrust into the lad's pocket a crust of bread saved from his own scanty rations. He put the recollection of that wretched ex-He put the recollection of that wretched ex-perience resolutely from his mind, but it left its impression. Along with visionary plans of riotous feasts and gluttonous indulgence commonly planned by hungry men in such extremities, to be carried out in case of re-lease, he had taken one solemn oath. He had vowed that if ever he escaped from that wretched hole, so long as he lived and had it in his power he would never fall to feed a hungry human being. Through all the fluc-tuations of his business career and the mani-fold duties of his business life he had kept this pledge inviolate, as many a drunken loafer and disreputable bummer in Steuart street, could attest. Resolve had grown into a principle of action, and principle into habit. He recalled this custom now.

"Here sir; this will get you a round meal down yonder," sudding in the direction of

down yonder," nodding in the direction of the cheap eating-houses in Fourth street, as he extended a quarter he had extracted from his trousers' pocket, carefully weighing it in his hand to make sure that he was in no dan-ger of giving away a gold-piece by mistake. "Do you think that if I wanted charity I would be occupying this palatial mansion and fasting until refuse garbage seems a moss

for a king? Brewster recalled what Martin had said, nd drew back his well-meant offering with a sense of personal injury.

"Oh, come now! Be off, like a good fellow and make no more trouble."

The lumberman was impatient to bring the

interview to a close. He still ingered the silver-piece with an uneasy sense that it would be better in the possession of a vaga-bond. The man raised his tattered hat, with walls of his abode; but his legs proved too unsteady for the successful accomplishment of his purpose. He stumbled, reeled and sat down on his own roof-top, which resped and clashed in a dismal chorus.

Brewster knew the meaning of the action, How many times had be seen some poor fellow, reduced to the last limits of inanition, fellow, reduced to the last limits of inantition, falter and fall by the way on a forced march. His reflections exploded in two words, each possessed of three syllables, and followed by an exclamation point. The first was "starvation;" the second differed only in the first syllable, and represented a very essential article of faith in the orthodox creed. He supplemented the remarks with an imperative order to the watchman, who forthwith seized one of the vagrant's arms. Half leading, half supporting him, ignoring his faint protests, they took him up the path to the fire.

fire.

As they progressed on their stimy path, Brewster inconsequently recalled the battle of Shiloh, when Lenoir, badly wounded and thrown from the saddle of a dying horse, had been lead to the rear, protesting and fighting every step of the way. As he came into the light of the office windows, he accounted for the sensation by the discovery that the man wore a cheap overcoat of miltary cloth and cut of the stamp usually affected by the "haysbunkers."

cut of the stamp usually affected by the "hay bunkers."

They placed him in a chair before the fire and he sat there a mutinous captive, his felt hat with its battered brim drawn down over his eyes and partially shading his face. The first glance at the stranger in the honest light of the office lamp had in a measure reassured Brewster and put to flight his absurd fancies. There was nothing striking or uncommon in the spare figure, or the old face with its lines of care and pain. It was a very ordinary face, an eminently prosaic face, he assured himself: of the same type as ten thousand others in the city, but he could not

resist a crazy desire to see the forehead bared, to look at the left temple and—
Bah! Back to those old memories of the war again! So much for the pernicious effect of the afternoon's associations. Well, what was it, after all? Only a young fellow, his blue suit in tatters, crazed with fever, crawling past the dead line, a strong hand stretched out to save him, a dull report, a bullet leaving a bloody track across the temple and along the scalp of the rescuer.

And why had be lost sight of the gallant old soul all these years? Confound it! Lenoir was just the one to sneak off from his friends if the world used him ill, to live in a dugout and dine on scraps rather than ask charity. Yes, and to jest and flash out a dauntless spirit in a moment of humiliation and shame that held worse terror to a proud soul that the bravest soldier ever faced on the battlefield. Could poverty, and despair, and ill-health reduce the high-souled gentleman and soldier to the likeness of that old scarecrow? Brewster stepped impulsively forward, reaching over for a chunk of firewood, awkwardly brushing the stranger's head with his arm and knocking off the slouch hat.

He hesitated just long enough to observe a white track across the temple and through

his arm and knocking off the slouch hat.

He hesitated just long enough to observe a white track across the temple and through the sparse gray hair, then, with his brain in a whirl, secured the stick of wood, laid it carefully upon the blaze, took out pencil and note-book and scribbled a few lines to his wife. A close carriage, a fire in the best room, a warm dinner; his pencil checked off the items at lightning speed. He called the watchman and dispatched him with the note, meeting the user's wondering look with one meeting the man's wondering look with one of stern decision. As the door closed behind the messenger, and his departing footsteps echoed fainter and fainter in the distance, he turned to find his compulsory guest arisen from his chair and confronting him with a white few control of the cont

white face.
"The almshouse? I'll die first!"
"Never while I live, Colonel Lenoir."
Having uttered this bluntassurance, Brewster sat staring at his old friend, through a mist of tears. The old man answered with a startled look. He drew the slouch hat lower over his eyes. His chin worked conclusively.
Old and thin and gray, overtaken by reverses, crushed by misfortune, the colonel
was found out.—San Francisco Ingleside.

PERSONAL.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ, of Mexico, left the revenues of the federal district mortgaged or the next forty-four years. STATE SENATOR EXRA MILLER, of Bergen county, N. J., inventor of the well-known

Thursday morning. LORD ROTHSCHILD took his seat in the House of Lords on Thursday. He was for-mally introduced to the peers by the Earl of Rosebery and Baron Carrington.

EDMUND HOYLE, the patron saint of old fashioned whist players, was born over two hundred years ago, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-seven, dying in Cavendish Square, London, in 1769. MISS TRENE PERRY, the sombrette actres

of John A. Mackay's "Pop" company, was married on Wednesday, at the Continental hotel, Philadelphia, to Albert Weber, the New York piano manufacturer. WILLIAM CONDON, of Chicago, is one of the more old-fashioned Democrats who is alleged to have journeyed to Washington in pursuit of the United States mission to Italy,

and failing to get the same he quietly re-turned to the place whence he came and took charge of a tugboat at \$2.50 a day. MARK DEVINE, of Philadelphia, bequeath-MARK DEVINE, of Philadelphia, bequeathed his entire estate, valued at \$100,000, to his wife. The estate left by the deceased, according to the petition filed by the executors, amounts to \$100,000, including \$10,000 in personal and \$50,000 in real estate; but it is

hought that the value will reach a much higher figure. SIR PETER LUMSDEN, who is receiving high honors from the queen and the new ministry, when ordered home from Afghan-istan, had to ride all the way from Herat to Astrabad on the "vilest horses," along tracts almost impassable, and without change of clothing for days. In one day the general, who is over 58, rode over 88 miles.

who is over 58, rode over 88 miles.

BISHOF O'CONNOR, of Nebraska says, in on interview on the other side, that Bishop Ireland's colony around St. Paul was a failure because the Irish colonists would not work, or even help the men the bishop sent to direct them. "I heard," he says, "of one fellow refusing to hand up the shingles to roof a cabin which the bishop was building for him." An intending colonist, he thinks, should live with a farmer for a year or so and then go out West. He should not think of going to Nebraska with a family with less

the fellow angrily.

"Come now, this won't do! Get out of here, and away with you!"

"Sorry to be unable to comply with your polite request, sir, but I don't think I could walk very far to-night."

"Humbur! I want you to understand the good twest. He should not think of going to Nebraska with a family with less than two thousand dollars.

REV. Myron W. Rend, in a sermon on physical culture in the First Congregational church of Denver, Col., lately said: "Selwyn, late bushop of New Zealand, was an oarsman late bishop of New Zealand, was an oarsman at Cambridge. He was the founder of a swimming association. Only those who were wimming association. Only those who were
in the river five days in each week were admitted to full membership, and the ceremony
of admission must be performed in the water.
All this early training at the university came
well into play in New Zealand, and enabled
him to endure the hardships of a missionary
life. He swam the rivers making before life. He swam the rivers, pushing before him his clothing in a rubber sack. During the five months voyage he learned the new language, and was able to preach to the natives the first Sunday after landing."

Effectual Cure for Insomma. What can be more distressing than to toss ound in bed when the eyelids ought to be closed

in refreshing sleep? Yet this is what thousands of people do every night. Here is a simple cure: Buy from your druggist or groser a bottle of DUFFY'S PURK MALT WHISKEY, and take a little pefore retiring. It is absolutely pure, and a wholesome tonic, leaves no baneful after effects. as it does not contain any hurtful poisons found in ordinary liquors.

Do You Mean Business ?

Well, if you have strength to push your business, it is well. But many a man's business has broken down, and had so push in him. If you want to make a success, build up your system by the use of Brown's from Bitters. Mr. W. M. Winfree, of Petersburg. Va., says: "There is no medicine equal to Brown's from Bitters for general deplifty." It cures dryspepsia, enriches the blood and strengthens the muscles.

A lady writes : "Your Hop Porous Plusters does the work every time : I do not have that awful pain in the side now." Your experience will be the same. Sold everywhere 25c. (7)

SPECIAL NOTICES.

" It Fairly Worries Me to Think of the multi tude of things advertised to cure disease," you say. No wonder, But in the mountains of chaff there are grains of golden wheat. We may find it difficult to induce you to test the merits of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but when you have done so, our work is ended. After-wards you and this medicine will be fast friends. Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago but for it real usefulness. But it is good and

Five years ago my life was a dread all the time from Heart Disease, since using DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR the English language would fail me in telling the good I received."— Kate Musgrove, Coloma, Ind. \$1.00 per bottle at dreaming.

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junes-2md J. KEIM & SONS.

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QUALITY, PURITY, NOT QUANTITY.

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD, Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys, Clears the Complexion, Makes the Skin Smooth. It does not injure the Teeth, Cause Headache or Produce Constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

Da. R. M. Drizell, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of anemia and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satis-factory." Dr. Ww. Bynns, 29 St. Mary's St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily com-mend it to those needing a purifier. The genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other, Made only by

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Kill pain, soothe and stimulate the tired muscles, and wonderfully strengthen weak parts. All the valuable medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, combined with Burgundy Pitch and Canada Balsam. Applied to Backache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Crick, Stitches, Sideache, Kidney Affections, Sore Chestorany of the various pains and weaknesses so common, instant reflet is given. Cures Dyspepsia and Liver troubles without internal desing. Soid everywhere, Sc., 5 for st. Mailed for price.

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HOP PLASTERS. 25c. Each, 5 for \$1.00; Any Drug Store. And the best every time. Hor PLANTESS are prepared from the complete virtues of Hops combined with Burgundy Pitch and Canada Balsam. Superior to all others because they act instantly and cure speedily. If you are troubled with any kind of soreness, apply one of those plasters and experience their soothing, stimulating and strengthening effect. A wonderful cure for pain in the small of the back, 25c., 5 for \$1.00 everywhere. HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston. Sent by mail if desired.

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House wives, shop girls and sales women all suffer more or less from Weak Back and Side-ache. Nothing affords such instant relief as a Hop PLASTER applied over affected part. Pains and aches of all kinds are driven out and the and aches of all kinds are driven out and the parts made over and strengthened. Ask for a Hor Plaster, made from Burgundy Pitch Canada Balsam and the virtues of fresh Hops, Sold everywhere. 25c., 5 for \$1.00 Send to HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, for circular. (6)

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Two Cases Beautiful PRINTED SATINES,

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A CHOICE SELECTION OF ORIENTAL AND EGYPTIAN LACES,

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In All Widths and Qualities at the Lowest Prices Ever Known in the Trade.

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There is also a refreshment room in charge of a competent caterer, where meals can be procured at moderate rates, a photograph gallery and numerous other attractive features. No liquors allowed on the grounds, Excursions from all points on the Philadelphia & Reading and Reading & Columbia Raifronds will be carried direct to the Park without change **JARS** will be carried direct to the Park without change of cars. Complete information can be obtained and engagements effected with parties from all points on the Philadelphia & Reading and Reading & Columbia Railroads, upon application to C. G. Hancock, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. Philadelphia & Reading Bailroad, 227 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., and with parties from Lebanon by applying to the undersigned, CARL VON SCHMALENSEE, Supt. Cornwall & Mt. Hope Railroad, mays-3md

The Best FRUIT JARS in the

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Jelly Tumblers!

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SECOND QUALITY. TEA, DINNER AND CHAMBER SETTS LESS NEW COLORED GLASSWARE

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Light-weight Suits

AT GREATLY REDUCED

We know money is scarce and we want to help our customers out by giving them a Good Suit for little money, either Ready made or Made to

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Have you seen our ALL-SILK, SATIN-LINED TIES, ONLY 25c ?

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Excursion Committee of Churches, Sunday Schools and other select organizations, in mak-ing their summer arrangements, should not neg lect to reserve aday for Penryn Park. This delightful resort is situated in the midst of the

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And its grounds covering hundreds of acres are easy of access from all parts of central Pern-sylvania. For the free use of excursionists there

CROQUET AND LAWN TENNIS GROUNDS.

LARGE DANCING PAVILION, BAND STAND, KITCHEN, BASKET AND CLOAK ROOMS,

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On the Summit of the Mountain.

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MT. GRETNA PARK,

In the heart of the South Mountain, on the line of the above road, is offered to individuals and

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These grounds, covering hundreds of acres, are easy of access from all parts of Eastern Pennsylvania.

There are MOUNTAIN STREAMS, spanned by rustic bridges; MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, walled up with native sandstone; SHADY WALKS and PROMENADES.

A LARGE DANCING PAVILLION, LARGE DINING HALL, KITCHEN, DINING ROOM,

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LAWN TENNIS, CROQUET, BALL GROUNDS, BOWLING ALLEY, SHOOTING GAL-LERY, QUOITS AND FOOT BALL

No Intoxicating Drinks Allowed on the Premises.

**Parties destring it, can procure meals at the PARK EESTAURANT, which will be under the charge of ME. E. M. BOLTZ, the noted caterer of the

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Excursions from all points on Fennsylva-nia R. R. will be carried direct to the Park with-

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Are among the amusements offered.

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Merino Shirts and Drawers, Gauze Undershirts and Drawers,

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FOR THE SPRING AND SUMMER TRADE, EVER SHOWN IN THIS CITY.

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BRUNSWICK" IS THE NAME OF THE Best White Shirt

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SEE OUR STOCK OF

SEERSUCKER, in Checks,

SUMMER VESTS in White Duck or Black and White Mixed Duck.

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FINE TAILORING.

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FANCY SUITING.

THE VERY BEST WORKMANSHIP. Prices to suit all and all goods warranted as epresented at his new store,

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OUR PRICES FOR

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THIN COATS at 40c. SEERSUCKER COATS and VESTS from \$1.25 D. Better SEERSUCKERS at \$1.75.
MEN'S BUSINESS SUITS at \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00,

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MEN'S ALL-WOOL CASSIMERE PANTS AT \$2.00, \$5.50 and \$5.00.

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Our specialties in this department are Wool Serge Sulting in all Colors, the same we make to order in first-class styles for \$11.00.

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