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LANCASTER, PA.

The Cancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, JULY 17, 1885.

Spiked Guns.

It is very painful to see that for the high office of governor in the great state of Virginia, the truly loyal Republican party has nominated an arch rebel, an ex-Confederate soldier, who joined the army at the beginning of the war, without being conscripted or compelled, and who continued in this service to the very end, having delivered the last dispatch of General Lee to Jefferson Davis, before the surrender of Lee's

It has not been a long time since the Republican party of this state was moved to great indignation and was stirred to unwonted solidity of resistance over the appointment by Governor Pattison of some rebel ex-captain up in Juniata county to a notary public, while at the same time he denied re-appointment to an alleged ex-Union soldier. To be sure the Democrats of the state generally, and the sensible portion of the Republican party, who had seen their chief officers bestow favors with lavish hand on the Longstreets and Mosbys, the Mahones and the Wises, laughed at this tempest in a tea-pot. But it seemed to furnish a brief sensation of delight for the opposition, and nobody grudged it to them. The same kind of an outbreak and of a

silly season has been experienced over the appointment by Gen. Davis, of an ex-rebel soldier, to a petty clerkship in his pension agency; and some weak-kneed Democrats are greatly exercised about it. They seem forget that the president of the United States chose for the head of the department which has to do with all the pension business, Mr. Lamar, of ex-Confederate fame; and that for his legal and constitutional adviser, he took another "ex-rebel." If the Democratic party and the sensible people of the country generally can tolerate Mr. Cleviand's appointment of Lamar and Garland, the commonwealth will not go to the dogs, because by Governor Pattison's the dogs, because by Governor Pattison's toward the alleviation of human misery; and appointment, one who were the taking affidavits in Juniat .. county, and by the favor of Gen. Dawis, another is copy-

ing pension rolls in Philadelphia.

Now that the Republican party comes to make its last stand in the South, and to fight for its life in the historic commonwealth of Virginia, the chief figures in its convention are ex-Confederates and its standard bearer is one who was a rebel of rebels. Its mouth is closed.

No Need to Fear.

Mr. Vanderbilt, it seems only owns onethird of the South Pennsylvania railroad company, and it is not therefore easy to see how he can use it at his pleasure to protect his New York Central interest. In fact it is clear that he cannot do it; but this is hardly clearer than that he does not wish to do it. His interest in New York Central has long been of a nominal character, and he has no need to care for it. He has a large interest in his Pennsylvania enterprises, and it is natural to suppose that be is solicitous to maintain and protect them. Mr. Depew, who is the new president of the sucked New York Central orange, is no doubt anxious to signalize his accession by some apparently brilliant stroke of administration, and has plenty of room to play with the question of how to secure a railroad peace, while the cat is away in Europe. It is very convenient all around to have such negotiations going on, as all the parties interested are stock speculators and will do their best to move the market so as to give a chance for profit. Every man in the parley doubtless knows that it is a case of the mountain laboring to give forth a mouse; but they will all sedulously conceal the insignificance of the coming birth while there is money to be made in the public expectation of a " big thing."

It seems to us that the public should not be so easily gulled. There surely is nothing in the state of Mr. Vanderbilt's interests to make it probable that he proposes to throw over his Pennsylvania properties, which are as full of good meat as when they were projected. And he could not do it, if he would, with his associations. No one would be safe in saying that he would not abandon his colleagues if he could and wanted to; and just as surely he will not attempt it when he neither wants nor can. When Mr. Depew and Mr. Cassatt get through their talk and the game has been bagged, we need not fear to be alarmed at the magnitude of their accomplishment.

England Should Not Wait.

The new talk of war between England and Russia is what we may expect to hear repeated at short intervals until the two come together. Their collision seems to be inevitable because their interests lead them to it. War is a cold-blooded business and never comes on by accident in civilized communities. When a nation wants to light another, it may be assumed that she will do it when she is ready. A pretext will always be ready. When Prussia engaged in the war with France the last time, there was scarcely the shadow of an excuse offered by her. She had made preparations and was ready. When she struck she had the impudence to say that France began it, though France had made no preparation, was not ready and her government did not want war. The people were for it; and so

are the people of England and Russia apparently. Russia seems to be busily get ting ready for it. The English government has heretofore earnestly desired to avoid it Its desire would be commendable if it could avoid the war. But when Russia makes it so apparent that she is going to make England fight for India, just as soon as she can get ready for the conflict, it would seem clearly to be the part of wisdom in England not to wait until Russia is ready, but to commence the struggle at once. There can be no doubt as to this policy; the only question is as to Russia's intentions; and as to them there seems to be little room for

Illiteracy in the South. As often as the pedagogue politicians and partisan purists of the Republean party point with scorn to the prevailing illiteracy of the South, they ought to be reminded that the ignorant vote there is cast with

It is no reproach to the Democracy that they can carry a section in which so large a ratio of the population cannot read or write, when it is patent that the ignorant portion of the people do not vote with the Democracy as a rule.

The Democratic state governments of the South are doing all they can and quite as much as can be reasonably expected of them in the way of educating the negroes; and the result is the increasing stability of the political power which is now supreme. The moderately educated colored man is not likely to become the prey of the political jayhawker and of the scalawag spoilsman. As illiteracy decreases in the South Republicanism fades away; and in Georgia and Texas, where the state governments have done most to educate the negro. Democratic ascendency has been most securely established.

Keep Them Apart.

The danger of running too many and too many kinds of newspapers under one roof was illustrated in the cleaning out fire of the Washington printing offices yesterday. Whether the conflagration originated

from friction or spontaneous combustion is not clearly shown.

Hardly from friction.

When the necessary rebuilding and rearrangement ensue, greater distance should be kept between the Republican and Democratic organs in the federal capital.

CANADA is talking of an act to restrict and regulate Chinese immigration to that country. It had better let well enough alone. More Chinese have arrived in San Francisco since the stringent restriction act of Congress than ever before.

THE curative properties of clay as a topical or local remedy in cases of ervsipelas, small-pox, measles and scarlet fever have not until lately been very well understood. Dr. Addinel Hewson, of Philadelphia, writes in the Medical Bulletin that in cases of those four diseases which have fallen under his care since 1872 he has used applications of clay without distinction, and has always found a direct and rapid reduction of temperature; a dissipation of pain or distressing local sensations which belong to each of these diseases: a diminution of the duration which is characteristic of each; the allaying of the intensity of the general or constitutional symptoms; the prevention of the complications which occur so frequently as to have long been recognized as characteristic who lends his aid to these invest VELVO: gations becomes in so far as he succeeds or lends to the success of other, a public beneso far as he succeeds or

THE suggestion of John A. Logan's from that Mr. Evarts should take second place on the Black Jack ticket in 1888 is calculated to reduce the temperature.

---THE startling statement is made by the Christian Union that not more than five per cent. of American artisans in cities habitually attend religious servives of any kind. Perhaps this fact will help to explain the many labor troubles of which so much is seen in the daily press. No man can less afford to dispense with the consolations of religion than he who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. Is it any wonder that there come to him moments of the deepest despair when he reaches that point of unbelief as to regard man's life work as made up simply of enting, sleeping, drinking and working? It is to be hoped that these figures are remote from the truth. With faith in a future life gone what is there for the horny-handed toiler who works from daylight to dark, in season and out of season, to look forward

MAHONE denouncing Democracy is the sweetest kind of music to Democratic

THE total value of the beef, pork and dairy products exported for the six months ending June 30th, was \$48,233,744 as against \$43,837. 419 for the corresponding period of last year. A remarkable decrease is observable in the dairy product in the comparison of the result for the two months ending June 30, 1885, with that of the same period for the previous year. The 1885 figures were \$1,750,505, while the 1884 figures were \$2,662,966. The total amount of butter exported for the six months ending June 30th, was 6,253,274 pounds in 1885 against 6,370,305 pounds in 1884, costing respectively \$1,038,499 and \$1,117,495. But what was lost in the aggregate on dairy products was abundantly compensated for in the increase of total values of beef and pork.

PERSONAL. .

CLEVELAND in this warm weather wears a sack coat of dark blue cheviot, a light vest and a plain calico necktie.

Liszr, who is in his seventy-fourth year, is storid, smooth shaven, very tall and has long white hair.

MGR. CAPEL says the climate of California Milk. CAPEL Says the change of cantonna fosters "irreverence, disbelief, lack of pure tastes, and meretricious morals."

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS has planted over a quarter of a million trees on his estate in Bergen county, N. J., within the past

SENATOR LOGAN'S brother James is post-master at Murfreesboro, Ill., and his office is demanded by the local Democracy on the grounds of his offensive partisanship during the late campaign.

DANIEL LOUIS PETTEE, well known in turf circles as the owner of Flora Temple, Lada Emma, Daisy Brown and other famous horses, died at Avon Inn, Key East N. J., on Thursday, of Bright's disease of the kidneys, aged 65 years.

THACKERAY described the struggles of Mr. Arthur Pendennis as contribator to an imaginary journal called the Pall Mail Gazette. About ten years later some of the progressive literary men of London planned and started an afternoon newspaper and they baptized it with the name suggested by Thackeray, which is now famous the world over.

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, of Massachu sails, has been appointed to be consul of the United States at Glasgow, vice Bret Harte. Mr. Underwood is a Democrat and was pressed for the place by Congressman Patrick A. Collins, John Toyle O'Reilly, ex-Governor Gaston and other Massachusetts Democrats. He has for many years been an active business man of Boston.

ROBERT LOCKWOOD'S FATE.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTERII. Putnam then paid little heed to his companion, for he ate as he did all else, with all his energy absorbed in the occupation at hand. At length, his meal being finished, he said to Whitney. "I wish, major, that you could make some inquiries at once for this fellow of whom we spoke a while ago."

Major Whitney glanced about with some abstraction of manner, as though he had already put his wits to work. Then hap pening to meet the searching and mischief-loving brown eyes that he had grown to regard as the choicest prize in the world for a young soldier, it occurred to him to speak to their owner.

"You know the lads hereabouts," he said with sudden inspiration. "Is there one who knows the country below, who is brave enough even to be your lover, and there-fore brave enough to penetrate the enemy's

"There's no lad brave enough to be my lover, though peradventure worthler a better maid than L."

"Ha! ha! She has you there, Whitney "Ha! ha! She has you there, Whitney. Bravery alone will not win you, missy. That is right. Bravery isn't such a great thing. It's the lack of it that makes men conspicuous. But, Mary, there's sense in Whitney's nonsense. Is there a brave young lad, with brains to back his bravery, who knows this country well enough to take a message within the enemy's outposts? If you will name me such a one it will be well with him, and you, too."

with him, and you, too."
She looked at him curiously for a moment, that she might determine how much of sincerity was concealed beneath this seeming

jest.

"Are you trifling with me?" she asked.

"No, missy. There is serious business to be done, and the Lord knows I do not know where to look for the man to do it."
"Suppose I find him, will you do what I

"Aye, a dozen favors, if you wish. Put your wits to it, and I'll warrant you'll find him." Here the general quitted the room.
"Tell me, sir, does the general mean it?"
she asked Whitney, who was finishing his You're too quick witted not to perceive

that he does.'

" Is it a dangerous mission ?"
" Yes."
" It would not be dangerous for a Tory ?" "It would not, of course. But, surely you have some one on your mind, or you would not thus question me."
"I'm but curious." Then she added."

"Twould help our army ?"
" More than you can realize."
" And 'twould injure theirs?"

" And 'twould injure theirs?"

" We hope so,"
Suddenly she broke into a merry laugh,
and, when Whitney looked at her in some
amazement at this change of manner, she
said: "I think I know such a man as you
desire. He will do it if I ask, and 'twill
punish him a bit, and yet reward him great-

"What matters that " she asked.
"Ah, I have it?" 'Tis some fellow who has set his heart on you and you on him, or you would not show such spirit at my ques-tion."

"And if I have set my heart on a bray youth 'tis well with me these times, and if he has so considered me tis—"
"Far, far better. But this is a dangerous business. If 'tis really your lover, spare

Do you think I'd have a lover who feared danger? Bu, whether you judged rightly or no harm can happen him I have in

"Bid him, then, come to the general in the morning," said Whitney. No, he shall not; he cannot. Give my your message and instructions, and the many rant they'll be carried out."

your message and instructions, and it it warrant they'll be carried out."

When the young officer informed the general of her purpose, the bluff old man, to Whitney's surprise, aseemed encouraged.

"Tis the nisda's way," said Putnam.

"She has some fellow, no doubt, that she fancies with a maid's foolishness, and she trusts to win favor and promotion for him. She's a brave girl and a wise one, Whitney, and she has Putnam blood in her veins."

So the general briefly sketched his plan and instructions. The young fellow was to icave as soon as possible, make his way within the enemy's lines as a deserter, and when in their hands deel to that Putnam was making preparations to quit Reading and retire to the Soulid as speedily as he was able.

"Let her send her sweetheart on this change, and, to make sure, find some one to send on a similar errand."

By dawn of the next day Whitney had procured another trustworthy fellow and sent

cured another trustworthy fellow and sent him on his mission, and had also given to the maid the instructions of the general. She demurely received her commission and promised faithfully to execute it.

When the darkness of that evening settled down upon them, Mistress Mary, having muffed her slender figure, sped by the senti-nel, who knew her well, and made her way in the direction of the house of her paster, Mr. Bloss, where, she said, she had made promise to spend an hour that evening. when she came to the old pasture lot darted quickly by the little path through the narrow ravine that led to the cleared space beyond, and in a moment went beneath a rough shed that had been creeted as a rude shelter for cattle. As she stepped within a tall figure appeared from somewhere in the darkness by her side.

"Mary," it whispered.

"Robert," and the tall figure, bending over her, took her muilted head in both his palms, utilified it, and kissed her.

uplifted it, and kissed her.

"Robert, have you waited long, and are you all safe?" She put out her hand to touch his cloak, seeming to assure herself. "But a few moments. I feared the incle-ment weather or some chance might keep

"Keep me, Robert, when you have travelled all these miles, fully ten at least to meet me!"

"Ah, ten miles, twice ten would I come daily if I could but hear you say, 'My Robert! and receive your sweetkiss of hope and trust." For a few moments they chatted with the nervous haste of a hurried meeting, and then

she said: "Robert, do you hear my good news. After this we need not meet in secret for I have a way to rid us of all such annoyance hereafter. The general will permit you to come. I shall win his consent."

Ah, little one, you will be more victorious than others have been if you get him to permit that? he realized.

mit that" he replied.

"But I shall. Robert, is there not a Col.
Bliss, of the British army encamped not far
from your home?"

"There is,"

"Then take this message that I have written and see that it is delivered to him. You pass in and out of their lines easily, do

you not?"
"Yes. But what is this?" he said doubtfully. "Trust me, Robert. I cannot tell you now. Do it for my sake, and come again, say Friday next. After that you will be free to come and go," she said.
"I trust you, Mary, though this is a mysterious thing."

rious thing."

"And, Robert, on no account reveal that you have seen me or received it from me."

"Is it so important as that?"

"For me, yes."

"Then I'll keep it secret with my life "

"Yes, do," she said with a solemnity that impressed him greatly, had he been able to see her eyes and smile he would have surmised there was no such great concern about it. Then she bade him go.

t. Then she bade him go.
"You will wait for me Friday night?" he asked, and she replied yes.
A few moments later Mary was demurely

A few moments later Mary was demurely chatting before the parson's fire, and an hour after she sent a message to her father that she should spend the night at the parsonage with Betsy Bloss, her only mate.

Gen. Putnam and his young secretary were preparing to retire for the night, when a commotion without checked such preparations. There was a heavy kneck, the trampling of feet, the sound of excited voices and in a moment an officer with two soldiers. oment an officer with two soldier and a tall, handsome civilian stood before the general.

The old warrior realized at once what such proceeding meant, but he calmly said:
"Who is this?"

"Who is this?"
"He was captured by the sentry," said the officer, 'as he was leaving the pasture lot below, where he had been in consultion with another whose form the men dimly saw, but who escaped them. When captured he, by a quick, unsuspected motion, thrust a bit of paper in his mouth and, though the men choked him, he swallowed it." Putnam's face was like a thunder cloud, but he checked any other manifestation of

his passion,
"Who are you?" he asked.
"Robert Lockwood, of Ridgefield township."
"Have you any permit to be within my He shook his head, and Whitney who was watching him closely, was deeply im-

pressed by the grace of his manner and the addened expression that tempered his man-

saddened expression that tempered his manly face.

"What were you doing here?"

"That I cannot say, except that it was
purely a private matter that brought me,
with which neither you nor your army had
anything to do."

"Then why sneak here secretly at night?"

"Hereways you wade that method, my only PROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from Brown's Iron Bitters.

"Then why sneak here secretly at night?"

"Because you made that method my only possible way of getting here,"

"I suppose you know what that means for you? Tell me, are you a patriot?"

"No," he said sadly. "I do not sympathize with you in rebellion against our King. I am a royalist—a Tory, you call us—but I have been a man of peace ever since this war begun."

Then up rose Gen. Putnam, setting free the mighty tempest of his wrath. His passion was terrible, and it seemed as though even in his fury he might strike down this man there. With oaths and imprecations he cursed him and all like him, until at length the prisoner said:

the prisoner said:
"Sir, you are to do with me as you will,
but you are too brave a man to insult me."
"I will do nothing more but hang you.
Hanged you shall be at sunrise to-morrow."
"Hanged! For what?"
"As a British spy found in my camp, and unable to explain his presence there."
Here Whitney said a few words in a low tone to the general.

tone to the general.

"Yes, yes. That is so. See here. There was some one with you. Some of my men giving you information. There's the traitor

I want. He gave you some message. Tell me who it was and I'll spare your life, and hang him before the whole army."
The prisoner's head dropped till his chin fell upon his bosom. But he said nothing.
"Come, be quick about it," roared Put-

"I have done no wrong. I am not guilty. "I have done no wrong. I am not guilty. But I cannot tell you what you ask."

"Take him away. Whitney, see that my orders are carried out. Hang him at sunrise."

"Sir," pleaded the prisoner, "you are making a terrible mistake. Suspend your sentence for two days. Let me appeal to Washington, and you will find I have done no wrong."

House wives, shop girls and sales-women all suffer more or less from Weak Back and Sideache. Nothing affords such instant relief as a Hor Plasten applied over affected part. Pains and aches of all kinds are driven out and the parts made over and strengthened. Ask for a Hor Plasten, made from Burgundy Pitch Canada Balsam and the virtues of fresh Hops, sold everywhere. 25c., 5 for \$1.09 Send to HOP Plastek COMPANY, Bostou, for circular. (6) no wrong. Putnam's only answer was to eject the

Putnam's only answer was to eject the man with vigorous thrusts into the custody of the soldiers without.

At sunrise of the next morning, while the air was warm with first breath of spring, they led this prisoner forth to the gallows. Putnam himself was there, and commanded the condemned one to mount the ladder, full twenty rounds.

"Now jump, you spy!" reared the old "Now jump, you spy!" roared the old

"Now jump, you spy!" roared the old warrior.

"No. Gen. Putnam, I am innocent of the crime, but I will pray heaven to forgive you and to receive my spirit."

With drawn sword Putnam, raging with anger, commanded the soldiers to pull the ladder from under the condemned, and when they, impressed by the manly, sorrowful bearing of the man, hesitated, the old soldier rushed toward them with his sword. So they executed him.

At noon of that day Mistress Mary returned from her visit at the parsonage, and with

from her visit at the parsonage, and with blooming cheeks and exultant manner presented herself to Putnam.
"I have come, sir, for you to redeem yo u "My promise, missy, what was it?"
"Did you not say that if I found a lad to

take your message within their lines you'd grant my request?" "In truth I did."

"Well, I have fulfilled my part." "When, missy?"
"Last night." "And who was the lad?"

"A brave young man," she said demurely.

"And you met him slyly, that you might take all the credit of this thing yourself?" "No; but because you would have seen furious had you seen him, tor he is a royalist. You perceive, general, that thus I punish

him for abiding by the king, by making him take a message whose contents he did not know into their lines; and now I will re ward him with yor favor."
"You're a brave girl missy, and, by the

What is it you want?"

"That you give a permit to Robert Lockwood to pass in and out of your lines at pleasure. He will not betray you, general. He will make me happy by coming."

Here Major Whitney, with grave face spoke, "Mistress Mary, call upon us in a half hour; at this moment the general is busy. CHILDREN'S

She looked at him wonderingly, for this was an unusual request, but she w

"Sir, did you hear the name "It escaped me."
"Robert Lockwood"

"What of start : "General, you hanged Robert Lockwood hanged Robert Lockwood this morning as a spy, when 'twas her mes-sage he had, and 'twas to visit her he came in secret, because of your command respecting the royalists" the officer replied. "My missy's lover?" The rough old Gen-

eral moaned. "He seemed a brave fellow, too, Whitney. My God, 'twill kill the girl." And the old man's passion was as nothing to the agony which Whitney now saw he suf-

fered.

"My little missy, my little missy, your innocent mischief has killed your lover." He moaned and moaned this over and over again, with a piteous wailing. "What shall I do, Whitney? I loved that girl as my wn." "Give her the permit and keep her in igno rance of what has happened."

It was small comfort, but it was all that was possible. Putnam, with infinite tenderness, gave the girl the permit, kissing her.

and then rushing from her presence, shut himself into his little bedroom for an hour. When he emerged he was quicted, but he never spoke of the affair again. With exultant heart Mary went to the trysting place to meet her lover. But he some not, and when a few weeks after the

came hot, and when a few weeks after the army went away, no enemy having attacked, Putnam, as he bade her good-by, seemed to have been stabbed to the heart by the sad, reproachful look that went from her eyes to him. But she said nothing, and Putnam never knew whether she learned why she so wearly waited.

wearily waited.

After the war was over Major Whitney sought the fair maid's hand, but she answerd him gently: "No, Major Whitney. I am waiting for Robert to come back."—E. J. E. in the New York Sun.

STUBBLE.

or the INTELLIGENCER. When soon or late the age shall look Upon our death reaped stubble, I wonder it 'twill seem that life

Has paid us for life's trouble? I know the sheaves God's storehouse nets. To what they might have been, Will be so light, the finest heads,

All shriveled up by sin; But I believe God, seeing all, Will look back to the reason, Excuse the crop that comes out short

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In Love With an Undertaker.

An undertaker is as good a man as any other man, and a woman has as good a right to fall in love with him aswith anybody else. But it was queer wh n the old lady in Maryland became so much intatoated with a "funeral director" that she attended every "interment party" he man-aged. Her dyspeptic condition had led her into the morbid state of mind in which this was possible. Mr. R. R. Batte, Jackson, Miss., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters entirely relieved me of dyspepsia and severe indigeation."

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or produce constipation—all other Iron medi-cines do.

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