

DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

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WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER, (Eight Pages.) PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

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 Correspondents are requested to write legibly and on one side of the paper only; and to sign their names, not for publication, but in proof of good faith.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 assigned to the waste basket.

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

The Lancaster Intelligencer. LANCASTER, AUGUST 14, 1885.

The Character of Washington.

It is a very wholesome sign of our literary development, of the prevailing correct popular judgment and of our continuing patriotic feeling that the estimate in Prof. McMaster's "History of the American People," of the character of Washington has not passed unchallenged.

Mr. McMaster has performed a valuable work in making his history. It is one that has been long needed and long waited for; and, despite many blemishes and deficiencies, it is a creation, or rather a compilation, of enduring value.

But it does not follow that the conscientious critic or philosophical historian need pronounce a judgment upon the most familiar of our great men that is at variance with that which popularly obtains by the common consent of mankind. In order to establish his reputation for discrimination and impartial analysis.

Washington certainly was not a free-and-easy sort of person, who allowed Tom, Dick and Harry to slap him on the back; and it is true that he had a violent temper, which occasionally got loose from his rein and made him do and say very emphatic things; but that Hamilton and Knox were "the only two men his cold heart ever really loved"; and, that "his fits of anger," or his "rage at St. Clair's defeat," were more illustrative of his character than his nobility in a hundred other scenes of his life, are judgments not supported by the facts of history; and Mr. McMaster gains nothing in repute for historical knowledge by so viewing him.

One of the historian's critics on the New York Times calls attention especially to the affectionate allusions of Lafayette's letters to Washington as affording signs that to that young man and ardent soul at least Washington was not "the cold and forbidding character, with whom no fellow-man ever ventured to live on close and familiar terms." The intimacy of the two commanders began when Lafayette was not yet 20 years of age; and when the 20-year-old Frenchman was wounded, he was in charge of the surgeon attached to the general's own person, to whom Washington said, "Care for him as you would for my son; I love him as such."

It was years after this that Lafayette wrote to Washington in this strain: "To one who so tenderly loves you, who so happily enjoyed the times we have passed together, and who, through the length of your life, even in his own house, could feel himself so perfectly at home as in your family, I must be confessed to be quite insouciant. I beseech you, in the name of our friendship, that you will not be so kind as to let me hear from you as often as you may."

And this was in a letter from Washington to Lafayette after what proved to be their last parting: "In the moment of our separation, upon the road as I travelled, and every hour since, I have felt all that love, respect, and attachment for you, with which the length of your close connection, and your merits have inspired me." "If it is unnecessary, I persuade myself, to repeat to you, my dear friend, the sincerity of my regards and friendship; nor have I words which could express my affection for you were I to attempt it."

These are not the sort of expressions that would pass as such to a character as Mr. McMaster makes out Washington to have been.

Gladstone would be welcome. If Mr. Gladstone should find himself able to visit this country at any time during the next year, he must come prepared for a genuine surprise at the warmth of the welcome which will be extended to him. Perhaps no man in the world, not even excepting our own public men, has the genuine regard which goes out to William E. Gladstone. His long and conspicuous career, his high character as a man and statesman, and his intelligent sympathy with the institutions and the people of the United States have endeared him to this country in a degree which few men at home or abroad can hope to equal. His later achievements, in particular, have won him this position. Beginning life as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," he early took himself out of these narrow trammels. For nearly forty years he has been at the front in all discussions which have had for their object the destruction of time-honored abuses or the amelioration of the condition of the people of England. Never a radical, he has always been a progressive man, such as the American heart always forms an attachment for. If he comes to this country, however, he will need his voice, the charm of which has given him his rank as a statesman, and enabled him to maintain himself in position and power.

More Than Discretion. The extreme civil service agitators, who have voluntarily taken upon themselves the task of running the country, are not having an easy time of it. It is only a few days since they were routed in an attempt to dictate to the postmaster of Indianapolis. This rebuff had scarcely been administered when they found it necessary to prefer charges against the new postmaster of New Haven. Now they are in trouble in the New York custom house, where Surveyor Beattie has discharged two men at the expiration of their probationary terms. They protest, and the local agitators are about to take up the matter. These persons and all their associates

WHEN BILL TOSSED BRICKS.

When Bill had called himself a Portuguese he had poured the last drop from his private vial of wrath on his own head. Bill helped to load the sloop with brick at Haverstraw, and although it was a hot, sultry day and the work was heavy, he never took a drink. The other hands might come back, smacking their lips and bantering him, but he stood firm.

"No use, boys," said Bill, "I did the business for that baby—and once is enough. I have got to be a keener of him. It stands to reason. None you is happy with me, I kin stand as much running as the best of you, but don't you try and rub it in too steep. I ha'n't the reputation for being sweet-tempered, and mebbe I kin teach some of you manners."

It must be stated that there really was no necessity for Bill's excessive wrath. The hands on the sloop seemed to take in the situation at once, and rather respected the way Bill assumed his duties. Down the river Bill was thinking what name the child ought to have. Should it be George Washington, Ulysses Grant, or James M. Smith, or some of his names? He was going to go to Albany, and to call the child "Albany" or "Vibbard" was suggested to him. He made up his mind that Molly should have the name of a great child. "She's got most rights to him, my nards," then he felt kind of melancholy with the idea that some of his names might later claim the child. Bill had never read a story book in his life, so no romance of a rich father and mother coming in a carriage to demand their lost baby presented itself to his imagination.

Bill became parsimonious, and that week he saved almost every cent of his wages. He begrudged himself even the tobacco he chewed. He only kept sufficient money for his most meagre wants. He never took a drink and decided to be treated. To Molly he gave his money.

So, enough, the little boy, when Bill saw him, had on a new lawyer, and with which Molly exhibited him to her brother!

"He just looks like a daisy, Molly, isn't he pretty? Kind of sleepy, ain't he, Molly?"

"He does sleep a good deal, but that's natural, Bill. Much you know about babies? Bill, with this pile of money for me? I ain't spent all my money on you, don't you and the child don't. His coat for keep is so little, it's mighty good of you, Bill, and now that you've got the little bit of clothes. As you say, when winter comes the poor little lamb will thicken things, and they cost more money. Here, I ain't going to let you do that. You'll get your hard-earned wages," and Molly made a motion as if to return the handful of silver.

"But, Moll, just hold hard a minute. He mayn't want it now. Suppose you was sick and I didn't get nothing. You have got to keep it for me, and with which he grows. He's got to go to school, and has got to look as nice as any other boy. He's to be bedecked in his Sunday best, and his handling bricks. Don't he do a lot of mischief, Molly?" inquired Bill anxiously.

"Oh! don't you keep worrying about him. He's bound to be a good boy, and with which one of them children will talk late in life, and they, so I hear tell, is always the smartest in the long run. Fact is, Bill, I have a surprise for you. He've said a word before yesterday. I was afraid myself he was kind of dumb." Bill averted his face and then looked out on his brother and sister were talking on the dock.

"But—but, to-day, Bill, he said 'mudder' so sweet, and then he said it over and over again, and he said it so sweet, and he was to be kissed. Oh, Bill, his senses is coming back to him, slow but sure," and Molly cuddled the sleeping child closer to her breast.

Bill kept right on in the good way he had planned for himself, and never swerved a hair's breadth from his savings bank. Brother and sister contributed to the child's support. In a month Bill was richer than he had ever been before. Then he insisted that Molly should rent a better room. "The one she lived in, he said, 'looked out on a dingy, rickety back yard. Stands to reason,' said Molly, 'it's a bad place for a child, and trucks and things a-moving about in the streets. It makes 'em lively.'"

"The child was more awake now. This change delighted Molly. It never was fruitful. The child would not sleep, and his eyes wide open for hours, without a whimper.

So it went for another week or two. Bill who was always coming and going, when he left New York for a trip up the river, was happy, for the child was bettering fast, so he believed.

It was an October evening when, as the brick sloop was being brought up to the wharf, Bill saw Mr. McGlade, the owner of the big wooden posts of the wharf. Bill was busy with the bawser, but at once he saw that his sister did not have the child in her arms. He looked at her, and she was crying. Bill choked down his grief—he seemed to know at once what had happened. One last look he gave her, and then he was gone. Molly had been afraid to bring the child with her.

"Bill," said Molly, sobbing, "the poor little fellow has gone to heaven. It was last night. He called to me and said: 'Good-night, mudder; good-night, father—now I am going walking in the garden—good-night, now.' Oh, Bill, he had never spoken so long a string of words before—then he played for a moment with a ring on my finger, and then added, 'God bless father and mudder,' and then he looked so lovingly at me, and around the room as if searching for you—and then he died—so quiet, and so peaceful, and so happy on so! It was an accident, and God and his little child have no fault to find with you."

Household Information. Eggs should be cooked either very soft or so hard as to be easily crumbled to a powder. Allow one teaspoonful of tea for each person, and one for the pot. The same for coffee.

The water in which vegetables of a strong odor have been boiling, as beans, cabbage, etc., should not be used for cooking the kitchen sink, for the odor will ascend through the pipes to the very upper stories of the building.

Mosquitoes, flies and other pests will not, it is stated, enter a room in which the castor oil plant is growing; or if they should enter it, they are soon found dead beneath the leaves.

A house at Schenectady was for a long time infested by water bugs. Last fall a servant, hearing that there was an antidote, caught three ordinary hoptoads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

Depth Rather Than Breadth. From the Philadelphia Ledger. Not a few may be named whose small beginnings were made upon the true basis. At every stage in their life progress they did with all their ability what they had to do, and husbanded their resources. Their wealth was the natural accretion of their toil. The extended business came upon them from without, and was not a forced inflation from within. It is a motto for the motto maxim: "Depth rather than breadth."

Why They Fleed. When all of the guests were asleep; and they parted with sweet protestations, that each the appointment would keep. They were punctual, just as a second, and their greeting was soft as a breath; and they sat on a lounge in that parlor, where all was as silent as death.

And they stood in that fashion peculiar to verily under love's charm. She resting her head on his shoulder, and he reclining her waist with his arm. Soon their eyes to the dark grew accustomed, and then they in terror took wing. For they saw in that parlor, four others, engaged in the very same thing.

From the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. A Photographer's Prompt Corollary. A crowd like to see that face," was the remark made by Robert Davies, a traveling photographer from Springfield, Ill., to Miss Stella Stokes, the daughter of a merchant of America, Ga., as he looked at her for the first time through the camera. The lady blushed, and on Thursday consented to come to town with him and get married.

PERSONAL.

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MEDICAL.

OH MY BACK! Every Strain or Cold Attacks that Weak Back and nearly prostrates you.

Brown's IRON BITTERS STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES, STABILIZES THE NERVES, ENRICHES THE BLOOD, GIVES NEW VIGOR.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT. Dr. J. L. Myers, Fairfield, Iowa, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron medicine I have known in my 20 years experience. I have found it especially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitated conditions that bear so heavily on the system. Use it freely in any form, and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

LADIES! HAD BOON—Useful and attractive, containing list of prices for receipts, information about coins, etc., given away by all dealers in medicine, or mailed to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp.

NOTIONS. GREAT REDUCTION AT ASTRICH'S Palace of Fashion, 13 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

Having quite a Large Stock of EMBROIDERED SKIRTING, (45 INCHES WIDE)

on hand, we have made some Large Reductions in the prices of some of them, in order to reduce our stock. Skirtings which were sold at \$1.25 a yard are marked down to 85c. a yard. Skirtings which cost \$1.75 are now sold for \$1.25 a yard, and so on.

The same thing with Allover Embroidery, (22 inches wide), reduced from 75c. to 55c. a yard, from \$1.00 to 75c. a yard, from \$1.50 to \$1.15 a yard, from \$1.25 to 85c. and so forth.

The next thing we have reduced in price is Parasols and Sun Umbrellas. Our stock is not very large, but we prefer selling them at cost prices to carrying them over till next year.

SATIN PARASOLS, silk lined and trimmed in wide Spanish lace, reduced from \$5.00 to \$2.25. A Big Drive in White Pearl Buttons.

500 gross, 15 to 24 lines, fair quality—not pure white, but the next thing to it—at 10c. a card of two dozen. Elegant quality Pure White Pearl Buttons at 7c. to 10c. a dozen.

50 gross Colored Ivory Jersey Wash Buttons at 5c. a dozen. HANKERCHIEFS. 50 gross White Linen Finish Hankerchiefs, large size, hemmed, worth 25c. apiece. We sell them three for 25c.

Black Silk Jersey Mitts, 50c. a Pair. NEW KID GLOVES. OUR OWN FABRICTION. Three Tons, assorted Tans and Brown, very fine quality, 50c. a pair. The same goods in four-button, 52c. a pair.

HOSE. A full line of Infants' Cotton Three-quarter Hose, in plain colored and striped. Men's Unbleached Socks, "super stout," worth 25c. at 30c. a pair.

CHILD'S GAUZE VESTS, All sizes, from 12 1/2c. up. CORSETS. Our "Unbreakable" at 45c. The "R. & C." model shaped; the only Corset of the kind sold for that price—25c.

ASTRICH'S Queensware PALACE OF FASHION, 13 EAST KING STREET. HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY AT LOW PRICES STOVES, HEATERS, RANGES, Coal Oil Lamps and Gas Fixtures, JOHN P.