DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING IN THE YEAR (Sundays Excepted) BY STEINMAN & HENSEL,

INTELLIGENCER BUILDING, S. W. CORNER CENTRE SQUARE, LANCASTER, PA.

DAILY—Ten Cents a Week. Five Dollars a Year or Fifty Cents a Month. Postage Free. ADVERTISEMENTS from Ten to Fifty Cents a Line.

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 Correspondents are requested to write legibly and on one side of the paper only; and to sign their names, not for publication, but in proof of good faith.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

Address all Letters and Telegrams to

THE INTELLIGENCER, LANCASTER, PA.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, AUGUST 20, 1885.

The Civil Service Commission's Way.

When Mr. Hedden became collector of the port of New York, and Mr. Beattie became surveyor, they found the examining board of the local civil service commission packed with Republicans of the most radical and offensive kind. They had been appointed from the force in the office on the recommendation of Collector Robertson, than whom a more bitter partisan has not been developed during recent years.

Abuses of almost every kind were discovered in the custom house as soon as Secretary Manning had time to make even a surface examination. As opportunities permitted a deeper investigation, still more serious frauds were discovered until it was plain that something should be done in the way of rooting out the men under whose administration the evil had been fixed in the public service.

As a result some of the men in the classified service who also held positions on the civil service examining board, were removed from office entirely, while others were taken from the board or resigned. The collector and surveyor, therefore, recommended the names of men for appointment to the vacancies, and the civil service commissioners are now hesitating about naming them. An attempt is thus made by the commissioners to dictate to the officials of the New York custom house in such a way as to work an injury to the service if they are permitted to have their way.

Civil service reform on, the lines laid down by the agitators, will never be worth the paper the bill was written on until under it the members of one party have just as good a chance of securing places as those of the other. Under the present arrangement this is not the case. The classified service was full before the law was passed, and those persons still remain, barring a few deaths and still fewer removals. To be fair all these should be subjected to examination, and to make the system effective or respectable, every member of the commission should be removed and a live, practical man put in his place.

Good News from the South.

All must rejoice at the splendid agricultural and business prospects of the South, as shown by the special reports obtained by the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* from correspondents of Southern trade. It is not the mere rose-colored story of progress, written to draw Northern capital to Southern enterprises; but it is the plain unvarnished tale of how the men who formed the Southern Confederacy have turned their swords into ploughshares and made the wilderness, caused by war's bloody trail, to blossom as the rose. And in this tide of prosperity for the South must float away the last dregs of the bitterness engendered by that strife.

The striking feature of these carefully gathered reports is their general evenness over very wide areas. Not often does it happen that the biggest crops are of finest quality, yet this is the case with the cotton, corn and tobacco for 1885. Wheat will prove the only exception to the rule this year, when the crops are not only the best produced, but are at the same time the largest on record. Then too they have never been raised with less moneyed outlay; and never before have there been so few liens made in advance on growing crops.

South Carolina, which led the movement for secession, will raise about 4,000,000 bushels more of corn, and probably over 300,000 bales of cotton more than in 1884. Georgia adds to last year's corn yield 9,000,000 bushels, its total production being about 40,000,000 bushels this year. This is a gain of more than 15,000,000 bushels over the product of 1883. Taking the whole Southern yields into consideration the commissioner of agriculture estimates that there will be an increase of 50,000,000 bushels in the corn crop of 1885 over that of 1884, while the cotton crop will be the largest ever raised.

This phenomenal prosperity must have its effect on all branches of business in giving them a quickening impulse. Big crops mean money in the pockets of their producers, a good part of which goes to the purchase of supplies, of farm implements, and the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, all of which industries will enter on an era of increased prosperity when the crops are sold. As has already been noted the railroads of South Carolina make their best showing for the past three months, when the Northern roads were all losing money.

The lesson of these facts are so plain that he who runs may read. They mean that the South has put off the old man of the sea from its back and has resolutely turned its face in the direction of progress. It recognizes that the war of the Confederacy was a mammoth error and with grim determination it has set about recovering the ground lost thereby. In its efforts all true Americans must join, for a prosperous South points surely to a prosperous Union.

The Praise Well Deserved.

It is always pleasant for a man who labors earnestly and conscientiously for what he believes to be right to find his conduct approved by intelligent fellow men. For this reason President Cleveland must feel a peculiar gratification at the following warm endorsement of his administration by the Democratic state convention of Iowa, the resolution having been adopted with much enthusiasm:

That in President Cleveland the country has found a man of solid judgment, conscientious integrity, unswerving fidelity, patriotism and courage equal to that of Andrew Jackson, and in his efforts for economy, for the exposure of criminal acts of the Republican party and its officers, for his unflinching firmness in dealing with the cattle kings, for his zeal in behalf of reform, for his efforts to restore the public lands to the settlers, for his efforts to enforce the law against polygamy, and for his constant watchfulness of the public welfare, in such way as to receive the hearty thanks of the Democracy of Iowa, and its unswerving support.

And this praise is as deserved as it is unqualified. During Mr. Cleveland's brief occupancy of the presidential chair, he has won the respect of the country by his firm and tireless hunting down of wrong-doing in official quarters, and in all the fierce light that has beaten against him from opposition journals none have dared to breathe a word against his integrity. It was not so under some of his immediate predecessors' administrations.

IT is belived that when the votes are counted in November Quay's rascality will be as conspicuous as was Blaine's popularity last year.

FORTY YEARS is a big span of journalistic life and the editor of the Gettysburg *Compiler* has good reason to felicitate himself on the good results of that long period of work as manifested in his sterling Democratic paper. Long may the *Compiler* sail, with its present genial editorial hand on the helm!

MANY a curious tale might be told of how well-known books had to float along the tide of literature many weary moons before attracting the attention of the public. "The Story of a Country Town" by E. W. Howe is a good case in point. Its author was and still is the proprietor of the Atchison, Kansas, *Globe*, and in the intervals of a busy newspaper life wrote his book. When finished it was offered successively to Harper & Brothers, of New York, and Osgood & Co. and Roberts Brothers, of Boston, all of whom declined to take the risk of its publication. The author, nothing daunted determined to print it himself, and it was kindly received by the Western press. It could not penetrate the literary crust of the East, until one day Barney McAuley, the actor, picked up the book in one of his Western tours. He was attracted by its odd appearance. It was printed in minion type and looked different from ordinary books. He thrust it into his bag and on his way East, having nothing to do, he took it out and read it. He was greatly interested and when he reached New York handed it over to a member of the *World's* staff. Then followed a lengthy and critical notice and the book began to boom. It is curiously illustrative of the ups and downs of life that at that time McAuley was in the zenith of his prosperity while Howe was unknown to fame. Now Howe is off for a two months' European trip, while his accidental savior, the genial comedian, has fallen by the wayside a victim of strong drink.

WITH the Chicago and St. Louis base ball clubs in the lead in their respective associations and the horse, Freeland, champion of the West, victorious over Miss Woodford in the great race at Monmouth park on Tuesday, Western boasters have a good foundation to stand upon.

AUSTIN DOBSON has just published the following bit of verse:

VICTOR HUGO.

He set the trumpet to his lips, and lo!
The clash of waves, the roar of winds that blow,
The strife and stress of Nature's warring things,
Rose like a storm-cloud, upon angry wings.

He set the reed-pipe to his lips, and lo!
The wreck of landscape took a rosy glow,
And Life, and Love, and gladness that Love brings,
Laughed in the music—like a child that sings.

Master of each—Arch-Master! We that still
Wait in the verge and outskirt of the Hill
Look upward lonely—lonely to the height
Where thou hast climbed, for ever, out of sight.

BARBIERE'S successor in the Philadelphia pension office turns out a common impostor, though he had the highest recommendations. The names of his backers should be published.

CIVILIZED nations, generally, have adopted hanging as the quickest and most merciful means of getting rid of criminals who have been condemned to die. Death by fire has been long ago relegated to barbaric tribes and the guillotine has well nigh gone out of use. Many have contended that death by strangulation on the scaffold is as painless as forcible separation of the soul from the body can be made. This theory has gained strength from the fact that many cases of suicide are not completely suspended, and that if they wished they could easily relieve the constriction by assuming the erect posture; and in other instances of recovery from attempted suicide by hanging there is no recollection of suffering. Dr. James Barr, however, takes a contrary view of the question. He says: It should be remembered that there is a great difference between the mental attitude of the suicide and one who is about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The loss of recollection of suffering does not prove that there was none. It might almost as well be said that, because often after recovery from meningitis there was no remembrance of any suffering, therefore there was none. Whatever the status of the question, the investigation of it can in no way be fruitful. None know the horors of strangulation save those who have gone through it, and they will never tell. It would be a blessed consummation if hanging, too, could be buried in the barbaric past.

HURRAH for the Joneses! Sam, Aquilla and Becky are making a big impress on the present generation. The Smiths will need to rise very early to get within speaking distance of them.

AN OLD-TIME SWINDLE.

How a Franklin County Farmer Was Robbed of Over a Thousand Dollars.

On Saturday a well-dressed stranger called upon Samuel Shank, a wealthy farmer residing in Guilford township, Franklin county, and said that he desired to purchase a farm and inquired whether Shank had not advertised his for sale. Being informed in the affirmative, the stranger requested to be shown over the place and expressed himself as being pleased with the property. On Saturday the same man, in company with another stranger, visited Shank. They represented themselves as agents for a sister-in-law and stated that they would call on Tuesday and purchase the farm Tuesday morning these two and still another stranger made their appearance at the farm, carrying a small satchel, which upon opening, displayed greenbacks in large rolls. The men requested Shank to put up $1,200 as a penalty of forfeit against withdrawing from the consummation of the sale and that the money should be placed in the hands of one of Shank's neighbors. As Shank did not have that sum in the house he, in company with one of the strangers, came to Chambersburg and drew the money out of bank. As they were returning, when within a mile of the farm, they were met in a lonely woods by the other two men, who said they had become tired waiting and thought they would walk out to meet them. Suddenly one of them pulled a pistol, and covering Shank, demanded the $1,200, which was handed over. The robbers then cautioned Shank about following them and escaped. The robbery took place at four o'clock, in broad daylight. The money contained in the satchel is supposed to have been counterfeit.

More Pity Than Poetry In It.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

Scene—Prospect street. Two Irishmen scraping and cleaning up the street.

"McGinty, it looks loike rain."

"Let's sit down Mike. Be jabers it might rain, and we'd be doin' this worruk for nothing."

REMORSELESSLY CRUSHED.

Somers Bradley stepped into the large dry goods house of Smith & Gruitz to match worsted.

He was a young man blessed (he didn't call it blessed) with an endless lot of feminine cousins. He was always being sent to match something, and he felt that the fates were against him.

It may here be well to remark that his relatives were all on the shady side of 30 and undeniably plain. Somers himself was a tall, slender fellow of some 25, of the blonde type and an athlete. He had broken two fingers playing base ball, otherwise his hands were perfect.

His heart was in the right place, by which I mean that it was large and had not yet been captured. His ideal of feminine perfection was a dark and brilliant brunette.

He had never met his her. He sauntered leisurely along, of course, not having the least idea where the worsted counter was (for in spite of his "confounded experience" he invariably forgot), but having plenty of time and being ashamed to ask he determined to walk until he saw it.

He glanced up and a staring handkerchief sign caught his eye. He remembered he needed some new ones and quickened his walk toward it.

Standing a counter away, examining some fancy lace mouchoirs, stood the "she."

She was what Bradley mentally remarked "splendidly regal."

A woman would have called her dress loud, but the masculine mind designated it as "stunning."

Her eyes were gloriously black and languishing; rather too languishing as she saw the handsome young fellow staring at her with admiration. Her figure was fine and her dress glove-fitting.

Somers was not particularly in the habit of buying Duchesse handkerchiefs, but he suddenly remembered that "Louise was a good old girl," (Louise was the oldest and homeliest of his cousins,) and certainly a glance from those glorious orbs was well worth the price of the bit of lace.

He was not poor and always flirted liberally.

He walked up to the counter near her and was glaring about, wondering "what in thunder he should say," when, ah, cruel fate! the divinity calmly sauntered away.

As she turned, the corner of her visite swept to the floor a handkerchief.

"Her own," thought the benighted youth; and fortunately, having sense enough left to glance around to observe if any one was looking, and seeing no one was, he stooped and picked it up.

On one corner, in faint letters, were the initials "P. L."

"By jove," muttered he, "I'm in luck. I'll lay ten to one it's that bewitching niece of Mrs. Emery's. That Pauline Lombard. Cad said she had stunning eyes."

Cad was his sister, and had remarked that Miss Lombard's eyes were just perfectly elegant.

In an instant, still with his find in his hand, he had formed this supremely delightful vision.

Some pleasant afternoon, when calling on Mrs. Emery, the radiant vision, which a moment stood at his side, would glide into the room and be introduced. Then some evening, at one of her aunt's delightful theatre parties, the beautiful Pauline's head would be near his own, while she was running down the prima donna's beauty, and he might contrive to slip a note into her bouquet, which, of course, he would be holding.

And then a dimly lit conservatory, the scent of heliotrope and those eyes would do the business, and at last the wondering Somers would reach the state of being "settled," so ardently longed for by his fond relations.

All this (the thought of her possible refusal never entered his head) and a thousand details hovered around the brain of the smitten youth.

He walked along regarding the bit of cambric in his hand with a smile of tenderness, not to say idiocy.

One of the clerks, regarding him, remarked to his neighbor in a scornful whisper, "Cracked, slightly."

Bradley heard the whisper, roused himself and darted a look of the most disgusted and crushing quality at his scoffer, when a panting noise and the clicking of those "wretched heel-plates which he did wish shop girls wouldn't wear," and the girl who had waited on the "daughter of the gods" exclaimed in frightened accents:

"Oh, if you please, sir, No. 5 said you picked up one of the unsorted handkerchiefs, and was carrying it away. I wasn't noticing—"

And seeing the puzzled look on his face, she inwardly echoed the uncrushable clerk's verdict.

"Well, well!" ejaculated the astonished young man. "I thought it belonged to the lady standing there, her initials are on it; the one with the black eyes, you know. I—er—I—I was about to take it to her."

He had chosen a singularly slow space by which to accomplish his errand of mercy; but he didn't think of that. The shop girl did.

He handed the innocent cause of all this trouble to the girl, who glanced at the "initials" and smiled, in fact, she smiled a great deal.

"Oh, sir, the P. L. stands for 'pure linen.' It belonged to the unsorted pile. The lady was Mrs Flarrety, the brewer's wife, I——."

But the remainder of her explanation was lost on the unfortunate Bradley, who becoming angrily aware of the staring and tittering clerks, hastily decamped, leaving behind him the general impression that he was either a kleptomaniac or a trifle loony.

For months he avoided the store of Smith & Gruitz as if it were an unpaid tailor, and when he finally did return he acquired a knack of dodging in a side door and making straight for the worsted counter, hurrying through his purchases and shooting out again.

His cousin Louise (who, by the way never got that lace handkerchief) remarks that Som doesn't "harmonize" the shades nearly as well as he used to.

He flattered himself that the story had not got round the store until one day the pretty sales girl snatched her handkerchief from the counter, when it was lying near his hand, and looked at him roguishly from a pair of brown eyes.

Since then the worsted counter had lost a fairly liberal patron.

That look was the last straw.—*From the Boston Globe.*

A Locomotive Run by a Rattlesnake.

Nashville Dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Henry Andrews, an old engineer on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway, tells an interesting story about the capture of his engine when he was "pulling" a passenger train. His engine was 56, and he pulled out of Nashville with a full train of passengers bound for Chattanooga. At Stevenson, Ala., they stopped to wood up, which they had to carry in their arms. They started again, and just before reaching Anderson station Jim Wilson, the fireman, who had turned around to get some wood, sung out, "Great Scott! Look at that rattler!" "I jumped," said the engineer, "as he uttered the words, and, to my horror, saw a tremendous rattlesnake climbing down from the tender with half his body over the platform. My hair commenced to crowd my cap off my head, and for to say I was scared doesn't begin to express it. Jim gave a yell, and when I looked around two seconds later to see what he was doing, I saw the rattler crawling into the cab. But Jim was nowhere to be seen. He had just left me. I pulled back the throttle and leaped over the snake which rattled as I made the jump, and landed in the tender. Standing on a log, I watched that snake take possession of the cab, which he did without any ceremony. The steam was not completely shut off, and knowing that the train full of passengers was at the mercy of the snake, I started back toward the hab with a stick in my hand, when the rattler, hearing the noise I made, elevated his tail and rattled in a mighty lively fashion. That settled it. By this time we had crossed the mountain and were sailing along pretty lively. No. 6 was waiting for us at Stevenson, and I knew that if that snake ran the engine till we got there the coroner of the town would be kept busy for a week. Crawling over the tender and making my way into the postal car, I hurriedly told my story to Charles Henderson, the messenger, and then to Frank Armstrong, the expressman. We held a hasty consultation, and determined that something had to be done, and done quickly. The train was moving along lively, and the thought of No. 6 at Stevenson made us fairly wild. Arming ourselves with pistols, furnished by the postal expressman, we carefully crept out to the tender, and, looking into the cab, saw that doggoned rattler stretched out on the board by the window. Well, it didn't take more than three seconds for us to put three bullet into his carcass. They struck him so quickly and so thoroughly that before he could get a chance to rattle he was as dead as Hector. Grabbing a stick, I jumped into the cab, threw the snake out of it and got hold of that throttle. Well, to make a long story short, I landed old '56' on time at Stevenson; and strange to say, the first fellow I saw was the coroner, but, thank heaven, there weren't any inquest for him to hold."

"LATE WITH."

An Interesting Judicial Decision in New York on the Much-Used Term.

From the New York Herald.

It is a very common practice for a man starting in business to announce himself on his sign and business cards as "late with" so and so, his former employer. Has a person any right to do this? Can he be prevented by legal means from so using the name of his former employer?

An opinion on this novel and interesting question has just been rendered by Judge Westbrook, of the supreme court in this state. A jeweler who had been employed in a jewelry store opened a shop of his own in the same town. On his sign and business cards he used the words "late with James P. Van Wyck." The latter complained that the effect of this announcement would be to take away his customers and injure his business. There was no allegation of fraud. Judge Westbrook holds that the defendant had no right to make such use of the name of his former employer. He says: "Nothing is more completely the property of a man than his name. No person can use it without the owner's consent. The use of the plaintiff's name to make conspicuous the rival business and name of the defendant is a clear violation of the property rights of the plaintiff."

Judge Westbrook does not cite any authority or precedent in support of this view. He reaches his conclusion by reasoning. We think the conclusion wrong and the reasoning unsound. When a person has been for a long or a considerable time in the service of a business house or firm widely and favorably known, that fact raises a presumption of his capacity to carry on the same business for himself. It is a fact which, in the absence of fraud or unfair dealing, he has a right to announce to the public. In music or art it would seem ridiculous to deny to a person the right truthfully to represent himself or herself as the pupil of a well-known teacher or artist. The principle is the same in business.

This view of the law has been taken by our court of appeals. A firm of dentists dissolved partnership. One continued business in the same place, the other opened another office. The court of appeals held that the former had no right to represent himself as successor to the late firm, since such was not the fact. "But," said the court, "he may lawfully describe himself as formerly or late of that firm. He would thus state simply a fact belonging to his own life, as much so as if he were to give the time and place of his birth, the name of his father or instructor or the college from which he graduated. All this might be done in good faith."

Unharmed by Thronging Sharks.

Trinidad Letter to the Pittsburg Dispatch.

When a whale is captured off the Bocas, the blowing of horns heralds its approach to one of the whaling stations in the islands of the Bocas. We at once determined to follow the whaling boat which we soon saw rounding a point, rowed by eight vigorous whalemen, and towing a huge shapeless mass. The capture of a whale off the coast of Trinidad is altogether different from an occurrence of the same kind in Northern and Arctic regions, owing to the swarming of countless sharks about the defunct monster and their ferocious attacks on his carcass. We followed in the wake of the whaleboat and quite close to the whale. Already the sharks, with an instinct rivalling that of carrion birds, were gathering round their prey and increasing in numbers every moment. We reached Monon, another island in the Bocas, and there at the whaling station, situated at a flat point on shallow water, the lifeless whale was hauled in close to the shore. Now began the work of cutting up the whale, and carrying the blubber masses to the cauldrons. At this stage the sharks actually grew frantic, and would jump out of the water to seize on some piece of blubber they thought within reach. These otherwise dangerous fishes are, on an occasion of this kind, perfectly harmless to man, and this is well known to the whalemen. One of them having dropped his knife in the water, dived to recover it in the shallow water, and was not unmolested by the swarming monsters, whom he almost touched at every movement. Numbers of sharks are also harpooned with the greatest facility on these occasions, and the oil which is obtained from their livers, is said to be superior to cod liver oil in therapeutic properties.

PERSONAL.

THE Grant monument fund in New York amounts to $45,125.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S story, "Ben Hur," paid him $3,200 last year in royalties.

GOV. PATTISON, of Pennsylvania, and family are now at Rehoboth Beach, Del., where are also Govs. Stockley, of Delaware, and Lloyd, of Maryland, the former of whom called on Gov. Pattison on Sunday.

REV. DR. FARRAR, Archbishop of Westminster, will deliver three lectures in New York, the time and place to be named later. Dr. Farrar will arrive in this country in the course of a few weeks The archdeacon will be accompanied by two friends, the venerable Archdeacon Visey and a brother of Jean Ingelow. Cannon Farrar's object is to see the country and visit some friends.

FRANK HATTON says that when Bob Burdette commenced on the Burlington *Hawkeye* he was addicted to long sketches, which were positively beautiful, but unsuited by their length for daily newspaper columns. Burdette was aware that his work was meritorious, and it annoyed him because he wasn't quoted. Hatton finally told him what the trouble was. "Your sketches are too long," said he. "Cut them down one-half, do more paragraphing, and you will find your work copied all over the country." Burdette followed this advice, and in less than six months he had the satisfaction of seeing himself the best-quoted writer in America.

THE PRETTY SCHOOLMARM.

'Tis now that the school ma'am begins to remember
She's drawing quite near to the month of September,
And having enjoyed herself through the vacation,
She views its conclusion with much tribulation.
She feel so much happier, healthier, stronger,
She wishes the season would last a month longer,
And the urchins, who sit on the wharf catching fishes,
No doubt, when they think of it, echo her wishes.

—*From the Boston Courier.*

She Said, No! Never!!

"Not even to save herself from an involuntary trip to the cold graveyard, would she transgress her life-long principles of total abstinence from everything alcoholic." This was the heroic position of a prominent Maine lady in her unreasonable devotion to noble purposes, while hovering on the verge of the etherial world with consumption. Her friends and physician were consequently compelled to conceal the prescription used with DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, which saved her life, in various harmless ways, until the waste of tissues and respiratory organs could be arrested and the patient started anew in the race of life. With rosy health and cheerful smile she now confesses that the "end (sometimes) justifies the means," and has joined the great army of successful doctors in advocating a ready supply of this article in every household. All reliable druggists and grocers will supply it.

Dr. Blecken, of Minneapolis, says: "I shall use Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy in dropsy and kidney disease hereafter."

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says: "Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy has cured my wife of dropsy in its worst form. au17-1wdeod&w

The Iron Interests.

Whether we should finally decide on Protection or Free Trade in iron may make considerable difference to the capitalists and iron workers. To the person who suffers from debility and languor the most important question is as to the proper amount of iron in the blood. If this is not present there will be misery, faintness, weakness and wretchedness. The only reliable iron preparation for the blood is Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches, strengthens and renews the whole system. Every reputable druggist keeps this prince of tonics and sells it at a dollar a bottle.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

North Pole Expeditions,

Prize fights, lotteries, walking matches, and balloon ascensions are usually humbugs of the worst sort. *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is not a humbug. It is a quick cure for aches and sprains, and is just as good for a lameness. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

CHAMPAGNE.

BOUCHE "SEC."

THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE WINE NOW IMPORTED.

AT REIGART'S OLD WINE STORE, No. 29 EAST KING STREET.

H. E. SLAYMAKER, Agt.

Established, 1785. feb17-tfd

MEDICAL.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to the sex, should try

Brown's Iron Bitters,

THE BEST TONIC.

Trade Mark

QUALITY, PURITY—NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

Clears the complexion and makes the skin smooth.

It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BAIRD, 74 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 26, 1881:

"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness ladies have in life. Also cured me of Liver Complaint, and now my complexion is clear and good. Has been beneficial to my children."

Genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER. Made only by

BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

LADIES' HAND BOOK—Useful and attractive, containing list of prizes for receipts, information about coins, etc., given away by all dealers in medicine, or mailed to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp. (3)

CLOTHING.

FINE TAILORING.

1885. SPRING 1885.

H. GERHART,

FINE TAILORING.

The Largest and Choicest Assortment of

FINE WOOLENS

IN THE CITY OF LANCASTER.

All the Latest Novelties in

FANCY SUITING.

A CHOICE LINE OF

SPRING OVERCOATING.

THE VERY BEST WORKMANSHIP.

Prices to suit all and all goods warranted as represented at his new store,

No. 43 North Queen St.

(OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE.)

H. GERHART.

MYERS & RATHVON.

Suits to Order

FOR THE

HOT SEASON!!

Thirty Different Styles

—OF—

SERGES

IN OUR STOCK, IN ALL THE

POPULAR COLORS AND SHADES.

MARKED FROM THEIR ORIGINAL PRICE TO VERY LOW FIGURES.

SERGES IN BLUE, GRAYS, BROWNS, BLACK, PLUM, WINE, GREENS, DRAB, FAWN AND WHITE.

WHITE & FIGURED DUCKS.

For Vesting for Evening Wear.

PONGEES AND SEERSUCKERS FOR EVENING WEAR.

MYERS & RATHFON,

LEADING CLOTHIERS,

NO. 12 EAST KING STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

OUR PRICES FOR

SUMMER GOODS

LEAD THE MARKET.

Reduction Price List of Men's, Boys' and Children's

CLOTHING.

THIN COATS at 40c.

SEERSUCKER COATS and VESTS from $1.25 up.

Better SEERSUCKERS at $1.75.

MEN'S BUSINESS SUITS at $4.50, $5.00, $6.00, and $7.00.

MEN'S DRESS SUITS at $8.00, $10.00, $12.00 and $14.00.

MEN'S BUSINESS PANTS at 75c.

MEN'S ALL-WOOL CASSIMERE PANTS at $2.00, $3.50 and $3.00.

BOY'S SUITS at $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 up to $9.00.

CHILDREN'S SUITS from $1.25 upwards.

Custom Department.

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

ALL-WOOL PANTS to order at $3.00, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00.

The place to trade is where you can get the most for your money, and where you can have the largest variety to select from.

L. GANSMAN & BRO.,

THE FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,

Nos. 66-68 NORTH QUEEN ST.,

(Right on the Southwest Cor. of Orange Street,)

LANCASTER, PA.

Open Eve until six o'clock, Saturday until 10 o'clock. Not connected with any other clothing house in the city.

CALL AT REIGART'S OLD WINE STORE

—FOR—

Liston's Extract of Beef.

FINEST IN THE WORLD.

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

MADEIRA AND SHERRY WINES

—AT—

Reigart's Old Wine Store.

H. E. SLAYMAKER, AGENT, No. 29 EAST KING STREET.

Established 1785. feb17-tfd

DRY GOODS.

SUMMER CLOTHING.

HAGER & BROTHER.

LIGHT-WEIGHT

SUMMER CLOTHING

READY-MADE.

Cassimere Suits, Linen Suits, Pongee Coats and Vests, Alpaca Coats, Plaid Linen Pants, Corkscrew Suits, Serge Coats and Vests, Seersucker Coats and Vests, White Vests, Fancy Vests, Linen Dusters, Mohair Dusters, &c., &c., &c.

Furnishing Goods.

Summer Neckwear, Gauze Underwear, Fancy Flannel Shirts, Balbriggan Underwear, Half-Hose, White Shirts, Feather-Weight Drawers, &c.

HAGER & BROTHER,

25 WEST KING STREET.

CHEAP STORE.

Carpets and Mattings,

—AT—

METZGER & HAUGHMAN'S

FROM LATE AUCTION SALES AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Mattings, Carpets, Carpets, Mattings, Mattings, Carpets, Carpets, Mattings, Mattings, Carpets.

Also, LARGE LOT OF

WHITE COUNTERPANES,

From the late Great Auction Sale in New York, at 65c., 75c., $1.00 and up to $5.00. You will s GOOD BARGAINS at

Metzger & Haughman's Cheap Store

43 WEST KING ST., LANCASTER, PA.

Between the Cooper House and Sorrel Horse Hotel.

NEXT DOOR TO THE COURT HOUSE.

FAHNESTOCK'S.

SEVERAL SPECIAL LOTS

BLACK SILKS! - - - BLACK SILKS

JUST OPENED, at $1.00, $1.12, $1.25 and $1.50. Decidedly the Best Silks for the money ev offered. Also LUPIN'S BLACK CASHMERE and HENRIETTA CLOTHS for Mourning Purpose Full Lines at All Prices. Also LUPIN'S BLACK CASHMERE SHAWLS Double and Single.

Jerseys! Jerseys!! Jerseys!!!

At 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, up.

R. E. FAHNESTOCK,

Next Door to the Court House, Lancaster, Pa.

BOWERS & HURST,

26 and 28 North Queen Street.

LADIES—We call Special Attention to an Immense Lot of LADIES' BLACK COTTON HOSE just received, which we offer at 25c. a pair. This is not more than half price for them.

LADIES' BALBRIGGAN HOSE—We have a bargain to offer in them at 25c. a pair. Our UNBLEACHED CANTON FLANNELS at 5c., 6¼c., 8c., 10c. and 12½c. are said to be the best that are offered for the money and are selling very fast.

BLEACHED MUSLINS at Low Prices. UNBLEACHED MUSLINS at Low Prices. New Stock of WHITE, RED and GREY FLANNELS at Low Prices. Bargains in QUILTS, COMFORTS and BLANKETS. Don't forget our BLACK CASHMERES and BLACK SILKS; we are offering them low. Our 50c. WHITE MUSLIN SHIRT takes the lead and are selling fast. Try them.

BOWERS & HURST,

NOS. 26 and 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET. - - Lancaster, Pa.

CLOCKS, MIRRORS AND BRONZES.

H. Z. RHOADS.

The Reduction of Prices by Manufacturers has Reached All Grades of Jewelers' Wares, and we invite the public to an examination of our prices which, with the quality of goods, will be found unrivaled.

The Graceful Patterns of Goods produced this season, and their Low Cost, will surprise buyers. TINY WATCHES IN GOLD, SILVER OR NICKLE and QUEEN CHAINS to be worn with them.

OXYDIZED SILVER IN GREAT VARIETY. STERLING SILVER HAIR PINS SET WITH BRILLIANT STONES, and SILVER AND GOLD RIBBON PINS. DIAMONDS are much in demand because THEY ARE CHEAPER THAN USUAL.

You are invited to bring your BROKEN WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY to be Repaired, Cleaned and made as good as new.

H. Z. RHOADS,

LANCASTER, PA. No. 4 West King Street.

Repairing of Fine Complicated Watches and Musical Boxes by Skillful Workmen.

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

SHIRK'S CARPET HALL.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

REOPENING OF

SHIRK'S CARPET HALL.

We are now prepared to show the trade the Largest and Best Selected Line of Carpets ever exhibited in this city. WILTONS, VELVETS, all the Trading Makes of BODY AND TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, All-Wool and Cotton Chain EXTRA SUPERS, and all qualities of INGRAIN CARPETS, DAMASK and VENETIAN CARPETS. RAG and CHAIN CARPETS of our own manufacture a specialty. Special Attention paid to the Manufacture of CUSTOM CARPETS. Also a Full Line of OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, WINDOW SHADES, COVERLETS, &c.

—AT—

SHIRK'S CARPET HALL,

Cor. West King and Water Sts., Lancaster, Pa. feb23-2mds&w

BOOKS.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

JOHN BAER'S SONS,

OFFER AT LOWEST PRICES,

Blank Books, Writing Papers, Envelopes, Writing Fluids and Inks,

HOLLAND'S GOLD PENS,

Steel Pens, Lead Pencils, Pocket Books, Bill Books, Letter Books, and an Assortment of Fine and Staple Stationery.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BOOK.

NOS. 15 and 17 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PA.