# . Higginbotham's Catastrophe.

Whitmaist Hawthorne.

A young Sellow, a tobacco-peddler by trade, to be way from Morristown, where he dealt largely with the deacon of the Baher settlement, to the village of Parkor's falls, on Salmon river. He had a nest little mrt, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side pauel, and an Indian shlef, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-talls, on the rear. The poddler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of stocklent character, seen at a bargain, but seen the worse liked by the Yankees; who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one.

Rescality was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock; knowing well that the court by presents of the best smoking toof New England are gener-

beco in his stock; knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the peddler was inquisitive, and something of a lattier, always itching to hear the news, and smalous to tell it sagain.

After an early breakfast at Morristown the tokeco-peddler, whose name; was Dominicus Pike, had traveled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar with a sunglass, he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the toot of which the peddler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and traveled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes and answered, rather sullenty, that he did not come from Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveler—who was an ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet, in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heatate a little, as if he was allowed to heat a little

was an ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet, in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the eart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud and no other mortal would have heard him.

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbothsm, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his bead when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The peddler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines and a great deal of pigtail, lady's twist and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots to travel at such a rate.

"Hi news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow one, but to be hired to go express

The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the president's message."

The difficulty was solved, by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spaiish wrappers among at least twenty horrified andiences. He found himself invariably the audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clear of his to whom bombines added of his to whom homistone stated. clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the or-chard about nightfall with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting, what the peddler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vise. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school at kimbaliton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, bominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated

lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospet. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before and was now seated in a corner smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco-smoke the peddler had ever smelt.

Will you make affidavit," demanded he "Will you make affidavit," demanded he in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham, of Kimbaliton, was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear tree yesterday morning?"
"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt clgar; "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

murdered exactly in that way."
"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "But I can take mine," said the farmer,
"that if Squire Higginbothan was murdered
inght before last, I drank a glass of bitters
with his ghost this morning. Being a
neighbor of mine, he called me into his store,
as I was riding by, and treated me, and then
saked me to do a little business for him on
the road. He didn't seem to know any more
about his own murder than I did." about his own murder than I did."
"Why, then it can't be a fact!" exclaimed

Dominicus Pike.
"I guess he'd have mentioned it, if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The peddier had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin-andwater and went to bed, where, all night long he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox team, light wagon, chalse, horseman nor foot traveler till, just as he crossed Salmon river, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the peddler, reining in his mare 111.

bridge with a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the peddler, reining in his mare, "If you come from Kimbalton or that neighborhood maybe you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:

"No! no! There was no colored man! It was an irishman that hanged him last night at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the peddier's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus

stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had forstold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse was not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at about thirty miles distance, to know that he was hanging in the orenard agreements as he had hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimbaliton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambiguous cir-cumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising

terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; store a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the peddler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; But I should hate to have him come to life a second time and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton factories and a siliting mill

as three cotton factories and a stitting milt can make it. The machinery was not in mo-tion and but a few of the shop-doors un-barred when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first husiness to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it was per-petrated by an Irishman and a mulatta, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did be roless to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused. The story ran through the town like fire

among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk that notody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginboth-am was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill and a considerable stock-holder in the cotton factories. The inhabit-ants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement that the Parker's Falls Gozette anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals, and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGIN BOTHAM! Among other dreadful details the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet like-wise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The select men held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, de-termined to issue handbills, offering a re-ward of five hundred dollars for the apprenension of his murderers and the re-

Meanwhile the whole population of Par-ker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mis-tresses of boarding-houses, factory-girls, mill-men and school-boys rushed into the street and kept up such a terrible loquacity as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din, out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimety ghost would have exulted in this turnuit. Our friend Do-minious, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the intended precatitions, and inconting on the town pump, amounced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher, when the mail-stage drove into the village street. It had traveled all night and must have stiffed howers at Kimbalton at must have shifted horses at Kimbaliton at

three in the morning.
" Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.
The coach rumbled up to the plazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own busi-ness till then be now left it at sixes and sevens to hear the news. The peddler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled to both of whom had been startled from a com-fortable map to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assatling them with

separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady,
"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higgin-botham!" bawled the mon, "What is the coroner's verdict." Are the murderers ap-prehended? Is Mr. Higgin-botham's mece ome out of her fainting his

botham! Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word, except to awear awfully at the ostler for not bringing blm a tresh team of horses. The lawyer in side had generally his wits about him, even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the exchement, was to produce a large red pocket-book. Meantime Dominicus Pike, teing an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a temale tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a line, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a botton, and had such a sweet pretty mouth that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer to the shop-keepers, the multimen and the factory-girls, "I can assure you that some unaecountable mistake, or, more probably, wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to it unaccountative mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginootham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimbailton at three o'clock this morning and most certainly should have been informed of the murder had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own and leaving as the market. trated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higgintsotham's own oral testimony in the negative. Here is a note, relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from the gentleman him-self. I find it dated at ten o'clock last even-

So saying the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irretragably proved, either that this percense Mr. Higgin-botham was alive when he wrote it, or—as some deemed the more probable case of two doubtful ones—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evi dence was forthcoming. The yearng lady, after listening to the pesidler's explanation, morely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern-door, making a modest signal

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Hig-ginbotham's niece." ginbotham's niece."

A wendering murmur passed through the crowd on beholding her so resy and bright; the same unhappy niece whem they had supposed, on the authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd feitows had doubted all slong whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

of a rich old uncle. "You see," continued Miss Higginbotham with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe in the strange of the strange of the strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe in the strange of the lieve I may affirm it to be equally so, in re-gard to my dear Unde Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a bome in his has the kindness to give me a bome in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kintualion this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncie, when he heard me on the sairs, called me to his bedside and gave me two collars and titly contribute to have my state tree. called me to his bedside and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage fare and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook bands with me and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and well worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be presenteres of the constraints. worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the state. But a stranger would have suppresed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Palls, and that a thanhisgiving had been proclaimed for his murder, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on learning their mistake. The mill men resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rad, or refresh him with an ablution at the town-pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbative of the peace of the common wealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalt. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the school-boys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits

and mud-holes. As he turned his head to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higgin-botham's niece a tall of the consistence of hasty-pudding hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like nithy missiles that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened abus-tion at the town-pump; for, though nor meant in kindness, it would now have been

meant in Kindle, a deed of charity, However, the sun shone bright on po-months and smaller of s However, the sun shone bright on post Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of unobserved approbrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could be re-train from a hearty laugh at the uprost which his story had excited. The handbills of the selections a solid life. of the selectmen would cause the commit-ment of all the vagabonds in the state; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida. and perhaps from an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would trem-ble for his money-bags and life on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The peddler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young school-mistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls. Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to

isit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morris lown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was as tonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corrobo rate the story of the first traveler it might now have been considered as a heax; bu the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When to this singular combination of incidents, i to this singular combination of incidents, i was added that the rumor tallied exactly Mr. Higginbotham's character an habits of life; and that he had an orchard and a St. Michael's pear tree, near which he always passed at nightfall; the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Domi nions doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's di-rect testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautions inquiries along the road, the peddler further learned that Mr. Higginotham had in his service an Irishman of oubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of

"May 1 be hauged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higgin-botham is unhanged till I see him with my own eyes and hear it from his own mouth And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the min ister or some other responsible man for a

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this His little mare was fast bringing him ip with a man on horseback, who trotted brough the gate a lew rods in advance of tim, nodded to the toil-gatherer and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was nainted with the tollman, and while mak-

quanted with the tolinan, and while making change, the usual romarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the peddler, throwing back his whip-lash to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer, "He

within a day or two ?"
"Yes," answered the toil gatherer. "He
passed the gate just before you drove up,
and yonder he rities now, if you can see him
through the dusk. He's been to Woodheld
this afternoon attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night he nodded—as if to say, 'Charge my toil'—and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock.'

be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus

"I never saw a man look so yellow and
thin as the squire does," continued the tollgatherer. "Says I to myself to-night he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood." The peddler strained his eyes through the

twilight and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham : but through the evening shadows and smid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial, as if the shape of the mysterious old man was taintly monided of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered. "Mr. Higginbotham has come back from

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought in.

He shook the reigns and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reach-ing this point, the peddler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his eft were a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood lot, beyond which lay an or-chard, farther still a mowing field, and last of all a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stool beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimbaliton turn-pike. Dominicus knew the place; and the

ttle mare atopped short by instinct : for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Mi-chael's pear tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate-post and ran along the green path of the wood lot as if Old Nick were hasing behind. Just then the village clock oiled eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominious gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk account old contorted trunk across the path and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot, But something seemed to struggle beneath

The peddler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occu-pation, nor could be account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, how-ever, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the but end of his whip, and found-not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree, but trembling be-neath it, with a halter round his neck—the old, identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham! said Dominicus, tramulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Hig-ginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a cham-pion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the

erson of Dominicus Pike. It only remains to say that Mr. Higginbothom took the peddier into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty school-mistress and settled the whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which poles. istian death, in bed, since which melan boly event Dominicus Pike has removed rom Kimballton and established a large to

## EASTER

Rise flowers, arise, Out of your weary prison Open your joyful eyes.

Come in your virgin glory Your stainless lips prepare

To sing His story. Rose that bath borne His name, On hills of Sharon springing. Open your heart of flame ! Arise with singing !

Flower with the passion-cross That quivers on your hor Tell of our Lenten loss ! All in the dust of earth.

Hear in your dreaming Shout for the glad new birth Easter is be-Hear ye its angel choir Exulting o'er us; Creatures of earth, aspire! Join the loud chorus!

Rise every mortal voice, Praise Him with singing Sea, earth, and sky rejoice Set joy bells ringing

Death is forever dead. Broken its prison. Lo! from the tomb our Head, Christ hath arisen! -Rose Terry Cooke.

## HERE AND THERE.

An old gentleman who has lived through three generations of American history, who was born before the century, whose public associations and memory of great events run from Jackson to Cleveland, told me the other day that one of the brightest and most capable three women he had ever met was the wife of Covernor Snyder. She was the daughter of that Matthias Slough, who for nany years kept the Swan tavern, and, himself made a good deal of our local history-his father Jacob Slough built the Swan is 1754 and Matthias succeeded to it shortly afterwards; he was an assistant burgess early in the history of the city; as coroner he held the inquest over the Indians massicred by the Paxton boys; he commanded a battalion in the Revolution, on the right side, served in the legislature 1775-83 and died at the state capital just as the guns of our second war with Great Britain began to thunder. My informant called attention to the fact that after the war for independence good many of the American officers went tavern keeping. Their estates were mostly wasted and their business broken up. This calling did not require much capital and they made rather interesting and popular landlords. Their families kept good social position; their guests were the first men of he country and many a match was made between the transient guest and the land lord's comely daughter. Hence exalted drains of the American aristocracy.

I have read with a great deal of interest Major H. Kyd Pouglas' address before the Lowell Institute of Boston upon "The southern Volunteers." It was received with meh favor and its author had great social atentions while at the metropolis of New Eng-and and the Hub of the Universe. This peech is not a panegyric on the Confederate army or the Secession cause; nor is it the weakens the Southern style. It is a manly frank, honest historical sketch, telling many things the true Northern soldier would be glad to hear and profited to know. The Descration day orators are running pretty dreadfully worn and thread-bare. I wonder that some Northern post of the G. A. R. hosn't invited Douglas to come and make this speech for it. I cherish the hope we ancastrians may have a chance to hear it.

eldom. Easter comes so near the May day But what could be lovelier and more fitting than the concurrence of nature's resurrection with the great Christian festival? When die the country look lovelier? Whoever has been out through it the past week has seen such a bursting forth of nature as makes the blood course through the veins with new and passionate impulse. The buds are springing pleasem have evertaken the apricot; the wheat lieds are magnificent; the meadow are bespangled with the golden dandelion in the gardens the daffodds and other spring lowers are all abloom; and nothing give and sparkling down their courses, hurried by the fullness of their springs. It is re-marked by the oldest inhabitant that not for idently predicted that not a spring in Lan easter county will fail this year and fountains bountiful yield and only man is vil-

This phenomenal rising of the waters following continued heavy rains is, of course, the rational explanation of the flooding of the East King street cellars. The old springs that made the "Dark Hazel Swamp" before was drained and cleared of wood in 1745, have simply broken loose. When George ditson kept "The Hickory Tree" tavern about where Isaac Diller's hardware stor now is, his pastures lay all about that neigh borhood and cows got lost where the lockup now is. I don't remember this, but people told me who had grandmothers that did

various flittings and removals, the house cleanings and house warmings of City hall. the old original minute book of the city fathers has been lost. But fortunately for our local history Mr. Geo. Steinman of this city has had a copy of it made, which he cherishes with other treasures of the local antiquarian. The town, you know, though taid out by James Hamilton in 1730 was not chartered until May 1, 1742; and the grant of its corporation was then made, as it says, to promote Trade, Industry, Rule at good order amongst all our subjects of our special grace"—the said grantor being his majesty, George the Second, by the grace o God, through his Lieutenant Governor George Thomas, under John, Thomas and Richard Penn, esqs., proprietaries, Thomas Cookson, who was the first chief burgess, was a man of note and lived on Orange street. Sebastian Graff, the burgess, lived on the land now occupied by the Lancaster cemetery and his family built Shober's hotel, as the inscription on the stone in front estifies. The assistant burgesses - who made the town council of that day—were the lead-ing men of the place; and it is a coincidence that the name attached to these first minutes as clerk is the same as that of the mayor 125 years later—tieorge Sanderson, who, by the way, was chief executive of the city a longer period than any other man in its history, 1850-68; next came Mr. Carpenter who had eight years, 1843-51.

The first municipal legislation had here, after thanks for the charter, as the local historian has taken it from these old minutes was an order prohibiting secular employment on Lord's day, allowing butchers however, to kill on Sunday in June, July August-they preserved no ice at that time, though nature made it ail the same-and in structing the constables to search the public houses for tipplers. It seems that notwith-standing the act of assembly it had become "too customary for the shop-keepers, tavern-keepers and others within the borough to follow their ordinary callings on the Sabbatl day, the shop-keepers by selling out their goods to the country people and the tavern-keepers entertaining company; the butcheralso keeping open shops and selling their meat during the whole day." From that time on, as traced by the burgesses' pro-ceedings recorded in this minute book, the town council legislated chiefly on matters of domestic concern : and the study of them has much curious interest. "The liberty taken by chapmen licensed to travel with goods for supplying the country, in setting up stalls within this corporation particularly at the times of elections and court, and ex-posing their goods to sale," had grown to be a gross abuse, infringing "upon the right and privileges of the shop-keepers and great discouragement of people settling here." Hence they were ordered out to the country, to serve people "at a distance from towns and shops" and warned under penal-ties not to set up their booths on our stress except in fair week, when special privileges

were sold them. The regulation of fair week, the letting of stalls, the prohibition of racing on the streets and of galloping up and down the thoroughfares, received a good deal of attention from these grave and reverend fathers. When the markets were established the country people were forbidden to hawk their products from house to house on market days before 2 p. m. If anybody let his or her chimney catch fire " so as to blaze out at the chimney catch fire "so as to biaze out at the top," ten shiftings was fixed as the penalty for carelessness. No blacksmith or other person was allowed to burn charcoal within half a mile of the city. The practice of the butchers "blowing their meat with pipes in order to blow up the same" rendered it liable to taint and infection, and had other ill-tendercies; hence an ordinance agreement. ill-tendencies; bence an ordinance agains that practice. About 1744 the bakers of the town got too smart for their customers and it was enjoined upon them by a law of the burgesses to make their loaves "of suffiweight in proportion to the price of wheat;"
the market clerk was empowered to seize
short weight bread on the premises and the burgess to sell it for the poor. The rustics did a little cheating then in cord-wood measurement, too, sithough domestic fuel was a good deal more plentiful than now; and the clerk was empowered to meas this up and charge the vender and buyer his fee, four pence and a half to the cord. Black-smith shops with loose frame ends pointed against other buildings were a menacing danger that had to be regulated; and the gay boys who rode horses on the pavements against other buildings were a menacing danger that had to be regulated; and the gay boys who rode horses on the pavements were decorated with a fine.

In 1752 the assembling of persons to play

breaches of the peace, travelers on horseback were so often stopped and endangered, and so many other and varied evils had arisen from these sportive practices, that five shillings line was provided for the offense, From December 9, of the same year "swine hogs and pigs," whether yoked and ringed or not, were excluded from the streets; and Sanday shaving had a stop put to it on August 51, 1753. That is, the ordinance to such effect was passed of that date. There was a disposition to crowd on the alleys with buildings and even to run fences across them, which led to the issue of some year. them, which led to the issue of some very remarkable and summary orders from the council. At the November meeting, 1765, council. At the November meeting, 1765, Hans Ferry was ordered not to just any hay or straw on the garret of his dwelling house he being likewise ordered at a former meeting in October. To remove certain nuisances before his door, and he complied with said

ball at the court house had led to such

order by cutting off his perch posts and further promising to lower his pavement three inches as soon as he can get workmen Peter Miller's (butcher) goods being serred in 1770 by the high constable because he sold meat at his house on market day and did not attend at his stall, they were released upon the representation to councils that his dereliction was owing to "the distressed situation of his family at that time by sicktiess, and he promising upon the amend-men of his family regularly to attend." Eight of the ten bakers in town met with the burgesses, October 3, 1781 and a joint agree-ment was made "that for the tuture the rice of bread for the week following would a settled every Saturday evening" and the be settled every Saturday evening" and the bakers recommended and requested "that the pince of wheat be taken from Mr. Mat-thias Slough or Andrew Graff on Saturday," for regulating the price of bread in Lancaster for the ensuing week.

The first invention of anything like water works in these old records was when Casper Singer, having a tannery on King street, was allowed to lay pipes from Isaac Whitelock's brew house spring on Water street, conditioned his erecting a stock on let d'ease on King street for public use in case of fire or volution the town fairs were suspended but in May 1783 notes of preparation for a renewal of this event, "to the great advan-tage and benefit of the good inhabitants" were sounded and the necessary committee named.

There is evidence, in the record of June : (39), that the springs aforementioned on the orth side, of East King street rose high about that time. People complained that a great stream of water flowed therefrom and lodged in Centre (then court house) Square; and orders were given by the burgesses that

It has not been a hundred years since-to e exact it was on the 20th of December,

the dangerous consequences which may be oscasioned thereby.

"It was resolved that if any person or persons whatsoever presume to smoke a pipe or cigar in the streets or alleys of this

orough, shall pay the sum of three shilling and nine pence for such offense to be ap-plied to the use of the poor," You, digarette young man, what do you

In 1810 there was some excitement in town over attempted incendiarism. A town meetng offered \$200 reward for the detection of the person who threw combustible materials nto the hay loft of Conard Schwartz's stable; and a nightly patrol of four men from each and a nightly patrol of four men from each ward was ordered, with power to arrest all vagrants, disorderly or suspicious persons. When somebody, unknown, put brimstone matches, paper, &c., to the storehouse of frey & Morrow, popular excitement was intensited. Another town meeting was called and a standing vigilance committee was appointed on which figured such men as John Homberger, Jac. Long, James Humes. John Homberger, Jac. Long, James Humes, Wm. Kirkpatrick, Jac. Hatz, Wm. Dickson, John Eberman, Emanuel Reigart, Jacob Jough, Jonas Metzger, Michael Barnitz, Henry Swentzel and others. There is a deli ate reference in the minutes of a subsequen meeting to "some misunderstanding which took place on Saturday night between the nightly pairol for Northeast ward and one of re citizens of this borough"—who was aky

Coats were ordered off the public streets of Lancaster, October 6th, 1817. Wm. Hensel was supervisor of streets at that day and aid and collected the road tax which lovy laid and collected the road was amounted to about \$3,000 a year.

Sindhab.

Too Literat. Spring Poet - Ah, yes, sir, there are many serplexities in such a life as mine. To be horoughly successful a poet should be born, not made.
Editor—I don't see why in thunder, then, you weren't born.

Rapid China Music. Senator Hawley is said by, despairing stenographers to be the most rapid speaker in Congress.

A Clever Landlord. A farm of 1,000 acres in Kent, England, has east been let rent free for a term of seven ears, the landlord undertaking to pay half he repairs.

# THE REASON.

A blacksmith had a 'prentice boy Who ingged at work the last; flat when it came to dinner time, He hurried precious fast. The first to greet the smoking meat

The last to come away ; There was no one to equal him At that work any day,

" Look here, my boy," the master cried, 'I cannot understand

How you can eat so very fast Who are so slow at hand. As men do work so men should eat,

But you no rule pursue : For never man ate half so fast

Or tolled so slow as you. "That's right enough," the boy replied; The reason I'll display; ne dinner takes but half an hour-

The work takes all the day. if you'll give ten hours to cat, The bargain I'll not shirk, But waste as much time on my meat As now I waste at work.

## SPECIAL NUTICES. Be Careful of the Bables If your children are threatened with croup or my throat difficulty, apply a few drops of Thomas Electric Oil. It is the nicest medicine tittle ones we know of. For sale behan, druggist, 137 and 139 North Qu. Lancasier.

What Three Applications Did. was troubled very much with sore teet, ee applications of Thomas Eelectric On-rely cured them. Nothing better in the ket. Jacob Butler, Reading, Pa. For sale in B Cochran, druggist, 137 and 132 North en street, Lancaster.

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# "My Grandfather's Clock."

Was once a very popular song, but like many other sentimental tunes it doesn't wear well Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will wear: it will wear away all aches, sprains, and pains, and repays its purchaser a hundred fold. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster,

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It affords me pleasure to give you, this repoof the cure of our little grandchild by your CUTHUTSA RESEARCH. When six months old his left hand began its said and had every appear ance of a large bad. We positived it, but all to no purpose. About two months after it became ance of a large bird. We possitized it, but all to no purpose. Almost five months after it became a rithming one. Such other some formed. He then that two of them on each hand, and as his blood ferame more and more impure it took less thme for them to break out. A screecement the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His break was one solld soats, discharging a great deal. This was his condition attwenty two menths old, when I undertook the care of him, his morbher having died when he was a little more than a year old, of consulption (accordeds of course). He could walk a little, but would not move when he fell down, and could not move when he having no use of his hands. I immediately commenced with the criticus Research, and when he had taken one bottle of the Cartifus Research, his head was completely circal, and he was improved in every way. We were very much encouraged, and continued the line of the remodules for a year and a halt. One site after another heared, a henry matter forming the such one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would maily grow loose and were taken out; then they would heal reporting down to these units then hey would heal reporting the of these distances in the new completely word, and a half bottles he was completely word, and be new at the age of six years as a strong and healthy child. The scars on years and a true and the process and the process and the process and the process of the search and a high bottles he was completely word, and a high to the less and hear taken on the new completely word, and be new at the age of six years as a strong and healthy child. The scars on

disease. MAGGIE HOFFING.
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On and offer SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5th .885" TRAINS LEAVE READING For Cotambia and Lancaster at 7.13 a. m., 1.00 nosm and 6.10 p. m. For Quarryville at 7.15 a. m. and 6.10 p. m. For Chickles at 7.15 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA For Reading at 7.20 a. in , 12.20 and 2.40 p. m. For Lebanon at 12.20 and 3.40 p. m. TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE ancestor at 6.35 and 2.15 a. m. and 2.35 p. couling at 6.25 a. m. and 2.35 p. m.

Lebanon at 2.55 p. m.
LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster.)
LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster.)
Reading at 7.50 a. m., 12.50 and 2.50 p. m.
Lebanon at 6.50 a. m., 12.50 and 2.50 p. m.
LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster.)

# For Reading at 7,40 a. m., 1250 and 1.50 p. m. For Lebanon at 6,47 a. m., 1250 and 5.50 p. m. for Quarryville at 9,12 a. m., 4,20 and 5.50 p. m. TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON. For Lancaster at 7,30 a. m., 1250 and 1.50 p. m. For Quarryville at 7,30 a. m. SUNDAY TRAINS.

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Lancaster, Lebanon and Reading at 7.10 a.u. TEAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster.)

For Lancaster at 7 to a. in, and Larp in.
For Quarryville at 4 b p. in.
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tion, Lancaster Junction, Manhetn, Reading
and Lebanon, see time fables at all stations.
A. M. William, Superintendent

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHED

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	Day Express	4:4% p. m.	6:30 p. 1
	Harrishury Accom	8:45 to 100	-12.4% Ac. 1

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