TELLIGENOER BUILDING

WHITE NITELLIGENOER. TWO DOLLARS & YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE INTELLIGENCER,

### The Cancaster Intelligencer.

GARGASTER, MAT 3, 1886

Costly and Fruitless. The House committee which has been oking into the working of the scientific reaus of the government, has prepared its report upon the coast survey, and the ical departments. It finds the conition of things which we have learned to deem inseparable from government pursuit of scientific inqury; namely, that it is a never-ending and very costly chase with very poor results. The coast survey has been in progress since the beginning of the century, and has expended twenty-four millions of dollars without having comleted the first survey of the coast line. The practical good that it has accomplished is very small in proportion to the promise and the effort. Inland surveys have been going on, which have much puzzled the unsophisticated country folk among whom they were prosecuted, to know their meaning and utility; and they have been taken on faith, as the demand of a science beyond the ordinary ken. The bills of our own county bear the decaying

timbers of towers which bore the coast

the House committee finds that these topo-

graphical inquiries have cost us the pretty

sum of \$850 per square mile. The geological survey has been a still greater absorber of the nation's cash; although a much younger institution than the coast survey, it has already taken sixty-eight millions of dollars. It has mapped out a very wide scheme of research, and engages the services, beside its exclusive force, of some sixty-nine scientific gentlemen who are employed in like work by states, individuals and colleges. It publishes elaborate reports about everything remotely related to geology; and generally at remote periods from the investigation that is recorded. Their staleness is one of the most marked of the government reports. Discoveries made and theories framed by the scientific reporters find their way to the public in the ordinary avenues of communication, several years before the government reports are printed. And this lack of freshness in their disclosures is one great reason why there is no demand for them; though there exists another good reason in the fact of their free distribution by congressmen. The committee finds that

\$1.543.10. It recommends that the scope of the in quiry be cut down and that the survey be confined to the making of a geological map and the collection of geological specimens; which seems to be a wise recommendation. Scientific gentlemen may naturally be re-

the sales of the geological reports which

cost sixty-eight millions have amounted to

gardless of the value of a dollar : and when they get hold of the government pay their recklessness of expenditure becomes marvellous. They always think that their labors are of inestimable value, and the consideration of their cost wholly unworthy of them, as the agents of a great government seeking great truths. We have experience of this in our state as well as in our nation. When our geological survey is completed, the remote generation that sees it done, and views the acres of reports, will know more than we do, perhaps, of the geology of the state; but not much.

### The Quay Slate.

Hon. Thomas M. Marshall-" Glorious Old Tom"-of Pittsburg, announces that the nomination of Beaver and Davies means Republican defeat ; that the Independents are not going to submit to a general "vindication" of the boss candidates and ring methods at their expense. He thinks that if Beaver and Montooth were nominated the former would run far behind the latter, but he suggests that the better way out would be the abandonment of the whole Quay slate. He says the Independents will organize against Beaver, Davies and Norris, slated by Boss Quay, and will increase their vote thirty to fifty per cent. over that of 1882.

If the ring men, handled by Quay, really desire harmony, why don't they take Stewart and Beaver, or Marshall and Davies, or Wharton Barker and Montooth ? It is very remarkable that while they prate so much of harmony they propose none but iron-clad ring men for the ticket, and the boss set-up is to be completely "vindicated," by compeiling the Independents to swallow the dose they spewed out four

The truth is that Beaver and Quay are the very head of this offending. Beaver is to be made governor and Quay senator. The two schemes are interpendent, and they mean the restoration of boss rule, with all the disreputable practices of the old ma-chine. The Independents will beat Quay when they beat Quay's state ticket. It will require but a few honest Republicans to save the state from the impending shame.

Give Notice to the Tax-Payers. The new tax collectors of the several districts of the county, who were chosen at the late spring elections, under the new law of June 25, 1885, will do well to remember that according to the seventh section of this act they are required to give public notice, by written or printed handbills, posted in at least ten public places in difrent parts of the district, that the dupli-

three days of a set of the last two weeks of these sixty days the collector or some one representing him is to be at a designated convenient place between 2 and 6 p. m., to receive such taxes. Some of the collectors have chosen different points in their town-ships to meet the convenience of the taxpayers; and the new law in this respect romises to be satisfactory.

A Bad System.

Dr. Buttermore and his associates have been convicted at Harrisburg for obtaining from the state \$12,500 to build a hospita out in Fayette county to which the local subscriptions were not forthcoming, and the whole of which transaction showed an evident purpose to cheat the state. The able manner in which the case was presented on the trial by the attorney general broke down the technical defense erected by skillful lawyers for the accused; and laid bare the conspiracy as it became familiar to the people of the state when first exposed. Upon no view of it is there reasonable ground for the belief that the enterprise was projected in good faith, or the appropriation procured for a praiseworthy and honest public purpose.

The disclosures and result of this case nowever, ought not to be without a warning that would help to regulate our state system of charities and of appropriations. Even had the Buttermore enterprise been all it claimed to be, and had it been 'projected and carried out honestly and in good faith, it was not a proper subject for the grant of state aid : and the bill should have never passed the legislature and ought never to have received executive approval. It provided for one of the mixed public and private charities with which the state abounds. We believe that in grants for endowment or sustenance the state should limit its bounty to its own institutions; and everything it supports should be under its own exclusive and entire control. We have the spectacle everywhere of private, local and personal institutions, controlled by their founders and patrons, and yet constantly running to Harrisburg for support from the state. It is all wrong; it breeds just such conspiracies as that for which Buttermore has been convicted; and a great deal of money has been of late years abstracted from the commonwealth by means little less respectable if not so criminal in form as those be survey instruments a few years ago; and

ENGLISH politicians are figuring on the chances of the Irish home rule bill. One estimate makes Giadstone's majority 20, while another puts him in a minority of 37 These figures show how close the contest

A NOTEWORTHY divorce case was tried in Philadelphia a few days ago. The couple had mutually agreed to separate and live apart, and after they had so lived for some time, the husband went to his wife to the place where she was living and asked to be allowed to live with her. She refused, and he then sued for a divorce, claiming that this refusal was a desertion. Judge Finletter held that it was not, and directed a verdict for the respondent. Judge Gordon has sustained his colleague in dismissing the motion for a new trial. He says: "It is a fundamental doctrine of divorce that the party who asks to have the marriage contract aunuiled must himself have discharged at his lawful duties and be free from the faults he alleges against the other party. The husband has not, and has, therefore, no right to the relief he asks. To hold that a mere verbal request by him to be allowed to live with his wife qualified him to come into court as a good and faithful husband and ask a divo:ce from her because she refused his request would be to make the marriage relation hinge upon a mere quibble. It would, moreover, be a dangerous precedent, which would invite collusion, subterfuges and sharp practices in litigation that of all others should be characterized by the fullest frankness, sincerity and good faith. Desertion is an actual abandonment of matrimonial cohabitation, with an intention to desert willfully and maliciously persisted in for two years, The guilty intent is manifested when without cause or consent, either party withdraws from the residence of the other. The present libelant has not brought his cause within this definition."

THE funeral of Senator Miller cost the country \$7,380; which is large money for even a congressman's obsequies. A live congressman may not be the most useful person in the world, but he is cheaper alive than dead.

THE growth of the bicycle as an American institution is surprising. At the annual election in Boston of the officers of the League of American Wheelmen, in Massachusetts over 800 votes were cast, and in New York the number was considerably more than 1,000. Pennsylvania turned up with nearly 500, and every state in the Union was represented by a goodly quota. It must be remembered that these figures do not include the thousands of independent cyclers, who have affiliated with no organization. Pennsylvania's chief consul is Eugene M. Aaron, of Philadelphia; and we note that our distinguished clerical friend and famed bicyclist, Rev. Sylvanus Stall, of this city, is among the Keystone representatives chosen. Bieveling is magnificent exercise, and it is a pleasure to note that it is being carefully nur-

tured in Pennsylvania.

ARCHRISHOP GIBBONS, of Baltimore, who as primate of the American Catholic church, is the highest ecclesiastical authority of his creed in the country, and whose elevation to the dignity of the cardinalate is soon to come, has delivered an important sentiment as to the views of his church on the Knights of Labor. The archbishop cordially approves Mr. Powderl's public statements, and while he has not examined the constitution or purposes of the Knights of Labor, he believes they are in no way antagonistic to the church. Futhermore he expresses the view that the Catholic prelates will to a man declare in favor of the organization of labor. And this gives an opportunity to Dr. Girbbons to explain the views of his church towards secret societies. "We hold that if a man joins a society, swearing never to reveal its workings, no matter how criminal they may be, and to obey the dictates of its officers blindly, he surrenders his personal liberty, becomes a slave to his fellow men and can no longer partake of the sacraments of the church. On the other hand, if a man joins an organization swearing to keep secret its workings with the proviso that nothing therein shall be contrary to the laws of the land, to his conscience and his religious tenets, we hold that his action is perfectly justifiable. The whole question as to the church's position towards the Knights of Labor depends, then, on which of these oaths the members take."

Home Amenities.

rom the New York Sun-Husband (impatiently to wife) -1 told you I only wanted half a cup of ica, and, as usual, you've filled it to the top bon't you know what half full is?

Mother-in-law (grimly)—She ought to by this time.

cate is in their hands; of the five per cent.

abatement within sixty days and the five per cent. penalty after six months. It is to be feared some of the collectors in this county have overlooked this requirement, and they should remedy their neglect at once.

It is also to be noted that on the last Myers Defeats George

THE MADONNA OF THE TUBS.

Kligabeth Stuart Phelps in Harpers.

Ellen Jane Salt was a little woman, thin and keen of outline; the kind of woman sure to marry a large man, and rule him sure to marry a tage than, and rule him roundly. She had very bright blue eyes, sunken with want of sleep; and the chisel-ling of care about her temples and her mouth told that her first youth had passed in hand-to-hand struggles with life, from which middle age gave no prespect of releasing her. The line between her lips indicated that nature had given her a sweet temper, which experience might push hard now and then under stress of circumstances. She had what it would be sufficient to call a busy voice, pitched like the American feminine voice of her class, but without a shrewish note; on the whole, making allowance for the national key, what might be called a motherly or wifely voice. She had the curious, watching look common to the women of Fairharbor, acquiring from that observation of the sea with which the summer boarder is unfamiliar. A little anxious running down to the beach now, or the wharf then, when the fog sets in; a little more restless climbing of the cirif when the wind rises; this peering for the dory before dawn, or searching for the sail at dusk, or scanning the headland by moonlight, or asking the dead of night to give the absent head-light to straining eyes, or beating about ever the downs in the November gales with the glass which trembles in the aching arm before the pitched like the American feminine voice of which trembles in the aching arm before the blank horizon—these things, we see, give optical results which no social cyulist has distinctly classified. For the rest, Eilen Jane Salt wore a pavy bue called dress, well fitted (by herself) to a pleasant figure, and tucked up over the hips under a gray crash washing apren, on which she wiped her steamed and dripping heads to give Miss Ritter greeting. There was a strip of tourist's ruffling in the neck of the navy blue called. and the house, like the mistress, was as neat as a honey comb. One might also say, with-out straining a point, that there was a certain poetry in her avocation; for Ellen Jane Sait's old cottage seemed to the chance visitor a kind of temple of cleanliness. The small kitchen was sunny and sweet; and despite the disproportion of the ironing table and stove to the environment, the only litter seemed to be the signs of the presence of children, which abounded. Then it must be distinctly understood that Mrs. Sait had a "parlor." What New Englander has not? "parlor," What New Englander has not: Whether his debts be paid or his soul saved we need not stop to inquire; he will attend to that presently: meanwhile, a parlor or your life! In Mrs. Sait's parlor was a carpet of a

high-art pattern under reduced conditions—olive green, to be sure, playing at geometry with Indian red, and sepia brown and ivory black; it was an excellent carpet, and protected by a strip of oil cloth nailed across like a little plank walk for the chil-dren to travel over to the bedroom beyond. There was a new paper on the walls of the parior, very jolean and very gilt (olive green, of course), and the price per roll such a trifle that a cod-fish could afford it, as Mrs. Salt had often said: the paperer being Ellen Jane herself, at midnight, after a day's washing, when "he" was

In the parior were a black hair-cloth sofs, a centre table with a red cloth, a Bible, a 'copy of a children's paper, an old Harper, and a patent-medicine alimana: sented with a pound of green tea, and since framed in gilt), and a framed photograph of Rafe; but when we come to Rafe— Meanwhile, in the parlor there was also "an instrument" Mrs. Salt had privately meant it to be a piano; but Mr. Salt had a bad year haddocking, and that overgrown ambition was silently set aside. Anyhow, it was an instrument. It did not matter whether one called it a melodeon or a cabinet organ, or whatever; the musical future of the Salt family was thus assured. In a narrower personal sense the instrument was intended for Emma Eliza, who took music les sons in prosperous seasons, and played—to Rafe. Emma Eliza was the oldest daughter, and Rafe was the youngest son. Mrs. Salt bad six children—two babies. Rafe was a

"Wasn't that Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrow stone comin' up the beach alongside of you?" began Mrs. Sait, promptly. She ironed as she talked, making small ceremony of Miss Ritter, who was an old customer, and regarded quite as one of the family. Mrs. Sait's rons thumped when she was tired or excited, though she would have you understand she knew how to iron cientifically and silently, and no fus-bout it. To-night she thumped a good

'She's a good customer, Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone. But there! When I count the yards and yards on her petticoats—dol-lar a yard, every mile of it—and her nightgownds solid [thump] valingeens, might say, and them di'mon's [thump], and beef tea for Rafe goes so fast at twenty-five cents a pound durin' his spells; and there! [thump]. Why, Miss Ritter, I did up one dress for that woman last week would ha' paid our rent for a whole year, by the Sassinfras? Bitters Almanac; and Biram so sharp on his rent, too, luck or none; an' if a man makes eighty dollars to his trip or eight cents, it's all the same to Biram come rent-day. But there! that's fishin' I ain't complainin', and thanks to nercy I can stand at the wash-tub day an for 'em long's there's anything to Six weeks sin't much, now, is it? Pretty short season; and no more for a woman to do in Faitharbor rest of the year than there is for a clam. We're like 'em, I guess—just stick in the mud and stay there. But there! I ain't complainin' either; and six children do want a sight of things from Janocary to Janocary, as you'd know, if you'd ever had one; and

"Rafe looks pale, thought," I interposed Miss Ritter, glaneing into the "parlor," where a little, bent figure sat in a high, padded chair by the window The child hal a delicate face, refined by suffering, and a singularly sweet mouth; he had long blonde hair, which fellfover his face as he stooped. There was no other children visible, except the baby, asleep in the crib or cradle at the little cripple's teet. Now and then the low lowered the cridle with his feet. then the boy jogged the cradle with his foot,

as he bent over his work or play.
"It's your scrap-book," said Mrs. Sait,
in a low voice—"that one you gave him in a low voice—'that one you gave him with the chromos and magazines when you come in June. You never see such a sight of comfort as that child gets out o' them things—bless your soul for it! It's the prettiness that pleases him. The boarders give him money sometimes, but he doc't pay the same attention to it—it ain't that, you know. There's a kind of prettiness about Rafe—like the ladies and gentlemen I do for. He ain't like a fisherman. Rafe ain't, and so sweet of his temper in all his spells. Now last night never a word. His father and me hate to see Rafe suffer." His father and me hate to see Rafe suffer.'

His father and me hate to see Rafe suffer."

"I saw Henry on the beach just now,"
observed Miss Ritter, backing up by the
stove, as she was bidden, to dry her white
flamed dress hem after Mrs. Sait's professional treatment thereof. The young laiy
had quite dignity enough even for this
awkward and exceedingly warm position,
and seemed to fill the little house with a kind
of spleador, dignat, uncomprehending. of splendor-distant, uncomprehending, accidental-like that gift of the scrap-book. She thought too little about them to know when she did the right thing by poor people, until they told her. She did not mistake her taste for her principles, though they sometimes might. "I saw Henry," said Miss Ritter, in her affable tone, that the wash-woman did not always distinguish from per-sonal friendship. "He was going off in the dory after those Benzine children that always get lost foggy days. I thought he was pretty patient, though he had to have his say about All the children were with him, I believe

Tom and Sue and the bigger baby and the "There ain't any rest except Emma iza," corrected the mother. "Six is enough, gracious knows—and she's gone home with Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone's wash, what there is ready of it. Yes, there's wash, what there is ready of it. Yes, there's that about Henry Salt, I will say: he'il do anything, but he'sgot to have his say. Him and me we have words sometimes. I'm always sorry for it afterward. I never mean to, He says he don't mean to either. But there! men-folks is men-folks, not to say anything of women. Nigh as I can make out, the Lord made men-folks to be contrary; but sakes! if you love 'em, what's the odds? You've only got a bigger chance to do for 'em, and mother 'em up. They're a do for 'em, and mother 'em up. Tasy're i kind of boys, men are, and have to be moth ered up somehow by their women. They need pattin' and fussin' and strokin' the right way, and hear jest how they feel when they're a mite sick, and fass over 'em as if you s'posed they was dangerous, and not to say nothin' when you're ten times worse say nothin' when you're ten times worse yourself—that's men 1 don't say I don't have my tempers out myself—like an influenzy, got to come—sometimes. But there! I've got a good husband, dear. Northere ain't a stiddier, nor soberer, nor better goes to the Banks from Fairharbor year in, year out. I'm very fond of Henry. We've had a happy life, me and Henry."

'A happy life?'
Miss Ritter looked about the fisherman's

cottage; at the small rooms crowded with the signs of surplus life and harrassing economies at the sober, sleeping baby, who seemed to have been born in a hard season, and bore the inheritance of poverty and anxiety in the lines of his unconscious face; at the crippled boy stooping in the window against the duit square of light made by the conflict of the fog and dusk beyond; at the nervous motions of the tired woman at the ironing table. Ellen Jane Salt did not pass for a heroine, but she had aches enough and J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

heroine, but she had nebes er ailments enough to have put Miss Ritter or Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone under treatment from a fashionable physician

for the rest of her life. Any lady who telt as she did would have gone to bed. The fisherman's twife washed and ironed thus Rafe had beef-tea and the instruthus Rafe had beef-tea—and the instru-ment. Somehow even the instrument did not make the fisherman's cottage seem an abode of fixury. "I can always sell it," Mrs. Salt said, when approached by good sociologists on the subject of this extrava-gance. "It's good property; it keeps the children to home evenings; and Rafe—why, I got it for Rafe."

The wash-woman stood straight at her transer table, and lifted her head as she Tete-a-Tete Sets Berry Sets Luncheon Casters Water Pitchers **Butter Dishes** 

ironing table, and lifted her head as she followed Helen Ritter's look about the cotage, on whose sparse comforts the advancing

dusk was setting heavily.

"Yes," she said very gently, "Henry and me have had a happy life—him a fisherman, me a washer-woman—six children—and Rafe—and poor. Well, there't there's been times poor don't sug it—and hard. It's been pretty bard. But you see, my dear, me and Henry like each other. I suppose that makes a iff-rence.

"It must make a difference," repeated Miss Ritter, drearily. She went abruptly into the darkening parlor, kissed the crippied child apon the forehead, said some little pleasant thing to him, and came restlessly back. Rate dimbed down from his high chair labori-ously, took up his crutch, and followed her. His mother was lighting the kerosene lamp, and the poor place loaped suddenly into color. Rafe pulled at the navy blue calico dress. The wash-woman snatched off her wet crash apron, and drew the little fellow silas. hever perhaps to be too big a fellow for his mother's lap—into her arms. The from ing table and the clothes-basket and a wash-tub of rinsing clothes closed into the perspective of this plain picture: and Rafe's crutch, where it had fallen in the foreground, reminded Miss Ritter somehow of the staff in the little St. John scenes that we all know.

"The Madonna—of the Tubs," she mur-

"What, ma'am?" asked Rafe.
"There! there!" said the Madonna; "go
and watch for father, Pafe." She handed
him his crutch with her kiss—a half-savage
kiss, like that of some wild, thwatted maternal thing—and the child limped eagerly

PERSONAL ELLEN TERRY the actress, gets \$375 a week

ifty-two weeks in the year. GROVER CLEVELAND has taken out a marriage license. He is a Polander who lives in Shenandoah, Pa. MR. WM. F. REYNOLDS, of Bellefonte

spent Sunday in Lancaster, the guest of his brother, S. H. Reynolds, esq. Mr. ARTRUR has received from Mr. the White House conservatory. COL. JOHN B. FOLSOM, of Folsomdale, N.

Y., says he is proud and happy that his grandaughter is to be the lady of the White House.

atzeburg college a fund to send a commission England to inquire into English college DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, of New York,

formerly surgeon general in the United States army, was married at noon Saturday, at Provi dence, R. L. to Miss Esther Dyer Chapin. DR. FREDERICK A. ACHEY, and Theodore Diller, of this city, were of the 11s young gentlemen who received their medical diplo-mas from the University of Pennsylvania on Saturday.

tists of New York, died suddenly of pneumonia at his country home at Glen Gardner, N. J., Saturday last. He was seventy-three vears old.

MR. GLADSTONE dresses in a quant and MR. GLADSTONE dresses in a quant and rather peculiar manner. He wears a black frock-coat, a vest opened low and displaying a broad shirt front, a high standing collar, with a black cravat carelessly knotted, and dark, baggy trousers.

ANTHONY TRUAK, of Poplar, N. J., lively old gentleman, aged 80 years, was mar-ried a few days ago to Miss Ida Conover, over whose fair head thirty summers had passed. It is almost unnecessary to add that the idegroom is wealthy. E. FRANK CHEEVER, the catile dealer, who was recently convicted of forgery in West Chester, has excited for himself some sym-

pathy. A petition is in circulation to Judge Futhey to impose a light sentence, because of previous good character. RANDOLFH CALDECOTT, the artist, who

died of loss of lungs last winter, was buried in Florida, and his grave is said to be a sand-heap, marked merely with a shingle. No doubt a fit monument will be put up in his memory some time; but meanwhile the grave should be well kept. PROFESSOR PRITCHETT, of St Louis, says

that the days are getting longer at the rate of two seconds in a century, owing to the tides, which act as friction brakes upon the earth' axis, and thus decrease its volocity. According to this theory, in 6,000 years eight hours labor will be equal to ten hours now. THE RIGHT HON. JOHN THOMAS FREEMAN MITFORD, Earl of Redesdale, has died in London, aged 81 years. He was a mem-

ber of the royal commission on the law of Divorce, and published a pamphlet entitled "The Law of Scripture Against Divorce." He opposed disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal church in Ireland. He took a prominent part in the debates on the Alabama claims in the House of Lords.

Secretary Manning and his wife and sister had a long drive Sunday. During the afternoon and evening he received many callers, among them the president, Secretaries Lamar and Whitney, Senators Gorman and Call and Mr. George Bancroft. The president, in conversation with Mr. Manning, "expressed the hope that he would soon have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Manning occupying his accustomed place at the cabinet table."

Quick in action, sure in effect.-Red Star Cough Cure; twenty-five cents a bottle.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Do Not Move Blindly. Do Not Move Blindly.

Go carefully in purchasing medicine. Many advertised remeiles can work great injury—are worse than none. Burdock Blood Bitters are purely a vegetable preparation; the smallest child can take them. They kill disease and core the patient in a safe and kindly way. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 136 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Depend Upon It.

Mother Shipton's prophesies and Louisiana elections are very uncertain things, but Thomas Electric Off can'be depended upon always. It cures aches and pains of every description. For sale by H. B. Cochan, druggist, 137 and 159 North Queen street, Lancaster.

First-Rate Evidence

"Often unable to attend business, being subject to serious disorder of the kidneys. After a ong slege of sickness tried Burdock Blood Busers and was relieved by half a bottle," Mr. B. Furner, of Rochester, N. Y., takes the pains to write. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 129 North Queen street, Lancaster. How Much Will Do It?

How much of Will Do Rt?

How much of Thomas' Eelectric Oil is required to cure? Only a very little. A few drops will cure any kind of an ache; and but a triffe more is needed for sprains and lameness. Rheumatism is not so readily affected; an onnee and sometimes two ounces are required. No medicine, however, is so sure to cure with the same number of applications. For sale by H. B. Cohran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

" Don't Hurry, Gentlemen, Said a man on his way to be hanged, "there'll be no fun till I get there." We say to the dyspeptic, nervous, and debilitated, don't hurry thought-lessly for some remedy of doubtful merit, un-certain of relief, when you can get at the drug-gists for one-dollar Burdock Blood Bittervalmost sure to cure and certain to benefit. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

A Newspaper Editor.

A Newspaper Editor.

O. M. Holcomb. of Eleconville, Ohio, rises to explain: "Had that terrible disease catarrh, for twenty years; couldn't taste or smell, and hearing was failing. Thomas Edectric Oil cured me. These are facts voluntarily given against a former prejudice of patent medicine. For sale by H. B. Coohran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

NOTICE.

OFFICE SUSQUERNANNA CANAL COMPANY,
Con. LEXINOTON AND DAVIS STREETS,
Baltimore, April 29, 1885.

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting
of the Stockholders of this Company will be
held at the office, in Baltimore, on MONDAY,
the loth day of MA1, 1895, at one o'clock p. m.,
for the election of officers and managers for the
ensuing year. The transfer books will be closed
from Monday, the 3d of May, until after the
election. By order, spection. By order, ap28-8td ROBERT D. BROWN, Treasurer,

PHILADELPHIA.

GORHAM ELECTRO

SERVICES

Repousse Queen Anne Satin Finish

Asparagus Forks

Fruit Spoons lce Tongs
Pastry Forks
Fish Servers
Salad Servers

At the Reduced Prices

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Careful attention given to orders and inquiries by Mail.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c.

WATCHES, CLOUKS, JEWELL
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Lancaster Watches at the Lowest Prices ever offered; being a stockholder enables me to sell these watches so cheap. Eigin, Waitham and other watches so cheap. Eigin, Opera Glasses, &c. Repairing of the above named articles will receive my personal attention.

LOUIS WEBER,
CHEAP, Oneen St., opposite City Hotel. No. 1995 North Queen St., opposite C. (Near Penn's R. R. Depot.)

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HATS AND BONNETS.

Hata for Eic. and up. Fine Flowers, Feathers and Flower Pompons. Millinary Silks, Satins, Velvets, Nettings, Laces, Gold Lace, Silver Lace, Lace mixed with gold, and many other New Trimmings. Fancy Beads, Hat Ornaments, Children's Lace Cans, Corsets, Collars, Cuffs, Randkerchiefs, Jerseys, Ladies Hose, and a large variety of other goods. Call and see a before purchasing elsewhere.

PALACE OF FASHION.

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Palace of Fashion,

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Grandest

**MILLINERY** 

EVER SEEN IN LANCAATER.

ONE HUNDRED HATS

TRIMMED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS OPEN-ING, WILL BE ON EXHIBITION.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT! FOR SALE OR REST.

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A Tobacco Warehouse with Penn's R. R.
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