THE INTELLIGENCER

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The Weekly Intelligencer

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The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, JANUARY 14, 1887.

The Way They View It.

The inter-state commerce bill is receiving a great deal of serious attention from the railroad men of the country, who note the intent of Congress to protect the people from the unfairness that is universally believed to be practiced in railroad management. Two notable arguments from the railroad standpoint have been made by Henry V. Poor, the publisher of Poor's railroad manual, and by Senator Leland Stanford, a railroad president. Mr. Poor's argument is in harmony with its opening statement that "an ideal system of transportation in a country like the United States would be one by which the producer should suffer no disadvantage on account of his distance from market; one by which the wheat growers in Dakota should receive the same profit on their crop as the growers in the Genessee valley," or in Lancaster county. It is easy to understand how one who has this ideal of a transportation system, finds himself at issue with a more common opinion that an ideal transportation system is one in which the charge is made according to the cost. The railroad manager is not, as Mr. Poor seems to think him, a natural legislator. It is not his duty to see that Dakota and Lancaster county make a like profit on growing grain for delivery at Atlantic ports. It is the railroad company's business to obtain all the business it can get at the best prices it can get, provided that it treats all its customers alike; which is a common law obligation upon it that it cannot get away from. When it engages in the business of carrying people and goods it engages to take all that come to it at like prices for a like service. This is incumbent upon it, independently of its chartered character; which imposes upon it additional obligation to conduct its business with fairness to the public.

Senator Stanford thinks it a great hardship that a railroad company should be held to any greater obligation to the public than an individual would be. He declares that it gets nothing of consequence from the public, as even the exercise of the right of eminent domain by which it secures its right of way is open to anyone who gets a charter; of which there is no monopoly to the one first in the field. He says that the railroad builder risks his money in the enterprise, and should have free control of it, without interference from the public, which has no part or lot in the undertaking.

Senator Stanford talks like a railroad president. He takes a view of the situation which is so wholly partial that it is difficult to credit him with the intelligence which is awarded him, and which he must have to have secured the prizes which his life has taken. But how can it be that an intelligent railroad president will deny the subjection of a chartered company to the state that charters it, and without whose charter it could not exist? Costless as the charter may be to the public which gives it, it is certain that without it Senator Stanford's company would not exist; and even he should suspect that he obtained something of great value when he got his public grant. And he should remember that the Pacific railroads and many others in the wild West got valuable grants of land and bonds from the United States; and that it especially does not lie in their mouths to deny the right of the public to interfere in their management.

Senator Stanford does not seem to know that even without a charter the law holds his company, as a common carrier, to a just and equal treatment of its customers. He declares that the Southern Pacific railroad, competing with the isthmus lines, takes anything that it can get for carriage between the oceans, and charges a higher price for goods that are dropped on the way. He justifies this by declaring that it is better for the railroad to make a small profit on the through business than to make none; and that the profit it makes on its through business enables it the better to serve its local trade. This is a familiar and specious argument under which the local traffic of a railroad is habitually made to pay its cost and profits. The cost of railroad service, the senator says, is made up of operating expenses, fixed expenses and semi-fixed expenses. The first is made up of the cost of fuel, oil, wages of train hands and wear and tear; the other expenses are such as are incurred by the company, whether its running trains are more or less. The railroad man's charge advances from the cost of running the trains, as its lowest point, and he considers whatever he gets over this to be gain. A fair estimate of the cost of his service would of course include a share of the fixed charges; and they would be speedily included if they could be got.

The question for the public is whether the interest of the railroad company to carry goods at the bare cost of the operating expense of the train is the interest of the public; and the general conviction is that it is not; and if for no other reason, because it puts too great power in the hands of the railroad company to build up and tear down the interests of communities. It is obvious that a gross wrong is suffered by El Paso in being charged $30 for the carriage of a ton of goods from San Francisco, that are taken through it to New Orleans for $10; and no sophistry will wipe out this damning inequality. The bill before Congress proposes to limit the railroad power in this regard so that El Paso cannot be charged more than $10, if New Orleans is charged no more. The result will be to raise New Orleans freight and lower El Paso rates; and if the consequence should be that the Southern Pacific railroad of Senator Stanford is not able to compete in through traffic with the Panama route, that route will do the business, as it is entitled to do it by reason of its superior natural advantage.

It is not the business of Congress to legislate so that disadvantageously situated railroads shall be able to compete successfully for through traffic. If the Pennsylvania railroad has a natural advantage in carrying freight as a shorter line, it is entitled to its value, and the New York Central as a larger line must stand aside.

Henry George's Fatal Blunder.

Mr. Henry George has demonstrated to the satisfaction of all thinking persons, that he is not a fit man to lead any movement for the regeneration of labor. He seems to be afflicted with bad temper or bad judgment; but whatever the explanation, he is wofully lacking in the qualities of leadership. He has deliberately provoked a quarrel with the Catholic church over the McGlynn case, and devotes nine columns of the first issue of his paper, the *Standard*, to a repetition of all the stale lies that have been told agaist that church since its institution. In the second issue of the paper, he charges that Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, not only wanted to defeat in the last election a certain candidate, but also labored to defeat the call for a constitutional convention; to both of which broad allegations the ecclesiastic returns a prompt denial. The burden is now upon Mr. George to prove his charges, a task which he will scarcely attempt.

It is painful to see a man of the confessed ability of Henry George develop into the common demagogue. So long as he defended his peculiar theories in pleasing, forceful oratory, he was a most interesting personage; but now that he openly attempts to array the laboring people of the country against the Catholic church, he merits prompt suppression. If he were running for mayor of New York to-day, he would not get one-fifth of the votes polled for him last November.

He has made a fatal error in the religious war he is trying to foment. So thinks John Swinton, and such also is the opinion of Michael Davitt, two of George's closest friends. The New York labor agitator has passed his zenith. His followers are finding out that the feet of their idol are fashioned from a very common quality of clay.

Senator Wolverton.

Senator Wolverton has been chosen as the Democratic candidate for senator in this state; and a better choice could not have been made. Senator Wolverton is free from the remotest tendency towards self-seeking, and all that he gets comes to him without solicitation as the free will offering of those who admire his honesty, intellizence and suavity. He is a thorough Democrat in his instincts, and a true man in his aspirations.

HENRY GEORGE'S newspaper will be an excellent safety-valve for letting off his harmless steam.

ANYONE who wants to keep abreast with the current of progress in the affairs of his time should read the Saturday INTELLIGENCER. It will be filled with original matter. "Uncas," after a two weeks' rest, re-enters with a keen and breezy comment on the good done by good books. "Jerry Cruncher" has an article that will be of rare interest to anglers. An unpublished poem of Edgar Allan Poe is printed, and the biographical sketch with portrait will deal with the history of one of Lancaster's most progressive clergymen. Henry George's views of Pennsylvania labor, and a review of ex-District Attorney Eberly's term are other gems. An article on local tobogganing with sketches of the slide in operation, continuation of the history of the school board presidents, and a hundred other good things make this one of most readable supplements the INTELLIGENCER has lately issued.

ILLINOIS sends Farwell to the Senate; Connecticut, Hawley; Pennsylvania, Quay. And the last is least in the company, undistinguished as it is; though it is perhaps a toss up between Pennsylvania's and Illinois' choice.

GENERAL THAW has taken command, but he will not defeat the toboggan slide.

LIKE all sudden deaths, that of Lord Iddesleigh has caused much discussion, the general opinion being that he died of worry over the ingratitude of his party. The medical bulletin says that he died of syncope of the cardiac region, but his physician explained that it was no doubt the result of "worry" which is the cause of death of many brain-workers, and the truth may be that he simply succumbed from the effects of labor in office too great for a man of his years and strength.

He was a man of high principle and spirit, and these seem to have sustained him as long as he felt the great responsibility of his office of foreign minister with Europe on the verge of war. When relieved of the burden he collapsed and found rest in death. He called on Lord Salisbury to bid him farewell and while waiting to be announced he died in an arm chair.

He was an ambitious but thoroughly honest statesman, and his death is regretted by men of all parties, though in his life they passed him by to confer great honors on less scrupulous men. When he was raised to the peerage *Truth* said that "he was kicked up stairs" and his removal from the foreign office has aroused much criticism against Salisbury.

THE governor of Wisconsin takes the rusk in his denunciation of anarchy and socialism.

ANOTHER millionaire enters the Senate in the person of the successor of Logan.

I'll fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

PERSONAL.

GOVERNOR SWINEFORD, of Alaska, says the white population of Alaska has more than doubled in eighteen months.

THOMAS W. ARINA, of Warren, has been appointed superintendent of public schools in Warren county, vice his brother, deceased.

CONGRESSMAN REAGAN arrived in Palestine, Texas, on Wednesday, and will go to Austin. He tells confident of his election as United States senator.

CHARLES B. FARWELL has been nominated for senator of Illinois to succeed Logan by the Republican caucus. Wm. R. Morrison received the Democratic nomination.

REV. MR. HOUGHTON, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, of Yonkers, N. Y., has resigned. He has accepted a call to the rectorship of the Episcopal church at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND gave his initial reception to the diplomatic corps in Washington on Thursday. Mrs. Cleveland wore a trained gown of ruby plush, cut square in front, with a moderately high and pointed back, short lace sleeves, a single rosebud, a diamond necklace with pendant and diamonds in her hair, and tan gloves reaching to her shoulders.

BY THE WATERS OF PARADISE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of Mr. "Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," &c.

IV

That was how I first asked Margaret Lammas to be my wife, and I will agree with any one who says that I behaved very foolishly. But I have not repented for it, and I never shall. I have long ago understood that I was out of my mind that evening, but I think my temporary insanity on that occasion has had the effect of making me a saner man ever since. Her manner turned my head, for it was so different from what I had expected. To hear this lovely creature, who, in my imagination, was a heroine of romance, if not of tragedy, talking familiarly and laughing readily was more than my equanimity could bear, and I lost my head as well as by heart. But when I went back to England in the spring I went to make certain arrangements at the castle—certain changes and improvements which would be absolutely necessary. I had won the race for which I had entered myself so rashly, and we were to be married in June.

Whether the change was due to the orders I had left with the gardener and the rest of the servants, or to my own state of mind, I cannot tell. At all events the old place did not look the same to me when I opened my window on the morning after my arrival. There were the gray walls below me and the gray turrets flanking the huge building, there were the fountains, the marble causeways, the smooth basins, the tall box hedges, the water lilies and the swans, just as of old. But there was something else there, too—something in the air, in the water, and in the greenness that I did not recognize—a light over everything by which everything was transfigured. The clock in the tower struck seven, and the strokes of the ancient bell sounded like a wedding chime. The air sang with the trilling treble of the song birds, with the silvery music of the passing waters and the softer harmony of the leaves stirred by the fresh morning wind. There was a smell of new-mown hay from the distant meadows, and of blooming roses from the beds below, wafted up together to my window. I stood in the pure sunshine and drank the air and all the sounds and the odors that were in it, and I looked down at my garden and said: "It is Paradise after all." I think the men of old were right when they called heaven a garden, and Eden a garden inhabited by one man and one woman, the earthly Paradise.

I turned away, wondering what had become of the gloomy memories I had always associated with my home. I tried to recall the impression of my nurse's horrible prophecy before the death of my parents, an impression which hitherto had been vivid enough. I tried to remember my own self, my dejection, my listlessness, my bad luck and my petty disappointments. I endeavored to force myself to think as I used to think, if only to satisfy myself that I had not lost my individuality. But I succeeded in none of these efforts. I was a different man, a changed being, incapable of sorrow, of ill-luck, or of sadness. My life had been a dream, not evil, but infinitely gloomy and hopeless. It was now a reality, full of hope, gladness and all manner of good. My home had been like a tomb; to-day it was paradise. My heart had been as though it had not existed; to-day it beat with strength and youth and the certainty of realized happiness. I revelled in the beauty of the world and called loveliness out of the future to enjoy it before time should bring it to me, as a traveller in the plains looks up to the mountains and already tastes the cool air through the dust of the road.

Here, I thought, we will live and live for years. There we will sit by the fountain towards evening and in the deep moonlight. Down those paths we will wander together. On those benches we will rest and talk. Among those eastern hills we will ride through the soft twilight, and in the old house we will tell tales on winter nights when the logs burn high and the holly berries are red, and the old clock tolls out the dying year. On these old steps, in these dark passages and stately rooms, there will one day be the sound of little pattering feet, and laughing child voices will ring up to the vaults of the ancient hall. Those tiny footsteps shall not be slow and sad as mine were, nor shall the childish words be spoken in an awed whisper. No gloomy Welshwoman shall people the dusky corners with weird horrors, nor utter horrid prophecies of death and ghastly things. All shall be young, and fresh, and joyful, and happy, and we will turn the old luck again, and forget that there was ever any sadness.

So I thought, as I looked out of my window that morning and for many mornings after that, and every day it all seemed more real than ever before, and much nearer. But the odd nurse looked at me askance, and muttered odd sayings about the Woman of the Water. I cared little what she said, for I was far too happy.

At last the time came near for the wedding. Lady Bluebell and all the tribe of Bluebells, as Margaret called them, were at Bluebell Grange, for we had determined to be married in the country, and come straight to the castle afterwards. We cared little for travelling, and not at all for a crowded ceremony at St. George's, in Hanover square, with all the tiresome formalities afterwards. I used to ride over to the Grange every day, and very often Margaret would come with her aunt and some of her cousins to the castle. I was suspicious of my own taste, and was only too glad to let her have her way about the alterations and improvements in our home.

We were to be married on the 20th of July, and on the evening of the 20th Margaret drove over with some of the Bluebell party. In the long summer twilight we all went out into the garden. Naturally enough Margaret and I were left to ourselves, and we wandered down by the marble basins.

"It is an odd coincidence," I said; "It was on this very night last year that I first saw you."

"Considering that it is the month of July," answered Margaret, with a laugh, "and that we have been here almost every day, "I don't think the coincidence is so extraordinary after all."

"No, dear," said I, "I suppose not. I don't know why it struck me. We shall very likely be here a year from to-day and a year from that. The odd thing, when I think of it, is that you should be here at all. But my luck has turned. I ought not to think anything odd that happens now that I have you. It is all sure to be good."

"A slight change in your ideas since that remarkable performance of yours in Paris," said Margaret. "Do you know, I thought you were the most extraordinary man I had ever met."

"I thought you were the most charming I had ever seen. I naturally did not want to lose any time in frivolities. I took you at your word, I followed your advice, I asked you to marry me, and this is the delightful result—what's the matter?"

Margaret had started suddenly and her hand tightened on my arm. An old woman was coming up the path and was close to us before we saw her, for the moon had risen and was shining full in our faces. The woman turned out to be my old nurse.

"It's only old Judith, dear—don't be frightened," I said. Then I spoke to the Welshwoman: "What are you about, Judith?" Have you been leeding the Woman of the Water?"

"Ah—when the clock strikes, Willie—my lord, I mean," muttered the old creature, drawing aside to let us pass, and fixing her strange eyes on Margaret's face.

"What does she mean?" asked Margaret when we had gone by.

"Nothing, darling. The old thing is mildly crazy, but he is a good soul."

We went on in silence for a few moments, and came to the rustic bridge just above the artificial grotto through which the water ran out into the park, dark and swift in its narrow channel. We stopped and leaned on the wooden rail. The moon was now behind us, and shone full upon the long vista of basins and on the huge walls and towers of the castle above.

"How proud you ought to be of such a grand old place!" said Margaret, softly.

"It is yours now, darling," I answered. "You have as good a right to love it as I—but I only love it because you are to live in it, dear."

Her hand stole out and lay on mine and we were both silent. Just then the clock began to strike far off in the tower. I counted the strokes—eight—nine—ten—eleven—I looked at my watch—twelve—thirteen—I laughed. The bell went on striking.

"The old clock has gone crazy, like Judith," I exclaimed. Still it went on, note after note ringing out monotonously through the still air. We leaned over the rail, instinctively looking in the direction whence the sound came. On and on it went. I counted nearly a hundred, out of sheer curiosity, for I understood that something had broken and that the thing was running itself down.

Suddenly there was a crack as of breaking wood, a cry and a heavy plash, and I was alone, clinging to the broken end of the rail of the rustic bridge.

I do not think I hesitated while my pulse beat twice. I sprang clear of the bridge into the black rushing water, dived to the bottom, came up again with empty hands, turned and swam downwards through the grotto in the thick darkness, plunging and diving at every stroke, striking my head and hands against jagged stones and sharp corners, clutching at last something in my fingers, and dragging it up with all my might. I spoke, I cried aloud, but there was no answer. I was alone in the pitchy blackness with my burden, and the house was 300 yards away. Struggling still, I felt the ground beneath my feet. I saw a ray of moonlight—the grotto widened and the deep water became a broad and shallow brook as I stumbled over the stones and at last laid Margaret's body on the bank in the park beyond.

"Ay, Willie, as the clock struck!" said the voice of Judith, the Welsh nurse, as she bent down and looked at the white face. The old woman must have turned back and followed us, seen the accident, and slipped out by the lower gate of the garden. "Ay," she groaned, "you have fed the Woman of the Water this night, Willie while the clock was striking."

I scarcely heard her as I knelt beside the lifeless body of the woman I loved, chafing the wet white temples and gazing wildly into the wide-staring eyes. I remember only the first returning look of consciousness, the first heaving breath, the first movement of those dear hands stretching out towards me.

That is not much of a story, you say. It is the story of my life. That is all. It does not pretend to be anything else. Old Judith says my luck turned on that summer's night, when I was struggling in the water to save all that was worth living for. A month later there was a stone bridge above the grotto, and Margaret and I stood on it and looked up at the moonlit castle, as we had done once before and as we had done many times since. For all those things happened ten years ago last summer, and this is the tenth Christmas Eve we have spent together by the roaring logs in the old hall, talking of old times, and every year there are more old times to talk of. There are curly-headed boys, too, with red-gold hair and dark brown eyes like their mother's, and a little Margaret, with solemn black eyes like mine. Why could she not look like her mother, too, as well as the rest of them?

The world is very bright at this glorious Christmas time, and perhaps there is little use in calling up the sadness of long ago unless it be to make the jolly firelight seem more cheerful, the good wife's face look gladder and to give the children's laughter a merrier ring by contrast with all that is gone. Perhaps, too, some soft-faced, listless, melancholy youth, who feels that the world is very hollow and that life is like a perpetual funeral service, just as I used to feel myself, may take courage from my example, and having found the woman of his heart, ask her to marry him after half an hour's acquaintance. But, on the whole, I would not advise any man to marry, for the simple reason that no man will ever find a wife like mine, and being obliged to go further, he will necessarily fare worse. My wife has done miracles, but I will not assert that any other woman is able to follow her example.

Margaret always said that the old place was beautiful, and that I ought to be proud of it. I dare say she is right. She has even more imagination than I. But I have a good answer and a plain one, which is this, that all the beauty of the castle comes from her. She has breathed upon it all, as the children blow upon the cold glass window panes in winter, and as their warm breath crystallizes into landscapes from fairyland, full of exquisite shapes and traceries upon the black surface, so her spirit has transformed every gray stone of the old towers, every ancient tree and hedge in the gardens, every thought in my once melancholy self. All that was old is young, and all that was sad is glad, and I am the gladdest of all. Whatever heaven may be, there is no earthly paradise without woman, nor is there anywhere a place so desolate, so unutterably miserable that a woman cannot make it seem heaven to the man she loves and who loves her.

I hear certain cynics laugh, and cry that all that has been said before. Do not laugh, my good cynic. You are too small a man to laugh at such a great thing as love. Prayers have been said before now by many, and perhaps you say yours, too. I do not think they lose anything by being repeated, nor you by repeating them. You say that the world is bitter, and full of the waters of bitterness. Love, and so live that you may be loved—the world will turn sweet for you, and you shall rest like me by the Waters of Paradise.

[THE END.]

"How Can She Ever Love Him?"

is what you often hear said when the prospective groom is the victim of catarrh. "How can she bear such a breath?" "How resolve to link her destiny with that of one with a disease, that unless arrested, will end in consumption, or perhaps in insanity?" Let the husband that is, or is to be, get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and cure himself before it is too late. By druggists. 1y,F&W

"Now, Gen'ral, your posted—come, give me your views."

"In a brush at the front what's the powder-tone?" He winked at a star as he puffed his cigar,
And slowly replied, "*In a brush at the front I never use powder, but*—SOZODONT."

A Chance for Health

Is afforded those fast sinking into a condition of hopeless debility. The means are at hand. In the form of a genial medicinal cordial, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters embodies the combined qualities of a blood fertilizer and deponent, a tonic and an alterative. While it promotes digestion and assimilation, and stimulates appetite, has the further effect of purifying the life current and strengthening the nervous system. As the blood grows richer and purer by its use, they who resort to this sterling medicinal agent acquire not only vigor, but healthy substance. A beautiful change in the secretions is effected by it, and that sure and rapid physical decay, which a chronic obstruction of the functions of the system produced is arrested. The prime causes of disease being removed, health is speedily restored and vigor restored. jsto15

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Gallant Rescues.

There can be something heroic in a medicine as well as in individuals. *Burdock Blood Bitters* have effected many a gallant rescue among the suffering sick. Thousands have escaped the miseries of dyspepsia and nervous debility through the use of this wonderful medicine. It is emphatically the best stomach and blood tonic in the world. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Called to Preach.

We feel called upon to preach a few gospel facts—facts that are worth knowing. We want everybody to enjoy all that is possible in this world. We want all those who are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, and all aches, sprains and pains to know that *Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is an unfailing and splendid cure. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

From Cleveland, Ohio.

Comes a letter signed T. Walker, saying "About six months ago commenced taking *Burdock Blood Bitters* for protracted case of lumbago and general debility, and now am pleased to state have recovered my appetite and wonted strength. Feel better altogether." For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Not a Case.

Not a case of rheumatism, not a case of neuralgia, not a case of lameness, not a case of pain or strain—not one—has failed to go when attacked by *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

What Can't Be Cured Must Be Endured.

This old adage does not signify that we must suffer the miseries of dyspepsia, when a medicine with the curative properties of "Burdock Blood Bitters" is available. It is one of the most substantial and reliable remedies sold to-day. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

"Spent Fifty Dollars

in doctoring for rheumatism before I tried *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. Used a 50 cent bottle of this medicine, and got out in one week. For burns and sprains it is excellent." James Durham, East Pembroke, N. Y. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

A Sad Misfortune.

Is to raise a nice family of boys and girls and then have them carried into an early grave by that terrible disease Consumption. Heed the warning and check it in its first stages by the prompt use of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, warranted to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50c. and $1. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, No. 137 North Queen street. *Trial size free.* (3)

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (1)

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 139 North Queen street.

MEDICAL.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

INDIGESTION.

"I suffered for more than a year with indigestion, and during the last six months I was very bilious, occasionally having a Dumb Chill, followed by Fevers, which prostrated me for weeks. I took Simmons Liver Regulator and for several months I have been as stout and hearty as any man could desire to be. I am thoroughly satisfied it is all it is recommended for Indigestion and Bilious Complaints, for mine was certainly a stubborn case. I have heard many of my friends speak of it, and all agree that it possesses all the virtue you claim for it."—A. M. HIGHTOWER, Conductor on M. & W. R. R.

"My husband being blind, requires him to lead a very sedentary life, and, consequently, he suffers greatly from Indigestion. Having heard of Simmons Regulator he commenced using it regularly. The Indigestion has left him and he is now enjoying better health than he has known for years."—MRS. STEPHEN MENARD, Macon, Ga. (8ant2-eod&w

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were affected, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It was the means of saving the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5. jan8-14

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A most desirable suite of rooms for lodging or business purposes. Apply to

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Large three-story Brick Dwelling, 239 West Orange street; fine fruit yard thereto.

Small Houses on Rockland, Church and John streets.

Terms reasonable. Apply to

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CHEAP AND GOOD,

Three pounds Best French Prunes, 25c.; three pounds Best Raisins, 25c.; four pounds Good Raisins, 25c.; four pounds Good Rice, 25c. Price of Flour, 82c., 77c., 86c., 83c., 62c., 54c. and 48c. per quarter. Our High Grade Coffees speak for themselves. Please give us a trial order.

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WHITE GRAPES.

OUT OF 5,000 POUNDS

White Grapes, we have left about 1,000 pounds, which we are selling at from 10c. to 12½c. per pound. They are of good quality and cheap at these prices.

Cereal Products.

Schumaker's Akron Oatmeal and Avena, White and Yellow Cornmeal, Hominy and Grits, Fould's Wheat Germ, Rolled and Cracked Wheat, Cerealine, made of White Corn, &c.

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NO. 17 EAST KING STREET,

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WHY, NO!

It Used To, But It's Different Now!

Trade does not end with Christmas by any means. Notwithstanding the fact that our Holiday Trade has been an unprecedented one, our Superb Stock of Four-in-Hand and other style Neckties, Silk Mufflers, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Gloves, Collars, Cuffs, Camel Hair Underwear and Half Hose, Shirts, Cigar Cases, Pocket Books, Sleeve Buttons, &c., has been replenished, suitable for

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Our Prices as Low as the Lowest for the same grade of goods.

E. J. ERISMAN,

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HOLIDAY HINTS

Many persons want to make Christmas Presents but do not know what to select; let us assist you. We have so many useful things.

For Gentlemen, an elegant Set of Carvers or a good Pocket Knife will be acceptable.

For Ladies we have Plated Knives, Forks or Spoons, an Elegant Stand or Library Lamp, Toilet Sets or Work Boxes, and hundreds of other useful presents.

For Children we have everything like Express Wagons, Sleds, Velocipedes, Trains of Cars, Mechanical Toys.

Many articles which we have an over stock we are closing out at less than cost.

Ask for Bargains.

FLINN & BRENEMAN,

No. 152 North Queen Street,

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DRY GOODS.

J. S. GIVLER & CO.

—OFFER—

A Rare Chance!

Do you want to save money? Do you want to make money? Then come and see our goods. We are closing out our entire stock and have marked prices down regardless of cost. We lose money, but we cannot help it. The goods must be sold.

BARGAINS IN

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S COATS,

SHAWLS, SKIRTS, &c.

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, FLANNELS,

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And all kinds of DRESS GOODS and DRY GOODS.

John S. Givler & Co.,

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REDUCTION SALE

—OF—

CLOAKS!

—AT THE—

New York Store.

In order to clear out the balance of our stock we have made a great reduction in the prices of

LADIES' COATS,

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MISSES' COATS.

These goods have all been made to our special order by the best manufacturers, and will be found to give thorough satisfaction in fit, style and wearing qualities.

CHILDREN'S COATS.

CHILDREN'S COATS.

CHILDREN'S COATS.

We make a special offering of 150 CHILDREN'S COATS in new and desirable styles at less than the cost of manufacture.

WATT & SHAND,

6, 8 & 10 EAST KING ST.,

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J. B. MARTIN & CO.

INVENTORY

—OF—

Ladies' and Children's

GARMENTS

Finds us with too large a stock on hand, and they must go at the following prices

Ladies' Seal Plush Garments.

SEAL PLUSH COATS, $17.50; were $22.50.
SEAL PLUSH COATS, $22.00; were $27.50.
SEAL PLUSH COATS, $25.00; were $32.00.
SEAL PLUSH COATS, $28.00; were $35.00.
SEAL PLUSH WRAPS, $15.00; were $21.00.

Ladies' Newmarkets.

NEWMARKETS, (Plain) $4.50; were $7.50.
NEWMARKETS, Astrakan Trimmed, $5.00; were $7.50.
NEWMARKETS, Astrakan Trimmed, $6.00; were $8.50.
NEWMARKETS, Fur Trimmed, $7.50; were $9.50.
NEWMARKETS, Fur Trimmed, $9.00; were $12.50.
NEWMARKETS, Fur Trimmed, $13.00; were $17.50.

Misses' Coats.

We have a large stock and they have been reduced to cost. Some at less than cost.

MISSES' BOUCLE COATS, $4.00; were $6.00.
MISSES' CLOTH COATS, $5.00; were $7.50.
MISSES' CLOTH COATS, $5.50; were $8.00.
MISSES' CLOTH COATS, $6.00; were $8.50.
CHILDREN'S COATS from 75c to $5.00.

All Reduced to Cost.

J. B. Martin & Co.'s,

Cor. West King & Prince Sts.,

LANCASTER, PA.

MACHINERY.

MACHINERY, &c.

—FOR—

STEAM HEATING

Latest and Most Improved

ENGINES—Traction, Portable or Stationary.

New or Second-Hand

BOILERS, WATER TANKS, SEPARATORS.

MACHINE OF REPAIR WORK such as done and kept in Machine Shops.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS,

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LEVAN'S FLOUR.

LEVAN'S FLOUR.

ALWAYS UNIFORM AND UP TO THE HIGHEST STANDARD. M,Th&S

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

BUY YOURSELF A PAIR OF THOSE

Folding Dress Pillows.

CALL EARLY AT

Hoffmeier's Furniture Warerooms.

They are the nicest thing out and we have just received another lot of them.

26 EAST KING STREET.

WIDMYER'S FURNITURE STORE.

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Furniture. Furniture.

If you want any FURNITURE now or the coming spring call and examine my stock. You will find it large and well selected.

GOOD WORK. LOW PRICES.

Parties wanting full outfits are especially invited to call.

WIDMYER'S

FURNITURE STORE,

Corner East King and Duke Sts.,

LANCASTER, PA.

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HEINITSH'S FURNITURE DEPOT.

CHRISTMAS.

And we are Ready to Show as Fine and Large an Assortment of

FURNITURE

IN ALL LINES,

AS HAS EVER BEEN SHOWN IN THE CITY.

The goods of to-day are so pretty and attractive that it is hard to Resist Buying Something in Our Line for

CHRISTMAS.

We want you one and all to feel perfectly free to come every day if you desire, and look at what is being put on the floors new and attractive, and you will not be urged to buy.

You would be surprised to learn how many are doing this each week.

We have already set aside a great many presents for DECEMBER 24, but we can still keep a great many more secrets

—AT—

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Furniture Depot,

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HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

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