A TEACHERS EXPERIENCE.

THE SCHOOL MARM FROM THE CITY CONTINUES HER STORY.

"Bein' Made Acquainted"—A Discourse on John Wanamaker—The First Attempt at Teaching.

Fourth paper from the N. Y. Evening Post.

The congregation was dismissed with the admonition that it should "come punctual next Sunday." The people began moving about, shaking hands and "bidding each other the time of day," as Mr. Zeke expressed it. I was compelled to go through the ordeal of "bein' made acquainted" with nearly everybody in the church; though how I was ever expected to remember scores of names upon hearing them but once is a mystery to me even unto this day. And such names! Fon Der Shmidt, Dinkleberger, Bissinger, Haberbush, Baumgardner, Steinmentz, Ochs and Heinitsh; these are a few specimen bricks, which I copied long afterwards from my school record. Consider too, combinations like these, also copied from my record—Hohenzollern Hogengantz, Barbarossa Bushonger and Iscanderberg Von Der Strauss.

Mrs. Zeke performed the ceremony of introducing me.

At last I was introduced to nearly everybody, and I began to breathe more freely.

"Teacher," whispered Ollie Hogengantz, the nineteen-year-old daughter of my landlord, "do you see that young man over by the far window?" And she boldly pointed him out with her forefinger. I saw a dashing, showily dressed youth, who, I fancied, might possibly make a deep impression upon the rural feminine heart. "Ain't he good lookin'?" she continued, with admiration in her voice and eyes. "Ain't he turrible stylish, though? Nobody around these parts dresses that-a-way. Don't he look like a school teacher? But he ain't. He works on the Widow Burkholder's farm. Would you of believed it? She's a widow woman, an' her man, he's dead; an' that's where he works. Wouldn't you of took him for a teacher?"

"Do teachers look so very different from ordinary mortals?"

"Och! yes—don't you think he looks like one?" she persisted.

"Well, so far as a man's appearance suggests his occupation, I should think that young man was either a barber or waiter in some hotel."

"Och, now, you're makin' fun!" exclaimed Ollie, giving my hand a playful slap, but at the same time looking at me rather doubtfully.

We remained for the Sunday-school exercises, which began about ten minutes after the close of the church services. I was invited into the Bible class, which was taught by a burly, round-cheeked miller, with a smiling face and a very benevolent expression. The lesson was a chapter from the Old Testament. Each pupil read a paragraph, after which the teacher, whom I soon found to be a very important individual indeed, inquired whether any of the pupils would "volunteer to pass an opinion on the chapter." Nobody "volunteered."

* * * * * * *

And now the superintendant made his usual closing address to the scholars. I heard Mr. Mark Hale describe this gentleman once, and very felicitously, as "a young man with sandy hair, thin legs, and no mind—the most striking feature of his countenance being the Adam's apple in his long-craned neck, which never remained in one spot two seconds at a time, but jumped about from place to place in the most surprisingly lively manner imaginable."

He held up for the admiring gaze of the little boys and girls the virtues which, he said, had made a great merchant prince of a poor, homeless boy.

"Look at John Wanamaker," he said; "look how he ris in the world, an' what he come from. A poor boy, children, on'y a poor boy, but a honest, an' a upright, an' one as never smoked, ner chewed, ner drinked, ner gambled. What was the consequence? Why, when he was errand boy in Brown's store, at one-an'-a-quarter a week an' find hisself, a Phil-del-fy merchant come down to Brown's in the country, an' he says, says he, 'I want a boy—a boy as don't smoke, a boy as don't chew, a boy as don't drink, a boy as don't gamble! I want a boy as don't addict to no bad habits, an' is full of faith, hope, an' charity—that's the kind of a boy I want, an' I'll give him two a week!' 'Here's your boy,' said Mr. Brown. 'It's a great self-sacrifice to me to give him up, but it ain't for me to be a-standin' in his light? Take him, an' my blessin'.' An' there, children, without a hour's notice, was little Johnny raised from one-an-a-quarter to two a week! An' now, children of this Sunday school," said the speaker impressively, "don't stand in your own light—don't addict to no bad habits."

"I certainly shall not," I whispered to Ollie, "though I scarcely expect in consequence to have my salary increased seventy-five cents a week."

"No," said Ollie gravely, "'taint every one has such luck."

I subsequently learned that the superintendent kept the village grocery store—that he "didn't addict to no bad habits," and that he had been sold out by the sheriff three times in the last six years; that his name was Martin Luther Hogengantz; and that he was the eldest son of mine hosts. I had not seen him before, as he had been absent upon a business trip to Lancaster.

He was thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that he had been born to be a great statesman. When not engrossed in sordid commercial speculations connected with the trade of his grocery, he was swelling with patriotism, lofty aspirations, and self-esteem. He delighted in boasting to me of his many triumphs at the local debating society, and was not affected in the least by his mother's frequent sarcasms and voluble denunciations.

"I'm sorry they're havin' a revival at the meetin'-house to-morrow night," said he; "fur I tell you what, teacher, if 'twas on'y a *perlitical* meetin' now I'd give 'em a speech, a regular thunderer! Git me a-talkin' pertection, if you want to hear some oratory! I could no more help waxin' eloquent on that subjeck than nothin' at all—no, not if I was to be burned at the stake fur it!"

"Are your views so terrible," I asked, "as to be liable to involve you in any such dreadful fate?"

"What?" he said, looking somewhat perplexed.

Mrs Zeke enjoyed this, though she misunderstood the cause of her hopeful son's momentary embarrassment. Unfortunately, nothing could embarrass him longer than a moment.

"Aha!" she exclaimed, "there's lots of people as little and spare and quiet as teacher that's too peart fur you, Martin Luther. You can't understand her flue talkin', fur all you think you know so much."

"Teacher'll have her hands full, though," remarked Mr. Zeke, "when them rough Von Der Strauss and Dinkleberger boys comes to school. Why, teacher, you ain't got no sort of idee what's before you. Last year, now—why them boys carried that stroppin' big Miss Bissinger out o' the school-house, set her down in the snow, and then locked her the door out! But she was a spunky one, still. She just got a big, thick stick, and waited by the door till they came out, an' I'm swanged of she did not break that stick over their heads! Yes, sir!—hit 'em so hard, she less naturally broke that stick clean off—ain't mother? Think you could do that, now?"

"I certainly should not, if I could," I replied, laughing.

"Zeke Hogengantz," exclaimed Mrs. Zeke angrily, "you ain't got any more brains than a pie—settin' to to skeer the senses out o' teacher. I'll tell you, teacher, jess what he's up to—he thinks you'll be offerin' him some money to help you lick them big fellows when winter comes. That's jess how plagued graspin' he is. He'd skin a fly of it'ud turn him a penny."

"It ain't no sich thing!" protested Mr. Zeke. "I never skinned no fly, an' it stands to reason, fur who'd be sich swanged fools as buy fly-skins?"

"Yes," continued Mrs. Zeke, with a woman's contempt for logic, "an' you'd sell your own soul of you could only strike a good bargain, fur all you perfess sanctification. Perfessin' sanctification an' takin' money fur buttermilk, which is stuff to be fed to the pigs! I'd rather perfess nothin' but pure cussedness than perfess sanctification and then sell buttermilk!"

Thus denounced, Mr. Zeke nevertheless continued to eat his dinner with great relish. Nothing ever robbed him of his appetite. Ollie listened to the conversation with stolid indifference; and Martin Luther alone looked somewhat impatient, but only because it deprived him of the lion's share of the talk. I began to feel a more lively appreciation than ever before of the kind of people among whom my lines were cast. It was a great relief to spend the afternoon alone in my own room.

When I came in sight of my future scene of action—the little edifice of learning at the edge of the village—the idea that I was to reign supreme there, that others were to obey me and be taught by me, gave rise to such strangely conflicting feelings that I stood still in the road for a few moments and gazed at it incredulously. When I entered the school-room, I found it crowded with curious and expectant young men and maidens, and little boys and girls. I walked through the aisle to the desk, with downcast eyes, for I was embarrassed under their gaze. When I had removed my hat and gloves, I wondered what I should do next. I glanced at my watch. It was ten minutes before nine o'clock. I sat down and looked about me. My eyes fell upon a Bible which lay upon the desk. I picked it up eagerly.

"I can begin by reading a chapter of this, I thought," and I occupied the few minutes before the time of opening in making a suitable selection. Then I rang the bell. The groups about the room broke up, and the pupils took their seats. I tried to look steadily upon the small sea of faces upturned to mine, and my heart beat fast. When I read, the sound of my own voice upon the silent room was really painful to me. However, I went bravely through with it.

But, alas! when I had closed the book, I had not the least notion what to do next. I almost concluded, at that moment, that I had mistaken my vocation, for I remember having wished even for such aid as I might have found in Prof. 'Sham's Methods and Theories. All this, however, lasted but a moment. Then, with a mighty effort, I taxed my ingenuity, and said:

"The first class may come up with their reading books, while the other pupils will please take their slates and write me an exercise."

They looked rather mystified for a moment, but obeyed finally, as well as they knew how. I found their ignorance quite appalling, but this discovery comforted me, for it left me in no doubt as to how I should proceed. I saw what was needed, and by noon had learned enough to enable me to classify my school, make a programme, and systematize my work.

I began, also, to obtain an insight into the capacity, mental traits, and various aptitudes of most of my pupils. An amusing illustration of this occurred when I called up an infant geography class. Their text-book was a primer containing questions and answers, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, and the lesson was upon the subject of "Direction." The class, with one exception, was made up of bright, keen-witted children; but it contained one overgrown, stupid girl of fourteen years named Maggie, whom I found it almost impossible to teach. I verily believe that only by a surgical operation could knowledge of any kind be inserted into her thick skull. Yet, her very blunders sometimes proved that she could reason a little.

The first question was: "What direction on a map or globe is north?" And the little boy at the head of the class answered promptly, "Towards the North Pole." After he had illustrated this on the map, showing that he understood it, I asked the next question: "What direction on a map or globe is south?" "Towards the South Pole," answered a bright little girl, who also proved that she thoroughly understood her answer. It was now Maggie's turn. "What direction on a map or globe is east?" "Towards the East Pole!" answered Maggie, with the prompt confidence of absolute certainty.

I suppose that every country schoolmistress can tell her little story of how she conquered "with a steady, calm and judicious look," the bully of the district. I saw throughout the morning that the pupils were watching me closely, as though calculating the consequences of insubordination. They were evidently surprised and puzzled at my demeanor. It was a novel thing to them to have it assumed as a matter of course, by their teacher, that they would behave themselves. The greater number were gratified at my treatment of them, and naturally fell into good order, making their conduct meet my expectations.

But some few of meaner spirit could not miss the sport of giving the "new teacher" some trouble. Bob Muckleheny, a great lubberly youth of seventeen years, was the bully of the school. I saw fear and aversion in the face of every child he approached. He domineered over the smaller children, especially the little girls, in a way that made my blood boil. They obeyed every word he uttered, and even every motion he made. During the morning he regarded me at first seriously, and then with a defiant sneer, which both amused and troubled me, though I feigned not to see it. In the afternoon he took a most decided step towards open rebellion. About ten minutes after the school had been called he strode in noisily, banging the door, and then looking at me curiously to note the effect. The other pupils glanced up from their books, eager for a scene. I must confess that I felt very powerless, as he strode across the room, threw himself into his chair, flung his books upon the desk noisily, and then, quite to my confusion, tossed his hat across the aisle toward a little girl, and said, in a loud, rude tone:

"Take that into the hall and hang it up, quick!

The child rose immediately to obey.

"Keep your seat, Mary," I said firmly, as I arose and looked steadily at Bob. "None of you must leave your seats without my permission. Now, Robert, return, close the door quietly and then walk back to your seat like a gentleman."

Bob laughed out scornfully. "Mind her? mind her?" he exclaimed in derision, pointing his finger at me and looking around upon the other pupils.

"Obey me," I said cooly, "or I shall report your conduct to the directors, and have you expelled from the school."

Mrs. Zeke had told me that this same Bob had once been expelled, and had in consequence thereof been punished by his father with terrible severity. He looked at me hesitatingly. My words and cool determined manner surprised him, and he began to realize that he had made quite a serious miscalculation. It was a terrible "cave-in," to obey after such open defiance, but the coward had not forgotten the strength of his father's arm, and after a moment arose with an ugly scowl and obeyed. The faces of the other pupils showed how they rejoiced. I stood quietly by the desk until he had returned to his seat. Then I said: "Hereafter I forbid you making the girls or little boys wait upon you. No brave, manly boy would think of doing so. Such conduct is natural only to a braggart and a coward. You should wait upon the girls always, and take the part of those smaller and weaker than yourself. To impose upon them is mean, cowardly contemptible. For your conduct this afternoon you shall lose your recess every day this week, and on every Friday evening I shall send a written report of your conduct during the week to your father."

Bob was completely cowed. It felt strange to subdue and control a great, strong boy like him, but the struggle told on my nerves. Though outwardly calm, I had nevertheless been greatly excited, and suffered in consequence, during the rest of the day, from a severe nervous headache.

In those first days of my teaching, very trifling things served to amuze me; such as hearing a great boy seventeen years of age speak of "Punshus Palate;" being told by a pupil of my physiology class that "When you eat too fast we get sick;" having a small boy read from his grammar, "The little girl burst into pieces (tears and said, 'O, mamma!'" I was requested by one child "to give him the darst (permission) to get out early this after (afternoon) because, said he, "my head aches me clean around to the back part." One little boy, having been reproved for swearing, came to me a short time afterwards and asked very seriously, "Please, teacher, darst I say, 'Confound it?'" I told him he might, for not only did I believe it would keep him from saying something worse, but I really had not the heart to deny him this innocent privilege. Sometimes their provincialisms made it difficult for my pupils to render themselves intelligible to me.

"Teacher," asked a little girl, "will you please give me the darst to get my lesson done and go home till four o'clock this after?"

"If you go home until four o'clock, there will be no use in coming back again this afternoon, Katie, for school closes at half-past four."

"I don't mean I want to come back again," she said in surprise. "I mean I want to go home till four o'clock, and *stay* home, for my pap, he's in Phil-del-fy, and he'll be home till four o'clock."

How her father could be in Philadelphia now, and yet be home until four o'clock, was to me an enigma. After an instant's thought, however, it dawned upon me that she used the word *till* in the sense of *by*. She wished to be at home *by* four o'clock.

One day, when examining and correcting a pile of "compositions," I came upon the following, written by one of the older pupils; its title is set forth with many flourishes—"The Use of the Study of Geography." Then follows: "The study of Geography which so many people delight in studying. Is studied in all most all parts of the earth and has been studied since the beginning of the World. With out Geography we could not get along very well, for if we wanted to go to Chester. We might go to Meadia in a mistake not knowing what direction Chester was from us. When Columbus sailed from Spain in search of the new World He might of went in the opposite direction If He had not studied Geography before he undertook the expedition. Geography is off great importance to traveler's that have to travel all over the world for if they did not know where the places they wanted to travel was They might of never found the places they wanted to travel."

I quote the above exactly as it is written, even to punctuation, because it is so characteristic a specimen of school-room "composition"—the immature mind struggling with what seem to it the insuperable difficulties of English composition. Every teacher will recognize it.

Here is another, the humor of which lies in the sequel, as *Falstaff's* trusty follower, *Nym* would say. It was written by my eldest but by no means brightest pupil—a girl of eighteen, named Mollie—and it is entitled, "Single Life": "Single life," writes Mollie, "is the happiest life that ever was spent when you are single you can go when you please and come when you please and stay as long as you please. When you are single you have nothing on your mind to bother you. Single life is the sweetest life that ever was spent. When you are single you can do as you please you have nothing to bother your mind at all."

This is also a *verbatim et literatim* copy. But wherein lies the humor of this? Sirs, perpend: Within six months after, Mollie was married; within one year, she had found something calculated to "bother her mind," in the shape of—twins. "The which," as *Truthful James* would say, "might produce in the sinful a smile."

I had not been teaching very long, when one day I received the following note; it was written by a young man residing in the neighborhood, and handed to me by one of the pupils:

"Mrs. Norwud Deare miss I will Seat my Self to Drop you a fue lines Mrs. Norwood I want to get you too Writ me a Peice off for the Debaiting Society the question is which Deserves the most honor Washing for Defending His Country or Columbus for Discovering America I am on the Columbus Side and I wis you would write me off a Piece for Columbus if it ant to much Trouble there are going to Speak on that subject next Saturdy night of you Please Write me off a Piece, your

"Kind friend, G.—M.—"

The author of this beautiful composition afterwards became the author of the twins.

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And will Receive Orders for WEDDING CARDS, VISITING CARDS and INVITATIONS

The work will be Printed from Special Plates, and the Latest Styles will be Furnished.

We Offer also the Finest Goods in our General Line of JEWELS, WATCHES, ART WORK, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL BOXES and NOVELTIES.

H. Z. RHOADS & SON,

Jewelers,

No. 4 WEST KING STREET.

Fruit Jars.

FLINN & BRENEMAN.

FRUIT JARS

—AT LESS THAN—

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK PRICES

—AT—

FLINN & BRENEMAN'S,

No. 152 North Queen Street,

LANCASTER, PENN'A.

Carpet Hall.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

—GO TO—

SHIRK'S CARPET HALL!

—FOR—

Wilton, Velvet, Body Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Damask and Venetian, Rag and Chain Carpets.

OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, &c.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

H. S. SHIRK & SONS,

Cor. West King and Water Sts., Lancaster, Pa.

Travelers' Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHED

In effect from May 18, 1889.

TRAINS LEAVE LANCASTER and leave and arrive at Philadelphia as follows:

WESTWARD.	Leave Philadelphia.	Leave Lancaster
Pacific Express	11:25 p. m.	1:35 a. m.
News Express	4:30 a. m.	6:25 a. m.
Way Passenger	4:30 a. m.	6:50 a. m.
Mail train via Mt. Joy	7:00 a. m.	9:01 a. m.
No. 2 Mail Train	via Columbia	9:35 a. m.
Niagara Express	8:00 a. m.	10:05 a. m.
Hanover Accom.	via Columbia	11:00 a. m.
Fast Line	11:30 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
Frederick Accom.	via Columbia	2:10 p. m.
Lancaster Accm.	via Mt. Joy	2:50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom.	2:15 p. m.	5:20 p. m.
Columbia Accom.	4:40 p. m.	7:40 p. m.
Harrisburg Express	7:34 p. m.	9:20 p. m.
Western Express	9:20 p. m.	11:10 p. m.
Lancaster Accom.		5:00 p. m.
		Ar. Col. 5:30

EASTWARD.	Leave Lancaster.	Arrive Phila
Phila. Express	2:20 a. m.	4:25 a. m.
Fast Line	4:45 a. m.	6:50 a. m.
Lancaster Accom.	8:15 a. m	8:50 a. m.
Harrisburg Express	8:10 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
Lancaster Accom.	8:55 a. m.	via Mt. Joy
Columbia Accom.	9:00 a. m.	11:40 a. m.
Atlantic Express	11:35 a. m.	1:20 p. m.
Seashore Express	12:58 p. m.	3:15 p. m.
Philadelphia Accom.	3:55 p. m.	6:40 p. m.
Sunday Mail	5:00 p. m.	8:45 p. m.
Day Express	4:45 p. m.	6:50 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom.	6:45 p. m.	9:35 p. m.
Mail Train	8:35 p. m.	10:55 p. m.

†The only trains which run daily.

On Sunday the Mail train west runs by way Columbia.

J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent
CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD

READING & COLUMBIA DIVISION.

On and after Monday, July 1, 1889, trains leave Lancaster (King street) as follows:

For Reading and intermediate points, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:05, 3:48 p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m., 3:55 p. m.

For Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:05, 3:48 p. m.; Sundays, 3:55 p. m.

For New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:05, 3:48 p. m.

For New York via Allentown, week days, 12:05 p. m.

For Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m., 3:48 p. m.; Sunday, 3:55 p. m.

For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 3:48 p. m. Sunday, 3:55 p. m.

For Lebanon, week days, 7:00 a. m., 12:05, 3:48 p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m., 3:55 p. m.

For Harrisburg, week days, 7:00 a. m., 12:05, 3:48 p. m.; Sunday, 8:05 a. m.

For Quarryville, week days, 9:25 a. m., 2:05, 8:00 p. m.; Sunday, 5:10 p. m.

TRAINS FOR LANCASTER.

Leave Reading, week days, 7:20, 11:55 a. m., 3:35 p. m.; Sunday, 7:20 a. m.; 3:10 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, week days, 4:15, 10:30 a. m., 4:00 p. m.

Leave New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:46 a. m., 1:30, 12:00 p. m.

Leave New York via Allentown, week days, 4:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m.

Leave Allentown, week days, 8:52 a. m.; 4:36 p. m.

Leave Pottsville, week days, 5:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m.

Leave Lebanon, week days, 7:12 a. m., 12:30, 7:15 p. m.; Sunday, 7:55 a. m., 8:45 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg, week days, 6:25 a. m.; Sunday, 6:50 a. m.

Leave Quarryville, week days, 6:40, 11:48 a. m., 3:00, 4:58 p. m.; Sunday, 7:10 a. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut street wharf, and South street wharf.

For Atlantic City, week days, express, 9:00 a. m. and 4:00 and 5:00 p. m.; Accommodation, 7:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.; Sunday, Express, 9:00 and 9:30 a. m., Accommodation, 8:00 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

Returning leave Atlantic City, depot corner Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues. Week days, Express 7:30 and 10:12 a. m. and 4 p. m. Accommodation, 8:05 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. Sundays, Express, 4 and 6:30 p. m. Accommodation, 7:30 a. m. and 4:05 p. m.

Detailed time tables can be obtained at ticket offices.

A. A. McLEOD, Vice Pres. & Gen'l M'gr. C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

LEBANON & LANCASTER JOINT LINE RAILROAD.

Arrangements of Passenger Trains on and after SUNDAY, May 12, 1889.

NORTHWARD. Leave	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Sunday. A. M.	P. M.
King Street, Lanc.	7:00	12:35	5:40	8:05			
Lancaster	7:07	12:43	5:50	8:13			
Manheim	7:33	1:20	6:20	8:45			
Cornwall	7:59	1:44	6:48	9:17			
Arrive at							
Lebanon	8:11	1:56	7:00	9:33			
SOUTHWARD. Leave	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lebanon	7:12	12:30	7:15	7:55			
Cornwall	7:27	12:45	7:30	8:10			
Manheim	7:58	1:10	7:57	8:43			
Lancaster	8:27	1:52	8:29	9:12			
Arrive at							
King Street, Lanc.	8:35	2:00	8:30	9:20			

A. M. WILSON, Supt. R. & C. Railroad.
S. S. NEFF, Supt. C. R. R.

Furniture.

WIDMYER'S CORNER.

WIDMYER'S.

FIRST-CLASS BARGAINS. STILL SOME LEFT.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR

FURNITURE

Buying to Save Money.

It's an ill wind that don't blow somebody good.

It's a good wind for you, as we are offering our goods for less dollars than ever before.

Some goods must go to make room for Fall Goods.

These prices will not last long. Don't delay, but fall into line and secure some of our

BARGAINS.

WIDMYER'S

—CORNER OF—

E. King & Duke Sts.

OCHS & GIBBS

Dollars Saved Are Dollars Earned

BY FURNISHING FROM OUR

Complete New Stock

—OF—

RELIABLE FURNITURE,

At the Very Lowest Prices.

Ochs & Gibbs,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FURNITURE, (2d, 3d & 4th Floors,)

NO. 31 SOUTH QUEEN ST. all-lyd

HEINITSH'S.

We Would Call Your Special Attention to the Fact that we have the Agency

—FOR THE—

Queen Folding Bed.

SOME OF ITS GOOD POINTS:

1st. It Carries Less Weight than Others.
2d. It is Simple in Construction.
3d. It is More Easily Handled.
4th. It is Lower in price than any First-Class Bed in the Market.

We have them in stock for Children and Grown People.

HEINITSH'S

Furniture Depot,

Nos. 27 & 29 SOUTH QUEEN STREET

☞ Personal Attention Given to Undertaking

COLLARS AND CUFFS—THE LATEST of the most desirable, and most comfortable shapes and styles—any size, at ERISMAN'S Gents' Furnishing Store, 42 West King street.