# THE SPLENDID SPUR

BEING MEMOIRS OF THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN MARVEL, A SERVANT OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING CHARLES I. IN THE YEARS 1642-3: WRITTEN BY HIMSELF—

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY Q.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOWLING GREEN OF THE "CROWN."

He that has jilted the Muse, forsaking her gentle pipe to follow the drum and trumpet, shall fruitlessly besiege her again when the time comes to sit at home and write down his adventures. 'Tis her revenge, as I am extremely sensible; and methinks she is the harder to me, upon reflection how near I came to being her life long servant, as you are to hear.

'Twas on Nov. 29, 1642—a clear, frosty day—that the king, with the Prince of Wales (newly recovered of the measles), the Princes Rupert and Maurice, and a great company of lords and gentlemen, horse and foot, came marching back to us from Reading. I was a scholar of Trinity college, in Oxford, at that time, and may begin my history at 3 o'clock on the same afternoon, when going (as my custom was) to Mr. Rob Drury for my fencing lesson, I found his lodgings empty.

They stood at the corner of Ship street, as you turn into the Corn market—a low wainscoted chamber, ill lighted but commodious. "He is off to see the show," thought I as I looked about me; and, finding an easy cushion in the window, sat down to await him. Where presently, being tired out (for I had been carrying a halberd all day with the scholars' troop in Magdalen college grove), and in despite of the open lattice, I fell sound asleep.

It must have been an hour after that I awoke with a chill (as was natural), and was stretching out a hand to pull the window close, but suddenly sat down again and fell to watching instead.

The window looked down, at the height of ten feet or so, upon a bowling green at the back of the "Crown" tavern (kept by John Davenant, in the Corn market), and across it to a rambling wing of the same inn; the fourth side—that to my left—being but an old wall, with a broad sycamore growing against it. 'Twas already twilight; and in the darkening house, over the green, was now one casement brightly lit, the curtains undrawn, and within a company of noisy drinkers round a table. They were gaming, as was easily told by their clicking of the dice and frequent oaths; and anon the bellow of some tipsy chorus would come across. 'Twas one of these catches, I dare say, that woke me; only just now my eyes were bent, not towards the singers, but on the still lawn between us.

The sycamore, I have hinted, was a broad tree, and must, in summer, have borne a goodly load of leaves; but now, in November, these were strewn thick over the green, and nothing left but stiff, naked boughs. Beneath it lay a cracked bowl or two on the rank turf, and against the trunk a garden bench rested, I suppose for the convenience of the players. On this a man was now seated.

He was reading in a little book, and this first jogged my curiosity; for 'twas unnatural a man should read print at this dim hour, or, if he had a mind to try, should choose a cold bowling green for his purpose. Yet he seemed to study his volume very attentively, but with a sharp look, now and then, towards the lighted window, as if the revelers disturbed him. His back was partly turned to me, and what with this and the growing dusk I could but make a guess at his face, but a plenty of silver hair fell over his fur collar, and his shoulders were bent a great deal. I judged him between fifty and sixty. For the rest, he wore a dark, simple suit, very straitly cut, with an ample furred cloak and a hat rather tall, after the fashion of the last reign.

Now, why the man's behavior so engaged me, I don't know; but at the end of half an hour I was still watching him. By this 'twas near dark, bitter cold, and his pretense to read mere fondness; yet he persevered—though with longer glances at the casement above, where the din at times was fit to wake the dead.

And now one of the dicers upset his chair with a curse, and gets on his feet. Looking up I saw his feature[illegible]r a moment—a slight, pretty boy, scarce above eighteen, with fair curls and flushed cheeks like a girl's. It made me admire to see him in this ring of purple, villainous faces. 'Twas evident he was a young gentleman of quality, as well by his bearing as his handsome cloak of amber satin barred with black. "I think the devil's in these dice!" I heard him crying, and a pretty hubbub all about him; but presently the drawer enters with more wine, and he sits down quietly to a fresh game.

As soon as 'twas started one of the crew, that had been playing but was now dropped out, lounges up from his seat and, coming to the casement, pushes it open for fresh air. He was one that till now had sat in full view—a tall bully, with a gross, pimpled nose—and led the catches in a bull's voice. The rest of the players paid no heed to his rising, and very soon his shoulders hid them as he leaned out, drawing in the cold breath.

During the late racket I had forgot for a while my friend under the sycamore, but now, looking that way, to my astonishment I saw him risen from his bench and stealing across to the house opposite. I say "stealing," for he kept all the way to the darker shadow of the wall, and, besides, had a curious trailing motion with his left foot, as though the ankle of it had been wrung or badly hurt.

As soon as he was come beneath the window he stopped and called softly,

"Hist!"

The bully gave a start and looked down. I could tell by this motion he did not look to find any one in the bowling green at that hour. Indeed, he had been watching the shaft of light thrown past him by the room behind, and now moved so as to let it fall on the man that addressed him.

The other stands close under the window, as if to avoid this, and calls again.

"Hist!" says he, and beckons with a finger.

The man at the window still held his tongue (I suppose because those in the room would hear him if he spoke), and so for a while the two men studied one another in silence, as if considering their next moves.

After a bit, however, the bully lifted a hand, and, turning back into the lighted room, walks up to one of the players, speaks a word or two and disappears.

I sat up on the window seat, where till now I had been crouching for fear the shaft of light should betray me, and presently (as I was expecting) heard the latch of the back porch gently lifted, and spied the heavy form of the bully coming softly over the grass.

Now, I would not have my readers prejudiced, and so may tell them that this was the first time in my life that I had played the eavesdropper. That I did so now I can never be glad enough, but 'tis true, nevertheless, my conscience pricked me; and I was even making a motion to withdraw when that occurred which would have fixed any man's attention, whether he wished it or no.

The bully must have closed the door behind him but carelessly, for hardly could he have taken a dozen steps when it opened again with a scuffle, and the large house dog belonging to the "Crown" flew at his heels with a vicious snarl and snap of the teeth.

It was enough to scare the coolest. But the fellow turned as if shot, and before he could snap again had gripped him fairly by the throat. The struggle that followed I could barely see, but I heard the horrible sounds of it—the hard, short breathing of the man, the hoarse rage working in the dog's throat—and it turned me sick. The dog—a mastiff—was fighting now to pull loose, and the pair swayed this way and that in the dusk, panting and murderous.

I was almost shouting aloud—feeling as though it were my own throat thus gripped—when the end came. The man had his legs planted well apart. I saw his shoulders heave up and bend as he tightened the pressure of his fingers; then came a moment's dead silence, then a hideous gurgle, and the mastiff dropped back, his hind legs trailing limp.

The bully held him so for a full minute, peering close to make sure he was dead, and then, without loosening his hold, dragged him across the grass under my window. By the sycamore he halted, but only to shift his hands a little, and so, swaying on his hips, send the carcass with a heave over the wall. I heard it drop with a thud on the far side.

During this fierce wrestle—which must have lasted about two minutes—the clatter and shouting of the company above had gone on without a break; and all this while the man with the white hair had rested quietly on one side, watching. But now he steps up to where the bully stood mopping his face (for all the coolness of the evening), and, with a finger between the leaves of his book, bows very politely.

"You handled that dog, sir, choicely well," says he, in a thin voice that seemed to have a chuckle hidden in it somewhere.

The other ceased mopping to get a good look at him.

"But sure," he went on, "'twas hard on the poor cur, that had never heard of Capt. Lucius Higgs"——

I thought the bully would have had him by the windpipe and pitched him after the mastiff, so fiercely he turned at the sound of this name. But the old gentleman skipped back quite nimbly and held up a finger.

"I'm a man of peace. If another title suits you better"——

"Where the devil got you that name?" growled the bully, and had half a mind to come on again, but the other put in briskly:

"I'm on a plain errand of business. No need, as you hint, to mention names; and therefore let me present myself as Mr. Z. The residue of the alphabet is at your service to pick and choose from."

"My name is Luke Settle," said the big man hoarsely (but whether this was his natural voice or no, I could not tell).

"Let us say 'Mr. X.' I prefer it."

The old gentleman as he said this popped his head on one side, laid the forefinger of his right hand across the book, and seemed to be considering.

"Why did you throttle that dog a minute ago?" he asked, sharply.

"Why, to save my skin," answers the fellow, a bit puzzled.

"Would you have done it for fifty pounds?"

"Ay, or half that."

"And how if it had been a puppy, Mr. X?"

Now all this from my hiding I had heard very clearly, for they stood right under me in the dusk. But as the old gentleman paused to let his question sink in, and the bully to catch the drift of it before answering, one of the dicers above struck up to sing a catch:

"With a hey, trolly lolly! a leg to the devil,
And answer him civil, and off with your cap;
Sing—Hey, trolly lolly! Good morrow, Sir Evil,
We've finished the tap,
And, saving your worship, we care not a rap!"

While this din continued, the stranger held up one forefinger again, as if beseeching silence, the other remaining still between the pages of his book.

"Pretty boys!" he said, as the noise died away; "pretty boys! 'Tis easily seen they have a bird to pluck."

"He's none of my plucking."

"And if he were, why not! Sure you've picked a feather or two before now in the low countries—hey?"

"I'll tell you what," interrupts the big man, "next time you crack one of your death's head jokes, over the wall you go after the dog. What's to prevent it?"

"Why, this," answers the old fellow, cheerfully. "There's money to be made by doing no such thing. And I don't carry it all about with me. So, as 'tis late, we'd best talk business at once."

They moved away towards the seat under the sycamore, and now their words reached me no longer—only the low murmur of their voices or (to be correct) of the elder man's; for the other only spoke now and then, to put a question, as it seemed. Presently I heard an oath rapped out, and saw the bully start up. "Hush, man!" cried the other, and "hark ye now;" so he sat down again. Their very forms were lost within the shadow. I myself was cold enough by this time, and had a cramp in one leg, but lay still, nevertheless. And after a while they stood up together, and came pacing across the bowling green side by side, the older man trailing his foot painfully to keep step. You may be sure I strained my ears.

"Besides the pay," the stranger was saying, "there's all you can win of this young fool, Anthony, and all you find on the pair, which I'll wager"——

They passed out of hearing, but turned soon and came back again. The big man was speaking this time.

"I'll be shot if I know what game you're playing in this."

The elder chuckled softly. "I'll be shot if I mean you to," said he.

And this was the last I heard. For now there came a clattering at the door behind me, and Mr. Robert Drury reeled in, hiccoughing a maudlin ballad about "Tib and young Colin one fine day, beneath the haycock shade-a," etc., etc., and cursing to find his fire gone out and all in darkness. Liquor was ever his master, and today the king's health had been a fair excuse. He did not spy me, but the roar of his ballad had startled the two men outside, and so, while he was stumbling over chairs and groping for a tinder box, I slipped out in the darkness and down stairs into the streets.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE CLOAK OF AMBER SATIN.

Guess, any of you, if these events disturbed my rest that night. 'Twas 4 o'clock before I dropped asleep in my bed in Trinity, and my last thoughts were still busy with the words I had heard. Nor, on the morrow, did it fare any better with me; so that, at rhetoric lecture, our president—Dr. Ralph Kettle—took me by the ears before the whole class. He was the fiercer upon me as being older than the gross of my fellow scholars, and (as he thought) the more restless under discipline. "A tutored adolescence," he would say, "is a fair grace before meat," and had his hour glass enlarged to point the moral for us. But even a rhetoric lecture must have an end, and so, tossing my gown to the porter, I set off at last for Magdalen Bridge, where the new barricado was building, along the Physic Garden, in front of East Gate.

The day was dull and lowering, though my wits were too busy to heed the sky; but scarcely was I past the small gate in the city wall when a brisk shower of hail and sleet drove me to shelter in the Pig market (or Proscholium) before the Divinity school. 'Tis an ample vaulted passage, as I dare say you know; and here I found a great company of people already driven by the same cause.

To describe them fully 'twould be necessary to paint the whole state of our city in those distracted times, which I have neither wit nor time for. But here, today, along with many doctors and scholars, were walking courtiers, troopers, mountebanks, cut purses, astrologers, rogues and gamesters, together with many of the first ladies and gentlemen of England, as the Prince Maurice, the Lords Andover, Digby and Colepepper, my Lady Thynne, Mistress Fanshawe, Mr. Secretary Nicholas, the famous Dr. Harvey, arm in arm with my Lord Falkland (whose boots were splashed with mud, he having ridden over from his house at Great Tew), and many such, all mixed in this incredible tag-rag. Mistress Fanshawe, as I remember, was playing on a lute, which she carried always slung about her shoulders; and close beside her, a fellow impudently puffing his specific against the morbus campestris, which already had begun to invade us.

"Who'll buy?" he was bawling. "'Tis from the receipt of a famous Italian, and never yet failed man, woman nor child, unless the heart were clean drowned in the disease; the best part of it good muscadine, and has virtue against the plague, smallpox or surfeits!"

I was standing before this jackanapes, when I heard a stir in the crowd behind me, and another calling, "Who'll buy! Who'll buy!"

Turning, I saw a young man, very gayly dressed, moving quickly about at the far end of the Pig market, and behind him an old lackey, bent double with the weight of two great baskets that he carried. The baskets were piled with books, clothes, gewgaws of all kinds; and 'twas the young gentleman that hawked his wares himself. "What d'ye lack?" he kept shouting, and would stop to unfold his merchandise, holding up now a book and now a silk doublet, and running over their merits like any huckster—but with the merriest conceit in the world.

And yet 'twas not this that sent my heart flying into my mouth at the sight of him. For by his curls and womanish face, no less than the amber cloak with the black bars, I knew him at once for the same I had seen yesterday among the dicers.

As I stood there, drawn this way and that by many reflections, he worked his way through the press, selling here and there a trifle from his baskets, and at length came to a halt in front of me.

"Ha!" he cried, pulling off his plumed hat and bowing low, "a scholar, I perceive. Let me serve you, sir. Here is the 'History of Saint George,'" and he picked out a thin brown quarto and held it up; "written by Master Peter Heylin; a ripe book, they tell me (though, to be sure, I never read beyond the title), and the price a poor two shillings."

Now, all this while I was considering what to do. So, as I put my hand in my pocket, and drew out the shillings, I said very slowly (but softly, so that the lackey might not hear), looking him in the eyes:

"So thus you feed your expenses at the dice; and my shilling, no doubt, is for Luke Settle, as well as the rest."

For the moment, under my look, he went white to the lips; then clapped his hand to his sword, withdrew it, and answered me, red as a turkey cock:

"Shalt be a parson yet, Master Scholar, but art in a damned hurry, it seems."

Now, I had ever a quick temper, and as he turned on his heel was like to have replied and raised a brawl. My own meddling tongue had brought rebuff upon me, but yet my heart was hot as he walked away.

I was standing there and looking after him, turning over in my hand the "Life of Saint George," when my fingers were aware of a slip of paper between the pages. Pulling it out, I saw 'twas scribbled over with writing and figures, as follows:

"MR. ANTHONY KILLIGREW, his acct for Oct. 25th, MDCXLII.—For herrings, 2d.; for coffee, 4d.; for scowring my coat, 6d.; at bowls, 5s. 10d.; for bleading me, 1s. 0d.; for ye King's speech, 3d.; for spiced wine (with Marjory), 2s. 4d.; for seeing ye rhinoceros, 4d.; at ye Ranter-go-round, 6½d.; for a pair of silver buttons, 2s. 6d.; for apples, 2½d.; for ale, 6d.; at ye dice, £17 5s.; for spiced wine (again), 4s. 6d.

And so on.

As I glanced my eye down this paper, my anger oozed away, and a great feeling of pity came over me, not only at the name of Anthony—the name I had heard spoken in the bowling green last night—but also to see that monstrous item of £17 odd spent on the dice. 'Twas such a boy, too, after all, that I was angry with, that had spent fourpence to see the rhinoceros at a fair, and rode at the ranter-go round) with "Marjory," no doubt, as 'twas for her, no doubt, the silver buttons were bought). So that, with quick forgiveness, I hurried after him, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

He stood by the entrance, counting up his money, and drew himself up very stiff.

"I think, sir," said I, "this paper is yours."

"I thank you," he answered, taking it and eying me. "Is there anything besides you wished to say?"

"A great deal, maybe, if your name be Anthony."

"Master Anthony Killigrew is my name, sir; now serving under Lord Bernard Stewart in his majesty's troop of guards."

"And mine is Jack Marvel," said I.

"Of the Yorkshire Marvels?"

"Why, yes; though but a shoot of that good stock, transplanted to Cumberland, and there sadly withered."

"'Tis no matter, sir," said he politely; "I shall be proud to cross swords with you."

"Why, bless your heart!" I cried out, full of laughter at this childish punctilio; "do ye think I came to fight you?"

"If not, sir"—and he grew colder than ever "you are going a cursed roundabout way to avoid it."

Upon this, finding no other way out of it, I began my tale at once; but hardly had come to the meeting of the two men on the bowling green when he interrupts me politely.

"I think, Master Marvel, as yours is like to be a story of some moment, I will send this fellow back to my lodgings. He's a long eared dog that I am saving from the gallows for so long as my conscience allows me. The shower is done, I see; so if you know of a retired spot we will talk there more at our leisure."

He dismissed his lackey and strolled off with me to the Trinity grove, where, walking up and down, I told him all I had heard and seen the night before.

"And now," said I, "can you tell me if you have any such enemy as this white haired man with the limping gait?"

He had come to a halt, sucking in his lips and seeming to reflect.

"I know one man," he began; "but no—'tis impossible."

As I stood, waiting to hear more, he clapped his hand in mine, very quick and friendly; "Jack," he cried, "I'll call thee Jack—'twas an honest good turn thou hadst in thy heart to do me, and I a surly rogue to think of fighting—I that could make mince meat of thee."

"I can fence a bit," answered I.

"Now, say no more, Jack; I love thee."

He looked in my face, still holding my hand and smiling. Indeed, there was something of the foreigner in his brisk, grateful ways; yet not unpleasing. I was going to say I had never seen the like; ah, me! that both have seen and know the twin image so well.

"I think," said I, "you had better be considering what to do."

He laughed outright this time; and resting, with his legs crossed, against the trunk of an elm, twirled an end of his long lovelocks, and looked at me comically. Said he, "Tell me, Jack, is there aught in me that offends thee?"

"Why, no," I answered. "I think you're a very proper young man; such as I should loathe to see spoiled by Master Settle's knife."

"Art not quick at friendship, Jack, but better at advising; only in this case fortune has prevented thy good offices. Hark ye," he leaned forward and glanced to right and left, "if these twain intend my hurt—as indeed 'twould seem—they lose their labor, for this very night I ride from Oxford."

"And why is that?"

"I'll tell thee, Jack, though I deserve to be shot. I am bound with a letter from his majesty to the Army of the West, where I have friends, for my father's sake—Sir Deakin Killigrew, of Gleys, in Cornwall. 'Tis a sweet country, they say, though I have never seen it."

"Not seen thy father's country?"

"Why, no—for he married a French woman, Jack; God rest her dear soul!"—he lifted his hat—"and settled in that country, near Morlaix, in Brittany, among my mother's kin; my grandfather refusing to see or speak with him for wedding a poor woman without his consent. And in France was I born and bred, and came to England two years agone; and this last July the old curmudgeon died. So that my father, who was an only son, is even now in England returning to his estates, and with him my only sister Delia. I shall meet them on the way. To think of it!" (and I declare the tears sprang to his eyes). "Delia will be a woman grown, and ah! to see dear Cornwall together!"

Now, I myself was an only child, and had been made an orphan when but 9 years old by the smallpox that visited our home in Wastdale village and carried off my father, the vicar, and my dear mother. Yet his simple words spoke to my heart, and woke so tender a yearning for the small stone cottage, and the bridge, and the gray fells of Yewbarrow above it, that a mist rose in my eyes, too, and I turned away to hide it.

"'Tis a ticklish business," said I, after a minute, "to carry the king's letter. Not one in four of his messengers comes through, they say. But since it keeps you from the dice"——

"That's true. To-night I make an end."

"To-night?"

"Why, yes. To-night I go for my revenge, and ride straight from the inn door."

"Then I go with you to the 'Crown,'" I cried, very positive.

He dropped playing with his curl, and looked me in the face, his mouth twitching with a queer smile.

"And so thou shalt, Jack; but why?"

"I'll give no reason," said I, and knew I was blushing.

"Then be at the corner of All-Hallows' church in Turl street at 7 to-night. I lodge over Master Simon's, the glover, and must be about my affairs. Jack"—he came near and took my hand—"am sure thou lovest me."

He nodded, with another cordial smile, and went his way up the grove, his amber cloak flaunting like a belated butterfly under the leafless trees; and so passed out of my sight.

*Continued next Saturday*

## ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

**Something About People Who Furnish Amusement—Adams, the Comedian, Popular Here.**

Harry Kennedy, the ventriloquist, is not only of the best performers on the vaudeville stage, but is the author of many popular songs. He has taken Poole's theatre on Eighth street, New York, and will make it a leading variety house.

Nellie McHenry will give up farce comedy and essay a higher class of roles. This leads the *Dramatic Mirror* to state that Pat Rooney may be yet found playing *Richilieu* and Maggie Cline *Parthenia*.

Although there is but one Adam Forepaugh "Addie" still calls himself Adam Forepaugh, jr.

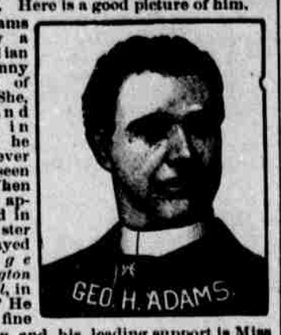
The manager in a small town recently wrote Frederick Warde in this wise: "We want Virginius here; there are lots of old Virginians who would give all they've got to see a good Southern play."

Next year Gus Williams and John T. Kelly, (once of Kelly & Ryan), will star in "You and I." George Murphy takes Mr. Williams' place in Herrmann's big company.

Johnny Wild will be a member of the big minstrel company which George Thatcher will take out under the management of the Howard Athenæum company.

Welsh Brothers' circus, of this city, will be ready to take the road early in May. The managers have purchased a number of horses and fine band and other wagons.

George H. Adams, the clown, who has delighted hundreds of Lancaster people in "Humpty Dumpty," will appear here for the first time in three years on Monday evening. Here is a good picture of him.




Mr. Adams is now a comedian in the funny comedy of "He, She, Him and Her," in which he has never been seen here. When he last appeared in Lancaster he played *George Washington Knowall*, in "Zozo." He has a fine company and his leading support is Miss Toma Hanlon, once a principal singer in Brotherton's "Little Tycoon" company.

Next year Mr. Adams intends going back to "Humpty Dumpty" and will be supported by an excellent company, which will include his brother James, now with "The Spider and Fly."

The fine pug dog "Chester" which Toma Hanlon, of the "He, She, Him and Her" company, has was purchased by that lady from Harry Hirsh, of this city, three years ago. This is his first visit to Lancaster since.


**A Necessity of Health.**

It is a prime necessity of health that the action of the bowels should be kept regular. But the way to overcome a temporary fit of constipation, or to remedy chronic costiveness, is not to deluge the stomach and drench the bowels with purgatives of violent and painful action. The happy medium between an inoperative and violent cathartic is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which acts just sufficiently upon the bowels to relax them, without pain, and which being a wholesome tonic, as well as aperient, has the effect of strengthening both them and the stomach, and promoting the well being of the whole internal economy. The removal of bile from the blood, increased activity of the liver, usually dormant in cases of costiveness, and sound digestion follows the use of this beneficient medicine, as thorough and genial in its effects as it is safe and pure in composition. Rheumatism, fever and ague, kidney troubles and debility are also remedied by it. a15to23

**The Great American Chorus.**

Sneezing, snuffing and coughing! This is the music all over the land just now. "I've got such an awful cold in my head." Cure it with Ely's Cream Balm or it may end in the toughest form of catarrh. Maybe you have catarrh now. Nothing is more nauseous and dreadful. This remedy masters it as no other ever did. Not a snuff nor a liquid. Pleasant, certain, radical. a17-2wd&w

**A Family Gathering.**

Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles? If so, why? When a sample bottle is gladly given to you *free* by any druggist, and the large size costs only 50c and $1. (5)

**Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick?**

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Tired Feeling, Pains in the Chest, Night Sweats, Loss of Power, or any form of Consumption? If so, go to your druggist and purchase a bottle of *Floraptexion*, which will quickly restore you to sound physical health. *Floraptexion* is a highly concentrated fluid extract of the most valuable medicinal roots and herbs known to science, and cures where all other remedies fail. Valuable book, "Things Worth Knowing," sent free. Address, Prof. Franklin Hart, Warren street, N. Y. apr17-1yd&w


## Special Notices.


**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. T. Hoch, Druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. june27-1yd

**Don't Be Faint-Hearted.**

If you are in trouble look up, hold up, gives the blues good bye. If you are in pain, have a lameness, have an ache of any kind, go to the druggist and ask him for *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. It will do you good every time. For sale by W. T. Hoch, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

**Their Business Booming.**

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (3)

**"Home, Sweet Home."**

This song is very good in its way, but is there any sickness in the household? If so, home cannot be always pleasant. We take especial pleasure in recommending *Burdock Blood Bitters*, a *bona fide* and certain cure for dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver and kidneys. For sale by W. T. Hoch, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

**Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!**

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle. june25-1yd&w

**Put Upon His Feet.**

"Set up in bed and coughed until the clothing was wet with perspiration. My wife insisted that I use *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. The first teaspoonful relieved me, and two bottles have have cured me. I can honestly recommend it." E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, N. Y. For sale by W. T. Hoch, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

**Epoch.**

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing, you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle at W. T. Hoch's Drug Store, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (1)

**Some Strong Minded Women**

Can regulate their husbands amazingly fast, should they not do their duty. *Burdock Blood Bitters* are a good regulator of the circulation. They are exclusively a blood tonic, and consequently *strike at the root* of many serious ailments. For sale by W. T. Hoch, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

S. S. S.

**TAKE**

# S. S. S.

**In the Spring**

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is not a nostrum of a brief day's existence, such as spring up like the mushrooms; neither is it one of the old worn-out potash, mercury, sarsaparilla mixtures, which break down health, but is a purely vegetable remedy which strikes at the disease itself (instead of trying to cure the effect of diseases), and roots out the impurities of the blood.


## Clothing.


CLOTHING.

**L. Gansman & Bro.**

**Clothing Made to Your Measure**

—AT—

WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES.

All wonder at our prices. How do you do it is asked by all. Our answer is, we purchase direct from the manufacturers for spot cash and turn them over rapidly on small profits, and thereby save you at least from 25 to 33 per cent.

Wide-Wale Cheviot Suits, to Order, Black or Blue, at $14, $16, $18, $20.

English Corkscrew Suits, to Order, at $16, $18, $20, $22, $24.

All-Wool Wide-Wale Worsted Suits, to Order, at $17, $18, $20, $22, $24.

Fine Cassimere Suits, to Order, at $12, $14, $16, $18.

Fine Diagonal Coat and Vest, to Order, at $10, $12, $14, $16, $18.

Imported Trouserings, to Order, at $7, $8, $9, $10.

All-Wool Cassimere Trouserings, to Order, at $3 50, $4, $4 50, $5, $6, $7.

All-Wool Worsted Trouserings, to Order, $4 50, $5, $6, $6 50.

A WELL SELECTED STOCK AWAITS YOUR INSPECTION.

CALL FOR SAMPLES AND COMPARE QUALITY AND PRICES WITH OTHERS.

**L. Gansman & Bro.,**

Tailors and Manufacturers of Men's, Boy's and Children's Clothing (Exclusive.)

66 and 68 NORTH QUEEN ST.,

S. W. CORNER OF ORANGE, LANCASTER, PA.

Not connected with any other Clothing House in the city.

Be cautious and make no mistake so that you get to the right place.

HIRSH & BROTHER.

**Something to Know!**

What WE are doing in the way of Clothing is Something that ALL Should Know.

—IN—

**READY-MADE CLOTHING**

FOR MEN.

Excellent Values in KNOCK-ABOUT SUITS at $4, $5, $6, $7, $7 50—Sacks or Cutaways.

**Our Special Price---$8.00.**

We can show you 23 DIFFERENT PATTERNS, in Sack or Cutaway Coats, and they are equal to other's $10 Suits in every way.

MANY BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS at $10, $12, $14, $15, $16 and upwards, Sack, Cutaway or Prince Albert Coats. Light and Dark Fancy Cassimeres, plain and lap seams, in stripes, checks, plaids, mixtures and silk dots.

IN BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS.

Many Styles in Sacks and Cutaways; prices range from $2 50 to $12 a suit. Over 125 different patterns.

IN CHILDREN'S SUITS.

The nobblest and neatest suits are to be had here. Cheviots, Cassimeres, Worsteds and many imported goods in the most fastidious designs. Prices begin at $1 a suit; from that up to $8.

MEN'S EXTRA PANTALOONS.

All say we have never shown as handsome a line. Two windows on Centre Square side show what we can do. Everyday—70c to $1 50. Dress $1 75 to $5 00.

BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S PANTS.

Boys' Long Pants, 25 to 32 inch waist, 65c to $4 a pair.

Children's Knee Pants, 20c to $1 50 a pair.

FURNISHINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Flannel Shirts, Domet Shirts, White Shirts, Percale Shirts, Madras and Silk Shirts.

See our 25c and 50c NECKWEAR.

A GLANCE AT OUR NORTH QUEEN STREET WINDOWS

Gives the reason why OUR MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT is so very busy.

SPRING OVERCOATS, $5 TO $18.

**HIRSH & BROTHER,**

CLOTHIERS, MERCHANT TAILORS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS.

**N. Queen St., Centre Square, Market St.,**

LANCASTER, PA.


## Photographs.


ROTE.

**I JUST RECEIVED**

— FROM —

**Kænigsburg, Prussia,**

Two Backgrounds made especially for Bust and Three-quarter Length Photographs.

**ROTE,**

**50 1-2 NORTH QUEEN ST.,**

Next Door to the Postoffice.

jan7-6md

B. J. KRESS, MANUFACTURER OF SURgical and Orthopaedical Appliances, such as Trusses, Braces, Crutches, Clubfeet Shoes, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, etc., Spinal, Abdominal and Uterine Supporters, etc. Lady attendance, 307 West King street. m23-1md

S. S. S.

**TAKE**

# S. S. S.

**In the Spring**

Last winter ugly boils broke out all over my arms and neck, caused by poisoned blood. Three bottles of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) eradicated the disease entirely from my system. It also restored my appetite and built up my system, which had been run down to a low ebb, caused by the unhealthy state of my blood.

GEORGE ALVARD,
Aug. 2, 1889. Avoca, Ia.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

**SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.**


## Clothing


MARTIN BROS.

**Style Hints.**

The most fashionable collar is medium high and has self-turned points. All the latest are here, 10c, 15c, 25c. A shirt that will fit is the giver of much joy. Embroidered and Pique bosoms are latest, open back and front. Many styles here, $1.25 to $2. Try our Dayton Shirt for an "all around good value, $1 each, or 90c in half dozen lots. Ask to see our celebrated 50c shirt, three lengths of sleeves. Our new arrivals in fancy Half Hose comprise many novelties. Fast black, new blues, greys and modes are the new colors for low shoes. See choice at 25c. Men's and Boys' Spring Underwear. All the good points underwear should have has been seen to in ours, 25c to $2 50 apiece. If you haven't seen our collection of elegant Neckwear you are missing the best of the sort in the market. The chance is not over yet. Shades of pearl and blue are latest, 13c to $1 25. Our Ready-Made Clothing is cut on scientific principles, made with the utmost care, and appears in countless designs of fine cloths.

MEN'S SUITS, $5 to $25.

BIG BOYS' SUITS, $4 to $15.

LITTLE BOYS' SUITS, $1.95 to $10

Attractiveness in dress is not so much a matter of money as it is of taste and attention. The best of both to had at

**MARTIN BROS,**

**26 and 28 N. Queen St.**

WILLIAMSON & FOSTER.

**Our Remnant Sale**

Is in Full Blast. Don't Miss the Immense Bargains We Are Offering.

**An Unexpected Bargain**

—IN—

**CLOTH JACKETS**

FOR LADIAS.

Handsomely Made, Full Puff Sleeves, Single and Double Breasted, in Ecru, Navy and Robin Hood Green. Ladies have only to see them to appreciate the bargain.

Boy's Cambridge Tunic Suits, $2, $2 25 to $3, including the Calliope.

Shirt Waists and Odd Pants' 25c to $1.

Ladies' Morning Wrappers, Light and Dark Colors, $1.

**Ladies' Handkerchiefs.**

Special Values in 2c, 3c and 4c Handkerchiefs.
All 10c Handkerchiefs now 7c.
All 15c and 17c Handkerchiefs now 12½c.
White and Colored Embroidered Handkerchiefs, excellent values, 17c.
Regular 35c and 38c Handkerchiefs, 25c.
Better Grades, 38c, 45c, 45c.

A GREAT DEMAND FOR

**SPRING OVERCOATS.**

A large selection of Men's Sack Suits, in all colors, $7 to $12.

Cutaway Suits, in all the new styles, $6 to $24.

Dark Fancy Worsteds for Dress Wear. Medium and Light Colors for Business Wear.

A full line of Boys' Suits from $6 to $10 and up to the best.

The Largest and Finest Assortment of Neckwear found anywhere.

Light and Dark Colored Teck Scarfs, 17c to $1 25.

Four-in-Hands, all colors, 25c to $1 25.

Club-House, Windsors, Tycoon Tie and Fancy Straight and Strap Bows, in great variety.

A fine line of Gent's Half-Hose, in Plain and Fancy Colors, Extra Good Values, 25c per yard.

Eighnie Shirt, $1, or $5.40 per half dozen. No. 2, 75c, or $4.05 per half dozen, former price, $1.

**HARNESS! HARNESS!**

We have a full line, from the Cheapest to the Best.

A Full Set, with Breast Band, for $5.50.

A Full Set, with Collar and Hames, for $6.

Also any old piece such as Collars, Hames, Lines, Traces, and anything else you may wish at the very lowest prices.

We have added a line of Boys' and Girls' Bicycles, Tricycles and Velocipedes.

Our Popular Men's Shoes is a Gossamer Calf. It is of very light soles, which is just the thing for tender feet to go out doors. Price, $2.50.

**HOUSEFURNISHINGS.**

"Grand Rapids" Carpet Sweeper, $2.47.
Novelty Clothes Wringer, No. 2½, best white rubber rolls, $2.50.
Automatic Spring Wringer, $2.00.
Wash Boilers, rust proof, sheet iron bottom, No. 6, 79c; No. 7, 89c; No. 8, $1.13.
Best Cedar Tubs, 75c, $1.05, $1.45.
Cheaper Grade Tubs, same size as better quality, 50c, 65c, 75c.
Wash Baskets, 50c, 65c, 75c.
Wash Boards, 15c.
Wash Boards, solid zinc, 20c, 25c, 30c.

**Williamson & Foster,**

**32-38 East King Street,**

LANCASTER, PA.,

—AND—

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