

The Lancaster Intelligencer

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—SUGHANAN.

VOL. LIX.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1888.

NO. 3.

INTELLIGENCER & LANCASTERIAN.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUCK STREET,
BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.
Subscription—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Single copies, 10 cents. Advertising—Advertisement not exceeding one square, (10 lines) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Of a greater length in proportion.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

Don't say that you have not got time—
The business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

family were, as it is generally expressed, "lacking somewhere." The women were generally good, harmless creatures, with few idiosyncrasies, and feeble mental constitutions, willing to put up with the queer freaks of the masculines, and always ready with a defence or an excuse when they were particularly disagreeable. They did hope, however, the four maiden aunts belonging to the last generation but one, that Japhet, the most promising son of the family, and only son of his father, (seven daughters preceding him) would be free from all singularities, quirks, quips, quibbles, and oddities; and while they watched him with fearful misgivings, they yet said to themselves and to each other: "He looks so different from the Colbones, and so much like the Rashers, (his mother's side), that I guess there won't be any streaks in him." Japhet was a fine-looking boy. The only drawback to his good appearance was a head of somewhat unwieldy size, and whitish blue eyes, exactly like his father's. Why he looks, of course, so poor, so infatuated, and so having been his playthings from his earliest years—indeed he was seldom seen without them. Manfully he mastered his "abts" and "webs," and hurried forward to the first class in the primary school. So rapid was his progress, that every-body marvelled, and an itinerant phrenologist examined his cranium for nothing, because, he said, "One did not often meet such splendid development of brain." Forthwith he declared that Japhet must go to college; that he shouldn't wonder if the boy was a marvel; yes, he fully expected to see him for an office when he should advance to the dignity of being President of the United States. The elder Colbones was in rapture, and almost went to the city heels over head in his anxiety to buy more books, that the science and oligues might be crammed into that capacious brain.—Only one person professed to have no faith in the predictions of the man with the sculls, old Goody Grant—the matron of the poor-house.

Law, Tiddy, are you dumb? exclaimed old Mrs. Grant in an agony of fear that her daughter would lose the chance; "do say 'yes' and done with it."

Yes, and done with it," murmured Tiddy, faintly.

Well now don't lose any time; I've got some things to do to that patch of corn at the left of the house. I'll wait till you put on your bonnet and shawl."

Tiddy walked in a dream to the door to go up stairs. Then turning irresolutely, she said, timidly: "What will your sisters think?"

"Law! Tiddy do hurry!" cried Mrs. Grant, while Japhet said quite coolly: "I never ask them what they think, or any body else."

Another moment of indecision, and Tiddy was arising here, to her head, and a shilling prim—troubling, half laughing, half crying. "It was so strange," so odd! but everybody knew Japhet came from an odd family.

Japhet got home with his wife just as his father drove up with a new cart-load of books. Sisters and mother looked daggers at the double infliction. Old Mr. Colbones glanced suspiciously at Tiddy Grant, now Tiddy Colbones.

"Now you can all have your look, and say your say," exclaimed Japhet; "Tiddy is my wife. I've just been over and married her, and brought her home o' dinner; I hope it's most ready."

The elder Colbones spoke not a word, but sending for some one to unload his books, he went complacently into the house. Poor Mrs. Colbones, on the contrary fretted and fumed. "What did Japhet want to be such a confounded fool for? Wasn't the house full from ceiling to floorboard with trash, and now he must go, and bring more?"

Tiddy had not been in her new home a week before the sisters of the new bridegroom held a consultation, with the doors shut.

"I'm sure no such thing ever happened before," whispered the eldest, "and I'm almost confident that huzzy has taken it."

"And don't you think, said Sarah, the next eldest, "two pair of my very finest stockings are gone?"

"And my nicest, newest flannel petticoat," chimed in another.

"Nor ain't she," replied Japhet, giving a final look at the glass.

"I don't believe it; it's only one of his odd freaks," said another sister, watching him as he went down the road.

"I'll be just him exactly, to bring that mean, poor spirited thing here this very day," exclaimed another; "and we can't have a wedding or company, or anything, 'till like's not he'll fan her at the wash tub, and marry her in a check apron," said the younger sister, who had never liked Tiddy, because she was poor and mean in her appearance.

Off posted Japhet to the little old brown cottage where lived Tiddy Grant. At a long table her mother and herself were ironing, for a living. Both paused when they saw the young man; and Tiddy, beholding herself of yesterday's speech blushed till she looked almost hand-ome.

"It's a nice day," said Japhet.

"Very," echoed mother and daughter.

"A fine day to be married in," suggested the young man.

"Tiddy looked up in astonishment and then looked down in confusion.

"If you'll have me Tiddy, say 'Yes,' and put your bonnet on; we'll go right to the minister's."

The poor girl was confounded; she never had received an offer before in her life. So she stood awkwardly, catching by the table;—hen in her consideration, took hold of a hot iron, cried "Oh!" and sank upon a seat paralyzed.

"I ain't got much time," said Japhet very coolly, rising; "and I'm determined to have my wife, or never. If you'll have me, I ain't I am; but you must make haste, or we shan't be home in time for dinner."

"Law, Tiddy, are you dumb? exclaimed old Mrs. Grant in an agony of fear that her daughter would lose the chance; "do say 'yes' and done with it."

Yes, and done with it," murmured Tiddy, faintly.

Well now don't lose any time; I've got some things to do to that patch of corn at the left of the house. I'll wait till you put on your bonnet and shawl."

"I can't find my best black silk!" she cried in consternation; "the one I earned for myself—I've looked for it high and low. And my nice tucked skirt is gone, too; and Fanny's pink perline and best bonnet. What shall we do? I am sure they were all in my drawers yesterday!"

Tiddy was astonished as well as they. She left her work and commenced searching. In every nook and corner of the house they hunted, turned chests wrong side out, emptied drawers, stripped closets, but nothing could be found of the missing articles. There was no other course for Drusy, the poor thing, but to cry; and at it she went, bemoaning her ill-fortune in the most extravagant manner.

It certainly was very mysterious. None but the usual inmates had been in the house. Tiddy searched her own part of the premises as faithfully as every other. But what she could get with the dress or yardke! She could get such things whenever she wished; but how had it happened?

"With witchcraft!" the Colbones were very superstitious, and they shuddered to go to bed after this mishap; Drusy declared that she heard foot-steps every night; and waking up her sister the night after the accident, both lay listening and trembling, for there certainly was a sound of some one moving around the house.

"As sure as you live, Fanny, the house is haunted," whispered Drusy.

"For pity's sake don't!" cried Fanny, pulling the bed-quilt over her head.

"I've heard that sometimes them that's gone get a spite against you, and torment you almost to death."

"Drusy! hold your tongue! I wish you had not waked me up," chattered Fanny under the bed clothes.

"I was only wondering," persisted Drusy, who had a love for the horrible, "if old grandpa Colbones—"

"I'll scream murder if you don't keep still!" cried Fanny now trembling so that she had to look.

"Well, now, there's a noise down stairs. There, don't you hear it? Like somebody marbling."

Poor Fanny was striving to be oblivious to everything, but it would not do; she was thoroughly frightened.

"O Drusy!" she moaned, if there should be robbers! Japhet has got money in the house; and they might come in and murder us in our beds. O Drusy! did you look the door?"

"Yes, Fanny never went to bed without locking doors and windows, and shaking every dress and stocking out, to be sure there was nobody inside. She would have gone to her brother's room, but that was across the entry, and she was a coward.— Beside, she was sure she had heard the same sounds before, and they were yet un-

kept awake, her fears excited at the slightest sound; but finally drowsiness overcame her, and her eyes obstinately refused to keep open.

For some hours she slept heavily; but at the accustomed time awoke, as had become a usual habit with her.

There were the sounds again; the going down stairs, lifting the latch, the fumbling and stepping about. Drusy pulled the string. In a few moments Tiddy's night-capped head appeared at the door.

"It is Japhet, as I suspected," she said, whispering. "He's not in my room.— Come; we won't light a lamp, but go softly down stairs. You foolish thing, to tremble so! its only one of his freaks, and harmless, I suppose, at that. Come; are you ready?"

Drusy delayed as long as she could, fidgeting about the shawl she had prepared beforehand, and shivering, she said, at the cold, then, taking care to keep behind Tiddy, crept down stairs.

There seemed to be an illumination.—The hall was quite light. Tiddy stood on the stairs and reached over the glass top of the door. For a moment she stood gazing; then, sinking back, she began laughing immoderately to herself, her queer contortions, as she beckoned Drusy to look, and the effect she made to keep from betraying herself, making her, in her night-gown and uncouth attire, appear quite ridiculous.

Drusy stood on tip-toe, taking in the whole scene and its ludicrousness at a glance. Japhet was standing before the looking-glass, his box open beside him.—He was arrayed in women's clothes almost from head to foot, and was just then pulling and straightening out the ruffles on a cap which Drusy recognized as the one her mother had lost some years before. The gown, with its bright blue and white pattern, was familiar to her; and now he was slowly one at a time, and when at the top, gave one sweeping glance about. Then, in a loud voice she cried: "Here he is, Tiddy; the wicked fellow! trying to scare us all out of our senses. O, Japhet!"

By this Tiddy had flown up stairs with Fanny, and now approached the figure that sat in the shadow. Bonnet, cap, pelerrine, gloves, black silk gown, a bag in its hand; fantastic bows pinned all over it: it was a most fearful grotesque object. Tiddy calling him by name, went nearer, and nearer, and still nearer, and when, with a shriek: "O Drusy!" she cried, "he's stone dead!" and fell down fainting.

It was quite true. This was the oldest freak yet, of the old man. He had managed to hang himself in a sitting posture, and his face was calm and placid. In the bag in his hand was a paper on which was written the words:

"I think I am a woman. I have been seven years making up a perfect set of garments appropriate for my sex. As I have passed so long, for a man, I am ashamed to show myself in any other way, therefore I bang myself. The property all go to the woman I have laid my wife. If she ever had a child, I have prepared everything for the general, and desire that I may be laid out in the clothes I have on."

Poor Tiddy was almost distracted. In spite of his strange ways, she had loved her husband deeply, and the memory of his death made the bereavement much more dreadful. Crows came flocking to see the strange sight; and the wonder grew when it was seen that he had taken the greatest pains to leave out not the smallest minutia of a woman's wearing apparel.

And thus, according to the term of his singular request, he was placed in his coffin in Drusy's black silk; the only difference in the terms being that the bonnet and shawl were taken off, and the gold rings and jewelry which he had adorned his neck and fingers.

"There's the last of the Colbones, likely," whispered one neighbor to another. "The women will die old maids, and Tiddy's two children are girls: ain't it lucky?"

Tiddy was left with a handsome property; but she could no longer bear to live in the house where he had died. So she bought a little cottage for herself and her mother, and kindly took Drusy and Fanny to live with her.

in the cellarway, and let you in." And so she did.

Once in the house, Tiddy felt oppressed with a strange awe. She went into the parlor and started back with a scream. All the chairs in the room had been brought in and ranged in double rows around the room, as if for a funeral, while the large hall-table was set in the centre, spread with a white cloth, and occupied only by the great Bible and hymn-book.

"What does this mean?" asked Tiddy, sinking down, her strength entirely gone. The children laughed with glee, and began to playing meeping.

"It's surely a sign!" cried Drusy, her cheeks whitening, while Fanny shivered as with an ague.

"Where is that man? oh! dear! where can he be?" cried Tiddy, in great distress. "Drusy! you go hunt. Mary! (to the girl) go round to all the neighbors. Then, proceeding to the foot of the stairs, she shouted his name; but there was no answer.

"I don't know why, but I dread to go up stairs," said Tiddy, faltering. "Look; he has shut up every blind."

"There's no use in feeling so; we might as well go up," said Drusy, summoning a show of courage. "I don't believe he's in the house, nor haven't from the first. That fixing in the parlor, and shutting up the blinds, was just one of his freaks. I mean he would grow odder as he grew older; all the Colbones do. Come; we might as well have it over with." So saying, she resolutely mounted into the chamber.

Everything there was in scrupulous order; though the rooms, upon such an unexpected summons, had been left somewhat untidy. He was in none of the sleeping apartments, and Tiddy breathed more freely. Drusy now boldly opened the door leading to the great garret. The red rays of the fast setting sun streamed down the narrow stairs. She went up slowly one at a time, and when at the top, gave one sweeping glance about. Then, in a loud voice she cried: "Here he is, Tiddy; the wicked fellow! trying to scare us all out of our senses. O, Japhet!"

By this Tiddy had flown up stairs with Fanny, and now approached the figure that sat in the shadow. Bonnet, cap, pelerrine, gloves, black silk gown, a bag in its hand; fantastic bows pinned all over it: it was a most fearful grotesque object. Tiddy calling him by name, went nearer, and nearer, and still nearer, and when, with a shriek: "O Drusy!" she cried, "he's stone dead!" and fell down fainting.

It was quite true. This was the oldest freak yet, of the old man. He had managed to hang himself in a sitting posture, and his face was calm and placid. In the bag in his hand was a paper on which was written the words:

"I think I am a woman. I have been seven years making up a perfect set of garments appropriate for my sex. As I have passed so long, for a man, I am ashamed to show myself in any other way, therefore I bang myself. The property all go to the woman I have laid my wife. If she ever had a child, I have prepared everything for the general, and desire that I may be laid out in the clothes I have on."

Poor Tiddy was almost distracted. In spite of his strange ways, she had loved her husband deeply, and the memory of his death made the bereavement much more dreadful. Crows came flocking to see the strange sight; and the wonder grew when it was seen that he had taken the greatest pains to leave out not the smallest minutia of a woman's wearing apparel.

And thus, according to the term of his singular request, he was placed in his coffin in Drusy's black silk; the only difference in the terms being that the bonnet and shawl were taken off, and the gold rings and jewelry which he had adorned his neck and fingers.

"There's the last of the Colbones, likely," whispered one neighbor to another. "The women will die old maids, and Tiddy's two children are girls: ain't it lucky?"

A PRIVATE SALE, A VALUABLE
The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber has for sale, at private sale, the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Neill, consisting of a large tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 174 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and a good quality of soil, and a small tract of land, situated in the township of Lancaster, containing 10 acres, more or less, well fenced and a good quality of soil. The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Barn and a two-story Frame Stable, and other buildings. The land is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. The sale will be made by auction, and the proceeds will be paid in cash on the day of sale. Apply to J. J. HARRIS, Auctioneer.