

The Lancaster Intelligence

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

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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TERMS.
Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance. \$1.50, if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions are, however, expected to be paid in advance.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Business advertisements by the year, or fractions of a year, in Weekly papers, to be charged at the rate of \$5.00 per square of ten lines, per centum increase on the yearly rate for fractions of a year.
General advertisements to be charged at the rate of 50 cents per line for the first insertion, and 25 cents per line for every subsequent insertion.
Day's notices, by the column, half, third, or quarter column, to be charged as follows:
One-half column, yearly, \$100.00
One-half column, yearly, 50.00
One-third column, yearly, 33.33
One-quarter column, yearly, 25.00
Business cards, 5 lines or less, \$5.00
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Obituary Notices to be charged at advertising rates.
Transfers of Real Estate, Resolutions, &c., to be charged 10 cents per line.
Communications sent forth the claims of individuals for office, &c., to be charged 10 cents per line.
December 15th, 1863, the above Schedule of Prices was unanimously adopted by the undersigned, Publishers in the City of Lancaster, Pa.
J. W. & J. B. SANDERSON & CO., Editors of the Herald.
FRANKLIN & GIBBS, Daily & Weekly Express.
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SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed hall,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so sweet and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, young face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.
Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his bed he has risen and brow,
Break all the wondrous waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.
Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Mourn a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from his fair master take,
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand has rested there,
Was it a mother's, soft and white,
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?
God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart has cherished him there;
Somebody's name has been his name there;
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer,
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.
Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to their breast;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pleading to drop in his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."
(Sunday Chronicle)

ALLEN ELLSWORTH'S HOME.

It was a blustering night in March, cold without, but within were light and warmth. The fire glowed brightly in the grate, and I sat with folded hands, and the last number of the Atlantic open on my lap. I had been reading, but dropped the book to listen to the wind as it surged in fitful gusts around the house.
Two years before, on just such a night as this, there fell on me the heaviest grief that has ever darkened my life.
My husband, in the pride and strength of his manhood, was taken from me, and in my desolate home I was left to wait, under saddened ties, and to face alone the dreary, dreary future which loomed up mockingly before me.
And on this night of which I am writing, my heart was aching with the burden of loneliness, and longing for a pressure of the hand that would never call mine again, and the light of fond eyes that never looked coldly into mine.
In these sad thoughts I was losing self-control, and with a mighty effort turned the current of my thoughts into the channel of every-day affairs.
"I think I must call on our new neighbor, Mrs. Ellsworth, to-morrow," I said aloud. "What if we should find Mr. Ellsworth to be our old schoolmate and friend. Mrs. Wentworth tells me they are from the Empire State."
"What were you saying, Milly?" and my brother glanced up from the paper which had so engrossed his attention, he had not heard my remark. I had repeated it. "Ah! I was not aware we had new neighbors. I am sure you have not mentioned the fact to, Milly."
"I know I have not, Will; but I have had so many things to say to you since your return that I have not even thought of them, and I did not learn their name till yesterday."
"Well, I'll make some inquiries to-morrow, and if it is Allen Ellsworth I will make myself known to him; we can't afford to be strangers in this country," said Will, and resumed his reading; while I sat idly gazing into the fire.
The name aroused a host of delightful recollections. How vividly it brought to mind my childhood's home—the low brown house half hidden by the luxuriant grape-vine, whose fruit was such a temptation to juvenile frugality from the time it first took on a ripening tinge till it hung in rich and glowing purple clusters amid the dark green leaves.
And the two loveliest trees, the delight of my young eyes, tossing up their sprays of creamy blossoms to the truant breeze. And pleasanter than all, the family gathering on the long low porch, when the cares of day were over, and the sky was all aglow with the brightness of sunset. Closely interwoven with these pleasant associations was the memory of our friend Ellsworth—Al. We always called him—so you often made one of our number.
The next morning I equipped myself for a walk down town. It was a beautiful morning, sunny, the air clear and bracing, I walked rapidly, the exercise sending the blood bounding along my veins in a warm,

THE FAIRY GRIGNOTTE.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.
The Fairy Grignotte was a little mouse, the prettiest little mouse that ever nibbled upon earth. She leaped and frolicked, and was never still except when she was planning some new prank. It was her great pleasure to tickle the feet of children and run up their legs, thus making them laugh when they were taking their lessons. This made the master scold, because he thought they were laughing at him. She did not make them laugh at their play; no, indeed! that was her permitted; and Mademoiselle cared for their lessons. Her conduct is unnatural and inexplicable, I thought; and I was so indignant that I thought aloud, "Never mind! I'll wake him up one of these days if I have a chance."
I had not long to wait for one. In less than half an hour I saw him coming at the gate. He sauntered slowly up the walk, answering my "good morning" with a smile and bend of head; and sitting down on the step below me, took off his straw hat, and ran his fingers carelessly through his hair the moist rings of clustering in his forehead white as a woman's.
"I called into say 'good-by,' Milly," he said. "I have taken a job in Grafton, which will keep me from home five or six weeks, perhaps longer. How nice and cosy you always look here," he added, after a pause.
"I have a very pleasant home," I replied. "I think I could not be so contented anywhere else. It is no pleasant though than yours will be to you when you have been in it long enough to feel at home. Indeed, I think yours a much finer location. And, by the way, there has been a decided improvement made in your front yard within a week; I was passing last evening, but had no time to call."
"Yes," he replied, "it does look a little better. Cora has been trying to straighten things out generally, in doors and out. It won't amount to much; in less than six weeks everything will look as bad as ever. She has brightened up wonderfully within the last few weeks, but I expect she will be back in the old track again before long."
"Do you ever try to encourage or help her along?" I asked.
"What do you mean? I provide her food, and clothing; and all she has to do is to take care of it; it is a woman's business. What more can I do?"
"Shall I tell you?" I asked again.
"Yes," he replied. "I should like to know."
"You can notice kindly any improvement she may make, either in doors or out, and give her an encouraging word when you see she has tried to please you in anything. You can avoid finding fault with her for every little thing she neglects to do or does wrongly. You can take an interest in whatever interests her, and treat her with the forbearance and gentleness due a wife—in short, you can be to her somewhat of all you promised to be when you took her from home and friends, and brought her among strangers. You ought to be to her such a loving, tender husband, such a kind counselor and dear friend, that she should scarcely miss a father's care and a mother's love. But you are not. Your conscience will tell you that. Cora is easily discouraged—she cannot endure neglect, and needs a warm, true heart, and a strong arm to help her through this world. Thank God! she has turned over a new leaf. There will be many mistakes at first, and a good many tears shed in consequence; but there will be no wavering nor turning back. I'll vouch for her. So if your home is not as comfortable and happy as one as can be found on this island, but yourself, you will have no one to blame but yourself."
I glanced at him to note the effect of my words; but saw a slight flushing of the brow and compression of the lips, his face did not betray his thoughts. He rose and held his hand.
"I am obliged to you for your lecture, Milly; I don't think I shall forget it. You are my friend, else I am afraid I should not have listened so calmly to it," and he was gone.
One evening near the middle of September, I received a telegram from a distant city, summoning me to my brother's bedside. He had been gone from home two months. My preparations were quickly made, and long before daylight I was on my way. I left a note for Cora, explaining my abrupt departure, and promising to write her soon.
It was nearly two months before my brother was able to be taken home. We proceeded thither by slow and easy stages, arriving late at night.
Before we had risen from our late breakfast the next morning Cora came in. She shook hands with brother Will, expressing her pleasure at seeing him home again, and looking so well.
"Milly! dear, dear Milly, I can't tell you how glad I am to see your dear face once more."
"How full of life and health she was. Her cheeks were glowing, and eyes sparkling. She looked down into their clear depths—there was shadow there now—thank God! You may go the wide world over, and you'll not find a happier home than is Allen Ellsworth's to-day."
WHAT OUR PARLOR SHOULD BE.—It is a beautiful and long-to-be-remembered saying, but the following is among his latest and best: "Don't keep, he observes, 'a solemn parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson or sewing society. Hang around your parlors, which tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he obliges to a single plank in the loose waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still brightening may come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope, and love. Have no daemons about your house, no room never open, no blinds that are always shut."

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Grignotte tickled their legs.
At length the master's patience gave way. "Young gentlemen," said he, "so much insubordination merits a striking punishment. The whole class will be kept in for the third time! Not one of you will go out on Sunday; not a single one do you understand!"
With these words the indignant master left the room; but as the fairy, frightened by his coarse voice, had returned to her hole, the children no longer laughed, and the white back which he showed when departing failed to excite their mirth.—They were dismayed. For two Sundays they had not seen their parents, and they knew very well how vexed they would be when they should be refused to them for the third time. The younger ones began to weep, because they were the most innocent; the older ones were furious, because they were the most criminal. When one is in the wrong, one is glad to lay the blame upon somebody else, and the most among the pupils who had the most stoutly denied the existence of Grignotte yielded their doubt, now that they had so fine an opportunity to accuse her.
Scarcely had the master left the class when the anger burst forth. "Wicked Grignotte!" she had casted all our misfortunes!"
"Yes," said Richemont, one of the naughty leaders of the school, "it is Grignotte, I am sure, I felt something touch my legs when the master was speaking."
"It was I," said an honest little boy, who did not think it was necessary to tell an untruth in order to accuse another, and who, beside, felt already a sympathy for Grignotte.
"Ah! it was you?" replied Richemont, impatient at being interrupted in his lie. "Well, take this, to teach you to push against my legs," and so saying, the wicked boy gave the open-hearted little one a heavy blow with his fist.
Then, transported with anger, he jumped upon a table, crying, "Vengeance!" and all his comrades echoed "Vengeance!"
There was a concert of injurious epithets heaped upon the unhappy Grignotte. Each one, according to his character, said something stinging, and as there were at least thirty pupils in the class, the uproar was stunning. One heard only "Grignotte! Grignotte! Detestable Grignotte! Infamous Grignotte! Abominable Grignotte! Perfidious Grignotte, the chief! Grignotte, the hypocrite! Little scoundrel of a Grignotte! Grignotte the spy! Grignotte the quack!"
When the epithets were exhausted, regrets commenced. Each one recalled the pleasure which had been promised for the fatal Sunday—this third and fatal Sunday which they were condemned to pass in the school.
"Sunday!" cried one: "truly it is the fate of St. Cloud! Mamma was going to take me there."
"Sunday!" exclaimed another: "it is also my aunt's festival day; we were to enjoy it at her house."
"And papa was to take me to Franconi! And me to the Botanical Garden! And me to the royal Mass! As for me, my brother has given me a gun! And grandpapa has bought me a pony! And grandpapa has given me a watch! And mamma is sick! And my sister is to be married! And my tutor is in London!"
The best speaker of the class declared that there was not a moment to lose; that they must at all events seize Grignotte; that they should have no peace until Grignotte would be taken; that the taking of Grignotte would alone appease the anger of the master. "The master is too just," he cried—hoping, perhaps, to be overheard by him—"he is too just, I say, to punish us for the crime of another. I try it; you will see that when Grignotte shall have been taken, the master will pardon us and all his anger will fall upon her."
The pupils clapped their hands at this speech and the orator profited by their enthusiasm to collect money enough to buy a little bacon and a mouse-trap. Each pupil gave two cents, and he soon found himself in possession of a sum large enough to procure where withal to catch all the mice in the quarter, and even some of the great rats over the market.
It was Thursday, and there were yet two long days to go to the numerous measures which were to secure to the pupils their beautiful Sunday. There straggle was in train. The trap was bought; the bacon was broiled; the children to attract the poor fairy, scattered crumbs of bread in all the rooms of the school.
It was a pity to see so much enmity and anger against such a little mouse.
Poor Grignotte knew nothing of these plots. After the day in which the master flew into a passion, she fled and concealed herself in a school of young girls, where she kept up her frolics; for little girls are still gayer gigglers than little boys. Seeing quiet re-established among the pupils, she returned on Friday evening to sleep in her accustomed hole, far from suspecting the treacher which awaited her.
When she entered there was no one in the class; all the pupils were in the dormitories. She ran up and down under the benches and was agreeably surprised to find so many crumbs of bread upon the floor. As she ate these without injury she suspected nothing. From crumb to crumb she reached the treacherous bacon, when, alas! she was no longer cautious, the imprudent one!
Scarcely had she tasted the deceitful dainty than she heard a terrible noise—terrible for a mouse—that of a trap falling. The poor fairy at this moment was so unhappy as a real mouse, because she was a fairy of the second order, and had no power. Her part in the world was to excite laughter, and nothing is more contemptible than that. She felt at the first instant the whole extent of her misfortune, and she passed the entire night groaning and bewailing.
The next morning when the pupils looked into the trap they felt a wild joy

THE FAIRY GRIGNOTTE.

only a quiver about the compressed lips; and when next she spoke she was calm, her voice even, but very low, as if she feared to trust it.
I loved Cora dearly, notwithstanding her faults; and so longed to help her out of this trouble, which was stealing all joy and gladness from her heart.
One day, immediately after I had taken my dinner, I called in to invite Cora to take a ride with me a short distance into the country. I found them seated at the dinner-table, and knew from their countenances there had been discussion between them.
Sitting down, I made known my errand.
"I would like to go very much," she said, her face brightening.
"You had better stay at home and go to work; you'll find enough to do. There isn't a clean place in the house, nor anything fit to eat," and with this encouraging remark Allen quitted the table and the house.
Cora burst into tears. He had exaggerated, as people are very apt to do when in a passion, and had wounded her in speaking in such a manner in my presence.
"I am mortified and ashamed, Milly, that you should have witnessed anything like this in our house," she said.
I was fully determined now that she should go; so I bustled around cheerfully, assisting with the work, and very soon we were on the road.
We rode on a mile or two in silence. I turned to make some observation to Cora. She had taken off her hat, and was leaning back in the carriage, gazing up at the blue sky, and soft, fleecy clouds floating lazily along.
Her face was pale, and the shadows in her eyes deeper and darker.
"Cora!" I said; and the words leaped right out of my heart; "can't I help you in your trouble? I wish I could do or say something that would comfort you, and make you happier."
The tears sprang into her eyes now.
"Dear Milly, your society is the only comfort I have, and believe me your love is all that keeps me from utter despair. I am very unhappy; you do not need to be told the cause. Everything has gone wrong with us ever since we were married. We did not begin right. I urged Allen to defer our marriage for a year, or until I could perfect myself in the art of housekeeping; but he would not listen to me, saying I could easily learn all that that was necessary for me to know—that such knowledge came naturally to a woman, and that a very little practice would make perfect; &c. I remained at home about a month before we went to housekeeping. For awhile I did the best I could. We were among entire strangers, and there was no one to whom I could go for advice, so I plodded on alone. I could not please my husband in anything. He is very particular about his food, as perhaps you know, and I have never cooked anything to suit him yet. It is always either over or under done, too sweet or too sour, too salt or too fresh, the coffee too strong or not strong enough, or muddy. In short, fault-finding has become habitual. I have grown hardened, I suppose, for lately I have made but little effort. I have no heart for anything. Many and many a night I have wished I might never behold the morning."
She said this, not passionately, but with a hopeless air, as if she was in very truth weary of the life which had in so much disappointment and heartache.
"Cora," I said, laying my hand on hers, "I think I can help you if you will try to help yourself. You shall have the benefit of my knowledge and experience as far as it goes; but you must rouse yourself out of this morbid state of mind; it will cost you an effort to conquer the apathy which is stealing over you, but you must do it if you would accomplish anything towards a better and happier life, and you will need more help than any earthly friend can give you. Dear child, you have not forgotten how to pray, have you?"
"I'm afraid so, Milly; it is so long since I dared to pray. Sometimes when I look back on the old days at home, and remember how happy I was, and the bright anticipations I had of the future, it seems as if my heart would break. My married life has been a bitter disappointment. I know I have done wrong, but if I should do ever so well now it would be of no use. Allen will never be to me what he has been in times past; we have gone too far apart ever to dream of happiness again." She was weeping bitterly now.
"Don't say that, Cora; don't lose all hope and trust in the future. It looks cheerless to you now, but don't despair.—You fancy your husband's love for you died out, but you are mistaken; it is only hidden for a season by pride and selfishness; and sometime, when you come to see with a clearer vision, and have found the only road that leads to true happiness, it will come again to brighten your pathway. Be hopeful, be brave, dear Cora.—Do not be discouraged if Allen fails to commend you for any improvement you may make or success you may meet with. Be patient! 'Thousands of women have lived and died unappreciated. It is a sad life, but after all, the approval of one's own conscience is worth more than the praise of men. I know how a woman's heart hungers and thirsts for words of approbation from those she loves; but we must not 'weary in well-doing,' must not faint nor falter by a reward for us in 'the world that sets this right.'"
We did not drive far—rather were we in the mood to enjoy fully the beauty of the day, so I turned our horse's head homeward. I set Cora down at the little white gate.
"Pray for me, Milly, she said, as she held my hand at parting, and there was a world of entreaty in eye and voice. "God helping me, I will do the right."
The days glided on through sultry August into September. I will not weary

THE FAIRY GRIGNOTTE.

a furious joy, a joy of culpable triumph. "To the cat! to the cat!" cried they immediately, to frighten her; for it is the instinct of cruelty which leads us to proclaim before our victim the name of his enemy; in truth it is the most cruel of outrages.
They placed the trap upon table, and all the pupils seated themselves upon the benches and prepared to judge Grignotte. First, they exhibited all their grievance and they were numerous; the poor fairy trembled. Several ungenerous pupils menaced her with the fist; others fixed their eyes on her with a terrible expression; these said to her a thousand injurious things, those, gaily cried, made her a thousand ironical compliments.
"See how pretty she is," said they. "For prisoner, she excites my pity!"
The little innocent one, believing them sincere in their interest for her, and knowing nothing of irony, took them at their word in their friendliness and joined his sincere and honest pity to their perfidious compassion. "Isn't she very pretty?" said he; "she looks like a little rabbit." Poor child! this praise cost him a blow of the fist.
Meantime, the master was upon the point of returning, and it was necessary to hurry the mouse to a confession of her crime. "We are about to deliver you to the master," said Louis to the unhappy fairy; "his wife has a cat who will do you justice."
"To the cat! to the cat!" they cried all together, even to the little honest one who feared he should be otherwise beaten.
"Gentlemen," said the fairy, "condescend to listen to me. I confess that I have been very much to blame in drawing upon you heavy punishments. I do not attempt to excuse myself. Alas! I know it too well—those who suffer from our faults cannot find excuses for them. I am aware of mine, gentlemen, and I do not address myself to your clemency but to your reason. It is to your interest that I appeal. If you accuse me to your master, he will not believe you. Your cruelty will be useless while your pity will be profitable."
"Ah well! at any rate," said one of the judges, "this reasoning affects me. We give you your life, but swear to us that you will never make us laugh otherwise."
"Alas! how can I make a promise which it will be impossible to keep! Have confidence in me; I cannot swear not to make you laugh, but I engage never again to make you groan. Is not that sufficient? And not only shall you never groan henceforth, but your past faults shall be pardoned and I promise you that you shall go out on Sunday."
"We shall go out on Sunday!" the boys cried all together. "We shall go out on Sunday! Sunday! I shall go to the fête of St. Cloud! And I to my aunt's fête! And I to Franconi with papa! And I to the Botanical Garden! And I to the royal Mass! And I shall have my gun! And I shall ride my pony! And I shall go to the Tuileries with my watch! And I shall go to my sister's wedding! And I shall go to see mamma! And I shall walk without my tutor!"
But soon this fine hope vanished. The evening of Saturday came and the children had not obtained their pardon. They began to suspect their prisoner and to repent their clemency. The little fairy had no time to lose in executing her projects; she meditated them in silence, awaiting a favorable opportunity.
At supper time all the pupils collected in the refectory. A great dish of beans was served for them, which did not look too palatable. The broth was so clear and so abundant that I believe the whole fountain had passed over the side. The sad beans floated in the dish as if shipwrecked. Richemont, who, as we have already said, was maliciously gay, after having vainly pursued a bean upon this ocean, that is to say, in his plate brimming with broth, suddenly took off his coat. This unaccustomed action drew the attention of the master.
"What are you doing, sir?" he asked angrily. "Why do you take off your coat?"
"To seek my beans by swimming," replied Richemont insolently.
The master was displeased; but, at the same instant, Grignotte ran up his legs and far from falling into a passion he smiled. Grignotte, encouraged by her success, recommenced her promenade, and the master ended by laughing heartily with his pupils. His wife, who was very kind, profited by his good humor to ask pardon for the poor scholars. "Will you punish the children because they have laughed?" asked she, "when you, yourself, who are a grave man, a father of a family, cannot keep sober? That would not be just."
The master allowed himself to be persuaded, and forgiveness was granted.
Then there was a frenzy of delight. All exclaimed at once, "Long live our good master! Long live Grignotte! Long live the fairy Grignotte! Grignotte the pretty! Grignotte the immortal! Grignotte the adorable! Grignotte the beautiful! Grignotte the charming! Grignotte the lovable! And all the Grignottes imaginable!"
And since that time Grignotte has become the friend of little children.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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