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Boetru.

APAIl letters on business dressed to H. G. Smith & Co.

From the Louisville Journal. This truly sublime poetry upon the Atlantic telegraph was written by Mrs. Warfield, of Pewee Valley, well known to our readers for years as one of the very highest genuises of the nation: The Atlantic Telegraph.

In the grey depths of the silent sea,
Where twillight reigns over mystery,
Where no signs prevail of the tempest's mood
And no forms of the upper life intrude
Where the wree's of the elder world are laid
in a ream of stillney, of death, of shade,
and the mournful forests of coral grow,
They have chained the lighting and laid it
low!"

low!"

Life of the universe! spirit of fire!
From that single chord of thy living lyre
Sweep us a strain of the depths profound—
Teach us the mysteries that gird thee round
Make us to know through what re line us
sought
By the mariner's eye or the poet's thought
The thrilling impulse flows free and strong
As the flash of the soul or the stream of song. As the main the sate of the lightning lie. Through desolute cities still fair and high, With their massive marbles and ancient state, Though the sea-snake coils at the temple gate, Or lays his length in the streets of sand, Where rolled the charlot or marched the band, Or, where oppressed by the mar lat load, The monstrous step of the manmonth strode?

Doth he raise for a moment his cree'ed head As the thrill of thought is above him sped, And feet the shock, through every lold, Firing his blood from his torpor cold, Thit he learns to woo the mystic chain That stirs new life in each slaggish vein, And seeks its warmth as it works its task As a desert serpent in sun may bask? As a desert screent in sun may observed.

Both that slender cord as it threads the way stretch past the portals of mighty caves—
Praces of sploador, where fewels gleam.

In the glars of the blue, phosphoric stream, shed by those fiving lamps that glow.

In the lofty roof and the walls of snew, And where the kings of the weltering brine hold their wild revess by throne and shrin hold their wild revess by throne and shrin.

We follow fast on the path of fire With a dre iming fancy, oh mystle wire! With a dre iming fancy, oh mystle wire! We see the mountains and walleys grey With plan's that know not the upper fay—We see the fissures that grimly lie Where the wounded whale dives down to die—And more! we see what hath stirred us more—The wrecks that checker the ocean floor— The wreeks that elected the bard gold, Suddenly sank to a doom untoid—
G. Beons that, floating from haughty Spain, Roached not the haven of home again—
Martial vessels of power and pride,
Shattered and moulded and carnage-dyed,
And rank steamers that stemmed the seas, And grant steamers that stemmed t Whose fate is with ocean mysteries

Whose Rite is with occurring the and love Shall quiver the broken mast above. Or flash by those shapes erect and paid. With loaded feet and with shronding sail That "stand and wait" without hope or dread, For the great sea to give up its dead. When those long parted by land and wave Shall meet in the glory beyond the grave. Sad thoughts are these that will have the nour: Let them pass in t e tide of exulting power In the stream of praise and the anthem from

## Biterary.

SLAIN BY A FAN.

The feather fan was not exactly what we should call a fan in these days. It was more like a fire-screen, perhaps; for it was large and light, and made by a double row of short white ostrich a double row of short white ostricin feathers being stuck round half a circle of wood japanned and gijded, about three inches in diameter, and having a rather long handle. Through a hole bored in the end of this handle a cord of whith reads and black silk passed. of gold threads and black silk passed, and this cord was fastened together by a wonderfully beautiful tassel, into which seed pearls were looped, and lit-tle stars of gold. To prevent the feathers getting out of shape and disengaged at their ends, a very thin wire, with white silk, was pass them two inches perhaps from the outer circle, and to this end the feathers were fastened, back to back, by a little device of seed pearls on one side and gold star on the other,-such was the

n. And such a fan Isabella of Spain, the wife of the Archduke Albert, held in her hand when she visited Rubens in his studio at Antwerp, if we may trust and we certainly may—to history writ-ten with a painter's colors, and given to the world by the engraver's tool; such a fan belonged to women who wore ruffs like Queen Elizabeth, with modi-fications; and long, stiff-stomachered gowns, and velvet cloaks with stiff-edg ings. They, too, had puffs of fair satin and lace round their delicate wrists, and hair turned off their foreheads and kept safe in a velvet cap, which gave a happy excuse for banding their heads with gold, and such other precious things as they had power to command.

And after these things passed away and Vandyke had told the world how point lace should show off face and neck in man and woman by lying flat, and turning over on the dress of cloth or velvet, still the feather fan was used such as I have described to you, and such as I am going to write about. was a fan to attract any one's attention even the attention of a non-fan-flirting animal, even of a man like myself. exclaimed when I saw it, "What

fan!"
"Yes," said as weetly grave and rather more than middle aged lady, speaking without looking up from a manuscrpt which she was unrolling, all lines and names and figures; "yes,"—giving a glance from her soft brown eyes over her speakings.—"it is the fan you see her spectacles,—"it is the fan you see in the picture."

in the picture."
"What picture:"
"Don't you know? The picture over
the couch,—Dame Jenifer. She was as odd as her namesake." Her namesake, as all the world ought to know, was no other than Guinevere the beautiful and maligned wife of

King Arthur. It is a west-country name; living there, are nowhere else I believe, like Digory for D'Egare, that Knight of the Round Table. So fare the mighty, even in their names.

Though the lady in the spectacles was my own mother, and though I had avery summer and inclination to be a specific to the spectacles. every cause and inclination to be loving and reverential, I certainly had great wish to do battle for the injure

memory of the great hero's queen; but there lay the fan,—that and the long roll of manuscript the only things on the table,—there lay the fan, and it was the original of the fan in the pic-ture, the fan that Dame Jenifer held. It became suddenly an object of inmense interest to me. We say some times, when we take up any ancient piece of finery, preserved from past times, that we wonder who wore, who used, who bought, and who treasured it. But in the case of this fan, looking so fair and light, this beautiful bawble all gold and pearls,—I knew who had used it; and turning my eyes to the

picture, I saw her there. Dame Jenifer,"—always when I say "Dame Jenner,"—always when take these words they seem to describe to my ear a very stiff sort of stucking personage, bristling with self-importance, tenacious of power, persecuting in temper, and of evil prophecy as to hat the lives of the young around her would turn out. But when I then looked at Dame Jeniser, the eye corrected the ear. A girl of seventeen, perhaps, sat on a sofa in a costume resembling that of "Rubens' wife." The chapcau de paille, with its long drooping feather, threw a shadow half-way down her face for her head was bent, till her dimpled chin rested on the jewel that fastened her green velvet dress round her throat she held the fan in her hand in such manner that she looked as if she beckoned you to her in a sly, half secret and the eyes that looked out from

under the long eyelashes were full of girlish roguery, and an inextinguisha-"I did not know that that was Dame Jenifer," I said in a hurry, "I thought the stiff old lady in the white muslin apron and open black silk dress was Jonifer-the picture on the staircase

mean."
"My dear boy, you will never learn their names. And yet I knew names and histories before I was your age."
"But then you had always lived here, and here only just come." and I am only just come."
So I persuaded my mother, who was So I persuaded my mother, who was a born antiquary, to put away the long manuscript and sit round towards the fire,—it was raining piteously,—and tell me all she knew of Dane Jenifer. While she is making the necessary introductory remarks, I must have some further

the worse for wear under the new conditions of an Indian atmosphere, had brought me home, after a seven years' absence from England. My father was dead, and my mother had very unexpectedly become the possessor of an old property of considerable value. Her

only brother, many years younger than herself, had left it to her unconditionally and unencumbered. She had two other sons, and I was to arrange with her to divide my father's property between them, and, taking her maiden name of Heniker, become heir to the

old estate myself.

Up to this time we had always lived in London. I had never seen Heniker till now, though I had heard it often enough, my mother having loved her old home with a remarkably strong affection: and now as Ihave already explained, I was suddenly and deeply interested in my mother's ancestress, Dame Jenifer, the owner of the feather fan.

"Her name was Jenifer Obin, my dear Jenifer, the owner of the feather lab.

"Hername was Jenifer Obin, my dear boy," my mother began, taking off her spectacles and producing her knitting from a long little India box which I had box which I ha brought back ,to her. "Jenifer Obin's father was a Royalist, as all the best gentry of good old Cornwall were, and heading at the heating farmed Oak Bown he died at the battle of Broad Oak Down. he died at the battle of Broad Oak Bown. My ancestor, Peter Heniker, was there. He was of this county, as you know, and lived here. But he and Jenifer's father had been dear friends, and they had promised each other that if either died in the wars of that day the other should take the child that should so be left fetherless and bringing the orphan should take the child that should so be left fatherless, and, bringing the orphan up with their own, arrange a marriage between the two. So, by some means or other, when Sir Peter Heniker heard of Captain Obin's death he sent for lenifer

The child was ten years old. When "The child was ten years old. When she came she said she had pledged her word to take care of a girl called Kate Cradock, if their fathers died in battle, The double deaths had occurred, and Jenifer clamored for Kate. Sir Peter was not a man to do any good to an imparfect manner, so Kate, too. in an imperfect manner, so Kate, too, was brought to this house as Jenifer's

friend and companion. "Sir Peter was a man of about forty years of age, a widower with a son or fourteen. To this son he stood pledged to give Jenifer in marriage, and the children knowing of the arrangement

children knowing of the arrangement made no objection.

"Young Heniker, however, when Jenifer was nearly fifteen, was killed by an accident, and Jenifer and Sir Peter lamented together, and consoled each other. The next male heir to this place—it was not entailed—was Sir Peter's nephew, the son of a younger brother who had married very early in life, and was settled in trade in a neighlife, and was settled in trade in a peigh boring scaport. This boy was Jasper Heniker, and Sir Peter said that he was inherit the place and to marry

the young lady.

"When Jenifer was sixteen, Kate Cradock being a year older, the discovery was made by Miss Obin that Jasper and Kate Cradock had been making love before young Peter Heniker's death.

"She was furiously angry. Not angry with Jasper for loving Kate,—that, she confered in many of her letters to Kate confessed in many of her letters to Kate herself which have been preserved, was natural enough, for they had received an equal amount of education, and Kate an equal amount of very gool. But what Jenifer hated so heartily was the willingness of Jasper to give up Kate, and marry another without loving her, just to secure to himself the place of his

mele's heir.' "Quite right!" I exclaimed. beg Jenifer's pardon for having con-used her with the stiff old lady on the stairs."
"Take care!" said my mother

miling.
I looked towards the picture. fire played on the face and made it look absolutely alive and then the flame died out and left the figure indistinct; died out and left the figure industrial but I had suddenly received the impression that one day I should see Dame Jenifer and speak to her. The notion was abused utterly unreasonable, but nevertheless it had given me the very oddest thrill I had ever suffered.

"Why am I to 'takecare?" I asked; and I fancied my voice had changed a little. But my mother only poked the fire once more into a blaze, and said,—"Dame Jenifer's has been the strange story of the family. I only meant to say, take care how you praise her before you hear the end."
So saying, she went on with Dame out I had suddenly received the impres

So saying, she went on with Dame

lenifer's story. "Terribly angry she was with Jasper "Terribly angry she was with Jasper; and all the more because the love between her and Kate Cradock was as true as ever; and Kate was suffering bravely and secretly, and trying to make the sacrifice so generously as not to betray the whole truth. But the whole truth was known to Jenifer, somehow, and yet she allowed the day for her marriage to be fixed, and let Sir Peter make all the wedding preparations. They were to be married here, in the hall, which was then a sort of hanqueting room; and they stood, so in the hall, which was then a sort of banqueting-room; and they stood, so the story says, on the dais,—that raised floor just under the musicians' gallery.

"But the night before she had had a souther story with the control of the story of great explanation with Kate Cradock,
—that night she had seen his last letter
to the deserted girl, in which his love

to the deserted girl, in which his love was declared in the strongest terms, and his marriage with herself was spoken of as the hard necessity that grew out of Sir Peter's promise to his friend, her fathers and he west that the estate he wrote that the estate would go to Jenifer's husband, whoever

"And so, somehow, a strange thing "And so, somehow, a strange thing was arranged. The bridal party stood in their places about ten at night. The bride veiled, the bridesmaids veiled,—they were three in number, and Jenifer they were three in high the brides and Jenifer they were three in high the brides. But when had arranged their tollets. But when Jasper uncovered his wife's face to give her the kiss that was usual in those days, he found that he had married Kate (radock; and Jenifer, flinging back her own veil, congratulated him with all a girl's revengeful satisfaction and force. and arranged their toilets.

and force.
"But it was Sir Peter who was most astonished. 'Jenifer!' he exclaimed. you have done yourself a cruel wrong, perhaps. I promised your dead father that you should be mistress of Heni-I have lost my son, and you have cast my nephew from you; madam, there remains only myself!

there remains only myself!
And so, taking the girl's hand, and drawing a ring from his own finger, he led her, speechless, to the spot the married people had left, and, with a stern voice, commanded the clergyman to begin again. After pause of a moment, to allow the girl to speak if she would, the service was once more said. the service was once more said.

"When Sir Peter had to speak, hi voice was so solemn and so respectful,— so full of manly loving and of gentle promise, that all of the many listeners were struck by the eloquence of its tones. They said that Jenifer looked up at him wonderingly, as he bowed his tall form towards her, and uttered the I will; that their eyes met once, and that in that single glance he had conquered, and she was won. Her voice answered him with a pathos and a meaning it had never had before,—and the wear interest of Hantley and the wear in the wear she was mistress of Heniker, and his

ord was redeemed. "Mother," I exclaimed, "I like our neestress better than ever. I hope ancestress

hev were happy." 'O yes," said my mother, carelessly "they were very happy, and had a fine son who was one of my grand-father. But there is rather an ugly story of Isanes, and a substitution story of Jaspar's anger when this son was born, and some ill-tempered wishes, which were to vex all Henikers till omething impossible happened,-I can't tell what.'

little explanation with the reader about myself.

I was the eldest of the three children, and I was twenty-five years of age.
Urgent family affairs, and health rather the worse for wear under the new continuous night. We had heed the ways in London, in a good house in a pleasant situation. To this Louse my father had taken my dear mother when she first left Heniker to be his bride, and there all her child-

ren had been born.

To be the possessor of Heniker hud never crossed my imagination. I had never thought of my uncle as a man ikely to die, or even to live unmarried; and so, when, on reaching London, I found my mother's letter desiring me to join her in her own old home, I obeyed, join her in her own old home, I obeyed, with an odd feeling of change upon me, to which it was not quite pleasant to feel that I had to grow accustomed. It was not the welcome I had expected. I was not the welcome I had expected.

I was young enough to expect and to picture; to desire, and even to crave after the old home, and the sweet, soft-voiced, tender-eyed mother, who had always made a darling of her first born.

I would rather have not her in the would rather have met her in the

I would rather have thet he in the home I knew. And Heniker I felt to be something of an intrusion into my life, though it made her rich, and endowed me with expectations. It took all the first week to reconcile me to the obliteration of my picture, and to make me look my fortune in the face in a friendly manner. But about the seventh day I shook hands with Fate, and ac knowledged her bounties. My mother, on my arm, wandered among wood and lawn, and all the hitherto untold history of her girl-life dropped out. I knew the spot where she had first seen my father from her casement in the gabl walked with her under the lime-trees walked with her under the lime-trees where she used to read his letters, and wait for his coming. The fascination of a companionship more close than we had ever before enjoy-

tion of a companionship more close than we had ever before enjoy-ed endeared the place to me, and made me, what I was shortly to call myself,—a Heniker; a Heniker in heart as well as in name. But now lawyers and friends agreed that we might go back to London. It that we might go back to London. It was desirable to do so; for Frank was coming from Oxford, and Fred from Eton, and I had not seen them yet. So we packed up sundry small treasures which were to travel with us, and sat down to spend almost our last evening in the room where the picture hung of the lady with the feather fan. "As was

the lady with the feather fan. "As was natural, we talked again of Dame Jenifer's story; but I saw my mother shrunk a little from the subject. And again and again, by the glinting firelight, as we sat gossiping, I caught the strange, life-like smile of the laughing face, till I grew friendly with its beauty and was almost cheated into thinking that the real fan, and not its picture, was beekoning to me from a living hand. I think this evening will always remain in my memory with a strange remain in my memory with a strange sensation about it. But in the morning came a letter, which made my mother determine to prolong her stay at Heniker; and I was too happy in our close reunion, after a seven years' separation, to wish to leave her. So the to wish to leave her. So the thoughts of last evening passed away, and the second part of our visit began.

II.

I felt, at first, sorry to stay longer at Heniker. I will honestly confess that there was something distinctly uncom-fortable in the picture of the lady and ner feather fan. There, on a table in s corner of the room, lay the fan that Dame Jenifer had really held, but the whole room seemed to be inhabited by the picture of it and the fair holder.

I felt her smile when I could not see it; and I am candid enough to declare that I looked round again and again when seated with my back to this haunting picture, as if to make sure that the fan was still in the place where the painter Dame Jenifer's eyes were always laughing at me, always following me with that quizzing expresion which few men are heroic enough not to mind, and, perhaps, are no great er for such heroism even if they may have attained to it.

l grew romantic sometimes, and fan-ciful under the influence of that fan held out in constant beckoning to me. held out in constant beckoning to me.
"I'll go up to her boldly, and ask her what she wants, one day." Then I corrected myself of this vaunting humor, and said, with an inward laugh, "On my life I believe she would answer me!" But all the while—in some not-to-be-explained manner—I felt falling in love with my ancestress, and thinking of old Sir Peter as yeary lucky in having suddenly become very lucky in having suddenly become possessed of a treasure so rare as this lady with her feather fan. Then I would take up the real fan, and consider its beauties, and I was once even foolish enough to shake the pretty thing at the pictured owner, and defy her, with all the airsof superior power which life and health and the possession Hen-iker conferred. But I stopped short in "Frightfully disrespect-red. "After all, she isone

my silliness. "Frightfully disrespect-ful!" I muttered. "After all, she isone of my grandmothers, and deserves my thanks, and she can only laugh at me now. But—but if this fan has not something to do with my destiny, I'll never more listen to one word in favor of presentiments."

The cold spring had suddenly left us. Our visit to Heniker had begun with gloom and the friendly consolations of great fires; but now, suddenly, spring had cast aside her winter garb; the

trees were bursting into leaf so quickly that from day to day we recognized a glorious change. The plum trees were glorious change. The plum trees were whitening with bloom, the cawings of rooks in the elm avenues, where the ground was covered with a carpet of colored flowers,—prim-roses, cowslips, golden cups, violets, and blue-bell,—were delights indescribable for the ear and one and eye.

My wanderings with my mother were

prolonged till late in the soft evenings, and it was during one of those sweet, sauntering hours, that I again talked to her of Dame Jenifer's story.
"What became of Jaspar Heniker, and his wife, Kate Cradock? "One day you must look over the Henriker letters. They will please you, for Kate and her friend wrote pleasantly to each other. Kate had children, nd one of her sons married Jenifer' only daughter. But there was no issue from that marriage. Jenifer's son was to have married one of Jaspar's girls, but he had a spirit like his mother's, I suppose, and he would not fulfil what the mothers wished for. He took his wife from a noble family, and the place came down to us in an unbroken line.

ame down to us in an unbroken line."
"I should like to visit Jaspar's home."
"It was somewhere near Whitesands.
have ridden there as a girl."
"And did Henikers live there then?" "No. It was a low, long, rambling farm-house. Mr. Heniker has let it many years. He was the last, and was in India then. Since that he married a young widow, with a daughter, I think; but he never had any children of his own so "Dick Heniker." as my of his own, so "Dick Heniker, as my father used to call him, was the last of Jaspar's descendants. The house was called Whiteacres Farm. Dick was a ittle older than me."
"I shall ride over there to-morrow,

And when the morning rose with all the promise of a summer's day, I proceeded to keep my word, ordered Jessie, my favorite, out of the Heniker stables, and after breakfast mounted, and rode

way. There is no more lazyenjoyment, and no one more luxuriates in this particular sort of pleasure than a thoroughly strong man: there is no gentler luxury strong man; there is no gentuer luxury than a summer ride through a rich country on a good horse,—a horse that seems to enjoy itself, and that appears to have some sort of sympathy with the master who rides through the flowery lanes and by the scented hedges, listening to the strong music of the skylark, right from the chartery form. rising from the short grass,—from home to heaven,—and feeding, as it were, on

more. My way was through a fine rich country, with occasional breaks of picturesque beauty almost reaching to grandeur, where granite rocks rose high, and tangled banks of oak edged the clear waters of rivers which were spanned by wooden bridges, and flowed away among feathery fern-beds, and reflected wreaths of hawthorn flowers as they went along.

I reached Whiteacres at last—a farm standing amidst many enclosures, and

standing amidst many enclosures, and having a few fine evergreens to shelter it. I found only one woman and a girl within. She was the farmer's wile. Three dogs rushed out at Jessle and me, but Mr. Brooks pacified them, and then asked me what I wanted. I told her who I was, and that I had a fancy to see Whiteacre. 'To whom does it belong?" I asked. "It's a gentleman high in the army, sir, who takes the rent —I can't tell his

name. I know it sometimes.

not of age."
"A Heniker?" I asked. "O no, sir; they are all gone."
"Is there anything worth seeing in the house? "No, sir. There were some ancient things, but they were all moved about a dozen years ago,—just before we came here. There used to be more buildings here. There used to be more buildings out that way, but they were pulled down, and the stones used for repairs. There's old arches and window-mouldings round at the back in the walls of the wagon house and piggeries, sir, if

think he takes it for some one who is

you please to look at them."
This was all I got for my ten mile ride; and thinking of how all things live their time and then pass away, and re forgotten, I went back to Heniker.
At last the time came for us to return to London. My mother, in her childhood's home, had been living with me through many tender memories, but she seemed to put them aside as she packed up to go away, and in London she was all brightness, life, and activity, and as proud of her sons as they were happy in their mother. The weather happy in their mother. The weather was radiantly bright, and our lives were full of as much enjoyment as life ever vields, and then there came an event. My mother's friend, Mrs. Chester, had come to London to get dresses and make arrangements for a fancy ball which she was going to give at their home in Hampshire. Two daughters had come to town with her, and my brothers were

upon me.
"Now, Heniker, which are you going to marry To marry either of the Misses Chester did not appear a particularly easy thing to do; they were very grand personges, and kept me at a considerable distance, until I was discovered to have a ready pencil for drawing dressed-up figures, and a good fortune waiting in broad acres and the Three per Cents. By degrees—knowledge having made these advances—we became acquainte and on familiar terms, and engaged to dance certain dances at the coming ball.

We all went to Shortlands; and we all went to Shortlands; and the night after our arrival were all in the ball-room. Regimentals had been voted sufficiently brilliant dresses for military men, so I was pro-vided with a costume. My brothers had chosen to be attendants on my mather who was dressed to represent mother, who was dressed to represent ome character which demanded such

appendages; and in the midst of a scene far too full of sparkle for me to write about, we stood, admiring, and, to some degree it is to be hoped, admired.

Next to the ball-room, which was crowded, there was another large room, which looked like a bower of fruits and flowers, lighted to perfection; and there a few of the guests, seated among high flected, with their surroundings, in long, narrow mirrors. I stood in the entrance of this room, and saw in a mirror towards the end, on my right, the lady with the feather fan, Dame Jenifer, looking as much alive as when her wooing and wedding place together and at once, in the old hall at my new west country home.

I consider it no disgrace to declare thus publicly that I gazed with a breathless feeling of surprise, and a sensation so like fear, that I stood rooted to the

spot, and most uncertain as to my eye sight; for on looking with determina-tion round the room, and again at the mirror the substance was not to be seen and the shadow was gone.
"Don't you dance?—Come here. want to introduce you. There's a woman

"Stop, Chester. There is the here with a feather fan."
"Fifty, I should think. Everybody It belongs to a fancy has a feather fan. It belongs to a fancy dress."
No, no; not this feather fan-let'

find her."
"Nonsense! Won't you dance— "Only with the women who have feather fans—there she is again! Nowflesh and blood, I declare!—now, Chester, are you mad? What are you staring about? She's handsomer than Dame are you mad

Jenifera thousand times; and I'll get to the bottom of this, if it's my grandnother's ghost in good earnest "Miss Clayton, said Chester, who had been dragged by me across the room, if you are not afraid of forcibly, "if you are not afraid of a lunatic—he is a great friend of mine!" She burst into a low, musical laugh. I felt sure she had seen my start of asonishment reflected in the looking-

'This," said Chester, forgetting my change of name, "this is Alfred Pelham—Captain Pelham, I mean, I beg your pardon. He wishes to have the honor of—"
"Talking to Miss Clayton about her

nonor of —"
"Talking to Miss Clayton about her dress and her feather fan," I said, interrupting my friend. And then all three indulged in a laugh, and Chester which a way to always to our my walked away to leave us to our mysteries. Upon which Miss Clayton and I sat down, for I was far too much in earnest for dancing. "Now, Miss Clayton, what made you appear here in that dress?"

"I chose it because I liked it. I made "I chose it because I fixed it. I made it with my own hands, helped by my aunt, Lady Itoss, and her clever maid." She, spoke good-humoredly, like a child answering questions. "Forgive me for keeping to my question. What made you chose it?" "I have, at my uncle's house, a colored electric of a ledy on a sofa, with this

sketch of a lady on a sofa, with this sort of fan in her hand. She is not a very laudable lady, for we used to say that she cheated us out of a good inthat she cheated us out of a good inheritance by marrying the uncle instead of the heir. And so there was an
evil saying that those who inherited
from her should never prosper till the
two lines were united. But there are
no men Henikers left in the world now,
and I have dressed myself like the old
picture, with no evil feelings in my
heart, but a moderate complacency only,
which I helieve not to be criminal."

which I believe not to be criminal."

She made this little speech with the drollest affectation of candor, and the glance of her pretty eyes was just Dame Jenifer's over again. 'I said, "And were the families never united?"
"O yes; Dame Jenifer's daughter married her old lover's son, and she brought the picture into the house. But that was of no use. Dame Jenifer's son that was of no use. Dame Jenifer's son carried on the elder line, and the old gossips meant that the two lines should

become one."
"I have studied the pedigree, Miss Clayton. I thought Richard Heniker, of Whiteacres, died without children. Allow me to ask, Who are you?"
"Richard Heniker died in India. ne one." "Richard Heniker died in India. But he married his cousin, my mother, a widow, Mrs. Clayton. So when my stepfather, who was also my cousin, died, I was the only Heniker left in the died, I was the only hernket let in the world, and I was given to the guardianship of Sir James Ross, because his wife was my father's sister."
"And is Whiteaeres yours?"
"Yes."

She rose up, and I took her across the "And this is her fan?" I again took in the short grass,—from home to heaven,—and feeding, as it were, on sights and sounds with a spirit-satisfy-wife, and had her picture taken; and she is looking full of youthful malice at the double success of her daring trick,—is not she?"

"She is very handsome and I am sure I must have seen some one so like her."

My mother's face was a wonder to look at when I said this. Her "Where?" had a strange anxiety in it; and when

The Chicago Tunnel.

THE PROJECT.

For a long time previous to the year 1863 the impurity of the water supplied for drinking purposes was the chief objection to a residence in Chicago. The effect of the Chicago river, reeking with the discharge of seventy-five miles of sewerage, and the refuse of numerous packing houses, breweries and distil-leries, could often be detected in a sickening, disgusting and nauseating effluvia, which made the drinking water supplied by the water works of Chicago supplied by the water works of Chicago unfit for the use of man. This water was pumped from the shore of the lake, three-quarters of a mile north of the mouth of the river. And, horrible reality, the winds drifted the concentrated filth of sewerage from the river, along the shore of the lake, to the very mouth of the inlet pipe at the water works, where, in a slightly diluted state, it was pumped up and to the city, through one hundred and thirty-one miles of pipe and hydrants, for use in the kitchens and dining rooms of the the kitchens and dining rooms of the inhabitants.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WORK.

The tunnel consists of three parts: the tunnel proper, the shore shaft, and the lake shaft. The shore shaft is located within a few feet of the lake shore, and the outer shaft or terminus, in cased in a huge crib of ponderous masonry, stands at a distance of two miles directly out in the waters of Lake Michigan. The first 30 feet of the shore shaft is inclosed in iron cylinders, three shaft is inclosed in iron cylinders, three in number, one resting upon another and firmly bolted together. Each cylinder is ten feet long, nine feet in diameter, two and a half inches in thickness. and weighs about 30,000 pounds, and weighs about 30,000 pounds, or, in the aggregate, the three together reach the enormous weight of 90,000 pounds. When the first of these cylinders was placed in position on the surface of the ground, the miners commenced the work of excavation on the inside. As the earth was thrown out, the cylinder, of course, settled down. Another section of the cylinder was placed in position upon the top of the first when it had sunk to a level with the surface of the ground; the two were finally bolted together, and then the work of excavation proceeded. The work of excavation proceeded. The third having been attached in its turn, the work was pushed forward until the shaft reached a depth of 30 feet. This brought the miners through the soil and quicksands, and some feet into the fine lay formation, wherein they were safe from the irruption of water. After reaching the above named depth the shaft was contracted to a diameter of eight feet, and thence pushed downward to a depth of 47 feet below the bottom of the cylinder, or 77 feet from the surface of the ground. From the cylinder downward the shaft is lined with brick measuring twelve inches thick, laid in three shells in the best of cement. The shore shaft, then, as completed, measures 77 feet in depth, nine feet in diameter for the first 30 feet, and six feet diameter for the remaining 47

commences at the bottom of the shoreshaft, 77 feet below the sea-surface of the earth, and extends, at right angles, a distance of exactly two miles. It is a distance of exactly two miles. inches high and 5 feet wide, (in the clear), the variation from a true circle being made on account of the keystone of the arch. It is lined with brick masonry, 8 inches thick. The brick is laid lengthwise of the tunnel in two shells, with "toothing-joints." None but hand-burned, clear-ringing, well-formed bricks, entirely free from lime and 8 inches long by 4 inches wide and 21 inches thick, were used in the construction of the tunnel and they were laid in the best of cement, only one measure of clean, sharp sand being allowed to one measure of cement. Including the shoreshaft, there are nearly 5,000 cubic yards of masonry, which required in round numbers about 1,000,000 bricks. The actual excavation of the tunnel, in order to give it a diameter of 5 feet inside the masonry, is about 7 feet in diameter, requiring the removal of about 16,000

ubic yards of earth. THE CRIB. This crib was constructed upon the North Pier, near the entrance to the harbor, and was one of the most mon-strous structures ever launched upon the waves. It was forty feet high, and had five sides, each of which was fifty-eight feet long, making the structure about ninety feet in diameter. It had three walls—the outer wall, the centre wall and the inner wall, each constructed of twelve inch source timber. structed of twelve inch square timber, and caulked and paid like a first-class vessel. The frame-work, as thus constructed, formed a powerful combina-tion of massive timber and irons firmly bolted and braced in every direction. Within the walls of the crib were fifteen separate water-tight compartments, and the inside wall inclosed a cylindrical well, open at the top and bottom, and twenty-five feet in diameter. Each angle of the structure was protected from ice by an iron armor two-and ahalf inches thick. After its completion, this marine structure was launched in June, 1865, and towed to its position are the surface of the tunnel. over the outer terminus of the tunnel, where each of its 15 water-tight compartments was filled with clean rubblestone. By this means the crib was sunk until its bottom rested upon the bed of the lake, where it was securely moored by immense cables, reaching in every direction to huge mooring-screws forced 10 feet into the earth The water hore is 35 feet deep, and the top of the crib was therefore five feet above the ordinary surface of the lake.

Some idea of the magnitude of this cart of the work may be inferred from part of the work may be inferred from the fact that the cost of the crib exceed contract cost of the tunnel. There were used in its construction 618,625 feet of lumber, 6,026 cubic yards of stone, 400 lumber, 6,028 cubic yards of stone, 400 bales of oakum, and 65 tons of iron bolts.

After the crib had been securely moored in its proper position, the work of constructing the lake shaft was commenced. An immense cylinder, 64 feet in length, divided into seven sections librathy used in the shore shaft largedy.

ed \$100,000, or nearly one-third the total like that used in the shore shaft already described, and weighing in the aggregate 203,000 pounds, was first sunk in the well in the center of the crib, of which mention has been made above.

The bottom section having been first uspended in the well the next was placed upon and firmly bolted to it, the joint being entirely water tight. The two were then lowered, when another section was placed upon the top, and so on until all were firmly bolted together and the bottom rested on the bed of the lake. A few inches of sand covered the clay at the bottom of the lake through which the cylinder forced itself by reason of its weight. By means of a steam engine working upon the crib, the water was pumped out of the cylinder. After this pumped out of the cylinder. After this, the sinking of the cylinder to the required depth in the clayey bed of the lake was accomplished by the pneumatic process, which operated so successfully in securing foundations for the Harlem bridge, New York, the bridge across the Pedee River in South Carolina, and the railroad bridge across the Savenneh River, on the Charleston and the process, which operated so successfully in securing foundations for the Harlem bridge, New York, the bridge across the Pedee River in South Carolina, and the railroad bridge across the Savannah River, on the Charleston and Savannah Railway. A brief description of the process is worthy of perusal in this connection.

The original contract price of the tunnel complete was \$315,189, with a provision that, in all changes in construction required by the Board of Public Works, the contractors shall receive suitable pay. But it must be remembered that the contract was made when gold stood at 120 and before there had connection.

The cylinder being in position in the central well of the crib, and all water having been pumped out, the top is closed and made as nearly airtight as possible. A powerful air-pump driven better companied then set at work. by the steam-engine is then set at work and the air having been withdrawn the atmosphere then forces the cylinder downward with tremendous power. After the vacuum is complete, each stroke of the pump draws down the top of the cylinder with a force equal to the expansive power of the steam in the boiler, less the amount expended in running

the engine. The power on the inside drawing down, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside, were suffi-cient to force the huge cylinder many feet into the hard blue clay which form the bed of the lake. This process was the only one by which the cylinder ould have been sunk. The operation of excavating and allowing the ylinder to settle of its own weight, which was adopted at the shore shaft of the tun-

nel, would have scarcely worked here.
WORK IN THE TUNNEL. The foregoing account has explained the mode of constructing the two shafts, the mode of constructing the two shafts, or opposite starting points of the tunnel. We come now to the construction of these two shafts by a subterrannean circular passage, of enduring masonry, 2 miles in length, 70 feet under the water of Lake Michigan.

When the cylinder had been driven down into the clayto its proper position. down into the clay to its proper position, the work of constructing the outer shaft was carried on and finished in a manner precisely similar to that adopted in the construction of the shore shaft already described. The bottom of the East end,

or outer shaft of the tunnel is 66 fee below the ordinary surface of the water, or 36 feet below the bed of the lake, and the bottom surface of the tunnel slopes uniformly to the shore shaft at the rate of 2 feet per mile, so that wheneve repairs are necessary, and the "inle gates" are closed, the water can be entirely pumped out at the West end.

From the foot of each shaft a narrow ailroad track was extended as the world of tunneling progressed. Cars capable of carrying one and a half cubic yards of earth, drawn by mules in each section of the tunnel, brought to either shart the earth as it was excavated, when the car, with its contents, was hoisted out by a windlass connected with an engine. Two members in each section of the tunnel were left at work each drawing two trains of cars to the shaft taking out the earth, and bringing pack brick, cement, and other materi Chambers and turn-tables constructed at convenient distances allowed the trains to pass on their way going or coming. And there was another in teresting feature in the construction of this gigantic undertaking. A railroad, with regular turn-outs and stations, in operation down deep under the water of Lake Michigan. The railroad had at times its human freight, for General Grant himself was once a distinguished passenger to ride through these dreary

In the tunnel two classes were employed, namely, miners and bricklayers, each of whom worked separately in gangs of five each. In tunneling, one of the miners went alread and ran a regular drift in the center of the tunnel, being an excavation of about two and a half feet wide. Another followed and broke down the sides of the drift. Another following trimmed up the work to the proper shape and size, while the other two loaded the car. Each car going to the shaft with a load of earth brought back a load of brick and cement and the masons followed only a few feet behind the miners. The contractor employed about one hundred and twenty-five men in the work upon the tunuel. These men were livided in three watches, or reliefs

divided in three watches, or reliefs, changed every eight hours. The work was pushed forward night and day, the only cessation being from 12 o'clock each Saturday night until 12 o'clock on the Sunday night following, except on a few occasions when the miners un-earthed a jet of inflammable gas or a fissure filled with water, whose irruption was certain at once to spread dis may among the miners and induce a precipitate retreat to the foot of the shaft. But, very fortunately for the success of the great enterprise, none of body of water.

body of water.

An ingenious mode of ventilation was adopted to secure to the miners a steady current of fresh air and carry off all foul vapors. THE LAKE TERMINUS.

The crib already described is a temporary structure, which will soon give

placeto a massive pile of masonry which will at once protect the cylindrical shaft and inclose the inlet gates by which the supply of water will be regulated. The rubble stone placed in the water-tight compartments of the crib will be renoved from one compartment at a time. and spread over the top of the others to prevent the crib from rising. The stone will then be laid back in hydraulic cement, the masonry rising several feet above the water in a series of massive blocks of granite, bolted and cramped together with iron bar, and rude stone cut and morticed in such a manuer as to prevent the displacement of one with out the displacement of all. In this manner the stone in each of the com-partments will be replaced by the most enduring masonry, which when entire ly completed, with its numerous bolts and bars, running in every direction and firmly binding the whole together, it is not unreasonable to suppose, will resist for countless ages the fiercest gales of Lake Michigan. The top of the structure will be surmounted with a permanent lighthouse, constructed and mintained at the expense of the city, in

onformity to a recent act of Congress HOW THE WATER IS LET INTO THE TUNNEL OR SHUT OFF. There are three openings or gates brough the cylinder of the lake shaft which will connect with flumes or pas which will connect with number of pas-sagesthrough the surrounding masoury, when they will be covered by double iron gratings, and capable of being closed by gates, easily operated by an ingenious combination of iron rods, evers and wheels. Gates will also be placed upon the openings through the cylinders, so that each of these passages for the ingress of the water will be opened and closed at both ends. Each of these inlet gates covers an opening five feet long and four feet wide. One of the openings is five feet from the bottom of the lake, another ten, and the third fifteen feet. Each is on a different side. This arrangement will afford the purest of water at all seasons, despite storm and regardless of the direction of the

THE QUALITY OF THE WATER. Repeated analyses of water taken at different seasons from the surface and bottom of the lake, at the outer shaft, prove conclusively that Chicago will have, by means of this great public improvement purer and better water than that supplied to any other city in the United States. At the distance of even one mile from shore, the water is never contaminated by the most violent storm, and the water in its natural quality is singularly free from impuri-ties of animal or vegetable matter. Its crystal-like clearness is equal to that taken from the purest spring, and silver coin dropped into the waves gleam and glisten deep down in its ransparent depths.

It is worthy of note, as a remarkable fact, that during the progress of this work, a period of two and a half years, not a single accident has befallen any of the workmen. But this auspicious circumstance is marred by a single deed f crime—a tragedy, in fact—fatal in its unhappy consequences to one human life, which occurred in the very tunnel itself. One of the workmen engaged inself. One of the workmen engaged in an angry quarrel with a co-worker in a frenzy of passion, for which, indeed, there was the legal justification of severe provocation, seized a pick and struck him dead. The original contract price of the tun-

been any increase in the cost of material or the wages of labor. Since that, and during the whole period the work has been in progress, both the cost of material and the wages of labor have increased to more than double their former figures. Hence, the actual cost of the work has been greatly in excess of the contract price, and, taking into consideration numerous items of expendi-ture, foreseen by neither the Board of Public Works nor the contractors themselves, it is more than probable that \$700,000 will not cover the real expense of the undertaking.

The Little Cup of Tears. The following beautiful German legend is told in "Thorpe's Yule-tide

It relates that a mother who had lost a darling little daughter, sorrowed day and night for her, as one without hope, and that for three days and three nights she neither ate nor drank anything, but wept in the bitterness of her soul. The wept in the bitterness of her soul. The third night, as she thus sat overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died her eyes bathed in tears and faint from grief, the door softly opend, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful little cup that was almost running ove so full it was. And the child spoke; "Oh! dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the team which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more, it wil erflow. I shall have no more rest in he grave, and no joy in heaven. There ore. O dearest mother! weep no mot for your child; for it is well and happy and angels are its companions!" It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's joy in heaven.

Miscellaneous.

YORN SHELLER AND CLEANER .-- THE attention of manufacturers is called to this lately patented improvement, by means of which the farmer can thresh and clean, by one operation, from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels of Corn per day, with no more power than is required to drive the old-fashioned "Cannon Sheller, the machine doing the work in the most thorough manner, and is not liable to get out order; the farmer being able in a moment to set the machine and to clean any sized corn, mouldy or dry. mouldy or dry.
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115,584,13 3,830,14 40,766.8 \$570,198.3 

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North Duke street, opposite the Court House LANCASTER, PENN'A.

Register's Aotice. REGISTER'S NOTICE....THE ACCOUNTS of the following persons are flied R counts of the following persons are filed in the Register's Office of Lancaster county for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans Court to be held in the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, on the THRD MONDAY IN DECEMBER, (17th.) 1866, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Jacob C. Stoner, Guardian of Clementine G and Esther H. Davis—now Esther H. Titlow John T. MacGonigle, Administrator of Arthur John T. MacGonigie, Administrator of Arthur Quinn.
Adam Herr, Guardian of Ann Maria Maynard and Franklin Maynard.
Henry Heldelbaugh, Guardian of Abraham Hess.
Daniel F. Yost, Administrator of Henry Yost, Sidney Howell Myer, John P. M. Myer, George M. Steinman and Elias Reeves, Executors of John Myer.
John Huber, Guardian of John M. Weidler and Sarah M. Weidler, and Sarah M. Weidler, Daniel Dougherty and Mary B. Dougherty, Administrators of John S. Dougherty, Administrators of John S. Dougherty, Charles K. McDonald, one of the Administrators of Thomas McCausiand.
Ann E. Christ, Administratrix of Jacob Christ, John L. Denlinger, Guardian of Elizaveth Hoover,

John Hollinger, Executor of Ann Shenne John Hollinger, Executor of Ann Shenne-brook.
Samuel H. Gring, Guardian of Elias Harting.
Amos Groff, Trustee of Philip Hiltz.
James P. Boyd, Guardian of Mary E. Markley.
Jacob B. Tshudy, Executor of Dr. Levi Hull.
Levi S. Relst, Surviving Executor of Christian
Gutyaut.
George B. Warfel and Christian H. Lines, Administrators of Melchoir Hackman.
Peter B. Nissley, Guardian of Fanny Brandt.
A. R. Witmer, Executor of Samuel Hougentogler.

togler. Finton Walton, Administrator of Harnah Henson. Henson. Abraham Brunner, Administrator of Jame T. Little.
T. Little.
Ezra Reist, Guardian of Wm. H. Bollinger.
John and Joseph Hawk, Administrators John and Joseph Hawa, Administrator de bonis Jacob Hawk. George T. Hummel, Administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo of John H. Mil-ler. John B. Smith, Henry Eberley and John Fry, Carretoine Executor of Daniel Merkie.

John B. Smith, Henry Eberley and John Fry, Surviving Executor of Daniel Merkie. Daniel F. Hamaker and Benjamin B. Brandt, Administrators of Daniel Brandt, ded, who was Guardian of Elizabeth Will, (formerly Brandt.) Amos Bushong and Jacob S. Lundis, Administrators of Maria Landis. David Styer, Administrator of James Quaintance. Jacob K. Nissiey, Elias Eby and Jonas E. Hostetter, Executors of Jacob Nissiey, John Miller, Guardian of John K. Stark. Jacob Hurst, Guardian of William Good. Abraham Hess, Executor of Elizabeth Reinhold. hold.
Martin Shreiner, Guardian of Marcus A., Mar-waret S., and Mary E. Elchelberger.

Martin Shreiner, Guardian of Marcus A., Margaret S., and Mary E. Elchelberg-r.
Henry H. Kurtz, Guardian of Franklin O.
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Arthur B. Ayers, Administrator of Hannah J.
Fellenbaum.
Benjamin F. Musselman and Daniel E. Mowrer, Administrators of Joseph Herr.
Samuel Nissley, Administrator of Geo. Becker.
Samuel Lessley, Administrator of John Lessley, ir.
John Mecartney, Executor of Susanna Bachman. man.
John M. Ensminger, Samuel A. Ensminger
Cyrus J. Snavely and Emanuel F. Hostetter
Executors of Samuel Ensminger, who was
Administrator of Joanna Hahn.
John Mecartney, Guardian of Fanny Burkholder. holder. S. Hoffman, Trustee of Christian Groff. enry Copenhaffer, Administrator of Sam Ingiam.
John K. Eberlein, Executor of James Pearson
John K. Eberlein, Executor of James Pearson
John E. Bandel Shirk.
Sandrew B. Hauck, Administrator of Elizabeth
Roland.

Andrew J.
Roland.
Peter Brubacker, Administrator with the Will
annexed of Magdalena Brubacker.
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Miller. B. Baldwin and John Huey, Executors of Joseph B. Baldwin.
Henry E. Denlinger and Isaac Esbenshade, Administrators of Honry Denlinger, Administrators of Honry Denlinger, Sarah Jane Landis and Mark P. Cooper, Administrators of Christian S. Landis, Henry H. Kurtz, Administrator (John Johns, John Fenstermacher, Guardian af Jacob Denmy. my. Jenry N. Landis, Surviving Executor of Abra han Landls.

John Lynch, Executor of Thomas Starrs.

John Lynch, Executor of Thomas Starrs.

John Lynch, Executor of Thomas Starrs.

Wilsams N. Twinsend, Guardian of John A. Wilsams, Levi F. Williams and William B. Wilsams.

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