

J. FRANK BUCH.

Office—On Broad street, LITITZ, Lancaster County, Pa.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—For one year \$1.00, if paid in advance, and \$1.25 if payment is delayed to the end of year.

THE LITITZ RECORD.

An Independent Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Local and General Intelligence.

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Rates of Advertising in the Record.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 in, 2 in, 3 in, 4 in, 5 in, 6 in, 7 in, 8 in, 9 in, 10 in, 11 in, 12 in, 13 in, 14 in, 15 in, 16 in, 17 in, 18 in, 19 in, 20 in.

Yearly advertisements to be paid quarterly. Transient advertisements payable in advance.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

THE GREAT RUN FOR OUR NEW SPRING SUITS

Continues unabated. The STYLES are extensive and have no equal for MEN and BOYS.



Do not purchase elsewhere before you see my Stock. Am prepared to show you a

FINE LINE IN READY-MADE CLOTHING

for men, and also for children from 4 years up.

THE VERY LATEST STYLES IN HATS.

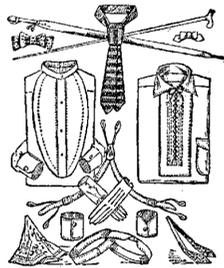
Not inferior, old and cast-off stock, but in the most desirable styles, at prices astonishingly low. Also the

LIGHTEST STIFF HAT, WEIGHING ONLY 4 OUNCES.

I can show the handsomest Line of Novelties in

MEN'S NECKWEAR

for the Spring and Summer Season, made up in ELEGANT VARIETY, of New Designs and Shapes.



A CHOICE LINE OF

Collars: Cuffs: Scarfs: Gloves: Hosiery: Shirts, Suspenders, Umbrellas.

I believe that there is only one way of doing business successfully, and that is square, honest and upright dealing.

WALTER H. BUCH, LITITZ, Pa.

BRANDT & CO.

We have had a fair trade in

STRAW AND LIGHT-COLORED STIFF HATS, and as usual the small sizes have gone first and the large ones remain.

Now in order to dispose of these Hats, which run in size from 7 to 7 1/2, we have reduced them to almost

ONE-HALF THEIR ORIGINAL PRICE.

If you are in need of a

Summer Hat,

now is the time to buy, when you can get a first-class article for the price of a common one

Call and be convinced.

BRANDT & CO.,

Successors to H. S. Schultz. 144 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

A. R. BOMBERGER, LITITZ,

Has now in stock a large assortment of

STOVES, HEATERS and RANGES

HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS,

House Furnishing Goods

Horse and Cattle Powder, &c.

WM. H. REGENNAS, LITITZ,

Has on hand a variety of Andes' Pump Troughs, Horse Feed Troughs, Hog Troughs, The finest Iron Troughs in the market.

He can furnish any kind of an Iron Trough wanted and of all sizes. Call and see them before buying others.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in the world.

THE OLD Lititz Bakery and Confectionery.

I beg leave to announce to the public that I have taken possession of the old Lititz Bakery and Confectionery which has been in existence for upwards of fifty years—where I shall be pleased at all times to see my friends.

FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, BUNS AND CAKES, made from the best roller flour. Families, Picnics and Parties supplied with ICE CREAM, CAKES and CONFECTIONS on reasonable terms.

TOBACCO BUYERS' BOOKS ready for use. I can be had at the Record Office at all times. Also the best quality of tobacco packages Sample Tags, ready printed.

A DEACON'S MISTAKE.

It was a dull, cheerless morning in early spring. Out of doors the frost was coming out of the ground,—a convulsion of nature which meant mud, splash, impassable roads and general desolation.

Deacon Peck had been carting seaweed from the beach all the morning for a top-dressing to his asparagus beds, and now at ten o'clock he had put old Whitey into the wagon and donned his best brown suit to go to town.

"Yes, I do,—and what of it?" "Why here's her bag," said Mrs. Peck, holding up a battered morocco reticule.

"I'm sure deacon," said she, "it was a natural mistake enough."

"Mistakes ain't never natural sivilly corrected her better-half. 'I don't make mistakes. No, I won't leave your bag, Sarar. You'll just take it down yourself. I'll be a good lesson for you. You deservit."

"Mind your own business, miss," said the deacon, and he got into his wagon and chattered to Whitey to go on.

"It's a mortal long walk," said she, plaintively. "I'll walk some of the nonsense outen ye!" growled the deacon.

"Pa, it's a shame!" said Clara, the eldest girl, who was picking over white beans on the window-sill; "and you going right past the very door."

"Mind your own business, miss," said the deacon, and he got into his wagon and chattered to Whitey to go on.

"I don't think father feels very well this morning," said Mrs. Peck, apologetically. "It's his temper, ma," said Clara.

"That's just exactly what I said, Clara is right," growled the deacon. "And this ere's a judgment on me, Sarar. I beg your pardon, and I don't keep if all the world hears me do it. And I hadn't no business to speak t'ye the way I did. Now!"

"Bravo, pa!" cried Clara, clapping her hands. "And I won't never do it agin," said the deacon, slowly. "Not if I can hev' grace to keep from it. Get your ma's hat and shawl, Clara. I'll hitch up the kivered buggy and we'll go, fast to Sister Suttill, to change the bag, and then to the Badgery Light-house, to get back my own alackpaw umbrella. It does beat all how I ever managed to leave it there."

"That was all that was said about it. But when Mrs. Peck returned she confidentially informed Clara that she never had had a pleasanter trip.

"Ah," remarked that young lady, "pa can be pleasant company enough if he pleases. But wasn't he caught beautifully, though?"

"Clara, you hadn't ought to talk so," said Mrs. Peck, reprovingly. "We ain't none of us perfect. And if you ever come to be married yourself—"

"When she comes to be married, you mean, Mrs. Peck?" Eilihu Price, laughingly. "Because she and I settled it to day for the second of next month, while you and the deacon were gone."

"La, me!" said Mrs. Peck. "But Eilihu is never to scold," saucily nodded Clara.

"Never!" solemnly asserted Eilihu Price.

A Slight Misunderstanding. "Let me see," said a minister who was filling out a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the 5th, is it not?" "No, sir," replied the bride, with some indignation, "this is only my second."—N. Y. Sun.

remarked, "you might have cut it with a knife! And all of 'em talkin' at once, until you'd ha' thought it was a cage full of poll-parrots!"

Three of the meeting thought one way. The other three had a different opinion,—and when they parted, they were as far as ever from having arrived at any definite opinion on any subject what ever.

"You may talk till Thanksgiving," said Brother Powson, "and ye won't make me think no different?" "Nor me, neither," said Deacon Peck, seizing up his umbrella, and rushing out to where old Whitey was tied.

"Of all things, deliver me from a human mole!" said Mr. Zebidde Fowler.

"It does seem a pity we can't agree," observed mild Mr. Meigs, as he went upstairs to polish up his reflectors. White Cappen Hewitt filled his pipe for the third time and departed, remarking that he must look sharp if he did not want to be caught by the rising tide.

The deacon went back to dinner. Baked pork and beans, with a pie made of dried apples, and newly baked bread formed the bill of fare.

"S'pose you've returned that bag," said the deacon, to his wife. "No, I hain't yet," said Mrs. Peck. "Humph," said the deacon. "Women do beat all for puttin' off things!"

"Pa," said Clara, quickly, "ma hasn't had a minute's time to spare."

"I'll try and get over this afternoon," said Mrs. Peck, in the subdued manner which was getting habitual to her.

"You can't, ma," said Clara. "It's beginning to rain."

"Humph," said Deacon Peck. "A little rain ain't goin' to hurt her, I guess. Besides, there's my umbrella she can take."

He got up and reached the afore-said article from behind the door. "Eh! Hallo!" said the deacon. "What's the matter? It won't open!"

"I guess likely it's broke," said Eilihu Price, dryly, as he surveyed its protruding whalebone ribs.

"It's rotten, pa, and yours is alackpaw," said Clara, jumping up. "Great Scott!" said the deacon, hurriedly feeling for his spectacles, "I can't hev' took the wrong umbrella at the light-house? Yes, I hev, as true as the world! Here's the name 'Powson' worked on the hem in cross-stitch. As sure as taxos I've made a mistake!"

For a moment there was silence, broken at last by Clara.

"Lal! pa," said she, giggling, "I wonder you didn't bring somebody else home in mistake for yourself. Of all careless, hen-headed creatures—"

"Hush, Clara," said Mrs. Peck, gently placing her hand on her daughter's shoulder. "Pa didn't mean a word he said. You hadn't oughter lay it up agin' him."

"Yes, he did, ma," said Clara. "He said mistakes. Oh, I remember it all very well."

"That's just exactly what I said, Clara is right," growled the deacon. "And this ere's a judgment on me, Sarar. I beg your pardon, and I don't keep if all the world hears me do it. And I hadn't no business to speak t'ye the way I did. Now!"

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Fleece of His Money.

Charles S. Prickett, a retired Quaker farmer residing at Mount Laurel, Burlington county, N. J., went to Atlantic city last week, for a week's visit to a friend and while wandering around was accosted, at the City Hall, by a young man, with smooth face, wearing a white high hat, who called him "Mr. Thomas."

"This is mistaken; my name is Charles S. Prickett, from Mount Laurel," was the frank admission of the farmer. He had scarcely gone three squares further when an elegantly attired gentleman approached him and said: How is thee, Brother Charles?"

Mr. Prickett told the gentleman he did not remember him, when he said: "I am a son of S. K. Caldwell, president of the Mount Holly National Bank. You know my father well."

The subject of crops was discussed in all its bearings, and then Mr. Caldwell told Mr. Prickett that he had drawn three pictures in a lottery and had just received them by express.

He was going to give one to his sister, one he would keep, and the third he was going to give away and would be pleased to have him accept it. Mr. Prickett was invited to get on a car and go up to the house and examine them. They boarded a car and went as far as the Hotel Albion. Then they walked down Massachusetts avenue and made, according to Mr. Prickett, several turns and went into a cottage.

There were no pictures to be seen. They were being unpacked, the alleged Mr. Caldwell said, and while the men were taking them out of the box he would join some friends in a game of cards. In twenty minutes Mr. Caldwell had won \$200. Friend Prickett was then invited to play, but he declines, saying: "There is better acquainted with such matters." He consented to go in with Mr. Caldwell as partner, however, and lost \$15.

The next game he invested \$45 and his partner \$45, which was lost. He became excited and staked \$200, and this he lost. He gave them all the cash he had—some \$30 and a check for \$230 on the Burlington County National Bank, at Medford.

Mr. Prickett is unable to locate the cottage in which he was fleeced on account of the roundabout way he was taken to it. The police authorities are now investigating the affair.

A Troublesome Boy. The New York Sun says: William Edgar Atkins, the 8-year-old stow-away, who was landed at Castle Garden in charge of an officer of the Inman steamship City of Chester last Friday, is giving a good deal of trouble.

When he was first brought before me by Mr. Faucett, who has charge of the rotunda gate, Castle Garden Superintendent Jackson said, "I sent him to Hamilton's Hotel at 2 Front street to be taken care of until I could find out the truth of his story. Then Captain Condon of the City of Chester called upon me and said he would have to take William Edgar back to Liverpool when the ship sailed on Saturday. Captain Condon and the agent of the Inman line explained that the father of William Edgar Atkins on her return trip for allowing William Edgar, a minor in law, to leave the ship, instead of bringing him back, as the law distinctly says. They were satisfied to pay the boy's board."

"On Saturday William Edgar was missed from the hotel, and after a long search was discovered as a repeater at the free baths at the Battery. On Sunday afternoon he again disappeared and was found in custody of a policeman, who had arrested him for stealing a ride on the little boat that goes to Bedloe's Island. On Monday morning he ran away in earnest and was picked up at Coney Island.

"Yesterday," Mr. Jackson continued, "the agent of the Inman line and Captain Condon of the City of Chester chipped in and hired a watchman for William Edgar Atkins. Thank goodness, he will be taken home on Saturday."

The Girl Did The Kissing. A New Haven (Conn.) dispatch says: Rev. Dr. Kleeberg resides in a snug cottage at Savin Rock within a stone's throw of the spot where unfortunate Jennie Cramer was found drowned. He is the rabbi of the Court-street Synagogue. A short time ago M. Sonnenberg, B. Shoninger and the latter's son suddenly sent their resignations as members of the Synagogue. A committee was appointed to find out what the difficulty was, and then Mr. Sonnenberg said he resigned because Rabbi Kleeberg had kissed his (Sonnenberg's) servant girl. This occasioned a great ferment in the congregation. Dr. Kleeberg explained his conduct toward the girl by saying that she felt so much relieved from her troubles by the advice he gave her that she kissed him, and he did not kiss her. This was the girl's side of the story also. Sonnenberg could not substantiate his charge, and consequently went back into the synagogue, and peace again reigns.

Lightning Kills a Postmaster. On Saturday afternoon while Squire Geisman, of Rouserville, Franklin county, was sitting in the doorway of his residence, during a thunder storm, he was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Geisman was postmaster at Rouserville.

The Chieftain Sleeps. (For the Record) The Chieftain sleeps! The nation weeps. Her valiant, high-born son, Who crushed her foes and eroded her fame, The grave has closed upon.

The Chieftain sleeps the blessed sleep That none but those shall know Who love the truth and serve the right With holy zeal aglow.

The Chieftain sleeps to wake no more To sorrow, doubt or pain; The nation mourns in selfish grief— Her loss is his great gain.

The Chieftain sleeps to wake in bliss, Within the heavenly land, Where angels wait to crown the good By God's express command.

Sleep, Chieftain, sleep! Sweet be thy rest Within the silent grave. Thy fame shall live as long as men Shall love the true and brave.

—A. S. B.

Courtesy at Home.

If a child is brought up in the constant exercise of courtesy toward brothers and sisters and playmates toward parents and uncles and aunt, it will have little to learn as it grows older. I know a bright and bewitching child who was instructed in table etiquette, but who forgot her lessons sometimes, as even older people do now and then. The arrangement was made with her that, for every solicitude of this sort she was to pay a fine of five cents, while for every similar carelessness in her elders she was to exact a fine of 10 cents, their experience of life being longer than hers. You may be sure that mistress Bright Eyes watched the proceedings at that table very carefully. No slightest disregard of the most conventional etiquette escaped her quick vision, and she was an inflexible creditor and a faithful debtor. It was the prettiest sight to see her when conscious of some failure on her own part, go unobtrusively to her money box and pay cheerfully her little tribute to the outraged proprietress.

Tricks of Dog Dealers. "The tricks of the dog trade will compare favorably with those of horse dealers in auction and sale stables," said a gentleman who indulges in the luxury of fancy and expensive dogs to a New York Tribune reporter. "A dog of mine, which I valued highly, was stolen," he continued, "and I offered a large reward for his recovery. For a day my place of business was besieged by dogs, and at last 60 per cent. of them tallied with the description which I had published of mine. They were colored and clipped, and many of them that are trained to pose as lost or stolen dogs greeted me with a bark of recognition. There is a brand in the ear of my dog, however, and through the advice of a dog fancier I did not mention it in the advertisement. The other day I was accosted by a supposed reputable dog fancier who wanted to know if it would be worth \$30 to me to become the owner of a certain spaniel, worth two or three times that amount. He explained to me how all traces could be removed by the animal could be identified, and that by keeping it in confinement for three months it would grow out of all remembrance.

"The dog exchange plays an important part in the sale of family animals. Through it a dealer, who is a member of the exchange, is loaned at any time any kind of a dog that he may wish. If the dog is sold, one of another species, providing it is worth as much, is returned in its place. Another feature of the business is controlled by women who hire out as chambermaids to persons who have valuable dogs. The dogs and the servant soon disappear, and all that is heard of it is an advertisement in one of the papers. If a tempting reward is offered for its return, a middle man appears and it is returned. A woman was in my store to-day, and wanted to sell me three dogs worth at least \$75 apiece for \$25 each. I did not want them and she then offered the lot for \$50. They were stolen, of course, and the woman was trying to dispose of them."

Drowning Accidents. Hugh Cannon and Kate McDonald, both about 22 years of age, were drowned on Sunday in an old cave-hole in the Second ward, Wilkesbarre. The hole was formed two years ago by a cave-in in the mines and has become filled with water to the depth of about twenty feet. Cannon is a miner and resides with his sister in the vicinity. Kate McDonald's home is in Dunmore, Lackawanna county, and she was there visiting relatives. The two got on board a raft made of planks, on which a boy named Patrick Friel was paddling around. When about twenty feet from the shore the raft tilted a little. The girl, who was deaf and dumb, became frightened and sprang towards Cannon and seized him around the body. This tilted the raft still more and both fell off.

Cannon was a good swimmer, but the girl held on to him with the strenth of despair. A short and desperate struggle followed. Cannon tried to swim, and forgetting that the girl was deaf, called out in agonizing tones: "Let go, let go, and I'll save you." She clung tight to him, however, and despite his utmost efforts dragged him down. Friel could not swim; neither could several men who were near by, and no effort was made to save them. Their bodies were recovered with grappling irons and were found tightly locked in each other's arms, so that considerable force had to be used to separate them.

Another sad drowning accident took place in the river. Thomas Jones, aged forty-five, a miner, living at Luzerne borough, came down to the river with several companions to bathe. He was a good swimmer. He swam several times across the river, but was suddenly seen by his companions, when he was near the middle, to throw up his arms and sink. It was supposed he was seized with cramp, but when two hours after the body was recovered by means of a boat and drags it was found that a blood vessel had burst in the throat. He leaves a wife and six children, entirely destitute.

A Georgia dog chews gum. When fired of chewing it will take the gum out of its mouth and stick it tightly on the top of its nose with its foot, to keep from losing it.

Whips and Flynets ch. up at Workman's.

THE GRANT FUNERAL.

The Route on Saturday—Seventy-Five Thousand Men Expected to Join the Procession. Applications for position in the cortege and offers of personal service for staff and other duties connected with the military escort on the occasion continue to pour into Major General Hancock's office, on Governor's Island and have necessitated the employment of several extra clerks and the appointment of Lieutenant Lemley as aide on the staff to assist Captain Young and Lieutenant Allen in filing and recording the mass of correspondence. A prominent official stated that the various men-of-war would be stationed at different points on the North river and fire salutes during the progress of the procession.

THE PRESIDENT IN LINE. A dispatch was received on behalf of President Cleveland asking for a position in the line. It is intended that the President and Vice President, with the members of the Cabinet and also ex-Presidents and ex-Vice Presidents and members of their Cabinets, will be invited by the Grant family to participate.

75,000 MEN IN LINE. The preparations for the funeral are progressing rapidly and smoothly. So well, indeed, are the details being worked out that, from present indications at least, there cannot possibly be any hitch on the day of the temporary interment. Large as the procession will be, if the subordinate officers will but carry out their instructions, the plan of General Hancock and his staff will prove effective and thoroughly practicable. Governor's Island is flooded with letters from all classes, showing how great is the popular sympathy. The majority of these letters contain all sorts of suggestions about all kinds of matters.

From Colonel Nicholson, who has charge of the civic portion of the parade, a reporter obtained the first estimate which has been given of the probable size and length of the procession. Colonel Nicholson said: "We are making calculations to take care of 75,000 men, fully that number being expected to parade. I do not see how they can control that number. The procession will be ten miles in length and of most imposing aspect. In my opinion the exercises at Riverside will have to be conducted irrespective of the parade itself, because otherwise the hour will be so late as to preclude the possibility of holding any whatsoever. An idea which struck me as being very forcible was that the civic and unarmed bodies form in column on each side of the streets along the line of march, and then the regular troops and mourners march between these double columns. The effect would be grand."

Can't Find a Better Place. To-day the brigade camp at Mount Gettysburg will begin to break up and by tomorrow the soldiers will have folded their tents and every vestige of camp life will have disappeared. This site is such an eligible one and the liberality of the owner, Mr. Robert H. Coleman, in providing for the accommodation of the brigade and its pleasant sojourn, is so highly appreciated that General Hartranft is said to have expressed the wish to have the entire division encamped at Gettysburg next year. The ground could be easily enlarged to admit of such arrangement and there is no doubt Mr. Coleman will kindly acquiesce and maintain for this lovely mountain park the reputation it already enjoys of being the finest camp ground in the state.—Reading News.

Married to Fifteen Women. A noted convict died in the State Prison at Columbus, Ohio. His name, or rather the name under which he was sentenced, was Charles Neville. He was sent from Toledo last December for seven years for bigamy. His father was an Englishman and his mother a Russian countess. He entered the Russian army on attaining manhood, but that was too dull for him and he secured a commission in the English army through his father. Dissatisfied again he ran away and came to America. He was a young man then, and he had not been long in this country before he had married fifteen different women. The last one was a daughter of Charles Whitney, a wealthy resident of Detroit, and then manager of the Standard Theatre, Chicago. With this young lady he eloped to Toledo. His usual plan was to persuade a minister to marry him in some illegal manner, and in this last case he urged that as a defense, but the Court would not allow it.

He won the affection of Miss Whitney while employed as her father's coachman. He had been sick for about two weeks with intermittent fever, and a few days ago told the warden that his real name was Charles Edward Neville-Censivieski, his Russian title being Count. He always claimed he had but one wife and that he was always true to her. She lives at Petersboro, Ontario, and the warden has telegraphed to her the news of his death.

All Postoffices to Be Closed.

The following order is being mailed to all postmasters: In recognition of the nation's loss in the death of General Ulysses S. Grant, and in participation of the lamentation and expression of reverence for his honored memory, all postoffices in the several states and territories of the Union are ordered to be closed between the hours of 12 and 5 p. m. on Saturday, the 8th of August, appointed for the celebration of his obsequies. By order of the postmaster general.

A. E. STEVENSON, First Assistant Postmaster General.

August 8th a Legal Holiday. Governor Pattison has issued the following proclamation: "WHEREAS, On Saturday, the eighth day of August, A. D. 1885, the great soldier and distinguished citizen, whose death the nation mourns, will be laid to rest, it is fitting that the people of this commonwealth, in his further honor, should pause from their accustomed labors when the sad and final rites of burial take place. The loss in the death of General Grant will long be fresh in the public mind. His countrymen, to whom his life service was productive of great benefits, will long feel the weight of the general sorrow. In losing the great and good: in testifying sorrow at the loss of the faithful and heroic, the people show their appreciation of public worth and teach a lesson of public and patriotic duty.

"As a tribute of respect to his memory and in testimony of the sorrow of the citizens of the commonwealth at the death of General Ulysses S. Grant, I do appoint Saturday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1885, the day of his burial, to be a legal holiday, and do recommend that upon that day there shall be a general cessation of business throughout this commonwealth."

Nine-Foot-Long Reptile Fastened Itself on a Carriage Wheel. Mrs. Emma Spangler of Lancaster, Ohio, took her sister, Mrs. George Zink, on a short drive down to the Catholic cemetery in her district last week. On their way back home, and just as they entered South Broad street an enormous black snake ran out from a clump of weeds and in an instant fastened on the left wheel. With each revolution of the wheel it darted its head into the ladies' faces and attempted to coil around Mrs. Spangler's neck. They were paralyzed with fright. Mrs. Zink made aspring from the vehicle as the reptile struck her, and in falling broke her legs immediately above the ankle. The horse stopped, when the snake fell from the wheel, but instantly coiled for a leap at Mrs. Spangler. At this critical moment (Mrs. Zink lying under the horse, with her foot hanging limp and lifeless from the broken axle) two men rushed out from a yard near by with clubs and after a desperate fight killed it. The snake measured nine feet long.

