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THE CROWDED STREET. Let me move slowly through the street, Filled with an ever-shifting train, And the sound of steps that beat The marmalade walks like autumn rain. How fast the fitting figures come! The mild, the fierce, the stony face— Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some Where secret tears have left their trace. They pass to talk, to chaff, to read— To hails in which the feast is spread— To chambers where the funeral guest In silence sits beside the bed. And some who happy homes repair, Where children pressing cheek to cheek, With mumsy crosses stand to declare The tenderest they cannot speak. And some who walk in odorous hair, Shall shudder as they reach the door Where one who made their dwelling dear, Its flowers, its light, its sun no more. Youth, with pale cheek and tender frame, And dreams of greatness in their eye, Goeth thou to build an early name, Or early in the task to die? Keen son of trade, with eager brow, Who is now strutting in thy show, Thy golden fortunes, tower thy nose, Or meet the glittering night in air? Who of this crowd to-night shall tread The dance till day light gleams again? Who sorrow over the untimely dead? Who writes in traces of mortal pain? Some, famine-struck, shall think how long The cold, dark hours have slowly run; And some, who flout amid the throng, Shall hide in dens of shame to-night. Each where his tasks or pleasure call, They pass and heed each other not; There is no one who holds them all In his large love and homely thought. These straggling bits of life, that seem In wayward, aimless courses to tend, Are eddies of the mighty stream That rolls to its appointed end.

"ADOPTED." "Yes," said the blooming matron, who was reading in an easy-chair under the shadows of the vines. "But what sent Mr. Evering away in such a hurry, 'Sent him away?'" "Yes, by the evening train. He came home, packed his things and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry; we shall miss him very much."

Blanche went slowly up-stairs and sat down by her window, looked out at the purple glow of the evening landscape as if it were a featureless blank. So he was really gone away; and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure of Gilbert Evering's love. "And I cannot even write to him, for I do not know his address," she thought, with clasped hands and tearful eyes. "Well, it is my own fault, and I must abide the consequences as best I may."

Blanche Penroy went home from the gay, fashionable place a sadder and wiser woman, and the November mists drooping o'er the brick and mortar wilderness of her city home had never seemed half so dreary to her as they did now. "I suppose I shall be an old maid," thought Blanche, walking up and down in the fire-light darkness of her room, her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist. "I can never care for any one now as I cared for—for Gilbert, and I dare say I shall keep a cat and grow fond of green peas. Ah, well—a day's life cannot last forever."

A dreary comfort for a girl of nineteen summers. She rang the bell with an impatient jerk. "Are there any letters, Sanderson?" "One, ma'am; it came with the evening post about five minutes ago."

"Light the gas, then, and give it to me." Blanche sat down by the fire and opened the letter, suppressing a yawn. "Black-edged—and black-sealed! So poor Mrs. Marchmont has gone at last."

It was from the executors of Miss Penroy's distant cousin, formally and briefly announcing her death, which had taken place in one of the West India islands some months since; but of which "the melancholy news," as the letter ran, had only just been received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had been for some years slowly fading out of the world, a victim to hereditary consumption.

"Leaving one child, a son," slowly repeated Blanche, leaning her cheek on her hand and looking down into the fiery quiver of the white-hot coals. "Poor little fellow! he must feel as desolate as I do! Only I have one advantage—I have at least a sufficiency of this world's goods and this orphan child must be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for, if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth of her first marriage by her second alliance with the poverty-stricken lawyer, whose death plunged her into such bitter mourning. That was a genuine love-match, yet how much grief and trouble it brought with it! Leaving one child—an only son! Why should I not adopt the stray waif, and make it the business of my life to cherish and comfort him! I have no object in existence."

Once more she rang the bell, with a fresh color glowing in her cheeks and a new light in her eyes. "Bring in my writing desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post for me as soon as possible."

The old servant obeyed wondering at his mistress's unwonted energy and yet well pleased to see some of her old animation returning. "She do look more like herself to-night," do Miss Blanche, than she has for a long time," he said to the house-keeper, as he came down-stairs after obeying the summons. "I only wish Miss Blanche would take a fancy to some nice, properly-behaved young man; it don't seem right that she should live all by herself in this big house, so forlorn-like."

Novelties in Decorations. Gathered plush bands are pretty for looping back portieres or window curtains. They are made on stout mullin foundations, and are narrow toward the ends. Both edges are gathered. Red is the most general, and the gathering makes it quite effective. Hand screens are now covered with red plush, gathered toward the handle, and finished off with a plaiting, and bow of ribbon. The fashionable handles vary from one-half to three-quarters of a yard in length, and the screen stands against the wall by the side of the fire-place. The new Japanese paper hand-screens, in different sizes, have these very long handles. Wood-baskets are now placed in rooms, and are made ornamentally. They are usually of brown wickerwork, and are long. They are lined with cretonne or fluted satin, and have a vandyke or arabesque outside, headed by a satin ruche. Any short length of embroidered material, especially of Eastern appearance, is now used up for these baskets. Sometimes they are lined with chintz harmonizing with the furnishing of the room in which they are kept. Some people have a lid added, and use them as work or scrap baskets. Squares of work, originally intended for foot-stools or cushions, are now being let into the sides of these baskets. A strip of colored plush is often twisted round one side of a picture resting on an easel. Any fancy piece of effective material can also be arranged in the same way. Small mirrors can be decorated after this fashion. It is much the fashion to paint a wreath or spray of flowers in oils on the mirrors. A great many were to be seen about Christmas times as novel gifts. Glass stands for the dinner table, standing under little flower vases, are painted in the same way. Larger mirrors, and also a front of an upright piano, the panels and door of a cabinet are so decorated. An original way of ornamenting a wooden front of a piano is to paint a long peacock eye feather leaning across, with the stalk toward the left corner. Across the stalk is painted a miniature hand-screen, with a monogram of the owner, or a spray of flowers. Small simulated hand-screens seem quite popular now, for some were recently seen on the dollies, made of different colored satin, and applied on with a tiny spray of flowers toward the centre of each. The dollies were the ordinary white ones, and the frames and handles of the fans were worked in silk. Each fan was in the centre, in a slanting position. This is quite a novelty in dollies, and not at all difficult to carry out. The centre of a dinner-table is now frequently covered with a good-sized plush mat, with a fancy border and tasseled edges. Only light ornaments are placed upon it. This has quite superseded the strip of plush or satin. If the table is long, to accommodate a large number of persons, some square mats, to match, are laid at the corners, with a glass of flowers on them.

A Cattle King's Realm. A correspondent writes, not long ago I accepted an invitation extended me by the largest individual cattle owner now living, in Pent County to visit his thorough-bred breeding ranch, at Powers' Station, twenty-seven miles east of West Las Animas. The sun had not yet risen and the moon still shone, when I left the train and found myself at Powers'. A large stone barn, corral, a wind-mill, a neat stone house, a new house of the same material, not yet finished, both surrounded by a regularly planted grove of young cotton-wood trees—these were the home improvements of one of the largest ranches in the State. An early morning ride had given me a keen appetite, and a good breakfast with its real tenderloin steaks and delicious old-fashioned gravy was keenly enjoyed. The morning meal finished, in company with the owner I visited the short-horn herd, which still stood in the corral. In this there are forty thorough-bred short-horn cattle—bulls, heifers and cows. These are bred with the greatest care, and from them each year a number of thorough-bred bulls are turned out that sell, before they are one year old, at all the way from \$100 to \$300 each. Beside this herd of thorough-bred cattle which is kept at home, the same gentleman has on the range in the main body of his cattle a large number of thorough-bred and high-graded bulls. A few miles farther up the river he has another fine stock ranch devoted to the breeding of pure Herefords. His herd of thorough-breds in this variety number thirty-four head. These two ranches, and several others owned by the same gentleman, all making up a river frontage of eighteen miles, and including a number of very productive meadows, are situated on the south side of the Arkansas, and are all under fence. Directly opposite these, beginning at Fort Lyon and reaching down the river a distance of twenty-two miles and extending back far enough to enclose an expanse of 80,000 acres, is another pasture under fence, the titles of which are in the same name. Here there are forty-miles of water front and a hundred thousand acres of pasture under fence, all owned by one man. The fencing on these ranches will sum up over 100 miles. Northward to and beyond the Kansas Pacific, and southward to the Cimarron and beyond into the Pan Handle of Texas, are grazing his cattle, more than 12,000 in number. Already this autumn he has shipped 1,100 fat steers, whose average weight has not been less than 1,300 pounds, and he will yet ship from 500 to 700 more quite as good. His sales of cattle this year will reach \$400,000, perhaps \$750,000.

This is but one ranch. There are a number of others on the Arkansas between Pueblo and the State line that are but little less in extent. This shows how rapidly the best lands in the Arkansas Valley are passing into half a dozen men. As it is now, half a dozen men own the bulk of the bottom lands and through these control much of the grazing lands for miles on either side of the river, from Pueblo to Kansas.

Food and Drink at the Opera. In the written contracts made between Colonel Mapleson and his artists there are many secret clauses not generally known to the public. A member of his company who was discharged for incompetency some two years ago informed me of this, and quite surprised me by the following revelation. It appears, according to contract, that Campanini is allowed a glass of hot brandy in the first act of "Faust." When he drinks the fiery cup handed to him by *Melphistophiles* people suppose that it simply contains a little alcohol, burning. I can assure the public now that it is first-class Santa Cruz rum punch, and the great tenor enjoys it heartily; in fact, without it he could not do justice to his brilliant song, "Io voglia piacer," which follows it. In the *Kermesse* scene, act second, the chorists have been on draught, which they ingurgitate while the old men's chorus is being sung, and in "Don Giovanni" every basso who plays *Leporello* has, in the supper scene (last act), a bowl of hot macaroni or gratin, and a quart bottle of Chianti wine.

The Huguenots," it appears, was always a favorite with Colonel Mapleson's artists, on account of the spread in act first, while Miss Hank invariably polishes off a pint of Mumm in the *Bridisida* scene, in "Traviata." In "Fra Diavolo" there is a free lunch and drink, in act first, for the tenor, before singing "On yfer, rock rolling," and this is the reason why Campanini wishes to have the opera revived.

The tenor, by the way, is partial to "Rigoletto," because he gets a good glass of vin ordinaire, in *Sparafucile*'s house before singing "La Donna e mobile."

Miss Hank always wanted Colonel Mapleson to revive, "Lucrécia Borgia" because there's a "lay out" in the last act, and the contrary, Miss Cary, wished it to be produced likewise, because in the "Bridisida" there is an opportunity for draining some good Italian wine.

In Verdi's "Macbeth" there is a drinking song, and the Colonel has been asked repeatedly to revive it, but he refuses. "Martha" is a favorite with bass and baritone, on account of the drinking song for *Flanckert*, Porter or Dublin stout is the usual beverage when the opera is given, and at the moment it is always encored the singer gets two drinks.

Members of the chorus have a fondness for "Ermani" on account of the opening chorus, when they all drink and shout in the jolliest manner possible, and it is the fondest wish of every member of the profession to play some day in an opera when it will be necessary to eat soup and lamb chops and drink four bottles of brandy.

Art Lovers in Paris. An adroit dodge is managed upon Art Lovers in Paris as follows: Two or three of the minor art dealers of Paris will get together and will buy a single really fine picture by some noted modern master—a *Détaille* or a *Meissonier*—those being the painters most in vogue among the living artists of renown. They will then pay somebody of the *demis monde*, who has a well situated apartment and lives in good style, a handsome sum to permit them to hang the painting in her drawing-room. If the surroundings are not sufficiently artistic, a few paintings of less merit, a bronzo or two, and some fine prints and china, are sent in and are judiciously arranged by one or other of the confederates. The stage being set the farce then begins. The art collector, who is almost invariably a wealthy American, is notified of the existence in private hands of this gem of modern art. Its owner, Comtesse de X— or the *Marquise de Trois-Etoiles*, is willing to dispose of this masterpiece, provided she can obtain her own price for it. The amount asked is very large—oh, yes, undoubtedly so—but then, you see, a titled lady is not like a mere art dealer, and she does not care to sell her picture at all—only she might be tempted, &c. The American goes to see the picture. He is received by a very stylish lady, exquisitely dressed; there is a scene of feigned indifference on the supposed owner's part and an increasing dissimulated eagerness on that of the would-be purchaser. Finally, the painting, whose real market value is, we will say \$8,000, passes into the American's possession for \$15,000, and the two confederates divide the *ap-ils*.

Another more complicated and adroit style of procedure is as follows: The art dealer will prow around among the studios of famous artists till he comes across a picture by one or the other of them, a work that has been for some cause or other unpopular, and a comparative failure. This he secures at a moderate price, say \$2,000. He sends it to the auction sale at the Hotel Drouot. He and a confederate attend the sale and bid the picture up to \$5,000, withdrawing it and paying all expenses as having bought it in. A second time this process is gone through with, and the painting of this second sale attains a price of \$8,000. Then the story finds its denouement. The picture dealer seeks a picture purchaser, and finding one who is a novice in such matters he will tell him of the great bargain that he has on hand—an important work by the great painter So-and-So. It was bought for \$8,000 by a gentleman who has since had losses at the Bourse, and who would like to dispose of it even for a good deal less than he gave for it. If Mr. Greenyankie would like to buy it, he can doubtless get it for him for about \$7,000. The painting is displayed, and the records of the two auction sales are shown. Mr. Greenyankie offers \$6,000 for the picture, there is some hesitation and delay, and some negotiations with the unknown and mythical owner, and then the sale is concluded and the little plot is a success.

Horrors of London. People who lead comfortable lives have rarely any conception of the noxious creatures that invest all great cities. They are little seen in the day, and make a living after dark; and even when they are seen they are not easily recognized. The nightbird does not by any means resemble a commonplace rough. He wears rather good clothes, and never allows himself to go abroad in the cap and greasy necker-chief proper to the ordinary rough. He is admitted without question and without attracting notice to all manner of drinking places, where he is probably taken for a smart boxing-man or a low-class "book-maker." He is generally in alliance with two or three abandoned women, whose purses he is free to dip into, and whom he is always ready to assist in any little business of robbery or violence, or both. Where boxing exhibitions are given, the nightbird may generally be seen—an unlovely spectacle even when he is at peace and enjoying himself. He is much interested in boxing, and sometimes steps out on the sawdust as somebody's novice. The master of ceremonies calls "Little Billy Hagan and (somebody's) novice. Time!" and the nightbird moves up to his adversary with a kind of villainous grace. If now you watch his play, you will see he would be an awkward customer to fight with the fists. Pincy and dexterous he must be to exist; and he is often a man of splendid build. When the boxing is over he goes to the bar and drinks with the patrons of the noisy sport; but he never drinks enough to muddle him, for the best of his work is to come.

When all the public houses are closed, and the streets begin to grow quiet, he looks about him for chances. The countryman who goes to the police court and tells how he lost his money in bad company is generally indebted to the nightbird for his misfortune; the smart sailor who travels westward and announces himself in one public house after another, is also familiar with the nightbird. But not part of his business is so pleasant to him as helping a drunken "swell." In our time My Lordy is usually careful and temperate; it is the sprightly young man of the mercantile class who is now most fond of "seeing life." As he wanders deviously with belated footsteps after having seen life—he becomes an object of interest to the nightbird. The young man is glad when some one offers to see him home, and the nightbird is delighted to render the service. Such youths are fond of jewelry,

and the nightbird is clever in removing studs, and rings, and watches. But all this work is easy, and not particularly risky. When the nightbird happens to hunt in couples it is then that the belated passenger is in danger. They are not always countrymen or sailors or "swells" to be robbed and the nightbird must live. He has no scruples whatever. He will not do any one an injury if he can get what he wants without; but when need presses him hard he has no more conscience than a wild beast. And then he knows pretty well how much can be ventured in safety. Only a little while ago a young fellow ran bareheaded into the Strand from the Embankment, shouting "Murder!" He had a cut on his forehead, and he told two or three people that he had been attacked by a man who wore a big ring. This was before the Embankment scene set in, and the people were rather inclined to laugh at the youngster for a coward. The "big ring" was probably a knuckle-duster, and the young man was very wise in running away from it. A little while before that a dead man lay in the gutter of a populous street from 5 to one o'clock until the lamp-lighter went his rounds the next morning, and never a soul stopped to see what was the matter. Although I am inclined to think that of the respectably dressed corpses picked out of the river, many are those of men who have encountered the night bird on or near the embankment. They have shown fight, and have been promptly stoned, rifled, and pitched into the stream. Ronge Riderhood and his clan are not very dangerous, although they do not mind housing and stripping a sailor now and then; it is the bully whose appearance does not necessarily arouse suspicion from whom the real danger is to be feared. If all the men who are known to be associated with loose women were watched as closely as ticket-of-leave men, I fancy there would be fewer bodies found in the Thames. When a detective sees an able-bodied, "flash" looking fellow lounging over a window sill in a low court, he knows his man at once, but he has no power over him. The ordinary "gun" who slouches at street corners shuffles away at sight of a detective, but the more dangerous ruffian is careless, and even insolent.

Man who knows the waterside and water-side characters do not believe in innocent theories to account for the shocking number of dead people found in the Thames. They know how it is that too many of the bodies came to be there, though they cannot bring a specific charge of murder against any particular man. A somewhat sensational writer has lately been laughed at for saying that there are men in London who can be hired to do murder. If the writer in question had not been a little too poetic he would have written a useful paper, for he only put into a connected and exaggerated form what is believed by most experienced river policemen. I do not think that one murder per year is done for hire; but many are done for plunder. It is true that men may be hired to assault anybody. The present writer would find little trouble in having any given person ill-used, but too many of the dead men that float in the river have not been killed by hired ruffians, but by beasts of prey, who can be viewed any day by the observer who does not mind the risks and the dangers of prying into their haunts.

Keep Your Breakfast First. Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise, or labor of any description; those who do it will be able to perform more work, and with greater alacrity, than those who work an hour or two before breakfast. Besides this, the average duration of life of those who take breakfast before exercise or work, will be a number of years greater than those who do otherwise. Most persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six hours in their ordinary avocations; a good meal reinvigorates, but from the last meal of the day until next morning there is an interval of some twelve hours; hence the body, in a sense, is weak, and in proportion cannot resist deleterious agencies, whether of the fierce cold of midwinter or of poisonous miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth wherever the sun shines on a blade of vegetation or a heap of offal. This miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant, about sunrise and sunset than any other hour of the twenty-four, because the cold of the night condenses it, and is on the first few inches above the soil in its most solid form, but as the sun rises it warms and expands and ascends to a point high enough to be breathed, and being taken into the lungs with the air and swallowed with the saliva into the stomach, all weak and empty as it is, it is greedily drunk in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, and carried to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influence at the very fountain-head of life. If early breakfast were taken in regions where chills and fever and ague prevail, and if, in addition, a brick fire were kindled in the family room for an hour, including sunrise and sunset, these troublesome miasms would diminish in any one year, not ten-fold, but a thousand-fold, because the heat of the fire would rarely the miasmatic air instantly, and send it about the breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to build fires night and morning all summer. If being no "trouble," requiring no effort to shiver and shake by the hour, weeks and months together.

One Key West pine-apple grove netted \$4,000 last year on its fruit

THE LITZ RECORD.

J. F. BOON, Editor and Proprietor. FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883.

Advertisements and others will please take note that we go to press regularly every Thursday afternoon, and cannot insure the insertion of much matter after Wednesday afternoon.

A Great Peach Crop. After all, this is to be a great peach year. In the spring the prophetic reports came a few weeks later, and now, when the time for ripening of peaches has actually come, we are promised the largest crop ever picked.

The local crop is also very large and the yield will be beyond what was expected a few months ago. We have escaped hail and severe storm and thus the growing fruit remained on the trees. Nearly every tree contains some fruit, while many are bending down with the weight of the delicious fruit.

Another refreshing rain on Wednesday for which the tobacco farmer especially should feel grateful. Thus far this summer there has been little cause for complaint about too little rain.

Melons are coming in thick and fast. A good melon is relished by almost any one and when ripe and fresh is a wholesome fruit; but never touch those that are unripe, warm or stale, if you wish to avoid summer complaint.

A New Orleans man invented an intoxicating beverage, which he said was bound to revolutionize the processes of pleasurable getting drunk. He invited some friends to dinner and tried the new liquid on them.

The Berks county so-called fair will be held on September 26-29, and as usual will be a great attraction. But as usual the officers permit wholesale gambling and outright robbery on the grounds of the association we cannot sanction or encourage such an affair.

A wise economy will probably be practised by Western farmers in respect to their corn crop this fall. Instead of getting rid of it all at the low prices offered while the supply is abundant, they will store a quantity as a reserve in case of a poor crop next year.

Fires. Lancaster city has lately been the theatre of a number of fires and not only were they fires of little account—some involved a fearful loss of property. Luckily, however, no lives were lost. It would be a great comfort to know how these originate, in how far the incendiary's torch is responsible and how far neglect and indifference in securing property against such occurrences must be held accountable.

strange to know that such is the case, where not a single individual was obliged to keep up the policy but the county of Lancaster, and we should think that very little trouble would have ensued, if those properly authorized would have attended to their duty and done for the county what any wise man does for himself individually. But mistakes will happen in the best of families and the blunder thus committed deserves to be severely censured.

A building that costs \$55,000 should without any delay be secured by a full insurance. But instead of this, the only remaining comfort is that the building was not entirely destroyed. Let this extravagant blunder serve as a warning in the future and pass beyond the hope of its ever being repeated.

How about that new postoffice at New Haven? Has a Rip Van Winkle sleep crept over the petitioners or has their work been in vain?

All voters must be registered before the 5th of next month. It is a matter of no little importance, and every man should make up his mind to vote for principle and not merely for men.

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At the camp meeting at Lancaster, Ohio, there was preaching at eight different points, and the conversions were numerous; but it seems that all the sinners within hearing were not affected, as during the service a minister lost \$535 at the hands of pickpockets, and there was a general raid on robes and harness.

MANHEIM REMINISCENCES

PROGRESS OF OUR SCHOOLS—SOME OF THE TEACHERS—OLD-TIME SCHOOL RHYMES—BIOGRAPHICAL.

In 1836 Rapho township (of which Manheim borough formed a part at that time) adopted the free school system, and the schools of the borough, three in number, were controlled by six trustees acting in conjunction with the school board of the township. The borough contained three school houses known as the Upper Central and Lower. They were built in the years 1830, '34 and '36. The borough became a separate school district in 1855, but not without great opposition.

In course of time as the town increased it became necessary to erect a new building, which was accordingly done in 1868. The original design of the building was to accommodate four schools, but latterly it has been somewhat altered so as to accommodate six. Shortly before the erection of the new building (in 1832) the school term was extended to six months and remained so until June, 1882, when the board, by a vote of four to two, increased it to seven months.

Mr. B. D. Danner was born in Peun township, Lancaster county, in the year 1834. During his boyhood he worked on a farm and applied himself during his leisure hours to his books. He received only what we might term a common school education; but being a close student, he had advanced so far that at the age of seventeen he applied to the County Superintendent for examination as a teacher of public schools, which he passed so satisfactorily that the directors of Rapho township at once gave him the school, then known as "Erisman's."

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Two of the old school buildings have been converted into dwelling houses and one into a warehouse. The blocks were complete. Then came the struggle fierce and long! The fun was very true; And whilst he thumped and pried about, We thrust the beams of treaty out. Demanding him to sign! The treaty signed—The conflict o'er, Once Master now were we! There chests, apples, and such ado, Were spread our joyous eyes before. We shared the feast with glee! Here also they used to set on the desks, with arms around each others neck, and sang out the names of the States with the capital of each. The one who could stut loudest, and could make the most noise was considered a smart boy, in this building.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. There is a farmer in Ohio who has not sheared his sheep in five years, because, as he claims, Providence intended the sheep to wear their wool.

In a freight car at Allentown, Pa., a man, woman, and child were discovered lying on the load of grain. They had stolen a ride from Minnesota, and had food and water enough to last them to Philadelphia.

An Iowa man tied one end of a long cord to an aching tooth and the other to a heavy weight, which he dropped from a fourth-story window. Two men were taken to a hospital in an ambulance—one with a broken jaw and one with a broken skull.

THE LOCAL TOBACCO MARKET.

As far as the weather was concerned the last week has had a good share of rain, and has had the effect of making glad the heart of many tobacco growers. In some localities it has not been so, but to those who had their crops well started and to those who had poor prospects they will now in all probability have good crops. To those who had poor prospects two weeks ago the outlook is much more favorable than it was then. Plenty of crops however can yet be seen that are not larger than a man's hand; nor will they ever be much larger.

The tobacco patch of Wm. Evans, located near the old tannery, is said to be without exception the finest in this township. Jacob Kauffman has a patch of 5000 stalks of the finest tobacco to be seen in this vicinity this season. One leaf which he came across measured 25 by 43 inches, which he is about to exhibit at the Springs Hotel.

REGISTER OF SALES. The following is a list of sales, for which bills have been printed at this office. Persons wishing Sale bills printed will find those turned out at the Register Office until they are printed elsewhere else. All sales for which bills have been printed at this office will be noticed in this paper free from the time they are handed in until the week of the sale.

J. F. DIEHM, only agent in this vicinity for Levering's Pure Government JAVA COFFEE.

Tshudy's Store. We have a lot of Stockings and Gloves, all perfect, but not quite new, which we are selling at and below cost. Also a lot of Lawns at 8 and 10 cts. per yard.

At the Railroad Restaurant. It is the place to go for all kinds of REFRESHMENTS.

THOS. H. KELLER, W. H. BOLLINGER, CHOICE CONFECTIONERY, FRESH CAKES.

THE COLUMBIA HOUSE, JOEL HUTTON, Prop., Nos. 111 & 113 North Broad Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Every Mail Order, whether for a yard of muslin or a wedding outfit, meets with the most careful, prompt and intelligent attention. Uniformly low prices are guaranteed to every purchaser. Shawbridge & Clothier, Eighth & Market Sts Philadelphia.

COBLE'S CORNER, CENTRE SQUARE, ELIZABETHTOWN, PA. IN PURCHASING JEWELRY, CLOCKS OR WATCHES, You will do well by calling on E. E. COBLE, and examine his large and WELL-SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS.

STUMP'S STORE, LITZ, PENNA. A full line of DRY GOODS, SUCH AS DRESS GOODS, DRESS GINGHAMS, DRESS LINENES, LAWNES, Plain and Figured, PRINTS, CHEYVOTS, COTTONADES, &c., WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, RUCHINGS, RIBBONS, and a new line of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S LACE COLLARS, VERY CHEAP.

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE. Received a line of the PARK GLASSWARE, Entirely new. All goods sold for the very lowest CASH PRICES.

At the Railroad Restaurant. It is the place to go for all kinds of REFRESHMENTS. Fresh Lager Beer, PORTER, ALE, CIGARS, TOBACCO, &c.

THOS. H. KELLER, W. H. BOLLINGER, CHOICE CONFECTIONERY, FRESH CAKES. FRUITS, NUTS, &c.

THE COLUMBIA HOUSE, JOEL HUTTON, Prop., Nos. 111 & 113 North Broad Street, PHILADELPHIA.

DR. C. H. BROWN, EYE AND EAR SURGEON, NO. 164 EAST KING ST., LANCASTER, Pa. GOOD FLOUR AND FEED.

How we figure Why we make Bargain Prices on Oak Hall Clothing.

Oak Hall holds no old stock. Our great sales leave some broken lots, and some slow selling goods get into our stock. Over 80,000 special orders per year leaves some custom clothing on hand. Of these various sorts of clothing we have about \$50,000 worth, taking up valuable room. They appear worth 100 cents to the dollar to-day, but 70 cents to the dollar will count their value to us next March. Here are the figures:

Table showing percentages for labor, interest, insurance, and profit. Making a total of 40 per cent.

Therefore 40 per cent. is the rate at which we are ready to lose money to move this stock. It is all grouped in Eight Bargain Sections.

Wanamaker & Brown, Oak Hall, South-east Corner Sixth & Market Sts., Philadelphia.

Baugh's \$25 Phosphate. When farmers can buy a true Ammoniated Super-Phosphate, made chiefly from Slaughter House Meat and Bone, for \$25 per ton at the factory, cash, it is a folly to pay out money for the High Cost Fertilizers.

John Lucas & Co.'s Pure Tinted GLOSS PAINTS. Guaranteed the best. With outwear whiter. Come and look at them. For sale by A. R. BOMBERGER & CO., dealers in GENERAL HARDWARE, m75-6m LITZ, PA.

A. R. BOMBERGER & CO., HARDWARE! IRON, STEEL, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOWWARE, TINWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL. HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, At prices as low as anywhere. We are still selling the famous RUBBER PAINT. BOMBERGER & CO., LITZ, PA.

