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THE LITITZ RECORD.

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

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) and rows for different durations (1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 1 month, 2 months, 3 months, 4 months, 5 months, 6 months, 7 months, 8 months, 9 months, 1 year).

Yearly advertisements to be paid quarterly. Transient advertisements payable in advance. Advertisements, to insure immediate insertion, must be handed in, at the very latest, by Wednesday evening.

WE MEAN YOU!

And if you read this advertisement you will be paid for your trouble. Thousands of people are going to purchase a new suit of clothes between now and the next several months, and we would like to have your patronage.

Also a complete line of HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, UMBRELLAS, & C. OUR ENTIRE STOCK IS VERY COMPLETE.

W. H. BUCH, "Record" Building, Broad Street, LITITZ, PENNA.

A GOLD WINTER AHEAD!

At least that is the prediction of Nature's Cold weather Prophet. A BOUNTIFUL SUPPLY OF ALL. Kinds of Nuts for animals who live in the earth or trees over the Winter, always has been looked upon as a sure sign of a cold Winter.

THE ONE PRICE CASH HOUSE. CHAS. H. FREY, (SUCCESSOR TO FREY & BOBERT), THE LEADER OF LOW PRICES IN BOOTS AND SHOES.

FALL AND WINTER HATS. H. L. BOAS, Ladies' and Children's Muffs and Sets.

MEN'S AND BOYS' Winter Hats, Caps and Gloves. ELEGANT STOCK AND PRICES LOWEST IN THE CITY. 144 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER PA.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL. BURKHOLDER PURE RYE WHISKEY. J. B. HERTZLER, Proprietor, LITITZ, PA.

WRATH OF THE MCOY.

WHEN I was 16 years of age I paid a visit to an uncle and an aunt of my father's, who lived on the family estate in Scotland. My grand uncle was well-to-do in this world's goods and he had leisure to devote his life to scientific pursuits and to write about his ideas and discoveries.

The Scotch domestics gave warning in a body the first evening that the hall lamp lighted itself. They considered the proceeding "uncanny," and my aunt confided to me that it was a most expensive illumination.

She worked in the right way, and left them their self respect. Mere charity never does that. The house was well furnished with articles that would enrapture those who are bitten with the present madness for "old things." Square rugs lay on the polished oaken floors, and great orange trees grew in tubs in each of the six windows of the drawing-room.

It was, however, not a pretty part of the country. It was grand and solemn. Beyond lay mountains apt to be covered with dim gray mist; near by, a lock, the waters of which seldom sparkled, and in dull weather seemed perfectly black; and from the heights of which my uncle's dwelling stood a road descended into a valley, deep and lonely walled about with great rocks, its vegetation sparse and coarse, and lying here and there so many mighty boulders that one could fancy giants had hurled them at each other in the course of some tremendous fight.

It was my delight to mount my pony, Jackanapes, and go galloping off over the country. No one objected to my going alone. I was quite safe. There was nothing improper in it. Every one I saw knew me, and I gained health and strength by it.

What with oatmeal for breakfast and these rides, my cheeks grew round and rosy, and spirits high. I forgot at last even that it might be possible for me to lose myself, until one day I actually did it. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon too, with the autumn day suddenly drawing to a close under a cloudy sky, which threatened one of those furious mountain rainstorms which only those who have experienced can appreciate.

face. All had been dark when I veiled it in the great horror of seeing nothing, but I now saw something—a light which resembled very cold moonlight, so white that one might almost call it blue. It shone, strangely enough, at about the height of a man's head.

What was it? My blood curdled. I was conscious of that curious condition of skin, which either cold or terror will produce, which children call "goose flesh." I could not have spoken a word to save my soul, for the object before me appeared to be a human figure, formed of some transparent luminous substance, and was a more perfect ghost than is pleasant to contemplate in a lonely spot at nightfall.

Almost instantly, however, I saw with a sudden flush of joy that set my blood in motion on the instant, that my terror had deceived me. It was a man who stood there, clad in what seemed to be a white flannel suit, and holding a lantern over his head.

He led the way. The darkness had concealed from me the fact that I was very near a house. A wide door was flung open; within I saw a deep hall floored with oak, at the end of which a fire roared in a great chimney. I was seated in a huge chair, my garments drying with curious rapidity. My host stood near me—a handsome man with his long, curling, golden hair and beard, and a sort of bustling dress of white flannel. He smiled on me, but said nothing until I spoke.

"I am so thankful to you," I hastened to add—"so very thankful." He did not answer in any conventional manner. His reply was this: "You have good reason to be. A death in the cold waters of the torrent is not to be desired, nor is a violent death of any sort. Nature seems to forbid it. Thank heaven for life, little girl."

My uncle burst into tears, clasped his hand to his heart, and in doing so changed his hue and lectured me for losing my wits. Jackanapes had come home riderless. My aunt thought me dead on the road, and was ill with grief and terror. And how did I find the ruins? And what a mercy that I had not gone over the precipice near by! So they bore me home. And I kept my own counsel and said not one word of my experience until our kindly neighbors had been breakfasted and gone their ways.

ways. Then I related it. "It must have been delirium," I said. "Yet it seemed so real." "My dear Maisie," said my uncle, "in Scotland we are astonished at nothing. I have myself heard this story before from four people who were rescued in the same way, and saw the same wrath and the same restoration of those ruins that you describe. My grandmother, a poor country woman with her babe in her arms, Mrs. McLynn of the Heights, and my sister Constance have narrated the same adventure. Everybody knows the haunted ruin, but we have a special interest. Long ago a handsome young man, by name Alexander McCoy, was sole heir to the place, then the handsomest residence hereabout, as one may well imagine. He had all that could make life happy, but he chose to fall in love with an ancestress of ours, who flirted with and jilted him. Her portrait hangs on the library wall—a saucy, dark-eyed girl in her teens. He thought life worthless without the jade, and the night she married some one else, set fire to his old house and committed suicide by jumping over the precipice into the torrent. It is said he also appeared to her at midnight, but that he said: "I forgive you."

"The fancy is that it is the spirit of the suicide, who thus expiates his sin, and that when he shall have rescued a certain number of persons he will be permitted to rest. The story is always the same. The luminous object, the figure with the lantern, the great hall, the delightful fire, the wine, the handsome host with his white costume and golden beard, the awakening among the ruins. If a horse or a dog be present the animal quivers in abject terror as your pony did. Horses assuredly either see spirits or think they do. They have more supernatural terrors than men and women."

"But, uncle," said I, "I really am afraid I am not quite Scotch enough to understand all this. The ghost of a suicide is all very natural, but the ghost of a house, of an oak floor of a blazing fire, of glimmering silver—the ghost also of a delicious wine, and of a great arm chair in which I slept delightfully—can these things be? Had I not better called it a dream?" "You may call it what you like," said my uncle. "Science has yet found no name for these mysteries, though I believe she will some day. But what the people hereabout will say will be just this: 'Miss Maisie has seen the wrath of the McCoy.' That is what they call it, my dear."

Time is always too short to people who improve it. People who never ask any questions never learn very much. Love is doubted when it leaves the cost-mark on the present. Some men join church with the very same kind of a motive that others rob a bank. If you want your children to love the Sabbath, don't make a practice of washing them on Sunday morning.

There are men who will work harder and be more patient in trying to catch a string of fish that are fit for nothing under the sun but to be counted than they have done in ten years to help keep the devil from having his own way with the children.

Foreigners naturally make most laughable mistakes in attempting to speak our language. The story of the Frenchman bidding a friend good bye, and ended with "May God pickle you," is familiar to all. None the less amusing is the following: A young German, who had been in this country only a short time, having visited a taxidermist's place was much impressed by the lifelike appearance of a stuffed dog exhibited for sale.

It is a strange fact that the ugly girl is rather a favorite than otherwise, although a thing of beauty is a joy forever. When we look at her we lament the shape of her nose, we sigh over the cast in her eye, we deplore the dullness of her complexion, we can find nothing to praise; but perhaps she smiles, or she has a witching manner. She knows the spell which puts everyone at his ease; she owns the charm which makes other pleased with themselves; and then we are wont to say that there is no such person as the ugly girl. But to those who do not know her, who do not come under the magnetism of her presence, she remains the ugly girl to the end of the chapter, and when she marries carries off the best match of the season, perhaps—prettier women are at their wits' end to know what attractions she possesses superior to their own. What is it that redeems the ugly face and makes it shine with comeliness, so that sometimes would not exchange it, with all its misshapen features, for the beauty of Aphrodite? The plain face which is alive with intelligence, which beams with an expression of refinement and good nature, which culture and high-mindedness animate, becomes sometimes finer and more effective than mere prettiness, mere pink and white loveliness, mere shapeliness and symmetry of feature. A pretty face has been known to pall upon one, but who has sounded the depth of attraction which resides in a mobile countenance where the features may be found to swear at each other, so to speak? But the ugly girl must choose her colors and fashions wisely. She must not be ultra and conspicuous; she must know how to bring out whatever charms exist in her face or figure, if she would overcome the defects; if her nose is large, the hair on the top of her head will be most becoming; if her face is heavy, a turban that covers the forehead will add to its disfigurement; if her ears are large and ill-shapen, she should not wear earrings. She should first of all recognize her defects. The ugly girl has some advantages over her pretty sister; she does not fade so early, or at least her fading is not so palpable, and she is usually a better-looking matron than a girl.

He had proposed to the fair westerner and she had dropped him so hard his heart broke. "And you will never marry me?" he wailed despairingly. "Not this time," she answered breezily. "I'm mortgaged. Come around and see me when I'm a widow and I'll show you how I feel about it then."

"Oh, you heartless, heartless woman," he groaned bitterly. "You have robbed me of all hope; you have made me lose faith in woman; you have made me distrust mankind; you have made me believe that the whole world is a fraud and a sham and that the simple and honest and good and industrious and poor and weak are to be crushed to the earth; you—"

"Oh, get out," she interrupted; "you're a regular calamity howler, you are; don't you suppose there isn't any other woman in the world? Go and reform yourself. You make me tired clean through," and she bounced him.

A wholesale delivery from the Western penitentiary at Pittsburg, was foiled by the discovery of a tunnel that the convicts had dug from the interior, leading to the sidewalk outside. The work was completed, only a stone in the sidewalk remaining in its place.

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HE GAVE \$300 FOR ONE BRICK.

A Kentucky Farmer Makes a Green Goods Investment. "Well, I'll be darned," laconically exclaimed a rural-looking individual, as he entered the office of Chief Wood in the City Hall last night.

"Any complaint to make?" asked the head of the city detective department. "Well, rather," replied the stranger, as he sat down. "My name is Jasper L. Houston. I'm 49 years old and lived all my life down on a farm in Holbrook, Grant county, Kentucky. I'm known as Major Houston, sir. Got that?"

"All right," said Mr. Wood, who was taking his statement down. "Anybody rob you?" "As I was ago in' say, about a fortnight ago, sir, they sent me a circular that they had counterfeited money for sale cheap in New York. Nobody could tell it from the genuine. If I wanted to go in it I was to start for Manchester, N. J., and put up at the Manchester House.

"Crops being kinder dull like I thought here was a chance to turn an honest penny. Well, sir, I comes to Manchester, and according to the circular telegraphed to P. G. George, in care of John Morrison, 827 Sixth avenue, New York, that I had arrived. I was given 'speedy fortune' as the pass word. Bimeby a spruce looking chap comes in. I gives the pass word and we start for New York to get the money.

"We found two other men in the room. There was a long table with stacks of greenbacks. You couldn't tell it from the real, and I examined all of it closely. Well, sir, I selected \$3,000 worth, paid \$300 for it and it was done up in a package.

"They told me not to open the package until I got home for fear a policeman would see it and lock me up. I arrived at Broad Street Station, and it was some time before my train would leave for Kentucky. I was in a sitting in the waiting room curious like and I wanted to look at the wad. What do you think was in the pack?" "I don't know," responded Chief Wood.

Over the State.

West Bethlehem is to have a new Reformed church. Johnny Jacoby, a Bethlehem lad, has just broken his left arm for the sixth time within two years. Blazing benzine blinded Edward Mohr, Birdsboro, when he attempted to revive a fire with it.

The Bowman and anti-Bowman Evangelical fight for possession of the Immanuel Church, Reading, has been taken to court. For cutting off one of her legs the Reading City Passenger Railway Company paid Lizzie Barre, a school girl, \$4000.

G. P. Blackburn, of West Newton, ex-member of the Legislature, has been arrested charged with using bogus tax receipts. Deaf and dumb John J. Boyle knocked Senator's ex City Treasurer, John O'Donnell, insensible with a coupling pin and robbed him. A belt making 200 rounds a minute caught and whirled Daniel Brown, a Berks County Jury Commissioner, breaking an arm and a leg, from which he may die.

Playing with and chasing a pretty servant girl, young William Schultzheiser, of Bethlehem, ran his hand through a door's glass panel, cut a great gash in his right arm and nearly bled to death. A Williamsport dog was electrocuted, though seemingly untouched, by an electric car that passed over it.

Charles Q. Zehner committed suicide at Lansford, Carbon county, by cutting his throat with a carrying knife. Mrs. Rev. I. H. Correll left Williamsport with four of her children on Monday, to rejoin her husband, who is a Methodist missionary in Japan.

Several Newfoundland dogs at Warrior's Run, Luzerne county, have caught the seasonal craze, and are robbing henroosts and killing geese by wholesale. Isaac Fleck, a bachelor recluse who died near Three Springs, Huntingdon county, had hidden \$32 in gold in a blind drawer in an old chest, which John Barron bought at auction last week for 85 cents.

IN PERIL IN THE AIR.

Feelings that occupied an aeronaut's mind during a sudden fall. "There is some kind of a fatality pursuing me," remarked Professor Barolomew to a reporter.

"The incident referred to occurred two years ago at Tero Hante, Ind. I shall never forget my experience on that day. A number of outsiders held the ropes of the balloon while it was being inflated, and one of the men amused himself by tying a big knot in his guy.

"The guy rope, which was half hitched around the strings of my parachute, was also fastened to the top of the balloon, and the latter turned up and began discharging the hot air instantly as I jumped.

"Down I kept coming, the guy rope preventing the parachute from inflating, and I gave myself up as lost; I wound my legs around the ropes of the parachute trapeze and shut my teeth. The speed commenced to be fearfully accelerated, and I was sure that I had to die, but I was cool and retained my senses.

"Soon the balloon had emptied itself and commenced flapping its huge tail in the air with awful swishes. The balloon weighed over 200 pounds, and was also pulled down by the 60 pound sand bag. It came down fast, and as the knotted guy rope slipped down the lines the parachute opened with such a fierce snap that it seemed as if the ropes, which were snapping, would give way.

SEVEN YEARS AND DIVORCE.

A Chicago Lawyer's Idea, Which Will Be Regarded as Original. The Chicago attorney of a scientific turn of mind who evolved the idea of what is known as the seven year amendment to the divorce law, may not have simplified one of the greatest social problems.

Each individual is made up of atoms, and each day some of these atoms are cast off to be replaced by others from the food we eat, the water we drink and even the air we breathe.

"At the end of seven years Mrs. Smith is not the same woman whom she promised to cleave to. There is not a particle, not one jot or tittle, remaining about either of the couple who were married. Clearly their relationship is so odious, and something should be done about it.

"Of course it is claimed by the opponents of the proposed legislation that neither Mrs. Smith nor Mr. Smith can properly be deemed unfaithful, since neither longer exists, and the argument, admitting the assumption, who are the two people at present living together under the name of Smith, and what excuse have they for the relations now existing?

"How England Could Take Chicago. Our lake frontier is a colweb. No land defenses of such towns as Chicago, situated on the shore itself, could save them from bombardment. The best army could not protect Chicago against a mediocre modern fleet.

CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS.

Nearly every pattern of Horse Blanket is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it hasn't the warp threads, and so lacks strength, while it sells for only a little less than the genuine.

Five Mills Boss Electric Extra Test Baker HORSE BLANKETS ARE THE STRONGEST. 100 STYLES. At prices to suit everybody.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A valuable book on Nerve Diseases sent free.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEAD ACHE. A popular family medicine.

FOR MEN ONLY. YOUNG MEN - OLD MEN. GET IN THE TOWLS OF THE SERPENTS OF DISEASE.

DOES IT PAY?

Does it pay to buy poorly-made and ill-fitting clothing, when for a trifle more you can get reliable and well-made clothing? Do you know that we make all the clothing that we sell, and therefore pay particular attention to the quality of the goods, as well as the fit and finish of the garment?

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PETERSONS MAGAZINE. DEVOTED TO LITERATURE FASHION THE HOUSEHOLD. ENLARGED AND HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED.

STEAM CIGAR BOX MANUFACTORY. All kinds of Cigar Boxes AS LOW IN PRICE as can be had elsewhere.

J. B. BOWMAN'S BROAD STREET BAKERY. The Best Bread, Rolls, Buns, Cakes, etc., Fresh Daily.

GILL, Jeweler and Graduate Optician.

If your Eyes trouble you, attend to their wants. ITCHING, BURNING, WATERING, ACHING OF THE EYES, ALL DENOTE TROUBLE.

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THE PLACE TO PATRONIZE! NO NEED TO LOOK ELSEWHERE WHEN YOU CAN BUY CHEAP AT HOME! The White Oak Store is the Place!

W. W. APPEL. Better Than to Please His Customers. People of Lancaster and surrounding country, we recognize that your good will, your confidence is our best, most substantial and most enduring capital.

ALLER'S GALLERY. 24 W. KING ST. LANCASTER, PENNA. WELL WANT A WELL WITH PURE WATER, have it drilled without much dirt or trouble by the undersigned, who will do the work good and cheap at short notice.

WE KNOW THAT IN CHEWING TOBACCO QUALITY AS WELL AS QUANTITY CUTS A FIGURE WE KNOW THAT JOURNAL CLUB gives you more good solid chewing for your money.

H. L. TROUT BOOK BINDER AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER. No. 25 Penn Square, LANCASTER, PA.

BEAR & LONG, COAL & LUMBER DEALERS, LITITZ, PA. We make a specialty of LIME BURNING COAL, which is run over a screen and easily loaded without shattering.

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