

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVI—No. 250.

LANCASTER, PA., MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1880

Price Two Cents.

Spring Opening

24 CENTRE SQUARE.

Ready-Made Clothing,

of our own manufacture, which comprises the latest and most

STYLISH DESIGNS.

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which is larger and composed of the best styles to be found in the city.

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Having just returned from the New York Woolen Market, I am now prepared to exhibit one of the best selected stocks of

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In all the leading styles. Prices as low as the lowest, and all goods warranted as represented.

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LINEN HANKERCHIEFS, GO TO

E. J. ERISMAN'S,

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CHINA HALL.

JELLY TUMBLERS.

Tin Covered Jelly Tumbler,

Glass Covered Jelly Tumbler,

Jelly Cups and Jelly Jars,

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES.

AT

HIGH & MARTIN'S,

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WHO IS UNDER?

We do not want you to get the impression that great reductions are being made in the prices of goods elsewhere and not here.

We are, as usual, below the market, and intend to stay there.

The following list embraces enough of our stock to give some clue to the rest of them. We quote articles now in great favor as low-priced goods; but in general they are not reduced. We have been there all the time.

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CHESNUT, THIRTEENTH, MARKET AND JUNIPER, PHILADELPHIA.

DEPT. 2041F MW&F

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CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

Office and Warerooms, 430 and 432 North Queen Street. Factory, 431 and 433 Market Street, Lancaster, Pa.

We are now ready for SPRING TRADE, with a Fine Assortment of

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Having purchased our stock for cash, before the recent advance, we are enabled to offer SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN PRICE. We will keep in stock BUGGIES OF ALL GRADES and PRICES to suit all classes of customers. SPECIAL BARGAINS IN MARKET WAGONS. Give us a call. All work fully warranted one year.

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TRY LOCHER'S RENOWNED COUGH SYRUP

Lancaster Intelligencer.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1880.

THE DEMOCRATIC MECCA.

ON THE WAY TO THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

Proctor Knott, the Story Teller, Beguiling the Hours of Travel—What some of the Notables Say and Think—Everything in Doubt.

EQUINE SAGACITY.

The Lively Horse of the Past and of the Present—The Way he Physically Fine on the Old Folks.

The Cincinnati Pilgrimage.

Editorial Correspondence INTELLIGENCER, CINCINNATI, Saturday Afternoon, June 19, 1880.

The trip from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh is shortened very much when you have I. Proctor Knott in one section of the parlor car, telling his stories of southwestern life and character, and Thomas May Pearce in another, giving his inimitable personations of Cushing, Frye, Cessna, Joy and other Republican orators at Chicago, and the substitution of Wallace, Randall, Vaux and other Pennsylvanians at Cincinnati. What a delightful old fellow Knott is! and what a fund of stories he has! with touches of humor in their narration that would make their compilation as rare a contribution to American literature as anything Brete Harle has written. He owes it to his generation to do it.

Vaux telegraphed for the supper at the Monongahela house, Pittsburgh, and when they arose from the table every Pennsylvania delegate was for Vaux for president. His boom was started rolling down the western slope of the Alleghenies.

It was only by accident that a few of the Pittsburghers met a few of the Philadelphians in the Iron City on Thursday evening. There was no secret conference, only an informal and very free talk about the proposed transfer of Tilden's strength to Payne, and a general resolution that the goods could not be delivered from Pennsylvania. In the first place Ohio is too doubtful a basket to put all our eggs into it; Pennsylvania could be made Democratic as easily as Garfield's state, and besides if Tilden is to repay obligations in the dispensation of his power, Randall's friends think the speaker has the first lien on him.

The telegraph from Cincinnati is nearly twenty-four hours quicker to the East than mails, and as there are only surface indications now and the situation is liable to change within an hour, speculations by letter must be futile.

Finley, the alleged writer of the anonymous letter offering to bribe Springer, was on our train from Harrisburg. He is a tall man and a good, ready talker. He interested the delegates with the story of his case, but a good deal more by his forcible and picturesque analysis of the leading candidates for president.

He is for Field, whereas he used to be for Tilden.

Which leads me to observe that Field's friends have a good many of these free-lances enlisted in their service. "Duke" Gwin, who was for Tilden in 1876, is for Field; and so is old Beverly Tucker. He is a very polished and *distingue* looking Virginian. I met him on the street last night. He is white as snow in his whiskers and moustache, with a peachy face and gouty walk. He dropped at once to "that splendid article" by "Madison" published in the Lancaster INTELLIGENCER a couple of weeks ago. I see that a republication of it in the New York Star and Cincinnati Commercial is being very widely distributed among the visitors here. The Field people are the most aggressive and best organized force here. They have a bureau and their candidate can roll a bar! into the campaign.

I had a long talk with Hewitt on the cars. He has a great deal of interest in Pennsylvania, owning large iron works at Durham, Pa., and a thousand acres of farm land. He says it does not pay them over three per cent, as it is now farmed and he must come to Lancaster county and learn to raise tobacco on it. He considers Tilden no candidate and this obviates Seymour's reluctant consent to stand. Church being dead and Potter not popular in the present delegation, New York is not likely to have a candidate. Tilden can prevent Bayard's nomination, which is distasteful to him and risky for the party. Ohio might be made certain in October, but when I told him Tom Ewing threatened to take the stump against Payne, he seemed to think Randall would be stronger or that Joel Parker would be a dark horse of great draught power if not of much speed. Hewitt is bitter against Kelly who dropped him from Congress to take up Larry Jerome and get the support of Jim Bennett's Herald and thus lost us a member; he believes in shooting party traitors on the spot. Hewitt is a business man of great breadth of comprehension, of culture and of wealth. He is free and genial, though irritable from insomnia, and his face speaks of sleepless nights. But he impressed me as a sagacious counselor, a loyal Democrat and a man for whom his party will have higher need some of these days—maybe in this convention.

"Gentleman George" Pendleton got on the train at Columbus. He ages very slowly and has the same good manners that he always had. He had been up to the conference of Ohio delegates to say a good word for Thurman.

I was down to see Field Marshal Halsted last evening. The enterprising western editor does not sit in a tall tower; nor do you have to penetrate the praetorian guards to get at him. He thinks Pennsylvania courts ought to be kicked by Pennsylvania papers. In his judgment

Thurman is the strongest Democrat in Ohio and he cannot beat Garfield.

The hotels are filling up, and thousands of places outside, with coats and beds extemporized. But the great throng is not here yet. The club men do not know how long they will have to stay and postpone their coming to the last hour. Cincinnati has done her best in every line of hospitable arrangement.

A man of about forty, clean shaven and trim in dress, who buzzed a good many of the delegates on the train, was noticeable for his resemblance to Tilden, even to the droop of the left eyelid. He was McLean, the police commissioner, whose removal created such bitterness between John Kelly and Mayor Cooper. Kelly, by the way, will lecture in one of the Catholic churches to-morrow evening for some good cause.

An old fellow who sat across the aisle with an awful big vase, declined a drink but presently pulled out a big cabin bottle marked "Wine, Beef and Iron," and took a glass full of it. He was a Tilden delegate, and one of our party who saw the inside of his medicine chest declared that he had a dozen bottles labeled "Bayard bitters," "Thurman troches," "Seymour soporifics," &c., to be taken respectively in the event of a nomination that did not meet our Uncle Samuel's wishes.

We struck a delegate from Lewistown, Me. He was the advance guard of the Pine tree state; and a man of intelligence and force, looking for "the best man." He had no confidence in Tilden's strength nor in the policy of risking an Ohio man; Bayard he preferred presumably, but feared his alleged "peace policy" of 1861, and he felt that a soldier like Pennsylvania's Hancock or a war Democrat with a good civil record like Pennsylvania's Randall would suit the Maine Democracy. Some of the Pennsylvania delegates are sticking very closely to him. "Confidentially" he says the Greenback Democratic fusion in Maine has not been without some losses to the Democracy and he is not sanguine of the election of the joint electoral ticket.

If the Lancaster people take coats at the Emery house here they will be in a convenient and elegant part of the city. The arcade runs through it—a street in the centre of the building with stores on either side of it—all under glass roof.

To-day the average delegate is improving his time visiting Cincinnati's handsome park, looking at her fountains and her beer gardens and music hall, the best in the country.

The Southern people, the long-haired brigadiers, are at the Gibson house, and are generally booming for Bayard.

As soon as Tilden's withdrawal became known—which I telegraphed you when only three persons here knew it, the struggle for the succession opened in real earnest. The first question to be met is the danger of losing Ohio in October. Until that is settled the Payne boom can't make headway in Pennsylvania. W. U. H.

The Newspaper representation is exceptionally strong. Geo. Alfred Townsend, who did \$1,100 worth of correspondence at Chicago, is the biggest lion among the quill drivers, and M. P. Handy, of the Philadelphia Times, the most reliable. Joe Howard is the Herald's dashing representative, and from him down to the editor, publisher and printer of the Manayunk Disturber, there are a thousand of the craft who want "reserved seats."

The Difference in Horses.

There has been a great change in livery horses within the past twenty years. Year ago, if a young fellow wanted to take his girl out riding, and expected to enjoy himself, he had to hire an old horse, the worst in the livery stable, that would drive itself, or he never could get his arm around his girl to save him. He took a decent looking team, to put on style, he had to hang on to the lines with both hands, and even if he took his eyes off the team long enough to look at the suffering girl beside him, with his mouth, the chances were that the team would jump or a ditch, or an away, at the conclusion. Riding out with girls was shorn of much of its pleasure in those days. We knew a young man that was going to put one arm around his girl if he did not lay up a cent, and it cost him over three hundred dollars. The team ran away, the buggy was wrecked, one horse was killed, the girl had her hind leg broken, and the girl's father kicked the young man all over the orchard, and broke the main-spring of his watch. It got so that the livery rig a young man drove was an index to his thoughts. If he had a stylish team that was right up on the bit, and full of vinegar, and he braced himself and pulled for all that was out, and the girl sat back in the corner of the buggy, looking as though she should faint away if a horse got his tail over a line, then people said that couple was all right, and there was no danger that they would be on familiar terms. But if they started out with a slow old horse that looked as though all he wanted was to be let alone, however innocent the party might look, people knew just as well as though they had seen it, that when they got out on the road, or when night came on, that fellow's arm would steel around her waist, and she would snugg up to him, and—O, pshaw, you have heard it before.

Well, late years the livery men have "got onto the rack," as they say at the church societies. They have found that horses that know their business are in demand, and so horses are trained for this purpose. They are trained on purpose for out-door sparring. It is not an uncommon thing to see a young fellow drive up to the house where his girl lives with a team that is just tearing things. They prance and cram the bit, and the young man seems to pull on them as though his liver was coming out. The horses will hardly stand still long enough for the girl to get in, and then start off and seem to split the air wide open, and the neighbors say, "them children will get all smashed up one of these days." The girl's father and mother see the team start, and their minds experience a relief as they reflect that, as long as John drives that frisky team, there can't be no huggin' a going on." The girl's older sister sighs and says, "That's so," and goes to her room and laughs right out loud. It would be instructive to the scientists to watch that team for a few miles. The horse fairly foam before they get out of town, but striking the country road the fiery steeds come down to a walk, and they moop along as though they had always worked on a hearse. The shady woods are reached, and the carriage scarcely moves, and the

horses seem to be walking in their sleep. The lines are loose on the dash board, and the left arm of the driver is around the pretty girl and they are talking low. It is not necessary to talk loud, as they are so near each other that the faintest whisper can be heard. But a change comes over them. A carriage appears in front, coming towards them. The young man picks up the lines and the horses are in the air, and as they pass the other carriage it almost seems as though the team is running away, and the girl that was in sweet repose a moment before acts as though she wanted to jump out. After passing the intruder the walk and conversation is continued. If you meet that party on the Whitefish Bay road at ten o'clock at night, the horses are walking as quietly as oxen, and they never wake up until coming into town. If the driver seems to be asleep one of the horses will kick the singletrees and wake him up, and then he pulls up the team and drives through town like a cyclone, and when he drives up to the house the old man is on the steps, and he thinks John must be awful tired trying to hold that team. And he is.

It is thought by some that horses have no intelligence, but a team that knows enough to take in a sporadic case of buggy sparring has got sense. These teams come high, but the boys have to have them.

J. B. Martin & Co.

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COAL! COAL! COAL! COAL!

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Harness, Whips, Collars, &c.

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