

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVII—No. 56.

LANCASTER PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1880

Price Two Cents.

## DRY GOODS.

### THE FAVORITES IN DRESS GOODS NOW.

The following are selling so fast as to indicate that they are unusually desirable:

- Camel's hair, 44 inches, \$1 to \$2.50.
- Billiard cloth, 44 inches, 1.50.
- Damasses, 44 inches, 1.25.
- Jersey cloth, 44 inches, 1.75.
- Plush suitings, 44 inches, 1.50.
- Armures, 44 inches, 1.00.
- Novelties, 44 inches, 0.75.
- Powder cloth, 44 inches, 0.75.
- India cloth, 44 inches, 0.68.
- Lupin's merinos, 35 inches, 0.50 to 0.60.
- Flannel suitings, 0.30 to 1.25.
- Plaids, German, 44 inches, 0.50.
- Plaids, German, 32 inches, 0.45.
- Cashmeres, colored, 28 inches, 0.25.
- Cashmeres, colored, 22 inches, 0.125.
- Matelasses, 24 inches, 0.20.
- Malermos, 22 inches, 0.14.

Our dress goods include almost everything desirable. In many instances we are very much below the market; never above.

**JOHN WANAMAKER.**

Dress Goods occupy nine counters near Thirteenth street entrance. Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City Hall Square.

**PHILADELPHIA.**

### WATT, SHAND & COMPANY

Call attention to the stock of LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S

### FALL HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Our purchases have never been larger nor prices more reasonable.

### SPECIAL BARGAINS:

- 15 dozen Ladies' Vest and Pants at 37 1/2 and 50c.
- 50 dozen Gents' Suits and Drawers at 37 1/2 and 50c.
- 100 dozen Ladies' Hosiery at 12 1/2 and 15c.
- 200 yards Ladies' Fine Cashmeres, New Fall Styles, at 10c per yard, usual price 12c per yard.

### NEW YORK STORE, 8 & 10 EAST KING STREET.

**BECAUSE** Our Goods are Carefully Selected,  
**BECAUSE** The Designs are Artistic and New,  
**BECAUSE** The Colorings are Rich and Harmonious  
**AND**  
**BECAUSE** The Prices are Extremely Reasonable.

WE ASK YOU TO VISIT US WHEN YOU ARE IN WANT OF

### PAPER HANGINGS.

### J. B. Martin & Co., West King St.

## MILLINERY.

### FINEST ASSORTMENT!

BEST DISPLAY OF

### MILLINERY GOODS

IN LANCASTER CITY NOW READY AT

### M. A. HOUGHTON'S

CHEAP STORE,

No. 25 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

## CLOTHING.

### GARFIELD VS. HANCOCK.

FALL CAMPAIGN OF 1880

Now opened and the battle has commenced and rages fiercely, and while there may be some doubt in the minds of many persons as to who will be the next President of the United States, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person in want of CLOTHING as to where can be bought the cheapest and the best, either in Ready-made or Made to Order.

### MYERS & RATHFON,

Centre Hall, No. 12 East King Street, the Great Clothing Emporium.

The second story room is packed from front with the greatest variety of READY MADE CLOTHING FOR MEN, YOUTH, BOYS AND CHILDREN, all our own manufacture. They are well made, well trimmed, and the goods are a splendor before they are made up in garments.

### MEN'S ALL WOOL SUITS AS LOW AS \$12.00.

Our Piece Goods fill the first floor to its utmost capacity, and is nicely arranged, so as to give the purchaser the advantage of seeing the whole stock in a very short space of time. We are prepared to make up to order at the shortest possible notice and at the most reasonable price. Our stock has been bought for cash and will be sold at a very small advance. Buy your clothing at Centre Hall and save one profit. Call and examine our giant stock and save money.

### MYERS & RATHFON,

No. 12 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PENNA.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

### ZAHM'S CORNER,

A new room and elegant stock. A full line of

### Lancaster Watches, Waltham Watches, Columbus Watches,

In Gold and Silver Cases, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Beautiful wedding gifts in

Jewelry, Diamonds, Bronzes, Silverware, and French Clocks.

### Arundel Spectacles,

the best in the world.

### OUR MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT

Is as complete as any in the larger cities. We manufacture Rings, Masonic Marks, Society Pins, Jewelry of all kinds, Diamond Mounting and any special or odd pieces in any desired style.

REWORKING and Fine Jewelry and Watch repairing a specialty. All work warranted. Call and examine our stock and leave your repairing with

**EDW. J. ZAHM.**

Zahm's Corner, Lancaster, Pa.

## CLUING.

**BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!**  
**SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!!**

### Rathvon & Fisher

Offer their entire stock of

### Ready-Made Clothing

at and below Cost, with a view of discounting the READY-MADE CLOTHING business, and devoting their attention exclusively to

### CUSTOM WORK.

CLOTHING made promptly to order, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed. A select line of Cloths, Cashmeres, Worsteds, Coatings, Vestings, Cheviots, Meltons, Overcoatings, Vestings, &c., always on hand and orders respectfully solicited. Also, a general line of Furnishing Goods.

### RATHVON & FISHER

Merchant Tailors and Drapers,

No. 101 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

**SPECIAL.**—Those in want of Ready-Made Clothing will consult their own interest by giving them a call before purchasing elsewhere, as their clothing is mainly of their own manufacture and substantially made.

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### FALL OPENING

### H. GERHART'S

Tailoring Establishment,

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1880.

A Complete Stock of

### Cloths, Suitings

### OVERCOATINGS,

which for elegance cannot be surpassed. The Largest Assortment of

### ENGLISH AND SCOTCH SUITINGS

In this city. Prices as low as the lowest at

### H. GERHART'S

No. 51 North Queen Street.

### CLOTHING!

### CLOTHING!

We have now ready for sale an immense Stock of

### Ready-Made Clothing

Fall and Winter,

which are Cut and Trimmed in the Latest Style. We can give you a

### GOOD STYLISH SUIT

AS LOW AS \$10.00.

### PIECE GOODS

In great variety, made to order at short notice at the lowest prices.

### D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

LANCASTER, PA.

### CAMPAIGN GOODS.

PORTRAITS OF

HANCOCK AND ENGLISH

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

### FLAGS! FLAGS!

SASHES FOR PARADES, TRIMMINGS FOR SASHES, SADDLE BELTS, SHOULDER STRAPS, &c.

Neckties, Entirely New Styles.

### NEW STYLE COLORS.

UNDERWEAR, GLOVES &c., &c.

### E. J. ERISMAN'S,

55 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

NOW IS YOUR TIME.

### GREAT REDUCTION.

Wonderful Mark Down of

### CAMPAIGN GOODS.

Having done a very lively Campaign Business we now propose to close out our stock of Campaign Goods.

### REGARDLESS OF COST.

Flags, Banners, Streamers, Portraits, Medals, Line Lights or Colored Hand Torches, Double Swing and Star Torches, Torch Wick, &c.

Now is your time to buy cheap for the remaining days, and for the justification after the election.

### D. S. BURSK,

17 East King Street, Lancaster.

### GRAIN SPECULATION.

Write in large or small amounts. \$25 or \$50.00. W. T. SOULE & CO., Commission Merchants, 129 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill., for circulars.

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### Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 4, 1880.

#### The Dean's Watch.

[Concluded from Yesterday.]

Suddenly, just as I thought the danger over, I heard a sigh from the stout dame—a sigh so long, so lugubrious, that it struck me at once. Something extraordinary must have happened. I risked a look.

To my horror, she, Mother Greidel, with open mouth and eyes starting from her head, staring at the ground beneath the cask which supported the hog'shead. No doubt, she thought that she discovered the chief of the brigades, hidden there for the purpose of cutting her throat during the night. My resolution was taken quickly.

Rising up, I said, in a low voice "Madame, for heaven's sake, have pity on me! I am—"

But thereupon, without listening, without even looking at me she began to scream like any peacock—the shrillest, the most ear-piercing screams—and at the same time to clamber up the stairs as fast as her fat body would let her. Almost beside myself with terror, I clung to her robe—fell on my knees beside her. But this was worse!

"Help! help! assassins! murder!" she shrieked. "Oh! oh! Let me go! Take my money! Oh! oh!"

It was frightful.

"Look at me, madame," I tried to say; "I am not what you think."

But she was crazy with fear; she raved, she gasped, she bawled at the top of her lungs—so that, had we not been underground, the whole quarter would have been aroused. In despair, and furious at her stupid folly, I clambered over her back and gained the door before she—stammered in her face, and shoved the bolt. During the struggle the light had been extinguished, and Mistress Greidel remained in the dark, her voice only faintly heard at intervals.

Exhausted, almost annihilated, I looked at Annette, whose distress was equal to mine. We stood listening in silence to the faint cries. Gradually they died away and ceased. The poor woman must have fainted.

"O, Kasper!" cried Annette, clasping her hands. "What is to be done? Fly! Save yourself! Have you killed her?"

"Killed her? I?"

"No matter—fly!—Here—quick!"

And she drew the bar from before the street door. I rushed into the street without even thanking her—ungrateful wretch that I was. The night was black as ink—not a star to be seen, not a lamp lighted, snow driving before the wind. I ran on for half an hour, at least, before I stopped to take breath. I looked up—imagine my despair—there I was, right in front of the Sheep's Foot again. In my terror I had made the tour of the quarter perhaps two or three times for aught I knew. My legs were like lead; my knees trembled.

"I believe my head is being desecrated," I was buzzing like a bee. Lights went from window to window. It was full, no doubt of police agents. Exhausted with hunger and fatigue, desperate, not knowing where to find refuge, I took the most singular of all my resolutions.

"Faith," said I to myself, "one death as well as another! It is no worse to be lung than to leave one's bones on the road to the Black Forest. Here goes!"

And I entered the inn, to deliver myself up to justice. Besides the shabby men with hats and big sticks, whom I had already seen in the morning, who were going and coming, and prying everywhere, before a table were seated the grand provost Zimmer, dressed all in black, solemn, keen-eyed, and the secretary Roth, with his red wig, imposing smile, and fat ears. Ladies oyster shells. They paid hardly any attention at all to me—a circumstance which at once modified my resolution. I took a seat in one corner of the hall, behind the great stove, in company with two or three of the night-men, who had run in to see what was going on, and called calmly for a pint of wine and a plate of sauerkraut.

Annette came near betraying me.

"Ah, good heavens!" she exclaimed; "is it possible that you are here?"

But luckily no one noticed her exclamation, and I ate my meal with better appetite, and listened to the examination of the good lady Greidel, who sat propped up in a big arm-chair, with hair disheveled, and eyes dilated by her fright.

"Of what age did this man seem to be?" asked the provost.

"Forty or fifty, sir. It was an immense man, with black whiskers or brown—I don't know exactly, which—and a long nose and green eyes."

"Had he no marks of any kind—scars for instance?"

"No—I can't remember. Luckily, I screamed so loud he was frightened; and then I defended myself with my nails. He had a crown on his head, and that, I seized me by the throat, and I, you know, sir, when one tries to murder you, you have to defend yourself."

"Nothing more natural, more legitimate, my dear madame. Write, Mr. Roth; it is possible that you are here?"

Then came Annette's turn, who simply declared that she had been so frightened she could remember nothing.

"This will do," said the provost. "If further inquiry is necessary, we will return to-morrow."

The examination being thus ended every one departed, and I asked Madame Greidel to give me a room for the night. She did not in the least recollect ever having seen me before.

"Annette," she gasped, "take the gentleman to the little green room in the third story. As for myself, sir, you see I cannot even stand on my legs! O good Lord! good Lord! what does not one have to go through in this world?"

With this she fell to sobbing, which seemed to relieve her.

"Oh, Kasper, Kasper!" cried Annette, when she had taken me to my room and we were alone, "who would have believed that you were one of the band? I can never forgive myself for having loved a brigand!"

"How? Annette, you too?" I exclaimed. "This is too much!"

"No, no," she cried, throwing her arms about my neck, "you are not one of them—you are not one of them! Still you are a brave man just the same to have come back!"

I explained to her that I should have died of cold outside, and that this alone had decided me. After a few minutes, however, we parted, so as not to arouse Mother Greidel's suspicions; and having made certain that none of the windows opened on a wall, and that the bolt of the door was a good one, I went to bed and was soon fast asleep.

When I drew the curtain of my bed next morning, I saw that the window panes were white with snow, which was heaped up also on the sill without. I thought mournfully of my poor comrades' fate. How they must have suffered from cold! Old Bremer and big Bertha especially—my heart ached for them.

While I was absorbed in these sad reflections a strange noise arose outside.

drew near the inn and, not without fear and trembling, I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window to see what new danger threatened.

They were bringing the terrible band to confront it with Madame Greidel Dick. My poor companions came down the street between two files of policemen, and followed by a perfect avalanche of ragamuffins, yelling and hissing like true savages.

There was poor Bremer, handcuffed to his son Ludwig, then Carl and Wilfried, and last of all, stout Bertha, who walked by herself, lamenting her fate all the while in heartrending tone:

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, have pity on a poor innocent! I will do anything! I will do anything! I will do anything!"

And she wrung her hands. The others looked doleful enough as they walked with heads bent and disheveled hair hanging over their faces.

The procession, rabble and all, turned into the dark alley which led to the inn. Presently the guards drove out the eager crowd, who remained outside in the mud, with their noses flattened against the window panes.

I dressed myself quickly and opened my door to see if there were not some chance of escape; but I heard no voices and footsteps going to and fro down stairs, and made up my mind that the passages were well guarded. My door opened on the landing, just opposite the window which the midnight visitor of the night before must have used to get in. At first I paid no attention to this window, but while I remained listening, on a sudden I perceived that it was open—that there was but little snow on the sill; and, drawing near, I perceived that there were fresh tracks in the wall. I shuddered at this discovery. The man had been there again; perhaps he came every night. The cat, the weasel, the ferret, all such beasts of prey, having their accustomed paths in this way. In a moment everything was clear to my mind.

"Ah," thought I, "if chance has thus put the assassin's fate in my hands, my poor comrades may be saved."

Just at this moment the door of the saloon was opened, and I could hear some words of the exact same kind going on.

"Do you admit having participated, on the 20th of this month, in the assassination of the priest Ulmet Elias?"

Then followed some words which I could not make out, and the door was closed again. I looked at my head on the balustrade, debating in my mind a great, a heroic resolution. "Heaven has put the fate of my companions in my hands. I can save them. If I recoil from such a duty, I shall be their murderer; my peace of mind, my honor will be gone forever! I shall feel myself the most contemptible of men!"

For a long time I hesitated, but at last my resolution was taken. I descended the stairs and made my way into the hall.

"Have you never seen this watch?" the provost was saying to Greidel. "Try to recollect, madame."

Without awaiting her answer I advanced and replied myself in a firm voice: "This watch, sir, I have seen in the hands of the assassin himself; I recognize it and I can deliver the assassin into your hands this very night, if you will but listen to me."

Profound silence for a moment followed my address. The astounded officials looked at each other; my comrades seemed to revive a little.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the provost recovering himself.

"I am the comrade of these unfortunate men, and I am not ashamed to own it," I cried; "for all of them though poor are honest. Not one of them is capable of committing the crime they are accused of."

Once more there was silence. The great Bertha began to sob under her breath. The provost seemed to reflect. At last, looking at me sternly, he said:

"Where do you pretend you will find the assassin for us?"

"Here, sir, in this house; and, to convince you, I only ask to speak one moment to you in private."

"Come," said he, rising.

He motioned to the chief detective, Madoc, to follow us, and we went out. I ran quickly up stairs, the others close behind me. On the third story I stopped before the window, and pointed out the tracks in the snow.

"These are the assassin's footsteps," said I. "This is where he passes every evening. Night before last he came at two o'clock in the morning. Last night he was here; no doubt he will return to-night."

The provost and Madoc looked at the footsteps for several moments without saying a word.

"And how do you know these are the footprints of the murderer?" asked the chief of police, incredulously.

I told them of the man's entrance into our garret, and pointed out above us the lattice through which I had watched his light in the moonlight. "It was only by accident," I said, "that I had discovered the foot-prints this morning."

"Strange!" muttered the provost. "This modifies considerably the position of the prisoners. But how do you explain the murderer being in the cellar?"

"The murderer was myself, sir."

And I related in a few words the events of the night before.

"That will do," said he, and then, turning the chief of police, continued:

"I must confess, Madoc, that this finders' story has seemed to me by no means conclusive of their having had anything to do with the murders. Besides, their papers establish for several of them, an alibi very hard to dispute. Still, young man, though the account you give us has the appearance of being true, you will remain in our power until it is verified. Madoc, do not lose sight of him, and take your measures accordingly."

With this he went down stairs, collected his papers, and ordered the prisoners to be taken back to jail. Then, casting a look of contempt at the corpulent landlady, he took his departure, followed by his secretary.

"Madame," said Madoc, who remained with two of his men, "you will please preserve the most profound silence as to what has taken place. Also, prepare for this brave lad here the same room he occupied last night. He is to be kept here."

His tone admitted of no reply, and Madame Greidel promised by all that was sacred to do whatever they wished, if they would only save her from the brigands.

Give yourself no uneasiness about the brigands," replied Madoc. "We will stay here all day and all night to protect you. Go quietly about your affairs, and begin by giving us breakfast. Young man, will you do me the honor to breakfast with me?"

My situation did not permit me to decline this offer. I accepted.

We were soon seated in front of a ham and a bottle of Rhine wine. The chief of police, in spite of his leaden face, his keen eye, and great nose like the beak of an eagle, was as jolly enough fellow after a few glasses of wine. He tried to seize Annette by the waist as she passed. He told funny stories, at which the others shouted with laughter. I, however, remained silent, depressed.

"Come, young man," said Madoc, with

a laugh, "try to forget the death of your estimable grandmother. We are all mortal. Take a good drink and chase away these gloomy thoughts."

So the time slipped away, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, the jingling of glasses and clinking of cans. We sat apart during the day in one corner of the saloon. Guests came to drink as usual, but they paid no attention to us. At nine o'clock however, after the watchman had gone his round, Madoc rose.

"Now," said he, "we must attend to our little business. Close the door and shutters—softly, madame, softly. There, you and Mademoiselle Annette may go to bed."

The chief and his two followers drew from their pockets bars of iron loaded at the ends with leaden balls. Madoc put a fresh cap on his pistol and placed it carefully in the breast pocket of his overcoat so as to be ready at hand.

Then we mounted to the garret. The two attentive Annette had lighted a fire in the stove. Madoc, muttering an oath between his teeth, hastened to throw some water on the coals. Then he pointed to the mattress.

"If you have any mind for it," said he to me, "you can sleep."

He blew out the candle, and seated himself with his two acolytes in the back part of the room against the wall. I drew myself on the bed, murmuring a prayer that heaven would send the assassin.

"The hours rolled by. Midnight came. The silence was so profound I could scarcely believe the three men sat there with eye and ear strained to catch the least movement of the assassin. Minute after minute passed slowly—slowly I could not sleep. A thousand terrible images chased each other through my brain. One o'clock struck—two—yet nothing—no one appeared."

At three o'clock one of the policemen moved. I thought the man was coming, but all was silent again as before. I began to think that Madoc would take me for an impostor, to imagine how he would abuse me in the morning. And then my poor comrades—in my aiding, I had only riveted their chains!"

The time seemed now to pass only too rapidly. I wished the night might last for ever, so as to preserve at least a ray of hope for me.

I was going over the same torturing fancies for the hundredth time, when, on a sudden, without my having heard the least sound, the window opened, two eyes gleamed in the aperture. Nothing