The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVIII--No. 36. LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY. OCTOBER 13; 1881. Price Two Cents.

DRY GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S ADVERTISEMNT.

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NEW GOODS FROM EUROPE,

—AT—

JOHN WANAMAKER'S,

PHILADELPHIA.

—:o:—

SILKS.

Long-pile-plushes. One, plain black with pile longer than seal fur, and with high lustre, having the effects of a very glossy fur; for coats, $9. Another, figured, the figures made by varying the length of the pile: several colors, $5 50. Sealskin plush, $3.75 to $8.50

Alternate wide stripes of moire antique and bright armures of an oriental character, $4.

Satin-de-Lyon brocade in these color combinations:

bordeaux	bronze	green
bronze	light bronze	light-green
Zulu	red-brown	iron-rust

The effects are strong, though the colors are not striking.

Wide ombre stripes covered with grape-vine damasse alternating with wide stripes of a lace effect. Four dark effects, three in evening colors. $6.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Next-outer circle, Chestnut-street entrance.

WHITE GOODS.

Of fine white goods we have a complete stock wanting nothing. Whatever one may want, that ladies, children or babies wear, is to be found here, with many sorts to choose from.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Next-outer circle City-hall square.

DRESS GOODS.

A cheviot dress cloth, really of a fine check with an irregular illumination and a very obscure plaid; but, looked at a yard away, it appears to be a basket. It is therefore a basket-effect produced by color; if we mistake not, an entirely new and interesting piece of color-work. 42 inches wide; $1.10.

Another cheviot of the very same small checks, but without the basket effect, simpler, plainer, and when closely looked at probably prettier, though it is hardly fair to say that, $1.20. JOHN WANAMAKER.

Third circle, southeast from centre.

CASHMERES AND MERINOS.

Lupin's merinos and cashmeres, accepted throughout the world as the standard of quality, we have in sixteen colors and ten qualities of each, 50 cents to $1.

Evening cashmeres of about thirty-five colors and shades, and of five qualities, 55 cents to $1. JOHN WANAMAKER.

Next outer circle, Thirteenth-street entrance.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Black cashmeres of seventeen qualities, 37½ cents to $2. and black merinos of twelve qualities, 50 cents to $1.25; of three makes, Lupin's, Vogel's and Carlier's; of three shades, jet-black, medium-black and blue-black.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Next-outer circle, Chestnut-street entrance.

LINENS.

We have some Scotch bleached double-damask table-linen that we'd like you to see. It is 2 yards wide and $2 a yard. The patterns are seven, diverse enough, new, and we like them all. If you find the same linens elsewhere in Philadelphia or New York, we think you'll find them at $2.50 or thereabouts.

Napkins to match, $7.50 for three-quarters, and $5 for five-eighth.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Next-outer circle, City-hall-square entrance.

UNDERWEAR.

Two extremes of the French hand-made underwear, lately come to us, attract notice. Some of it is so plain that it seems scarcely to belong to the class of embroidered work—it reminds one rather of the hand-work we used to make families here twenty-five years ago. The other extreme is the richest of embroidery. It needs to be seen. Nobody'll believe from description the work that is in it; the fineness, the richness, the extravagance. We show it with pleasure.

At the same time see what the sewing machine has done for us, in our American factory made underwear. Each has a perfection of its own. Factory-work, made as we get it, is a new grade of sewing.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

West from Chestnut-street entrance.

UPHOLSTERY.

One of the most beautiful of the draperies and furniture-covers that have come to us this year is a very quiet tinsel-and-silk fabric, just received, $12.50.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Northwest gallery.

CARPETS.

We are often told that we have uncommonly choice patterns in carpets. We certainly have the best makes.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Northern gallery.

NEW LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS WITH colored borders have come; but, so far as we have seen yet, there's nothing notably new in styles. They are almost all mechanical figures of the general character that has prevailed for some months.

Two new initial handkerchiefs: one embroidered in colors, 12½ cents; one with very large, white, block or diamond initials formed by a hemstitch stitch, 25 cents. The latter is very neat indeed.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Outer circle, Chestnut street entrance.

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JOHN WANAMAKER,

Thirteenth, Chestnut and Market Streets and City Hall Square, Philadelphia.

GIVLER, BOWERS & HURST GIVLER, BOWERS & HURST!

—:o:—

BLACK GOODS FOR MOURNING!

Jet Henrietta Cloths,	Black Cordurette,
Jet Australian Crepes,	Black Brilliantenes,
Black Shooda Cloths,	Jet Tamise Cloth,
Black Empress Cloths,	Black Camels Hair,
Jet Cashmeres,	Black Armures,
Jet Dress Flannels,	Black Alpacas,

Black All-Wool Brocades.

ENGLISH CREPES FOR VEILS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.
BLACK THIBET SHAWLS, LONG AND SQUARE.
READY-MADE CREPE VEILS, ALL PRICES AND SIZES.
BLACK KID GLOVES, BLACK SILK AND CLOTH GLOVES.

Our stock of Mourning Goods is complete at lowest possible prices. We therefore invite inspection before purchasing.

—:o:—

GIVLER, BOWERS & HURST'S

Dry Goods, Merchant Tailoring and Carpet House,

25 EAST KING STREET, - - - - - LANCASTER, PA.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

HOUSEFURNISHING. HOUSEFURNISHING.

LARGE STOCK. GOOD GOODS. LOW PRICES.

—FOR—

STOVES, FURNACES, HEATERS, RANGES,

OFFICE STOVES, ROOM STOVES, PARLOR STOVES, EGG STOVES, AND ALL OTHER KIND OF STOVES.

Largest, Finest and Cheapest Stock of GAS CHANDELIERS in the City.

MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS.

Floor Oil Cloth, Buckets 10., Brooms 10c., Table Knives, Spoons, Wood and Willow Ware, &c., go to

FLINN & WILLSON'S,

152 & 154 North Queen Street.

☞ PLUMBING, TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING SPECIALTIES.

PLUMBER'S SUPPLIES.

JOHN L. ARNOLD. JOHN L. ARNOLD.

—:o:—

Largest, Finest and Cheapest Stock of

CHANDELIERS

EVER SEEN IN LANCASTER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GAS GLOBES CHEAP.

TIN PLATE AND PLUMBER'S SUPPLIES.

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JOHN L. ARNOLD,

Nos. 11, 13 & 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

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Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 13, 1881.

FROM ANVIL TO PULPIT.

THE STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE.

Robert Collyer's Boyhood, Home Influence, Apprenticeship, Emigration and Experience.

From His Address at Eastman's Business College.

There is one deep word in the Bible no man can afford to forget who has struck any such good fortune as this which has fallen to my lot, and that is Paul's word, "Who made thee to differ?" I could not tell you, young gentleman, how much I have pondered over that word or how sure I am that it tells all! there is to tell of the story of my life from the time when I begin to remember down to this day. I must tell you something of my own endeavor, or the lesson would be lost. It would be more fatally lost if I left the impression on your minds that I am what we call a self-made man. It is a vast distance from that lost little place among the Yorkshire moors to Murray Hill in New York, and from the bitter bondage of a white slave in a factory, in which we had to toil from 6 in the morning until 8 at night, to the pastorate of a church any man might be proud of. I can only say, at the conclusion of the whole matter that the pivotal truth is this: It is not of myself, it is the gift of God; and then ask you, who are where I was so many years ago, to consider what may be your gift, and how you may make some fair use of it in that position you can fill to the best advantage to the world you live in. For I might as well say here, and once for all, that if your whole intention is to take care of number one, as the saying goes, my poor little story can be of no use. I shall have to say to you what a racy little Frenchman said to me once, when we had wrangled for half a day about another matter. "You will go to hell, sare," and to add that if this is your purpose, to live for yourself only, you need not go to hell; it will come to you. Hence my white hairs have brought me this conviction beyond all dispute, that your thoroughly selfish man is the most miserable creature on this planet. Do you take my meaning, then? I am not here to blow my own trumpet. It is the last thing I want to do. This great I must be used, or there can be no talk; but through it all you must remember it is but the human pointer to the great "I Am."

Birth and Breeding.

I. It is a great thing for a man to be well-born, for, as the proverb runs, you cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail. Only when Mr. Lincoln said this once in a speech at the West, an ingenious Yankee sent him such a whistle by the next mail. Still, this is the truth to which the proverb points, that what we call good blood is one condition of success in life; and this, I think, the Collyer clan can claim. But we cannot claim it as the Adamses can, and the Quincys, and the fine old families on this river, for we go back to the grand fathers and the grandmothers, and there we stop; and both the men were sailors, and both were lost at sea. So what I mean by being well born is this, that my own father was one of the most healthful men I ever knew, and my mother one of the most healthful women, and he was brown and she was a blonde. My father's eyes were dark and soft, and my mother's eyes were blue and blended with gray, and could snap fire and make things boom. And the family nose juts out strong, and matches the family shin; and as I heard Mr. Emerson say once, there is a great deal in noses.

My father was as good a smith as ever stood at an anvil, and that was all. He had no other faculty, except that of striking a tune in the little meeting house; and you were not sure what the tune was going to be until he got to the end of the first line. But my mother was a woman of such faculty, though she could hardly read or write, that I believe if she had been ordered to take charge of a 70-gun ship and carry it through a battle, give her time to learn the ropes and she would do it. She had in her, also, wells of poesy and humor, and laughter so shaking that the tears would stream down her face and a deep, abiding tenderness, like that of the saints. And this they had in common, they were as free from infections as the stars. The most woful fevers would break out in the cottages all about us and decimate the neighbors, and they were always on hand to help, going and coming as the sunshine goes and comes, never thinking of changing their garments. Yet they never caught a fever, nor did any of their children, or felt the slightest touch of fear. And this is how I come at the guess that we were well-born. They were so healthy, and not like in like, as the poet says, but in difference, and the mother was beyond all question the better half in those finer powers on which the children have to draw for their chance in life. Moral, don't marry a doll.

II. Four thing, as I have learned my lesson, go to make a man: Good birth, good breeding, your own good endeavor, and the good fortune, which is but another name for the goodness of God. And so I want to say, secondly, that I think we were well-bred. There was what would come to $4.50 a week to live on, while we were still about the mother's knees, and we came along with the most surprising regularity one year and eight months apart. But provisions certainly were not so cheap as they are in this paradise of plenty, nor were there any free schools. You must pay so much a week or go ignorant. Yet that mother who is now among the saints made this income stand good for enough to eat, two suits of clothes for week day and Sunday, house rent and fire, a bit of tobacco and a pint of beer for the good man of the house, and all the schooling we could take until we were big enough to work in the factory. Oatmeal and milk and oat-cake a plenty, with a bit of meat always for the worker, and sometimes for the smaller-fry, and a sip of tea on Sundays, "stick-jaw pudding that tires your chin," with the marmalade spread ever so thin, potatoes and salt, and then more oatmeal, and the result is that to this day not one of us know what you mean by by what is called a "system," or a "digestion," or a "constitution," so strong and sure are the foundations of our lives. Sunday school and church twice every Sunday; no rewards and no picnics, and I do not know where to look for any human agency so great and good, when I ask how it is I am pastor of the church of the Messiah in New York, as that Sunday school. A sound box on the ear and be done with it, or a swift smack, and then by-and-by a kiss and a croon

Let me make a little picture of the home. A cottage of two rooms and an attic, looking right into the eye of the sun, and away toward the great purple moors. A bit of green sward and a clump of roses. A bright open fire and the walls white as driven snow; a floor so clean that you could eat your dinner on it and only hurt the floor; a bureau and chairs so bright that they shone like dim mirrors; the tall old clock we cherish down there in the city; a lot of willow-ware for great days; a mirror and pictures that must have cost half a dollar each—pictures Rubens could not have painted to save his life; pure white linen, enough for all uses, and once a week a good sound scrubbing with yellow soap that got into your eyes and crash towels from top to toe. "Who hath red eyes, who hath contention, who hath strife?" Solomon cries, and I answer, the Collyer children in that tub, with my mother to work it. But there and in the snow-white purity of fresh lime and eternal scrubbing was our bulwark from the fever; and there is one reason why, in these fifty-seven years, I have not been for one day sick in my bed. A small shelf of books—Bunyan, Crusoe, Goldsmith's England, the half of Sandford and Merton, and the Bible with lots of pictures, the Young Man's Best Companion, the Pleasing Instructor, and Fleetwood's Life of Christ.

Do you want to know how I manage to talk to you in this simple Saxon? I will tell you. I read Bunyan, Crusoe and Goldsmith when I was a boy morning, noon and night. All the rest was task work; these were my delight, with the stories in the Bible, and Shakspeare when at last the mighty master came within our doors. The rest were as senna to me. These were like a well of pure water and this is the first step I seem to have taken of my own free will toward the pulpit. I must go to Sunday school, but I could pick my books week days from that little shelf. I took to these as I took to milk, and, without the least idea what I was doing got the taste for simple words into the very fibre of my nature. There was day school for me until I was eight years old, and then I had to turn in and work thirteen hours a day. Sunday-school until I was fourteen, and night-school for two winters, and all the sunshine the blue eyed mother could pour through the home, and a careful training in clean ways—no lying, no shirking and no dishonesty. I did steal two plums once from a tree, and they were so good that I cannot repent of it now when plums are plenty.

That is the story of our breeding, and this is the second moral: If the days are not long enough, sit up nights to thank God for giving you a good mother; and now that you are away from her side, think of her as watching you tenderly, and believe me when I said that if you grieve her heart and disgrace her name she may forgive you, and God may forgive you, but you will never forgive yourself until she makes it up with you in Heaven.

At the Blacksmith's Forge.

III. There was another article in our home creed. It was this, that the boys, of which there were four of us, must learn a trade. It would cost money, but that must be found, and if we went right on in the factory we could earn instead of spending, but then we should lose our rank, and this was not to be thought of for an instant. The father was a mechanic. We must be mechanics, and then, though we might never rise any higher in the world, we should not fail. And that was how I came to the anvil, the utmost limit, in those days, of my ambition. There was an old blacksmith away over the moors, who had taught my father, and he was willing to teach me. I was rising fourteen then, and it was time to begin. In my father's time this man was a fine sober fellow, and a superb workman, but the years had made havoc of him without our knowing, and, boy as I was, I found in less than a week I had gone to live in the home of a confirmed drunkard. Still this was not the horror to me it would be to you. The proverb says a fox smells nothing amiss in his own den, and while our home was what I have told you, we thought of beer very much as we thought of bread, as the staff of life, and never imagined that anybody could condemn its use, though they might be sorry for its abuse. And so I was as familiar with beer almost as I was with bread and quite as familiar as I was with beef, while we thought no more of its hurting us than you do of yellow bread and dyspeptic pies hurting you.

I found again that not only was the poor old man a drunkard, but the boys were led to drink a great deal more than we had ever thought of in the old home. We had each one of us about a quart of ale a day, and the farmers who came to the shop were forever standing treat. It is a very painful story, stretching over eight years, very happy years in many ways, but full of peril as you may see. I went to see an old shopmate in the poorhouse just two years ago, a splendid workman, but ruined by drink. The poor fellow had heard that I was about, and had crept wearily over the moors to find me; but we had missed each other, and so I went to find him. Yes, it is a sad story. I was in some sort manager at last, and came home one day from another shop we had, after an absence of a week, to find that that the old man, who was a tower of strength in my father's time, had taken to his bed. He had been on a fearful drunk, and it was the last. I went in to see him. He looked up sadly, and said in our native speech: "I'se varry badly, lad. I'se boon to dee, and I want thee to read me summat oot o't' Bible to get me ready." He did not allude to the curse that had slain him, nor did I, but saw to him three months, and then one morning as I was lifting him, great gouts of blood came welling out of his chest, and he was dead. Why do I tell you this? Was I still a partaker in the sin? If I had been I think poor Jack would not have had to hunt for me over the moors; we might have been in the same workhouse.

The good blood began to tell now, and the clean breeding, and that help of God without which a man's life is a rope of sand. It was not hard work. The thing was very simple. I saw it was growing on me to love drink, and said: "This will never do. If I keep on I shall be in the gutter with the old man. I will never touch a glass of beer again, or anything of the sort, until I am sure of myself, and forever sure, because in any fight between a man and a beer barrel the man ought to win." I kept my word, made to myself, and that was the second step from the anvil to the pulpit; and this story needs no moral

A Passion for Reading.

Still, it is possible this had never been done but for another grand force which had come in to help me. From the days when we used to spell out Crusoe and old Bunyan there had grown up in me a devouring hunger to read books. It made a small matter what they were, so they were books. Half a volume of an old encyclopædia came along—the first I had ever seen. How many times I went through that I cannot even guess. I remember that I read some old reports of the missionary society with the greatest delight. There were chapters in them about China and Labrador. Yet I think it is in reading as it is in eating, when the first hunger is over, you begin to be a little critical, and will by no means take to garbage if you are of a wholesome nature. And I remember this because it touches this beautiful valley. I could not go home for the Christmas of 1839, and was feeling very sad about it all, for I was only a boy, and, sitting by the fire, an old farmer came in and said: "I notice thou's fond o' reading, so I brought thee summat to read." It was Irving's "Sketch-Book." I had never heard of the work. I went at it and was "as them that dream." No such delight had touched me since the old days of Crusoe. I saw the Hudson and the Catskills, took poor Rip at once into my heart, as eveybody does, pitied Ichabod while I laughed at him, thought the old Dutch feasts a most admirable thing, and long before I was through all regret at my lost Christmas had gone down the wind, and I had found out that there are books and books. That vast hunger to read never left me. If there was no candle I poked my head down to the fire, read while I was eating, blowing the bellows, or walking from one place to another. I could read and walk four miles an hour. The world centered in books.

There was no thought in my mind of any good to come out of it; the good lay in the reading. I had no more idea of being a minister than you elder men who were boys then in this town had that I should be here to-night to tell this story. Now, give a boy a passion like this for anything, books or business, painting or farming, mechanism or music, and you give him thereby a lever to lift this world and a patent of nobility, if the thing he does is noble. There were two or three of my mind about books. We became companions and gave the roughs a wide berth. The books did their work, about that drink too, and fought the devil with a finer fire. I remember while I was yet a lad reading Macaulay's great essay on Bacon, and I could grasp its wonderful beauty. There has been no time when I have not felt sad that there should have been no chance for me at a good education and training. I miss it every day, but such chances as were left lay in that everlasting hunger to still be reading. I was tough as bend leather, and could do the double stint, and so it was that all unknown to myself I was as one that soweth good seed in his field.

[Concluded To-morrow.]

The cold driving easterly rain-storms of this season rarely fail to afflict nearly everybody with Colds. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup—the surest and safest Cough remedy made. Price 25 cents.

Ponder on these Truths.

Kidney-Wort is nature's remedy for kidney and liver diseases, piles and constipation.

Sediment or mucous in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort.

Torpid liver and kidneys poison the blood. Kidney-Wort revives them and cleanses the system.

Headache, bilious attacks, dizziness, and loss of appetite, are cured by Kidney-Wort.

See advertisement. o10 1wd&w

The Country.

Who that has ever lived anytime in the country but must have heard of the virtues of Burdock as a blood purifier. Burdock Blood Bitters cure dyspepsia, biliousness and all disorders arising from impure blood or deranged liver or kidneys. Price $1. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Economy.

A fortune may be spent in using ineffectual medicines, when by applying Thomas' Eclectric Oil a speedy and economical cure can be effected. In cases of rheumatism, lame back, bodily ailments, or pains of every description, it affords instant relief. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Frightful Misery.

Mr. Wm. Pomeroy, Bangor, Me., writes: "I have for a long time suffered from continual constipation, making my life a misery, and causing headache and frightful cramps. Mr. Thomason (who has been lately visiting in Buffalo), induced me try the Spring Blossom. It has perfectly cured me." Price 50 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

CHINA AND GLASSWARE.

LAMPS! LAMPS!!

—AT—

CHINA HALL.

A Large and Full Variety of

Hand Lamps,
Glass Stand Lamps,
Fancy Parlor Lamps,
Bracket Lamps.

PERKINS & HOUSE

NON-EXPLOSIVE LAMPS.

PERKINS & HOUSE NON-EXPLOSIVE LIBRARY LAMPS.

Brass and Nickel Library Hanging Lamps Reduced in Price.

Lamp Shades, Burners, Chimneys and all kinds of Fixtures, at

HIGH & MARTIN'S,

No. 15 East King Street.

J. B. MARTIN & CO.

China, Glass & Queensware Department.

SPECIALTIES AND NOVELTIES

In all Fine Grades of ENGLISH, GERMAN, FRENCH AND JAPANESE

China and American Porcelains.

Rare Pieces for Cabinets.

BISQUE FIGURES AND GROUPS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Bar and Hotel Goods

A SPECIALTY.

J. B. MARTIN & CO.,

Cor. W. King and Prince Streets,

LANCASTER, PA.

CARRIAGES, &C.

Carriages! Carriages!

—AT—

EDGERLEY & CO.'S,

Practical Carriage Builders,

Market Street, Rear of Central Market House, Lancaster, Pa.

We have on hand a Large Assortment of

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

Which we offer at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

All work warranted. Give us a call
☞ Repairing promptly attended to.
One set of workmen especially employed for hat purpose. [n26-tfd&w

DRY GOODS

SNODGRASS, MURRAY & CO. SNODGRASS, MURRAY & CO.

SNODGRASS, MURRAY & Co.,

CLOTH HOUSE,

MARKET AND NINTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

We desire to call the attention of EARLY BUYERS to our superb selection of

DRESS CLOTHS,

Which have been prepared with extra care for making a serviceable Suit for a Young Lady or Young Miss. Some have been shrunk, others have not; but our facilities for having them steam sponged, when customers so desire, are so great that it causes very little delay. We have a long list of colorings in PLAIN CLOTHS, and a great many new effects in FINE CHECKS, NEAT MIXTURES, STRIPES, PLAIDS, &c. Among them may be mentioned some, very pretty GREEN CHECKS, entirely new.

We have these Cloths in low and medium prices, also of the finest qualities of imported fabrics.

Seal Skin Cloths and Seal Skin Plushes.

These very handsome goods will be worn this winter for Long Coats, Dolmans, Costumes, Suits, and extensively used for Trimming; all grades up to the very finest spun are represented, and it is worth a visit to our store for nothing else than to see these goods. For

WRAPS, SACQUES AND MANTLES

for Fall, our many novelties are too numerous to mention. We have everything desirable pretty and handsome, including many new styles, at low and medium prices.

Fine Merchant Tailoring Goods for Gentlemen's Wear.

Our stock of SUITINGS and CASSIMERES comprises all the new styles and standard makes of Domestic and Foreign Goods, in low, medium and fine qualities. We desire to call special attention to our unlimited variety of ENGLISH, SCOTCH and FRENCH fabrics for

Suits, Fall and Winter Overcoats, and Pantaloons.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Samples sent and orders filled to the satisfaction of the buyer.

In asking for samples please say if for Ladies' or Gentlemen's Wear, and if low, medium or high grade, grave or gay goods are desired.

Absent buyers have the same advantages, of CHOICE AND PRICE as those present, exactly.

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SNODGRASS, MURRAY & CO.,

Market and Ninth Streets, Philadelphia.

[sept19-3md&w

LANE & CO. LANE & CO.

LANE & CO.,

No. 24 EAST KING STREET. No. 24

Have just received, opened and ready for inspection a large and complete stock of general

DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, ETC.

At prices that defy competition. High Colored Satin Suitings, New and Rich, Flannel Suitings in 6-4 and 5-4 goods. Blooming Black Cashmeres, a matter we pay special attention to. Shawls in long and square, in endless variety and quality. Flannels, Checks and Muslins in all widths, and in fact anything necessary to constitute a complete stock for the buyer to select from.

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS CARPETING AT 75c. PER YARD,

Elegant in Designs and Colorings. Feathers, Steam Dressed, the best the market produces. Queensware, Cloth, Cassimere and Ladies' Coats.

BOLTING CLOTHS

of the very best brand in the market, at New York Prices. An examination solicited of our entire stock, and satisfaction guaranteed to all.

Jacob M. Marks. John A. Charles, John B. Reth.

CLOTHING, &C.

ROSENSTEIN'S ONE PRICE HOUSE. ROSENSTEIN'S ONE PRICE HOUSE.

—:o:—

SECOND TO NONE.

OUR ASSORTMENT OF

Men's Fall Overcoats and Ulsterettes,

PLAIN, SILK FACED, SILK LINED THROUGHOUT,

$8 to $35.

Unique Styles Men's Fall Suits $10 to $35.

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NOVELTIES.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS,

$4 to $18.

THE BYCICLE SHIRT IN 6 DIFFERENT SHADES, $2.50.

—:o:—

AL. ROSENSTEIN'S

ONE PRICE HOUSE,

(NEXT DOOR TO SHULTZ & BRO'S HAT STORE).

No. 37 North Queen Street, - - Lancaster, Pa.

FALL CAMPAIGN. FALL CAMPAIGN.

MYERS & RATHFON

Are better prepared than ever to accommodate the public in

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

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