Intelligencer.

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## A Notable Discovery.

The shoemaker to his last, is an invention which the silver-tongued orator, Daniel Dougherty, illustrated yesterday at the stockholders' meeting of the Traction company in Philadelphia, when he lamented that he had paid Robert Glendenning & Co. $95 per share for his 800 shares and had since paid a five dollar assessment, and now was invited to pay another; and yet the market price of his stock was but 73. He expressed his belief that his confiding innocence had been taken advantage of by the wily brokers who unloaded upon him the stock of the insiders who knew of the coming assessment, and he declared his deep disgust with assessments, which he thought a poor man ought not to be bothered with.

It may be noted that Mr. Dan Dougherty, owner of 800 shares of Traction worth $73 per share in the market, described himself as a poor man, simply by comparison with the directors of that company, who are Messrs. Kemble, Widener, Elkins, Dolan, McManes and Altemus; of whom the first run the machine and the last are added for their grace. But there are millions in the crowd and Dan Dougherty justifiably felt poor in gazing upon them.

And they are a magnificent lot, truly. One of Mr. Dougherty's suggestions was that Messrs. Widener and Elkins, the two vice presidents, did not give all their time to the affairs of the company, and perhaps did not earn the $6,000 salary which he was told they received. To which President Kemble promptly and emphatically replied that "they devote enough to the interest of the stockholder to more than pay a hundred times the salary they receive." Just think of that! In the opinion of President Kemble the vice presidents are each worth about $600,000 a year to the stockholders of a company that Vice President Widener of the same meeting only claimed to be "representing nearly $30,000,000 of property," which covered the shares and bonds and the whole lock-stock and barrel of the concern. If we add as much more for the value of the president's services, on a fair assumption that the president deemed himself worth as much to the company as its two vice presidents, we will reach, as the estimate of the real worth to it of the trio, about two and a half millions of dollars, or nearly ten per cent. of the company's valuation; and just about the whole year's receipts, which were reported to have been for the last year something less than three millions.

So that President Kemble and Vice Presidents Widener and Elkins consider that their services to the company are really worth its gross receipts; and all the money that they pay out for horse feed and wages and dividends is in fact so much abstracted from their own fair earnings and yielded by their generosity to the other fellows in their concern who are not in its direction.

This is a very notable discovery, since it explains what heretofore has been misty in the conduct of honorable gentlemen who do not show any hesitation in scooping into their own pockets all the loose change that hangs around a corporation premises, and who are ever found industriously at work in providing leaks from its treasury, which may afford a liberal lot of spilled money that may be handily grabbed by their able and agile fingers.

We find this disposition rampant in the direction of many big corporations, whose directors show great piety in business when piety is the thing called for. They are zealous in the church and conspicuous in charity. They are evidently men whom their consciences control and who would not steal a pin on any consideration. Mr. Kemble shows us how they do the trick. When they serve others at a nominal salary that they feel to be far below the real value of their services, they consider themselves to be free to accept such other profit as may be made to flow from their positions as directors; the only restriction upon them being that they must not put their hands directly in the treasury to take it out. It must come in ways into which their skill may point it and out of which their dexterity may pull it. And all that they can get is but an honorarium for their great services to the company, which its shareholders would freely give them if they were gentlemen, but which they do not tell them of and ask them for, because they are not always gentlemen; and it is none of their business anyhow.

We doubt whether Dan Dougherty is a gentleman now in the opinion of Messrs. Kemble, Widener and Elkins; of whom one is a gaol graduate and another bloomed as a butcher.

## The Nomination of Mr. Endlich.

The Democratic convention of Berks county reached a ready and happy solution of the question as to the judgeship by nominating Gustav A. Endlich, who was certainly the best candidate among the quartette who were contesting for the honor. Judge Hagenman never was fit to be judge, although a man of much ability and force. It is not every one, or even many, who may make a respectable judge, however great the disposition they may have to fill the place creditably. No doubt Judge Hagenman wanted to be an efficient judge, but nature forbade the accomplishment. It is one of the most significant of proverbs that a silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear; showing that men's natural aptitudes must be consulted in giving them a career. Judge Hagenman would doubtless have made a good bank president or perhaps a successful merchant or farmer, but on the bench he was a fish out of water.

And it is surprising how apt men are to struggle for places which they ought to know they are unfit to fill, and in which they can gain no honor. Apparently they do not know this that every one else knows, or else they think that a soft place and a good salary will compensate for any measure of public contempt.

Mr. Endlich, the coming judge of Berks, is the son of John Endlich, who repatriated himself along with Carl Schurz, who has always been his intimate friend, and settled in Reading; he was our minister to Switzerland under Buchanan. Gustav Endlich is thirty-four years of age, and is a lawyer of marked ability. He has written several law treatises, which have been very well received; and he has shown the studious bent and acute intellect which serve to make the able judge. It is gratifying to find that in this case the popular selection has been the best selection, and we would that it was always so.

## Our Harmony.

The Democratic convention at Harrisburg has a very harmonious time over candidates and platform. Nothing arises to disturb the calm serenity of the scene. The enemy says it is the calm of despair and that the party is not agitated because there is no fleshpot attainable for it. Our enemies reason from their own feelings very correctly; but their emotions do not enable them to understand the calm in the Democratic situation. The harmony shows the very healthful condition of the party. It is not at all without hope of electing the ticket this year, but has a very lively impression that its cocks will crow when the battle is over. The elements are moving to that end.

OFFICERS of the Philadelphia fire department have inspected the theatres of that city and pronounced them safe. It would be well if such inspection were general.

WHEN will that poor old navy of ours stop getting wrecked? While at anchor in Hampton Roads on Tuesday the Constellation had her jibboom carried away by a three-masted schooner which was trying to pass across the bow of the old war ship which was so nearly wrecked at Newport lately. The Constellation is a wooden sailing vessel with ten smooth bore guns and serves as a practice ship for the Annapolis cadets who in actual service will work on vessels as different from it as can be imagined. Appropriations have been made for a new vessel for this purpose.

SO THE postmaster general has held a convention with the governor of the Leeward Islands! We knew John would attract the attention of the great powers.

ONE of the speakers at a meeting of organized laborers in New York, on Labor Day, was Professor Gunton, who recently spoke at Chautauqua on trusts. When the ten hour law was being agitated by labor organizations in Maine, Mr. Gunton called upon Mr. Blaine to get his views in the matter, and he tells a characteristic story of the way that trimming statesman dodged. "'Well,' said Mr. Blaine, 'what—er—how long do the men work now?'" Mr. Gunton told him that the men employed in the factory at the end of the street on which he was living worked 12½ hours. "'Er—is that so?' he said. Evidently he didn't know anything about it. 'Well,' I said to him, 'now that you know the facts, will you agitate the subject in Congress?' He pondered for a moment, and then he said: 'Well, you see the question isn't up.'" Genuine statesmen never hesitate to discuss questions of this kind, and if practicable to bring them up. If Mr. Blaine knew nothing about the facts or disapproved the notion of regulating the hours of labor by law, the manly course would have been to say so, but that is not the way with men who try to rule by trimming their words and deeds. Gunton is an earnest and apparently sincere defender of trusts and evidently expected to find in Mr. Blaine, their declared champion, a sympathetic spirit ready at least to discuss the question proposed, because of its importance to the laborer, for whose protection by high taxes the statesman appeared so anxious. The latter was too cautious to range himself against the proposed law, because he might antagonize labor, nor would he support it lest he should alarm his friends, the trusts and contributing manufacturers.

A WEALTHY lady of Bellevue, Kentucky, was killed last Saturday by the reflection of an electric light several squares distant. This curious result was due to her own rashness in endeavoring to see a ghost which was reported a regular visitant at a certain corner grocery. The lady was very stout and in bad health, and when she saw the curious reflection was so startled that she promptly died.

THE New York *World* has been maintaining its usual state of sensational agitation by offering a prize of a hundred dollars to the woman with the largest living family. A woman has taken the prize with fifteen children, being herself the youngest of a family of fifteen and her husband one of a family of the same number. It is hard to tell what may be the next development of this sort of newspaper enterprise. Perhaps the *World* will offer a prize for the best mouthful of indigenous teeth and illustrate its pages with views of the champion mouths.

THE account recently published of the killing of a man on the Arenas Keys, near Yucatan, seemed to furnish a peculiar case for the courts, but the attorney general has decided that there can be no prosecution. The facts are, briefly, that three men were left on a small island to mine guano for shipment with the understanding that they were to be taken home again in the vessel that called for the guano. No vessel came, and when the United States ship Ossipee went to rescue the abandoned men, only two were found, who frankly declared that the third had been killed by one of them in self-defense. The decision of the attorney general is based on the plea of self-defense, and on the fact that the United States has no jurisdiction on the Arenas Keys. It now remains to be seen whether the company that failed to send for these men can be punished for "marooning"—the crime of abandoning men in a desolate place. The captain of the schooner that left the men on the island has been exonerated from all blame, but the arm of the law should reach to those actually responsible.

THE Venezuelan claims commission, composed of John Little for the United States and Senor De Andrade for Venezuela, has organized with the selection, by the other commissioners, of Samuel F. Phillips, of North Carolina, lately solicitor general, as the third umpire. Mr. Phillips has accepted the position, although he had declined the post of United States commissioner, on account of being himself interested for some claims. As the other commissioners desired his association notwithstanding, he has consented to serve, and will be a very valuable member of the body.

### Stories of the "Old Settler."

Ed. Mott, who comes into this part of Pennsylvania to suffer from hay fever—and he can find no better place to grin and bear the periodical attack—has written a book; 12 mo., pp. 213. It is entitled, "Old Settler, and other Tales of Sugar Swamp." The New York *Tribune* says "there is real genius and true humor in these quaint and fantastic dialect sketches. The Old Settler is certainly the most splendidly mendacious character ever conceived and the homely rural dress in which his extravagances are clothed enhances their drollery. Nothing can be more natural than the old man's manner, and whether the reader is laughing over the bear and fish stories, or the Old Settler's difficulties with M'ria, or his talks with Peleg, that admirable type of the ungenerate country small boy, the interest and fascination of the yarn are the same. Mr Mott has opened a new vein in these pleasant stories, and it is to be hoped that his present collection of them does not signify an intention to bring them to an end. The Old Settler cannot be spared yet, and thousands of appreciative readers will look for the renewal of the capital series in the columns of the morning paper which first printed them."

## A TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

### The Life of a City Girl As a Country Schoolmistress.

Fifth paper by George R. Vandalear in the New York Evening Post.

My first thought on awaking every Saturday and Sunday morning was one of intense relief. For these days, at least, I was free. The lifting of the burden made me almost childishly glad. I arose early on the Saturday after my first week's experience in the school room, I was quickly attired, and my thin blue muslin dress was comfortable and quite pretty, too, I thought. With a heart too light and a head far too giddy for a schoolmistress, I ran down stairs and skipped out of the house. I felt as full of frolic as a colt. With what keen delight I drank the freshness of the cool morning air! Every animate and even inanimate thing seemed as happy as myself; the humming bees, already at work gathering honey from the flowers; the very flowers themselves, and above all, the birds filling the air with their melody and "shrill delight." How all the horizon is colored by our internal state! I strolled on through the fields and woods supremely happy.

After a half hour's walk, the loud clanging of the breakfast bell brought me back to the house. I entered by the door side, when I was suddenly arrested by a voice in the front hall which I knew belonged to no member of the Hogengantz household.

"Do you take boarders?" It was a strong masculine voice, without a trace of the "Pennsylvania Dutch."

"Not frequent," responded Mr. Zeke cautiously.

"Have you any boarders now?"

"Well," responded Mr. Zeke, in a diplomatic, non-committal tone, "we do have a teacher, but that's different, you know, fer she's a woman."

"A country schoolmistress, hey? and a pill, too, I'll bet." It was another strange voice.

"Some prim, spectacled old maid, no doubt," commented a third. "But I imagine we can stand her, vinegar-visage and all."

"You'll find teacher won't give you no trouble," said Mr. Zeke hurriedly and with a slight tone of anxiety in his voice, for, fearful of losing his customers, he had forgotten for a moment all about his diplomacy. "She's jess a *little one* and don't give no annoyance to nobody. Keeps to herself, still."

"Ah!" said the first speaker, "just a little one, is she? Well, suppose we engage board here—say for a couple of weeks, if it suits us—how much will you charge?"

"An' what might you be willin' to pay, now, by the week?" suggested Mr. Zeke, with a sudden return to diplomacy.

"That depends upon what kind of board we get."

"Suppose we say $5 a week apiece?" said Mr. Zeke persuasively.

"Very well, we'll try you. We want to do some fishing in the streams here, and I suppose we'll get along well enough, only I don't like the schoolmistress."

Breakfast had been somewhat delayed on account of the new comers, and while they were unloading their baggage from a spring wagon at the door, I ran up to my room to brush my hair and free my dress from the burrs which it had gathered in my ramble through the woods. While thus engaged, I heard Mr. Zeke soliloquizing in the front room.

"That'll be $15 a week, an' teacher's $3.50 makes $18.50. Now I call that turnin' a pretty penny; but the old woman—like as not she'll say it's skinnin' flies and sellin' their hides. She's dretful foolish sometimes."

The not very flattering remarks which I had overheard about the "country schoolmistress" had nettled me into easy self-possession, and it was therefore without the slightest trepidation that I entered the "eating room" in answer to the second ringing of the breakfast bell. The strangers, whom I discovered to be three handsome young gentlemen, were too well bred to stare at me, but I knew very well how curiously they were regarding me as I took my seat at the table, after having been presented by Mr. Zeke. Ollie looked upon the guests with wide-open eyes and jaws ajar, while Martin Luther assumed an air of pompous importance as awe-inspiring to the dog as it was amusing to the strangers. I noticed the comical light in the eyes of the latter as the animal slunk abashed from the room.

"You uns are from the city, most likely?" remarked Mrs. Steffy, interrogatively, as she poured out the coffee.

"Philadelphia," replied one of the young men, whose name was Elliott.

"Then you an' teacher kin keep company," remarked Mr. Zeke blandly, "for she's from Phil-del-fy, too. Most town girls is plagued worldly minded, ain't they now, Mr. Ivison?"

"Alas, I have always found them so," replied that gentleman gravely.

"As fer teacher," added Mr. Zeke, "she don't even perfess conversion, let alone sanctification."

"How very sad!" exclaimed Mr. Ivison, without smiling.

"Well, Zeke!" exclaimed his better half, "I'd perfess sanctification, I would, ef I was a-goin' to sell buttermilk—which it's only fit fer pigs. Mr. Stedmore, would you be so kind as to pass the bread?" Then as he handed her the plate—"Och, you'd no need to hand me a whole plateful. I'm sure you could 'a' give me a piece in your fingers. I ain't proud. An' I'm allays a-tellin' Ellen (I don't say Miss Ellen, for I never pass no compliments) as how she ought to make herself common with the people about these parts, if she wants to get along with 'em. 'Make yourself common,' is what I says to her frequent, if not oftener."

"Well, and does she make herself common?" inquired Mr. Elliott, with a comical glance towards me.

"Och, she's not sich a plagued fool as some. She don't put on no plagued foolish airs like most town girls, an' ef she don't perfess a change of heart an' sanctification, she ain't mean, an' she's a kind word to say fer everybody—even for Bob Mucklehenny. Fer my part, I'd rather perfess nothin' but pure cussedness than sell buternilk."

"Most girls is queer things," blandly observed Mr. Zeke.

"That's what I say, still," responded his wife. "Ellen's an awful queer girl," she continued. "She has sich queer ways with her, an', och, sich notions as she takes! She's so fond of lookin' at a flower—which it's the name she gives to a field of timothy grass, so fur as *I* can make out. Oh, she's dretful queer! Why, one night she skeert us till I was that powerful weak I couldn't hardly wash the supper-dishes. She didn't come home from school till long after 'Zollern an' Zeb was come, an' it was beginnin' to get dark. We was so worried an' concertain an' onconcerned about her, that we couldn't do nothin' but sit an' argy as to wot was keepin' her. An' at last we all reckoned as how a cow must be standin' directly in front of the school house door an' keepin' teacher from comin out, 'cause you know what plagued fools town girls is about such things as cows an' bulls, an' especially oxens. Well, Zeke he was jess goin' to fetch her, when in she walks not one bit hurt or even worked up. An' we asked her what kep' her, what do you think she tole us? Why, nothin' at all, 'ceptin' that as she was comin' over the little bridge along the road, the sky looked so beautiful that she couldn't help waitin' to see the sun set. An' there she'd been a-standin' on that there 'rustic bridge,' as she calls it, all that there time! Did you ever hear the like o' that? Why does any one want to waste a good hour an' get a cold supper besides, standin' on a bridge lookin' at the sky, which it's above us all the time from the day we were born? An' that 'minds me, Zeke, to tell you that Cousin Marthy has twins."

"You don't say so? Well, now, that beats all—I'll be swagged ef it don't!"

"Yes, I should say it did!" exclaimed Mrs. Zeke indignantly. "Six children in seven years—I call that mat-er-mony with a wengeance! Ellen, will you please pass the spread?" This elegant and suggestive word signified either butter or preserved fruits. "A vile phrase," surely as old *Polonius* would say, but there is one viler still. At the tables of the more bovine "Dutch" farmers of Lancaster, Berks and York counties, molasses is frequently called "the smear." It is said that the word in the native dialect is not nearly so disgusting as when translated, and it is sincerely to be hoped for the sake of those who use it, that this is true.

"*Saddy*," said Mrs. Zeke, as I handed her the butter; and this being interpreted signifies "I thank you."

"Mr. Ivison," she said, "take another biscuit to fill up on. I am sure you need something more. You ain't got a sufficiency yit. Have another of them there biscuits."

I saw that surprise and disgust mingled with amusement in the expression upon the faces of the three gentlemen. But let no man imagine that the subjects discussed at the Hogengantz table were frivolous. For after this little biscuit and "spread" interval, the talk naturally changed from sunsets and scenery to language and literature.

"Ellen, is your coffee all?" inquired Mrs. Zeke.

"All what, ma'am?"

"I said is it *all?*"

"It is all right, and it is all here," I ventured.

"I mean is your cup empty?"

"Oh, is it all *gone?* No ma'am, thank you. My cup is half full."

"Sich a time!" exclaimed Mrs. Zeke—"sich a blessed time as teacher has understandin' plain English! Between you an' me an' the rest o' you uns, I think they l'arned her too much plagued French, an' she's got the two lang'ages mixed up so's she can't understand neither of 'em. There's Cousin Marthy, she's married to a Frenchman (six babies in seven years—of that ain't mat-er-mony with a wengeance!) an' och, you jess ought to hear him talk once! It ain't got no sense in it at all. He's been in this here county now fur more'n three years, an' even yit he's got a heap o' trouble understandin' a body. Why, one day I went over to his house, an' I sez, sez I, 'How do you do to-day, Jacques?' 'Do *what?*' sez he. 'Och,' sez I, 'I mean how do you find yourself?' Sez he, 'I never *lose* myself.' 'Och, Got!' sez I, 'I mean how do you *feel?*' 'Well,' sez he, 'you just feel me once.' I was so plagued mad at the id-ji-ot that I jess turned square around an' come home. I can't make no more out o' the talk o' them Frenchmens than I kin out o' the crowin' of the Wyandotte. It's all one to *me*. An' why people wants to learn sich an *outlandish, onconvenient* lang'age as French is beyond me. Read it? Why can't they read English? Fur *my* part, ef I want to read I jess read the Bible, or 'Pilgrim's Progress.' They does *me*."

I had seen all along that Martin Luther was itching for an opportunity to make such an impression as he felt sure his brilliant talents would be certain to produce.

"Shakespere's a mighty good book, mother," said he patronizingly. He made great pretensions to learning. "I'd rather read Shakespere than eat."

"Well, I wouldn't," said Mrs. Zeke with asperity. "I begun at once, when you first brung it home, an' for my part I think it's all nonsense. Why, you tole me your own self that it was wrote 300 years ago, an' I guess folks knows more now 'an they did then, an' kin git up better books, too. But, o' course," she added with a toss of her head, "everybody dosen't think like me."

"Well, now," began Martin, leaning back in his chair, and looking at his mother with an air of superiority, yet of indulgent pity for her ignorance, "I used to think that book was nonsense an' that they wasn't nothing in it. But I tell you *not*," (and he settled himself into his chair, and looked very profound), "that was when I'd only read the *first* act. But when I got into the second act—the *second* act, mind you—I seen something! (very defiantly). Every character's got a point to it; 'cause when you think they're going to marry some one, why, they just turns around an' marries some else!"

Nobody wanted anything more, and a few taunts afterwards, at the invitation of Mr. Ivison, I was out in the yard watching the three arrange their tackle for the day's sport.

That night, as I was preparing to retire, Mrs. Zeke came into my room and whispered in the most mysterious manner imaginable, "I jess give it as my opinion, teacher, as he's got a hankerin' arter you, that there Mr. Ivison—you jess mark my words!"

"You are quite mistaken, Mrs. Hogengantz; and, indeed, you must not suppose such things."

"Oh, but fac's is stubborn things. Ef I was to take my choice, now," she added in a calculating tone of voice, "out o' them three, I'd say, 'gimme Mr. Stedmore.' Next to him, I'd say 'gimme Mr. Ivison.' I ain't got no use at all for that there Elliot. He never sits down to the table but his face gits as though he'd bust with laughin', an' it's my opinion, teacher, as he's laughin at *you*—which it's very foolish, fer I can't see nothin' amusin' about you, exceptin' that peculiar way you've got o' sayin' your words; but, och! he talks that-a-way his own self. I could think that you was all plagued foolish Frenchmens still."

(Continued.)

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1889.

The greatest practical work in Profit Sharing is that now going on in our September Limited Sale. On some goods we are

*Giving you all the profits.*

On others

*Sharing the profits.*

On others

*Selling at a loss and standing the loss ourselves.*

On others

*Selling at losses which are borne by other importers or makers.*

This radical move touches
Blankets and Bed Spreads
Towels and Napkins
Table Cloths and Doilies
Dress Goods and Silks
Furniture and Curtains
Refrigerators and Ice Chests
and Cedar Chests.

You have a daily interest in this sale. Each day tells you of some new bargains and recalls the day before.

*Blankets.*

Here is a little sum in arithmetic: 10-4 means—if it means anything—10 quarters of a yard, and 10 quarters of a yard is 90 inches. And yet there are 10-4 Blankets—so-called and so sold—that measure 60 inches. What has become of the other 30 inches? Did the dealer cut it off?

What is meaner than a little narrow Blanket of a cold night? What more disappointing than to buy a Blanket 90 inches wide and find it 60 inches?

And this is meant to suggest that you should buy Blankets with care. You don't want tallow in the wool, that will catch and hold dust *ad libitum*, making your fair white fleece dark and hopelessly dirty. And you want to get the size you buy and pay for.

The *Long Dollar Blanket*, 5 pounds, $3.25, 6 pounds, $4 a pair; the *Housekeeper's Choice*, 5 pounds, $4.25, and 6 pounds, $5.50 a pair, and the *Coronet*, scarlet, 5 pounds, at $4, are the rarest bargains in moderate-priced Blankets. Compare them with all the market. The finest Blankets are also here.

*Dress Goods.*

An all-wool stuff; soft but firm. Good weight, good width (36 inches), and in all the most popular shades—striped, cluster striped, and daintly plaided. If you know dress goods values you'd say "cheap at 75c." It would be. *But the price is 50c.* If we were to pin the mill name on with the price-tag it would set the trade agog. Mustn't; that's part of the bargain. The stuff stands on its merits. The wool, he weave, the dye are eloquent enough, 50c for a choice 75c Suiting!

Regular 37½c Striped Cheviots are 25c; blues, browns, greens, garnet, blacks.

Fifty-inch Tricots and all-wool Fancies, made to sell at 75c, are half a dollar.

Mohairs, stripes and plaids, self-colors, imported to sell at $1, go to 65c.

Fifty inch Ladies' Cloth, in all the desirable shades, 60c.

The 37½c Colored Cashmere (all wool), we've told of before. But for the big, *big* lot we started with there wouldn't be a scrap of it here now. Just the price of the cotton-warp stuff that masquerades as Cashmeres.

$1.25 to $1.50 Suitings, 75c.
$1.50 to $3.50 Suitings, $1.
50c Plaids, 37½c.
37½c Melanges, 20c.
20c Mixtures, 15c.

As price-pleasant Dress Goods music as you're likely to hear.

*Silks and Velvets.*

Some of the kinds we named yesterday didn't last the day out, but quarter, third and half price sorts still make a sizeable heap.

Here are two of the Black Silks:

23-inch Gros Grain, 85c.
$1 Black Armure, 75c.

*Millinery.*

There's a hint of frost time in the bright new stock of Cloth, Velvet, and Knit Hats for children that has come in with September. The first puff of early Fall wind headed the whole family of Straws toward the rear.

Sailors, Tans, Jockeys and all their rough-and-tumble kin were never prettier. Every new thought—French, English or Domestic—shows to the front on our tables.

The old reliable Knockabouts, the school-time favorites, 60c; all colors.

For ladies, misses and girls there are the soft wool Sailor Hats and Walking Hats (both trimmed) and trimmed Broadbrim Hats for girls.

The Cloth Outing Hats, in plaids and colors, have a dash of the sea shapes.

Genuine Turkish Fez, 75c.

*Women's Jackets.*

You remember the half-price Jackets that packed the main aisle near Chestnut street so full of buyers last week? Yes? Well, what are left of them are within a biscuit toss—up one easy stairway (or quick elevator). Prices just the same.

*Furniture.*

One of the peculiarities of our Parlor Furniture Sale is that dealers from other cities are coming to see the how and the why of the great sale. *They* are not invited, *you* are if you want to furnish your house.

*Curtains.*

Cluny and Antique in lace, Turcoman and Shiela in heavy silk, and Tunisian in light silk. You know all about them and the half prices except this—they are Limited, won't last long.

*Shoes for Men.*

Autumn weight French Lace Waukenphasts, of every choice fresh calf skin, sizes 5 to 11, widths A to E, were $6, now $4. Equal to a gift of $2 with every pair.

*Shoes for Women.*

There still remain about 40 pairs of the bright Dongola Button Boots advertised yesterday at $3—too cheap by $1.50; sizes broken, but maybe your size is waiting for you.

*Refrigerators.*

The drift and remnants of a lively Refrigerator season.

Some are scratched, some slightly broken, some with surface cracks. No matter what the ailing, we make the prices to suit—with the leaning all your way. In every case the *refrigerator* part is all right.

*Walnut Sideboard:*

$18.00 Refrigerators for $9.00
$20.00 Refrigerators for $10.00
$50.00 Refrigerators for $25.00
$55.00 Refrigerators for $28.00
$65.00 Refrigerators for $38.00

*Uprights:*

$9.75 Refrigerators for $7.00
$12.75 Refrigerators for $10.00
$15.75 Refrigerators for $12.00
$18.75 Refrigerators for $15.00
$22.00 Refrigerators for $18.00

*Ice Chests:*

$5.00 Ice Chests for $4.00
$6.25 Ice Chests for $4.50
$7.75 Ice Chests for $5.00
$9.50 Ice Chests for $6.50
$12.00 Ice Chests for $9.00
$14.00 Ice Chests for $10.00

*Cedar Chests.*

Some samples slightly defaced have been cut down in price more than accordingly.

John Wanamaker.

Carpet Hall.

BARGAINS! —GO TO— BARGAINS!

SHIRK'S CARPET HALL!

—FOR—

Wilton, Velvet, Body Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Damask and Venetian, Rag and Chain Carpets.
OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, &c.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

H. S. SHIRK & SONS,
Cor. West King and Water Sts., Lancaster, Pa.

Fruit Jars.

FLINN & BRENEMAN.

FRUIT JARS

—AT LESS THAN—

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK PRICES

—AT—

FLINN & BRENEMAN'S,
No. 152 North Queen Street,
LANCASTER, PENN'A.

Chinaware.

J. B. MARTIN & CO.

THE PRICES

—OF—

LIGHTNING JARS

have been struck by a streak of competition lightning, and our prices until further notice will be:

Quarts at 95 cents a doz.
½ gallons at $1.20 a doz.

Engraved Thin Glass Table Tumblers, at 60 cents a dozen.

Gas Globes, all shapes and sizes, that sold at 35, 50 and 75c, reduced to 25c each.

A bargain in Jelly Tumblers at 18c a dozen.

French China, English Porcelain Dinner Sets, at reduced prices.

J. B. MARTIN & CO.,
Cor. West King & Prince Sts.,
Lancaster, Pa.

Palace of Fashion.

PALACE OF FASHION.

PALACE OF FASHION,
115 & 117 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

Opened Another Large Invoice of
BLACK STRAW HATS,
in Canton and Milan.

All the latest shapes received daily.

Black and Fancy Wings, for early Fall Hats, at 10c.

Silk Plushes, in 16, 19 and 24 inch.

100 pieces of 16-inch Silk Plush, at 37½c a yard, in Cardinal, Garnet, Gendarme, Gold, Olive, Mahogany, Terra-Cotta, Golden Brown, &c.

Salt's best imported Moleskin Plushes, 19-inch, at $1.25, in all the finest shades.

The colors we show in these Plushes cannot be bought anywhere else in this city. We invite inspection.

CORSETS.

We advertise the Watch Spring Corset at $1.25. Cannot break. Positively everlasting. The springs can easily be taken out and the corset can be washed. Come and look at them.

One case of Satin Corsets, in white, drab, old gold and black, at 75c; never before sold at less than $1.

Satin Corsets, in gold, light blue and black, only $1.25.

Misses' Corsets, 37c.

Misses' Corset Waists, 37c.

Kid Gloves at 69c, will be sold until September 15, after which they go back to 87 and 98c, their former prices.

LINEN GOODS.

Stamped Linen Goods in great variety.

Stand Covers, Sideboard Covers, Splashers, Doylies, Tidies, Tray Covers, Mats, &c., at prices lower than ever.

An assortment like ours has never been seen in this city.

PALACE OF FASHION,
115 & 117 North Queen St.

Hardware.

HARDWARE!

Prime New Timothy Seed

—AT—

MARSHALL & RENGIER'S,

9 & 11 SOUTH QUEEN ST.

YOUNG'S IMPROVED

TOBACCO CUTTER.

Royal Ready-Mixed Paints,

Acknowledged to be the Best Ready-Mixed Paints in the Market.

An Immense Assortment of

CARPENTER'S TOOLS AND BUILDING MATERIAL and GENERAL HARDWARE.

☞ Give us a call and be convinced that you get the full value for your money.

MARSHALL & RENGIER,
9 & 11 South Queen St.
6-6-8-1yd

Hats.

WE EXPECT THEM

—AND—

THEY ARE HERE!

Who? What?

The New Fall Styles

In all that is Stylish, Neat and Durable in our

Celebrated Hats!

The "BOSTON BEAUTIES" still more beautiful.
Our Line of SCHOOL HATS from 10c up.

STAUFFER & CO.,
31 and 33 North Queen Street,
LANCASTER, PA

FINE FISHING GROUNDS.
The fishing at Washington Borough is now acknowledged to be the best along the Susquehanna river. Henry Wertz, proprietor of the Susquehanna House, has a fine line of boats manned by careful boatmen. Fishing parties can make arrangements with him at reasonable rates. Bait always on hand. aug28-1wd*

Machinery.

STEAM.

We desire to call the attention of consumers of Steam Goods and Engineers' Supplies, to our large and varied stock of Pipes, Valves, Cocks, Malleable and Cast Iron Fittings, Asbestos, Vulcabeston and Unidurian, Sheet, Piston and Valve Packings; Scotch and Red Lead Reflecting Gauge Glasses, Steam Radiators and Steam Heating Apparatus; Set and Cap Screws, and in fact almost everything required by steam users, and all of which we offer at prices which we guarantee to be lower than those of any other dealer in this vicinity.

We have positively the largest stock, and being connected with the Telephone Exchange, are prepared to receive and fill all orders in the shortest possible time. When in want of anything in our line, call on us for prices and we will convince you of our ability and willingness to save you Money, Delay and Vexation.

Our facilities for furnishing Engines, Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, Special Machinery, Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' Tools, Patterns, Models, and Iron and Brass Castings, and for the prompt repair of all kind of machinery are unexcelled in Lancaster, and we respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

Central Machine Works,
134 & 136 NORTH CHRISTIAN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.
Good Work, Reasonable Charges, Promptness. Telephone connection d3-tf&R

Carriages.

STANDARD CARRIAGE WORK.

EDW. EDGERLEY,
40, 42, 43 & 45 MARKET STREET,
(Rear of the Postoffice),
LANCASTER, PA.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN

Buggies, Phætons, Family Carriages, Etc.

The Finest Stock in the Country.

We now have a Full Line of SECOND-HAND WORK—Any Style You Want.

Repainting and Repairing promptly attended to. One set of workmen especially employed for that purpose. The lowest prices in the county for first-class work.

☞ Give me a Call and Examine My Work.