

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVI—No. 151.

LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1880.

Price Two Cents.

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER,

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING,
BY STEINMAN & HENSEL,
Intelligencer Building, Southwest Corner of
Centre Square.

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER is furnished to
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rounding towns, accessible by Railroad and
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Entered at the post office at Lancaster, Pa., as
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Also Rough and Dressed Lumber, Sash
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IN GREAT VARIETY, AT THE
BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE

-OF-
L. M. FLYNN'S,
No. 42 WEST KING STREET.
1880. 1880.

VALENTINES!
A CHOICE STOCK OF
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Valentines and Valentine
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Unsurpassed in variety of design and beauty
FOR SALE AT BOOK STORE OF
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EASY BOOTS, SHOES AND LASTS
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Lasts made to order.
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TO ADVERTISE A
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We will call the attention of our friends and
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very Large Stock of

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Strictly Old Prices.
Give us a call.
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HARRISON'S
CELEBRATED
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MUCILAGE.

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Men's Suits that we are selling for \$2.00 are as
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men, boys and youths all our own manufac-
ture. Full line of Men's, Youths' and Boys'
Suits. Full line of Men's, Youths' and Boys'
Overcoats.

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We are prepared to show one of the best
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are all arranged on tables fitted up expressly
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making a selection. All materials have been
purchased before the rise in woollens. We are
prepared to make up in good style and at short
notice and at bottom prices. We make to order
an All Wool Suit for \$12.00. By buying your
goods at

MYERS & RATHFON,
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66. 68.
D. Gansman & Bro.

GRAND CLOSING SALE!
OF
OVERCOATS AND HEAVY SUITINGS.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS
to buyers of Clothing in order to make room
for a large SPRING STOCK now being manufac-
tured, and we are needing room. We offer
well-made and stylish

Clothing for Men and Boys
-AT-
LOWER PRICES
than ever heard of before, although Goods are
going up every day. We will sell, for we must
have the room.

Look at Our Astonishingly Low Price
List:
OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS:
for \$2.50, for \$3.50, for \$3.50, for \$2.50.
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for \$2.50, for \$2.50, for \$2.50, for \$2.50.
OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS:
for \$2.50, for \$2.50, for \$2.50, for \$2.50.
These are heavy-lined Overcoats, carefully
made and splendidly trimmed.

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for \$2.50, for \$2.50, for \$2.50, for \$2.50.
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for \$2.50, for \$2.50, for \$2.50, for \$2.50.
These are Plain-Back Overcoats, equal to
custom work.

HEAVY MEN'S SUITS:
for \$12.00, \$14.00, \$16.00, \$18.00, \$20.00.
MEN'S SUITS FOR FINE DRESS:
for \$12.00, \$14.00, \$16.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00.
BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS:
BOYS' SUITS from \$2.50 to \$10.00.
BOYS' OVERCOATS VERY LOW.

We sell only our own make and guarantee
satisfaction.
Money returned on all goods not found as
represented.
Please call, whether you wish to purchase
or not.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT
Is stocked with the latest styles, which we
make to measure at the lowest cash prices and
guarantee a perfect fit.
SUITS TO ORDER from \$12 upwards.
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MERCHANT TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,
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(Bausman's Corner.)

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BOILER MANUFACTORY,
SHOP ON PLUM STREET.

OPPOSITE THE LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.
The subscriber continues to manufacture
BOILERS AND STEAM ENGINES,
For Tanning and other purposes;
Furnace Ties,
Bellows Pipes,
Sheet-Iron Work, and
Blacksmithing generally.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
JOHN BEST.
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TINWARE, & C.
CALL ON SHEETZER, HUMPHREVILLE
& KIEFFER, manufacturers of
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORK,
and dealers in GAS FIXTURES AND HOUSE
FURNISHING GOODS. Special attention given
to PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.
No. 40 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

MARBLE WORKS.
WM. P. FRAYLEY'S
MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS
758 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa.
MONUMENTS, HEAD AND FOOT STONES,
CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c.
All work guaranteed and satisfaction given
in every particular.
N. B.—Remember, works at the extreme end
of North Queen street. m3-1

SMALING'S

Grand Opening of
SPRING WOOLENS!
London and Parisian Novelties,
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT,
CHOICE SELECTIONS,
CORRECT AND LEADING STYLES.

Having enlarged room, extended facilities
and increased light for displaying the Hand-
somest Stock of

WOOLENS
-FOR-
GENTLEMEN'S WEAR
ever offered to the public, forming a Grand
PANORAMA of

Beauty Taste,
Talent and Skill.
The Latest Novelties of the Season.

All are cordially invited to examine our
stock. Prices on plain carrels as low as consist-
ent with first-class Wool and Trimmings.

J. K. SMALING,
ARTIST TAILOR,
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CENTRE HALL,
24 CENTRE SQUARE.

Closing out our
WINTER STOCK
-AT-
Greatly Reduced Prices,

In order to make room for the
Large Spring Stock,
[Which we are now manufacturing.

Overcoats,
Suits and Suitings,
To be sold at the Lowest Prices.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,
24 CENTRE SQUARE.

A RARE CHANCE!
The Greatest Reduction of all in
FINE CLOTHES.

-AT-
H. GERHART'S
Tailoring Establishment.

(All Heavy Weight Woollens made to order
for cash only) at

COST PRICE.
I have also just received a Large Assortment
of the Latest Novelties in

ENGLISH, SCOTCH
-AND-
AMERICAN SUITINGS

Of Medium Weight, for the
EARLY SPRING TRADE.

These goods were all ordered before the rise
in Woollens, and will be made to order at re-
markably low prices. Also, a Fine Line of

SPRING OVERCOATING,
-AT-
H. GERHART'S,
No. 51 North Queen Street.

CHINA AND GLASSWARE.
NOTICE! NOTICE!
To Save Moving

China, Glass and Queensware
Will be sold at
REDUCED PRICES.

-AT-
CHINA HALL.
HIGH & MARTIN,
No. 8 East King Street.

DRUG STORES.
TRUSSES! TRUSSES! TRUSSES!
-THE-
Safest, Easiest and Best,
FOR SALE BY
ANDREW G. FREY'S
City Pharmacy, Southeast Cor. North Queen &
Orange Sts., Lancaster. ap-15-lyd

Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 26, 1880.
Detective Stories.

The Laurieville Mystery.
"You don't say so!"
"Yes, it is too true, neighbor Harris;
the squire is gone. We must all come to
it, but this is dreadful!"
"Murdered in cold blood you say,
Brown?"
"Such are the appearances."
"And no clue to the murderer?"
"Not the slightest."

This fragment of conversation I over-
heard as I came up to where my neighbors
Brown and Harris were discussing the
great local sensation of the village where
we lived.

Brown and Harris were farmers, whose
lands were only separated from each other
by a small stream, of sufficient
importance to dignify with the name of
river.

Laurieville was a small village and
boasted of one lawyer, from whom the
place took its name—Seymour Laurie.
He was an old, white-headed, stout man-
nered gentleman, descended from the an-
cient Scottish heroes. He was an excellent
lawyer, honest and reliable; and his advice
was sought for by many far and near.

Squire Laurie had lost his wife, but
they remained to him two daughters and
two sons; all dutiful and well-behaved,
save the younger son, Alfred, who often
made his old father's heart ache with his
wild life and very reckless habits. Some
thought the squire had been too strict
with his boy, and others took another
view of the subject.

One morning, by the dim rays of early
daylight, Mr. Laurie, sr., was discovered,
in the room which served as an office,
study and library, lying prone on the floor,
with numerous contusions about his face,
and his skull fractured as by some heavy
blunt instrument.

I was summoned at once, for though
young and it was many years after that
I entered my present position as police
surgeon, I was then a student at the law
in that region; but the old gentleman
had long ceased to require a physician's
skill when I arrived.

The family were in deep distress. I said
what I could to comfort them and while
waiting for the coroner to arrive, walked
over to the next house, which happened to
be Mr. Brown's, and there heard the dia-
logue already given.

Mr. Brown was raking some hay from
his mow for the cattle. I bade both gen-
tlemen goon morning, and they returned
the salutation.

"This is a sad event that calls you to
the farms this morning, doctor," said Mr.
Harris.

"Sad and mysterious," I answered.
"It is truly; and I, for one, cannot
see the motive for the act," said Mr.
Brown.

As he uttered these words something
heavy fell from the rafter of hay to the
floor, with a dull, leaden sound. It startled
us all, as little things will at such times,
and we hastened to ascertain what it could
be.

We were not less startled to find under
the fallen hay a heavy triangular-shaped
lump of lead, such as is sometimes used
on fishing lines, but larger and heavier,
covered with red stains of human blood,
to which there clung long, white hairs.

"It is the weapon with which the squire
was murdered!" I exclaimed.

"Impossible!" gasped poor Brown;
"how could it have been found on my
hay?"

"Easily enough," I replied; and the
man who used it may be hidden there
also."

I seized a pitchfork and ran up a ladder
to the top of the hay. Mr. Brown and
Mr. Harris joined me there in an instant
but after a thorough search in every nook
and corner, no trace of anything further
could be found.

The coroner came at last, and an exami-
nation was had, which actually led to noth-
ing, but creating a suspicion—a dark, dreadful
suspicion—against the wayward son,
Alfred.

I did not share in this belief, which was
becoming quite general; for, although cir-
cumstances pointed strongly to the son,
young man, it appeared to me he did not
possess the depraved nature attributed to
him.

Finding the leaden weight was another
link in the testimony against the young
man, he had been seen with some portion
of this kind in his possession recently, at-
tached to a fishing line.

I was riding from the darkened home of
my friend, slowly and sorrowfully, think-
ing of his sudden fate, and the dark cloud
of suspicion that hovered over his son,
when my horse stopped so suddenly that I
was nearly thrown from my seat.

"Hallo, doctor! In a brown study,
ain't ye?"

It was Hy Covell, who spoke from near
my horse's head, where he had arisen like
an apparition.

Hy was one of your ne'er-do-wells, whose
chief end appeared to be to smoke vile to-
bacco, and drink villainous alcohol prepa-
rations, without regard to their names. He
might be designated as chief loafer of Lau-
rieville, and in that character was ever at
home.

Hy lived a kind of hermit's life, all by
himself, in an old cabin in the woods; that
is, when away from his favorite haunts, in
a warm corner of the Laurieville hotel bar-
room.

"What is it, Hy? You quite startled
me. I did not see any one before me," I
said.

"'pose ye didn't, cause ye wasn't
lookin'!" replied my interviewer, with a
grim smile.

"Well, what do you want, my man?
You haven't turned Hy-wayman, have
you?"

Hy Covell laughed, as though that was
the best joke of the season; but he ap-
peared disturbed about something, and
uneasily changed his quid of tobacco from
one cheek to the other, finally stammering
out:

"Doctor, ye can keep a secret, I guess,
can't ye?"

"Why, yes, if it is a harmless one."
"Wal, I don't know so much about that;
but there's a chap up in my cabin who
is hurt—purtly hurt, too, I reckon, but
he won't hear to my calling anybody in to
see him, and he says he will blow my
brains out if I do. But I've done all I can
for the critter, and don't want him to die
on my hands; so I slipped out to call ye,
as I seen ye coming down this hill."

"Well, what is your secret, Hy?" I asked.
"Why, I don't want him to know I cum
out arter ye; but if he thought ye just
happened in like, to dun me or something,
why maybe he would let ye examin' him
and so what the matter is?"

"All right, Hy, I'll do as you wish, I
have a call to make on the Widow Grey,
and after that will come to your house."
Hy shuffled off toward his woodland
haunt, and I started my Rosinante into a
trot toward Mrs. Grey's with something
new to reflect upon.

"How is your rheumatism this morning,
Mrs. Grey?"

but rheumatism isn't the worst thing people
has to endure."

"Very true. You have heard of the
terrible news about Squire Laurie, I sup-
pose?"

"Yes, doctor; it is dreadful! But who
did it—what did it? Perhaps you can
tell?"

Her questions were anxious and hur-
ried, as though much depended on my re-
ply.

I told her how little was known or could
be surmised upon the subject, and she
grew more calm.

"My Joseph has been with some pretty
wild fellows lately, and that has given me
considerable anxiety. Only last night he
had a young man home with him, whose
looks I did not like at all, and they were
at work with their fishing lines until late
at night, and then Joseph must go with
him to the tavern, and I have not seen him
since."

"Did you say that they were talking of
fishing lines?" I asked.

"Yes, they had lines, and sinkers, and
leather straps of all sizes. I happened to
mention that one of the sinkers was too
large and heavy, when this stranger says:
"The old woman doesn't know what kind
of fish we're goin' for." My boy was
not brought up to be so ill-mannered, and
I don't want him to associate with such.
Joseph merely answered, in a respectful
manner, that the lead was one Al Laurie
had given him some days before, and that
he had used it many times."

The garrulous old lady's conversation,
which I had thought tiresome, was getting
interesting.

"Could it be that there was a key which
might aid in unlocking an entrance to the
great mystery of Laurieville?"

I obtained a minute description of her
son's companion, who was called Joel
Green, left Mrs. Grey some words of com-
fort and some medicine, and started to
keep my appointment with Hy Covell.

Leaving my horse a short distance from
the house, I walked quietly to the door
and entered without rapping, smoking, and
in one corner of the room a dark object lay
on some buffalo robes.

I pretended not to notice the latter, but
engaged in conversation with Covell. All
at once a deep groan came from the suffer-
er, as if pent up-nature could not be
restrained.

"Ah! what have you here?" I asked,
in pretended astonishment.

"Nothing much," muttered Hy, un-
easily.

"There is no use, doctor; I'll die if you
don't help me!" groaned a pitiful voice
from the corner.

"No use of what?" I asked, coming up
to where the sufferer lay.

"Oh, nothing. I have myself, and tried
to keep anybody from knowing it; but it
is no use."

Hy Covell helped me move the man into
a better light, and there I beheld the
person Mr. Grey had described so mi-
nutely.

In a moment I comprehended the whole
story, and read the Laurieville mystery as
from an open book.

"Oh, this is Joel Green," I said care-
lessly.

He looked up with a startled expression,
but said nothing. He had a low brow,
black hair and a most wicked facial ex-
pression.

"You were out fishing last night, with
young Grey," I continued.

"No I wasn't," he snapped out.

Without paying any attention to the de-
nial, I went on to say:

"You went from Mrs. Grey's house to
the hotel; from there you went to Squire
Laurie's home, and—I can tell you the
rest of the story if you wish to hear it."

"Hold on! You are not a doctor, but a
devil—a witch! Who told you that, and
I can prove it by Hy Covell. Can't I, Hy?"

"Don't get me mixed into your vil-
lainies. I don't know nothing about ye
only as ye cum early this mornin' in a
cripple, and I did what I could for ye."

The man groaned in anguish, and for a
time forgot his physical agony.

He suddenly failed in his terror, and
then I examined his condition, and found
a dislocation at the hip-joint and a frac-
tured clavicle. He must have suffered in-
tensely.

When he became conscious again I re-
duced the dislocation, with the aid of Hy,
and gave the clavicle as much atten-
tion as was possible under the circum-
stances.

Evil-doers are always cowards when
attacked by disease, and this case was not
an exception.

"Am I much hurt, doctor? Is it
dangerous, I mean?" he asked in a whin-
ing tone.

I shook my head, and told him I feared
it was, and that he had better confess his
crime at once, and atone for it as far as
possible.

"I didn't do it! I haven't done any-
thing!" he hurriedly replied.

"You wish me to continue my story, I
see," I said. "Well, you went from the
poor squire's—where you expected to find
a large sum of money, but was disap-
pointed—Mr. Brown's barn, where you
left in the hay loft the leaden weight with
which you struck the old man down, and
that I have seen."

"Enough—enough, doctor. I am
helpless, and can't suffer more than now,
whatever they do to me. I confess it all.
I fell from the hay-loft and dragged my
self here."

The poor wretch dictated a confession,
and the clearing of Alfred Laurie's name
was very great and quite gratifying to me.
It appeared that the Widow Grey's son
was not a party to the murder, although
Green had been his companion for a few
days.

E. F. BOWMAN,

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Watches and Clocks,
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TRIPLE-PLATED
STEEL HANDLE KNIVES

Medium Size Double Bolster Handles,
Desert Size Double Bolster Handles,
SATIN FINISHED HANDLES,
PLAIN FINISHED HANDLES.

ALL OF
Rogers & Bro.'s Celebrated Manufacture,
-AT-
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ers, Hat Racks, Marble Top Tables, Ex-
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on hand, at prices that are acknowledged to be
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NEATLY DONE.

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15% EAST KING STREET,
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SAFE
REMEDIES!