The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVII--No. 63. LANCASTER PA., FRIDAY. NOVEMBER 12, 1880 Price Two Cents.

DRY GOODS.

Wanamaker & Brown, - - Oak Hall.

SHALL WE SELL THEM?

There is in Philadelphia a clothing house which has no double in all the world. The world is full of clothing houses; and it is a good deal to say that one is unlike all the rest.

First, in its dealing; and it is surprising that one house should differ much from another. Selling clothing is so simple a matter, that it is likely, one would suppose, to be done in very much the same way in Philadelphia, New York and London. But Philadelphia is ahead; and, curiously enough, one house in Philadelphia is ahead of all the rest.

To be ahead in dealing is to deal on a higher plane, in a more liberal way, to give the buyer more well founded confidence without loss of the merchant's safety. This Philadelphia clothing house says to a stranger: "We want to deal with exact justice. We want what belongs to us, viz., a fair profit; and we want you to have what belongs to you, viz., a liberal money's-worth. Our way to arrive at this result is to mark a price on everything we sell, which price is absolute; and to let you buy what you like, go away and think the bargain over, and come and trade back, if you want to. We find by experience that this liberality is harmless to us. Of course, you like it. And it makes quick and ready dealing. We don't want you to bring back what you buy—it would cost us money every time; but we would rather you would bring back than keep, what you don't like. So, we try to see that you get at first what you will like the better the more you know of it. This is really the whole philosophy of our dealings." Is it any wonder that no other clothing house in this city, or New York, or London, deals in the same way?

Second, in its goods—the amount and variety of them. There are other houses where excellent clothing is kept, and a great deal of it; but there is none, anywhere, that keeps so much. The dealing related above has won the largest trade the world has yet seen. To supply such a trade great quantity and variety of clothing are required; and these in turn increase the trade, because everybody likes to choose out of many things, rather than out of few.

This is the country of ready-made clothing. Great Britain makes the most of any European country; but there is not in all London any clothing business a quarter as large as that of Oak Hall. New York has several large clothing businesses; but no one nearly equal to that of Oak Hall; Boston likewise.

Look back twenty years! Have we done you good service, or not? But that is not what we had in view; we were thinking of the clothes you are going to buy to-day. Shall we sell them?

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

OAK HALL, Sixth and Market,
PHILADELPHIA.

SPECIAL INVITATION.

WATT, SHAND & COMPANY

Invite ladies to examine large purchases of Clearing Lots at less than Auction Prices.

COLORED DRESS SILKS,

Beautiful Shades, really worth $1, only 65c.

BLACK DRESS SILKS.—Popular brand, 87c, $1, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75.
POWDER CLOTH SUITINGS.—36 inches wide, all wool; importer's price 80c; ours 62½c.
BLACK CASHMERES.—Excellent Value, 37½, 50, 55, 62½, 75, 87c, $1, 1.25.
COLORED CASHMERES.—Double width; new shades 12c; now sold at 25c.
FLANNEL SUITINGS.—Desirable Colors, 50c to $1.20.
PLAID DRESS GOODS and NOVELTIES.—Largest Assortment and Lowest Prices.
LADIES' GLOVES.—200 dozen Heavy Lisle Gloves 25c; worth 50c.

CLOAKS, SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,
AT POPULAR PRICES.

NEW YORK STORE.

J. B. MARTIN & CO.

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, WALL PAPERS.

Complete Stock in all Departments. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

CELEBRATED PEARL SHIRT,

Made of Wamsutta Muslin, Three-Ply All Linen Bosom and guaranteed to fit; without exception the best Shirt in the city. Measures taken and Shirts made to order.

Elegant Line of Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, &c.

J. B. MARTIN & CO.

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.

MONOGRAMMING 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.

KIDNEY PADS.

DAY'S KIDNEY PAD!

A NEW DISCOVERY.

That acts directly on the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, by absorbing all humors, every trace of disease, and forcing into the system powerful and healthful vegetable Tonics, giving it wonderful power to cure PAIN IN THE BACK, Side and Loins, Inflammation and Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, Inability to Retain or Expel the Urine, High Colored, Scanty or Painful Urinating, Deposits, Shreds or Casts in the Urine, NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, and in fact any disease of these great organs.

It avoids entirely the troubles and dangers of taking nauseous and poisonous medicines. It is comfortable, safe, pleasant and reliable in its effects, yet powerful in its action. It can be worn at all seasons, in any climate, and is equally good for MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD.

Ask your druggist for it and accept no imitation or substitute, or send to us and receive it by return mail.

Regular Pad, $2; Special Pad, for Chronic, deep-seated, or cases of long standing, $3; Children's Pad, prevention and cure of summer complaint, weak kidneys and bed wetting, $1.50.

Day Kidney Pad Company,

TOLEDO, OHIO.

EASTERN AGENCY,

CHARLES N. CRITTENTON,

115 Fulton St., New York.

$500 REWARD!

OVER A MILLION OF

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

French Kidney Pads

Have already been sold in this country and in France; every one of which has given perfect satisfaction, and has performed cures every time when used according to directions. We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

that the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will Positively and Permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED!

Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

FRENCH KIDNEY PAD,

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2 and you will receive the Pad by return mail. For sale by

JAMES A. MEYERS,
Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

Sold only by GEO. W. HULL,
Druggist, 15 W. King St., Lancaster, Pa.
aug11-6mdeodM,W&F

Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad.

Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Ague Cake, Billious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price $1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guilmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address

FRENCH PAD COMPANY,
Toledo, Ohio.

aug11-6mdeodM,W&F

COAL.

B. B. MARTIN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of

LUMBER AND COAL.

Yard: No. 420 North Water and Prince streets above Lemon, Lancaster. n4-1yd

COAL! COAL! COAL! COAL

Coal of the Best Quality put up expressly for family use, and at the lowest market prices.

TRY A SAMPLE TON.

YARD—150 SOUTH WATER ST.

n29-1yd PHILIP SCHUM, SON & CO.

COAL! COAL! COAL!!!

We have constantly on hand all the best grades of COAL that are in market, which we are selling as low as any yard in the city. Call and get our prices before buying elsewhere.

M. F. STEIGERWALT & SON,
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COHO & WILEY,

350 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

LUMBER AND COAL.

Connection With the Telephonic Exchange.

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FOR

GOOD, CLEAN FAMILY COAL,

and all other kinds of Coal.
Manure by the car load at Philadelphia stock yard prices. Farmers and others in want of

SUPERIOR MANURE

will find it to their advantage to call.
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For good, clean Family and all other kind of COAL go to

RUSSEL & SHULMYER'S.

Quality and Weight guaranteed. Orders respectfully solicited.

OFFICE: 22 East King Street. YARD: 618 North Prince Street.
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ROBES, BLANKETS, &C.

SIGN OF THE BUFFALO HEAD.

ROBES! ROBES!!

BLANKETS! BLANKETS

I have now on hand the LARGEST, BEST AND CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT of Lined and Unlined BUFFALO ROBES in the city. Also LAP AND HORSE BLANKETS of every description. A full line of

Trunks and Satchels,

Harness, Whips, Collars, &c.

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

A. MILEY,

108 North Queen St., Lancaster.

25-1ydMW&S

TINWARE, &C.

STOVES. STOVES.

Brick-Set and Portable

HEATERS and RANGES

AT:

Shertzer, Humphreville & Kieffer's

40 EAST KING STREET.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 12, 1880.

AMERICA.

THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.

Senior Oration at Franklin and Marshall College by H. E. Bartholomew, of Bath, Pa.; Class of '81.

EVENT AND COMMENT.

Duped by a Darkey—The Blue Grass Hero—Amenities of Politics—The Treaty of Mentor.

America.

H. E. Bartholomew.

The past rises before me like a dream, and I see the peaceful shores of America drenched in innocent blood. I see Columbia's noblest son mangled and dead upon the plains of New England. I see the blood of my forefathers crimson the streamlets of Pennsylvania, as they flow unsullied to the sea. I see the gallant youths and brave sires of 1776 unfurl the banner of freedom, fight and conquer in the great struggle for independence.

Not from a love of conquest, not to gather trophies from a thousand battlefields, not to receive titles of proud distinction and be called the honored ancestors of future generations—such was not the motive that impelled the noble heroes of a century ago to meet their foe on the field of battle, nor was it the weight of actual oppression, the cruel treatment of infamous tyrant, the disturber of national and individual peace, that aroused young America to defend her hallowed soil.

It was the grand principle of right, the sacred duty of resisting the exercise of unauthorized power, the principle of freedom, the highest gift to man, the principle for which Hampden bled.

There are instances in the history of the world where men, women and children are driven to defense by the iron hand of cruel despotism. Without a home, without refuge, without a sacred altar, they fearlessly rush to the cannon's mouth, and surrender their lives to the unrelenting enemy. This may be called suicide in despair.

How different the scene, how unlike the incentive, which aroused the patriotism of our forefathers and led them on to victory!

They were men who beheld the ghastly form of tyranny in every oppressive law, who in the darkest hour were willing to quell the wrong at the expense of their own fortunes and bloodshed, who were ready at all times to exclaim with the orator of Virginia, Give me liberty or give me death. Upon these principles they fought, upon these principles they died upon these principles they conquered.

The battle is o'er, the victory is won, right has gained the ascendency over wrong, and a people before subject to the rule of unjust sovereignty are rejoicing under the blood-stained banner of freedom, swell the anthems of liberty from New England to Georgia, and make the unsettled wilderness re-echo the joyful sound to the prairies of the West.

But can we forget the dead, the honored dead? They sleep in the land they made free:

"Beneath the rugged elms the yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf of many a mouldering heap;
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The brave forefathers of this country sleep."

They sleep beneath the proudest monument of republics, the tranquil column of liberty. They sleep at Lexington and Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown, unconscious alike of the laurels around their hallowed brows and the sublime achievements for which they voluntarily shed their life blood.

They are dead. Their bones lie mouldering in the soil of the federal states, but in the hearts of their countrymen they live honored and cherished as the dearest offerings upon the altar of memory.

Standing by the cradle of this grand republic's birth, it is a sad scene to see the infant sprinkled with its parent's blood. It is a sad scene to see the sun shine upon heaps of slain, and fertile plains streaming with innocent gore. Yea, it is sad to think that the home of our forefathers could only be made happy and free by bloodshed, that the peace of a nation could only be secured upon the battlefield, and that the foundation of a republic in such a glorious land could only be laid by the aid of the cannon and musket. However, when this country was come into existence, when this broad continent which lay outstretched in shaggy wildness from the stormy Atlantic to the golden waves of the Pacific with only a few hamlets that chanced to nestle along its beach, was to become the terminus of the world's progress when mankind was to be raised upon a higher plane of human development, and America was chosen to be the chief actor in the most sublime drama in history, she, like France and England, Belgium and Germany, could not retire from the stage victorious without struggling with the tide of severe opposition. One hundred years have passed away. As many golden harvests have yielded to the peaceful sickle and given to this people its increase, and during this brief period of time the patriotic spirit which permeates the veins of every true American, the energy of a free people, the moral dignity and the fear of an overruling Providence, have made the "land of the free and the home of the brave" the proudest monument of republics, the coliseum of the world's progress.

There was a time when Greece and Rome were the intellectual centres of the world. When the star of empire was twinkling amid the cheerless gloom of barbarism, pouring its effulgent beams upon the domes and temples of Roman and Grecian architecture, and apparently seeming to have ended its course through the heavens, it stood there for awhile. Its brilliancy increased as the years rolled on. The vault of heaven seemed to widen over the prospect in one eternal sunshine.

Rome is no longer the mistress of the world. Greece is no longer the home of the philosopher and the poet. Their former splendor and glory have vanished. The sceptre has passed away from their dominions. "The cloud-clapped towers" of Rome have crumbled and lie mingled with the dust of its former greatness. The "gorgeous palaces" and proud temples of Greece have gone to decay amid the ruins of its former splendor. Even the star of freedom and empire that once shone upon their grandeur and magnificence has fled away to some other clime, and while its shadow falls upon the ignoble ruins of once glorious, it twinkles with increasing brilliancy and lustre in the western heavens, pouring its effulgent rays with equal splendor upon the lowest hamlet that nestles amid gold mines of California and the gilded domes that swell from the proudest edifice of New England. Well has the poet said:

Westward the course of empire takes it way,
The first four acts already passed;
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Look over this country to-day—prouder, nobler and grander than any other. The majestic arch of liberty spans over its walls from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. There is Washington! The proudest capital of republics. It towers above the magnificence of other lands and other powers, and makes the valley of the Potomac the pride and glory of the world.

There are our colleges from Bowdwin of Maine to the University of Alabama, placing our sons and our daughters, too, among the most polished of the human race; nor can I pass over in silence the still and powerful influence which is wielded by the lofty teachings which you and I receive in the classic halls of this institution, *Franklin and Marshall*, and which, through its various agencies gives a loftier impulse to thought, and contributes a liberal share to develop the thinking of the age. Our public school system stands out a model before the world, and which all would do well to imitate. The lad of luxury and the child of misfortune walk side by side in the path that leads to knowledge and truth, to honor and glory. There is our individual and national prosperity in which the rich and poor can smile with one accord. Our material resources are great from the pine-clad hills of Maine to the orange groves of Florida; from the rich ores of Pennsylvania to the Eldorado of California.

But above all, the principle of honor, integrity and equal rights to all men which actuates the American people has done more for the advancement of our country and humanity than all the wealth of its ores or the fertility of its soil.

There is one characteristic of this glorious republic, which constituting as it does its living principle, proud distinction and crowning glory, can not be passed over in silence. It is this, that our government is not only composed of one element or a distinct nationality, but of representatives of almost every nation in the world which constitute us one people. When in the early history of our country the shores of the South, blooming with wild flowers of sweet perfume, became known to the East, the haughty Spaniard stepped upon its soil, and with the presumption of a Balboa declared that the sea and all the land it might touch should belong to the crown of Spain forever. England, with her accustomed boldness, when first she beheld, claimed the possession of the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia. France also was eager to extend her dominion and claimed as her share the territory from Maine to Louisiana. European powers, the Spaniards, the French, the Dutch and the English, visited the American shores and finding them laden with fruit of success and power were eager each to sway his own sceptre in the howling wilderness. Impelled by ambition, aroused by sectional jealousy and hatred, the passion for superiority, triumph and power, amid the wealth of America, the granite and plains of New England, the slumbering fertility of Pennsylvania, the material resources of this broad plain, they all were eager to wander and enrich themselves.

They lost sight of the sublime mission which America, through their own instrumentality, was chosen to perform to spread the grand principle of philanthropy, diffuse throughout the world knowledge, arts, comforts, civilization, religion and liberty, and promote the welfare of all nations under the sun without sectional jealousy and prejudice.

Strange it seems, and yet sublime, that in the progress of human events one single race or tribe did not take possession of these hills and valleys and establish a monarchical government according to their own ideas. Ah! America was destined to occupy a higher position in the advancement of human development. It was her mission to snatch from the brows of a select aristocracy the crown of glory and place it upon the heads of the multitude. She first recognized the importance of a strong central government dependent upon the strength of the individual, neither state rights nor centralization. It is not enough for a country to possess a select class of educated and cultivated men and assign them the supreme power and control, for the nation consists of the many and not the few, and where the people are not possessed with certain individual rights, there you see a degraded community sunk in ignorance. Ever though science and power be lodged in the bosom of its aristocracy, America bears such a relation to the developement of mankind that this lofty influence is penetrating even the bosom of the world's general life. To perform this sublime office a government not only of a select tribe, but of all races, was necessary. Consequently in the course of human events descendants from the royal blood of England, sturdy sons from the fertile regions along the Rhine, the brave from the vine-clad hills of their delightful France, united by the direction of Providence harmoniously upon American soil and formed a government eternal as the hills constituted of the people, by the people, and for the people, and which to-day stretches its sons over the entire world and cordially invites all into its benign folds. Where then in the history of the world shall we place America? Shall we class her with the ancient empires of Greece and Rome, the immortal Washington with the ambitious Cæsar, the martyred Lincoln with the bloodthirsty Alexander? Shall we class her with her presumptious rival the majesty of England, who boasts of her Wellington? Shall we class her with France and powerful Germany, Napoleon and Frederick the Great? With one accord we answer "No," and without a blush. Where then shall we place America? She stands proudly aloft towering above the glory of evanescent empires, including all nations; the Paradise of the 19th century, the pyramid of honor and glory, the palladium of liberty, and above all wields the sublime influence upon all nations to work in harmony and peace, to engage in generous competition in a noble contest for superiority in wise legislation and internal improvements in the sphere of liberty and humanity.

A Darkey's Dupes.

Fleecing Sunday Duck Hunters in a Style Peculiarly his Own.

Galveston News.

Several Galveston gentlemen started last Sunday morning early for the purpose of desecrating that day. They carried guns and flasks with them for that purpose. The flasks were not as dry inside as a powder-horn. They were not that kind of flasks. Finally they saw ducks, and proceeded to organize a campaign plan. They crawled up on the ducks on their stomachs—that is, on their own (the hunters') stomachs—and blazing away killed two ducks. The Sunday hunters secured their prey, and proceeded to the cabin of an old darkey hard by, for the hunters were hungry. They told him they would shower down wealth upon him if he would cook their wild ducks for breakfast. The old darkey turned those wild ducks over and exclaimed: "Dem ar is my tame ducks, and dey is wuff fifty cents a piece. Dey is so tame dey runs after me wheneber I goes down to de pond." Then the hunters looked at each other and said: "Don't let us tell anybody about it, for fear the *Sifter* may get hold of it," and they paid over one silver dollar to the old African for his pet ducks, which he did not cook for them. But the best of the joke is that the old darkey lied, for the ducks were really wild ducks, after all, but the Galveston sportsmen did not know the difference. The old darkey makes as much as ten dollars a Sunday by going out and claiming all the wild ducks that are shot as his tame ducks. In every instance the huntsman hands over the money.

The Blue Grass Hero.

David Benedict, of Harristown, Westchester co., N. Y., is a hale hearty farmer. He was walking through Chatham street, New York, when James W. Ward and William Farnham, two confidence men, approached him. Ward, handing David Benedict a circular from a tea company, remarked that if Mr. Benedict would only take some of that tea with him to Westchester they would pay him well for it. David Benedict inquired what kind of tea they were selling. They invited Mr. Benedict to accompany them to a saloon in City Hall place, and there they gave him a cup of tea, which not only nauseated him but went to his head. While sitting there a man entered, who represented himself as the "Blue Grass Hero of Kentucky." He was loud in his announcements of how he had beaten some of the smartest thieves in New York. He drew from his pocket a large roll of bills and three cards. The he explained to his friends how he had won the great roll of money by a trick. Mr. Benedict was introduced to try and learn the game. He drew from his wallet $98 which he held closely in his hand. He was not to be caught easily, but was willing to wager if the game was explained to him. While he was watching the "Blue Grass Hero of Kentucky" shuffling the cards and showing how the trick was done, James W. Ward snatched the $98 and attempted to escape. David Benedict is a burly man, with great muscle and strong lungs. He shouted for the police, and hung on to the coattails of Ward and Farnham. The "Blue Glass Hero from Kentucky" escaped. Mr. Benedict managed to hold on to the others until Policeman Leahy came up, who took the two sharpers into custody.

It's Just So.

Detroit Free Press.

"I can't see how men will make fools of themselves over politics," observed Col. Shaker, as he overtook his friend, Judge Smith, on his way to dinner yesterday.

"Nor I either," replied the judge. "I don't think much of a man who can't discuss politics unbiased and with the same calmness he could speak of a sale of real estate. You are a Democrat and I am a Republican. I think I am right and you think you are. A little pleasant discussion is all right, but when it comes to flying mad and getting excited I think a man is an idiot."

"Just my idea, judge. By the way, what do you think of that Garfield letter on the Chinese question?"

"I think it's a base forgery."

"Do you? Why I think it's a settler on him,

"Bosh! He never wrote it!"

"But there is his own handwriting to prove it!"

"Prove nothing. I tell you it is one of the contemptible dodges your party is noted for."

"Contemptible dodges! I'd like to see a more contemptible dodge than your colonizing Indiana the way you did."

"Never colonized a voter there!"

"See here, Judge Smith, do you take me for a blind man that can't read?" demanded the colonel, as his chin began to shake.

"And do you think I'm an idiot?" demanded the judge as he grew red in the face.

"I say that letter is a forgery!"

"And I say it isn't."

"It is!"

"It isn't!"

They halted.

They glared at each other.

Then the colonel crossed the street in the mud to get away from such a man, and the judge crossed a vacant lot rather than be on the same street with a falsifier.

The Treaty of Mentor.

New York Sun.

Sooner or later the exact terms of the treaty of Mentor, by which Grant, Conkling, Cameron and company agreed to support Garfield and to abandon their passive position, must become known. It may be confidently assumed in the meantime that Mr. Conkling never consented to come to the front, after having contemptuously spurned the candidate, without a bond of protection for his special interests that could not be denied in the event of success.

It is clear that the intermediary in the negotiations was Simon Cameron, whose long experience in bargaining with all sides peculiarly fitted him for that business. He was able to tell Garfield plainly that defeat was certain unless the third-termers were conciliated. With that result staring the Ohio man in the face, submission became a necessity, and he accepted it.

An old stager like Simon Cameron who has traded with Democrats, Whigs, Know-Nothings and Republicans, would not be apt on such an occasion to let future consequences depend upon any mere speeches especially where the interests of the Camerons where at stake. He is too shrewd to trust the promises of any politician when they might be conveniently broken, or postponed, or repudiated.

After describing the situation, he doubtless insisted, like *Petruchio*, on a delicate occasion:

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Doubtless an agreement exists, which substantially binds Garfield to follow the behest of Conkling and Grant. In the course of a few months, the nature and the extent of that obligation will be fully disclosed, and the country may see reason to believe that the election of Garfield was a direct step toward the return of Grantism.

As a general rule, nothing succeeds like success. But there are exceptions to it, and this may be one of them.

Given to Find.

Given a good flogging, to find a schoolmaster who dos'nt feel it more than the boy he is flogging,
Given advice to find a man who will act upon it,
Given a bottle of Spring Blossom, to find a case of
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Billiousness, Heartburn, Constipation, Kidney and Bladder Complaints that it can't cure.

Prices: 50c., trial bottles 10c.
For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa. 21

A Wish.

I wish I was a foreigner, Hottentot or Heathen Turk,
Or else I lived in China where they used no knife or fork,
For my health is really horrid, I'm feeling very sad,
And I have got dyspepsia, and got it very bad.
Poor fellow, instead of grunting, moaning and crying,
You better by far Spring Blossom be trying.

Prices: 50c., trial bottles 10c.
For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. 21

HOP BITTERS.

TRUTHS.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.

They are compounded from Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.

Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company,
Rochester, New York, and Toronto, Ontario.
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MEDICAL.

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CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.

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