

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVIII—No. 21.

LANCASTER, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

Price Two Cents.

DRY GOODS.

MARKET AND NINTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

MORE Woollens in Store.
MORE Woollens under contract for future delivery.
MORE Woollens assort and in transit from foreign countries.
MORE and greater facilities than ever before for meeting the wants and demands of the people.
This is our situation at the opening of our FALL AND WINTER BUSINESS OF 1881. We now have already in port a large invoice of

SEAL SKIN CLOTHS AND PLUSHES.

COLOR—BLACK, BROWN, SEAL, OTTER MOLE, DRAB AND WHITE, FOR LADIES' COATS, SACQUES, WRAPS, JACKETS, CLOAKS AND FOR TRIMMING.

SEAL SKIN CLOTHS of every quality and color will be one of our leading specialties this season.

LADIES' DRESS CLOTHS.

Our assortment contains more new colors, a greater variety of shades and a wider range of effects in SMALL CHECKS, STRIPES AND NEAT SMALL FIGURES, &c., than can be found elsewhere. Some of our leading colors, are handsome, bright shades of GREEN, OLIVE, SAGE, BROWN, GARNET, &c.

Children's Sacques and Wraps.

NEW FIGURED CLOTHS IN GREAT VARIETY FOR YOUNG MISSES, CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS WEAR. OUR

MEN'S AND BOYS' DEPARTMENTS

Have received their usual careful attention, only our purchases have been larger to meet the demands of our growing business. Much attention has been devoted to selecting fine, seasonable and fashionable fabrics for GENTS' MEN'S STREET AND DRESS SUITS.

FLANNELS FOR UNDERWEAR

And other general purposes, in large assortment of every quality at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES for the BEST STANDARD MARKS.

INVITATIONS

are cordially extended to citizens and strangers to make a personal examination of the Largest and Handsomest Stock of Cloakings and Woollens in Philadelphia at Retail.

SNODGRASS, MURRAY & CO.,

GREAT RETAIL CLOTH HOUSE.

Market and Ninth Streets, Philadelphia.

(Sept 19-31 and 1)

CLOTHING.

ROSENSTEIN'S SPECIAL NOTICE.

I Herely Inform My Friends and the Public

MY STORE WILL BE CLOSED

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24,

UNTIL 6 O'CLOCK P. M.

AL. ROSENSTEIN,

One Price Merchant Tailor and Clothier,

(NEXT DOOR TO SHULTZ & BROS' HAT STORE).

No. 37 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa.

FALL CAMPAIGN.

MYERS & RATHFON

Are better prepared than ever to accommodate the public in

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

At bottom prices, all our own manufacture—no Shoddy Clothing. A man can get the best Ten Dollar All Wool Suit at Centre Hall sold in America. While this is a specialty, yet all our Clothing is sold proportionately cheap. Buying your Clothing at Centre Hall you save one profit. Our Clothing Department is full and complete. If you want a cheap business suit you can have it made to order (all wool) from Fifteen to Twenty-five Dollars, Dress Suits from Eighteen to Forty Dollars. And remember you have the Largest Stock and the Best Variety to select from, and satisfaction in every way guaranteed. We are prepared to make up all short notice and in the best style and at the lowest prices. Our Cutters are First-Class. Our stock of

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

is full and complete. Don't fail to call and look through Centre Hall before you make your Fall and Winter purchase. You will find willing hands to show you through the immense stock of Woollens. Overcoats by the hundred for Men, Youths, Boys and Children.

MYERS & RATHFON.

CENTRE HALL,

No. 12 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PENN'A.

IRON BITTERS.

IRON BITTERS!

A TRUE TONIC. SURE APPETISER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, INTERMITTENT FEVERS, WANT OF APPE-TITE, LOSS OF STRENGTH, LACK OF ENERGY, &c.

It enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. It acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as *Tearing the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A. B. C. Book, 72 pp., of useful and amusing reading—sent free.

BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY,

(22-1/2yd&w) BALTIMORE, MD.
For Sale at COCHRAN'S DRUG STORE, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

MILLINERY.

1881. JUST OPENED. JUST OPENED. 1881.

NEW FALL GOODS,

Comprising Millinery in all its branches of

HATS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS & RIBBONS.

Also all the Latest Fall Styles of Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Fringes, Gimps, Kid Gloves and anything else that can be found in a first-class Trimming Store.

OUR MOTTO—"BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES."

M. A. HOUGHTON'S

CHEAP STORE,

No. 25 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

Lancaster Intelligencer.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 24, 1881.

Millersville Again.

A Pointed Letter From an Excluded Alumnus
Editors Lancaster Intelligencer: I notice in your issue of Thursday an article touching the Millersville Normal in which occasion was taken to apply the lash to the young men recently forbidden the grounds. As I am one of the persons there advertised as so wretchedly wicked perhaps I may be granted the floor for a moment.

The INTELLIGENCER's authority has been fit to withhold his name and, therefore, I can make no adequate reply. I trust, however, that his reputation for respectability in the community in which he lives is a sufficient guarantee for his reliability as an informant. I have exceedingly puzzled me to know why I am denied access to the meetings and library of the Page society, and now that information has been proffered, I trust it is reliable and not from one of those.

"That kept to the word of promise to our ear And break it to our hope."
"The reliable gentleman in an excellent position to know all the facts," says that "this action was contemplated long before the revolt was thought of." In spite of the gentleman's reliability, this is highly improbable for I have satisfactory information to the effect that the names were never brought before the trustees previous to the meeting of the board that succeeded June 8. At any rate it is a damaging fact that the slightest intimation, directly or indirectly, has ever been given me, that the trustees were displeased with anything but my conduct in sympathizing with the young men who left and my crime in advising them after they had resolved to go to depart orderly, decently and without offering the slightest insult or abuse to any member of the faculty. If I have been an annoyance for years? I am sorry and so well satisfied to remain away that compulsion is hardly necessary. All I particularly care for is the use of the Page library. It is true I have attended the society meetings, gotten books out of the society library and made an occasional call upon a friend who was the wife of a faculty member, and in all this it can readily be seen what an intolerable annoyance and pest I must have become to persons I never met.

I do not precisely understand how much or how little the "reliable informant" means when he alleges that I have "abused the hospitality of the institution." It is rather difficult for a plain person to see how an individual can abuse a hospitality that has never been extended him. How, and in what particular I have committed this breach of good breeding, I am left darkly ignorant. "And, used the instrumentalities of the school to injure, and if possible, destroy it." Truly reliable informant, thou dost honor me overmuch! Had it not been for the unimpeachable testimony of "reliable informant," I would never have dreamed of being so insane a worshipper of the god Ego as to suppose for a moment that my puny arm could do aught to harm that great and successful institution. I deny the existence of both power and intent to "injure" or "destroy" of the school and I have never spoken of the work of the institution except in terms of respect and commendation—the INTELLIGENCER's authority to the contrary notwithstanding. "Hypothetically speaking," some persons possess such limited powers of discrimination that they mistake a man for an institution and confound a trustee with a board in its corporate capacity. In this connection I must also plead guilty of dense ignorance as to the meaning of "instrumentalities of the school." I sincerely trust that it is something entirely innocuous in its character. I hope that the information generally contributed by "reliable informant" is marked by a greater regard for truth than are the statements he makes respecting "the persons forbidden the grounds" and that his expertness in his ordinary business equals his proficiency in the art of detraction.

Lost Part of his Brains.

A Man Recovering After an Unusually Prolonged and Severe Operation.
The medical fraternity in Pottsville are just now greatly interested in a case which may eventually creep into the books. The doctors do not monopolize the interest felt in the case. It has spread to common people, and pleasure is taken in discussing each other—pointing to Valentine Kemmerer—that a man may lose a good deal of his brain and yet live a very comfortable existence. On the afternoon of Aug. 23, a train on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad pulled up at a station about 14 miles from this place. A man who had apparently been waiting for the train boarded it. He was very unsteady in his movements. The trainmen and passengers looked upon him as drunk. He dropped into a seat and paid no attention to any one. The conductor asked him for his ticket. He made no response. When finally told that unless he produced a ticket he would be put off the train, he, after much fumbling in his pockets, handed out a dollar bill. When asked about his destination he gave no answer, and the conductor thinking that he had enough money took the man's fare for Pottsville and gave him the change out of his dollar. When Five Points, a station about five miles from this place, was reached the man tried to leave the train. He was prevented by the conductor, who was afraid he would get injured. At the next station, Port Carbon, he again tried to leave the train. As Port Carbon is only two miles by road from Pottsville, the man was allowed to do as he pleased. As he left the train he staggered like a drunkard, and would have fallen out for George Holder, a saloon keeper, who recognized him as a resident of Five Points. The man was taken home. It soon became evident he was not under the influence of liquor. As he had been a soldier in the 18th regiment, U. S. Army, and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, took charge of him. Dr. Thomas Birch, of Port Carbon, was called to attend him. He found the man unable to speak. His right side, arm, and leg were paralyzed. He was unable to comprehend anything that might be said to him. He was emaciated to a painful degree, and seemed on the verge of the grave. The members of his family were surprised to see him. To their knowledge he had for some time been employed by a brick-making firm in Western county, N. Y. They did not expect him home. He is a Bavarian by birth and is 51 years of age. His wife is living and he has a daughter who is married and the mother of two children. He took no notice of his friends. Dr. Birch became interested in the case. He made a careful examination. In one of the rooms of the hotel he removed a certain part of Kemmerer's head. Dr. Birch felt him wince. A close inspection of the particular spot revealed a recently healed wound. The hair had grown over it, but it could be seen that the skin beneath was not in its normal position. A small piece of the scalp was removed. When this was revealed the broken end of a knife blade. The operation of trephining was performed and a piece of the skull about the size of a silver quarter removed. In the centre of this piece, so firmly imbedded that it could not be removed without breaking the bone, was found a broken knife blade. One and three-eighths inches of the blade penetrated the brain. The knife blade entered the skull near the anterior superior angle of the left parietal bone, and penetrated the anterior portion of left lobe of the cerebrum. When the operation had been performed an abscess was found surrounding the point of the blade. This was removed. In removing it about two ounces of brain matter was also removed and tissue that would cover the palm of an ordinary hand. The operation was performed on August 26. Before it was made it was evident that the man was dying; otherwise, perhaps, Dr. Birch would have deliberated before taking the risk.

It has since become known that Kemmerer worked in a brick yard on George's Island, Westchester county, N. Y. He worked up on Aug. 13. On Aug. 15 he was stabbed. From that time until long after he reached home his mind was a blank. He will probably never be able to tell how he reached home. In company with Dr. Birch, the *Times* correspondent paid the sick man a visit. His condition is improving wonderfully. The offensive in his skull looks healthy. It still emits a flow of pus, but the flow is daily growing less. His eye looks bright, and the cloud

The Bereaved Mother.

The President's Aged Parent.
Cleveland Correspondence Press.
The correspondent of the *Press* visited the aged mother of the dead president at her humble home near Solon. It is an unpretentious little home, provided by the kindness of the dead president, for it is no sin to remind the American people, who mourn the loss of the great hearted and great-brained executive, that all his kindred are poor. No one is above daily toil, and, except for the promotions of the past few years, it is doubtful whether even he would have been. It does not seem to be any part of the Garfield family training or inclination to be money-getters. The little house is built upon the ground, being only a story and a-half high. Two lines of great apple trees guard the walk from the gate through the hedge up to the parlor door. To-day the little room seemed hung in mourning by the looks of all who were about it. A few out flowers which grew in the garden near by were in a glass dish upon the table and to the right upon another little table sitting against the wall, large and excellent photographs of Garfield and Arthur sat side by side. On the opposite wall hung an engraving of Garfield as a boy, soldier and president. In this room sat Gen. Garfield's mother and Mrs. Larabee, her daughter, as well as Mrs. Larabee's youngest daughter. The aged mother seemed much depressed with her great sorrow, but bore up bravely. "I am starting upon my 81st year to-day," said she, "and it may be my last. This is a terrible sorrow, a fearful affliction for me to bear, but doubtless God knew best when to take him. He was the best son a mother ever had—so good, kind, generous and brave. If he had to die why didn't God take him without all the terrible suffering he endured? I suppose I ought to think it is for the best, and yet I cannot. He had, I know, fulfilled the full measure of his ambition. He had reached the highest place in the regard of his countrymen."
"Did you ever see such an uprising?" she said, eagerly. "That ought to break the fall for me, but it doesn't seem to. I want my boy. It seems so hard, too, that we could not have been with him in his dying hours. There are his sisters, who

played with him in his childhood, and who loved him as I did. It seems so hard that we should die away from us." As if gathering hope for the future, the courageous and loving mother, long past the allotted time of man or woman in years, added, "It is proper that he should be buried in Cleveland, it is the capital of the county in which he was born and of the section in which he lived in prominence. Men have had his home but a short time, although he had intended it should be the balance of his life. Most of his years have been spent at Solon and Orange, and it seems best that his final resting place should be near the places that he loved best."

The brave old lady often trembled with emotion while talking thus pathetically of her distinguished son. He seemed to fill her whole heart, and she never tired, she said, even in her affliction of seeing people who could know him. "It is wonderful," said she, "how I live upon thoughts upon him. I ride a little every day to get the fresh air and look at the fields and places he loved so well. I am so glad you have been over to the old homestead. He loved every foot of it. He and his brother built the frame house near the well where the pole has been erected. It was made carpentering, indeed, but they both took their first lessons in it, and I always loved the old home. I was burned after we left. I am very glad you saw Henry Boynton. He and James were such ardent friends. He knew all about his early life and struggle. The whole people are helping me to bear this terrible affliction. I am getting the kindest and most affectionate letters and telegrams from all sections of the country."

It is really surprising to see how the hearts of the people, especially in the West, have turned from mourning over the dead to give sympathy to the living. A whole bundle of letters and telegrams lay in the president's mother's lap breathing in tenderest terms the most hearty sympathy for her bereaved mother. From the presence of the mother to the village graveyard I passed, as soon as a walk of a half a mile would bring me there and within a few feet of the main gate for foot travelers I saw the grave of the president's father. He had his body disinterred some years since from its resting-place upon the farm at Orange and brought to this little village church-yard; almost under the shadow of the Baptist church a plain marble slab marks the spot where his remains lie. It bears the inscription: "Abraham Garfield, died May 31, 1828, aged 33." A cloud of creeping myrtle covers the ground and a Norway pine stands guard over the grave. In the other end of the town is the little church of the Disciples, steeples and decaying, where General Garfield used to preach.

It is Worth a Trial.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Bladder, and I thought it to be a dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was in a great deal of pain and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hot Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and spirits are all right, and I am as active as a man of 20, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do me for others of my age. It is worth the trial."—*self-25124*

The season's entertainments have been no more than an annoyance by coughing. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup does this. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Sowing and Reaping.

When a young lady hems handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor she sees that she may reap when seeds of discontent are planted through over indulgence, you can prevent the undertaker from reaping the benefit by using Spring Blossom. Price 50 cents. For sale at E. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

A Baptist Minister's Experience.

I am a Baptist Minister, and before I even thought of being a clergyman, I graduated in medicine, but let a lucrative practice for my present profession. 46 years ago I was for many years a sufferer from quinsy; "Thomas' Electric Oil" cured me, and also troubled with hemorrhoids, and Thomas' Electric Oil relieved me. My wife and child had diphtheria, and Thomas' Electric Oil cured them, and it taken in time it will cure seven out of ten. I am confident it is a cure for the most obstinate cold or cough, and if any one will take a small teaspoon and half fill it with the oil, and then place the end of the spoon in one nostril and draw the oil out of the spoon into the head by sniffing as hard as they can, until the oil falls over into the throat, and practice that twice a week, I don't care how offensive their head may be, it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For dizziness and earache it has done wonders to my certain knowledge. It is the only medicine I have used that has done me so much good. I like recommending it, and I am very anxious to see it in every place, for I tell you that I would not give you out of it my money for any consideration. I am now suffering with a pain like rheumatism in my neck, and nothing like Thomas' Electric Oil relieves me like Thomas' Electric Oil. Dr. E. F. CHANCE, Corry, Pa.

For sale at E. F. COCHRAN'S DRUG STORE, 137 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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is gradually lifting from his brain. He has regained the use of his limbs, and can walk about quite easily. He can use his right arm and hand, though not very well. He seems to understand what is said, but cannot express himself. He makes the most tremendous efforts to speak. He was able to protrude his tongue for the first time since his return home. He can say "Yes" and "No," but that is the extent of his talking powers up to date. His appetite is good—"tremendous," his wife says. He sleeps well at night, but seldom during the day. The popular theory—not, of course, among medical men—is that the forcible entrance of any foreign substance into the brain will cause instant death. Kemmerer's case will have the effect of completely extinguishing this theory wherever it is heard of. Dr. Birch is confident that his patient will fully recover, and in this opinion most of his colleagues are with him. Accidents which both skull and brain, but particularly the former, suffer injury, are of frequent occurrence. Here is one which is bad enough in its way to head the list. Al Wilson is an engineer on the Reading road. He has been for a number of years. Some time ago—several years—he was oiling his engine as it stood at a station. His head was between the pistonrod and the eccentric, when his fireman, who was unaware of Wilson's position, put his hand on the lever and started the engine. Wilson's head occupied the position of a nut in a bolt—cracker. The result is his skull was what would have happened to the nut if the cracker had been used in the ordinary way. Wilson's skull was cracked, not in one place, but in several places. He was picked up in an unconscious condition. His death was looked upon as inevitable. Eight inches square of bone were taken from his skull. The brain was uninjured. To-day he runs his engine, and is considered one of the best men on the road. But if Kemmerer gets well, and the chances seem to be altogether in his favor, he will be a natural curiosity here.

"It is Worth a Trial."
"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Bladder, and I thought it to be a dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was in a great deal of pain and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hot Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and spirits are all right, and I am as active as a man of 20, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do me for others of my age. It is worth the trial."—*self-25124*

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