

GRAND OPENING OF "THE GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR."

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—OF—

THE GREAT NEW YORK BAZAAR!

GOTTSCHALK & LEDERMAN, Proprietors,

26 and 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET, Lancaster, Penn'a.

ON OR ABOUT APRIL 1,

WITH A MOST SELECT STOCK OF

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS,

Hosiery, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

LACES, RIBBONS, GLOVES,

IN FACT EVERYTHING IN FACT

APPERTAINING—TO A FIRST-CLASS—APPERTAINING

MILLINERY AND NOTION BAZAAR!

LOOK OUT FOR OUR GREAT OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT! LOOK OUT FOR OUR

THE GREAT

NEW YORK BAZAAR!

GOTTSCHALK & LEDERMAN, Proprietors,

26 & 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

LOEB'S OLD STAND.

Lancaster, Penn'a.

CLOTHING.

TALK.
Christmas has come and gone. The old year has kissed its "good bye" to '82 and dropped back into the past, taking its place among the most eventful years of history. The holidays are over. The gift givers have ceased their giving, and the time when anything and everything would sell so readily has gone.
The "old togs" merchants are preparing to wear out their cushions and trousers by sitting themselves down during the months of January, February and March, to await the coming of "SPRING TRADE."
The "WIDE AWAKE" MERCHANT, the "Man-Who-Neve-Has-a-Dull-Season," the man who has learned that trade can be made in the usually dull months by working for it, is launching forth some new idea, some attraction which will draw the people; and accordingly keep the trade a "booming" and give his sleepy neighbors something to talk about and worry over.
Can any person be so obstinately blind as not to see that the "EVER-BUSY MERCHANT" is the one who REDUCES HIS GOODS TO COST in the dull season rather than store them away for the next season, whether his neighbor likes it or not, and such a store is being sought after by the swarming thousands of Lancaster city and county's purchasers.
AND NOW WE HAVE OUR STORE ILLUMINATED BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT by which every article and color can be seen as well by night as by day.
I therefore call your attention that every garment has been MARKED DOWN TO COST FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS, whereby you will be enabled to buy an OVERCOAT OR SUIT OF CLOTHES AT A VERY LOW PRICE.
Having still a good assortment on hand to select from.
My "Custom Made Department" is filled with the choicest Woolsens the market affords. A perfect fit always guaranteed.

AL ROSENSTEIN,

THE PIONEER OF MODERATE PRICES,
NO. 37 NORTH QUEEN STREET. Next door to Shultz & Bro.'s Hat Store.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

HOUSEFURNISHING. —GO TO—
FLINN & WILLSON
—FOR—
HOUSE-STRES.
COOK STOVES AND RANGES.
With Kiva and Longy Ornaments. All the Latest Novelties. At Prices which Defy Competition.
CHANDELIERS
Great Bargains in our 5c., 10c., 15c. and 25c. Departments.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
FLINN & WILLSON,
Plumbing, Gas-Fitting, Tin-Roofing and Spouting Specialties.

PLUMBER'S SUPPLIES.

JOHN L. ARNOLD.
PATENT COLD-CASE HEATERS.
BEST PORTABLE IN USE.
SLATE ROOFER AND ROOFS REPAIRED
PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING,
Stop and Valves for Water, Gas and Steam.

JOHN L. ARNOLD,
Nos. 11, 13 & 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.
1872-1882

CLOTHING.

A BARK CHANCE.
A SUIT OF
FINE CLOTHES
—OR AN—
OVERCOAT
Made Up to Order at Cost Price.
In order to reduce my heavy stock of
FINE WOOLENS
I shall make them up to order for the NEXT THIRTY DAYS for Cash only at cost price.
This is without exception the greatest reduction ever made in FINE CLOTHES, and is done to make room for our heavy
Spring Importations,
which we expect to have in stock by the early part of February. We have the sample cards of these goods already in store, and any one desiring to secure first choice for SPRING WEAR can do so now, and the goods will be tailored for him.
Remember the above reduction is for
Heavy Weights and Cash Only.

H. GERHART,

TAILOR,
No. 6 East King Street.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

As we wish to Close Out the balance of our
WINTER CLOTHING!
WE HAVE MADE
SWEEPING REDUCTIONS
Throughout our Whole Stock. We have on hand a large stock of
HEAVY SUITS and OVERCOATS,
MARKED AT SUCH LOW PRICES
AS WILL INSURE A READY SALE.
We only ask that you call and examine our stock and be convinced of what we say.

D. B. Hostetter & Son

Tailors and Clothiers,
24 CENTRE SQUARE,
LANCASTER, PA.

LADIES AND GENTS, IF YOU WANT A

Good and Fine Fitting Boot or Shoe Ready-made or Made to Order, call on
H. HEMEN'S,
No. 105 North Queen Street.
Custom Work Specialty. 1872-1882

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

She Relates Her Impression While in a Trance.

A letter from Evansville, Ind., to the Cincinnati Enquirer relates the following remarkable story:

Josephine Ryman, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman, is just recovering from a remarkable illness at the home of her sister, Mrs. Brown, in this place. Her parents died some years ago, and Josephine went to work in St. James, a little village near here. One Saturday night last winter she went to singing school. She had not been in her seat long when she felt a very strange sensation about the head, accompanied by pains in the back. She arose to her feet, as if to start out of church, when she fell in a dead faint, and was carried home. Her friends at first thought that the attack was but a mere fainting spell, and the usual restoratives were applied, but the girl continued to lie as if dead. Sunday came and went, but still there was no change. The body became colder and colder, the eyes were open and staring, the hands were apart, there was no perceptible pulse, and every indication pointed to death. Physicians pronounced life extinct. The priest was sent for to administer the last rites, and the weeping sisters and friends of the family prepared to bid Josephine the final farewell. The coffin was ordered, busy fingers began to prepare the white clothes in which to bury the corpse, and, in fact, every preparation was made for the final scene.

This passed Monday. On the evening of that day there was a slight change in the appearance of the body, which gave the startled watchers a faint hope that the girl lay in a trance, and that this was but death's counterfeit. The body lay on its back, with arms folded, just as the attendants had placed it. There was not the least perceptible breathing; the eyes still had that stony, unmeaning gaze; the face was as pallid as white marble; but the iciness of real death was wanting. The feet and limbs were not warm, but they did not feel that chilly touch that is a sure accompaniment of actual dissolution. There was sufficient doubt in the minds of those in attendance to warrant caution, and so another day and night passed. On Wednesday, or the fourth day, after the girl was first stricken down, the priest was again sent for. After critically examining the case and consulting with the physician, he said: "It is a trance. She may come to herself, but it will be but momentary. When she re-awakes all will be over. She can't live." The priest was not set for the next day. Imagine the feelings of horror which possessed the girl when it is known that she was cognizant of every word that was spoken in that room, and could see the forms of her friends and watchers about her couch. Her terrible condition is best told by herself. She said to me yesterday:

"Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay there on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet tied together, with the lighted candles about my head, and could see my sisters and neighbors come and peer into my face, it was awful. I heard every word spoken. My body, limbs and arms, were as cold as ice. I thought of the agony of being buried alive, of being nailed in a coffin and lowered in the ground. I tried to make some noise, but I could not. I tried to let them know that I was alive, but it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie, she's gone.' Their tears dropped on my hair and the kisses were warm to my lips. As they turned to leave me, it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by moving my eyelids. But I couldn't do it. I felt like screaming. I tried to, but I couldn't move a muscle. The priest came in and felt my arms and wrists, and shook his head. Then he placed his ear to my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a short prayer for the repose of my soul, he, too, turned and left me, and my agony and horror were redoubled. 'Will no one find out that I live?' I said to myself. 'Must I be buried only to wake when it is too late? Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and sickness?' The thought was madness. 'Why doesn't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead! It was no use. There I lay thinking and listening to every word that was said. I could hear a woman giving directions as to the making of the shroud, and I heard the rustling of it as soon as they heard the time set for the funeral. All I could see every one who came to look at me. I tried to look conscious and let them know that I understood it all, but it was impossible. It is a wonder I did not die of fright and agony. I often thought I would sooner die, a hundred times sooner, than go through that experience again.

"Finally, when all was ready, when the shroud was finished, and all had left the room but two or three, some one said: 'Ain't you going to cut her hair off?' My hair was long and braided and fell down my back. 'Yes,' said my sister, 'we'll cut it off now.' Then they got the scissors and came up to me. While one of them took hold of my head and turned it to one side, the one with the scissors began to cut. I could feel the steel on my neck. I realized that this was about the last thing they'd do before putting me in the coffin. The woman began to clip, and in a second or two one long braid of hair was taken off and laid aside. My head was turned the other way to allow them to get at the other braid, but this was not touched. Thank God! Something in my condition or some movement, I don't know what it was, caused my sister to scream, and I was saved. The scissors dropped to the floor with a loud noise, the woman jumped back nearly scared to death, and I sat up. You should have seen that house a little while after that. I thought everybody had gone crazy. 'Venie's alive! Venie's alive!' The whole neighborhood was rushing in as soon as they heard of it and for several days there was nothing talked of but me. My folks thought I didn't know what had been going on. Little they thought that every word that had been spoken in that room was heard and understood by me. They tried to keep everybody from referring to the fact that my shroud was bought, the coffin ordered and the funeral arranged. They made an excuse, too, for part of my hair being cut off. They told me the reason was that a plaster had been put on the back of my neck, and my hair got so tangled in it that it had to be cut away. I didn't say anything. One day my little brother said to me, 'Venie, you was goin' to be buried last Thursday, and they cut your hair off.' He never imagined that I knew more about it than he did. The recollection of those terrible days and nights will never leave me. I pray to God that I may never be called upon to pass through it again. I would rather die."

ENDING HER LIFE BY DROWNING.

The Suicide of Mrs. Frank Reynolds at Cleveland.

In Cleveland, Engineer Reid, of the insane asylum, found at the bottom of the little creek that winds through the grounds the body of Mrs. Frank Reynolds, the head of the distributing department of the asylum. She arose when all were asleep, and leaving her apartments, hurried to the creek and threw herself into the waters. Mrs. Reynolds had been connected with the administration of the asylum for about a year. She was a native of Vermont, where her invalid son now lives, and had friends and relatives in Oberlin. She was cultured and refined. She was of a very sensitive nature, and the most that had ever been observed as regarded her conduct was that at times she seemed very much depressed, and appeared to be brooding over some past trouble. Last week she gave notice that it was her intention to sever her connection with the asylum. She assigned no reason and no particular notice was taken of it. At times she was won't to imagine that she was distrusted at her work. Sunday she attended church and taught a class, as usual, in the Sabbath school. Upon her return nothing strange was noticed in her demeanor, and when at night she retired to her apartments she appeared all right. About 5 o'clock Monday morning she was heard to leave her apartments. Suspecting something wrong, she proceeded soon after by two persons connected with the institution. They tracked her to the bank of the creek. Upon the bank they discovered the fragments of a number of letters which she had torn up. Very much alarmed, they went immediately to the asylum and told what they had discovered. She was 28 years of age.

LOVERS AND THE GREAT QUESTION.

Some Humorous Instances of Asking Girls for Their Hands Through Life.

Brooklyn, N.Y.,
Let us suppose that a lady has been out during the evening before to a party. The gentleman might say that she looks fatigued. On her rejoicing that this was a foolish thought, he will get an opportunity of saying: "Not foolishly, really; I feel your marital interest in you to permit my own wishes to run counter to your welfare." This is properly called the magnificent style of beginning. But very often the young lady is considerate enough to assist her bashful lover. For instance, there was once a timid fellow who was fond of borrowing John Phoenix's jokes; when she asked him how he felt he avenged himself according to the Phenix plan of being very definite, and said that he felt "about 88 per cent." "Indeed," she said, with a demure look, "are you never going to par?" And she got in her work that evening. Another young man was saying, as he scratched a lucifer on the side of the house: "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know." "Is that so?" she asked demurely. "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint," and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked her "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't. He took the hint, and the match was struck then and there. This method of "giving a hint" has been put poetically in this way:

Young Fred, a bashful yet persistent swain, Was very much in love with Mary Jane.
One night she told him in her tenderest tone, 'It's not good for you to be alone.'
Said Fred: 'Just so, you darling little elf, I've of you thought of that same thing myself.'
Then said the lass, while Fred was all agog: 'You ought to buy yourself a terrier dog.'
What may be called a physiological precedent is illustrated in the case of Miss Mary Flynn and Mr. Budd. The young lady—a Boston girl, by the way—was studying medicine, and Mr. Budd was courting her. One evening, while they were sitting together in the parlor, Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts for him.
"Do you know," she said, "that thousands of persons are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory pendants?"
"Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd.
"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me, when I told her she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"
"How unreasonably!"
"Why, a person cannot kiss without sphincter!"
"Indeed?"
"I know it is so."
"May I try if I can?"
"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad of you to make light of such a subject."
That he tried it, and he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.
"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, very faintly.
"What, darling?"
"I can hear your heart beat."
"It beats only for you, my angel."
"And it sounds out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform."
"Small wonder for that when it's bursting for joy."
"You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."
"It's your own property, darling; do what you please with it."

ROSCOE CONKLING.
How He Appears to a Hotel Clerk.
New York Correspondence Washington Republic.
Everything depends on the point of view from which one looks at a man. To the public there is one side which Roscoe Conkling keeps turned toward them; for his political and personal friends there is another side. To the masses he is a human iceberg towering above the icefield at his feet, frigid, glittering, unapproachable. To such friends and admirers as Parson Newman he is the supreme man of the generation whose name is to live "so long as the stars are in the sky." To the "halcyon" Republicans he is a worshiped politician whose own egotism, insufferable pride and arrogant self-conceit led him to destroy himself. To James G. Blaine he is, or was, "a turkey-cock." To a few hundreds of fools he, and not the radical defects of our present political practices, is responsible for Grant. To the Democrats he is the man whom they hope the Republicans will nominate in 1884, because they consider he would be an easy man to beat. To Park he is an inexhaustible subject for caricature. To all men he is known as a public man, who has never used his high positions to inflate his bank account. He is a great many other things to other people—not the least of these others his being the warm personal friend and to an unusual degree the confidant of the president himself. To newspaper men he is the most un-comestable of all interviewers, not excepting Ben Butler. And I have a glimpse of him from the standpoint of a hotel clerk, and next to an acquaintance with a man in his domestic life and surroundings no one has so good an opportunity to know the ins-and-outs, the true inwardness of a man, as does a hotel clerk. Mr. Conkling lives at the

Fifth Avenue hotel when in town, where he always keeps the same apartments.

"Aren't you glad when Mr. Conkling goes away?" I asked this clerk. "No. Why should I be?"
"Doesn't he give you lots of extra trouble?" I then asked him. "He is very funny about little things and that he all the time requires a great deal of extra attention."
"That isn't so. There isn't a man in the house who gives us so little trouble. I'd rather have a hundred like him than one such as a good many of them are. He never makes any complaint about anything and always minds his own business. That's more than I can say for most of our guests. There are some people who come here who think because they have got money that we are all their slaves and that they can raise Cain and make things as disagreeable for us as they please. There's nothing of that sort about Mr. Conkling."
"Perhaps you take special pains to see that he is provided for so that he really has no occasion or excuse for fault-finding?"
"Not a bit of it. We don't do a thing for him that we do not do for any one stopping here. He gets no better and no worse than the rest."
"He takes his meals in his room, I suppose?"
"No, he eats at the regular table, except when he is ill. That reminds me that the only complaint he ever made was awhile ago when he was really ill and he was annoyed by the noise in his part of the house. He wanted to be moved where it was quieter, but when we told him we had no other place to put him it was all right. If all the people who stop at hotels were like Mr. Conkling the life of a hotel clerk wouldn't be as disagreeable as it is now. I'll tell you another thing I think of Mr. Conkling, though—I think he would be a first-class bar, and I shouldn't like to have him down on me."
In a parenthesis I may add that the rates at the Fifth Avenue have been recently raised to six dollars a day. I am also told that the bill for the entertainment of the French visitors to the Yorktown Centennial while at the Fifth Avenue, is still unpaid.

Look out for cold weather and don't catch cold, but if you do, nothing will meet the requirements of your situation so well as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.
An effective medicine for kidney disease, low fevers and nervous prostration, and well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters. ml-187410w

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus keep myself and family in good health and spirits. See adv. ml-187410w

Gently Does It.
Eugene Cross, Swan Street, Buffalo, writes: "I have used Spring Blossom for dyspepsia and indigestion, and have found it to act admirably as a gentle aperient and blood purifier. I consider it unequalled 'you are at liberty to use my name as a reference.' Price 50 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen Street, Lancaster.

In Good Spirits.
T. Walker, Cleveland, O., writes: "For the last twelve months I have suffered with humors and general debility. I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters about six weeks ago, and now have great pleasure in stating that I have recovered from my debility and complexion has grown ruddy, and I feel better altogether." Price 50 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen Street, Lancaster.

Wm. McCartney, 88 Lloyd Street, Buffalo, N. Y., fell and sprained his ankle. His medical attendant, Dr. Dimes, advised the use of some Thomas' Electric Oil, and he says that a few applications enabled him to go to work as usual. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen Street, Lancaster.

Barckold Blood Bitters.
On being asked what he thought of the present system of advertising, and if he considered that it paid, he replied: "My experience shows me that in order to achieve my success with advertisements, the article advertised must have merit. The masses of the people of the present day are not taken in so easily as formerly, and they look with a degree of suspicion upon anything the intrinsic merits of which have not been thoroughly tested; but when the reputation of an article is once established, it requires a good deal to damage its character. When I first saw the advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, I immediately made inquiries in different sections of the country as to its sale and success, and was agreeably surprised to find it doing such universal satisfaction. Every one who had used it was loud in its praises. C. Blacket Robinson, proprietor of the Canada Presbyterian, Toronto, was amongst the number; he had for several years been a great sufferer from severe headaches, and by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters he was entirely cured." There is not another preparation in the world which acts so directly and quickly on the liver and kidneys and purifies the blood.

DOCTORS AGREE THAT SCARLET FEVER, Diphtheria, Consumption, Catarrh of the Throat, Diarrhea, are due to neglect of common sense. Children frequently have wet feet; sore throats, coughs and often serious sickness. Are you not affected likewise? Why not try the OCEANIC IODINE? It is a powerful medicine, cures the worst form of sore throat and eradicates the germ of any disease subject to it. A cure guaranteed, or money refunded. For sale by H. B. Cochran, 137 and 139 North Queen Street, Lancaster. ml-187410w

CLOTHING, &C.
The advantages of buying your Clothing from A. O. YATES & CO. An immense stock to select from, made in a very superior manner and at reasonable prices. Now ready a Beautiful Line of Spring Overcoats; a Grand Assortment of Spring Suits.
A. C. YATES & CO.
LEDGER BUILDING,
CHESTNUT and SIXTH,
PHILADELPHIA.

LIQUORS, &C.
RINGWALT'S
WINE, LIQUOR, ALCOHOL and GROCERY STORE,
No. 205 West King Street. teblly

HOUSE & CO'S
NEW LIQUOR STORE,
No. 43 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa. The very best and finest quality of Foreign and Domestic WINES and LIQUORS constantly for sale at wholesale and retail. Straight Old Eye Whisky of the distillation of 1855. Pure unadulterated Custom House Brandy, warranted of the vintage of 1868. Best especially for medicinal purposes. Pure Old Holland Gin, and other Whiskies, Brandy and Wines to suit the trade.
HOUSE & CO.

MALT WINE.
MERCURIES MALT WINE.
An invigorating HEALTH AND TABLE BEVERIDGE. PLEASANT TASTE, AND PROMOTES DIGESTION, DEBILITY AND MALNUTRITION highly recommended for ENFEEBLED PERSONS, CHILDREN AND INVALIDS. BEING SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AT 25 CENTS per Pint Bottle.
CHAR. WOLTERS,
PRINCE STREET BREWERY, PHILADELPHIA. LANCASTER DEPOT.—GEO. A. BIEHL. ml-187410w

COHO & WILEY.
350 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
LUMBER AND COAL.
CUMBER WITH THE Telephone Exchange. Branch Office: 50 CENTRE SQUARE. 1874-1882

REILLY & KELLER
—FOR—
GOOD, CLEAN FAMILY COAL.
Also, Hay and Straw by the bale or ton. Farmers and others in want of Superior Manure will find it to their advantage to call Yard, Harrisburg Pike. Office, 304 East Chestnut Street. ml-187410w

B. B. MARTIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of
LUMBER AND COAL.
Office: No. 60 North Water Street. Phone 1-2 and 3-4 above Lancy Lancaster. ml-187410w

COHO & WILEY.
350 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
LUMBER AND COAL.
CUMBER WITH THE Telephone Exchange. Branch Office: 50 CENTRE SQUARE. 1874-1882

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

NO WHISKEY!

is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of Intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

Brown's Iron Bitters
is commended to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will in nearly every case take the place of all liquor, and at the same time abolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

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