

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVIII--No. 269

LANCASTER, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1882.

Price Two Cents.

DRY GOODS, &c.

JOHN S. GIVLER & CO.

CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS!

We are now receiving a large line of New Corsets, of reliable makes, noted for comfort, good fit and durability, among which may be found "Dr. Warner's Caroline" and "Dr. Warner's Abdominal," both of which are extensively advertised and worn throughout the entire country.

We also have in stock all the choice goods produced by the Worcester Corset Co., of Worcester, Mass., one of the largest and most reliable manufacturers of Corsets in the United States. Some of their most popular styles are "Bon Ton," "Queen Bess," "Ironides," "Rosadale," "All Right" and "Grand Opera."

Store closes every evening, except Saturdays, at six o'clock.

JOHN S. GIVLER, JOHN S. GIVLER & CO. GEO. F. RATHFON,

No. 23 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

BOWERS & HURST.

NEW TO-DAY!

NEW TO-DAY!

—AT—
BOWERS & HURST'S

NEW STORE,

No. 129 and 131 North Queen Street.

Nos. 129 and 131 North Queen Street.

We Open To-Day:

NEW DRESS PRINTS,
NEW DRESS PERALS,
NEW DRESS FOULARDS.

All in the Latest Styles.

NEW WHITE DRESS GOODS

OPEN TO-DAY AT STILL LOWER PRICES.

New Line of Swiss and Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, New Line of Laces, New Line of Corsets and Hosiery, all Marked Very Low.

W. B. BOWERS.

BOWERS & HURST.

MARVEY N. HURST.

CLOTHING.

MYERS & RATHFON.

Well-Made Garments.

In the manufacture of READY-MADE CLOTHING we observe three points:

1. The Selection of Stylish and Serviceable Material with the Best Wearing Qualities.
2. The Selection of Good, Strong and Serviceable Trimmings, Pockets, Linings, etc.
3. First-class Workmanship, Good, Strong Thread and Careful Sewing.

In our CLOTHING you will find no machine-made button holes, but good, strong, regular hand-made buttonholes. Our Cutters are the most skilled. Our Patterns are the best.

MYERS & RATHFON,

NO. 12 EAST KING STREET.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

FLINN & WILSON.

FISHING TACKLE,

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

Rods to Suit All Purchasers from 5c. Up.

REELS OF ALL KINDS.

SNOODED HOOKS, GIMP AND GUT.

LANDING NETS.

Silk, Linen and Cotton Lines.

Cheapest Tackle Ever in the City at

FLINN & WILLSON'S.

LANCASTER, PA.

[SIGN OF THE 2 BIG DOGS.]

LAWN MOWERS, &c.

JEWETT'S

Palace Refrigerators, Water Coolers and Filters.

PHILADELPHIA LAWN MOWERS,

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWERS.

HYDRANT HOSE, MOSQUITO WIRE,

GARDEN TOOLS, ADJUSTABLE SCREENS,

WATERING CANS, STEP LADDERS.

GEO. M. STEINMAN & CO.,

26 and 28 West King Street.

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WINES AND LIQUORS.

COOLING, REFRESHING AND HEALTHFUL, DRINKS FOR HOT WEATHER.

APOLLINARIS WATER, the Queen of Table Waters.

CANTELL & COCHRAN'S DUBLIN and BELFAST GINGER ALE,

THE FINEST IN THE MARKET.

CLARET WINES.—Of our own direct importation from the House of Evariste, Dupont & Co., Bordeaux. All the Leading and Popular Brands of FRENCH CHAMPAGNE. We are the agent for the Pleasant White Wine Co.'s Great Western Extra Dry Wine. The Monarch Co.'s Lime Fruit Juice. REUBEN'S OLD BRANDY. No family should be without a bottle of this Reliable Medicine at this season of the year.

H. E. SLAYMAKER, AGENT.

NO. 29 EAST KING STREET. jan23-1ydS

S. CLAY MILLER,

Wines, Brandies, Gins, Old Rye Whiskies, &c.,

No. 33 PENN SQUARE, LANCASTER, PA.

GIBSON'S WHISKY BOTTLED A SPECIALTY.

PLUMBERS SUPPLIES.

LOOK OUT FOR MOTHS!

BUY CARBOLIZED PAPER,

BEST MOTH PROOF ARTICLE IN THE WORLD FOR CARPETS, FURS, &c.

Tarred Roofing Felt by the yard or ton.

WHOLESALE SUPPLY DEPOT:

No. 11, 13 & 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

JOHN L. ARNOLD.

OLD FRUIT CANS.

WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

Valuable Suggestions from a Respected

One of the most practical questions of the present period is "What use can be made of the constantly accumulating number of old fruit cans, that are beginning to loom up like pyramids in gardens, yards, cellars, garrets, abandoned roadways, back alleys, or wherever else there is room enough for an old fruit can to 'sit, lie or stand'?" If they were made of wood or paper they might be used as "kindling" fuel; if of glass, porcelain, or clay, they could be used in macadamizing streets and roads. If they were like most of the "garbage" they would rapidly decompose and mingle with and re-vegetate the soil; but, instead of that, they are imperishable and imperturbable old fruit cans, whose number and volume cannot be said to be "growing beautifully less," but ever on the increase, and therefore absolutely alarming. If there ever was an accumulation eliciting the question, "What are you going to do about it?" it seems to me it must be that of old fruit cans. They are too numerous to be all used up as bait-boxes, paint pots, sand boxes, impromptu flower pots, or to be used as worthless canine toys. Besides, many of them are too large for some of these purposes; moreover, it is not allowable to throw them into the streets of municipal corporations, hence their presence is not only an unmitigated nuisance, but also a disgrace. Their manufacture and ornamentation are prolific sources of commercial revenue, and there should be some profitable means devised for their final consumption. Why cannot some inventive genius start a factory and advertise for old fruit cans, which they may be ripped up," flattened out and sold for roofing tiles. The discs or bottoms would make capital tiles for dormitories, fastened on like the scales of a fish. The different sizes could be adapted to the different sizes of the basins of the mansions of which they are used. Such tiles, painted on both sides with some of the modern compositions invented for that purpose, would make a desirable and cheap roof—one that perhaps would "last forever and a day longer." Such an establishment could obtain the "raw material" very cheap—perhaps be paid for taking it away.

These remarks do not relate to what may be strictly regarded as fruit cans, but also to those containing the various kinds of oysters, crabs, lobsters, or whatever else may be prepared and packed into tin cans, and gaudily labeled on the outside with their specific contents; and which may now be abundantly seen on the shelves, in the show windows, and in pyramids, pinacles and spires, front of nearly every grocery store in the towns, cities, villages, hamlets, cross roads, &c., throughout the entire American Union—if not throughout the entire circle of civilization. Viewed from the possibility of its future magnitude, the subject indeed becomes a most formidable one. Already these tin cans have become a matter of municipal concern at Leadville, Denver, Pitkin and other localities in Colorado and other mining regions of the country, and especially those devoted to agricultural and horticultural surroundings. Just think what an alarming contingency is involved in the next hundred, thousand or million of years. Why, there would be room enough on this earth for the development of the redoubtable tin can—the whole earth will be deluged with them. If another Dr. Seltzernian should develop some thousands of years hence, he might be able to make some grand discoveries in restoring historic buildings in the shape of tin cans. There surely must be, or at least ought to be some ultimate profitable use to which they may be turned. If not, then they may possess the elements of the final destruction of all physical life, instead of a means to preserve it. Some fertile genius has demonstrated that if every herring's egg from the days of Adam down to the present time, had developed an adult fish, there would now be a strata of herrings over the whole surface of the earth several feet thick, amounting, in volume, to more than the earth itself, but happily, they are reactionary checks in the economy of nature, through which such an awful contingency is prevented. Now, we need just such a reactionary check in the mechanical world, in order to limit the surplus production of fruit cans. The man who can solve this problem will bequeath to humanity a greater boon than the steamboat, the locomotive, the telegraph, or the sewing machine. CAN-ROBERT.

A WESTERN CORONER.

How They Manage it in California. "The fact of it is," said old Dr. Potts, the Los Angeles coroner, the other day as he strolled through the morgue with Judge Van Snyder, "the fact of it is that these San Francisco coroners really understand how to work up their business for all it is worth and make it boom as it were."

"Do, eh?" "Yes. For instance, there was a Chinaman killed by smoking opium a few months ago, out in the suburbs of our town, and of course, I was around there and had sworn in a jury before the cadaver got cold, and what with summoning witnesses, taking testimony, &c., before night I had a bill against the county for \$96.50.

"More than the Chinaman was worth, I should think," said the judge.

"But wait, I opened the grave in the country burial-ground the same night, rushed the corpse down to the laboratory and had it embalmed and all ready for emergencies. Well, about three nights after that they had a free fight out at the Digger Indian encampment, and so I had the Celestial pigtail out short, a few feathers twisted in it and hid him in a bush out there. Of course, it was discovered pretty soon and reported, and as the jury couldn't agree as to the particular tribe of Indians the deceased belonged to, I impaled another one—nearly double fees, don't you see?—and gave the papers a rousing good item. It's a way-up plan to keep in with the reporters, by the way."

"How much did that make?" "Well, I was about \$240 ahead on the speculation then, so I waited until a lot of Dago emigrants passed through the town, and the next day one of 'em was found dropped dead on the road with heart disease—don't you see? Same old corpse, with a big felt hat and rawhide boots, and his pockets full of macaroni. I think I squeezed about \$175 more out of the taxpayers that time. Well, I kinder let up for a week after that, and then had the remaining doled up in a packing box and found among the unclaimed freight down at the railroad station. The papers wrote it up as a 'Mysterious Murder Case,' and we had a 'mystery's' examination. Lem'me see, I think it was \$445.50 the whole thing panned out before we were through that time. What do you think of that?"

"Why, it's the most extraordinary!" "Why, that's nothing my dear sir, nothing. I haven't got half through with that Chinaman yet. When I left home I just kinder wedged him in among the top branches of the tree in the woods just out of town, dressed in a suit of complete black, with an old telescope in his coat tail pocket and a pair of big green spectacles on his nose. Catch the idea, don't you?" "Can't say that I do."

"Why, that's the aeronaut dodge, don't you see? I kinder scientific party, fall out of a balloon. My own design entirely. Splendid, isn't it? The corpse is a little worn out by this time I know; but what are you going to do with such an infernally unhealthy climate as Los Angeles? I expect to send the old lady and the girls to Paris on those remains yet, if I have to wire 'em together to do it. No my dear sir, depend upon it, while these metropolitan coroners lack a push, enterprising air, and ability."

And a doctor, reluctantly stopped poking a defunct stock speculator with his cane, and permitted the judge to take him out for a drink.

Now for the practical application of the tale.

Four months later an acquaintance of mine, while traveling in the wilds of the West, had the following occurrence happen to him. I give it in his own words: "On a considerable river we had to cross, notorious for its quicksands, we found, much to the surprise of my men, a ferry-croaker ferrying a desolate-looking log cabin. The charges written on a board near the cabin were high, and would have amounted to \$15 for my outfit. The river was low and my men had crossed it several times at a ford they now half a mile below the ferry. They decided to try the ford. When we got there we found a freshly made grave close to the river bank, and written on a rude wooden cross the following epitaph:

"Here are drowned and buried Old John, from Texas, and Lame Billy, his brother. It is the ferry is less than half a mile up the river."

"I did not like this, and wanted to prevail on my men to turn back and use the ferry rather than risk the quicksands. But they would not hear of it; they knew, they said, that the ferry was perfectly safe, which, indeed, it proved to be. The whole outfit had crossed except my head man, and when I looked back I saw him to my astonishment engaged in digging at the grave. Five minutes sufficed to show that he had not from Texas and Lame Billy, his brother, had not been old trappers, as in the innocence of my heart I supposed, but two old mules. As the ford was situated on a route frequented by emigrants to Oregon, many of these unfortunate would no doubt, be frightened to use the ferry. We happened to pitch camp for the night close to the river, in view of the cabin on the other side. We had done supper when who should make his appearance for an evening call but the cute originator of the grave dodge, the practical ferryman! To listen to my men taking him down was worth millions, though in Western fashion he seemed very proud of his ingenious trick. 'Ever seen that game worked afore?' he asked. 'In course you never have; it's mine, and it pans out boss, you bet, for it runs me in good money right up to the squealing point. It struck me not long ago, when reading in an old paper of that yer Yankee coroner who kept a dead man's body anchored in a quiet corner of Staten Island bay. That old chap ought to have taken my lead with the deliberate intention of deceiving as to the value of a horse. In fact, these society lies get folks into the habit of lying, and they readily pick up the other kind. The sermon made a great impression. Most of the congregation resolved to reform. Come out of church, Deacon Jones said to Judge Badger, who sat in front of him: 'Judge, I hope you didn't mind my putting my feet under your pew.' 'The sermon was about to reply: 'Oh, certainly not,' he thought of the sermon and answered, 'I did, though; your old boots took up all the room, and were a fearful nuisance.' 'Well, said the deacon, 'the hair-out you use smells so it nearly forced us to leave our pew.' They glared at each other, and just then Mrs. Badger and Miss Jenkins came along. Mrs. Jenkins asked: 'How do you like my new bonnet?' 'Oh, I thought it was just love—' replied Mrs. B. and then she thought of the sermon, and continued, 'No, I didn't either. It's a horrid thing. I wouldn't be seen with it.' And Miss Jenkins got mad and replied: 'Well, if I were you, I'd not wear dirty stockings to church, and, if I did, I'd keep 'em out of sight.'"

While these honest conversations were going on, Mrs. Badger said to her next-door neighbor, Mr. Gallagher, 'I hope the crying of my baby last night didn't disturb you?' and Mr. Gallagher replied, 'No—that it is.' Then Mrs. Badger called him a wretch and wept. And then the clergyman came out and asked young Symonds how he liked the sermon. Symonds said, 'It was a grand effort—no, no, no, it was nonsense.' 'Sir?' said the parson, as he drew himself up indignantly. 'The parson went home and meditated in a gloomy frame of mind for three hours, and finally concluded that society lying was wicked, but he wouldn't preach against it again.'

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen St. my1-1wd&w

Beautiful skin, and of fair complexion, robust health, and powers of endurance follow the use of Shiloh's Iron Bitters. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street. jy10-1wd&w

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. For sale at Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen St. my1-1wd&w

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WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER.

Writes: "With a firm, steady hand (not a trembling one), though my age is nearly eighty, I give my testimony to the value of Burdock Blood Bitters; for twenty years I suffered torture indescribable through eye-pepsia, indigestion and constipation. I tried hundreds of remedies, but all was money thrown away until I tried your Bitters. Burdock Blood Bitters the credit for making me strong and hearty." For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and its name indicates it is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color and produce a new growth where it has fallen out. It does not in any manner effect the health, which Sulphur, Fungus of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, and C. N. CRITTENTON New York. Jun15-1wd&w

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen St. my1-1wd&w

A Baptist Minister's Experience. I am a Baptist Minister, and before I even thought of being a doctor, I graduated in medicine, but left a lucrative practice for my present profession, 40 years ago. I was for many years a sufferer from eye-pepsia. "Thomas' Electric Oil cured me." I was also troubled with house-ache, and Thomas' Electric Oil always relieved me. My wife and child had diptheria, and "Thomas' Electric Oil cured them," and it taken in time it will cure even 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 into the head by sniffing as hard as they can, until the Oil falls over into the throat, and practice that twice a day, I guarantee to relieve their head may be, it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For dandruff and eczema it has done wonders. I possess certain knowledge. It is the only medicine quipped patent medicine that I have ever felt like recommending, and I am very anxious to see it in every place, for I tell you that I would not be without it. I am now suffering with a pain like rheumatism in my right hand, and nothing relieve me like Thomas' Electric Oil. For sale at H. B. COCHRAN'S, Corry, Pa. H. B. COCHRAN'S drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

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MEDICAL.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Manfield, Ohio, Nov. 23, 1881. Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—in my side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the King of Medicines. JOHN K. ALLISON.

Brown's Iron Bitters is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

For sale at H. B. COCHRAN'S Drug Store, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. jy10-1wd&w

LANCASTER WATCHES.

DR. WICKERHAM'S LANCASTER WATCH.

KEEPS ITS WONDERFUL RECORD UNBROKEN FOR FOUR YEARS.

Lancaster June 12, 1882. A. BITNER, Esq. Manager Lancaster Watch Factory.

DEAR SIR: IN THE SUMMER OF 1878 I MADE A EUROPEAN TOUR TRAVELING SOME 12,000 MILES. I CARRIED WITH ME ONE OF YOUR LANCASTER WATCHES. IT NEVER STOPPED AND DID NOT VARY A SINGLE MINUTE FROM THE TRUE TIMEDURING THE ENTIRE TRIP.

I HAVE CARRIED THE NAME WATCH FOR THE FOUR YEARS SINCE THAT TIME AND IT HAS MAINTAINED WONDERFUL RECORD UNBROKEN.

I AM AGAIN ABOUT TO START ABOARD FOR A PROLONGED RESIDENCE. MY FAITHFUL TIME-KEEPER, WHICH HAS COME TO BE CONSIDERED A FRIEND, GOES WITH ME, AND I WILL BE PLEASANT TO EXHIBIT IN ANYWHERE AS A TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN SKILL AND HOME INDUSTRY.

Your very truly, J. P. WICKERHAM, American Minister to Denmark.

THE FIRST OF THE LANCASTER WATCHES TO CROSS THE SEA.

CHINA HALL.