The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XX--No 47. LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1883. Price Two Cents.

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FIFTY DOZEN CHAMBER BUCKETS. Regular Price, $1.00; Reduced to 50 Cents.
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Full Assortment in all the desirable makes. No old Goods, all Corsets clean, neat and fresh, and fitted by thoroughly competent salesladies. Short P. D. CORSETS of Satin, Embroidered and Lace Trimmed, in Blue, Red and Cream. 25 doz. FRENCH WOVEN CORSETS, $1.50, usual price $2.00. The best value in the city at 50c., 75c., 87c., $1.00 and $1.25.

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PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,
GAS FIXTURES, OIL FIXTURES,
TIN ROOFING, SLATE ROOFING,
Steam Fitters' Supplies, Patent Cold Case Heaters.

☞Finest Work. Best Workmen. Leave your Orders at

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Composed of Pure Human Excrement and Urine. Unrivaled for Wheat, Tobacco, Grass, Corn, &c.

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aug15-6md C. MUSSELMAN, Agent, Witmer, Lancaster county, Pa.

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LARGE STOCK AT LOW PRICES,
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Nos. 15 and 17 NORTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER, PA.

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OF ALL KINDS

REPAIRED.

Call and see the New Improved WROUGHT IRON COLD CASE

Radiating Portable Furnace,

The Cheapest and Best FURNACE in the Market.

MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY BY

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Fine Groceries.

Hecker's Self-raising Buckwheat, New Kiln Dried Corn Meal, Shumaker's Akron Oat Meal, New, White Grapes 20c. lb, New French Prunes, New Figs, New Citron, New Currants, New Raisins. A job lot of Imperial London Layer Raisins, at half-price, a big Bargain.

SPLENDID SYRUP at 12c. qt.
GOOD SYRUP at 10c. qt.
CHEESE at 8c. lb.
FINE COMB HONEY at 22c. lb.

This is cheap. We have a large lot and want to move it quick.

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BARGAINS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, Chains, Rings, Spectacles, &c. Repairing of all kinds will receive my personal attention. LOUIS WEBER, No. 159½ North Queen street. Remember name and number. Directly opposite City Hotel, near Pennsylvania railroad depot. dec 28 1yd

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of LUMBER AND COAL.

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The undersigned has for sale, at his Yard, Cor. Andrew and S. Water Sts., a large assortment of the very best kinds of

Coal for Family Use,

which he will deliver, carefully weighed and screened, to any part of the city at the lowest market rates. Orders by mail or telephone filled promptly.

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MANURE AND COAL.

New York and Philadelphia Horse Manure by the car load at reduced prices. All the BEST GRADES OF COAL, Both for Family and Steam purposes. CEMENT by the barrel, HAY and STRAW by the ton or bale.
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330 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa.,
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Connection With the Telephonic Exchange.
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J. E. ROTE.

There has been such a demand for LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS that I was compelled to get a VERY LARGE CAMERA BOX to meet the demand. We can now make you a PHOTO as small as the smallest locket will hold up to a 5-inch face, to fit an 18x22 Frame.

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june2-tfd

MEDICAL.

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PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it *after black vomit had taken place.* The worst cases of diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and sick persons refreshed and bed sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.
Impure Air made harmless and purified.
For Sore throat it is a sure cure.
Contagion destroyed.
For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.
Rheumatism cured.
Soft White Complexions secured by its use.
Ship Fever prevented.
To Purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.
Catarrh relieved and cured.
Erysipelas cured.
Burns relieved instantly.
Scars prevented.
Dysentery cured.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvey cured.
An Antidote for Animal or Vegatable Poisons, Stings, etc.

I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick room.—WM. F. SANFORD, Eyrie, Ala.

SCARLET FEVER CURED.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, Tenn.
I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.
N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.

DARBY'S FLUID IS RECOMMENDED BY
Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia.
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Rev. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University.
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INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.
Perfectly harmless. Used Internally or externally for Man or Beast.

The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.
For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street. jan14-1yeod&w

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NERVINE!

THE GREAT

NERVE CONQUEROR.

The only known *specific* for Epileptic Fits.
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured.
Equalled by none in delirium of fever.
Neutralizes germs of diseases and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
Cleanses blood, quickens sluggish circulation.
Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds.
Permanently and promptly cures Paralysis.
Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and King's Evil, twin brothers.
Changes bad breath to good, removing cause.
Routs billiousness and clears complexion.
Charming resolvent and matchless laxative.
It drives Sick Headache like the wind.
Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates.
Promptly cures rheumatism by routing it.
Restores life giving properties to the blood.
Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders.
Reliable when all opiates fail.
Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body.
Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.
Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand.
Leading physicians in U. S. and Europe.
Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe.
Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror.
For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Medical Co. Props. St. Joseph, Mo.

Chas. N. Crittenden, Agent, New York City. april-1yeod&w (2)

RHEUMATIC SYRUP.

A Limb Saved

And a Family Made Happy.

Mr. Philip Moore, of West Webster, Monroe County, N. Y., says: "My daughter, now eighteen years old, has, for the past eighteen months, been afflicted with rheumatism in a very severe form. One year ago it settled in the knee, since which time she has been unable to touch her foot to the floor or move her limb without suffering the most excruciating pain. Her limb was fast growing out of shape, although we were doing for her all we could, having used all the remedies we could hear of and that were recommended for rheumatism, none of which benefitted her in the least. Her case was pronounced incurable by the physician and by our neighbors, and all believed that she would be a cripple all her days, and that her limb would never be restored to its original shape. But I am happy to say that to-day my daughter is entirely free from all rheumatic pains, and that she can walk with perfect ease, having thrown aside her crutches, and her limb seems as strong and perfect as ever; all from the use of your wonderful medicine "Rheumatic Syrup," which we consider one of the best medicines ever introduced for purifying the blood, and I only regret that all others who are afflicted with rheumatism cannot know of its superior merits. You are at liberty to use my name if it will do you any good, and I shall be only too glad to tell any and everyone what it has done for my daughter."

PHILIP MOORE.

Rheumatic Syrup

is the greatest Blood Purifier known, and will do all that is claimed for it. Send for pamphlet of testimonials and read of those who have been cured by its use.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Rochester, N. Y.

oct4-1yd&w

TRADE DOLLARS WANTED IN EXchange for Ladies and Gents' Underwear, Working Pants, Overalls, Shirts, Gloves, Mits, Suspenders, Hosiery, Neckwear, Collars, Comforts, Umbrellas, Notions, &c. Nearly all of the above Goods are bought direct from the manufacturers and are sold at extremely small profits for cash. Please call and examine before you buy. HENRY BECHTOLD,
No. 52 North Queen Street.
☞Sign of the Big Stocking. Choice building stone and sand for sale. feb5-1yd

A WIERD LOVER.

AN ENGLISH STORY WITH A GHOST IN IT.

"I accept your challenge, Miss Depford! This is, I believe, the very night the ghost is supposed to wander, therefore I shall seek him at the hour of midnight. If he takes the form of you handsome cavalier, one need not fear him much; he belongs to an age of chivalry, and will not intimidate a lady."

I, the speaker, form one of the group of three standing apart from the gay company who roam through the spacious picture gallery of our host's mansion.

We have taken our position in the deep embrasure of a lofty Gothic window. The wall facing us is hung with numerous portraits, and the window looks out upon extensive gardens, which slope down to the edge of a large lake.

Miss Depford, the lady to whom the above remark was addressed, is a tall, handsome girl, of commanding figure and features; yet the independent, almost supercilious, air which is natural to her causes her to be more generally admired and respected than actually liked. Her cousin, Harry Depford, a good looking, manly young fellow—moreover the inheritor of a vast property and an unencumbered rent-roll of £20,000 per annum—stands facing; while I, Diana Clive, whith one knee resting on the low window seat, complete the group.

Julia and I were the acknowledged rival beauties of the pleasant party collected together at Murchiston castle; and yet we two girls were as totally unlike one another as could well be imagined. Blonde and mignonne, and utterly failing in that composure and dignity of manner which were Julia's chief characteristics, I was ever ready to run into any sort of scrape or mischief for the sake of a bit of fun. Both of us were orphans, and both possessed but slender means; there, however, all point of resemblance ceased. So entirely opposed were we that but for one reason there probably would have been no rivalry between us; nevertheless, that reason was sufficient to make Julia Depford hate me. The cause of her dislike was her cousin Harry's unconcealed admiration for me, whom he had met for the first time at a ball in London, a few weeks before our meeting at Murchiston. She, on the other hand, having been brought up with him from childhood, and being two or three years his senior, had been accustomed to lord it over him as long as she could remember. The subject of discussion with which my tale commences was the evil repute attached to the gallery we were visiting. In a recess in the wall, exactly opposite the window in which we stood, was a full-length marble figure, which was the more remarkable, being the sole piece of statuary in that long corridor.

The figure represented a cavalier, with flowing locks and garments as worn in the time of Charles I, and it certainly did not belie the epithet of handsome I had applied to it.

What had brought this statue to Murchison, or of whom was it an effigy, was the mystery which troubled the house. Nothing else of the kind existed and it was known that the knight it represented was not a member of the Rotherams, in whose family the castle had been for generations; its total want of resemblance to any of the stiff portraits which hung around was sufficient to testify to that fact. In the household it was whispered that the statue was not the work of human hands, and certainly so perfect was it it seemed but to need some of Jupiter's immortal fire to give it the life which rumor assigned to it one night in the week.

It was some sarcastic remark of Miss Depford's, daring me with my usual courage to face the spirit alone at midnight, which drew forth the foregoing retort from my lips.

Harry Depford turned angrily to his cousin, "Julia, how can you suggest such a thing? Miss Clive is naturally too rash without your goading her on to commit such a piece of folly. You surely," he continued, turning to me, "do not intend coming here in earnest?"

"I am certain Miss Clive would not be so absurd as to back out of a piece of fun merely on account of your timidity, Harry nor would she deprive us of the entertainment of her experiences," she replied in the tone of raillery she had used throughout.

"Shall we make it a wager, Miss Clive, to enhance the interest? I will bet a dozen pairs of gloves against the same number, which you will pay me should you fail in your enterprise."

"Willingly," I replied. "I had not the smallest intention of backing out of my word; nevertheless," addressing her cousin, "I am very grateful to you, Mr. Depford, for your anxiety on my behalf."

"If you persist in it Miss Clive, I shall accompany you; I shall not let you run such risk alone," he replied hotly.

"I beg you will do no such thing," I returned. "Can I believe my ears to hear a gentleman in the nineteenth century talking of danger from a ghost?"

We had moved on to join the others, but I stepped for a moment behind Miss Depford, and joining her cousin, said softly, "I ask you, as a favor, not to disturb me in this thing. I have made up my mind to do it!"

"It is not fair of you, Miss Clive, to ask this; you know I cannot refuse you anything, yet I fear—"

"Are you two arranging a midnight meeting in the gallery? How charmingly romantic it will be! But I fear, under the circumstances, our wager is at an end," broke in Miss Depford, with a bitter smile, as she turned round to address us. "I fancy, on the whole, the ghost's experiences of Miss Clive will be more instructive than Miss Clive's of the ghost."

"You are mistaken, my dear Julia," replied her cousin, coolly, but with set lips. "Miss Clive was asking me not to interfere with her nocturnal excursion, and I have agreed. Is that satisfactory?"

"I suppose so—to Miss Clive," was the indifferent reply; but a malignant smile of triumph played for a moment across her haughty features, belying the indifference of her words. The announcement of my intention caused great merriment among our friends, several of the gentlemen volunteering to join in my exterprise; but I gave them so decided a refusal they desisted pressing their service.

"I recommend you not to say anything about your plans to my parents," said Jane Rotheram, a good natured girl, and an old school chum of mine; "they do not view this subject so lightly as we do, and would, I am sure, find some means of thwarting you."

Several times during the day did Harry try to dissaude me from my object, but I laughed at his fears, and adhered to my ways. "What were my own feelings in the matter?" you will ask. "Was I so fearless of ghosts or so disbelieving of the spirit world as I made appear to others?" Of ghosts in general I was not; but I would rather face the most break neck fence in the hunting field than go by myself at night into a churchyard of evil repute.

But this was different. This statue exercised some powerful fascination over me. As I gazed at the marble countenance those eyes of stone seemed to attract me with a force I was unable to resist. In life I had never seen a being I so much admired. Miss Depford's parting words as we each retired to our own quarters for the night were to remind me of my wager. I replied I had not forgotten, and I would enlighten her curiosity next morning.

My small but comfortable room was the only one in a passage leading to a narrow staircase, which communicated directly with the haunted gallery. When I entered I found it wanted but three quarters of an hour to midnight, and did not think it worth while retiring to rest.

Throwing myself into an arm chair, I opened a novel to pass away the time. I read fitfully, only half following the story, my eyes straying constantly to the clock on the mantlepiece. At 5 minutes before 12 I got up, and drawing a shawl about my shoulders—for the night was chilly, and I still wore my low evening dress—I stole from the room, carefully closing the door behind me. I had taken the precaution to put my feet into a pair of bedroom slippers, and, as I crept down the stone stairs, there could be no footfall distinguishable to the most wakeful ears.

I was glad to remember Harry's room was at the other side of the house from mine, and as his cousin slept nearly opposite, fear of her mockery would keep him from stirring. My heart beat strangely, more with excitement than fear, and I entered the long deserted gallery which, but a few hours earlier, had been echoing with peals of thoughtless laughter. I stole along cautiously; gradually I became accustomed to the silent weirdness of the scene.

The night was not dark. By the pallid moon I could distinguish the features of the grim old Rotherams, looking more ghostly than ever by the cold blue light cast over them. I turned to look out of the window at the scene beneath. I had often thought how beautiful it must look by night. The moon reflected in the placid water, the long shadows thrown by the trees, the hooting of some night owls only breaking the stillness of the air, all contributed to the grandeur of the sight.

As I looked in wonder and admiration, a sudden feeling that I was not alone, that some one, something, I knew not what, was close beside me, came over me. For a few seconds I stood still, not daring to move, then, by an impulse, I turned round resolutely and came face to face with—not the marble statue, it was no longer visible, but its exact facsimile in—was it flesh and blood, or.....

People, as a rule, are supposed to shudder at the presence of an apparition of this world. I felt no horror; I saw in it the realization of my ideal.

Instinctively I stretched out my hand to feel. This was no resisting flesh with which I came in contact. My hand literally passed through the arm on which I had sought to rest it, leaving it perfect in form as before. No blood course through those cheeks, still white as the marble which had represented them; but the eyes were no longer mere balls of stone, as they glowed fiercely in the pale moonlight while fixed immovably on my face.

At that moment there arose in my mind the old saying I had heard—that a ghost will never be the first to speak—therefore I asked firmly: "Who or what are you?" My own voice sounded loud and strange, echoing strongly in the dead of night, startling me far more than that which replied. Those were no deep, sepulchral tones which fell on my ear. The voice was manly and sweet, only it seemed not to issue from the being who stood before me with lips unmoved. I could not tell whence it came. It might have been borne on the wind from some distant land; yet the words were distinctly uttered, and their sound clearly conveyed to me.

"What right have you here? You have made me the subject of an idle wager; and now, foolhardy that you are, you come thinking to brave me, and to get information with which to amuse you cowardly doits. You will learn to rue this." As it spoke the apparation drew closer to me, and raised its arm with an emphatic gesture. Threatening as were the words, the voice still retained its even tenor. I still feared it not.

"Your threats are vain; what harm can you do me?" I questioned, looking steadily at those lambent eyes.

"A harm you little wot of," it whispered; "I can love you! Most creatures have learned to fear a spirit's rage, but you have to learn what it is to an object of its love." As it said these words, the ghost opened its arms and seemed to throw them around me, its head bent down to mine, and I felt as though a cold blast from an iceberg had swept across my face. Then once more it stood erect. At last the spirit had found a means of moving me and yet, I must own, not to fear. What was it that caused the inward tremor I experienced when it spoke of love and clasped me in its arms, and pressed its icy kiss upon my lips? Did I love a spirit? Was such my destiny? I believe not. Fascinated, enthralled, I certainly was. Yet between the passion which momentarily absorbed me, and that holy, pure affection which though the unwilling agency of this same spirit was at a later time to wake within me, no possible affinity existed.

My weird lover, by this same fascination which influenced my every movement and hardly left my thoughts free, compelled me to sit down on the low window seat, while he stood waiting for me to speak.

"Why should I fear your love?" I asked in a tone of mockery. "The gift you offer is not usually considered so valueless that I should not rather welcome than reject it."

A flickering smile passed over the spirit's face.

"So you accept my love?" it muttered, with a sort of low, derisive chuckle; "then you will think it a privilege to do my bidding," seating itself beside me. At last I shuddered. I had lured it on to the utmost. And now the spirit's influence over me was increasing, I was powerless but to do as it commanded. "I have told you," it continued, "while you foolish worldlings scoff at me—though the daylight wanes I am unable to cause the fear—yet I can understand their idle talk. I now command you"— with a caressing gesture, which fettered me even more than the imperious word—"to speak to no mortal of what you have seen this night, nor yet to say that you sought me. As for your wager with that haughty girl and her ninny cousin, you must lose it! Mind," it proceeded warningly, "my love you have accepted gratefully, my jealousy you shall have unasked! If any man dare speak to you of love, no matter where it be, beware ye both! My vengeance shall be swift to strike." I heard all, but, unable even in thought to resist, I silently acquiesced. "Now, mine own! the day is breaking, I can no longer stay; a week hence at the same hour seek me here again." Thus speaking, my spirit love wrapped me in an embrace which stretched me senseless in the cold gray dawn.

Why is it that the girl with the biggest feet always wants to play Cinderella? "We don't know;" but we do know that the best remedy for coughs and colds is the far-famed Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive much benefit, and none are profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 LOST.—"A tour of Europe that cost me $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. Inter'l Rev.
So. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors.

MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved!

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters, by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y. oil-1mTu,Th&S

The finest lenses made are being mounted in Celluloid frames. They are handsome, light and strong and give better satisfaction than other Eye-Glasses. For sale by all leading Jewelers and Opticians. o22-1wdeod

The surest preventive against Small Pox is Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. It destroys contagion.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by Chas. A. Locher. fe25-1yeod&w

Will it Really Cure Rheumatism?

We answer, honor bright, it will cure rheumatism, and the severest cases too. *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* was specially prepared for the rheumatic and lame. Notice letters from the people relative to its merits in nearly every paper in the country. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

A Great Discovery.

That is daily bring joy to the homes of thousands by saving many of their ones from an early grave. Truly is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in the Throat, Pain in Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure. Guaranteed. Trial Bottles free at Chas. A. Locher's Drug Store. Large size $1.00.

Detectives and Private Officers

Usually wear their badges of authority concealed under their clothing, but *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* wears its badges in the form of printed labels attached to each and every bottle, so that all may know its mission. It is given full and complete authority to arrest all aches and pains, and does its duty every time. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

I Wish Everybody to Know.

Rev. George H. Thayer, an old citizen of this vicinity known to every one as a most influential citizen and christian minister of the M. E. church, just this moment stopped in our store to say, "I wish everybody to know that I consider that both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." It is having a tremendous sale over our counters and is giving perfect satisfaction in all cases of Lung Diseases, such as nothing else has done. DRS. MATCHETT & FRANCE.

BOONTON, Ind., May 15, '78.

Sold by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. feb14eod4

MEDICAL.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Words Fail.

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