# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volum XX--No 98 | LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1883. | Price Two Cents.



DRY GOODS.

GEO. FAHNESTOCK. GEO. FAHNESTOCK.

BAIR'S OLD STAND,

NO 14 EAST KING STREET.

LANCASTER, PA.

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions, in Great Variety.

A Full Line of Ladies' and Children's COATS, CLOAKS and DOLMANS alway on hand.

Silk Plushes by the Yard.

Mourning Goods a Specialty.

Our Dress Making Parlors are on the second and third floors, where Dresses, Coats, Cloaks and Dolmans are made at short notice. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed, whether goods are purchased here or sent to be made up from elsewhere.

George Fahnestock,

14 EAST KING STREET. - - - Lancaster, Pa.

HUMAN GUANO.

GRANGER FERTILIZER CO.

HUMAN GUANO.

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

—SOLD BY—

WM. H. JONES, No. 1621 Market Street; C. B. ROGERS, No. 133 Market Street; GRAHAM, EMLEN & PASSMORE, No. 631 Market Street; J. RIKER & SON, Branchtown Philadelphia, and responsible dealers generally.

OFFICE.--No. 333 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

aug15-6md

C. MUSSELMAN, Agent, Witmer, Lancaster county, Pa.

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.

JOHN L. ARNOLD.

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

JOHN L. ARNOLD'S,

Nos. 11, 13, 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

CLOTHING.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

WE HAVE

Christmas Presents

FOR EVERYBODY,

And everyone is invited to call and get one. Besides the presents, we are offering all of our

OVERCOATS

—AT—

Fifty Per Cent. of Former Prices.

All we ask is to call and see the GREAT BARGAINS WE ARE GIVING.

AN EXTRA QUALITY

ALL-WOOL DRESS SUIT for $10.

Equal to any $16 Suit to be found.

Children's Boy's and Youth's Clothing.

AT ONE HALF of their worth.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, NECKWEAR, GLOVES, SILK SUSPENDERS HOSIERY, FINE UNDERWEAR, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, Etc., AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.

—AT—

Hirsh & Brother's

Penn Hall Clothing House,

Nos. 2 & 4 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

LANCASTER, PA.

COAL.

B. B. MARTIN

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

☞Yard: No. 420 North Water and Prince streets above Lemon Lancaster. n3-lyd

BAUMGARDNERS & JEFFERIES.

COAL DEALERS.

OFFICES.—No. 21 NORTH QUEEN STREET, AND No. 564 NORTH PRINCE STREET.

YARDS.—NORTH PRINCE STREET, NEAR READING DEPOT.

LANCASTER, PA.

aug15-tfd

COAL! COAL!

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.

july19-tfd PHILIP GINDER.

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.

YARD—315 Harrisburg Pike.

GENERAL OFFICE—20½ East Chestnut street.

Kauffman, Keller & Co.

apr4-lyd

COAL.

M. V. B. COHO

330 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

LUMBER AND COAL.

Connection With the Telephonic Exchange.

Yard and Office No. 330 NORTH WATER STREET feb28-lyd

WINES AND LIQUORS.

HOUSEAL & CO.

Fine Liquors.

We do not claim to sell the finest brands of

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

But we do claim to sell as fine as the finest of all goods, such as are kept in a FIRST-CLASS Liquor Store.

HOUSEAL & CO.,

43 North Queen Street,

LANCASTER, PA

Opposite the new Postoffice. d11-lmd

HATS AND CAPS.

SUPERB

Christmas Gifts

—AT—

AMER'S,

NO. 39 WEST KING STREET.

SEALSKIN SACQUES.
FUR-LINED CIRCULARS,
SEALSKIN HATS AND CAPS.
SEALSKIN AND OTHER MUFFS.
BEAVER BERTHAS AND MUFFS.
SEAL AND OTTER PULSE WARMERS.
CHILDREN'S FURS, FUR TRIMMING.
GENTS GLOVES AND MUFFLERS.

Sacques and Circulars carefully made to measure. Our long and successful experience gives us a Guarantee of satisfaction.

ORDERS FOR GARMENTS TO MEASURE FOR CHRISTMAS SHOULD BE LEFT EARLY NEXT WEEK.

dl-3md

GOING,

GOING,

GOING.

AND THE NEXT THING THEY WILL BE

GONE!

GONE!

GONE!

All those Stylish Hats and Caps, which we are determined to sell at such LOW PRICES as to put our Goods beyond competition.

There is no more suitable present for a gentleman than a Fine

Silk Umbrella, or a Seal Turban.

SILK UMBRELLAS FROM $3.50 UP.

SHULTZ'S

ONLY HAT STORE,

No. 144

NORTH QUEEN STREET,

(GUNDAKER'S OLD STAND,)

LANCASTER, PA.

mar27 lyd&w

SHULTZ OLD STAND.

Hats, Caps, Furs,

Ladies' Seal Sacques and Dolmans,
Ladies' Fur-Lined Circulars,

Gents' and Ladies' Seal Caps,
Silk Umbrellas, Gloves, &c., &c

THE LARGEST STOCK AND ASSORTMENT OF FASHIONABLE

Winter Hats, Caps, Furs, &c.

Ever offered to the public, at the LOWEST PRICES. Wholesale and Retail. Buy for cash only and sell cheaper than any other Hat Store in the city.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE

Knox Silk & Derby Hat.

The ONLY Hat Manufactory in Lancaster. The Amish and Mennonite Hats a Specialty; my own manufacture. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Old Silk Hats made fashionable.

JOHN SIDES,

d22-tfd Successor to SHULTZ & BRO.

WE HAVE A FEW BRUSH AND COMB SETS left, which we will sell at a sacrifice to close them out.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED!

Also, a few Odor Cases which we do not wish to carry over.

POSITIVE BARGAINS AT

Thos. B. Bechtold's Drug Store,

No. 401 WEST ORANGE STREET, corner of Charlotte. d1-lyd

MEDICAL.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

BEAUTY SOAP.

To keep the pores open, the oil glands and tubes active, and thus furnish an outlet for impurities in the perspiration and blood which cause humiliating blotches, blackheads, and minor skin blemishes, especially of infants; to cleanse, whiten and beautify the skin, remove tan, freckles, sunburn and oily matter; to keep the hands soft, white and free from chaps and roughness, prevent contagious skin and scalp diseases, and to provide an exquisite skin beautifier and toilet, bath and nursery sanative redolent with delicious flower odors and CUTICURA healing balsams, use the CUTICURA SOAP. Indorsed by physicians and chemists as absolutely pure and highly medicinal. Sales 1881-2 1,000,000 cakes.

THE HERITAGE OF WOE,

Misery, shame and agony often bequeathed as a sole legacy to children by parents, is neglected Scrofula. To cleanse the blood of this hereditary poison, and thus remove the most prolific cause of human suffering, to clear the skin of disfiguring humors, itching tortures, humiliating eruptions, and loathsome sores caused by it, to purify and beautify the skin, and restore the hair so that no trace of the disease remains CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, diuretic and aperient, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures and beautifiers, are infallible.

I HAD SALT RHEUM

In the most aggravated form for eight years. No kind of treatment, medicines or doctors did me any permanent good. My friends in Malden know how I suffered. When I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES my limbs were so raw and tender that I could not bear my weight on them without the skin cracking and bleeding, and was obliged to go about on crutches. Used the CUTICURA REMEDIES five months, and was completely and permanently cured. MRS. S. A. BROWN, Malden, Mass.

Reference: Any citizen of Malden, Mass.

COPPER-COLORED.

I have been afflicted with troublesome skin disease, covering almost completely the upper part of my body, causing my skin to assume a copper-colored hue. It could be rubbed off like dandruff, and at times causing intolerable itching and the most intense suffering. I have used blood purifiers, pills, and other advertised remedies, but experienced no relief until I procured the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which, although recently and irregularly, cured me, allaying that terrible itching and restoring my skin to its natural color. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of this statement.

Milan, Mich. S. G. BUXTON.

Sold by all druggists. CUTICURA, 50c; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

CATARRH!

Sanford's Radical Cure.

The Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.

For the immediate relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in each and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application and is rapid, radical, permanent and never failing.

One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, forming a complete treatment, of all druggists for $1. ASK FOR SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

COLLINS'

Voltaic Electric Plasters.

For the relief and prevention, the instant it is applied of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Stomach and Bowels, Shooting Pains, Numbness, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilious Fever, Malaria and Epidemics, use Collins' Plasters, (an Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster) and laugh at pain. 25c. everywhere.

dec1-lydW,S,&w

VARIOUS QUACKS.

Various Quacks.

Who—Each With His Own Pet Scheme—Cultivate the Field of Human Nature.

There have always been quacks:—legal quacks, theological quacks, scientific quacks and medical quacks. Some of them are bland oily fellows who argue and smile the world into believing in their favorite bit of humbug. Others are pompous and pretentious parasites, But they make it pay. Men seem to love to be swindled, stipulating only that it shall be neatly done.

The dear public are equally liberal to the electric and magnetic fraud. This fellow is a genius in his line. He will put a magnetic belt around your waist, a magnetic necklace under your chin, or fit you out with an entire suit of magnetic cloth, warranted to serve the purpose of ordinary garments, and at the same time to cure all diseases, from whooping-cough to hasty consumption.

Most of these have no more electric or magnetic power about them than resides in woolen blankets or in girdles of sackcloth. Only when applied by an expert is electricity of the slightest use as a medicinal agent, and even then its value is grossly over-stated. What is the strongest possible presumptive evidence in favor of a particular remedy? Clearly that it should have been prepared by responsible persons of acknowledged skill in the treatment of disease.

Squarely on this foundation stands BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER. Endorsed by 5,000 physicians, pharmacists, druggists and chemists, it needs no further apology nor introduction. It is the one and only true and tried external application. Quacks of all kinds pay the Capcine the compliment of their dislike, as Satan is said to hate holy water.

Look in the middle of the plaster for the word "CAPCINE." Price 25 cents.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

dr-W&S&

CARPETS.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Just one bit of day of business care
Till Christmas is at hand,
A time when gifts—some plain, some rare—
Abound throughout the land.
I've one more chance—I'll take it, too—
To make my wife's heart glad;
I'll go to Shirk's, like husband true,
Where bargains may be had,
And there I'll buy a carpet bright,
And thus bring joy to all,
For every heart grows gay and light
With gifts from Carpet Hall.

Shirk's Carpet Hall,

Cor. of West King and Water Sts.,

LANCASTER, PA.


## A WAR STORY.

GOOD READING FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

The Innocent's Red Apple—A Fourth of July Hero—The Infant of the Regiment.

Joaquin Miller in Press.

General "Jeb" Stewart was hanging on the Federal flank. His midnight camp was pitched on the hillside. Up the hill a little way lay a farm house; two or three hay stacks hung upon the hillside. The worn out horses fed there and nodded their drowsy heads to the hay. All around on the ground under the trees in camp the troopers lay—black men, white men, brown men, men who were gray and old, little lads, boys who had seen a dozen battles and hardly yet as many years, a mixed and a motley lot; ragged, wretched, hungry. They lay on their bellies before the fires, munching roasted corn, gnawing it off the cob greedily, husking it, roasting it, rolling it in the ashes on the coals, singing it in the blazing fire of old Virginia fence rails. Now and then a shot rang out in the clear still night away where the tired pickets met too closely for peace and now and then better disposed men on the picket lines, and more favored and fortunate, met together and reached each other on their bayonets tobacco and old ragged newspapers in sort of exchange of war. The moon rode high and white in the great blue sea above, and all the stars of heaven looked down in pity and in peace.

Then a song burst out. The black men were singing louder, sweeter, with more pathos and memories of home, than the white men. It was a sad, grotesque, weird and unique picture. Suddenly Stuart stood in the midst of the ragged and uproarious lot.

"Discipline! Look here Sergeant Zeb. I want discipline or death. Discipline I say! Do you expect me to fight battles and win victories with a howling mob like this and the enemy right here waiting to recoil on us the moment we give him a chance? Discipline I say! Hang your blacks and shoot your whites; or have discipline!"

Silence Over the White and Black.

Silence in a second! And the long, lean men and the sleeping lads pulled themselves together and tried to look and act like soldiers, while the blacks, at the suggestion of their being hung up, melted back from the fitful embers into the night, as if they were a part of it.

Then the weary, bearded chief threw himself on a heap of saddles at hand and forgot his sternness as he looked about over the wretched group of poor fellows gathered there for a little rest under the oaks.

"Boys, I'm hungry, hungry as a wolf. What have you got to eat?"

A dozen men sprang up, a half dozen young, beardless troopers rushed forward, and from out the night back under the trees there came many black forms. And each and every one, black men and white men, old men and little boys, reached up and thrust into the chieftain's face, with generous alacrity, an ear of roasted corn. Some of these ears of corn had only a few teeth marks in them, being almost entirely intact. Others again were pretty well gnawed down to the cob. But they were all alike offered with prompt generosity.

"Corn!" and the confederate chief shook his head with a grim and sickly smile as he muttered to himself: "Corn! biled corn, roasted corn, raw corn, white corn, red corn—all kinds of corn. No, no boys, I'm hungry, but I can't eat corn any more to-night."

The men melted back in respectful silence into a broad circle. And there, suddenly, somehow in the centre of that circle, stood a child; a little boy who had been aroused from his sleep on the pile of saddles in the commotion that attended the chieftain's coming. And now, wide awake, with a little toy flag in one hand and a red apple in the other, this little boy stood there in the midst of these wild and ragged men with cheeks as rosy as the apple he held in his dimpled little hand.

The Innocent's Red Apple.

"If yer hungry, mister, captain, general, here's my red apple," and with this the little boy toddled right up and stood almost between the booted legs of the surprised soldier.

"Sergeant Zeb, where in all Jericho did this child come from? Is it yours? I won't have children around me here. I left my babes at home; can't you do the same?"

"Tain't my poor little chickie, Gen. Stuart."

"Then take it to its mother," thundered the chief.

"Its mother is dead, general."

"To its father, then."

"Its father is dead, too, general."

"Dead?"

"Dead. Killed in the battle yesterday when you led over that stone fence by the farm house on the hill sah."

The confederate general bit his lips. Then, muttering to himself as he rose up and turned half away: "Killed at the farm house where I led. Some poor farmer defending his home and little ones. I can't stand this."

"Please, sir, Mister general, won't you take my red apple? papa growed it in his orchard. And he buyed me that, too."

Here the child reached its little flag, trying hard to make friends with the seemingly hard man, who was turning away as if to avoid it.

"Sergeant Zeb, where did that flag come from?"

"Had it in its hands when I found it, sah and it won't give it up, sah; says its father gave it to it for the Fourth of July, sah."

"Foff of July," piped the little waif, waving the little five cent stars and stripes overhead, there in the midst of the dark and gathering circle of soldiers under the oaks.

The general turned, stooped and caught the child by his arms.

"Keep your pretty little flag, and wave it when and where you like. You don't know the difference, and I wish I didn't know the difference. Here, Zeb, take care of this kid. Boys, we killed its father by chance yesterday. Let's take care of it. We can't do less; and may be it will bring us luck. What do you say, boys."

The Infant of the Regiment.

The wild shout that shook the leaves of the oaks overhead startled the advocates for discipline, and, turning to Zeb, as he strode away in the night for another part of his camp, he shouted "Silence! and Zeb, discipline, discipline! Damn it, discipline or death, I say!" and he was gone.

They gathered about the wide-eyed, rosy faced orphan with its little flag and red apple, and many a black and white and not over clean hand reached out to toy with and stroke the hair of gold that hung heavy as corn silk in summer time over the lad's shoulders.

"I found it in the fence corner," said Zeb, "all a shiverin' and its daddy and its mammy dead, shot down by stray bullets when we stormed the place."

"Yes, and dar war a rabbit, right aside ub him," said a black face back in the dark, over another man's shoulder.

"An golly, we kotched and eat der rabbit," chuckled another black man.

"Wal, we'l keep the kid; keep 'im till the crows come home." And with a grunt of universal approval from all as they gradually melted away, Old Zeb hoisted the little one high up on his collossal shoulders, and turned suddenly to look and to listen, for there was a shout down the hill and a sudden sharp volley of shots above, beyond the hay stacks. It began to look as if this little squad of raiders had got into a bite. Shouts of the enemy down the hill; shots of the enemy up the hill beyond the haystacks. Which way should the surprised and panic stricken soldiers fly? The colossal old Virginia sergeant, with the child on his massive shoulders, was the only officer in charge. The blacks were hiding about behind trees, behind each other, under saddles, blankets, anywhere. The shouts from the advancing enemy came loud and clear from below and very near. The camp fire, the song of the soldiers had done the mischief. This little squad of ragged, panic stricken night raiders was doomed. The leaves began to fall like autumn time over old Zeb, the tall and angular old sergeant.

A Battle and a Baby On Hand.

What a plight for a soldier! A battle on hand and a babe in his arms. The old sergeant came near throwing it away with the heap of negroes hiding away under the saddles. Where was Stuart? The sergeant put his hand to his ear and learned to listen as best he could between the sharp volleys from below that were ruining the prospects of the next year's acorn crop in the trees overhead. He could hear the clatter of iron hoofs on the high ridge to the west. The moon was setting large and round and low. Over the bare crest of this hill and against the moon he could see the Confederate cavalry pouring in impetuous flight. Stuart, the cautious and wary leader, had escaped.

"Come, men! We must follow our general on foot—any way to get out of this. Come! Up by the hay stacks and on over the ridge."

The strong man started up the stony hill to pass the hay stacks. The child, as if it was afraid it might fall, wound its little left arm affectionately about the great gray shock of hair. And that little act saved it; that accidental show of affection won the old fellow's heart entirely. Why, he would not now have pitched it aside with the terrified negroes for gold.

Up the hill he led swiftly, the men following in groups, knots, singly, armed, unarmed, limping, leaning, erect, in all manner of ways, only so as to escape the ferocious Federals charging up the hill from below. They could see the points of shining bayonets entering their camp by the light of the burning fence rails as they fled out of it, and the black color had nearly all faded from the flying Confederates as they neared the haystacks.

Here the gray headed old sergeant, with the child on his shoulder, paused for a moment right under the haystacks to get his bearings. The moon had fallen down behind the crest of the hill. It was nearly dark now. The Federal bayonets were only a few steps in the rear. The ragged and demoralized Confederates huddled close and helpless up and after the tall and grizzled old giant, who stood there looking out which way to lead them, with the child on his shoulder, its little left arm hugging the great shaggy gray head, its right one holding the flag.

The tall, gray soldier threw up his great heavy hand to his brow and looked out under his broad palm to try and see which way to lead.

The child seemed to think this a part of the celebration, and in the fullness of its delight, just as the Federal officer drew his sword and was giving the word "Fire!" the child, holding tight on to the great grizzled head with its left hand, and as if to contribute its part to the celebration, waved its little flag there in the glare and light! And in that awful stillness which comes always before any dreadful catastrophe, piped out its shrill little voice, as it raised itself higher for the occasion:

"Foff of July!"

Put it upon record in gold and read that the Federal officer lowered the point of his sword. The heavy breeches of the guns struck the stony ground with a thud. The line of blue divided, and the old gray Confederate with his little charge on his shoulder still waving the little flag, passed on through the line, while cheer after cheer shook the bullet riddled leaves of the oaks overhead.

A baby was born in a cemetery at Marshalltown, Iowa, a short time ago, but every-where can be seen babies borne to the cemetery because mothers cruelly neglect to procure Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, a sure cure for croup, colds and coughs.


A WIFE'S TROUBLE.

For a number of years my wife has been troubled with chronic rheumatism, it being in some portion of her body constantly (except perhaps in the very warmest weather in summer.) Last Christmas she contracted a very severe cold, and a diseased condition of the kidneys became manifest, which subjected her to excessive suffering, as the symptoms of gravel became more prominent, her urine being colored, accompanied by a heavy brick-dust sediment.

After trying several remedies without relief, I procured for her a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, which she commenced taking, and before three days had passed she became much better. She continued using the medicine until she had used six bottles, and now feels entirely cured of both rheumatism and kidney complaint. She believes her present excellent health due solely to the use of Hunt's Remedy.

GRATIFYING RESULTS.

Under date of May 14, E. A. Thomson, the well known grocer and provision dealer, of 78 Green street, New Haven, Conn., writes as follows: "Several weeks since I was taken very ill with kidney disorders, and an examination of my urine showed a very diseased condition of my kidneys, and I had also symptoms of a diseased state of my liver. The passing of my urine was accompanied with severe pains in the small of my back and loins followed by a burning sensation, and after having stood awhile in the vessel, the urine showed a very heavy deposit of a sediment similar to ground brick-dust, and, in short, I found that I was in such a diseased condition as to require immediate medical treatment, and as I was anxious to obtain the best and most speedy remedy, I looked and inquired carefully, and became satisfied that Hunt's Remedy was an article of excellent merit, and therefore I concluded to give it a trial, and commenced taking it, and before I had taken one bottle I found such great improvement that I decided to continue its use, and by taking only two bottles the result has been most gratifying in giving me restored health.

"I have ordered a supply of Hunt's Remedy for my store, and shall hereafter have it for sale, as I consider it an excellent article for diseases of the liver and kidneys."

d24-1wdM,W&F&w

Bathe the hands in Darbys Prophylactic Fluid and no contagion will attack you.

A Wide Awake Druggist.

Mr. Chas. A. Locher, is always wide awake in his business, and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The only certain cure known for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on positive guarantee. Will give you a Trial Bottle Free. Regular size, $1.00.

Celluloid Eye-Glass frames representing the choicest selections of tortois-shell and amber are fast becoming the most popular. For sale by all leading Jewelers and Opticians.

d24-1wdeod

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.

ie25-tyeod&w

Would Have Been Set Upon.

Had not *Burdock Blood Bitters* been a remedy of unquestionable merit they would have been set down upon by the public as thousands of medicines have been when their worthlessness was discovered. *Burdock Blood Bitters* have received unbounded praises from the sick, thus establishing their merit beyond dispute. For sale by H. B. Cochran druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street.

We Challenge the World.

When we say we believe, we have evidence to prove that Shiloh's Consumption Cure is decidedly the best Lung Medicine made, in as much as it will cure a common or Chronic Cough in one-half the time and relieve Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, and show more cases of Consumption cured than all others. It will cure where they fail, it is pleasant to take, harmless to the youngest child and we guarantee what we say. Price, 10c., 50c and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street. feb7-eod1

MEDICAL.

HOP PLASTER.

SHARP PAINS.

Crick, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Backache, Swollen Joints, Heart Disease, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*. Compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts, it is indeed *the best* pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Porous Plaster ever made. *Hop Plasters* are sold by all druggists and country stores. 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Co.*, Proprietors and Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

HOP PLASTER.

☞Coated tongue, bad breath, sour stomach and liver disease cured by Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills, 25 cts. nov26-lyd&w(2)

AYER'S PILLS.

CRYING FOR AID.

Loss of Appetite, Headache, Depression, Indigestion and Constipation, Biliousness, a Sallow Face, Dull Eyes and a Blotched Skin, are among the symptoms which indicate that the liver is crying for aid.

AYER'S PILLS.

Will stimulate the liver to proper action and correct all these troubles. One or more of these pills should be taken daily, until health is fully established. Thousands testify to their great merit.

No family can afford to be without Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

dec24 30 lyd&w

PAIN KILLER.

"ISMS"

THE WORST "ISM" TO-DAY IS

RHEUMATISM.

RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK CURED BY PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES CURED BY PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE MUSCLES CURED BY PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM OF LONG STANDING CURED BY PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS, buy of Any Druggist

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

d1-lyd&w

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.

HIGH & MARTIN.

FANCY GOODS

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MEDICAL.

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Simmons Liver Regulator

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria and all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; cold feet or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons traveling, or living in unhealthy localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects,

A GOVERNOR'S TESTIMONY.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SHORTER.
Governor of Alabama.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JARNEY,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

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