ALLY INTELLIGENCER.

ED EVERY EVENING IN THE YEAR, (Bundays Excepted) BY STRINMAN & HENSEL

MTELLIGENCER BUILDING. W. CORRER CENTRE SQUARE, LANGABTHE, PA.

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WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER. (Eight Pages.)

BLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

DEREEPONDENCE solicited from every po of the state and country. Correspondents are re-quested to write legibly and on one side of the paper only; and to sign their names, not for publication, but in proof of good faith. All anonymous letters will be consigned to the waste

THE INTELLIGENCER,

The Cancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, JUNE 29, 1885.

A Disputing Doctor. The West Chester Village Record was so shocked at our calling the locust a louse that it sought the scientific authority of Dr. Hartman, of the vicinage, to calm its outraged feelings and it declares that he told it that the seventeen-year locust was not a ouse : that its scientific name was cicada, not ophida; and that it did not feed on dewdrops or anything else after quitting

We rejoice that the Village Record is com forted. We regret that we caused its pangs. We are glad to hear from Dr. Hartman. We are happy to hear from all the doctors. If it was not for the doctors newspaper men would have a hard time often to find anything to talk about There is a never failing recourse provided in the inability of the do tors to agree. It only needs that a proposition from one be stated to find another ready to kick it

We trust that the West Chester doctor knows more than the other doctor-he was probably a New York doctor, in which case the odds favor the Chester man stronglybecause we do not want to think that the pretty locusts are lice; and that our ancestors, or somebody's ancestors, wandered around in the desert feeding upon licespread manna. And we do not care whether the right name is cicada or aphida; one is as respectable as the other to unlearned ears that are only concerned with the euphony of the sound.

But we confess that one of the things his authority with some misgivings. We thought we were getting the food supply of our insect visitors whittled pretty near down to nothing when we accepted the statement that their only provender was the dew-drop. Still that was something; and we concluded that creatures that got along for seventeen years on very slim pasturage, might survive and thrive on very little for the few weeks of their appearance on earth, notwithstanding it is the active time of their life when they fly about and sing and lay their eggs. But we hesitate to believe that they do this on absolutely nothing. It is contrary to our experience of animal and insect economy.

We prefer to leave the locust the dewdrop. It is a pretty concert anyway; and the esthetic Record ought not to want to rob us of it.

No Statesman.

The Philadelphia Press discounts the intelligence of the readers of its weekly issue in a shocking manner. It has asked for answering votes from them upon certain questions of a literary and political character, and has received some 1,065 ballots, the results of which it prints. That Harriet Beecher Stowe and E. P. Roe should lead all the rest as "the favorite living story-writers"; and that "Evangeline" should be accounted the favorite poem, ahead of Gray's "Elegy" or "Thanatopsis," were, perhaps, enough to show the valuelessness of this election; but when on the topic of the greatest American statesman, "it was a close race between James G. Blaine and Daniel Webster," Mr. Blaine finally obtaining a plurality, and completely distancing Clay, Washington, Lincoln, Hamilton and Jefferson—it is sarely enough to show what an injury the Press has done its readers, and what a pitiable confession it makes about its own influence.

Mr. Blaine is not a statesman at all. His fondest admirers hardly claim that for him. le has stood for no achievement in statespanship, and ins name is linked with no great public measure. He is a dextrons parliamentarian, a shrewd controversialist and a popular orator, but there is scarcely any man mentioned in the Press list who does not rise far above him in enduring fame as a statesman.

An Exploded Charge.

The New York Times has done itself no credit by making charges against ex-Senator James R. Doolittle, which it has not been able to sustain, and which it refuses to retract, even denying the accused the benefit of publishing his complete answer

Mr. Doolittle was one of the Republican senators who refused to countenance the impeachment of Andrew Johnson; and though time has long since vindicated the wisdom of his political judgment, and the conscientiousness of his course, like most of his Republican colleagues who took that stand, he has since lived under a cloud.

In 1872 he was a conspicuous supporter of the Liberal Republican cause and its candidate, and, in common with other prominent Republicans who were for Greeley, he was assailed with a rancor and malignity that exceeded ordinary partisan malice. One of the charges they made has been lately revived by the Times, in connection with the mention of Mr. Doo-little's name for a federal or foreign apointment. It is to the effect that he conted from a trade in Southern cotton in 1984, for which he had in his senatorial procured the permit. Mr. Doolittle makes complete answer and conclusive proof of the falsity of the charge, which was a damaging one and was made so specifically and positively as to sound plausible. That the Times refuses to admit its error

or make good its charge now only hurts the

Heart or Liver.

So respectable and dignified a journal as the London Atheneum raises the question as to whether or not-the heart of the poet Shelley survived the cremation of his body, which rude ceremony was the freak of his friends Byron and Leigh Hunt. There have been raised of late strong doubts as to whether this burning of Shelley's corpse was not a drunken spree, rather than the romantic and poetical affair that has long been written about. Neither the memory of the poet nor any of his friends has been profited by the controversy.

The new issue raised is a very disgusting one, indeed. It seems to be admitted that some organ survived the cremation: though from all the accounts of that affair it may be inferred that the member preserved was removed before the body was laid upon the funeral pyre. But the Athenœum suggests that it is the liver and not the heart that longest survives the intense heat of cremation. This in itself is s question easily demonstrable of scientific proof, but to test it in Shelley's case by an anatomical examination of "the cherished remains" is asking a little too much. It makes no difference to poetry or the public whether it is the poet's heart or liver which lies incased in Boscombe hall. Whichever it is let it be undisturbed.

THE summer skeptic doubts the truth of the gospel because all the apostles were

THE half-holiday movement has made a good start in New York. On Saturday in that city 2,500 stores and shops of various kinds closed their doors at 1 p. m. and 50,000 persons were given an opportunity to seek recreation at an hour when facilities for transit were such as to accommodate women and children who wished to get out of the close confines of the city. The early closing movement is a go.

AND now the summer resort sponger getting his sharpened books in order.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the enfant terrible of the Conservative party in England, is to have some opposition in his re election to Parliament. He sits for the pocket borough of Woodstock, which has 1,129 voters, only 572 of which Churchill polled at the last election. His present competitor, a popular young barrister, Corrie Grant, proposes to give him a warm race, and he will have Liberal influence and money in abund-ance at his back. The election takes place on July 4, and it derives additional interes from the fact that Lady Churchill, daughte of Leonard Jerome, of New York, is taking an active interest in the canvass and is mak ing personal appeals to voters. It would be a funny consummation if this obstreperous yet brilliant Englishmen, should fail of his aspirations.

WHEN it was stated on Saturday that Secretary Whitney had invited a party of friends to take a trip by boat to Mount Vernon, there were doubtless numerous Republican editors who were preparing to write caustically on the evils of official junketing. But it transpires that the steamer was chartered at Mr. Whitney's private expense and not at the expense of the taxpayers of the country. Robeson, Hunt and Chandler all made the government foot the bills for this kind of excursions. It remained for a Democratic head of the navy to set the seal of popular disapproval on this thinly-dis-guised public robbery. JOSEPH E. PERKINS, of Syracuse, N. Y.

has been for the past 35 years compiling statis-tics of those who have passed their one hundredth year. Some of the results are astonishing. The investigation extends back to the time of Attila, king of the Huns, who died A. D. 500 at the age of 124. Mr. Perand that Connecticut holds highest rank among the states in the same regard. The Chinese are short and the Russians are long lived. Women are in the majority among centenarians, due in the author's opinion to the fact that they lead more regular lives than men. He says: "I have instances of 50 old maids who came up to my century standard, and only 12 bachelors. As regards occupation I find that sailors, soldiers and farmers are the longest lived. Among the professions I have the instances of 100 ministers who lived to 100 years and more, while l could find only 30 doctors, 10 lawyers and 10 actors who came up to the standard. I can find no case among my 10,000 of a newspaper man who has lived to be 100 years old. Newspaper men do so much brain work that they die young. There are three cases among the centenarians where the husband and wife each died on the same day, and one of the most curious things in my collection is that in regard to a black and white centenarian Each of them was born with six fingers and six toes on each hand and foot. Then there is the case of a man who married 16 times and nad no children. This case is offset by that of another centenarian who had 49 children.
John Riva, an exchange broker of Italy,
lived to the age of 116 years and had a child
born to him after he was 100 years old. He attributed the remarkable preservation of his health to his habit of chewing citron bark." Mr. Perkins' forthcoming book will be en-titled "The Encyclopædia of Human Longevity," and besides being remarkable in its

way will possess much intrinsic interest. Many Clues to One Robbery. From the Detroit Free Press. A boy about 12 years old reported to a policeman the other day that a robbery had occurred at the house under very mysterious circumstances. The sum of \$25, which was in a china vase on a bracket, had taken wings. "Were any of the windows found open?" asked the officer. "No." "Any visitors in the house who might have taken it?" "No." "And you haven't picked up any clues, ch!" "That's the trouble, sir—there's clues till you can't rest. I want to go off and camp out, and dad thinks I cribbed the moncy. Dad wants to go to Chicago, and marm thinks he's got the bootle. Marm wants a new summer wrap, and dad says she clawed them ducats for sure. The hired girl is going to be married next week, and dad and marm and me believe she raked in the stake to go on a bridal tour. Tell you what, mister, when I see how many clues can be picked up on a little case like this it makes me anxious to know which of us will come out on top." A boy about 12 years old reported to a

Neal Dunlevy on Irish Prospects.

Neal Dunlevy discussed the "Prospects of immediate home rule for Ireland under the new ministry" at the meeting of the Jackson branch of the Irish National league held in St. Michael's T. A. B. hall, Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon. A large audience was in attendance. Mr. Dunlevy said that the chances of home rule for Ireland had been greatly improved by the overthrow of the Gladsione government, which had been accomplished by Parnell and his followers. The recent address of Mr. Balfour showed a wonderful change in the sentiment and policy of the Tory party, a charge which had resulted from the determined efforts of the Irish leaders. In conclusion, the speaker urged that great efforts be made to increase the Parliamentary fund, which was particularly needed at this time. Neal Dunlevy on trisk Prospects.

Buffalo to Have a Crematory.

The Buffalo, N. Y., Cremation society has just purchased a lot near the cemetery and will erect the finest crematory temple in the country. A contract has been made for the apparatus with Joseph Venini, of Milan, Italy. The crematory will be ready for use about the 1st of November.

The moon looked down to earth and smiled Upon a little, weeping child: The child, with wonder, saw afar

O child of earth, in thy sad years,
May God's dear love shine through thy tears.
Till faith shall burst her prison bars
And grief be lost among the stars!
—Harriette R. Shaltuck in Good Cheer.

A DEADWOOD ROMANCE.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM BOSTON WHO LIVED TO BE FORGIVEN.

A Telegram Announcing His Death-The Murder of the Man Who Sent It-An Interesting Young Woman Plays a Part in the Case. Fact Stranger Than Fiction.

From the New York Sun.

One day last winter a young man from Boston, named Henry T. Byron, was se-verely frozen while riding on horseback from Lead City to Deadwood, and, on taking his bed, grew worse so rapidly that it was seen that he could not live. He had neither friends nor money, but he was such a bright and gentlemanly young fellow that the few men who heard of his illness did what they could for him cheerfully. He seemed to have recovered entirely from his frost bite, but he was so weak and emaciated that he rielded rapidly to a low fever, and, growing fainter day by day, the doctor told the few rough watchers that he could not live more han forty-eight hours, probably not twenty-

The next night Tom Felton, an old-time frontiersman, who was sitting with the sick man, momentarily expecting his death, began to wonder if the boy had any friends any-where, and when the sufferer finally began to mutter some half audible sentences his companion bent over him and questioned him repeatedly as to his home and friends. him repeatedly as to his home and friends. At first he received no reply, but presently the delirious youth seemed to gather some idea of what was wanted, and in broken tones managed to communicate a name and address in Boston, which Felton at once put down on a clean page of his well-worn memorandum book. Further efforts to converse with the dying man were futile, and at about midnight Felton, evidently supposing him dead, or feeling certain that he would die before morning—just which will never be known—left his bedside, and, proceeding to the telegraph office, wrote the following message:

Your son, Henry T. Byron, died here to night of pneumonia. Will bury him here and awatt your orders,

Ton Feltons.

This dispatch was transmitted by the operator. Felton standing by and watching every motion until the young man closed his key and placed the paper on a spike at his left hand. Then the old miner buttoned his cost about him, and stepped out into the street again. The night was bitterly cold, and as the operator followed the man to the door and looked out for a moment, he noticed that he started away in the direction of the little saloon and hotel where Byron had been stopping.

The Mystery of Tom Felton's Death, The next morning Tom Felton's dead bod; was found not more than three hundre feet from the telegraph office, his long hall and beard matted with snow and ice, and his limbs frozen stift. At first it was thought that he might have succumbed to the cold but on examination it was found that there were two bullet holes in his back. Who killed Tom Felton, or what it was done for has never been known, and probably never will be. He had had a varied experience on the border, had been in nearly every mining camp from the Black Hills to the coast, an camp from the Black Hills to the coast, and was what was considered a hard man; yet he had many good qualities, and his friends made loud threats of vengeance against his murderer, which would have been carried out, no doubt, if the guilty man could ever have leave leavest.

thave been locared.

The next day a furious blizzard swept over all this section, carrying down the telegraph wires, suspending all kinds of business, and even cutting off the stage communication with the railroads north and south of here.

When the doctor called at the saleon in the When the doctor called at the saloon in the course of the forencen and went up stairs to the little room where Byron lay, he was surprised to notice a decided improvement in the condition of his patient. He made a new prescription, gave some direction as to treatment, and going down stairs to inquire what ment, and going down stairs to inquire what had become of Felton, who had agreed to stay with the sick man until he came again, heard for the first time of the murder that had been committed. One of the other hangers on about the place was pressed into service, and under his and the doctor's care Byron soon showed such cheering signs of mending that all began to hope that he would weeks, Felton in the meantime having been buried and all but forgotten by his rough associates of former days. Byron was able to get about a little, and in a month more he was in better health than he was before he

was in better health than he was below he was taken sick.

The wires were down during the great storm for several days. Two or three times they were repaired, but breaks occurred at other places, and it was not until the blizzard other places, and it was not until the blizzard other places, and it was not until the blizzard. had entirely subsided that things were got into working order again. Then among the delayed messages that came one day was this:

Ton Felton, Deadwood:
Will see that all bills are paid, Mark the grave. Will be there some time in spring.
H. Osborne.

As Tom Felton was dead the operator, whose frequent service in communicating news of deaths and burials of Eastern gold hunters had made him hardened, and who had forgotten about the message which he had sent to some one in Boston named Byron, made up his mind that there was no use in trying to deliver this message, and he promptly enclosed it to the sender by mail, explaining that the person to whom it was addressed was dead and buried. Letters coming to Felton soon after were forwarded to the dead letter office without particular notice being taken of them, and in the course of time even the telegraph and postal authorities had no occasion to remember the dead miner and adventurer. Young Byron got work as soon as he was strong enough, and of late he has been making a desperate effort to pay off the huge doctor's bill which ran up during his illness. As Tom Felton was dead the operator,

The Dead Come to Life, Tuesday, June 16, two weeks ago, when the stage came to Deadwood from Sidney, among the passengers alighting were a benevolentlooking old gentleman and a slender young lady of such grace and beauty that the big crowd which usually gathers when the stage comes in followed her with their eyes until she and her escort disappeared within the hotel. Even then some of the men made excuses to get into the house. The gentleman registered as H. Osborne and daughter, Boston, Mass., and, after making several inquiries, he and his fair companion were shown to adjoining rooms. The next day Mr. Osborne and his daughter set out on their errand. Inquiring first as to the personality and fale of Tom Felton, they soon learned all the particulars of his unhappy death that were known, and then they gently broached the subject that was evidently nearest their hearts. The hotel-keeper could give them no information about Henry T. Byron. He had never heard of him. Such a man might have been in the camp, and might have died there, but he had not heard of it. Directing the stranger to the city marshal, the hotel-keeper turned to other people demanding attention, and Mr. Osborne and daughter salled forth in search of the marshal. When they found that dignitary and the usual questions had been put to him he hitched up his trousers and replied:

"Yes, I know all about that young man. He was sick down here for four or five weeks, and everybody thought he was a goner, but he pulled through, and he ain't any deader'n I am."

"Oh, but the one we are searching for is dead," said the girl, with an appealing look. "We received a telegram announcing his death, and it must be."

"Well, that's all right, mum," continued the marshal, eyeing her heavy mourning costume curiously, and just beginning to wonder if he was not on the point of discovering something rather more interesting than usually fell to his lot; "that's all right, but the man I'm talking about didn't die at all, and I'll take you to him if you say the word. He's up here at one of the stamp mills, and I'll introduce you."

The three got into the marshal's wagon and drove rapidly to the spot indicated, the old gentleman looking pale and excited and the girl flushed and anxious. Getting out of the vehicle, Mr. Osborne saw the man for whom he was looking, and in helping his daughter out he purposely kept her head fevered. Then, holding her close to him he warne cuses to get into the house. The gentleman registered as H. Osborne and daughter, Boston, Mass., and, after making several inquir-

Byron was almost speechless, and turned all colors. The old gentleman got red in the face blowing his nose, and the city marshal and others who had been attracted to the spot by the unusual scene tried to talk about quartz, fissure veins, and amalgam, but with poor success. All hands returned to Deadwood as soon as possible, and there Mr. Osborne, after a call at the telegraph office and an extended conversation with various friends of Tom Felton, learned as much of the truth as has here been given, which is all that anybody knowa.

Tom Felton, learned as much of the truth as has here been given, which is all that anybody knows.

After supper the old man said: "A dispatch, signed Tom Felton, came to Mr. Byron in Boston last January, announcing his son's death hero. The boy had been a wild lad, and after numerous scrapes had run away. About six months before he disappeared he married my daughter, and we both believed that if his tather had given him a boost then he could have been saved. We knew nothing of his circumstances until it was too late, and we found it impossible to trace him. My daughter was broken-hearted; but we cherished the hope that he would soon return, perhaps a better man. When his father, who is a stern, unbending man, got the telegram from Felton, he retused to do anything, and turned it over to me as a matter of news. My daughter and I resolved to bring his remains back, and that is what brought us here. If it had not been for Felton's dispatch, we should not have known where the young man was, as he says he had determined not to return until he had made a new beginning. We will all go back together."

HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS seriously ill in Quincy, Mass, his home. KEILEY, who does not seem to be wanted at Rome or Italy, is in Paris awaiting further

VICE PRESIDENT REED, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, is registered at the Stevens house.

At the Stevens house.

PATRICK MALLOY, of Saratoga, N. Y., is the richest bootblack in America, being the owner of two houses.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, the actor, has at length been removed to Bloomingdale asylum by some of his friends. He was brought there by a ruse,

Col. E. Z. C. Judson, better known as "Ned Buntline," says he has received seven wounds in his country's defense, but thanks God he is not a "government pauper."

BROTHER PAUL, for thirty years superior of the congregation of the Xavier Brothers in Louisville, Ry., died in his chair at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning of rheumatism of the heart, agod 66 years. BOB BURDETTE wisely observes: "Nine

times out of ten, daughter, the man who only wants to marry a housekeeper can be kept more economically in the work-house than he can in your father's house." GOVERNOR HOADLY, of Ohio, arrived in Washington on Sunday. His visit is for the purpose of ascertaining whether the statue of Garfield, contributed by the state of Ohio to the National Statuary hall, has been executed

secording to contract.

KAISER WILHELM neither smokes nor takes snuff. He uses a short-sighted eye-glass to read and write only, and will not own that his eyes are weaker. He sleeps, like a boy, soundly and peacefully. He likes a joke, and with his inferiors is most considerately kind, buying hisrael, little presented.

siderately kind, buying himself little presents for each of his servants at Christmas. SIR PETER LUMSDEN, at a recent recep-tion in London, was the lion of the evening. It soon came to be known who was the broad shouldered giant in searlet covered with orders; brown, with a brown-pointed beard, resolute face and steady brown eyes. Nobody was so much asked for or so constantly surrounded by friends and people who wanted to see him and to be introduced to

CONGRESSMAN HILL, of Ohio, is quoted as saying that "the Democrats of Ohio are opposed to the civil service law almost to a man; that they regard it as a fraud on the public, and that they believe in the right of the people to change every officer in the government at the time prescribed by the constitution. He had heard many Democratic members of Congress say that they would not vote a dollar to pay the expenses of the commission and he felt that way himself."

Brave Whiskey, for British Soldiers. The correspondent of one of the London papers, now at Suakim, writes: "When Lord Wol seley first assumed command, the question of liquor for his men caused much anxiety. The regulation Scotch and Irish whiskey iss regulation Scotch and Irish whiskey issued by the commissary department was too heavy, and yet it was necessary to give the men a stimulant. An enthusiatic American at Cairo suggested the use of Depar's PURE MALT WHISKEY, Headquar-ters Baltimore, U. S. A., retailed by all reliable grocers or druggists. Having samples in his traveling outfit it was found to be such a pre-ventive of pneumonia, malaria, diphtheria, and low fevers, that an order for 2,400 cases was

ceived a check. But not even Mrs. Grundy has dared to speak against the value of Brown's Iron Bitters as a strengthening tonic for ladies who suffer from debility. It enriches the blood and completely restores falling health. Miss Sallie L. Paules. Wrightsville, Pa., was cured by Brown's Iron Bitters of backache, kidney trouble, and liver complaint.

A Secretion that Contaminates the Blood.

When the bile is diverted from:

A secretion that Contaminates the Blood.
When the bile is diverted from its proper channels, into the blood, which is always the case in liver complaints, it ceases to be a healthy secretion, and becomes a poison. Its abnormal presence in the circulation and stomach is indicated by the suffusion of the skin with a hideous saften time by health sheeper secretion. fron tinge, by headaches, vertigo, nausea, pain in the right side and under the right shoulder blade, by indigestion, obstruction of the bowels and other minor symptoms. Order may be sub-stituted for this chaos, and further bodily evil averted by using the beneficent alterative and onic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, by tonic Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, by relaxing the bowels, promotes the escape from the circulation of bilious impurities, besides rendering the action of the liver regular, and re-moving every trace of dyspepsia. This pleasant and purely vegetable auti-bilious medicine is not only infinitely more effective than any form of mercury, but it is on account of its freedom. of mercury, but it is on account of its freedom from hurtful properties, influitely to be prefer-red to that poisonous drug. je2+jyl

Backache, Sharp Pains, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Torpid Liver, Lang Troubles or Lameses in any part quickly cured by the Hop Plaster. The soothing and pain-killing virtues of Hops combined with strengthening Gums and and extracts. The best porous plaster ever wade. See

Physicians recommend as a cure for Heart Disease, nervousness and sleeplessness. DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR and are not isappointed. Thirty years it has stood the test. 1.00. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge,

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say. No wonder. But in the mountains of
chaff there are grains of golden wheat. We may
find it difficult to induce you to test the merits
of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but when
you have done so, our work is ended. Afterwards you and this medicine will be fast friends.
Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago
but for it real usefulness. But it is good and
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Many people before purchasing a medicine naturally inquire the size of the dose and the strength of it. In using Burdock Bleed Bitters a teaspoonful for the little ones and two teaspoonfuls for grown folks are all that is necessary at one time. This magnificent medicine is not only economical but very pleasant to the taste. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

"ROUGH ON PAIN." Cures colle, cramps, diarrhea: externally for taches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rhea matism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c. (2)

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Can anyone bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases aiready permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c, a bottle by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa.

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OH MY BACK!

Every Strain or Cold Attacks that Weak Back and nearly prostrates you. Brown's Iron Bitters.

QUALITY P-BURITY NOT QUANTITY, PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

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STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES. STEADIES THE NERVES. ENRICHES THE BLOOD. GIVES NEW VIGOR.

Da. J. L. Myzas, Fairfield, Iowa, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is the best Iron medicine I have known in my 30 years experience. I have found it specially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion and in all debilitating allments that bear so heavily on the system. Use it freely in my own family."

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