DAILY INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING IN THE YEAR (Sundays Excepted)] BY STEINMAN & HENSEL.

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WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER, (Eight Pages.)

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, *Two Dollars a Year in Advance.*

CORRESPONDENCE solicited from every part of the state and country. Correspondents are requested to write legibly and on one side of the paper only; and to sign their names, not for publication, but in proof of good faith.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 basket.

Address all Letters and Telegrams to

THE INTELLIGENCER, LANCASTER, PA.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, AUGUST 13, 1885.

The Ages of Brides.

It has been pointed out that the new marriage license law, which goes into effect on October 1, was very carelessly drawn. It was intended to restrain rash young people from rushing into matrimony without reflection, thereby furnishing business for divorce courts. Manifestly, the question of the age of the contracting parties should have received the strictest scrutiny, and no loophole should have been permitted whereby the provisions of the law in that regard might be evaded.

This is just what was not done. The law is careful to enjoin upon the clerk of the orphans' court the duty of inquiring "of the party applying for marriage license as aforesaid, on oath or affirmation relative to the legality of said contemplated marriage, and if there shall be no legal impediment thereto then he shall grant such marriage license; and if any of the parties intending to marry by virtue of said license shall be under 21 years of age, the consent of their parents or guardians shall be personally given before said clerk, or certified under the hand of such parent or guardian, attested by two adult witnesses, and the signature of said parent or guardian shall be properly acknowledged before a notary public or officer competent under the law to receive acknowledgements."

But who may ask for the license? The groom, bride, next friend of either, or Tom, Dick or Harry? And then if the gay bridegroom, whistling an old love tune, saunters alone into the orphan's court office, will he be able to answer the cold-blooded inquiry of the clerk as to the age of his intended bride? A spinster of 35 would sorely grieve to know that she was so recorded in the orphan's court office, and she would doubtless instruct her swain to chop off ten years in answering inquiries. As for the widow, any groom, or clerk, or anybody else who could discover her age would be entitled to have a monument with the utmost promptitude.

The law does not say that the contracting parties must personally apply for the license, but the party applying must make oath or affirmation as to the iniquiries about age. There will be a wholesale lot of false swearing if the new act ever gets into good working order.

Signs of Returning Sense.

It is encouraging to see that in some quarters where so much of silliness has found expression on the subject of anti-oleomargarine legislation, there are signs of returning sense upon a question that is much farther reaching in its real aspects than its effect upon the manufacture and sale of a substitute for butter.

The Germantown *Telegraph*, a very respectable and well-edited paper in the main, and a high agricultural authority, has been disposed to view the issue made by such legislation as one involving only the market for the dairy product. One of its more intelligent correspondents, who is capable of taking a broader view of the case, reminds it of what the INTELLIGENCER has often called attention to, that much of so-called farmers' butter is not fit to eat, and to say that people shall not make nor sell oleomargarine that people do like, seems rather to trench on an "open field and a fair fight." Further, the same correspondent says:

Did any one ever hear a farmer grumble because the introduction of machinery had cheapened the price of his wife's shoes or a pound of nails? If oleomargarine is unwholesome I grant it so far, but is not the stuff sold by many farmers "strong enough to go alone?" I don't take much stock in the stories of oleomargarine being made from stinking grease and refuse bones. So far as I am able to state these factories would shame the average farmer's kitchen in neatness. * * * Some people here are keeping a goat to supply the family with milk, and many are against it. But my grandfathers coming from Scotland had no such squeamishness, as in the land of Wallace and Scott it was common.

The illustration of the competition of goat's milk with cow's milk is a very good one. In most large cities, especially on their outskirts, there are many families who keep goats and depend upon them for their milk supply, thus lessening the demand for cow's milk, and perhaps cheapening the prices of the dairymen. If the legislature can suppress the manufacture and punish the sale of oleomargarine because it competes with butter, it has a right to make it a criminal offense to keep and milk a goat, because that interferes with the milkman's trade.

A Doubtful Experiment.

The postmaster general has issued a circular to the postmasters in towns of more than 4,000 inhabitants, in which instructions are given concerning the special letter delivery service, authorized by the last Congress. It was the first intention of the department to introduce this service only in the largest cities; but this has been abandoned and the experiment will be tried all along the line. The time fixed is October 1.

It is always gratifying to be able to welcome any improvement in the postal service—that branch of the federal government which comes into such close relations with the general public. But it is by no means certain that there is any special demand for this particular improvement. The ten cent fee is a low one—so low indeed, that it will probably prove a losing investment in all the large cities where the population is scattered, and the carrier districts cover large areas. In the smaller places there is the danger that the returns will be so small that the wages of the boys—$30 a month—will not be assured, while under the provisions of the law the service will naturally decline and finally fail altogther.

All governments have reserved to themselves a practical monopoly of carrying and delivering letters. Heretofore this has been confined to the places reached by the ordinary methods of communication, and it is a serious question whether these limits should be extended. Private enterprise should be left free to inaugurate and carry on such branches of business as it can and will undertake. And while express companies, district and general telegraph and telephone exchanges are continually extending their connections and reducing their prices, it does not strike the practical observer that there is any necessity for the government to enter the same field. Many improvements may be made in the postal service to the advantage of the people and the profit of the government; but the proposed special letter delivery does not hold first place among them in importance.

IT is a wonder that the Prohibitionists do not tire of emerging from the little end of the horn.

EASTERN cities will need to go West to learn something. San Francisco's death rate for the past year, 19.58 per 1,000, is lower than that of thirteen foreign and of eleven American cities, and the lowest of any city of its size in the world.

THE mighty power of the modern newspaper receives new exemplification in the completion of the $100,000 Bartholdi fund begun by the New York *World*. It was a work of magnitude that was ably carried out. At the time the *World* took hold of the enterprise, interest in the French gift seemed to be on the wane, and the American committee, to whom the work of raising funds for the pedestal had been entrusted, were well nigh ready to give up in despair. Then the *World* took the helm and patiently, firmly and skilfully steered the enterprise into port. The exact amount raised was $102,091.91, and the total number of contributors was 120,000 showing that the bulk of the fund came from the "plain people." The *World* shows no wish to rest on its laurels, and it is now bending all its efforts to the completion of the Grant monument fund.

PROGRESSIVE SOUTHERNERS are awakening to the necessity of preventing wholesale unnecessary destruction of forests in the South. A forestry congress to take measures in this direction has been called at De Funiak Springs, Florida, on December 16 and 17, and its proceedings will be watched with much interest. Prevention beats cure all hollow.

THE town of Abilene, Texas, is a good illustration of how fast a Texan village can grow when it makes an effort. In 1881 there was a population of 500. In 1882 it increased to 1,200, in 1883 to 2,500, in 1884 to 4,800, in 1885, up to date, 5,500. To-day it has two national banks—the First national bank, with a capital of $50,000, and the Abilene national bank, with a capital of $100,000; two large hardware stores, two large warehouses, seven fine dry goods houses, twenty-eight grocery stores, two furniture stores, five drug stores, three livery stables, two fine hotels and eleven saloons. It has also one of the finest and most complete flour mills in the state. It has just completed a very fine opera house at a cost of $20,000. Its court house cost $66,000. The town common council has let the contract for water works. It has two separate telephone companies. Business lots are selling from $500 to $3,500 per lot. Land is selling from $2 to $10 per acre. This town ranks second in the state, as a wool market, San Antonio being the first. Abilene's total shipment for last year was 4,500,000 pounds. This year the shipment up to date is almost [illegible] pounds. The cattle shipments for last year and this year have been very heavy. Such growth recalls how

Aladdin's palace in a single night
From base to summit rose ere morning light.

THE recent cyclones on the Delaware and in Northern New York would seem to show that the Eastern mountain ranges are not such good storm-breakers as they used to be.

ALL who are interested in the problem of restraining corporations within their proper limits must find themselves a little staggered by the immense debts some of the big railroads of the country are carrying. The addition to the obligations of the New York Central by the West Shore trade makes the total $227,000,000. The Erie's burden of capitalization is $160,000,000, the Pennsylvania $150,000,000 and the Baltimore & Ohio $591,000,000. Of the amount carried by the New York Central $50,000,000 is for buying out the competing West Shore. The Pennsylvania will act in similar manner with the South Penn, and add another colossal pile to its indebtedness, for which the people will be taxed higher freight and passenger rates. It remains to be seen whether the citizens of Pennsylvania will sit idly by and see the constitution violated and themselves put into convenient position for corporate robbery.

THE party that has the sagacity to adopt a cool weather plank now cannot fail of success.

THE death of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, better known by her pseudonym of "H. H." is a decided loss to American literature. The number of really worthy women writers of either prose or verse, still left in this country is very small. The tendency on the part of women to run to female suffrage or prohibition or spiritualism has done much to lower the quality of their writing, and to make the sex the contempt of the age. But Mrs. Jackson was successful in keeping out of these pitfalls. She wrote much and well on solid topics, and some of her verses have been without equal by any contemporary woman. Some years ago her attention was directed to the Indian question, the first direct result of which was her "Century of Dishonor," an impassioned philippic on the wrongs which the United States have done the red man. The same idea was worked into romance in her novel of "Ramona," one of the most successful fictions of recent years. The three American women who were the most creditable in the ranks of writers were Mrs. Constance Fenimore Woolson, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, of whom the latter is in no sense American except in point of residence. The death of "H. H.," therefore, causes a more serious loss than will seem at the first announcement.

Easily Explained.

From the Lynn Union.

Flipkins came down to the club last night with a great problem weighing on his mind.

"If I should stand on my head," said he, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a poser—"If I stand on my head the blood all rushes into my head, don't it?"

No one ventured to contradict him.

"Now," continued he triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why don't the blood all rush into my feet?"

"Because," replied Miss Coshannigan's brother, "because Filpkins, your feet are not empty."

The boys all laughed, Filpkins said he couldn't see any joke.

A Pretty Bridal Superstition.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Among pretty supersititions is the Scotch belief that white heather in a bride's bouquet brings happiness to her marriage. The Princess Beatrice wore a sprig of it on her wedding day that had been gathered at Balmoral for the occasion. Such are the traditions to do it reverence that the sheep, it is said, will not bite its stem in grazing, nor the grouse on the moors brush it with their wings, but this may mean that it doesn't agree with them! What is the poem's meat may be fodder poison, all the same.

WHEN BILL TOSSED BRICKS.

CHAPTER I.

No one ever knew where the child came from, or even its name.

One day a sloop freighted with brick was unloading up town, and a hand on deck was tossing bricks, two by two, to another man on the dock. All of a sudden a wee little chap, not more than 2 years old, came toddling along, got right in the way, and was knocked over by the flying bricks.

Bill Forster, who was handling the load, was a rough man. It had not been exactly his fault that the child had been knocked down, still he felt very sorry for it. The little fellow's head was badly cut, and he was stunned. He was carried into the cabin of the sloop, and there lay quite motionless. The captain of the sloop sent out to the police station, and the surgeon came. The child was carefully examined. The surgeon said the case might be a serious one, and that the little boy had better be taken to the hospital. Forster had a sister, who worked in a laundry, and at once he sent for her. Molly Forster hurried down to the wharf, took the child in her lap, and listened breathlessly to what the surgeon said.

The cabin of the brick sloop was not a handsome place to look at. It was dirty and slovenly, hot and close. Molly Forster set about making it tidy. She opened the little windows of the cabin, and kept off the crowd who were swarming in the narrow quarters. She fanned the child, laid it on a coarse pillow, having first spread her clean apron over it, and bathed the poor baby's head, trying to stanch the flow of blood from the wound. "If," said the surgeon, "you could keep the child perfectly quiet for a while it would be all for the better. I am afraid to jolt him in the ambulance. Maybe he will come to before long. It is rather cooler here on the river than in the hot wards of a hospital. Can you take charge of him until I come back? I will see you this evening." Molly had already torn up her handkerchief and bandaged the child's head. Now she followed the surgeon's directions. The doctor was a humane man, for when he left he put a half dollar into Molly's hand and told her to buy some ice to cool the water she was using on the bandages.

Molly Forster fanned and fanned that little sufferer, and bathed its head, and was tender with the child. About sunset the surgeon came again, and just then the child opened his eyes.

"Well, that's a good sign," said the doctor. "Now hadn't you better advertise him since no one has come for him? Somebody will claim him, I suppose. I can arrange for you to keep him if you want to."

Although the accident was reported in two brief lines in all the newspapers, and notwithstanding the efforts of the police to find the parents of the child, no one ever came for it. All that night Molly Forster nursed the child. Occasionally Bill would push his hard-lined and weather-beaten face into the cabin window and look wistfully at the little child. He never went to sleep that night, but kept walking up and down the deck. At daybreak he said to Molly in a hoarse whisper: "Molly, take that kid to your room. It's got to be done."

Bill Forster, who was a man of 40, I have said was rough. I do not know how it happens, but handling bricks seems to make people coarse and rather brutal. Bill would take not only one glass of whisky, but as many as he could drink. Mixing with a crowd of men worse than he was who frequented rumshops, he was much given to fighting, and his face was as often as not disfigured with a black eye or a cut lip. Bill earned about a dollar and a quarter a day, and when the week was up he never had a penny left. Perhaps if Bill had not been a little drowsy and stupid that morning from too much liquor the day before when the little chap got in the way, he (Bill) would have been more careful how he threw his bricks.

The week after Molly had taken charge of the child Bill resisted the temptation to go on a spree and gave his sister a dollar and a half. That was the first time for years that he had ever saved a cent. The week after Bill did even better. There was Molly working as hard as she could at the wash board or the ironing board, earning 70 cents a day, and feeding the child. That shamed Bill. It happened that the little boy's short frock had been stained with blood. Molly had carefully washed it, but still Bill thought he saw stains on it and that worried him sick.

Next week, when he saw his sister, who was waiting on the wharf for him with the little fellow in her arms, he said, "[illegible] here, Molly [illegible] on you, having to feed this little fellow. Bread and milk and potatoes cost money, and nursing him takes away lots of your time. Anyways, a dressing of that kid would be just ruination to you. Here's a dollar and a half for his keep, and here's a dollar besides, and buy calico or something and make a frock for that child, and mind you burn the one he's got on and next time I sees him let him be looking prime. Won't you?"

"Its mighty good of you, Bill—and just you wait. I'll rig him out. He isn't a bit of trouble. When I'm at work I take him to the laundry, and he's a real pet there. I used to be afraid he was kind of dazed—but don't you bother, Bill, he's all right for he takes to playing now. He is only quiet on account of his natural sweetness—all real good children's that way—and I love him, just as if he was my own baby."

On the next trip up the North river Bill Forster pondered a great deal over the child. The fact is, the child, whether he was awake or asleep, was never for a moment out of Bill's mind. He had never thought much about anything before, and it was hard work for him to think at all. Maybe because for more than one-half of his life his brain had been muddled by liquor he had never set it working. As the empty sloop floated up the broad river, slowly moving with the tide, Bill sat in the shade of the flapping jib, and argued with himself and the general conclusions he arrived at were by no means flattering to himself.

"The beginning and the ending of this here is rum. I've wasted nigh on to 25 years of my life. Why hasn't the boom of that mainsail knocked the stupid brains out of me before this? What have I got to show for 40 years of life? Just these here ragged and brick-soiled clothes I stands in. Came near murdering a child, did you, you good-for-nothing beast? Didn't have no better sense nor that? A herding with drunken sailors, you big blackguard, and not knowing nothing better? Just fitten to toss bricks from on and off a sloop. That's the best you kin do. You took a drink this morning, and you feel sharp set for another just this blessed minute. You can't get it because you are on the river where grogshops ain't floating round. Ain't you man enough to go to Haverstraw, and no matter what happens say Bill Forster, don't you take another drink no matter if another fellow does stand treat? There's lots of things that kid wants. There's a whip, likewise a pair of shoes, and when winter comes flannel petticoats and wool socks, likewise Christmas presents. Now, you loafer of a Bill Forster, every time you see the bottom of a glass ain't you guzzling down something that little shaver wants? Maybe it's just like you, you white-livered purp; you'll be letting your sister be a taking of the victuals out of her own mouth so as to feed 'em to that child, and it was me as shoved the kid on her. Maybe you'll be hunting around for more babies to knock over with bricks you good for-nothing lounging Portuguee."

[Concluded to-morrow.]

THE FUNNY MAN'S BABY.

The funny man went to his desk to write.
He had watched all day, he would write all night,
And finish his work; so he trimmed the light.

In the room adjoining his baby lay,
And they said she was slowly passing away,
And would die ere the light of another day.

So he wrote, with his heart in the other room,
And thought of the babe going out in the gloom
To the shadowy land beyond the tomb.

It was hard to write with death so nigh,
But he ground out jokes as the hours went by,
And closed each page with a grief-born sigh.

It was hard to write, but the world must laugh,
So he penned the rhyme and the paragraph,
And even a humorous epitaph!

His pen flew fast and the hours went on
Till his night of toil was almost gone,
And the east showed the first faint streaks of dawn.

Then he dropped his pen and raised his head;
"Now the column is finished," the funny man said,
And the nurse, coming in, said, "The baby is dead!"

—From the Boston Courier.

Deserved His Fate.

From the Chicago Rambler.

"I wonder how that man can dance on the tight rope with such facility?"

"Oh, easy enough. Like everything else it has to be taut."

Note—His death was so sudden as to be painless.

PERSONAL.

PRESIDENT DIAZ, of Mexico, in a recent address declared that Gen. Grant was the greatest friend Mexico ever had.

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON, the well-known authoress, died Wednesday evening, at San Francisco, of cancer of the stomach.

MISS LAURA BRADEN, treasurer of the Washington & Waynesburg railroad, is said to be the only female railroad official in the country.

EVANGELIST SAM JONES' latest pronunciamento is that he will not pray for politicians, alleging as a reason that they are not worth praying for.

OCTAVE THANET, the story-writer, is a native of Andover, Mass., and her first ancestor on her mother's side in this country came over on the Mayflower.

A. O. BABBEL, a musical prodigy from Seguin, Tex., calling himself the "cowboy pianist," is astonishing the citizens of Chicago. Mr. Babel says his playing came to him naturally in his infancy.

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK" (Miss Murfree), now at her home in Kirkwood, Mo., declined a public reception in St. Louis on her return, sensibly saying that she had done nothing to deserve such distinction.

GEN. SHERMAN has been invited to deliver a memorial address on Gen. Grant in Boston and has declined with thanks, accompanied by an expression of the opinion that after 1890 will be early enough for the performance of such a service.

CHARLES WRIGHT, a noted botanist, was found dead in his barn in Weathersfield, Connecticut, on Tuesday night. He was 74 years old. He was employed by the government in an expedition to Texas and Arizona, and had also explored Cuba for the Spanish government. Last year Harvard college secured his collection of flora. Many American plants are named after him.

REV. C. W. WINCHESTER, a Methodist clergyman of Buffalo, N. Y., declares that Jonah was not swallowed by a whale, but by a shark, the whale being incapable of swallowing a man whole. As to the prophet's living in the shark's belly three days and three nights, Brother Winchester says: "It is not more wonderful that Jonah should have been so marvelously preserved than that some souls should have been saved by the mercy of God from the gutters and brothels of modern times, of which cases can be quoted."

Running.

From the Book of Health.

The age at which running can be practiced with impunity by a healthy man in training is from twenty to thirty. Boys of ten and twelve—and girls also—can run, and run with little breathlessness even, and no apparent fatigue. When the age of puberty is attained, and the limbs are rapidly growing, the lever action of the muscles and bones is continually being altered, and the centre of gravity varying almost from day to day. At this age training for running races is not only likely to be unsuccessful, but positively injurious to the growth of the body, and to the health in general. In boys' races, for those under fourteen years, no previous training should be inflicted. No one should train for running until he is at least eighteen; but twenty would be the safer age. Between twenty and twenty-seven is the best age for attaining speed in running. Training for running can at this age be undergone with comparative safety; the heart and vessels have not yet begun to show signs of wear and tear, and the elasticity of the blood vessels can be relied upon to accommodate themselves to the increased circulation through them. Fat has not at that age begun to accumulate within the abdomen and thorax, so that the breathing has free play. *Between thirty and forty* a wise man will think twice before undergoing training for race running. He can run with impunity at a moderate pace and for practice, but not in races. Older men should run on no pretense whatever. An old man running to catch his train, and falling down in a fit of apoplexy, is an every day tale, and from what has been stated previously this is readily understood.

The Upper Crust.

"Send my daughter to a cooking school!" exclaimed a New York mother. "No, indeed, our position in society forbids it. Why, she would be compelled to mix with all sorts of people."

"But this is a new school just opened, and I hear that it will be very fashionable."

"How can it be very fashionable?" asked the lady, with considerable doubt.

"Its membership is to be very exclusive, in the first place, and it will be very expensive, and nothing will be taught but the sweet dishes, such as pie, cake and that sort of thing."

"Well," said the mother, "I may possibly allow Edith to attend for a little while, but it must be with the distinct understanding that on pie day she shall have nothing to do with anything but the upper crust."

A Word for the Girl of the Period.

David Irving in *The Current* (Chicago), speaks cordially in defense of the girls of the day, who, he contends, are with rare exceptions industrious and with a breadth of invention and execution. The ironical and often mean essays on the women of the present picture her as good for little except for accommodating a Saratoga trunk on its wanderings in summer and for filling fashionable engagements in winter. Much of this sarcasm is deserved by the few, but when the millions of girls are thought of as they are ornamenting their mothers' homes in the villages and cities, the honest heart cannot but confess that the word "girl" never meant more than it means to-day. This being, when found in her best estate, can go gracefully from her silk dress and piano to a plain garb, and to work among plants, or to the kitchen, or to a mission school class. Nothing any longer is beyond her. In the city she can easily walk three miles. Languor has ceased to be fashionable; sleep in the daytime not to be endured. The soul is thought to be in action, not repose.

Teller Rises to Explain.

Ex-Secretary Teller, in an interview at Chicago on Monday, denied that leases to cattlemen as first granted by the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes in 1883 had ever been sanctioned or recognized by him as secretary of the interior. He says that "he specifically stated at the time, and incorporated the statement in his reports of 1883-4, that the government reserved the right to interfere with the cattlemen and remove them whenever it became necessary either of its own motion or from the complaints of the Indians. In this connection he announced to the cattlemen that if such occupation proved agreeable to the Indians the government would not interfere with the possessions."

BY THE SEASIDE.

Come, ruddy nose,
Tell her that I've been out upon the sea
Where wind that's salty blows,
And not upon a roaring spree
While she's been drinking fragrant tea.

—From the Boston Budget.

Fatal Delays in Pneumonia.

Time is of immense importance in fighting pneumonia. An hour wasted is often fatal in its consequences. Therefore never trifle with moments on such occasions. Keep the patient in a pure equable atmosphere and use prompt prescriptions of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, with proper personal care, and you will have done more than an army of doctors could accomplish a few hours later. No case was ever lost under such treatment. The best families keep it regularly in the house, and any reliable druggist or grocer can supply it.

Dr. W. H. Wilson, of Springfield, Georgia, says: "Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for dropsy and kidney diseases that I ever used."

Dr. Gilbert Clark, of Warren, R. I., says: "Hunt's Remedy for dropsy and kidney disease, is a standard remedy. aug5-1wdeod&w

Artificial Oysters.

These are said to be manufactured in Paris. They look like real oysters, and taste something like them. But they are bad things to eat, and will give almost anybody an attack of dyspepsia. There are legions of people who suffer from dyspepsia who never ate an artificial oyster. To have such excellent digestion as to be able to enjoy real oysters and the other good things of life, take Brown's Iron Bitters, the best iron tonic ever made. Sells for a dollar a bottle.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Rose Cold and Hay Fever

Are types of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. They are attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of diseases and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists, or by mail. Send for circular. Ely Bros., Druggists, Oswego, N. Y. aug-2wdeod&w

THE LARGEST, BEST AND MOST complete assortment of Playing Cards in the city from 5 cents per pack up at HARTMAN'S YELLOW FRONT CIGAR STORE.

MEDICAL.

FOR THE BLOOD.

Brown's IRON BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC.

Trade Mark.
QUALITY, PURITY, NOT QUANTITY.
On Every Bottle.

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the Complexion, Makes the Skin Smooth. It does not Injure the Teeth, Cause Headache or Produce Constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

DR. N. S. RUGGLES, of Marion, Mass., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for enriching the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

DR. R. M. DELZELL, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of anemia and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

DR. WM. BYRNS, 26 St. Mary's St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a purifier."

The genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

LADIES' HAND BOOK—Useful and attractive, containing list of prizes for receipts, information about coins, etc., given away by all dealers in medicine, or mailed to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp. (6)

NOTIONS.

GREAT REDUCTION AT

ASTRICH'S
Palace of Fashion,

13 EAST KING STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

Having quite a Large Stock of

EMBROIDERED SKIRTING,

(45 INCHES WIDE)

on hand, we have made some Large Reductions in the prices of some of them, in order to reduce our stock.

Skirtings which were sold at $1.25 a yard are marked down to 85c. a yard.

Skirtings which cost $1.75 are now sold for $1.25 a yard, and so on.

The same thing with

Allover Embroidery,

(22 inches wide), reduced from 75c. to 50c. a yard, from $1.00 to 75c. a yard, from $1.50 to $1.13 a yard, from $1.95 to $1.25, and so forth.

The next thing we have reduced in price is

Parasols and Sun Umbrellas.

Our stock is not very large, but we prefer selling them at cost prices to carrying them over till next year.

SATIN PARASOLS, silk lined and trimmed in wide Spanish lace, reduced from $3.00 to $2.25.

A Big Drive in

White Pearl Buttons.

500 gross, 18 to 24 lines, fair quality—not pure white, but the next thing to it—at 10c. a card of two dozen.

Elegant quality Pure White Pearl Buttons at from 7c. to 12c. a dozen.

50 gross Colored Ivory Jersey Wash Buttons at 5c. a dozen.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

50 dozen Gent's White Linen Finish Handkerchiefs, large size, hemmed, worth 33c. apiece. We sell them three for 25c.

Black Silk Jersey Mitts,

25c. a Pair.

NEW KID GLOVES,

OUR OWN IMPORTATION.

Three Button, assorted Tans and Brown, very fine quality, 50c. a pair.

The same goods in four-button, 52c. a pair.

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A full line of Infants' Cotton Three-quarter Hose, in plain colored and striped.

Gent's Unbleached Socks, "super stout," worth 25c., at 20c. a pair.

CHILD'S GAUZE VESTS,

All sizes, from 12½c. up.

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Our "Unbreakable" at 49c.

The "R. & C.," model shaped; the only Corset of the kind sold for that price—75c.

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The Great Invention of the Age, Steam and Hot Air combined, Fifty per cent. of fuel saved.

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Penryn Park,

—ON THE—

Cornwall & Mount Hope R. R,

Excursion Committee of Churches, Sunday Schools and other select organizations, in making their summer arrangements, should not neglect to reserve a day for Penryn Park.

This delightful resort is situated in the midst of the

SOUTH MOUNTAINS

And its grounds covering hundreds of acres are easy of access from all parts of central Pennsylvania. For the free use of excursionists there are extensive

CROQUET AND LAWN TENNIS GROUNDS, LARGE DANCING PAVILION, BAND STAND, KITCHEN, BASKET AND CLOAK ROOMS, and OBSERVATORY

On the Summit of the Mountain.

There is also a refreshment room in charge of a competent caterer, where meals can be procured at moderate rates, a photograph gallery and numerous other attractive features.

No liquors allowed on the grounds.

Excursions from all points on the Philadelphia & Reading and Reading & Columbia Railroads will be carried direct to the Park without change of cars.

Complete information can be obtained and engagements effected with parties from all points on the Philadelphia & Reading and Reading & Columbia Railroads, upon application to C. G. Hancock, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, 227 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., and with parties from Lebanon by applying to the undersigned,

CARL VON SCHMALENSEE,
Supt. Cornwall & Mt. Hope Railroad,
may8-3md Lebanon Pa.

SUMMER OF 1885.

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Cornwall & Lebanon

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Colebrook Valley Railroad.

MT. GRETNA PARK,

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Free of Charge.

These grounds, covering hundreds of acres, are easy of access from all parts of Eastern Pennsylvania.

There are MOUNTAIN STREAMS, spanned by rustic bridges; MOUNTAIN SPRINGS walled up with native sandstone; SHADY WALKS and PROMENADES.

A LARGE DANCING PAVILLION, LARGE DINING HALL, KITCHEN, DINING ROOM, and TABLES, BENCHES and RUSTIC SEATS, scattered through the grove for the free use of excursionists.

LAWN TENNIS, CROQUET, BALL GROUNDS, BOWLING ALLEY, SHOOTING GALLERY, QUOITS AND FOOT BALL

Are among the amusements offered.

No Intoxicating Drinks Allowed on the Premises.

Parties desiring it, can procure meals at the PARK RESTAURANT, which will be under the charge of MR. E. M. BOLTZ, the noted caterer of the

LEBANON VALLEY HOUSE,

who will be on the grounds throughout the season, giving it his personal supervision.

Excursions from all points on Pennsylvania R. R. will be carried direct to the Park without change of cars.

Excursion rates and full information can be obtained and engagements effected with parties from all points on the Pennsylvania R. R. upon application to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, P. R. R., No. 223 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, or to

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