THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

DRIFT.

ONE of the most significant signs of the times in the literary world, is the fact that you can hardly pick up any of our first-class magazines or literary journals without meet ing with something or other from the pen of a Southern author. Indeed among the chief attractions, if not the chief, in our leading magazines for several years past, have been serials, articles and poetry by writers, like Cable, Craddock, Joel Chandler Harris, Mark Twain, J. Brander Matthews, Maurice Thompson, Moncure D. Conway, John Esten Cooke, Sidney Lanier, Paul Hayne, William Hayne, Father Ryan, John Tabb, George Alfred Townsend, Mrs. Piatt, Margaret J. Preston, and a number of others, all born at least south of Mason & Dixon's line. To use the language of Mr. Stedman, in his notable work on Poets of America, recently issued in beautiful form from the Riverside Press. All this is a sure and happy sign that " the great heart of the generous and lonely South, too long restrained, --of the South once so prodigal of romance, eloquence, gallant aspiration, -once more has found expression. enables us to know it, having begun at last to comprehend its true self."

Is no other sphere of activity has there been so marked and complete a renaissance in the South since the war as in that of literature. What was it wrought the change Was it that the blight of slavery has been removed, which before had tainted the Southern heart and f ancy so deeply that the lips of her muse were dumb and her fingers paralyzed to touch the golden harp ? It is true in the meteoric Poe she burst forth into wondrous song. But after all it was not really the muse of the South that sang in him, any more than the muse of the North. It was a strange and alten voice, startling as a sound wierdly wafted into our literature, a wild, defiant wail,—"from the night's Plutonian shore." Coming suddenly and 24 a wild, defiant wail,—"from the night's Plutonian shore." Coming suddenly and as quickly silenced again, it only served to emphasize the comparative weakness and worthlessness of all the other songs of that land, by nature meant to be the sunniest, happiest and most tuneful on our hemis-phere. In all the years before the war, while to the North our Breast Longfollows. a the North our Bryants, Longfellows, Whittiers, and Lowells, our Irvings, Coopers, Hawthornes, and Holmes' gained the recog-nition and respect of the world for American literature, the South seemed content with its Albert Pikes, Pendleton Cooks and William Gilmore Sinins', and with such stories as its Kennedys could write, its "Marion Har-lands" and Augusta J. Evans'. Saving Poe, it produced in all the ante-bellum era not one writer worthy of being compared even with the least of a dozen or a score of authors that have risen since, and are enriching our literature with some of its purest and richest gems of beauty and grace.

So rapid and vigorous has been the devel opment of Southern literature within the las ten years or more, that if it keeps on at the same rate, as it promises to do, the North will have to look sharply to her laurels lest they be won for the brow of the youthful fresh and bouyant "New South" that is so rapidly taking the place of the old.

I HAVE just been re-reading some o Sidney Lanier's witching, magical, melo dious verses,-they show new beauties forth with every fresh perusal,-and I am more firmly convinced than ever that the "Twilight of the Poets," in which Mr. Stedman says we at present are, is surely, perhaps more swittly than we think, drawing to a close. For Lanier was not an evening but a morning star; his pure light and growing trilliance were not of the evening twilight, but harbingers of the coming dawn. It is true he was extinguished even in his rising beauty. But the light that illumined him, the pure spirit of poetry he reflected, cannot have died with him. It shone behind him, beneath the horizon as yet, and still shines. And that horizon, it is significant to note, was not the Eastern but the Southern. His fellow citizen, John Tabb of Baltimore, spoke not for himself alone when he called after him these words, full of deeper meaning per-chance than he knew who uttered them : The same bine bending dome ercanoptes Thine ashes and the spark that kindles mine : Lines the solitance heading dome we reduce.

Upon the self-same bosom we recline, When with the wind the wave, land besenting And 'twixt our souls the star wrought mys

And twist out able the second states divine— Of Hope the sacred states divine— Steadfast above the vault of Barkness shine, To point the path benighted to the skies, With the same blue skies above, the same with the same blue skies above, the same

in ill health, and able to make but a scant living by causeless labor with his pen. There is something noble yet pathetic in the con-tented, unmurnuring exile of this refined family from all polite society, from every so-cial recreation, from more than casual inter-course with congenial men and women. Yet perhaps there loss has been the world's gain. Cartainly Baut Hayne's most deliability work perhaps there loss has been the world's gain. Certainty Paul Hayne's most delightful work is that which seems most directly inspired by the wild flowers, and lorest, and birds that are his nearest neighbors and most intimate companions; it breathes the sweet breath of nature, records the throbbings of life's inmost heart, as that of but few others has done. He recognizes to the full that

"-truths half-drawn from nature's breast, Thro' subtlest type of form and tone. Outweigh what man at most bath guessed While heeding his own heart alone."

and finds comfort and joy in seeing even in the midst of the wild scenery around him with true poetic insight the grand truth that

"-midway betwixt beaven and us Stands Nature in her fadeless grace, Still pointing to our Father's house, His glory on her mystic face."

May be long live, a noble figure in our litera-ture, loved and revered by all who know him, to interpret in words of living beauty the deep truths and mysteries of nature and life for an all too heedless world !

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE, the worthy son of his father, though scarce thirty years of age has already won for himself a national reputation by some exquisite lyrics and occa s onal verse he has contributed to our magazines and literary journals. So has Father Ryan, of Virginia, the poet-priest whose "Conquered Banner" and "Sword of Lee" "Conquered Banner" and "Sword of Lee" are among the most spirited war lyrics in our language, full of fire and pathos, and who be-sides, with his fellow-priest John Tabb, of Maryland, has produced some eminently strong and beautiful pooms on more peaceful subjects. Both of these, if I mistake not, are still in the prime of life, and have as yet with-held their text from the world. Among festill in the prime of life, and have as yet with-held their best from the world. Among fe-male poets given us by the South Mrs. Platt, a Kentuckian, and Margaret J. Preston, born in Virginia, have already done good and last-ing worx, and promise to do still better in the future. For delicate fancy, artistic grace and skill, much that they have written is unsur-passed by anything their sisters of the North have done.

MIDWAY between the poets and the prose writers whom the New South has produced. are several names almost equally excellent and well-known in both these departments. There is, for instance, that fine scholar and perfect gentleman, James R. Randall, perhaps the most graceful writer of the Southern naps the most gracetil whiter of the southern press, albeit such editors as Henry Watterson, Col. Wm. T. Thompson, Henry W. Grady, E. A. Burke, Evan Howeil, J. M. Keating and J. W. Avery are also engaged upon it. Says a Northern writer, "It would be difficult to find a half dozen Northern journalists who to find a half dozen Northern journatists who in intellect, culture and special adaptation to the work, outrank" these whom I have just mentioned, to whom must also be added Joel Chandler Harris, on Col. Grady's editorial staff. Mr. Harris is probably better known by name than any of his colleagues. And who does not know him as "Uncle Remus" Though his fume rests chiefty upon his collec-

Though his fame rests chiefly upon his collec tion of negro folk-lore, in which department he is the greatest living authority, and has contributed much that is invaluable, he is no less skillful as a writer of fiction, especially short sketches, in which he accurately delin eates local scenery, manners and customs, and the dialects of the various classes of negroes and "poor white trash." He has a fine sense of humor, and justly ranks as the greates humorist in the South. At the same time he stands deservedly high as an acute literary critic, and in his occasional poems display great depth and purity of sentiment and a fin-touch in musical versification.

MR. HARRIS is still a young man, baving been born in Africa in 1848; his missionary father early returned to Georgia, where he was "educated at the printer's case," A recen visitor to his home describes him as reserved almost to shyness, and continues thus : "The creator of 'Uncle Remus' is a most unex pected looking man ; but a good woman has condoned the fault, and in his pleasant home Harris is writing out his wealth of wisdom concerning the legends and traditions of the ex-slaves. He told me that 'Uncle Remus' is a veritable character, the favorite companion and friend of his boyhood, and that these stories, which were the delight of all the children for miles around, had been traced upon his youthful memory in outlines so clear and deep he could not forget them if he would. Learned men in Europe and Amer-ica will gladly know that in the mine he has been working with so much skill, there are treasures not yet brought to light, for which he will not delve in vain." Whoever has read the charming work of this ver-satile author will fully agree with Mr. Wun. Hayne when he says, "I am confident that Pleasant to the laste and surprisingly quick in reflexing coughs and colds it is not at all strange that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always suc-ceeds. Uncle Remus' and the 'little boy' who lis-tened so earnestly to his fireside fancies are destined to go down to posterity together hand in hand.

from it. Indeed, unless I am quite wrong, her last story, "In the Clouds," now running through the Attentic Monthly, already shows signs of a slightly jated imagination, a little duilness of the edge of her invention, an unconscious turning back on itself of her fancy, and using over again of old material. She is writing too much, working too hard : she needs to stop a few months to get her breath? For it would be a great pity if this iresh, exuberant, strong, young novelist, who has so easily won a place in the very front rank of American writers of fiction, should wear her-her, by over-production. She has remark-able gffs : let her not abuse them, and so fall from her enviably high position as suddenly as she reached it. To secure her place she needs to add to her undeniably great origi-nality, accuracy of perception, and grace of expression, also variety, breadth of view, and versatility. She is nearly perfect mistress of bome more strings before her fame as a great artist can be enduringly established.

Even as it is, the South has just cause to be proud of her fair young daughter whose combined courage, grace, and strength have made her in a few years a worthy rival not only of her older literary sisters of the North, but

even of the main coterans whose names and works she read as a child. And more than this. The South owes to Miss Muriree a debt of gratitude for having converted some of he of gratitude for having converted some of her most waste and desert regions into gardens of romance and fields of picturesque beauty. The light glinting from her magic pen has thrown a sheen of purple and gold over the wild and rugged Tennessee mountains, and discovered a human heart, with loves and hates, passions, hopes, and aspirations just like ours, in the breast of even the roughest and mount imposition of their "halds" and most ignorant inhabitant of their "balds" and their "coves." For though a word-painter of absolutely peerless grace and power, with gifts of poetle description of nature's various aspects, such as have been equalled by few if any in the English lan-guage, she is not only this; she is a creative artist as well; a student of human character and delineator of human lives in all their various moods and passions, of more than ordinary skill. ALTOGETHER I consider "Charles Egbert

Craddock " as worthily holding the second place among Southern writers of fiction--the first being held by George W. Cable of whom I wrote last week and need not say any more here. Neither of these two may yet be as ripe in their art as one or two of the greatest of our Northern authors : but if they continue grow-ing in power as they bave begun, their ma-turity will bring forth fruit of a finer flavor turity will be the second fraction of a the second an abundant yield, ard of such exceilent quality, as the lew leading names I have men-tioned indicate, is something which I regard as little short of marveilous, and surely full of brightest promise for the future.

I might have mentioned yet others like the scholarly Virginia poet, historian, an-tiquarian, and novelist, John Esten Cooke, and Mrs. Julia C. Dorr, well known to readers of our best periodicals : Howard Pyle, of Delaware, whose novel "Within the Capes " Delaware, whose novel "Within the Capes" has met with much favor; the Texan, Charles Howard Shinn, whose "Mining Camps" has received still more praise; or the authors of "Oblivion," of "Across the Chasm," of "Arius the Libyan," each of whom displays decided and distinctive merits; or I might have referred to the rise and excellent quality of such recent literary pournals as "Dixie" and "The Southern Bivenae," so significant of a fresh and health. Bivonac," so significant of a fresh and health-ful stir in the literary life of the South ; or even to the two latest additions to the list of southern contributors to our magazines, the author of $^{(\alpha)}$ A Brother to Dragons" in this month's Atlantic, a tale as unrealistic, yet quaintly charming, as if from the pen of Sid-ney or Raleigh bimself, and the writer of "John Toner's Experiment," in the Ca-tury of the same date, both of whom, I be-lieve, are new "discoveries" of the editors of those two magazines respectively, and

promise future results of the highest value ; indeed almost every month brings to light some frash writer from the Southern field, which seems to be fairly teeming with young sprouts and saplings crowding up from it prolific soil ; -but I have already taken up too much space, and I trust have said enough to show that a new era has dawned upon the Sunny South, and that from henceforth our American literature will be not only of any one section, but broadly and truly a national literature, comprehensive and varied as the APRCIAL NOTICES.

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CLOTRING.

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The Impending Dauger. The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that a large majority die with Consump-tion. This discuss may commence with an ap-parently harmless cough which cut be cured in-stantly by Kemp's Bulaan for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Frice Storman, druggiet, No. 137 North Queen street.

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WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and \$1. For sale by 16. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Bucen street.

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A Great Discovery. Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King 's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying re-sults. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her, She has not had se good health for thirty years." Trial Bottles Free at Cochran's Drug Store, 137 and 159 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. Larg size \$1,00. T Th&S (6)

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon Ind., says "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." For sale by H. E. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen

Bucklen's Arnics Salve. The liest Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilbains, Burns and all Skin Eruptions, positively cures Piles, or no pay re-quired. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfac-ion, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. box. For sale by Cochran, the Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. T Th&S(I)

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Of our American people are afflicted with sick headache in either fis nervous, bilious or con-gestive forms, caused by irregular habits, high living, etc., and no remedy has ever conquered it until Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription was dis-covered. Give it a trial. See advertisement in morther column. another column

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! MOTHERS: MOT

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H. Z. RHOADS, JEWELER. **JEWELRY AND ART I**

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.



American people itself. ----

free soil beneath, and the same vital spirit around, similar experiences and similar aims and hopes still present as those that gave birth to Sidney Lanier, who shall say their virtue is weakened or their power to produce another like him, another mayhap oven greater than he

THE South has been particularly unfortunate in the loss by death of two of he young poets who were fullest of promise, and gave every assurance of rising into the very front rank of American poetry. The first was Henry Timrod, who, like Sidney Lanier died when but thirty-eight years of age in 1867. He seemed to be just pluming himself for a higher flight than any of his countrymen had yet taken, though the smoke of war had scarcely had time to roll away and leave the sky clear, when he fell. The intimation of a new inspiration and power, and a fresh method, which his "Cotton Boll" afford, seem to have been taken up, and improved on, by Lanier. But neither was the latter permitted Lamer. But neither was the latter perimited to perfect and complete his song ; though how anything could be more perfect than his "Resurrection," "The Jacquerie," "Song of the Chattahoochie," "Revenge of Hamish," "The Mocking Bird," "Tampa Robins, ""The Stirrup-Cup," "Sunrise," and a score of other gens, is hard to imagine.

WHAT I prize most highly in Lanier, how ever, is the demonstration afforded by his life and verse of the essential correctness of his fundamental theory that the poet's personality, his own character, must be the true ground and basis of his poetry. Poetry is more than mere artistic expression. It is the artistic expression of the poet's whole self. What he is must ever determine the self. What he is must ever determine the character and quality of his song. This is a deep truth we never needed to have empha-sized so much as now to guard against the dazzling effects of the Morrises, Rosettis, §winburnes and Wildes, and the other apostles of art for art's sake. Over against these, and also against the Walt Whitman school, nothing more clear and true has ever been advanced than these words of Lanier which go to the very heart of the matter : "We have heard much," he says, "of "the privileges of genus," of the right of the artist to live out his own existence free from the conventionalities of society," of "the artist to live out his own existence free from the conventionalities of society," of the unmorality of art,' and the like; but 1 do protest that the greater the artist and the more profound his piety toward the fellow-man for whom he passionately works, the readier will be his willingness to forego the privileges of genus, and to cage himself in the conventionalities, even as the mocking bird is caged. The struggle against these will, I admit, be the greatest; he will feel the bitterest sense of their uselessness in re-straining him from wrong-doing; but, never-theless, one consideration will drive him to enter the door and get contentedly on his theless, one consideration will drive him to enter the door and get contentedly on his perch—his fellow-men, his fellow-men. These he can reach through the respectable bars of use and wont; in his wild thickets of law-lessness they would nover hear him, or hear-ing, would not listen. In truth, this is the sublimest of self-denials and none but a very constantiat compass it; to abandon the great artist can compass it; to abandon the sweet, green forest of liberty and live a whole life behind needless constraints, for the more perfect service of his fellow-man."

What a pity, what a great loss to the truest, highest art, that the voice which could ut-ter such words should be silent now for-

THE South has another post, however, still living, who in his more limited sphere sings with a voice as sweet and an art as consummate as the native mocking-bird which is his nearest neighbor. Like Lanier, Col. Paul Hamest neighbor. Like Lanier, Col. Faul Ham-ilton Hayne fought gallantiy in the Souhtern army during the war. If I mistake not, he is even more thoroughly appreciated by his countrymen than was Lanier. There is in-deed no sweeter lyristin our literature to-day than is Paul Hayne, and tew more perfect sonnetteers. On Copse Hill, near Augusta, the hitter in a little vine-clad cottage more sonnetteers. On Copse Hill, near Augusta, Ga, he lives, in a little vine-clad cottage more picturesque than comfortable, in doltate health, but perfect domestic bias, in the bosom of his little family consisting of his refined and cultured wife, full of fondest at fection and warmth, and his gifted son, Will iam Hamilton Hayne, who seems to have in-herited all his heroic father's poetic genius. This is only since the war. Before the war he found all this swept away, himself penniless,

MAURICE THOMPSON is another poet, nov elist, essayist, and general litterateur, whom the South has a right to claim. For though born in Indiana, and since soon after the way living there in Crawfordsville as a pros perous lawyer, he spent all his childhood and youth in the South as the son of an itin-erant Baptist preacher, and he fought for the south all through the war. It was in Florida that his poetic temperament was formed, and the ideas, feelings and material given which he now is building into such exquisite poems and sketches, many of which are still dank and aromatic with the breath of swamp and everglade, of

"Spicewood, sweet gum, sassafras, Calamus and water grass,

Giving up their pungent smells, Drawn from nature's secret wells :

Green spathes of the dragon root, Indian turnip's tender shoot,

Dogwood, red bud, elder, ash, Snowy gleam and purple flash,

Hillside thickets, dusky green, That the partridge revels in."

SPEAKING of Thompson's "Songs of Fair Weather," Mr. Howells recoully said, "The first of his poems that I knew is one of the best in this collection. It came to me as editor of The Atlantic Monthly, ten or twelve years ago, and I remember sharing my pleas ure in its freshness with that generous gracious poet, who is in all our hearts, gracious poet, who it in all our hearts, but shall cross our thresholds no more. We had a little question about a bird that was named in it—the sap-sucker, as it is called in the West, but which Mr. Longfellow had never heard of, at least by that name ; and I asked him if I had not better turn it into a blue bird. He thought that I might harm-leasly make this change ; but now I desire to restore the sap-sucker to his place in litera-ture, with the humble acknowledgment, long delayed, that the poet was right and the edidelayed, that the poet was right and the edi-tor wrong." The stanza of the poet to which Mr. Howells refers is this :

" I heard the woodpecker pecking, The sap-sucker sing : I turned and looked out of my window, And lo, if was Spring !"

MR. THOMPSON is first of all a post. This quality he retains in his prose sketches of natural scenery, bird-life, and short stories natural scenery, bird-file, and short stories ' and perhaps it is because he cannot suffi-ciently rid himself of it in his novels that these are so much less successful than his other efforts. Or is it only because the fresh and charming beauty of his poems and sketches, for they are among the most perfect and exquisitely finished of any that have been written in the whole language—is it that this has led men to expect more than anyone has a right to expect of his novels?

IF anyone should dispute the claim of the south to Maurice Thompson because of his South to Maurice Thompson because of his Western birth, then by the same rule the North would have to give up Mark Twain, born and bred in Missouri; George Alfred Townsend, native in Delaware, and however ultra-northern in his political writings, breathing the warm and genial air of the South in his poetry, some of which is excellent; Moncure D. Conway, born in Virginia; J. Brander Matthews, in Louisiana, and a num-ber of others almost as well known to literary fame, though commonly, and I think cor-rectly enough, credited to the North.

THERE can be no doubt, however, with reference to that writer who a few years ago so suddenly and brilliantly burst upon our lit-

seeds. Salvation Oil, the greatest pain-curs on earth, s guaranteed to effect a cure, where it is possi-io for the seat of the disease to be reached by a iniment. Frice 25 cents a bottle.

A LADY make what shall baby have for Christnas. Give it Red Star Cough cure.

" One Nail Drives Out Another," is a French saying that finds exemplification in the way one disease will substitute itself for another and graver one, in very many cases. Liver disease for instance will soon induce blood disorders, threat altments, skin affections and eventually, because of impoverished blood, con-sumption itself, unless, indeed, it be treated in sumption itself, unless, indeed, it be treated in its incipiency and early progress by Dr. Piercevi "Golden Modical Discovery" which acts as a specific in these aliments, accomplishing a raph curve by its powerful alterative action upon the great organs of the body. mile-W,S&w

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Curious to think that desks and chairs kill peo-ple, but they do. Taken in large quantities office furniture is fatal as yellow fever. We sit and write ourselves away. Sedentary habits produce constipation; that begets dyspepsia; theumatism and kidney trouble follow in their train and death ends the chapter. You whose lives passed over desks and in the confined air of office sought to keep br. Kennedy's "Fa-vorite Remedy "always on hand for the stomach and brain. marl@-imeod&w

Pain and Dread attend the use of most ca-tarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are un-pleasant as well as dangerous. Efy's Grean hain is safe, pleasant, casily applied with the finger, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane giv-ing relief from the first application. Sec. I was a great sufferer from catarth. My nos-rifs were sensitive to dust, at times the blood would run, and at times I could hardly breathe, I need Ely's Grean Bahm. To-day I am a living witness of its efficacy-Peter Bruce, farmer, Ithaca, N. Y. un42wded&w

COLDEN'S Liquid Beet Tonic is endorsed by physicians, Ask for Colden's; take an other Of Druggists. ms-twdcod&w

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FROM the Allentown Democrat. District At torney Wright was taken with a severe attack of rheumatism, but a few doses of Gross' Rheu-matic Remedy fetched him out all right. This remedy is recommended for rheumatism only, is taken internally, and in nine cases out of ten will effect a permanent cure. Price \$1.00 by all druggists.] febs 3mM,W,S KIDNEY COMPLAINTS-with which so many suf

er-which neglected, means an untimely grave -is positively cured by the timely use of Dau-delion Bitters. Why hesitate to grasp the op-portunity, while it is yet to receive the benefit or this wonderful remedy. Price \$1.00, by all druggists. febS-3mTu, Th, S

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yel-low Skin ? Shioh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by H. R. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

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BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA. Is the most effective Pain Destroyer in the world, Will most surely quicken the blood whother taken internally os, applied externally, and thereby more certainly RELIEVE PAIN, whether chronic or acute, than any other pain alleviator, and it is warranted double the strength of any similar proparation. It curves pain in the Side, Back or Howels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toethache and ALL ACHES, and is The Great Relever of Pain. BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA's should be in every family. A tenspoontul of the Panacea in a tumbler of bit water [sweetened, if prabe in every family. A tenspoontul of the Panacea in a tumbler of by t water [sweetened, if pra-ferred,] taken at bedtime, will BREAK UP A COLD. 25 centra bottle.

mal-lydM.W.&Sw

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cutw is the remedy for you. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

A Few Facts.

Housekeepers in selecting wares for your tables, etc., especially those just buying new outfits, it is important that you select the best in the market. How embarrassing to a lady, especially if she has table pride, and what lady should not have, to find that her ware is all full of small cracks, and that grease has penetrated and made it look black and ugly.

A cause and a remedy. All semiporcelain or granite ware in its biscuit state is porous. It is then covered with natural or artificial glass to prevent its penetration by liquids. This is termed glazing. The glaze must vary as it must fuse or melt according to the ware upon which it is placed.

It must also dilate or contract in proportion to the biscuit or else it will crack or craze and produce the above result.

Unequal or insufficient firing or burning mayfand will sometimes produce the same results.

You may, and will no doubt ask, " How then can you tell whether you are getting a good article?" Simply and only by buying those makes which experience has taught dealers to recommend as the best and take their guarantee.

Such makes you can find and such guarantee you can get by calling at

