The Daily Intelligencer.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING IN THE YEAR (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED) BY STEINMAN & HENSEL.

INTELLIGENCER BUILDING S. W. Corner Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

TEN CENTS A WEEK. FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR OR FIFTY CENTS A MONTH. POSTAGE FREE.
ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TEN TO FIFTY CENTS A LINE.

WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER, (EIGHT PAGES.) Published Every Wednesday Morning, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, MAY 4, 1886.

A Short Turn.

Another decision of the supreme court of the state recently made, indicates the drift of judicial opinion toward a proper regulation of the rights of the public and the obligations of corporations. It was notable a few years ago that the tendency of the rulings of this court was strongly in favor of corporate pretensions, and had it been followed much further there would shortly have been an end of any rights of the people that the railroads were bound to respect. After all, courts are but the conservative expression of public sentiment; and nothing better indicates the changed sentiment of the people of this state upon the relations of corporations and their duties under the law than the turn which has been taken in the opinions of their highest court.

In this last reported case a non-suit had been entered in the lower Philadelphia court, in an action against a passenger railway company, to recover damages for the death of a child. It appeared that the driver of a car was inside and a boy was holding the reins. At the invitation of the latter three little boys, including the deceased, a lad of 12 years, got into the car. The driver on discovering them twice told them to get off, but they failed to do so. He did not, however, stop the car to enable them to get off. Finally, when the car was still in motion, he again told them to get off, whereupon the decedent jumped off and was killed. His parents sued for damages and were non-suited.

Now the supreme court, Judge Gordon delivering the opinion, holds that while, if the company was ignorant he was on the car, it could owe him no duty, and while it owes a trespasser the duty of no extra precaution, yet, being cognizant of the existence of the boy on the car, its servant, the driver, was in duty bound to take such precaution as would enable the boy to safely alight. The judgment of non-suit was therefore reversed and the cause remanded to the court for a new trial.

The old refuge of "contributory negligence" by which railways were apt to escape responsibility is being swept away.

A New Rule.

The New York *Times* points out the force and value of a resolution recently reported by the committee of the House on rules; which is presumably in accordance with the views of Carlisle, Morrison, Randall, Reed and Hiscock, unquestionably the leaders of the House, who compose that committee. The proposed new rule provides that "when any general bill or proposition to increase the rates or amounts of pensions, or to grant pensions to persons not previously entitled thereto by law is under consideration," it shall be in order "to amend the same so as to provide by taxation or otherwise for the payment thereof; but no such amendment shall be in order unless the net revenue provided for shall be thereby set apart for the sole purpose of paying such increased pensions."

The tendency of the average congressman to vote away money is something marvellous; especially is he willing to do it in the name of "pensions," and just now he has under favorable consideration all kinds of schemes of this sort to deplete the treasury of hundreds of millions of dollars; where the money is to come from does not concern him.

The proposition to couple with all these schemes of expenditure some means of revenue is a good one. Let those who would spend take the responsibility of saying how the funds shall be raised. They will find the imposition of new taxes less popular than the making of lavish grants. Who breaks, should pay.

An Empty State Treasury.

The commonwealth of Ohio is getting to the bottom of its money bin. The recent changes in its tax laws and some reductions in the rate of levy have diminished the receipts of the state so that it is estimated by the 15th of July there will be no money in the treasury, and the governor and his friends are arranging to pass a law to borrow $750,000 to meet current expenses. This certainly does not look like very good housekeeping, and is altogether discreditable to a great commonwealth. But if it be true that Ohio has spent $100,000 on the fruitless Payne senatorial investigation, and $300,000 more on the equally fruitless inquiry into the alleged election frauds of Cincinnati, it is no wonder the state is short of money. The inquiry into and exposure of election frauds is a praiseworthy exercise of the power of a state, but when undertaken and conducted in a purely partisan spirit and at such an enormous and useless expense it costs more than it comes to; and the Ohio tax-payers will be likely to resent it at the first opportunity.

Of No Consequence.

The insincerity, the futility and the utter nonsense of Edmunds' long fight against the presidential nominations, is shown most forcibly by the fact that the very person against whom his opposition was immediately directed has been confirmed, the Republican senators consenting while they said they never would. This was the confirmation of John D. Burnett to succeed George M. Duskin as United States district attorney for the Southwestern Alabama district. It was made last week and was announced by the press at the time, but the Senate rules required that it should be kept secret until Monday, when its official disclosure proved the inability of the Vermont senator to hold his party to the position to which he secured their resolution of adherence.

None the less, however, for the inefficiency of the fight, the senators showed their disposition, and we will be mistaken in the temper of the president if the adjournment of the Senate is not followed with some executive signs of his appreciation of their character. Turn the rascals out.

A GIGANTIC error made by many newspaper men at present is the quadrupling of the real number of strikers. The situation is bad enough without the need of exaggeration.

THE death of Maxey Cobb, the champion trotting stallion of the world, at the Belmont course on Monday afternoon, is a serious loss to the turf, of which he was such a conspicuous ornament. His record of 2.13¾ made over the Narragansett track at Providence, R. I., on September 30, 1884, has never been equaled by any other trotting stallion, and his 2.15¾ to pole with Neta Medium also ranks as the fastest double team record, although Maud S. and Aldine have beaten that time half a second. Maxey Cobb was a bay stallion, sired by Happy Medium, dam Lady Jenkins, by Jupiter. He was owned by Mr. Isidor Cohnfeld, of New York, who recently refused $40,000 for him.

THE fierce manner in which Edmunds was to fight the presidential nominations was more in appearance than in reality. Out of the 2,156 nominations sent to the Senate by President Cleveland only six have thus far been rejected.

THE production of spiegel and ferro-manganese in the United States in 1885 was 30,935 long tons, as compared with 30,262 tons in 1884.

THE Philadelphia *Record* has been in the ownership and control of William M. Singerly only nine years, and in that period has not only increased from 5,000 to over 100,000 circulation, but in all the elements of a first-class journalism it has far transcended any penny newspaper ever attempted in this country. Its editorial page is one of the best in the country, and for solidity combined with sparkle the *Record* holds a place of its own, in which it need fear no rivalry.

The Reading *News* is six years old and has a right to brag. It has steadily advocated Democratic principles, but has not allowed its politics to narrow its character as a progressive local and general newspaper. Long life and enhanced prosperity to it!

IT is now denied that a New York publisher has been in treaty with the Vatican for the translation into Latin and English and the publication of the memoirs of Pope Leo XIII. The story looked fishy when it was started.

SOME of the English lordlings who come to the United States to enjoy a season of riotous living with impunity must have queer ideas of the people who inhabit this land of the free. There was a notable wedding breakfast in New York the other day, at which the Duke of Sutherland appeared in tweed coat and colored shirt. The woman who accompanied him wore a black velvet dress, with a huge garland of pink roses, and white lace twined from shoulder to waist, a little white feather and pink rose set jauntily on her head, by way of a bonnet. She is not his wife, but accompanies the gay nobleman on his yachting trip, while the real wife remains at home. Both these worthies should have had the doors of this New York hom slammed in their faces.

THE following marriage notice from today's *Press* indicates a new and sensible way of taking "their wedding journey."

MARKLEY—ROBINSON—On Wednesday evening, April 28, 1886, at their new home in Upper Roxborough, this city, by Rev. J. J. Davies, Mr. Henry A. Markley, of Roxborough, and Miss Bessie Robinson, formerly of Baltimore, Md.

REV. DR. HEMPHILL, a Presbyterian clergyman of Louisville, has got himself into a pretty mess by declaring that the church should not interfere with theatre-going, and also saying that a man might drink a glass of wine and only be doing what Christ had done. The Liquor Dealer's Protective association at once distributed a circular which read: "Jesus Christ a liquor maker and a liquor drinker. Boys, let us drink to the health of Dr. Hemphill." This brought his fellow ministers down upon Dr. Hemphill, like a wolf on the fold, and he was doubtless made responsible for the ribald sentiments of the circular. And yet there is nothing in the report of Dr. Hemphill's remarks that should be objected to by reasonable men. Theatre-going and drinking are not intrinsically wrong, and they only take on sinful aspects according as they are abused.

ONE account of Edwin Booth's recent remarkable exhibition of indisposition on the stage is that Salvini is really playing *Iago* to him; and, jealous of the American actor's popularity and genius, has tempted him to indulgence in liquor. This story has an ancient and a fish-like smell.

TALMAGE "supposes" the day of judgment will be "a day of uproar and tumult." If Talmage be there, it certainly will be that kind of a day.

IN a little caucus of the Philadelphia diocese of the P. E. church, it was soon found that the mention of Phillips Brooks for assistant bishop was unpopular; seven-eighths of the cancussers were for Rev. Thomas F. Davies, a New Englander, too, but for seventeen years rector of St. Peter's church, Philadelphia. He is known as a conservative churchman, a fine preacher and an able scholar.

BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

Robins call robins in tops of trees,
Doves follow doves, with scarlet feet;
Frolicking babies, sweeter than these,
Crowd green corners where highways meet.

Violets stir and arbutus makes
Claytonia's rosy bells unfold;
Dandelion through the meadow makes
A royal road with scales of gold.

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
Golden, snowy and red in vain;
Robins calls robins through the sad showers,
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.

"H. H."

PERSONAL.

SETH I. COMLY, one of Philadelphia's oldest and best known merchants, retired from business on Monday.

CAPTAIN GEORGE R. GUSS, editor of the *Chester County Democrat*, has been appointed to a clerkship in the mint.

SENATOR S. P. WOLVERTON has been unanimously named for governor by the Democratic county committee of Northumberland.

HON. JOHN A. HIESTAND has introduced a resolution in Congress to know why the full number of copies of the report of the commissioner of agriculture has not been printed.

MR. JOSEPH E. TEMPLE, whose liberal contributions for the benefit of Philadelphia have earned the well deserved appreciation of the community, again commands earnest and hearty praise by the donation of $5,000 to the historical society for the purchase of adjoining land desirable for its uses.

THE BAND IN THE PINES.

Oh, band in the pine wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead were the bravest of all.

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud triumphant strain;
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead friends
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar;
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more.

Oh, band in the pine wood, cease!
Or the heart will melt in tears,
For the gallant eyes and smiling lips
And the voices of old years.

—*John Esten Cooke.*

THE MADONNA OF THE TUBS.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Harper's.

[CONTINUED.]

III.

"He must have found them Benzine children by this time," Mrs. Salt ran on, taking to her irons again nervously. "But, fact is, I'm *never* easy in my mind when Henry's in thick weather, not even off-shore. It's hard being a woman in Fairharbor. Our minister said, says he, when he first came to town he noticed all the women-folks called it, the dreadful sea.' I guess, come to think of it, we do—just as you'd say 'Monday mornin'' or 'cold weather,' and never take notice of your words. You see, I'm kind o' down to-night, tell the truth, Miss Ritter.—Yes, Rafe, watch for papa, dear. He'll be disappointed if he doesn't see Rafe first.—I wouldn't tell the child just yet. You see, his father's got to go to the Banks. Rafe hates to have his father go to the Banks. He worries. We thought we'd get along—for me and Rafe do worry so—but Henry's had an awful poor season off-shore. He thinks he's got to go. He ain't made but twenty-two dollars and sixty-three cents this summer. It's safer off-shore, take it all, though it's bad enough, Miss Ritter, fix it as you will. It was off-shore his boat keeled over eight years ago the 23d of September, not more'n two miles off the light—him and Job Ely and Peter Salt and William X. Salt went down in a squall, and I'd been nervous all day; so when it struck I got the glass, and took Emma Eliza—for she was little then, but my oldest born, and all I had to speak to that would understand—and me and Emma Eliza we walked over the downs, and over the downs, blowed about agen the wind, with the glass, and stood watchin'; and, my gracious God, Miss Ritter, I saw that there boat go down before my living eyes!"

It was an old story, told to how many neighbors and "summer people" how many times! but at this point the fisherman's wife gasped and blanched. She had never been able to finish it; each time she thought she should. She took up her flat-irons hastily, for scalding tears were dropping on Mrs. Hannibal P. Harrowstone's fluted skirt.

"He h'isted on to the keel, her bottom upmost," she said, in a lower voice, "and they all h'isted on and held, and a lumber schooner from Maine come along full canvas, but it took an eternal punishment, lookin' through the glass, to get her swung to and dfar off. But they was saved—him and Job Ely and Peter Salt and William X. Salt—and him: but they looked like flies before my eyes, for the sea broke over 'em, and they kep' a-slippin', and so me and Emma Eliza put down the glass and come home and set down; and Emma Eliza made me a cup of tea—for I was that gone, and her so little to do for me. And there we set, for we couldn't do nothin' till he come home at five minutes past nine o'clock, bustin' open the door—so!—drippin' wet, and pale as his own corpse, and I says, 'Henry! Henry!' and he says, 'Nelly Jane!' and we says no more, for somehow we couldn't do it. But Emma Eliza cried—for she used to bellow, that child did, when she was little—enough to wake last year's mackerel catch, and then she made her father's tea, for I was that gone; and, you see, Miss Ritter, it was next month Rafe was born, and he was born, my dear—as he is."

"Marm, I don't *see* my fa—ther," interrupted Rafe, in his gentle, drawling voice, from the open front door.

"And so, as I says," proceeded Mrs. Salt, more briskly, "fishin' is fishin', off-shore or no. But I haven't no confidence in the Grand Banks. I wish my husband hadn't got to go this fall. I 'ain't any time to be nervous, but there's always time to see things. You know, you see him so, before your eyes, all sorts of ways, when he's that far from you—fogs, or a gale, or a squall—drownin' mostly, and callin' after you, if you're his wife and have always done for him. Even a headache he'd run to you about. And to stand here ironin', a thousand miles away, and him maybe—"

"Marm," called Rafe, "I see my fa—ther! I see my fa—ther!"

"Well, there!" cried Ellen Jane Salt, putting down her irons tremendously. She blushed like a girl, and bustled about, "picking up" here and there, and hurrying to fry the cod for supper. She almost forgot her young lady customer, who was glad just then to slip away.

On the way down the lane she met the fisherman and his children hurrying home; but in the dusk they passed with a pleasant, neighborly nod. Miss Ritter was sad, and Henry Salt was hungry; so she with her kindly "Well, Henry!" and he with his civil "H'ar' yer, Miss Ritter?" went their ways. It so happened from one trifling cause and another—she was called to Boston earlier than usual, and what not—that this was the last time she spoke to the good fellow that season, as she afterward remembered.

She turned in the dark lane, and watched the group scrambling home in their happy-go-lucky fashion—Henry rode the bigger baby (he was known in the Salt family as "the other baby"), pick-back all the way: Sue and Tommy trudged and toddled, snatching at his oil-cloths, which were wet, and slipped from their little round red hands.

Henry Salt sang, as he carried "the other baby," a snatch of a sailor song Miss Ritter had never heard before—

"Give the wind time
To blow the man down."

Past the rose thicket, by the great bowider, dim in the dark and the now drenching fog, man and children, pushing merrily home, made one confused group, like a centaur or a torso to the watcher's eye.

The cottage door was wide open. What a splendor of light leaped out! Was it only that kerosene lamp upon the ironing table? How it beat back the crawling fog, which made as if it would enter first and was denied.

"Give the wind time,"

rang the fisherman's happy bass.

From outside, through the door one could see clearly and far. All the little house seemed to lean out to draw them in; the sweet tidy, homely things grew gilded and glorious, and had a look as if they stirred; even the instrument could be seen deep in the parlor, with the reduced high art paper. In the doorway, once again, the Madonna of the Tubs had found that fine, unconscious attitude—half stooping to take Rafe, who had stood too long upon his little crutch. He put up his hand and stroked her cheek

"Oh, marm, I've *got* my fa-ther!"

"Give the wind time
To blow the man down,"

sang Henry Salt. Laughing, he snatched and kissed the child—the mother, too, perhaps. Down there in the dark wet lane Miss Ritter could not see, or her eyes failed her somehow.

For a moment the group stood in the open door in a kind of glory. Then Emma Eliza came in, and putting down her empty clothes-basket, and going straight to the instrument, began—it seems that Rafe asked—to play. A waltz, perhaps? A minstrel melody? Some polka learned of the music teacher? A merry ditty flung at fate and dashed at life and death, between whose equal mysteries these poor souls wrenched their brave and scanty happiness? My musical friend—no. Emma Eliza sang a hymn. She sang that venerable Sunday school jingle known as "Pull for the Shore."

Rafe joined in it sweetly, leaning on his crutch. His mother sang it shrilly while she fried the cod. Henry Salt sang it merrily while he hung his oil-clothes on the nail behind the door. Sue and Tommy and the other baby sang it anyhow; and the baby in the crib waked up and stretched his arms out to the instrument.

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar!
Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!"

Then the door shut suddenly; the Madonna was blotted from sight; blackness replaced the sweet and homely halo; only the voices of the fisher-people, expressing what they knew of happiness in the sombre, sacred words that held the terror and the danger of the sea, echoed faintly down the dark and now deserted lane.

"If this were a story in need of a heroine," said Helen Ritter as she turned, "it is a vacant position which I should not be asked to fill. And yet I'd *be* my washwoman to be—"

"Give the wind time
To blow for the shore,"

rang out the gruff bass voice that wind and weather had roughened in shouting "Ship ahoy!" For Henry had musically forgotten himself, as will be seen, and Emma Eliza, at the instrument came to a severe halt to set him straight.

Perhaps if it had not been for William X. Salt it would never have happened.

Tennyson, I think, or it might well be, has sketched a sea-port town in one line which runs:

"And almost all the village had one name."

The fishing town of Fairhaven was generously furnished with the appropriate name of Salt. There were great Salts and small Salts, rich and poor Salts, drunk and sober Salts, Salts making money in the counting rooms and Salts earning it upon the wharves, Salts in the fish firms and Salts before the mast—Abraham L. Salt, for instance, who owned the schooner (herself *Abby E. Salt* by name), and William X. Salt and Peter Salt and Henry Salt, who sailed in her to the Grand Banks, after the golden-rod and the summer people were gone, when there were no Japanese umbrellas and nobody screamed at the snails, when there was no washing by the dozen to be had, and only now and then a letter from Miss Ritter—in November, just before Thanksgiving, when the weather had turned cold and the wind blew from the north.

Nothing is easier than to find a reason for the unpleasant in ourselves in causes outside of ourselves, and yet, in spite of this calm, proverbial philosophy, it is probably true that if it had not been for William X. Salt it would never have happened. At least Ellen Jane said so, and will say so to her dying day. For from whatever cause—divine, diabolic, or human—whether because William X. Salt treated Henry, or because Henry allowed William X. to treat him, or because Heaven permitted or hell decreed—the truth remains that Henry and Ellen Jane Salt, like many another wedded pair loving less than they, like many another loving even more than they, quarrelled; but the worst of it was that they quarreled the night that Henry set sail in the *Abbey E. Salt*, with William X. and Peter and Job Ely and the other fellows—ten in all—for the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

William X. Salt had given him the whisky for, as I say, it was turning cold, and the wind blew bitterly from the north, and the men had worked till they were fretted and chilled, getting their traps and trawls aboard. Now Henry was a sober man, for the most part, and meant to keep so; or his wife meant to keep him so, which is much the same thing; and I should libel him were I to say that he came home to supper drunk. He was not drunk. Strictly speaking, he was not sober. In point of fact, he was what may be charitably called sensitive to liquor, owing to some passing familiarity of the nervous system with its effects in early youth; and it took little enough to make it clear that he had better have taken none at all. As a rule, Henry recognized this physiological fact. That November night he was cold and tired and "down," and William X., who was sober sometimes, but so seldom that, by the law of chances, that could hardly have been one of the times, was moved to treat at the wrong way; and if Henry had taken a little less—or even a little more, and come home to his wife drunk, it might not have happened, we must admit, for he was jolly and silly when he was drunk; but he got only so far as the cross stage, and cross he was—it need not be denied—to Ellen Jane.

What was it all about? What is it ever all about when two who love each other dearer than any great thing on earth, fall sharp asunder because of some little one—too little to find? The pity of love is that it is given to small creatures: let us not forget that itself is great.

Perhaps it was the door that slammed; perhaps it was the coffee that did not settle; it may be that the baby cried, or the chowder burned their tongues, or somebody upset the milk pitcher, or the lamp smoked, or the ironing fire was burning coal too fast or the barberry sauce (brought out to honor the occasion) had not enough molasses in it, or the griddle-cakes did not come fast enough, or there was a draught somewhere—who could say? Neither of these married lovers, perhaps, after it was all over. Less than any one of these almost invisible causes has broken hearts and homes before, and will, world without end, till lovers learn the infinite preciousness of love, and human speech is guarded like human chastity.

In short, then and there, on the night, on the hour of their separation, Henry and Ellen Jane Salt "came to words."

She had been crying all day, poor woman, because he had to go. She dreaded a November voyage intelligently and insanely. Rafe had cried too, but he hid in the parlor to do it. The children were all sober except the baby and the other baby. The house was illuminated—there were two kerosene lamps and the lantern. All Henry's mending was tearfully and exquisitely done. There had been fresh doughnuts fried, and a squash pie (extravagantly made to please him. Emma Eliza, at the instrument, played the "Sweet by-and-by." Her mother was dressed in her best calico—a new one never at the wash-tub, one of those chocolate patterns with strong-minded flowers that women fancy, Heaven and the designers know why. Her hair was brushed and her collar fresh, and she had looked as pretty as a pink, poor thing, dashing away the tears when he came in—ready for all the little feminine arts that make men cheerful at the cost of women's nerve and courage.

Then it happened—whatever it was—and the glow went out of her face as the gloom gathered on his, and that sweet look about her mouth settled away, and the smouldering fire burned up slowly from a great depth in her sunken, tired blue eyes; and with a breaking heart she blamed him; and with a barbarous tongue he admired her; and their words ran as high as their nerves were strained; and because they loved each other dearly every harsh word they said scorched them like coals of white fire, on which one pours more to cover up the blaze; and because they were man and wife and more to each other than all the world besides, they said each to each, bitterly dashing out blind words, what neither would have said to friend or neighbor for very shame's sake; and so it came about that on this night they were in high temper, than which none had been really sharper, perhaps, in all their wedded lives.

"There is something always wrong about this house, curse it!" cried the man whom William X. Salt had treated.

"There's nothing wrong in this house but him that's setting sail from it," cried the woman whom the man had scolded.

They were flashing words—up and out and over—and, had it fared differently with them, at another time a sob and a kiss would have met above the ashes of the sorry scene, and there would have been an end, and peace to it.

But the *Abby E. Salt* weighed anchor at eight o'clock. It was quarter past seven when Henry pushed back from his half-eaten supper and took up his hat to go. He had over a mile to walk, and a ferry to catch, and what not to do; he was already late. There was no time to let the sweet waters of repentance come to the flood. He bade the children good-by saliently, kissed Rafe, and, after an instant's hesitation, pushed open the door. He said he must hunt up Job Ely, and so saying, and saying no more than this, he went out of the house. He did not look at his wife.

[Continued.]

Oarsmen, bicyclists and all athletes testify that they derive benefit from St. Jacobs Oil.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Do Not Move Blindly.

Go carefully in purchasing medicine. Many advertised remedies can work great injury—are worse than none. *Burdock Blood Bitters* are purely a vegetable preparation; the smallest child can take them. They kill disease and cure the patient in a safe and kindly way. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Depend Upon It.

Mother Shipton's prophesies and Louisiana elections are very uncertain things, but *Thomas' Eclectric Oil* can be depended upon always. It cures aches and pains of every description. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

First-Rate Evidence.

"Often unable to attend business, being subject to serious disorder of the kidneys. After a long siege of sickness tried *Burdock Blood Bitters* and was relieved by half a bottle." Mr. B. Turner, of Rochester, N. Y., takes the pains to write. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

How Much Will Do It?

How much of *Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is required to cure? Only a very little. A few drops will cure any kind of an ache; and but a trifle more is needed for sprains and lameness. Rheumatism is not so readily affected; an ounce and sometimes two ounces are required. No medicine, however, is so sure to cure with the same number of applications. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

"Don't Hurry, Gentlemen,"

Said a man on his way to be hanged, "there'll be no fun till I get there." We say to the dyspeptic, nervous, and debilitated, don't hurry thoughtlessly for some remedy of doubtful merit, uncertain of relief, when you can get at the druggists for one dollar *Burdock Blood Bitters* almost sure to cure and certain to benefit. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

A Newspaper Editor.

O. M. Holcomb, of Bloomville, Ohio, rises to explain: "Had that terrible disease catarrh, for twenty years; couldn't taste or smell, and hearing was failing. *Thomas' Eclectric Oil* cured me. These are facts voluntarily given against a former prejudice of patent medicine. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

NOTICE.

OFFICE SUSQUEHANNA CANAL COMPANY, COR. LEXINGTON AND DAVIS STREETS, Baltimore, April 29, 1886.

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the Stockholders of this Company will be held at the office, in Baltimore, on MONDAY, the 10th day of MAY, 1886, at one o'clock p. m., for the election of officers and managers for the ensuing year. The transfer books will be closed from Monday, the 3d of May, until after the election. By order,

ROBERT D. BROWN, Treasurer.

apr28-9td

MEDICAL.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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