THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

JACK HUNTER'S TELESCOPE.

A. M. Talcott in Cosmopolitan.

It was towards the close of a hot summer day. The setting sun was pouring the full force of its rays into an open window, in the third story of a bouse in the centre of the city. The room showed, by its disordered appearance, as well as by the many mase dons scattered about, that the oc line possessions scattered about, that the oc cupant was a man. On a small round table drawn close to the window, stood a telescope, which seemed somewhat out of place among the various unscientific articles in the roon

A rush and stumble were heard on th stairs outside. The door was thrown open

stairs outside. The door was thrown open violently, and a young man entered, who sank wearily into a chair near the table. With an impatient movement, he rested his clow on the table and shaded his eyes from the dazzling sunlight with his hand. He was not handsome, but his honest gray eyes, and the smile generally seen upon his face made up for the want of regular fea-tures. A favorite with all who knew him, Jack Hunter was, by birth and education, a gentleman, and by profession a lawyer. He had settled in the city some months previous-ly to practice law, and, fortunately for him, his efforts had met with more than usual success. Strangely enough, however, this young man was not happy, and the tele-scope was to blame.

young man was not happy, and the tele-scope was to blame. One evening, when coming home from his office, curiosity led him into a house, where a scientific gentleman, whose tastes had ex-ceeded his income, was having his posses-sions disposed of at auction. As Jack en-tered a small, but exceedingly fine tele-ment of the moment, he added his bids to those of other persons present, and suddenly found himself the owner of an instrument of no use to him. But he had it taken to his room and placed on his table, little dreaming how important a part it was to play in his important a part it was to play in hi

For several evenings he amused himsel "star gazing," but, finding nothing of par-ticular interest in the skies, he turned hi ticular interest in the skies, he turned his glass earthward with more satisfaction. One evening, after baving gazed into back yards until weary of clothes lines and wood sheds, he turned his instrument toward the window of a house, at which he could, with his naked

or a house, at which he could, with his naked eye, distinguish a figure sitting. The telescope disclosed a young and beau-tiful girl sitting with her head against the casement. Her face was turned toward the evening sky, with a look of sadness, that made Jack long to take her hands in his, and ask what troubled her; for his was a nature that could not bear to say any one undarter ask what troubled her ; for his was a nature that could not bear to see any one unhappy.

especially a pretty young woman. Daily his interest in her grew, and every evening he saw her at the window. It appeared to be a favorite place. Sometimes she would be reading, sometimes writing, but more often sitting in the weary listless iashion, that aroused his sympathy the first time he saw her. He filled his brain with fancies about her, an excercise that was bac for him and worse for his clients. Evening after evening he watched her until, at last he was forced to confess to himself that he loved her.

But the sight of her through the telescope failed to satisfy him. He longed to make her acquaintance. The street and house in which she lived were easily discovered, but the house was exactly like all the others in the row. The door-plate bore the name of Bently : but, with this exception, he was no wiser than before. Still he haunted the spot, as if constant watching and longing would the row. Bently : open the door and insure him a welcome within. He even became an object of inter est, not unmixed with suspicion, to the po

liceman on that beat. At last, one evening, as he was standing At last, one evening, as he was standing near the house that had become so interest-ing to him, a carriage stopped before the door, and a very severe-looking old lady stepped out followed by a young girl at sight of whom Jack's pulse beat somewhat laster than usual. In stepping to the ground she caught her foot, and would have failen but for Jack who sprane forward, and for but for Jack, who sprang forward, and for one blissful half second held her in his arms Her slight exclamation caused the elder lady toturn

"How can you be so awkward Ebsie ?" she

said fretfully. "I'm sure 1 cannot tell, grandma," an-swered the girl. Then turning to Jack with a smile, she

said, "I am very much obliged to you, sir." Before he could take off his hat in recog-

Hefore he could take off his hat in recog-nition of her courtesy, she had followed her grandmother into the house, and the door was closed behind them. As he turned to go, he saw a handkerchief lying on the side-walk. Picking it up, he was delighted to find the name "Elsie Cameron," written

randmother, who devoted that portion of grandmother, who devoted that portion of the day to literature and letter writing. Elsie did the reading and writing, and Mrs. Bently the scolding. This morning, how-ever, the old lady had a severe headache and was contined to her bed. Elsie found it im-possible to feel sorry ; for a whole morning of freedom was an unusual treat. Finding a spot to suit her, she placed the umbrella tent fashion on the sand and seated herself comfortably underneath. Raising her eyes for a final look about, they rested with delight on the ever changing water be-fore her. Little beats were moving to and fro on its surface, their weather-beaten sails

fore her. Little boats were moving to and fro on its surface, their weather-beaten sails gleaming white in the sunlight. The air was soft and ladened with spicy fragrance from the pines on the island. Forgetting all care in that one delightful moment. Elsie gave a sigh of content, and was about to begin her book, when sho saw, with disappointment, her pet aversion coming, in the shape of Paul Thorne. "Oh dear " she exclaimed. "This is too bad ! If the sea would only swallow him !"

outside of one of the windows and looked in on the dancers spinning about in spite of the heat, while the sweet strains of the waitz ideated out to her. Matrons and would-be matrons sat in rows against the wait, watch-ing the dancers or whispering bits of gossip to each other behind their fans. Outside the moon was shedding a flood of soft, cool light. In spite of the discomfort of the afternoon, Eisie felt happy and at peace with all men, even Thorne, until she caught sight of the flower still in his buttonhole. "Give me that !" she said, almost rudely. He looked at her in mute protest, but she was inflexible ; and yet, when he had reluc-tantly given it to her, she tore it in pieces, scattering the red petals over the floor. IV. tim "" The sea would not, and on he came, un-conscious of the wish. But the wind was her friend : for, rushing under her umbrella, it caught it up and whirled it over the sands. She ran after it as it danced along the beach, nearly recovering the truant, only to see it, as it possessed with the spirit of mischief, dart away once more, as she put out be hand to catch it. She was inclined to laugh, The days that followed were miserable to Eisie, although she concealed the fact most successfully, and, in revenge of Jack's change of manner, she became very friendly with Thorne. This gave him little satisfaction, until she saw, with dismay, that it was like ly to be blown into the water.

iy to be blown into the water, "Can't it be stopped ?" she exclaimed, "It can," said a voice at her side. The ne: moment the umbrella was in her hand, and however : for, although accepting his atten-tions, she would listen to no love-making. Determined to have his way and win her by fair means or foul, he at last thought of a be was speaking her breathless thanks to oung man whose face was familiar, and ye he could not at first remember where sh plan that would prove most effective in making her listen to him. Approaching her one morning, he said :

had seen him. Of course, it was Jack, who had been wait-ing all the morning for an introduction to her, and Fred Langham, coming up, performed to share with you."" "Yes "" she said, with but slight show o "I am glad your umbrella did not get away

arrange shawls and cushions in the stern be side himself. "I should be in your way when you steer."

when you steer." "You could never be that," he said. She took no notice of the compliment, be-ing absorbed apparently in watching his pre-tion and the stating under way. Soon the

parations for getting under way. Soon the little boat was dashing through the water as if it were alive. Elsie leaned comfortably

if it were alive. Elsie leaned comfortabl back on the cushions and was thorough

back on the cushions and visit "I wish we onjoying herself. Suddenly her companion said, "I wish we might go on like this forever." "I don't,"she replied, beginning to feel uncomfortable. "We would be very hungry before long." she added, saucily. "Resides

before long," she added, saucity. "Besid this is rather a small place to be in forever

"Nonsense !" he said roughly. "This is not the time to be hampered by convention-alities. You know what I want." "This is the first intimation I have had

Then there was silence, except the nois

of the little boat rushing through the water The situation was awkward. Conversation

of any kind was out of the question. She gazed into the distance, and he scowled at the back of her head. An irrosistible desire

to laugh overcame her. "You seem to find it very funny," he said

She was ashamed, but could not help it.

Suddenly he brought the boat around very abruptly, which nearly upset them, and

III.

At nine o'clock a merry party assembled at the pier, waiting for Elsie, who had been de-

said, unconsciously disclosing her remem-brance of the first time that she saw him. " No, indeed ; I had seen you many times

" Do you ren.ember the evening, early in the spring, you were getting out of the car-riage and stumbled ?"

riage and stumbled ?" "And you caught me !" she added. "Now I know why your face has always been so familtar." "But I had often seen you before that."

Seating himself comfortably on the grass, but never losing sight of her face, he told her about his telescope. She gave a little laugh

iously. "No, indeed ! I am glad to think there was

some one that took such a kindly inusrest in me. I was very unhappy then." A shadow fell over her face as she spoke.

Il over her face as she spoke. A shadow "Elsie," he said, and she did not reprove im, " will you give me that rose ?"

him, " will you give me that rose ?" " But it is all 1 have," she objected, hoping to hear him ask again. " I will give you a hundred prettier."

" If there are a kundred prettier, why do you want this ?" "Because there is none in the world like

that." She partly drew it from her belt. Just then Fred Langham and Paul Thorne ap-

peared. "Oh, here you are !" said the former.

As he turned to follow, he saw Elsie's rose

As he turned to follow, he saw Elsie's rose, which had fallen unnoticed from her belt, lying on the ground. Picking it up, he put it in his button-hole and joined the others. Jack could hardly believe his eyes when Thorne joined them; and, drawing his own conclusions, he suddenly became so cold and stiff in his manners that Elsie was considera-bly nuzzled until the saw that There

have been looking for you everywhere

" You are not displeased ?" he asked aux-

She looked at him in surprise.

pefore that.'

as he finished.

him.

"That is not exactly what I mean. She did not answer, but appeared deeply integrated in watching the water ripple through her fingers, as she held her hand over the side of the boat.

"Miss Cameron, if you please

that you wanted anything." "Will you be my wife ""

sailed rapidly towards home.

ing behind to look after the beat.

Elsie

angrily.

interest. " I have found hosts of water lilles." She was eager enough now, for they were

"I am glad your unbreak and hot get away from you entirely," said Jack. "I was more successful," she answered, laughing, as she looked over her shoulder and saw that Mr. Thorne had disappeared : "for 1 too, was running away." her delight, "1 will show them to you, but not to any

But Elsie was not to get off so easily, as an invitation came to sail that afternoon with Mr. Thorne, which her grandmother, who one else." "Well, then, come !" she exclaimed, ris-ing hastily : and Jack, who sat near, appa-rently absorbed in a book, muttered between liked him, made her accept. It might have been pleasant for Elsie, who was fond of be-ing on the water, if he had been content to sail ; but he had brought her out for another " Not now. Be ready about five this after

noon. We must go to the said Thorne, "Won't that be too late ? It's a long sai purpose, of which she was happily uncor "I will not sit there," she said, seeing him

"Oh, no ; it is too hot on the water earlier We shall have plenty of time." Five o'clock found her ready, eager for the

IV.

"I have made a discovery which I wish

Five o'clock found her ready, eager for the promised treat. The day had been warm, but a breeze had sprung up, which blew in from the sea with delicious freshness. Jack was standing on the landing and Elsie nod-ded him a saucy good-bye as she passed. Suddenly she stopped and looked back to where he stood gazing moodily after her. "Won't you come, too ?" she asked, though she could not have told why. "No, no, Miss Elsie," said Thorne before Jack could speak. "You forget : the bar-gain was for you to come alone."

gain was for you to come alone." She said nothing, but followed him to the

boat, with a curious feeling of uneasiness. "Are you not going to sail the boat your self?" she asked, with some surprise, as i boy took the place at the helm. "Some one must look atter the boat while

we get the lilles," he answered carelessly, but his hand trembled as he helped her in. The wind was light and the sail longer

than she had expected. "I hope we shan't be late in getting back Grandmanima will be so cross, in xiously.

"We shall have the wind with us goin "We shall have the wind with us going back." As he spoke the boat ran up on the shore of a little island. They landed, and is short walk brought them to a pond almost covered with water illies in full bloom. The

air was filled with their fragrance. "Oh, Mr. Thorne ! how good it was in you to bring me here !" she cried with delight But the flowers were out of hand's reach, and after one or two ineffectual efforts "I will go and send the boy to gather them for you," he said, and left her to devour the

For you," he said, and left her to devour the prizes with greedy eyes. Five minutes passed, and she began to grow uneasy. When five more had gone and still he did not come, she feit that pleas-ure must give way to duty. She should wait no longer. Something had detained the boy, no doubt. She would go back to the boat, and come for the tillos mother day.

Jack Hunter was on the pier when they landed, and to her intense relief, he walked with her to the house, Paul Thorne remainand come for the tilles another day. She went back to where they had landed. Throne stood alone on the shore, and far away on the water, with the setting sunlight

Mr. Thorne went to the city the next day, but on his return, a few days later, his man-ner toward Elsie was so unembarrassed that she almost imagined that the little scene in shining upon it, was a tiny white sail. "Where is the boat ?" she asked. "It has gone." He did not look at her, but kept his eyes

whispered to her. She shook her head with a smile. It was only a request that she would add another wrap to those already on ; but, in Jack's eyes, it appeared a most loverlike action, to which she had responded with affectionate gratitude. An attempt to sing was made, but it ended in a failure, and a dismai party landed at the dock, in de-cided contrast with the morning's joyful de-parture. She looked in his face with love and confi She looked in his spoke. The night was coming rapidly on. It was quite dark. The moon had hidden herself behind a cloud, but the little stars were twinkling down aut the little stars were eyes. Suddenly apon them like friendly eyes. Suddenly Etsie started. "Oh, Jack !" she exclaimed, "how late it is! "Oh, Jack !" she exclaimed, "how late it is!

What will grandmamma say 7 What will they all think ?" He looked down on the poor, little, white

parture. That evening Elsie was with Thorne on the piazza. She had been dancing, and, flushed and heated, she had come out for a breath of cooler air. She stood for a moment outside of one of the windows and looked in "Do you love me ?" he asked. "Ob, Jack ! Wby do you ask me such

"Ob, Jack 1 why do you ask into such a question ?" "But do you ?" he persisted, "Yes," she said so softly that he had to bow his bend to hear. "Will you be my wife ? I will devote my whole life to making you happy. Will you,

Yes,"

"Are you sure ?" "Jack, how can you ask such a question?" He did not answer, but putting the boat about, they sailed toward the little village among the hills. "Where are we going ?" she asked in sur-

prise, "To be married !" he said with quiet de you home. Do you hear, Elsie? To your home and mine ! You shall write to your

grandmother from there, and sign yoursel Elsie Hunter !" FASHIONABLE RELIGION

A Rage Among the English People for Eastern

Theosophy. The Providence Journal, discussing fash

ionable religion, says : "One of the latest crazes which has seized

the English people, and which has been im ported to our country, is the rage for the Eastern theosophy which, we are told, is destined to supplant Christianity in the minds of cultivated people. The study of the Oriental religious has received a new impetus within the last decade, and men are car ried away with the new fashion in somewhat the same manner as they were captivated by the sesthetic mania, which was itself a su cessor of the first popular phrase of Darwin ianism. To this Mr. Matthew Arnold ha

ianism. To this Mr. Matthew Arnold has kept time and tune with his evolution of 'sweetness and light' from a Christianity which he had sweetened and enlightened for genteel people by eliminating all that is su-pernatural and miraculous. " But of all the crazes and 'fads' of the day, nothing strikes us as more curious than the mixture of enthusiasm and largence with

the mixture of enthusiasm and languor with which certain Boston young women proclaim themselves to be Buddhists in religion themselves to be Buddhists in religion, adopting their new opinions somewhat or the same principles as the latest fashion in dress. At the present day it is no secret that the attacks on the Bible—which it has ma jestically endured, as if to show how truth is an anvii that wears out every hammer tha rings upon it—have been abandoned in favo

rings upon it—have been abandoned in favor of a new device. "Some of the rejectors of Christianity are making experiments in the new philosophy of comparative and competitive religions. The beauty of Baddhism—the 'Light of Asis'—the wisdom of Vedar and the sub-lime morality of Indian theosophy are set both in antiseting stells and we are seted torth in captivating style, and we are asked to lay aside the teachings of Christianity as an exclusive religion, or to admit the new faith to the same place in our affection as that which is beid by the religion of

" As Rome conquered Greece, to be herse subjugated by Greek culture and art, and conquered Palestine, to be in turn subdued by the faith born at Jerusalem, so it would seem as if some English poets, philosophers and dilletante dreamers fancy they have an-nexed India only to be converted to the pure and precious worship of the natives of the country. What is this beautiful and celestial event which is being beautiful and celestial country. What is this beantiful and celestial creed which is being so boastfully paraded by intellectual exquisites as being not only equal in inspiration with the sacred Book of Christendom, but as being far more suited for the choice and adoption of men and

women of taste and mental acumen. "One of the foremost Oriental scholars i Europe, Sir M. Monier Williams, professo of sanscrit at Oxford, who has studied th Indian religion for forty years, most of th time in their own land, has lately spoke with studied moderation, but with justi dogmatic emphasis, which should be dec justi sive for every balanced mind. Thorough learned in the sacred scriptures of the Ea he speaks not with emphirical criticism, bu with the authority of a master. He has liter ally nothing to say but what exhalts the B ble to the utter disparagament of the whol

Buddhist library. "He declares 'the very diapason, so to speak,' of all the doctrines of the East to be

HERE AND THERE.

1 overheard a comparison of notes th ther evening between two well-known cler. gymen of blassed memory, gone-on their summer vacation-but not torgotten, abou the size and whimsicalities of marriage fees They agreed that the biggest fee either had ever received was \$100, but one of them got it in gold, when the greenback dollar was away below par, and he at once exchanged it for \$250 in currency, which was high water mark for him in this sort of clerical perquisites. The other told how he got his \$100 note from a very unexpected source ; it was handed to him in a sealed envelope, and when he opened it at home and found the size of it he thought there must be some mistake, but his wiser wife knew better ; and when he found how rich the groom was and what a valuable help-meet he got, the parson's surprise at the cheerful amount of the fee melted away, and he was reconciled to it -all of it. One of them related that on an occasion a bridegroom, who gave him \$5, came back two weeks later and handed him \$20 more, assuring him that he had not known what a good wife he was getting. In another instance the preacher was handed a big roll of coin, wrapped in tissue paper, and very pretentious in appearance. He put it into his coat tail pocket, and did not venture to open it until he was on the train bound homeward for a distance. He found the package made up of twenty-five big old tashioned copper cents. The fee is not al-ways proportioned to the scale of other exsenses. A groom who is lavish with gifth and entertainments may cut the parson down o a paltry V ; while poor and needy couples

sometimes double that. The woman has been known to pay for the job ; perhaps she was over-anxious, over-grateful, or had an ample dower. Plum growers say that besides other bene

fits of the copious spring rains they drowned the curculio.

along the Conestoga to Safe Harbor ; thence across by a beautiful road on high ground, commanding an extended view, to Conestoga Centre, for chicken and wantes ; moonlight detracts nothing from the drive homeward.

The projects of a drive around the north eastern part of the city and down along the creek, and of the establishment of a new cemetery somewhere beyond the city limits vaguely hinted at in this column, meet, I find, with much favor, and have awakened no slight degree of interest. Everybody con-cedes that even when cremation becomes more fashionable in town than it now is such a thing can be conceived -- there will be some demand for cemetery accommodulons that the present decreasing factilities will not be able to supply. Whoever starts the thin: will get in firs

We have beautiful nooks and curves along the Conestoga that the hundreds who crowd its banks, on Sunday especially, have long found out, but which need to be opened up by a drive along its winding course. Driv Wilmington ing out "the causeway" from Wilmington, Del., to Newcastle the other day, between overarching trees on either side, it struck me a roadbed made from oyster shells was about the most comfortable I ever tried. It smooth, noiseless, elastic and easily kept i repair : but a correspondent of the attemen says the expense of shells, hau ing and spreading will not justify its contin-uance. Where there is much travel, it be uance. Where there is much travel, it be-comes as bad or even worse than sand. "As oyster shells are very friable, they are soon converted into a subtile powder-from the attritions of wheels and hoofs-much liner than ordinary dust, and soon more annoying than the latter; it totally disappear in an incredibly short time by the san in an incredibly short time by the same working up on top, and sinks faster that

wide road-bed will be held firmly in place by a cheap cement that will have the power coalescing with clay or sand, and converting them into a solid like stone for a sufficient depth—and this cement will have to be inex-

staff, merely to be with my own men, if nothing more : they will fight none the worse for my being with them. If it is not deemed my own army, I simply ask to be permitted to share their fate on the field of battle. Please reply to this to-night."

The last time I saw or heard McClellan was at the Democratic state convention of New Jersey, in Trenton, during the presi-dential campaign in 1884. I was most forch bly struck with the elegance of his diction and the vigor of his expression. He was a man of singular refinement of manner and elevation of tons. The subject of most crue misrepresentation, no bitterness of reproact escaped histips and he went to his grave without adcquate defense, not of his motives for they needed none, but of his acts and deeds. I hear Fourth of July and Decoration Day orators without number exalt the "mon-ument of American fams, which bears the names of Washington, Lincoln and Grant;" at some day or other, I make no doubt,

just public sentiment will be firmly fixed that McClellan was quite as pure a patriot as Lincoln and altogether as skillful and brave a general as Grant. I met General Benjamin F. Butler the other evening. He is agoing rapidly, walks with some difficulty and talks like a man who has lost his fire and shap. But he was out at night without an attendant or a carriage, and displays in conversation the versaulity which has distinguished his long career. Of course he is Sir Oracle and when h opens his mouth no dog barks. We listened to bim discourse of homesickness, which he avers is a veritable disease ; and he related how a whole regiment of Maine men got it own at New Orleans. The hospitals were rowded with victims of nostalgia : and when walked in and bade them cheer u vas going to transport them back to iomes, nearly every man promptly recovered; it wasn't cowardies, but pure and simple bomesickness. I do not think Butler is very cordial towards the administration ; he pre-dicts Republican control of the next House, in accordance with an unchanging law of politics that every administration suffers this reversal in the second year; he does not sympathize profoundly with the pension vetces and does not share the popular

opinion that the least deserving class of pen-sioners are the later applicants. His experi-ence as manager of the soldier homes is that ome of the most deserving apply for public some of the most descripting apply for public sounty only when every other means of support fail. In these homes, by the way, some six in number, there are about 11,000 old soldiers, who are well taken care of. It does not seem unreasonable that those among them who get pensions should surrender these while supported in the homes, or at

east turn in the money to help keep up the nstitutions. That used to be the law but Congress changed it. Butter would restore it, if for no other reason than to keep the homes from being overcrowded with men

getting aimple support from the government to the exclusion of a more needy class. It is suggested too that it is hardly fair for the thousands of these soldiers, living on a gov enment property, in a certain locality, with out any local attachments or interests, to vote and have the power to control local elections The old soldiers' home near Washington is for regular army soldiers only. It is kept u by fines, reservations from pay, etc.; and, b special laws, deserters' money, unclaime special laws, deserters' money, unclaimed unds of a certain class and other revenues

its credit in the United States treasury.

are turned into it until, besides its equip

ment, it has a balance of about \$2,000,000

Down in East Tennessee, they tell me who have been buying land there, the surveys are

very inaccurate ; and in one case a gentle man who bought so acres of land of some value couldn't bring the courses and distances within 129 yards of " the place of be similing " when he had it resurveyed. Up in Elk county, this state, however, where section line was blazed through the fores years ago, two of the mile trees are 119 rods apart, when in point of fact the old-fashioned mile was only 520 rods.

It is an old story and one of my hobbies

this bigness of Pennsylvania ; but every time I get into a new part of the state I am impressed anew with the vastness and variety of its resources. I had read that its tanned leather interests, like its flour milling, iron glass, coal and oil interests, far exceeded those of any other commonwealth, but I did not know much of them by personal observa-tion until I got up into the hemlock regions of Elk and adjoining counties. They had a Fourth of July celebration in Ridgway on the Third : and they were all there. In Elk the Third ; and they were all there.

Tioga the New

The Collinses are building a railroad up The Collinses are building a railread up there to connect with the Beech Creek sys-tem and haul ore; and they are going to build a furnace to keep it moving. The syn-dicate that put \$400,000 or more into the Valentine ore lands and old charcoal furnace property are staking off grounds for a modern furnace; and nobody can tell what will come out of this favored region, where the proz-imity of coal, limestone and iron ore and the superfor quality of each have provided from-making facilities nowhere surpassed in the state. I want to go to Bellefonte again.

Some of the wheat "fields up that way do not look well ; and from as much as a forty acro track the owner did not expect to reap a acro track the owner did not expect to reap a peck of grain. They looked promising enough until a few woeks ago when the fly. I reckon it was, got in its work, and the timothy took entire possession of all the inelds for tilles along the road over which that hespitable and gracious gentleman, Mr. Win. F. Reynolds, drove us in the early morning, until we could see where the sun gilded the root of that great awkward big concern, the Pennsylvania State Agricultural college. I am glad to hear it is doing better.

A wise horseman tells me that' he thinks t will be long before Maud S.'s or J. 1 C's time will be beaten ; that the limits of fast trotting time have almost been reached ; that he does not believe fifty bushels of wheat can be grown to the acre on any Lancaster county, land, and that after all a York county tarm is not to be succeed at. Measure up,

Eaby is teething. Hardly know it-using Da Eaby is teething. Infully know the using the Rasp's Teething Lotion. Price, Scents. Thousands of bables are wasted and baggard from diarrhoe. Dr. Rasp's Diarrhoea Misture curves without drying the bowols. Price, S

Jyl ImdAw Do you ask me for my secret Why my teeth are nearly white ; Why my breath is ever fragrant : And my gums are rosy bright ?

My source's off been told before-Use SOZODONT. And nothing more, jy13-Tu,Th,S&w.

All That Science and Skill

ould do to make Benson's Capcine Plasters the est porous plasters, and also the best general xternal remedy in the world, has been done. external remedy in the world, has been done. Whenever it is possible to improve them it is done. Easion's pushers are not made to im-prove upon the creditions, but to cure disease. Their eminent success has procured for them the voluntary endorsement of 5,000 physicians, plarmacists and druggists throughout the country, and the outspoken preference of the intelligent public. They are prompt, powerful, cleanly and certain. They cure where no others will even releve. Befuse initiations styled "Capshein," " Capsicum " or "Capucin " plas-ters. Reputable druggists only. The " Three Scales" inde-mark on the genutine and the word "Capetae" cut in the centre of the plaster.

SPECIAL NOTICES

"HACKMETACK " a lasting and fragrant per-fume, Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by H.B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

DANDELION LIVER PELLETS for sick headache orpid liver, billousness and indigestion. Small and easy to swallow. One pill a dose. Price, 25c, febs-3mdTu,Th,8 By all druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve,

Bucklea's Arnica Salve, The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Soros, Ulcors, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Kruptions, and positively eures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satis-faction, or money refunded. Frice 25 cents per box. For sale by H. B. Coenran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Fa.

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

The Impending Danger.

The Impending Danger. The recent statistics of the number of desthes show that a large majority die with Consump-tion. This disease may commence with an ep-parently harmless cough which can be cured in-stantly by Kemp's Raisam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to care and relieve all cuses. Price is cents and fit. Trint are free. For sale by H. R. Cochran, druggist, No. 127 North Queen street.

Good Results in Every Case.

Good Results in Every Case. D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chat-tanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had irled many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time be has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thou-sands whose lives have been saved by this Won-derfoil Discovery. Trial Bottles free at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (3)

As to the pleasure drive, it is badly needed

ime. In some places that were shelled : few years ago, now one could not tell by passing over them that a shell had ever been placed there. The coming ideal highway will be one whose

pensive, easily made, and that can be han-dled with facility-with ample room on either side, lined with shade and fruit trees."

A new drive for the pleasure parties i

across the corner in a pretty feminine hand. There was no doubt as to the owner ; and putting it into his pocket as a cherished treasure, he went away, feeling that, for once, he was in luck. Every evening for a week after, Elsio, as

Jack now called her, was in her accustomed place, and then—he saw her no more ! Her window remained closed, and the conviction forced itself upon him that she had gone away. It is no wonder that he now sat in his chair dejected. Meanwhile, the sun had set and, there

being no longer any necessity for Jack to shield his eyes, he took down his hand, and at that moment caught sight of a letter con-splcuously placed upon the table. It was from a friend, and read as follows:

DEAR OLD JACK: Do LTY to tan down here for a couple of weeks. The sea breeze will do you no end of good. I promise you plenty of sail ing, is thing and pretty girls without number. I should be delighted to see you. Your old triend, Fago, "By Jove, I'll go " evolution

"By Jove, I'll go !" exclaimed Jack, as he ed the letter. "There is no use in stay finia

ing here." The next day he was in Denham, a little town by the sea. He had no trouble in find-ing his friend and classmate, Fred Langham, for the town consisted of but one street, with a row of cottages on one side and the sea on At the head stood the hotel, known a

"Baker's." Jack had but to walk up the street to the hotel piazza, where Fred sat, lazily tipping his chair back on two legs, his bands in his pockets, his hat over his eyes, and an appearance of sleep about him. At sight of Jack, however, he sprang up, wide

"Have you really come, old fellow ?" he exclain

"Yes, here I am," was the auswer, though

the fact was self-evident Denham was a little fishing village, on cove or bay, that ran in from the sea, and bad but lately become a popular resort. "Baker," stood on a bill, with a wide lawn "Baker," stood on a bill, with a wide lawn in front, stretching down the road, on the other side of which was the beach. A long pier or break water ran out into the bay, with a landing at the end, and anchored near were sail boats ready for use. Jack had certainly chosen an auspicious time for his visit. The day was bright and the wind blowing from the ocean with that freshness so dear to all lovers of the sea. The waves in the bay and ocean beyond were

waves in the bay and ocean beyond were dancing and tossing their white caps merrily in the sunlight. A small island lay two or three miles distant, covered with pine woods, making a safe and sheltered harbor of the bay Institute a safe and sheltered harbor of the bay from the ocean beyond. Denham was truly an ideal place, and "Baker's," the best of hotels, though at present there was little sign of lite about it. Fred Langham was holding undisputed possession of the plazza, while the lawn was occupied by two decidedly plain ladies of uncertain age, playing ero-quet. Jack looked about with a haif-amused expression.

expression. "Where are the pretty girls?" he asked. "Taking the usual afternoon nap," said Fred with a yawn. At that moment, an old lady crossed the

At that moment, at our hady crossed the piazza, leaning on the arm of a young girl. As they went into the house, the girl looked over her shoulder at Fred, with a friendly little nod of recognition. "Fred do you know her ?" exclaimed Jack in breathless surprise ; for it was the girl with whom he was so hopelessly in love. "Yea."

"Yes." "Do you really ?" "What is the matter with you, Jack ?" he asked, looking at him in surprise. "Of course I know little Eisle Cameron."

'Tell me everything about her." begged

Jack. "Explain first this absorbing interest." "Oh, go on, Fred. Don't ask me to do that now," he answered. But Fred was determined ; for he saw by But Fred was determined ; for he saw by But Fred was determined ; for he saw by Jack's manner there was something to be told, and he listened with great amusement to a detailed account of Jack's experience for the past few weeks, and then, in turn, im-parted the information that he had known Elsie Cameron ever since she was a baby and he a boy of six. At present, she was a pen-niles orphan, dependent upon her grand-mother, Mrs. Bently, and Fred concluded with the remark that it was his opinion the old lady led the poor girl an unhappy life. "She shan't stay a minute longer with her than she likes, if I have my way," said Jack to himself.

H.

Next morning, Elsie Cameron, armed with book and umbreila, started for the beach. She usually spent the morning with her

the boat had never taken place. For nearly two weeks life was very descant to Elsie. two weeks life was very pleasant to Elsie, with him as her friend and Jack her devoted slave. Only the time spent with her grand-mother was unpleasant. Possibly Mrs. "Gone ! Why ?" she asked, coming clos nother was unpleasant. Possibly Mr. Bentiy's fault-finding was not altogether un to him in her surprise. Then he looked her full in the face. ustifiable. Elsie's mind was apt to wander in these days from the book she was reading in these days from the book she was reading or the letter she was writing, in a manner that would have been trying even to a pa-tient person, but Mrs. Bently certainly did not belong to that class. As no summer is a success without a ple-

own face was white with the knowledge of the desperate move that he had made; and, as he spoke, his voice trembled. "It has gone and will not be back until to morrow. "But how shall we get home?"

"But how shall we get home?" "We will not go home," he replied. He was cool enough now. "Listen? Eisie," he continued ; "twice you have refused to marry me. Now, I fancy, when you return to your grandmother it will be as my wife, nic, one had been proposed to the island, and Elste was allowed to go. She was not aware that she owed this pleasure to Mr. Thorne, but he had begged that she might be of the party; and Mrs. Hently who saw in him an excellent husband for her grand-daughter, surprised Elsie by giving a cordial assent when her permission was asked. The day appointed dawned bright and beautiful. as you will scarcely be welcome other-wise." "You coward !" she said, turning white,

"All is fair in love and war, my lady," said he, taking her hand. She tore it from him. "Don't dare to touch me !" she said, step

At last she came, looking, in Jack's eyes, ping back. He looked at her and laughed. Then takalmost perfect in her close fitting black dress, with a deep rose, some one had given her, thrust carelessly into her belt. The sail of two miles was short, with the ing a cigarette from his case, he rolled it be tween his fingers and lighted it.

The sail of two miles was short, with the fresh breeze blowing directly toward the island. After landing and selecting a place to meet and dine, they scattered about in groups of two or more to explore, Jack and Elsie formed a group of two, with no idea of making explorations. She was sitting on the grass, her beautiful head coming in bold re-lief against the rough bark of a tree at her back. Jack was stretched upon the ground at her feet, his head resting on his hand and his eyes fixed on her face. "You look now as you did when I first saw you," he said. "On the piazza with grandmamma 7" she said, unconsciously disclosing her remem-"I will never marry you !" "Ob, you will after you have thought it over. By to-morrow you will be quite wil

"⁴ Would rather starve?" "Marrying is better than starving. You have your choice. If you do not marry me, your absence will be interpreted in such a way that no one will have anything to do with you." with you." ith you." She wrung her hands in despair. It was

She wrung her hands in despair. It was too true. She stood for a long time gazing out over the water, thinking of Jack, and wishing she had never foolishly withheld the explanation that would have banished the misunderstanding between them. Above all, she wished she had never fancied that she could play with fire unharmed. Either way she looked, she could see nothing but ruin and unhappiness as this man's wife

ruin and unhappiness as this man's wife, or thrust from her only shelter a homeless out cast. The daylight was fast going. The moor

The daylight was fast going. The moon was just showing above the horizon. A single star glittered in the sky above her head. Far away in the distance she could see "Baker's," looking safe and peaceful, with lights already beginning to twinkle in the windows. Still nearer on the opposite shore was another little fishing village nest-ing among the hills. She could almost hear the fisher folk talk with one another, as they sat mending their nets in the evening light. Indeed, she did hear one woman, loudersat mending their nets in the evening light. Indeed, she did hear one woman, louder-voiced, perhaps, than the rest, call to her children; "Come in," she said, "it is late."

Late it was. Elsie was tempted to shriek about to these people to come to her aid. Thorne seemed to divine her thoughts. "It would be of no use," he said. "If you called and they came, I could easily satisfy them."

them.

them," She looked abont in despair. Was there no help for her? Suddenly she saw a boat com-ing rapidly towards her. Her heart gave a great bound, for Jack was its sole occupant. Would he see her? She called loudly and waved her hands wildly in the air, in spile of Thorne's efforts to stop her. waved her nands wildly in the air, in spite of Thorne's efforts to stop her. In a moment, the boat struck the beach and Jack leaped out. Elsie rushed toward him before the astonished Thorne could

"We have been tooking for you everywhere, Jack, I must speak with you." Taking his unwilling friend by the arm, he led him away. Then Paul turned to El-sie and again asked her to be his wife, "I hoped you had given that up," she said speak. "Take me away, !" she cried. "Ob, Jack hurry." He did not ask for explanations until they gently. " You little know me, Elsie, if you thought hat." She shook her head. "It is useless to hope," she said, and left

He did not ask for explanations until they were both in the boat and were out on these and she told him all. "The villain !" he exclaimed.

and she told him all.
"The villain !" he exclaimed.
"Suddenly his face lighted."
"Don't you love him ?" he asked.
"Don't you love him ?" he asked.
"Thate him ?" she answered with angry
"Thate him ?" she answered with angry
"Thate him ?" she answered with angry
"In the him ?" she answered with angry
"My adding ?" he said, putting his arm about her and drawing her close to him.
"How did you happen to come?" she asked at the amount her and drawing her close to him.
"How did you happen to come?" she asked after a moment's silence.
"I came because I had to. After you left I was selzed with an irresistible impulse to follow you. I fought against it for a long time, but at last I took a boat and started. I thought it strange when I met the boy coming back alone. So I kept on till I found you."
"I am so thankful," she whispered. "If you had only come this afternoon, when I was sed you !"
"I am here now, darling "" stiff in his manners that Elsie was considerably puzzled, until she saw that Thorne had her rosa. Then she grew very angry with Jack for thinking that she could give the nower to any one but him. The sail home was far from pleasant to either Jack or Elsie. Indeed a gloom seemed to have settled upon them all. A change had taken place in the weather. The sky had become overcast, and the breeze of the morning had settled into a cold wind, which whipped the water into little choopy waves very disgreeable to many on board. Elsie shivered and drew her wraps more closely around her.

prescription of self-righter hope of extinction or absorption of being, i escape universal suffering and despair, the cream of Buddha's teaching; and th

the creat of Buddha's teaching; and the sour and curdled essence of despair is the new gospel which our boasted modern cut ture is giving us as being noble teaching and equal to or only second to the wisdom of Christ."

Murder Charged to Swinburne's Poetry.

It seems from latest accounts, that Swill

he murder of Genevieve Kahler by her hu

band, Win, Thompson, and his own suicide

He had read Swinburne, says a garrulou

triend, and was imbued by his sentimental

tion enough to go to work and earn a

man she toyed in cold blood. To all such romantic young men it should be said that i they read Swinburne, if they must lose their minds through toye and financial embarrass ment, if they must die rather than do their duty, they should in all fairness shoot them selves first.

MR. BROWN'S POETICAL WIFE

Hersongs have gained the laurel boughs

But most when Brown she does command Her fancy's fire yields steady glow.

You never hear them round the house

Her medleys, though they have a flash, Are not synonymous with has

Her lines have reached from pole to pole-

Her clothes-lines somehow don't unroll. Her odes are sweet and full of power ; Her biscuits generally sour. Her spirit sweeps the starry glooms-There's little sweeping in the rooms.

she lisps in accents sweet and low-

Brown says at home they are not so.

She holds the world by numbers fair -At home she holds Brown by the hair. -From the Chicago News-

She has a hundred rby mes for skies, But she has not included pics.

Her whole life is a poem terse,

All words are ready at her hand,

The kitchen fire is somewhat los

She speads an intellectual feast, While Brown's own hunger goes increased.

But unto work she is a-vers

selves first.

urne's poetry is to be held responsible for

lessie Bramble in Pitteburg Dispatch.

All through Delaware there is a larg

amount of hedge fencing. Much of it is kept in good condition, and it adds a grea deal to the beauty of the country. The new system of combined wire and hedge tence. which has been introduced around Fred erick, Md., and is commended for this le erick, Md., and is commended for this lo-cality, is said to be tasteful, permanent and economical. If, as is said, it can be brought to perfection in three years ; set up for \$1.25a rod, and kept by contract in condition for 1^{1} ; c. a rod per annum, alive, growing and trummed ; and if it can be kept so clean at the root that the ground can be cultivated closely as under a board fence, one of the rural problems is meroised solution with the rural problems is promised solution, with beauty as it ought to be, "made the bride of use."

I listened agape the other day to a man o poetic views of death and love, and love and death to such an extent that death became t extensive fame, high public position and no him a beautiful thing, a passionate thing less popular influence, predicting to a parlor that death was the end of love, the freedo car audience an early war with England as from love, and yet the never ending thrall the most likely, if not the easiest and mos love. Now, if this isn't twaddle, what is it And if respectable, intelligent, talented young men are to be inspired to murder and sudden death by such romantic gush, it is very evident that Swinburne should be la belied dangerous, and only be issued from libraries and sold from book stores on pre scription of a competent thysteling. If satisfactory, solution to a good many pend ing social and political problems. In the "corrupt coalition " now forming for Ire land's coercion he recognized the provoking cause for new resentments against that country, and in the fishery troubles in American-Canadian waters he saw an early scription of a competent physician. If young man of good education and fine talent who has reached the age of 25, has not gump pretext for hostilities that would put the torch to accumulated combustibles. "Every generation must have its war," he answered off-hand, to the suggestion that the mora tion enough to go to work and earn a fivin for the woman he loves, but prefers love is death and death in love, and all that sort of stuff through having soaked his mind i Swinburne's sensuous poetry, then it mus be evident that Swinburne is a dangerou poet to have around. A good dose of Samue Smiles' "Self Help" would have been much more to the proint. sense of Christian civilization would not to sense of Christian ervilization would not tol-erate a combat between great nations on idle provocation. " Wars are as certain as thun-der-gusts. The times were never more pro-pitious. I reland wants to embroil England in some foreign trouble, so as to stab her in the back or to send up balloons that will drop dynamite on the Parliament houses of Lon-don and the shipping docks of Licercond more to the point. If he had not had such "a wealth of poeti feeling," and if he hadn't written Swin-burneau verses, and if he had not wanted "to love and be loved and then have death

dynamite on the Parliament houses of Lon-don and the shipping docks of Liverpool. Young Canada is restless and wants annexa-tion. The 'soldier spirit' is rifer in the states than it has been at any time since the close of the war for the Union. Business men want a war to stir up trade, and laborers would be glad for the opening of new chan-nels of industrial activity. England, proud of her superior naval armament would be wrap us both up together and carry us where there is no forgetting," and if he had had that much more desirable common sense, he would have bravely battled with the world for his the world. or his love rather than have murdered he nels of industrial activity. England, proud of her superior naval armament, would be quite ready to hit us a crack ; and our people would rush right off to buy the Chilian navy and hit her back, until we got the new ships built. Mark it, young men, you will see this war with England. Cleveland could popu-larize his administration by going to the front with an aggressive policy ; and if the administration faitered Blaine would be all too ready to seize the opportunity." Then the Statesman took a pinch of shuft, read-A wealth of poetic feelings is all very well, but it doesn't furnish bread and butter, nor pay house rent and taxes. If it had not been for the Swinburnean poetry the supposition is that as all the beautiful stories end up, this loving young couple would have gone to housekeeping in everyday style, and lived a hanny hundrow life and yorkars in a feat housekeeping in everyday style, and lived a happy hundrum life, and perhaps in a few years have gone to a Sunday school pichle on Fourth of July lugging a huge hasket of good things, and passed around shooting crackers and lemonade to the small fry. This would not have been "a life of passion and beauty and drift, drift with the rope cut," but Genevieve would probably rather have chosen it than to be murdered by the man she lovest in cold blood. To all such too ready to seize the opportunity." Then the Statesman took a pinch of shuff, read-justed his traveling cap, and kept on reading to the finish the little book I had laid on his lap entitled, "McCleilan's Last Service the Republic," by George Ticknor Curtis.

You will remember reading the three leading papers which comprise it, of course, when they were first published in the North American Review, and again in the publica tion made just after General McClellan's death. But one can well afford to read it the third time, to discover and have again im-pressed upon his mind forceful facts of our war history which in hasty popular index pressed upon his mind forceful facts of our war history which in hasty popular judg-ment are lost sight of. Scarcely anything more is needed than this masterly vindica-tion of McClellan to establish his high claims to popular favor as a particlt and soldier. No soldier can read without a sense of shame and no fair citizen without resentment this founding and graphic negative. For the set and no fair citizen without resentment this touching and graphic narrative, fortified at every point by the truth, of McCleilan's treatment at Washington when denied the reinforcements he needed—all that he needed —to give the rebellion its finishing stroke more than two years before the agony was brought to a close. The annuals of modern military science and of cabinet intrigue have no such story as will be revealed when all the truth is known of the injustice done this great commander and good soldier; first great commander and good soldier; first when stripped of his command it was turned over to Pope, to be routed until McClelian was recalled; and, secondly, when so sum-arily relieved of his duties after Antietam and secondly. What pohler

arily retteved of his duties after Antietam and superseded by Burnside. What nobler and yet more pathetic expression has chiettan ever penned than this, from his telegram to Halleck, dated at his camp near Alexan-dria, August 30, 1802: "I cannot express to you the pain and mor-tification I have experienced to-day in listen-ing to the distant firing of my men. As I can be of no further use here, I respectfully ask that, if there is a probability of the con-flict being renewed to-morrow, I may be permitted to go to the spene of battle with my

York capitalists, espec have located their tanneries in th fally, have located their tauteries in of midst of their purchases and possessions of tens of thousands of acres of the hemlock lands which have been gradually peeled for the great tanneries of that region. The proxfally.

the great tanneries of that region. The prox-imity of the bark, ample supplies of clear fresh spring water and good drainage, are the advantages of location here, and they have been improved by enterprise and energy. I take it one of these big tannerie ergy. I take it one of these big tanneries will use up from 350 to 500 hides a day, turning out, therefore, as many as 1,000 sides of leather ; and when it is remembered that

nearly six month elapse between the raw material and the manufactured product, some idea can be had of the capital required for the plant here. The spent tan supplies fuel. I would not have believed the wet stuff would burn so well and make such a hot fire, until shown that dried tan was no

good at all for fuel. I was equally surprise good at all for fuel. I was equally surprised at the economy of a tannery. The liquor is heated and used over and over until every bit of the hemlock extract has done its ser-vice. Up at Daguscahonda, five miles from Ridgway, there is an extract works, in which Jackson S. Shultz, the well-known New York capitalist, has large investment. There they simuly extract the lines of the There they simply extract the juices of the hemilock bark for convenient shipment abroad to foreign tanners. At Wilcox, Shef-field and other points in the county there are the tangeness which with the there

big tanneries, which, with the Tioga con recents, make this the great sole leather tan-ning region of the world, well worth a week's visit. You see the sole leather process is semething altogether different from that of

the manufacture of leather for belting, up-pers, harness, &c., where "the strength is in the stretch." They say that in England and other foreign markets the tanners weight their leather shamelessly, putting in as much as fifteen per cent of adulteration, which would ruin the standing of an Ameri-can manufacture. The best sole leather may have no stretch quality; its fibre is in

up and down " wear Ridgway is a brisk town of probably no as many as 2,000 population. It presents signs of wealth, enterprise and refinement, The fire that burned out one of its best busitess blocks some years ago led to its re placement by a better one of brick. A good coart house and jail, in the centre of the place, surrounded by a park, have settled the long controversy with St. Mary's as to the location of the county seat ; for many years this was the leading political issue of this county. The hills around Ridgway are this county. The hills around Ridgway are full of good springs, and every citizen can have his own water supply, a bath room on every floor and a fountain in the front yard They bring the natural gas from near by and it flares in the street lamps that burn like great pine knot torches; they burrow the hillsides for coal; and near the town some

generous soul, with an eye for the beautiful has let stand acres of the hemlock forest Long may she wave.

The beds of the streams up that way seen

to be tilled with timber sticks, waiting for the freshets to come or the splash dams to be let loose. It is a wild, picturesque country. to be reached in a few hours' ride from Lancaster, and the tourist who wants health and beauty, not to say opportunities for wealth, need seek no further. A week later I journeyed with a pleasant party over part of the same way to a more central part of the state, Bellefonte, the county seat of what is fitly named Centre county. It is some 200 miles from here, and yet it can be reached by either of two almost entirely distinct routes in about the same time and distance. The going way runs by Lock Haven, and returning you want to time and distance. The going way Funs by Lock Haven, and returning you want to come by Tyrone and make comfortable con-nections each time. The ride is delightful, and when you get to fellefonte they will show you a town of 4,000 population that has gas and electric light, a water supply for us to envy and steam heat successfully distrib-uted from a central plant. The little Quaker church sits up on a hill overlooking a scene of busy industry ; there the Valen-tines and Thomases from the earlier genera-tions have worshiped ; their names are still connected with Bellefonte business enter-prise. The Reynoldses, who sent a scion down here a generation ago to achieve wealth and fame and high position ; and the Curtins-whose grandfather went up from Drumore years ago with the early line of "Scotch-Irish" progressives—are some of the other names identified with the social and business life of the place.

life of the place.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY-a positive ours for Catarrh, Diptheris, and Canker Mouth. For sale by H. R. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

An End to Bone Scraping.

An End to Houe Scraping. Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, III, says : " Uaving received so much benefit from Kleetcie Bitters, I teel it my duty to let suffering human-ity know it. Have had a running soro on my leg for eight years ; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Racklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bittres arried at fifty cents a bettly and Bucklen's Arnien Salve at 20, per box by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, Nos. 137 and "49 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (3)

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shi-lob's Vitalizer. It neverfails to cure. For all by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

KIDNEY TROUBLES.

KIDNEY TROUBLES. A Case of Many Years Standing Cured With Six Bottles, in a Man 90 Years of Age. ALLENTOWS, Pa., May 8, 1886. DANDELION BITTERS CO.-Gents: I had been troubled with my kidneys for a number of years, used almost everything without much benefit until I tried Dandelien Bitters. I used six bot-tles and am pleased to say I am entirely rid of the kidney trouble, besides my system boing toned up so that I feel like a different person. I cheerfully recommend the same to all afflicted in this way. JACOB MUSCHLITZ. Bebl-3mdTu,Th,3

lebo3mdTu,Th,S MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and cryines with the excructating pain of cutling teeth? If and go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW? SOUTHING STRUP, it will relieve the pos-title sufferer immediately—depend upon H there is no missike about ft. There is not a mother on earth who has even used it, who will bowels, and give rust to the mother, and mis-and health to the child, operating like magies the to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the bowels, and everywhere. Beends a bottle to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the bout is sold everywhere. Beends a bottle

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shilok's Cur will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 ets and 11. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggin No. 157 North Bucen street.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACES BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACES. Is the most effective Pain Destroyer in the work will meet surely quicken the blood wheth taken internally os. applied externally a thereby more certainly RELIAVE PAA whether chronic or acute, than any other pa alcought of any similar preparation. Theorem pain in the bids, fact or destroy of alcought of any similar preparation. Theorem pain in the bids, fact or destroy of alcought of any similar preparation. Theorem pain in the bids, fact or destroy of alcought of any similar preparation. Theorem pain in the bids, fact or destroy of alcought the unsuitable of the preparation of the second state of the paratice of the both every family. A teappoon use of the paratice of the stunishing of brit water to the paratice of the proved, taken is bedding, will be both the could be body of the paratice of the paratice of the paratice of the to water to the paratice of the paratice of the to water to the paratice of the paratice of the to water to the paratice of the paratice of the paratice of the to water to the paratice of the paratice of the to water to the paratice of the paratice

But Bellefonte's future is not behind it

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. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 57 North Queen street. street.

A Very Narrow Escape.

A Very Narrow Escape. "Yes, 1 had a very narrow escape," said a promiuent eitizen to a friend. "I was confined to my bed for a year and my friends gave me up for a consumptive's grave, unil 1 began uning kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, and here I am, sound and hearty." Price 56c. and i. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137, North Queen street, Lancaster.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appeilte, Yei-ow Skin 7 Shilob's Vitalizer is a positive cure, For sale by II. II. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street,

For Hay Fever.

For Hay Fever. "Give Eiy's Gream Balm a trial. This justly celebrated remody for the cure of catarrh, hay fever, cold in the head, &c., can be obtained of any reputable draggist, and may be relied upon plaints and will give immediate relief. It is not albuild, shuff or powder, has no offensive oddr and can be used at any time with good results, as thousands can testify, among them some of the attaches of this office."-Spirit of the Times, May 29, 1886.

Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsis. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 129 North Queen street.

RAPID TRANSIT.

RAPID TRANSIT. The latest and best form of rapid transit is for a person troubled with a sick headache to take a dese of Dr. Leslio's Special Prescription and what a rapid transit train the affliction takes for its departure. See advertisement in another column. dec20-lyd(i)