THE INTELLIGENCER

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The Weekly Intelligencer

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The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, JANUARY 13, 1887.

The Hanging Fashion.

Wilson, who is hanged at Norristown for a murder which he confesses, has preserved to the last the unusual demeanor which satisfies many persons that he is of unsound mind. He seems quite too solicitous to be considered the murderer to make it probable that he really is one. In these latter days it seems quite the habit to promote to the gallows men of doubtful guilt. It is not often that they go there, it is true, of their own ardent desire, and when they do they may justly be considered cracked. If Wilson wants to hang, though innocent, probably most persons will think that little harm is done in accommodating him. But there is no propriety in making hanging a farce or in awarding it as a reward of merit. As folks generally object to being hanged, it is just as well to keep up the belief that it is an undesirable thing. It would embarrass the administration of justice for hanging to cease to be a disgraceful and horrible punishment; as it surely will, if we continue our present tendency to hang people who are not proved guilty.

In Pennsylvania we are exceptionally well fixed for hangings, having a governor who signs death warrants with great readiness and apparent cheerfulness. Then we have a pardon board who are in unison with the governor in this sentiment; at least some of them are; notably the secretary of state and attorney general, who excel the governor even in readiness to slay. And the board chimes in, with an insane hanging resolution, by which they forbid themselves to inquire again into the facts that a jury has passed upon. What a pardon board is for, if it is not to secure a revision of facts, is a conundrum to the people. It is not wanted to secure a revision of the law, certainly, which is the supreme court's business; and the pardon board cannot elevate itself into a legal tribunal superior to the supreme court. Its function is to say whether the convict is really guilty of the offense charged, under the facts, and if so whether he is really worthy of the punishment awarded. Simply this and nothing more. And in deciding this they must review all the facts if they do their duty; and if they have not time or inclination for it, they have an easy recourse in the proffer of their resignations.

Certain it is that the pardon board has not done its duty during the term of its establishment. It is not a beneficent board. It takes responsibility from the governor without compensating advantages. It has been particularly efficient in hanging insane and innocent people; or at least people of doubtful sanity and guilt, of whom the law forbids the execution.

Electric Light Dangers.

The coroner's inquest on the victims of the Temple theatre fire, Philadelphia, has brought out prominently several startling facts with regard to the danger of fire from electric light wires. Inspector McDevitt said that moisture on a board, across which two electric light wires passed, would produce a cross circuit between the wires and set fire to the wood. He demonstrated this before the jury, and ten minutes after the current had been turned on an intense white flame appeared between the wires and left a charred line on the wood.

He then wrapped a handkerchief around the globe of an electric light, turned on the current and soon the handkerchief began to smoke; he blew upon it and it burst into flame. He broke a lighted globe over an open gas burner and the gas was lighted. He also showed the danger that might arise from the use of fusible plugs not suited to the size of the wire. The plug should fuse and extinguish the light as soon as the current becomes too strong; if it does not there is danger, and in the case of covered wire, if too strong a current is used, the covering takes fire. This was also shown to the jury. He demonstrated the necessity of great care in making connections, and in conclusion said that safety from fire depended on the skill and care of the workmen.

These facts will be a revelation to most of the users of the electric light, and it seems remarkable that wide publicity was not given to them long ago.

If, as is thought probable in the case of the Temple fire, a little steam rising from the cellar and condensing on a window sill can cause a fire to be kindled between wires of the electric light, the fact is one which should have been familiar to all users of the light from the first. It cannot lead to the abandonment of it any more than the fact that boilers explode can interfere with the use of steam, but it must lead all intelligent patrons of the light to take every possible precaution against this newly discovered danger.

Inspector McDevitt said that the great demand for the light had exceeded the supply of skilled workmen, and that for immunity from fire, dependence must be placed on reliable companies who will employ none but skilled workmen; but that all companies have so long permitted facts that of right belonged to the users of the right to remain unproclaimed does not greatly inspire confidence in any of them. Inspector McDevitt deserves the thanks of all light-users for his clear and startling exposition.

The Expected War.

A great many people think that the early spring will open the European armies set in battle array. The debate in the German Reichstag has put Bulgaria in the shade as the cause of war, and made it probable that it will come without disguise as an effort of France to recover her lost territory. It is not, however, safe to put great trust in the works of a statesman of Bismarck's demonstrated duplicity, and it may be that he is shaking the French red rag before the legislature simply to get the war measures passed that he seeks. And a failure to enact which, Van Moltke says, will surely cause war; on the principle that Germany's weakness will invite attack.

There is no doubt about the earnestness of the German government's desire to strengthen the army, and of the seriousness of the apprehension of war. There is in this alone sufficient reason to convince the world that it is coming; and prudent men everywhere will govern themselves accordingly. It will make a great difference in business matters all over the world, which will generally be stimulated.

GREAT men are developing the alarming habit of dying suddenly, which causes us to feel no little uneasiness.

TREATIES with several Indian tribes provide that they shall be instructed in agriculture by farmers appointed for the purpose by the Indian bureau, but it has frequently occurred that the men holding this office have been political "bummers" who did not know a harrow from a hay rake. This state of affairs has been provided against by a clause of the bill granting lands in severalty which is to be pushed in Congress very soon. It expressly requires that none but practical farmers shall fill the office.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN seems to be the man for the hour in the New Jersey legislature.

GOVERNOR PIERCE, of Dakota, gets very much excited in discussing the admission of Dakota as a state in his message to the legislature. He says: "We have seen people fighting to get out of the Union amid the protests of the national government. It is a novel sight to see 500,000 people struggling to get into the Union without being heeded by the government or recognized." He wants the question whether Dakota should be admitted as one state or two decided by a vote of the people of the territory. They would naturally vote for the undivided admission that would make their state one of the greatest in the Union; but the impression is growing that Texas is too big and Dakota is also very large. It is said that the latter is capable of supporting a much larger population, as there are no vast deserts within her borders and the Black Hills hold mineral wealth.

The "bad lands" of Dakota cannot be compared with the staked plains of Texas, and the Indian reservations, which occupy nearly one-third of the territory, are said to be quite as fertile as the land which already supports the 500,000 who are eager to wield the power of a state in national affairs.

THE great beauty of the toboggan slide is the tenacity with which the young man must hold fast to his best girl.

THE *Manufacturing Record*, which has made a specialty of statistics with regard to Southern industrial development, has just announced the birth of several great enterprises. First and greatest is the sale of the property of the Woodstock Iron and Steel company and the Anniston Land and Improvement company, of Anniston, Alabama. These two corporations, which owned a large part of the town of Anniston, two furnaces, 50,000 acres of mineral lands, &c., have sold their property for $6,000,000. With the sale arrangements were completed for the immediate construction of two coke furnaces of 1,000 tons capacity each week, and the building of a railroad from Anniston to Gadsden.

Then follows a long list of companies organized with large capital for the building of iron and steel works and the development of mines of coal, iron, limestone and marble. In this connection we note that Congressman McMillan, of Tennessee, is rejoicing over the prospect that the appropriation for Mussel Shoals on the Tennessee river, in the river and harbor bill, will be enough to build the locks and dams and enable the iron men of that region to send their product by a cheap water route to New Orleans, St. Louis or Pittsburg. He goes wildly enthusiastic and says that this opening of navigation will give Tennessee and Alabama such a start that the great interests of Pennsylvania may within another generation be among the things that are past.

All of which is certainly surprising, if true.

THE problem of cooking has been solved by the irresistible genius of man. Read the account elsewhere given of the doings of the "Cooking Club."

PERSONAL.

RABBI JACOB FRANKEL, who for 38 years has been the reader at the Jewish synagogue Rodef Shalom, Philadelphia, died Wednesday, in the 79th year of his age.

REV. DR. HENRY J. MORTON, of St. James Episcopal church, Philadelphia, has been made rector emeritus, with the understanding that the salary heretofore received by him as rector be continued during his life.

EX-GOVERNOR CURTIN recently had an operation performed on his right eye that has been sightless for more than twenty years, by which the sight has been entirely restored. It was performed by Dr. Loring, of Washington.

GOVERNOR MCENERY, of Louisiana, has issued a call for an interstate convention in the interest of stock-raising, dairying, fruit growing and general agriculture, to be held at Lake Charles, La., on the 22d, 23d and 24th of February, 1887.

HENRY BERGH advocates "the construction of a vast temple dedicated exclusively to art, directly under the control and care of the general government." He would have it located at Washington, where he thinks it would meet a great want of people possessing valuable works of art and desiring to leave them by will to the public.

EDMUND YATES states that Mr. Rockafeller, recently cabled to Paris an offer of $100,000 for a small picture by Millet known as the "Angelus," which was originally sold for $500. This latter sum is just one-sixtieth of the amount of duty Mr. Rockafeller would have had to pay for getting the picture through the New York custom house if his offer had been accepted.

A French Burglar Sentenced to Death.

PARIS, Jan. 13.—In the assizes yesterday a prisoner named Duval, a desperate burglar and incendiary, was sentenced to death. In response to the usual question preceding the sentence Duval made a violent Anarchist harangue in which he justified his lawless act. A large number of Anarchists were in court and loudly applauded the speech of the prisoner.

A Shoe Factory for Harrisburg.

Harrisburg is to have a shoe factory that will employ 150 men, women and boys and the capacity of which will be 1,500 pairs of shoes per day.

Banquet of York's Board of Trade.

The first grand banquet of the York Board of Trade was given last evening.

He is Recognized.

VIENNA, Jan. 13.—The Austrian government has granted an exequater to Mr. Jonas as American consul at Prague.

THE BEST ANTI-FAT.

Nature proclaims with pronounced iteration,
To Agnostic and Christian, Jew, Colston and Turk,
Good health is best found in a wise moderation,
And the best Anti-Fat is an honest day's work.
—*From the Mail and Express*

BY THE WATERS OF PARADISE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of Mr. "Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," &c.

III.

I recollected the detail of introduction in time and turned aside to look for my host. I found him at last. I begged him to present me to the two ladies, pointing them out to him at the same time.

"Yes—uh—by all means—uh"—replied his excellency with a pleasant smile. He evidently had no idea of my name, which was not to be wondered at.

"I am Lord Cairngorm," I observed.

"Oh, by all means," answered the ambassador, with the same hospitable smile. Yes,—uh—the fact is I must try and find out who they are; such lots of people, you know."

"Oh, if you will present me, I will try and find out for you," said I laughingly.

"Ah, yes—so kind of you—come along," said my host. We threaded the crowd and in a few minutes we stood before the two ladies.

"Lowmintrdcue L'd Cairngorm," he said; then, adding quickly to me, "Come and dine to morrow, won't you?" he glided away with his pleasant smile and disappeared in the crowd.

I sat down besides the beautiful girl, conscious that the eyes of the duenna were upon me.

"I think we have been very near meeting before," I remarked, by way of opening the conversation.

My companion turned her eyes full upon me with an air of inquiry. She evidently did not recall my face, if she had ever seen me.

"Really, I cannot remember," she observed, in a low and musical voice. "When?"

"In the first place, you came down from Berlin by the express, ten days ago. I was going the other way, and our carriages stopped opposite each other. I saw you at the window."

"Yes; we came that way, but I do not remember"——. She hesitated.

"Secondly," I continued, "I was sitting alone in my garden last summer—near the end of July—do you remember? You must have wandered in there through the park; you came up to the house and looked at me"——

"Was that you?" she asked, in evident surprise. Then she broke into a laugh. "I told everybody I had seen a ghost; there had never been any Cairngorms in the place since the memory of man. We left next day, and never heard that you had come there; indeed, I did not know the castle belonged to you."

"Where were you staying?" I asked.

"Where? Why, with my aunt, where I always stay. She is your neighbor, since it is you."

"I—beg your pardon—but then—is your aunt Lady Bluebell? I did not quite catch"——

"Don't be afraid. She is amazingly deaf. Yes. She is the relict of my beloved uncle, the sixteenth or seventeenth Baron Bluebell—I forgot exactly how many of them there have been. And I—do you know who I am?" She laughed well knowing that I did not.

"No," I answered frankly. "I have not the least idea. I asked to be introduced because I recognized you. Perhaps—perhaps you are a Miss Bluebell?"

"Considering that you are a neighbor, I will tell you who I am," she answered. "No; I am of the tribe of Bluebells, but my name is Lammas, and I have been given to understand that I was christened Margaret. Being a floral family, they call me Daisy. A dreadful American man once told me that my aunt was a Bluebell and that I was a Harebell—with two l's and an e—because my hair was so thick. I warn you, so that you may avoid making such a bad pun."

"Do I look like a man who makes puns?" I asked, being very conscious of my melancholy face and sad looks.

Miss Lammas eyed me critically.

"No; you have a mournful temperament. I think I can trust you," she answered. "Do you think you could communicate to my aunt the fact that you are a Cairngorm and a neighbor? I am sure she would like to know."

I leaned towards the old lady, inflating my lungs for a yell. But Miss Lammas stopped me.

"That is not of the slightest use," she remarked. "You can write it on a bit of paper. She is utterly deaf."

"I have a pencil," I answered; "but I have no paper. Would my cuff do, do you think?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Miss Lammas, with alacrity; "men often do that."

I wrote on my cuff: "Miss Lammas wishes me to explain that I am your neighbor, Cairngorm." Then I held out my arm before the old lady's nose. She seemed perfectly accustomed to the proceeding, put up her glasses, read the words, smiled, nodded, and addressed me in an unearthly voice peculiar to people who hear nothing.

"I new your grandfather very well," she said. Then she smiled and nodded to me again, and to her niece, and relapsed into silence.

"It is all right," remarked Miss Lammas. "Aunt Bluebell knows she is deaf, and does not say much, like the parrot. You see, she knew your grandfather. How odd, that we should be neighbors? Why have we never met before?"

"If you had told me you knew my grandfather when you appeared in the garden, I should not have been in the least surprised," I answered rather irrelevantly. "I really thought you were the ghost of the old fountain. How in the world did you come there at that hour?"

"We were a large party, and we went out for a walk. Then we thought we should like to see what your park was like in the moonlight, and so we trespassed. I got separated from the rest, and came upon you by accident, just as I was admiring the extremely ghostly look of your house, and wondering whether anybody would ever come and live there again. It looks like the castle of Macbeth, or a scene from the opera. Do you know anybody here?"

"Hardly a soul. Do you?"

"No. Aunt Bluebell said it was our duty to come. It is easy for her to go out; she does not bear the burden of the conversation."

"I am sorry you find it a burden," said I. "Shall I go away?"

Miss Lammas looked at me with a sudden gravity in her beautiful eyes, and there was a sort of hesitation about the lines of her full soft mouth.

"No," she said at last, quite simply; "don't go away. We may like each other if you stay a little longer—and we ought to, because we are neighbors in the country."

I suppose I ought to have thought Miss Lammas a very odd girl. There is, indeed, a sort of freemasonry between people who discover that they live near each other, and that they ought to have known each other before. But there was a sort of unexpected frankness and simplicity in the girl's amusing manner which would have struck any one else as being singular, to say the least of it. To me, however, it all seemed natural enough. I had dreamed of her face too long not to be utterly happy when I met her at last and could talk to her as much as I pleased. To me, the man of ill-luck in everything, the whole meeting seemed too good to be true. I felt again that strange sensation of lightness which I had experienced after I had seen her face in the garden. The great rooms seemed brighter, life seemed worth living; my sluggish, melancholy blood ran faster and filled me with a new sense of strength. I said to myself that without this woman I was but an imperfect being, but that with her I could accomplish everything to which I should set my hand. Like the great doctor, when he thought he had cheated Mephistopheles at last, I could have cried aloud to the fleeting moment, *Verweile doch, du bist so schon.*

"Are you always gay?" I asked, suddenly. "How happy you must be!"

"The days would sometimes seem very long if I were gloomy," she answered, thoughtfully. "Yes, I think I find life very pleasant, and I tell it so."

"How can you 'tell life' anything? I inquired." "If I could catch my life and talk to it I would abuse it prodigiously, I assure you."

"I dare say. You have a melancholy temper. You ought to live out of doors, dig potatoes, make hay, shoot, hunt, tumble into ditches and come home muddy and hungry for dinner. It would be much better for you than moping in your rook tower and hating everything."

"It is rather lonely down there," I murmured, apologetically, feeling that Miss Lammas was right.

"Then marry and quarrel with your wife," she laughed. "Anything is better than being alone."

"I am a very peaceable person. I never quarrel with anybody. You can try it. You will find it quite impossible."

"Will you let me try?" she asked, still smiling.

"By all means—especially if it is to be only a preliminary canter," I answered, rashly.

"What do you mean?" she inquired, turning quickly upon me.

"Oh—nothing. You might try my pace with a view to quarreling in future. I cannot imagine how you are going to do it. You will have to resort to immediate and direct abuse."

"No. I will only say that if you do not like your life it is your own fault. How can a man of your age talk of being melancholy, or of the hollowness of existence? Are you consumptive? Are you subject to hereditary insanity? Are you deaf, like Aunt Bluebell? Are you poor, like—lots of people? Have you been crossed in love? Have you lost the world for a woman, or any particular woman for the sake of the world? Are you feeble-minded, a cripple, an outcast? Are you—repulsively ugly?" She laughed again. "Is there any reason in the world why you should not enjoy all you have got in life?"

"No; there is no reason whatever, except that I am dreadfully unlucky, especially in small things."

"Then try big things, just for a change," suggested Miss Lammas. "Try and get married, for instance, and see how it turns out."

"If it turns out badly it would be rather serious."

"Not half so serious as it is to abuse everything unreasonably. If abuse is your particular talent, abuse something that ought to be abused. Abuse the Conservatives or the Liberals, it does not matter which, since they are always abusing each other. Make yourself felt by other people. You will like it if they don't. It will make a man of you. Fill your mouth with pebbles, and howl at the sea, if you can't do anything else. It did Desmostheness no end of good, you know. You will have the opportunity of imitating a great man."

"Really, Miss Lammas, I think the list of innocent exercises you propose"——

"Very well—if you don't care for that sort of thing, care for some other sort of thing. Care for something or hate something. Don't be idle. Life is short, and though art may be long, plenty of noise answers nearly as well."

"I do care for something, I mean, somebody," I said.

"A woman? Then marry her. Don't hesitate."

"I do not know whether she would marry me," I replied. "I have never asked her."

"Then ask her at once," answered Miss Lammas. "I shall die happy if I feel I have persuaded a melancholy fellow-creature to rouse himself to action. Ask her, by all means, and see what she says. If she does not accept you at once she may take you the next time. Meanwhile, you will have entered for the race. If you lose, there are the 'All-aged Trial Stakes' and the 'Consolation Race.'"

"And plenty of selling races into the bargain. Shall I take you at your word, Miss Lammas?"

"I hope you will," she answered.

"Since you yourself advise me, I will. Miss Lammas, will you do me the honor to marry me?" For the first time in my life the blood rushed to my head and my sight swam. I cannot tell why I said it. It would be useless to try to explain the extraordinary fascination the girl exercised over me, nor the still more extraordinary feeling of intimacy with her which had grown in me during that half hour. Lonely, sad, unlucky as I had been all my life, I was certainly not timid nor even shy. But to propose to marry a woman after half an hour's acquaintance was a piece of madness of which I never believed myself capable, and of which I should never be capable again, could I be placed in the same situation. It was as though my whole being had been changed in a moment by magic—by the white magic of her nature brought into contact with mine. The blood sank back to my heart, and a moment later I found myself staring at her with anxious eyes. To my amazement she was as calm as ever, but her beautiful mouth smiled, and there was a mischievous light in her dark-brown eyes.

"Fairly caught," she answered. "For an individual who pretends to be listless and sad you are not lacking in humor. I had really not the least idea what you were going to say. Wouldn't it be singularly awkward for you if I said 'Yes?' I never saw anybody begin to practice so sharply what was preached to him—with so very little loss of time?"

"You probably never met a man who had dreamed of you for seven months before being introduced."

"No, I never did," she answered gayly. "It smacks of the romantic. Perhaps you are a romantic character, after all. I should think you were if I believed you. Very well; you have taken my advice, entered for a Stranger's Race and lost it. Try the All-aged Trial Stakes. You have another cuff and a pencil. Propose to Aunt Bluebell; she would dance with astonishment, and she might recover her hearing."

(To be Concluded To-morrow.)

HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists. M,Th&w

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Gallant Rescues.

There can be something heroic in a medicine as well as in individuals. *Burdock Blood Bitters* have effected many a gallant rescue among the suffering sick. Thousands have escaped the miseries of dyspepsia and nervous debility through the use of this wonderful medicine. It is emphatically the best stomach and blood tonic in the world. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Called to Preach.

We feel called upon to preach a new gospel—facts—facts that are worth knowing. We want everybody to enjoy all that is possible in this world. We want all those who are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, and all aches, sprains and pains to know that *Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is an unfailing and splendid cure. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

From Cleveland, Ohio.

Comes a letter signed T. Walker, saying: "About six months ago commenced taking *Burdock Blood Bitters* for protracted case of lumbago and general debility, and now am pleased to state have recovered my appetite and wonted strength. Feel better altogether." For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Not a Case

Not a case of rheumatism, not a case of neuralgia, not a case of lameness, not a case of pain or sprain—not one—has failed to go when attacked by *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

What Can't Be Cured Must Be Endured.

This old adage does not signify that we must suffer the miseries of dyspepsia, when a medicine with the curative properties of "Burdock Blood Bitters" is available. It is one of the most substantial and reliable remedies sold to-day. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

"Spent Fifty Dollars

in doctoring for rheumatism before I tried *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. Used a 50-cent bottle of this medicine, and got out in one week. For burns and sprains it is excellent.—James Durham, east Pembroke, N. Y. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

CURES RHEUMATISM, &c.

ST. JACOBS OIL.

THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, FROST BITES,

And All Other Bodily Pains and Aches.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere Fifty Cents a Bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

The CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Red Star

COUGH CURE!

ABSOLUTELY

Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

SAFE! SURE! PROMPT!

25cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

MEDICAL.

ATHLOPHOROS FOR RHEUMATISM.

Heartless Cruelty

It is to delude a poor sufferer into the belief that some worthless liniment will cure rheumatism and neuralgia. Honesty is the best policy in the manufacture of proprietary articles in all other matters, and the fact that the proprietors of Athlophoros have never claimed for it even all its merits would warrant has not a little to do with its wonderful popularity, and the thousands of grateful testimonials received by them show that their policy has been wise as well as right.

Experience has amply demonstrated that mere outward applications are worthless. The disease has its seat in the blood, and any remedy to be successful must deal with the obstructive acid which poisons and inflames it.

Athlophoros acts on the blood, muscles and joints directly. It takes the poison out of the blood, and carries it out of the system; it invigorates the action of the muscles and limbers the stiffness of the joints. It reaches the liver and kidneys, cleansing them from irritating substances, and, if followed up after the rheumatic conditions cease, it will restore these organs to regularity and health.

West Chazy, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1886.

Yours of Aug. 14th, is at hand, and in reply would say that Athlophoros proved the most effectual remedy for neuralgia in the case of my son that I ever tried. After using half a bottle he was not troubled any more for six months.
HENRY HARRIS.

Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Aug. 10, 1886.

I am thankful that I tried Athlophoros. I had rheumatism seven years, part of the time could not move; but to-day I am well and hearty. I write this hoping some other sufferer may try it.
W. S. FLEMING.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., No. 112 Wall street, New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

Jan18-1ydw

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were affected, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Boncester, Md.

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