THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

E DEATH.

Arrent to Arrent has drest the Arrent of the Arrent Arrent of the Arrent of t The second state of the second states are second states and states and states are second states are seco

Private of a triple suscettion—It was not odd in we should meet thus; but it did seem swrbst strange to me that Wynkoop, inga told that the house was packed to be read, should object strangound to barring with me the cally remaining room. I remains the the cally remaining room. I remains the cally and assure him that, as he as word finally and assure him that, as he as a word finally and assure him that, as he as remaining a night of it in the streets of the ringe if he persisted in his determination not be frageristic, and he had feared that he wishes the replained, and he had feared that he had objected. He was a somnambulit he explained, and he had feared that he had be had reared that he had be added as the other and a couple of restands the head or curtain directly over it, weaking a first he schere and a couple of restands. From these the rather thread head of journalistic asperience to relate, which are the face that he dependent of the stacutions we had we define the face that a murderer, who was a matter of ourse, our conversation the index of the gallows, whether real or in his also. "The these the rather thread head wort the face that a murderer, who was an aster of course, our conversation the head been defined the person the head been defined to the space of the spac at a triple execut ion _it was not odd set thus; but it did seem

" If there be a God, " I suggested.

He looked at me abarply, and I knew at mee that I had touched a sensitive chord. He dark eyes twinkled excitedly in their

deep recesses. "You doubt God's existence ?" he seked. "I did not say so," I replied, "but there are many who do." "And there are many who make a terri-ble-yes, fatal-mistake," he went on. "There is a God-a God whose power you cannot in the least comprehend-the same God who wrought mirscles in Galilee and Judes aightigm hundred years ago, and who is the new doing just as wondrous things. Ty dear Mr. Holt, the day of miracles is not past.

"Twelve months ago," he went on, "I was an atheist. Today I am positive-abso-lutely certain-not only that there is a God, but that there is a God more powerful than you can conceive of." you can conceive of.

you can conceive of." He was so terribly in carnest that to dis-rute the question with him would have been madness. I merely asked him the rea-son for this now fixed belief. "Ah ! you are asking me now what I cannot tell you," he said, "but 1 know it." This conversation impressed me more than I can tell and more than 1 could understand; nor was the impression less deep that an-other incident of that evening made upon me. Miles O'Relity, an impulsive Irish reother incident of that evening made upon me. Miles O'Relily, an impulsive Irish re-porter for the Herald, who had been in the place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us place for a couple of days, burst in upon us shall est before I dis. I have wine, too, and

A longth, by dist of astive reasoning that has all, dents was only dont in no matter what guine it eases - I book up the light and returned to the bot. As I shought, the body was lying upon its back. I raised the casdie and looked is the face. Was I mad or dreaming ?

The second secon

disturbing the sleeper, was impossible. After the experience I had just gone through I could not bring my minut to go to bed again. I accordingly dressed myself, and, taking an old newspaper from my pocket, I sat down by the washstand and read it through from first column to last, ad-vertisements and all, stopping every now and then to wonder over the dead face I had seen and the dead clutch I had feit. When the gray light of carly dawn mode alckit the the gray light of early dawn made sickly the yellow of the second candle 1 had burned, I was still far from the solution of the mystery, nor did Wynkoop himself do anything loward solving it, when, upon his waking, I told him, in somewhat modified terms, of the fright I had had. At first he seemed startled and then distressed, but finally regained his

"It was the prospect of seeing a triple execution, "he said, as he stepped down to see to part his hair in the all-awry looking-glass which hung much too low for him. "You are not up to it, I am sfraid. You were dreaming. Hold ! Dreaming-that was it. As the modest old lady remarked-you had the night-horse."

. . . "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the

With his finger pointing to these words in With his finger pointing to these words in the Book of books, Clement Wynkoop, cold in destb, was discovered one morning six months after our first meeting, sitting in an armechair in the parlor of a magnificent suite of apartments in an uptown hotei in New York city. A packet of papers found in the room, and addressed to me, contained the following letter and extracts from the unfor-tunate man's journal:

unate man's journal :

The letter was dated midnight.

"I do not know why I should have se-lected you," it began, "as the person to whom to commit, before I go hence, the se-cret that for the last year and a ball I have carried as the Sparian boy carried the wolf. I am impelied to write, however, impelies by a interesting the accessibility that take more carried as the Sparian boy carried the wolf. I am impelied to write, however, impeliet by an indescribable something that tells me to make a full and free confession to man, as well as to God, of my crime and my punish-ment. And with the impulse to write comes also the impulse to address that confession to you. This must be my apology. Perhaps the fact that you already know something of my affliction-for you will remember it when I recall certain incidents of our first meeting at Berryville six months ago-has had somewhat to do with my selection of a legates. I beg of you do not make public the facts of my sin and my suffering under two years from to-night. By that time my faults will, perhaps, have been in a measure forgotten and men will be apt to think more kindly of me and give me a larger share of their sympathy than it the story was given when my short-comings and idio-syncrasics were fresh in their memories to mitigate the pathos of the tals. Some day I wish you to tell it. I wish it toid because, possibly, it may save others from a late as hort block bide the other world from the state of the tals. Some day I wish you to tell it. I wish it toid because, possibly, it may not be and the set of the same the norrible as mine.

saked

horrible as mine. "In a few hours I shall have passed the vell which bides the other world from this. You will find me sitting here in this chair, and the newspapers-yours and mine and the others-will record another suicide. People will want to know why 1 died. Teil

them because of physical suffering which had grown unbearable-that will look well in print. This is all that the coroner's jury need know for the purpose of a verdict. "I have resolved that my last hour shall

"I have resolved that my iass hour shall be a bright one. I do not want to go out of my misery in gloom and darkness. My life has been gloomy and dark enough, God knows. Its last moments shall be as bright as I can make them. I have chosen and

sprang back with a cry that cont a thrill inrough me. The utmost horror was plotured in every feature. I dropped the hand I was holding, but it was come minutes before he could recover himself enough to speak. Then he told me of the strange thing he had new. As I took his hand, he wild, and he feit its key pressure, my face suddenly be-came the face of a dead man. My eyes stared glassily and my skin looked bloodless and cold, while my parted lips were purple. "I could bare sworn death had suddenly come to you, as you stood there,' he skid. Oh, my boy, you cannot imagine the shock you gave me!" "Ah yes. I know it now, that same vision will haupt every one whom I touch. The sub the start of the start and there is a they would from a plague. After all there is they would from a plague. After all there is the would from a plague. After all there is the start as there is a mystery about me and I cannot ablde it. If any man about me and I cannot ablde it. If any man about me and I cannot ablde it. If any man about me and I cannot ablde it. If any man about me and I cannot ablde it. If any man about discover my secret and make it public I think I would kill him."

I think I would kill him." "NEW YORK, November 11th.-I met a man at Berryville yesterday named Holt. He is on the Tribune. Had to sleep with him because hotel was crowded. During the night my hand tell upon him and awoke him, and the usual result followed. I turned it off in the morning by telling him he had been dreaming. If he had insisted that it was not a dream and had guessed the truth, God knows what I would have dons." "December 28th.-Just a year has passed ince I was stricken with this living death. It seems like a century. And now the worst

since I was stricken with this living death. It seems like a century. And now the worst is coming. O God ! is this just? I reported a Christmas sermon yesterday, the burden of which was that there is forgiveness for all who ask it. Christ was born to save the worst of us. And yet I cannot ask it. This is a part of my punishment. Is it that I have committed the unpardonable sin? The thought drives me mad. Will relief never

thought drives me mad. Will relief never one?" "January 1st, 1881.—I have been making New Year's calls with my arm in a sling. I was compelled to resort to that as a means of avoiding shaking bands with my right hand. Cartwright of the Post, who is a literary chap, and somewhat of a society man, wanted me to join him in his New Year's calling, and to oblige him and for the sake of diversion, 1 did so. Perhaps it is the most unfortunate step I have ever taken. At one house I met a most charming little woman, as pretty as a picture and as gentle as a tame dove. Mar-garet Willoughby she is called. We had the pleasantest of pleasant chats, and when I left her she invited me to call again. Shall I go? My reason bids me not to ; my heart tells me I cannot keep away." "January 21.—I have seen Miss Willough-by again. I met her at the theatre, and she asked me why I had not called. I must go Surely there can be no harm in admiring her and spending a pleasent hour in her company."

"March 15th .- Margaret grows more and "March 15th — Margaret grows more and more charming. I have begun to write a ro-mance in which she will be the heroine and a man atflicted as I am the hero. It will be a strange story, surely. When it is finished I will read it to her. I think she is fond of ma. Indeed, I am sure of it. My romance shall be my proposal. If she is willing to accept me, knowing what I am, I shall be happy.

me, knowing what I am, I shall be happy. Can it be possible a great joy awaits me? I "April 22 - The romance is written. Not an hour ago I put the word 'Finis' on the last page. To-morrow I will read it to her. Oh, Margaret, my beloved, you will not fail me? I am sure of it?" "April 25th.-Hard work at the office pre-vented my seeing Margaret until this after-

vented my seeing Margaret until this after-noon, when I read the romance to a close. When I looked at her there were tears in her eyes. "'I do not wonder she loved him,' she said, 'he had suffered so much, and he loved

her so fondly.' fered so much and loved you so fondly ?" I

asked. "Is it to be wondered at that I am happy? Have I not held her to my breast? Have I not kimsed her lips? Has she not told me that ahe is mine forever—that nothing under heaven can part us? I will strap that dead arm to my side and forget that it exists. I will learn to use my left hand altogether. I have been practicing with it of late, and shall soon be able to do without my right arm well enough." "May 10th .- The darkness of midnight has

"May 10:h. - The dark nees of midnight has come at noonday. The cup of joy has been dashed from the lips that had but touched its contents. God's wrath is greater than I dreamed; his punishment more than I can dreamed : his punishment more than I can bear this! My brain is aflame. My con-science is prodding me with sharp sticks. Death, no matter what it brings, cannot be worse than this living hell. To find happi-ness but to lose it is the, worst torment. How it came about 1 know not! I was so sure that hand of mine would never touch her, and yet, 0, God, it was thy vengeance that directed it-it's key clasp, against my will, fell upon the soft whitemess of her

FLOWERS AND POETS.

BY ANNA OLCOTT CONNELIN.

Saintine, in his charming story of Picci Baintine, in his charming sory of rectors, has shown us how the development and growth of a little plant, with its bude and flowers, saved from weary languishing the poor prisoner of Fenestrells, restored his resson, health and life, and in the end, brought to him triendship, liberty and love. Without claiming that all flowers, in all circumstances, can accomplish so much as this, let us consider them in their relation to human life, and the inspiration that they have given to poets. "Porta mascifur, son

fit," says the proverb, and in the mind of every one pomemed of the poetle fire is born the love of beauty. Says Wordsworth ;

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often its too deep for tears." The "kindly fruits of the earth" minister to our corporeal needs, besides giving pleas ure to the eye, but flowers are almost huma in their association with the dearest and boliest secrements of life. They go with the bride to the altar, and we lay them be secred dead when we dress them for their

last long sleep. Nays Longfellow : "Bear a lily in thy hand.

Gates of brass cannot withstand One touch of that magic wand."

"Sweets to the sweet," says Queen Gertrude, when she scatters flowers over Ophe-

lia's lifeless form. Says Browning, "do not the dead wear flowers, when dress From the first chill days of early spi

when the delicate anemore rises from the wintry ground, until the last frail little walf of a viole', in bleak December, how magnifi-cent and varied is the procession of beauty. Says Obsron :

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows. Where oz-lip and the nodding violet grows. Quits over canopied with luscious woodbins with sweet musk roses and with cgiantine." Mrs. Whitney expresses our feeling in the return of the flowers we have loved in her lines

"God does not send us flowers every year ; When the spring winds blows o'er the pleasant

When we read that the violet-our violet-was known in the time of Homer, we think of the favorite poem of Lincoln, and the

We see the same things our fathers have seen." In Cowper's translation from Homer we read

" Everywhere appeared

read: "Everywhere appeared Meadows of softest verdure purpled over With violets; 'twas ascene to fill A god from heaven with wonder and delight." Lady Wilkinson, in her book on flowers, gives many interesting particulars concern-ing the violet. It must have been greatly in favor with the Romans, she tells us, as they called their days set spart for decking graves, "Dies Violaris." Pliny thought that violets were of medicinal value, and solvised that garlands of them should be worn on the beed. Different varieties of this flower grow in many parts of America, Pal-cetine. China, Japan, Europs, and even on the Swas Alps, and the ruins of the Colos-seum at Rome. Its praises we are told, have been written in many languages. Aboo Rumi, an Eastern post, says "it is not a flower; it is an ameraid, bearing a purple grow." The Arabs, it is said, compare the sys of a beautiful woman to a violet. Homer spaks of Venus as crowned with violets, and Theocritus thought that these flowers were specially desirable for wreaths. Aristo-phanes spoke of Athens as "violet crowned," and Dioscorides makes mention of the flower. In modern times this favorits, with its mean-ings of truth, modesty and love, its profes of In modern times this favorite, with its mean ings of truth, modesty and love, is spoken oby Shelley, in these lines :

" Lillies for a bridal bed. Roses for a matron's head, Violets for a maiden dead."

Daisies are found so universally that a British poet calls them "the constellated lowers that never set." Chaucer says :

Above all flouris in the mode Than I love these flouris white and rede Such that men callen daisies in our town." In his legend of "Gude Women," he gives

In his legend of "Gude women," he gives a positional version of the origin of the daisy. It is pleasant to know that Linnzous himself may have inherited a love of flowers from his father, but when we read a botanical definition of a daisy as a "scape, one-flowered, with leaves spathulate, single-ribbed obovate, crenate," we turn with satis-faction to Burns, in his address to the "wee modest crimson-though the war." tipped flower." Wordsworth says :

"Methinks that there abides with thee some concord with humanity, Given to no other flower I see The forest through."

much used to describe tombs, and it is mid that the Remass provided for this observance in their wills. Anserson thought that the rose had power to protect the dead. Didy-mus, the Alexandrian, was persuaded that the "rose was something more than human." Sappho is said to have written verses to this flower, and Drydes, in his transistion from Virgil, speaking of Ress at the tomb of his father, Auchises, says : "With rose then the sepatcher be strewed And thus his father's ghost bespote aloud." Pline ways that this flower was much cul-THE NEW QUININE

Piny says that this flower was much cul-tivated by the Romans, and used as a per-frame for ancienting the body. Gerarde thought that the rose was useful for "strengthenings of the heart, and refresh-ings of the spirits, and profitable for other griefes." In our day, Aldrich alludes to roses in one

In our day, Aldrich alludes to rose in one exquisite tender verse. "We wove the roses round her brow--White buds, the summers drifted snow--Write broke the summers drifted snow--Write broke to be sort and the source " The meanings that are attached to flowers would form an interesting study. Many would form an interesting study. Many sentiments can be expressed and replied to in their interchange. In Shakespeare's t me this was thought of, since Ophelia said : "Themembraney, that's for remembrance : "There's rosemary, that's for remembra

The English post, Horace Smith, has writ-ten a " Hymn to the Flowers, one stanza of which we quote : "Floral Apostles : that in dewy splendor. Weep without woe, and blush without a

crime Oh may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender Your lore sublime.

Your lore sublime. Wordsworth was a genuine lover of flow-ers, and said, " and ' tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breaths, " giving to them consciousness of being. When he -----

" My heart with rapture fils And dances with the daffodils.

one teels with him a throb of delight Shel-ley shows his affection for all flowers in his verses to the sensitive plant in which occur these lines : Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen St., Lancas-ter, ra., or sent by mail on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS'

"Narclasi, the fairest among them all Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess. Till they die of their own dear loveliness." In our own day, Anna C. Brackett in her Vacation " poem, discourses eloquently :

Vacation " poem, discourses eloquently : "When did we leave the Michigan woods : I only know That elusters of asters, purple and white, And the golden rod, like a fissh of light, Had set all the roads aglow."

CURES-Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation, A.A.-Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever. B.H.-Strains, Lamences, Rheumatism, C.C.-Distemper, Wasal Discharges, D.D.-Bots or Grubs, Worms. E.E.-Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia, F.F.-Coile or Grups, Bellysche. G.G.-Miscarriage, Hemorrhages. H.H.-Urinary and Kidney Discases. I.I.-Eruptive Discases, Mango. J.K.-Discases of Digestion. Had set all the roads aglow." Holmes, in his beautiful sonnet, "nearing the snow line," speaks of the "stender flowersts, scentiese, paie, along the margin of unmelting snow." Emerson writes to the rhodora, speaks tenderly of the wood-rose in "Fortearance," and in his poetical, prose paragraph, describes the edelweise, flower of noble purity. With Lowell, in his wrectest of love songs, "Auf Wieder-schen," we breathe the very fragrance of the lines. Truly, "The poet, faithful and far seeing.

"The poet, faithful and far seeing, Bees alike in stars and flowers a part Of the selfsame universal being Which is throbbing in his brain and heart."

"Which is throubling in his brain and heart." Not alone the poet, but all who possess the love of beauty, and who feel glowing in them the enthusiasm of every flower that blows, gladdening the eye, delighting the sense, must feel that it is well indeed to con-sider the "flowers of the field," for truly "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

WAITING FOR THE MAIL. Wi'h anxious features, worn and pale, He waits the coming of the mail ; Each day he asks, with hope and fear, My letter, is my letter here ?" Each day he hears in silence dumb ; Not yet, old man, it has not come "

The harmless madman, old and gray, No one would jeer or drive away. Ab me," he says, " long years have past, But it will come, 'twill come at last." And so he waits in silence dumb, The letter that will never come. Through misty vision of his tears,

The sees the long, far sundered years, The past comes up before him there, When he was strong and she was fair. Once more he feels in very truth. The leaping pulses of his youth ; A strong strange low he folls again A strong, strange joy he feels again The old wild fever in his brain ; An angry word, a careless tone. And she has gone and he's slone. Since then be walks in slience dumb, The letter that will never come.

Alas! his poor old wits are fied, ile cannot know that she is dead ; And so he asks it, o'er and o'er, The same old question as before. He wakes with moraing light to say ; My letter, it will come to day." With tottering limos that almost fall, He creeps each morning to the mail, And hears with ever new regret, Not yet, old man, not yet, not yet " And so he waits in silence dumb,

LISTEN TO YOUR WIFF. KASKINE The Manchestor Guardian, June 8, 1880, mys At one of the THE NEW QUININE.) Looking on the woodland ways ; With element of rhododendrons and great masses of May bigsoms ! ! ! "There was an interesting No Had Bffects, No Headache, stoup. It included one who had been a "Cotton No Nauses, No Ringing Bars, Pinner," but was now so Paralyzed 1 1 1 That he could only bear to lie in a reclining Oures Quickly, Piessant, Pure. This refers to my case. I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Losomotor Atany" A paralytic disease of norve fibre rarely ever A POWERFUL TONIC that the most deliente stomach will bear. A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM NERVOUS PROSTRATION, od) and was for several years barely able to And all Germ Diseases. FOR COLDS KASKINE HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE ALMOST & SPECIFIC. Superior to got about. And for the last nye years not able to attend to my business, although Hany things have been done for me. The last experiment being nerve stretching. Two years ago I was voted into the Home for incurables : Near Handbester, in Hellovus Hospital, N. Y., "Universally suc-Hellovue Hospital, N. 1., "Universally suc-cemental." "I Francis Hospital, ed with Maskins habens N. Y. Hev. Jas. L. Hall, Chaplain Albany Peniten-tiary, writes that Kaskine has curod his wife, atter twenty years suffering from malaria and nervous dyapepias. Write him for particulars. St. Joseph's Hospital, N. Y. : "Its use is con-sidered indispensable. It acts perfectly." Prof. W. F. Holcoubs, M. D., 66 Kast Sth St., N. Y. inte Frof in N. Y. Med. College), writes in power, and and never produces the slightest in-jury to the bearing or constitution. Thousands upon thousands write that Kaskine May, 102. I am no "advocate ;" " For anything in the shape of patent " Medicines ? And made many objections to my dear wire's constant urging to try Mop (Bitters, but family to pacify herted 1 1 Consented ! I I had not quite finished the first bottle when felt a change couse over me. This was batarday, November 3. On Sunday morning I felt on strong I said to my room companions, " I was Jury to the nearing or constitution. Thousands upon thousands write that Kaskine has cured them after all other multicines failed. Write for book of testimonials. Eastine can be taken without any special medical advice, \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by ure I could H. B. COOHRAN,

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" Walk a scross the floor and back. I bardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the bouse. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite sale without any "Bitte !"

"Stick I" Or support. I am how at my own house, and hope soon to been a member of the Manchesler "Royal Exchange" For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going in the room on Thurs-day last. Very gratefully yours, JOHN SLACKSURN MANUMETER, Eng., Dec. 24, 1891. Two years later am perfectly well. KASKINE CO., M Warren St., New York.

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hrough the most Excruciating pains, " And the only way I over got " " Reliaf "

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble " from indigestion, so much so that came near losing my

My trouble always came after eating my However light, And digestible, For two or three hours at a time I had to go

"Relief"" Was by throwing up all my stomach con-tained !! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until "At last i" I was taken ! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and Could eat nothing '!! My sufferings were so that I called two doc-tors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Theis efforts were no good to me. At last 1 heard a good d.al "About your Hop Bitters ! And determined to try them." Got a bottle-is four hours I took the contents

One /// Next day I was out of bed, and have not see " Sick !!

"Bick !!" Hour, from the same cause since. I have recommended it to hundreds of others You have no such "Advocate as I am." Gao. KENDALL, Aliston, Boston, Mass.

RUPTURE.

-THE-

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CALL AND SEE

place for a couple of days, burst in upon us while we were chatting, and, after shaking me vigorously by the hand, he turned to Wynkcop, evidently with the same purpose. For a couple of seconds, however, there was no response on the part of the Times man. I new him besitate about taking the proffered hand, and in that period of hesitation I con-jured up a dozen reasons for it. Then I asw him take his left hand from his pocket and reach it out to O'Reilly. He excused the ac-tion by aying that he had cut the little inger of his right hand and that it was very pain-ful. His right hand was still in his pocket. How strange I I thought. Not ten munites ago I had been looking at that right hand at-tentively. For some reason, I knew not what, my eyes had been drawn to it. All the time it was exposed, and it had been ex-posed frequently since our meeting, my game had at intervals been riveted upon it. I had noticed that it was very white-unaturally white it seemed to me-that it was very thin, and that the mails of the long, is possing, bony fingers were livid. How odd, I thought, that I did not notice the cut. Had the been there I must surely have observed there I must surely have observed

"That hand of yours is in hard tuck, Wyn-koop, "O'Reilly replied; I remember at the Chicago convention you had a boil on itor something. How the deuce do you write?" Wynkoop seemed rather petiled at this re

mark. "I manage it," he said, shortly. It was well on to 2 o'clock in the morning before O'Reilly left us, and after that we were not long in getting between the sheets.

How long I had siept I do not know. I how long I had siept I do not know. I woke suddenly with a start. I was tremb ling from head to foot with a chill that seemed to threaten the rending of soul and body. Upon my breast lay something cold and and my heart was growing numb under its chilling weight. For an instant I hy quite atill trying to gather my scattered ansas. My meroory for the moment had deserted ms. Where was I? I stretched my eyes open in an effort to prove to my own satisfaction that I was wide awaks. Then it all came back to me with a rush. I was therryville, and a strange man, whom I had never seen before that night, was my bedfellow. The room was so dark that I could distinguish nothing, but with the resuming memory came also the same acute months is a strange that the fourth boy fingers pressing into my flesh with a chilling clutch. Never in my life had ter-prisenced a sensation so horrible. For an other minute, minute that seemed like an attentive. I all the tweet is my flesh with a chilling clutch. Never is my life had ter-prisenced a sensation so horrible. For an other minute, much that seemed like an attentive. I all the more the tweet is my and that lay upon me. I could teel the long, boy fingers pressing into my flesh with a chilling clutch. Never is my life had ter-prisenced at mensels of my breast in a grip my destified in my resolution and energy and that he was destabliks in its firmness. To bring my destabliks that kee hold of it and throw it from me, I could uct.

myself to take hold of it and throw it from my, I could uot. As 1 lifted my beed from the pillow the moon came out for a moment from under a cloud and sent as stream of cold blue light in through the shadeless window, revealing—O, God I even now the recollection of the ghast-ing sight chills my blood and thrills me with horror as I write—that I was in bed with a deed man. There beside ms, lying upon his helt side, with his right arm stretched over ma, has right hand grasping me in its death dates, has right and grasping me in its death helt side, with his right arm stretched over ma, has right hand grasping me in its death dates, has fight and grasping me in its death dates, has fight and grasping me in its death dates, has fight band grasping me in its death dates, has fight was upon every leature. I have a strength the set of the short have and gianay; his jaw had dropped, and the pallor of death was upon every leature. I show doed floated over the moon, and the horrible sight was lost is the darkness which case more aveclosed everything. I am not neutrally a servous man, but so which and which as the shock in this case that I termible effort I mi up, and as I did so the have blod, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold, and I heard the body roll over as its hold here a body is a roadob. The moment is hold to the maneast.

a ment. I have fruit beside me of which I shall est before I dis. I have wine, too, and with the wine I shall get my release, I have it here before me as I write. A little vial containing a dozen drops or less of Scheele's hydrocianic acid. It is an easy death, they may. My heart beats will grow slower and slower, more feeble and more feeble, until they have ceased altogether, and I shall have passed away from all the toil, the weariness, the regret, the mortification and the agony of this life into the—what? A few hours will tell. Speculation is vain. Before I go I shall burn every paper I posses. Every trace of my past life shall be gone except what is contained in the pages from my journal that I shall select and leave in a packet with this letter for you. Don't judge me too harshiy. Think of me kindly sometimes. I have thrown open the windows and raised the shades to the top. I feel the cool midnight air fanning my face for the last line. In an hour all will be over." The letter broke off thus. There was no

The letter broke off thus. There was no formal ending, just as there had been no formal beginning. The inclosed extracts from the journal

The inclosed extracts from the journal wors as follows: "Chicago, Dec. 25, 1879 - Hard work yes-terday attending Christmas celebrations When it was all over, Potter, Stevenson, I and some others spent the rest of the night at Gibbons' place. Metaphysics and religion the subjects of conversation. As usual, I istighed at the idea of celebrating the birth of a humbug. Poor little Potter is a supersi-tious little fool, with reverence israely developed. He was horror-stricken at the way I talked, and I rather believe he thought I was boasting, but I was not. I offered to bet him a month's pay he chuld not prove that there was any reality in the God he be-lieved in. lieved in.

said."" Your God is all-powerful, is he not ? "

" Your God is all-powerful, is he not ? ' I asked." " To be sure, " he replied. " " 'I no be all-powerful, 'I added, " let him strike me dead. I defy him !" " 'Little Potter turned paie at what he termed my 'damnable biasphemy.' I laughed at him, for there was no sign of that all-powerful being's existence. I still stood erect and smilling. Potter such a threat. My challenge was beneath the consideration of the supreme ruler. Did I think I could call down his visible wrath at my own sweet will? It was presumption. Poor little Potter !' " January 1, 1880.-A week has passed,

down bis visible wrath at my own sweet will? It was presumption. Poor little Potter!" "January 1, 1880.-A week has passed, during which time I have not had the cour-stant of the story. I am ashamed to confess it. Am I paralyzed or am I dying by inches? Can it be that there is a God and that he heard my threat? I despise myself for being so weak as to believe it; and yet I am undergoing an experience as horrible as it is unusual. On the morning following the inght of my boast before the boys at Gib-bons' I awoke with a strange pricking sensa indergoing an experience as horrible as it is unusual. On the morning my arm was heard my threat? I despise myself for bons' I awoke with a strange pricking sensa indergoing an experience as horicking sensa in the data there is a god and the sensa in the sensation had suddenly a sted again. The ext morning my arm was stopped and had not gone on again. Nor has it since been resumed. My arm and hand have grown colder and both are death by gray while, like the arm and hand sull retains power. Though all feeling is gone I can pray on the sect. Where is no sign of decomposition, and my hang set, and 1 and have grown colder and both are the sting bidoculy unusurial about it, and 1 am inductionally enough, though there is no man pray only gong by the set on any it has the data arm and hand unuil the antrial for that reason to consult a physician. I have robbed that arm and hand unuil the strain bid have I arm should be there be not of age to mat! Write I wrote bloors I had no data of mad! My hang grow of a god or the strain inter of this thing the has a god or the strain in the reason to consult a physician. I have robbed the then the sightest doubt for mad! That it is the curse of a god or the shift and con for the thing the has been doubt be with any cons for for the unustariants of a bod or the data of for the unustariants of a bod with any cons for for the unustariants of a bod or the strain athe office these unustariants of a bod with any cons for for the unustariants of a b

tinst directed it—it's icy clasp, sgainst my will, fell upon the soft whiteness of her rounded arm. She shrank from me, gazed at me for a second and then fell back with a piercing cry—a cry such as I never to hear again : a cry in which all the awful horror of the sight before her seemed to echo and re-echo; a cry that tore my heart to; shreds and filled me with the very agony of despair. When she recovered from her faint, her reason had fied. She was raving mad. To touch her sent her into a paroxysm of fear. The mere sight of me—who loved her so much, who would have given my life for her a hundred times over, who would have gone through fire and flood rather than the least harm should come to her—was the signal for shricks of the wildest alarm. I cannot write more. The thought of it is maddening, the writing of it torture. From that hour to this those shricks have rung in my ears, that look of fear has been before my eyes. Remorse has filed my soul. Sheep has filed from me. Another day of this and I should be as mad as she. I feel it, I know it. Death alone can prevent it."—Charles S. Stokes in Courier-Journal.

A Cat Party. Washington does not contain all the fools in the country after all, as will be seen by the following paragraph from the New York Commercial Advertiser :

following paragraph from the New York Commercial Advertiser: Recently a joung girl, the happy possessor of a fine Maltese cat, invited a number of her friends to bring their pet cats to 5 o'clock tes, each cat to have a ribbon about its neck cor-responding to that worn by its mistress. At the appointed hour the cats made their ap-pearance, in charge of their respective owners. After the feline introduction had taken pisce, some of which were the very re-verse of friendly, games were introduced and soft bails, toy mice and other objects dear to pussy's heart were provided. These pastimes were sometimes marred by a vigor-ous siap, when two strangers came in collis-ion, and once the belligerent pussies had to be separated by friends. When the was an-nounced a table furnished with saucers of mitk and small cakes, with cushioned stools, was disclosed. The floral decorations con-sisted of catnip, lavender, grames and bright flowers. The cats, placed on their respective stools and attended by their mistresses, par-took of the good cheer set before them. Their behavior was quite correct.

----He Saatched Her From the Grave.

From the Chicago News An old member of the medical profession An old member of the medical profession in this city tell us a story which he mays Dr. J. Adams Allen told him many years ago. Dr. Allen, as the story goes, was just begin-ning his practice when, one winter day, seated in a car, mullid to the ears, he over-heard this conversation between two passes, gers, who were slitting where they could not see his face: "Say, George," said one, " what kind of a doctor is this young Allen ?" " All that I know about him is that he matched my sunt from the grave last sum-mer-that is, I shall always think he did." " Did he, indeed !" said the other. "Well, he must be a pretty good doctor, then. What was the matter with your sunt ?" "Oh, she was dead and" buried, you know."

ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE. Entreat me not ! Entreat me not to leave thee, Long have we journeyed on our troubled way : Pleasure and anguish have we shared together, Cast me not off in ioneliness, I pray.

Entreat me not ! For sake of those departed, Whose heart strings throbbed when thou and I were near ; Whose spirits hover us in blessing, Whose loving voices linger in our ear.

Entreat me not ! My sras would still be round

these, these, To stay thy stops when failing strength is nigh And when the shades of death's dark vole surround thes, There would I sadly lay me down and die.

There would I sadly my me used BEFEATE. For where thou goest there will I go with these. And where thou lodgest I would also stay ; Thos and thy people shall alli be my people. Thy God, my God ! Sinterest me not, I pray. —Ente Brownice Sherwood

Sweet, and tender and and are the associa-tions of the daisy with the frail genius of the poet Keata, who knew not of the immortality that time would bring him, when he com-posed his own epitaph, and felt, only a few days before his death, the "daisies growing over him."

over him." Lucy Larcom, in our own day, writes gracefully of "golden daisies."

"Disk of bronze and ray of gold Gilmmering through the meadow grasses Burn less proudly ! for behold Down the field my princess passes. Hardly should I held you fair, Golden, gay midsummer dalees, But for her, the maiden rare, W bo, amid your starry mazes. Makes you splendid with her praises."

The "Flowers of the Fallow" is anothe lovely poem by this writer:

"I like those plants that you call weeds, "-dis, bardhack, mullin, yarrow, That knit their roots and sift their seeds Where any grassy wheel-track leads Whore any grassy wheel-track leads They fringe the rugged hillside tarm Grown old with cultivation, With such wild wegith of rustic charms The first days of creation."

The first days of creation." It is hard to refrain from quoting all the verses, but we have cullings from many sa-thors in a field which comprises all lands and all ages, and where the only embarramment is one of riches. To mention the name of Bryant is to bring up a host of tender and beautiful associations of poetry and nature's charma. One hardly knows which to love best, the golden rod which suggested the verse of his poem, or the verse which has immortalized the golden rod. The lines are so familiar to all that some less known but well worth knowing will be more appropri-ate to introduce here by Jennie Maxwell Paine, "Open the bars and make me room.--

Paine, "Open the bars and make me room,-Let me wade waist-deep, in the yellow bloom, Let me rovel at will, let me gather my fill. Let me touch their plumes with reverent hands, Let me tread where the wealth of blossoms stands, With the pomp of gold in the slowing lands. Fine as issuiter and soft as down is its petaled plume-the very crown of the fair and the fine and the rare design : Fair as the ore, when wrought and rolled, Fine as the fretting of flagree gold." When we read of the theile of Sectiond

Fair as the ore, when wrought and rolled, Fine as the fretting of flagree gold."
When we read of the thistle of Scotland, the fleur-de-lin of France, with the dainy as the badge of the basulful province of Lan-guedre, and the rose of England, we could wish that the possession of a national floral emblem were ours, though the choice of one "bright, consummate flower" would be at-tended with difficulties. Here, in the length and breadth of our own A metrica, with its weath of flower, one can think of none so national in character as we find in other countries. Is not the harebell immortal in its association with the name of Elise Dong-ise and Scotland ?
The fragrance of flowers, bas the power to recall recollections of the past, since the sense of smell is more intimately connected with a different assituent, the expression of his Pantheistic thought, is shown in Omar K hay-yam's wonderful poem of the Rubaiyst:
" I sometimes this that never blow so red The rose as where some buried Char blog." The fractance that the are blow so red The rose as where some buried Char blog." The troes as where some buried Char blog." The troes as where some buried Char blog." The troes as where some buried Char blog."

And this reviving herb, whose tender green Findges the river lip on which we leas, Ab, leas upon it lightly i for who knows From what once lovely lip it springs unseen !

Shakespeare expresses a similar idea :

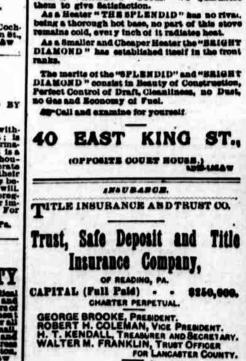
" Lay her i' the earth. And, from her fair and unpoliuted fleeh, May violets spring."

And Herrick mys:

" From her happy spark here let spring the purple violet." And George Eliot :

And George Eliot : "Is there not a soul-half symph, half child—in these delicate petals which slow and breaks about the contrast of deep color?" The ross, supposed to be a native of Syria, secons to have been a nown is carries i history. Mention is made in the Illed of claiment of oil perfuted with ross, with which Years anointed the nody of Beeter, and Hector is apole of a using the second of the second of the iyanoh " is Cowper's consistent on Beeter were worn at the feats of the second of the second of a using the second of the second of the were worn at the feats of the second of the were worn at the feats of the second of

le-	" My letter, it will come to-day."		LITE ACTION AND ROBBER COSHION
tia-	With tottering limos that almost fall, He creeps each morning to the mail,	IN THE	WEATHER STRIP
	And hears with ever new regret,		Beats them all. This strip outwears all others. Leeps out the cold. Stop ratiling of windows. Exclude the dust. Keep out mow and rain. Asy one can apply it—no waste or dirt made in ap- plying it. Can be fitted anywhere - no holes to bors, ready for use. It will not split, warp or shrink-a cualion strip is the most perisot. At the Stove, Heater and Kange Store
	"Not yet, old man, not yet, not yet " And so he waits in silence dumb,	CRUCIBLE.	Broude the dust. Keep out mow and min. Asy
	The letter that will never come.	ORUGIDLE.	plying it. Can be fitted anywhere -no holes to
	Ah, me ! poor madman, even we Are dapes of fickle destiny :		shrink-a cushion strip is the most perfect. At
be	In coaseless hope we waiting sit,	TRADE S.S.S. MARK	-OF-
ity	For missives that were never writ. We wait to see the barvest grown,	DiDiDi	John P. Schaum & Sons,
m-	Of seed that we have never sown ;		
ng	We seek the harbor mouth to hall The vessels that will never sail.	About twenty years ago 1 discovered a little	24 SOUTH QUEEN ST.
tes	We wait to see our garner filled With fruit of fields we have not tilled.	sore on my cheek, and the doctors pronounced	LANCASTER PA
22.21	We wait in gathering stillness dumb,	it cancer. I have tried a number of physicians, but without receiving any permanent benefit.	WM. A. KIRFFER ALDUN C. HERE
. 1	-8. W. Foss, in the Detroit Free Press.	Among the number were one or two specialists.	
		The medicine they applied was like fire to the sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statemen	
	SPBOIAL VOTIUMS.	in the papers telling what S. S. S. had done for	KIEFFER & HERR,
- 1	A Fine Bit, When the proprietors of Burdock Bland Bit.	others similarly afflicted. I procured some at once. Before I had used the second bottle the	
er	When the proprietors of Burdock Blood Bu- ters put this renowned medicine on the market	neighborn could notice that my cancer was	-DEALERS IN-
	they hit is exactly. They hit dypepsis, indi- gestion, and liver and kidney compliance a hard blow, irom which they will never recover. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.	bealing up. My general health had been bad for two or three years-I had a hacking cough	T A A
	sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139	and spit blood continually. I had a severe pain	Hangafurniching Coode L
		in my breast. After taking siq bottles of 8.8.8. my cough left me and I grew stouter than I had	Housefurnishing Goods !
	A Good Thing. ' I sometimes wish I could take hold of the	been for several years. My cancer has healed	0
	' I sometimes wish I could take hold of the sale of Thomas' Eclectric Oil for I tell you it is a grand thing, and I am conscientions in antician	over all but a little spot about the size of a half dime, and is rapidly disappearing. 1 would ad.	
	grand thing and I ain conscientious in saying I could do a good work." Eev. E. F. Crane, Corry, Pa. Eclectric Oil cured this gentleman	vise every one with cancer to give 5. 8. 8. a fair	WOULD CALL SPECIAL
be	of quinsy of many years standing. For sale by H. H. Cochran, druggist, 157 and 150 Morth Queen street, Lancaster.	trial. MES. NANCY MCCUNAUGHEY, Ashe Grove, Tippecanoe, Co., Ind.	ATTENTION TO
-04	Queen street, Lancaster.	Feb. 14, 1886.	Fuller & Warren Co.'s
nd	Every Person to be a flest Success	Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and	runer & warren Co.s
lo ba	In this life must have a specialty ; that is, must concentrate the abilities of body and mind on	seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impu-	(TBOY, N. Y.)
	their specialty as a complete and radical cars of	rities from the blood. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free,	
the	dyspensis, and liver and kidney affections. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.		STOVES, HEATERS, FURNACES AND RANGES.
	North Queen street, Lancaster.	AND OTHER OPPOUND OF	
Jut	Truth Crushed to Earth. Is bound to rise. Crowd down and smother	THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,	6
ell	the truth as you may concerning Thomas' Re-	THE SWITT OF LOIT TO UV.,	"We tak no one to run any risks with "FUL- LEE & WARREN'S" Goods. We guarantee
•••	the truth as you may concerning The mounter least is the set of the facts will rise up that it is one of the best remedies for aches, sprains, and pains that has ever yet been invented. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North	DRAWER S. ATLANTA, GA.	them to give Satisfaction.
m,	by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North	Convintion Rational Results for ante at front	As a Heater "THE SPLENDID" has no rive. being a thorough hot base, no part of this stove
Int	Annen sticet, rancaster.	Arean Sentit's Specific for sale at Coch- ran's Drug Store, 137 and 139 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.	remains cold, every inch of it radiates host.
ma	"I have used Burdeck Blood Billers with great		As a Smaller and Cheaper Heater the "BEIGHT DIAMOND" has established itself in the front
	benefit for indigestion and constipation of the bowels." C. L. Easton, Hamilton, Ont. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.	GOLDAN SPECIFIC.	ranks.
	sale by H. B Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North	DRUNKENNESS	The merits of the "SPLENDID" and "BRIGHT
1	What We Want,	-OR THE-	DIAMOND" consist in Beauty of Construction, Perfect Control of Draft, Cleanliness, no Dust,
6	Give homeopath his pillets, Allopath his pills; but for rheumatism, for aches, for pains and sprains, fhomes' Keletric Oil is instably supe- rior to sither. It has benefited as many people as it has had purchasers. All druggist sell it. For sale by H. S. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.	LIQUOR HABIT POSITIVELY CURED BY	no Gas and Boonomy of Fuel.
4,	sprains, Thomas' Relectric Oil is ineffably supe-	GOLDEN BRECIFIC.	
	as it has had purchasers. All druggists sell it.	It can be given in a cup of coffee or tes with- out the knowledge of the person taking it : is	40 EAST KING ST.,
	North Queen street, Lancaster.	absolutely harmless, and will effect a perma- nent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreek. Thou-	to PVOL VILL OL
	Wonderful Cures.	moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thou- sands of drunkards have been made temperate	(OPPOSITE COUET HOUSE.)
50	W. D. Hoyt & Co, Wholesale and Retail Drug.	men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowl+dge, and to-day be-	
	Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and	lieve they guit drinking of their own free will. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once improg-	AND UBAROR.
er	never handled remedies that sell as well, or give	nated with the Specific, it becomes an utter im-	TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.
5	Wonderfai Cures. W. D. Hoyt & Co. Wholesale and Estail Drug- rists of Rome, Ga, says: We have been selling Dr. Eing's New Discovery, Slectric Eliters and Bachien's Arnica Baive for two years. Have never handled romedies that sell as well, or give such universal stainfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medi- cines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Silectric Bitters. We funanties them al ways. Sold by H. E. Cochran, Granter, Fa. (1)	moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreek. Thou- sands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today be- lieve they quit drinking of their own free will IT NEVEE FAILS. The system once impreg- nated with the Specific it becomes an utter im- possibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For sale by CHAE.A. LOCHER, Drungist, No. 9 East King Street, Lancester, Fa. april-194Tu TheS	
	Consumption have been entirely cured by use	april-lydTu Thas	Trust, Safe Deposit and Title
	taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We	E SHAUSTED VITALITY.	
	Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lan		Insurance Company,
	Hothers 1 Hothers 11 Hothers 11	EXHAUSTED VITALITY	OF READING, PA.
	Are you disturbed at night and broken of men-	THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical	CAPITAL (Full Paid) \$250,000.
"	the excreciating pain of cutting testh ? If an	THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Mervous and Physical Debility, Promature Dealine, Errors of	CHARTER PERPETUAL
4	TO AL ONCE AND RELA DOLLA OF MEA. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYEUP. It will relieve the poor	thereon. to pages Svo. 15 prescriptions for all	GEORGE BROOKE, PRESIDENT. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, VICE PRESIDENT.
	little samer inmediately-depend upon it : there	Payriest Debility, Promature Desilins, Birtors of Iverta, and the unicold minories consequent discover, the payre pro- important for all discover, the payre pro- imated instructive sample rive to all found and middle-used mess for the next W dayr. Address DE W. Z. FALLERE, I Builtank Sirver, Boston, Base. wylf-lysodd w	M. T. KENDALL, TREASURER AND BECRETARY.
	is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tail	DE. W. H. PALLE BE, & Builings Street, Boston,	WALTER M. FRANKLIN, TRUST OFFICER FOR LANCASTER COUNTY.
- 1	you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and	Bash. By17-19406.5 W	DISAUTORA
. 1	give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the shild, operating like magic. It is perfectly	SAFE, SURE AND SPEEDY CURE	GEORGE BROOKE. H. M. NORTH.
	and is the prescription of one of the oldest and	of etilast ser they be humbugged by quasts	ROBERT H. COLEMAN, R. T. LEAF, THOS. S. MERRITT, W. D. SMITH,
- 10	best female physicians and nurses in the United	LAS PETRONAN IN Philadelphia who makes a	CYRUS G. DERR, J. M. CHEETMAN,
	States. Sold everywhere. Si cents a bottle.	Tame 1 Outers Gellantrans. Advice Free day	GEO. D. STITZEL, D. R. MILLER, A. B. GRUSS.
1	Astive, Pushing and Reliable,	tura home same day. Offices private	EXECUTES TRUSTS OF EVERY KIND.
	Active, Fushing and Reinshin, H. R. Cookran, Druggist, M and 10 Horth Queen street, Labourier, PA, can always be re- led upon to sarry in stock the parent and best prode, and smalls the reputation of being an- tre, pushing and milable, by recommending ritches will established farms and gueb ab- rise popular. Having the agency for semenar- tion, colds and compare, will shall for a positive parantee. It will surely ours any and in order design of thread, usage, work chain and in order design of thread, we hat you to dail and gue a read Bother Trac.	GAFF, SURE AND SPEEDY CURE Captors Varioosis and Special Diseases relief at the bolt of the second by curate when you can still be Dr. Write the only Ranv- tas Preventar in Pullaceptin who only have a previous of the shows diseases, and Corns from to come of the shows diseases, and corns for the shows diseases, and corns into the shows diseases, and corns into the shows diseases, and corns and sympton the shows diseases, and corns of the shows diseases, and corns and sympton the shows diseases, and the shows diseases, and corns and sympton the shows diseases, and the shows disease diseases, and and the shows diseases, and and the	
	led upon to carry in stock the purset and best	lequilive	Sanctioned by the Courts of Lansanter County
1	ive, pushing and reliable, by recommending	10	to receive the appointment of Exervice, A4- ministrator, Guardian, Assignes, Ecceiver, and Trustee within asid County. Insuran Truto to hast Esiste and Mortanges.
	are popular. Having the agency for the cate	To WEAK WEN	Insume Trrue to Heal Belate and Mortgages.
	ion, colds and coughe, will sell it on a positive		
	Settion of throat, lungs, and chest, and in order	Suffering from the effects of youthful errors,	Isvnersers made and interest collected with-
	Friel Bottle Free.	ete. (will send a valashis treaties (sealt d) con-	WALTER M. FRANKLIN,
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