WHAT STATESMEN EAT. Hund VISIT BY LETTER TO THE CAPITOL RESTAURANTS.

Some Brend and Milk and Many, Very Many, Are Devoted to Plo-The Country Man's Aversion Cream.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 8.—Statesmen are human, and, being liftman, must eat. Perhaps we shall find something to interest us for a moment by stepping into the dining room most frequented by law makers. Over the door is a sign:

FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

But we don't stop for that. No one cea. We walk in, and find a sundry does. We walk in, and mind and usually pretty civil assortment of statesmen sitting round the tables, eat-



A TEMPERANCE STATESMAN AT LUNCH. ing and drinking. There is quite as uch drinking as eating, for bottles of beer and wine are everywhere to be seen. Of course there are temperance men in congress, temperance men who are teetotalers here as well as at home; but there are others who pose as prohibition-its in the districts which they represent, and in Washington drink like fishes. One of the first things that attracts our attention as we enter is a little scene in the far room, devoted to the use of ladies. There sits a well known prohibition statesman sipping wine with a femi-nine friend. The pair are evidently out for a good time, for the sparkle of the wine is already to be seen in their eyes, and there is a bottle in the cooler which

has not yet been opened.

Congressmen complain that the air in the hall of the house is dry and arid; that there is something in it which causes thirst. However this may be, the fact remains that a surprising number of them have their bottles of beer before them. A few drink wine, but only a few. The average congressman does not drink wine when he has to buy it himself. The average congressman counts the cost of things, because he has to. Living is at best an expensive thing in Washington. I know newspaper men who have incomes exceeding a congressman's salary, and they can't save a cent. How the congressman who has no in-come but his salary—and that is all the majority have-manage to make both ends meet after paying election expenses and entertaining their constituents, is more than I can understand.

There is a law, or, what is the same thing, a joint resolution of Congress, forbidding the sale of liquor in the Capitol. But, goodness knows, that law is a dead letter. One may have served him as much beer, wine and whisky in either the house or senate restaurant as he cares to drink or pay for. Nor does he



need call for "cold tea" when he wants whisky, as in the old days. The waiter brings him a cute little caraffe containing a good sized drink, and the customer pours it out and gulps it down. Every one knows it is whisky-there is no dis guise about it-though nobody pays any attention. Though there is plenty of liquor and plenty of drinking in the Capitol, it must be said for the statesmen that they drink in moderation. During this whole winter I have seen but one member of congress on the floor in a state of intoxication, and this one gets drunk about three times a week with painful regularity. In the senate there are two statesmen who habitually drink more liquor than is good for them, but only two. Congress is a pretty sober

The average law maker usually breakfasts at 9 o'clock and spends an hour or two with his mail or in visiting the dopartments before going to the Capitol. He generally arrives at the scene of his labors at 11 or 11:30, unless there is a committee meeting which he must attend. Then he appears an hour earlier. Between 12 and 2 o'clock he goes down to the basement to get his lunch. The luncheon brings together congenial spirits. Gossip, anecdote and badinage are plentiful over the ale and oysters. Here and there a pair of congressional dromios may be seen together. Some of these good friends lunch together every day of their lives. Every day several lunch parties are formed upstairs, and when one of these coteries gathers about a table and sauce their food with wit and story the cares of statesmanship and some times even dignity itself are forgotten. The sons of War Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and of Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, may often be seen lunching together, as may any number of southern "brigadiers" and ex-generals of the

Federal army. As likely as not McKinley, the apostle of the protective tariff, will be seen sharing a bottle of ale with Roger Q. Mills. One armed Oates, of Alabama, chief of the anti-election law forces, is hobnobbing with Mr. Lodge, champion of the proposed legislation. Speaker Reed is at table, and in merry converse with two or three of the Democrats who but lately were denouncing him as a despot and usurper. The lunch rooms of the Capitol not only satisfy the cravings of nature, but soften many of the asperities of pub lic life, cement friendships, avert enmities. Over there in the corner, blending ice cream and strawberries with their conversation, are two men who were up stairs twenty minutes ago, metaphorically and rhetorically tearing each other to

"Do you think they will fight a duel?" asked a stranger in the house gallery the other day, when Congressmen Rogers and Kelley were savagely attacking each other in debate.

"No," replied a veteran observer, "they will probably go down stairs and split a small bottle."

modestly. Uysters on the shell or roasted are prime favorites. Bread and milk is another popular dish. Four famous bread and milk eaters are rising Jim Morse, of Massachusetts; Cogswell, of the same state; Barnes, the Georgia heavy weight; Farmer Funston, of Kansas. Half-and-half, a mixture of cream and milk, is often called for, and occasionally a dish of pure cream; but the proprietor of the restaurant points out to us the interesting fact that it is always the city and never the rural member who wants cream.

who wants cream.

The man from the farm has been educated in a school of domestic economy which teaches that eating cream is waste-fulness, since cream makes butter, and butter can be sold, and milk will take butter can be sold, and milk will take
the place of cream, why not est milk?
Therefore milk it is for the farm boy
or farm man—milk in his coffee, milk
on his fruit, milk with his catmeal or
rice. An old philosopher of my acquaintance says if this drinking of milk
in the country and consumption of cream
in the cities goes on for a hundred or two
hundred years the people of the cities



STATESMEN AT THE PIE COUNTER. will become so superior to those of the country in brawn and brain that the latter will be in danger of falling into serfdom. This is an extreme view.

Pie is also a prime favorite with hungry statesmen. It is more than a luxury —it is a staple. If the supply of pie in the Capitol restaurants were to be sud-denly cut off, I fancy the shock to con-gressional nerves would throw the wheels of legislation out of gear. To see pie eating in its highest state of development one does not need to go down stairs to the dining room. In certain little alcoves and shadowy nooks of the main corridor of the old Capitol—nooks whose echoes are of the days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun and John Quincy Adams—is the art of pie biting practiced to perfection. Here come great statesmen to eat pie and doughnuts and drink milk, all served by a solemn old woman who has been in the very spot and self same pie business for a quarter of a century. At this rude counter one may see such men as Speaker Reed, Judge Payson, Cabot Lodge, R. R. Hitt, Roswell P. Flower, Julius Cæsar Burrows, McKinley, Judge Reed of Iowa, "Billy" Mason, Frank Lawler, ex-Speaker Carlisle, W. D. Bynum, Ben Butterworth and Tom Bayne standing side by side and devouring pie and milk with railroad station eating celerity and unconventionality.

There are some secrets about the manner in which statesmen eat. For instance, in the house of representatives are a half dozen or more men who are never seen in the restaurant nor at the old woman's pie counter. If you want to know how these men lunch you must go down into their committee rooms, where, in a secluded corner, they may be found opening a snug little basket put up at home by the hands of their good wives. These are men who find it almost impossible to live on their congressional salaries, and who are forced to economize in any way they can.



TAKING LUNCH IN HIS SEAT.

Occasionally in the house itself one may see a man like Judge Holman eating from his desk, meanwhile watching with eagle eye the proceedings going on about him-proceedings in which he takes such lively interest that he cannot spare the time to go out to eat. WALTER WELLMAN.

A PRESIDENT IN THE WILDERNESS. Searching for President Arthur in the

Wilds of Yellowstone Park.

[Special Corresponder OMAHA, May 8 .- The shooting and hunting trips of President Harrison never extend beyond one week. President Cleveland spent an entire month during his term of office fishing among the lakes of the Adirondacks. President Arthur took the most elaborate sporting vacation, spending nearly six weeks in the heart of the Rocky mountains, hundreds of miles from all civilization, in the early wilderness of the picturesque Yellowstone park. The year was 1883. The wonderful land of the great geysers was not as accessible as it is now, for the railway did not run to the mammoth hot springs as it does today. It was midsummer, but the peaks of the Rocky

mountains were topped with snow. The president of the United States, with Gen. Phil Sheridan. Secretary of War Lincoln, Surrogate Rollins, of New York, and Schuyler Crosby, governor of Montana, and a body guard of United States regulars, had gone to the wilderness for a summer outing. They had entered the country from Cheyenne on the Union Pacific, and had journeyed at the rate of about fifty miles a day. A group of newspaper men had entered the park from the Northern Pacific, coming through Montana and Idaho.

One morning a guide came upon our camp and reported the president but thirty miles away. Three of our party, John La Sage, of The London Telegraph; E. G. Dunnell, of The New York Times and myself, mounted our horses and away we dashed. That night we came upon the distinguished group. Mr. Arthur had not seen a human face other than his few companions for a month. You may be sure that he gave us cordial welcome. At once we were his guests. A camp fire was built and we lay on the ground around it. A little band separated from the outside world by the great Rockies; chief among them the president of sixty millions of people, the simplest and quietest of the little coterie.

I think I see him now, this roughly dressed, manly gentleman, lying on his blanket in his coarse flannel shirt, gazing up to the pure white stars of heaven throbbing in their violet skies, and chat-ting pleasantly with his three unex-rected visitors. He was weeks away

trom communication with the capital, and yet the government at Washington moved placidly.

I shall never forget that night, nor the

courtesy which followed, when Gen. Sheridan sent an orderly to our tent early in the morning and offered us the services of a guide and a couple of sol-diers to escort us over Mount Washburn, the highest passable peak of the range.
FREDERICK W. WHITE.

Espionage of the Irish Police.

NEW YORK, May 8.—There are 13,000 policemen in Ireland today—one officer to 346 persons, largely little children and men and women of advanced years. These policemen are the sons of Irish farmers and they are cordially hated by the people. To such a degree is this hatred carried that recently the police in Tipperary were unable to buy food and were forced to open up a depot of supplies. The close espionage to which the Irishmen are subjected is exasperating to the last degree. Sometimes, however, the "bobbies" are outwitted, to the intense delight of Pat. Not long since a ionage of the Irish Police intense delight of Pat. Not long since a certain blacksmith of Queenstown, who is locally known as Dr. O'Toole, was visited by a Mr. Ford, of Chicago.

It appears that when Ford landed on Irish soil a satchel which he carried attracted the attention of the police. They suspected that it contained dynamite or firearms. O'Toole and Ford started to visit the rock of Cashel, and a detective was sent along in the railway carriage to watch the satchel. When the party arrived at the railway station nearest the rock of Cashel they got into "jingle" to continue the journey. The bobby" got in, too. They had ridden for several miles, the officer's eyes being fastened upon the satchel all the time, and O'Toole and Ford enlivening the way with songs and laughter, when the patience of the detective became ex-hausted and he said:

"Yez'll not go another fut o' the way 'til I see fwhat's in that bag!"
"G'out!" exclaimed O'Toole; "d'ye take us fur thaves, ye blaggard? Faix, if I had me way the 13,000 o' ye peelers 'ud be sunk in the say whin I'd scuttle Ire-

land! But devil take yer impidence; luk at the bar!" The officer took the satchel with a look of greedy expectation. He fumbled with the lock and when the bag fell open he found—a bundle of paper collars and au empty whisky flask! E. J.

How "Uncle Remus" Looks. ATLANTA, Ga., May 8 .- Joel Chandler Harris-Uncle Remus-is a very modest man. Of middle height, with a form well padded with adipose tissue; with a scholarly stoop, of the complexion called "sandy;" with a stubbly red mustache; with dreamy gray blue eyes, a good brow, a mouth which combines sweetness and courage, and an awkward gait -such is, as near as description may paint him, Joel Chandler Harris, whose name has become to the south "familiar in the mouth as household words."

His face, rather heavy in repose, needs but the flint flash of conversation to light up and transfigure it. The eyes which were dull with abstraction sparkle with a wonderful fire; the sensitive mouth betrays the thought before the lips have formed it; the brows rise and fall, expand or frown with each emotion. When I first saw Joel Chandler Harris

I was not impressed with his personality. But the feeling of disappointment vanished when I heard him talk. I forgot the rather homely face, I no longer remarked the rather awkward stoop which long labor over manuscript has given Mr. Harris is an indefatigable worker,

as all men of real genius are, and is now engaged in the preparation of his forthto be the culmination of his rare tive and pathetic powers. Daily he may be found at his desk in The Constitution editorial rooms, and the evenings he de-votes to his novel. War Johnson.

A STATE WITHOUT A CENT.

Prentice Mulford Writes of the Expansive Methods of Trade in California.

[Special Correspondence] SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.-California still refuses to take coppers. They turn up their noses at cents. Nothing goes under a nickel. When incidentally and accidentally I have offered here some pennies brought from the east I have felt humiliated at the lofty air which accompanied their rejection. It said as plainly as words: "Here is a narrow, stingy, picayunish easterner, fresh from the constrained, one horse pastures of Connecticut, and not at all up to our broad, breezy,

expansive way of doing business."

The Californians, you know, don't bother with that sort of change," was the remark made at one of these refusals.

"How long have you been in California?" I asked.

"Eight years." I meditated. I came to this state in 1856 and remained until 1870. I saw the state in her flush days. Here was a man eight years in California looking down at me from his lofty perch of ex-perience. "He a Californian!" said Scorn. "Yes, a Californian," said Common Sense-"as good as you are. What though you were out here in the 'early days' and saw it all? Is it any credit to you? Are you any better for it than he is? Only you're angry because he won't take you're contemptible little coppers.'

So I carried at last my coppers to the postoffice and humbly exchanged them for two cent stamps, and felt somewhat relieved because the general government was not above taking its own money in

California. But California today wants money as much as Connecticut. California with all her immense resources is in some respects poorer than Connecticut, California prices for provisions, clothing, etc., are as low as eastern prices. California today is not the California of 1855, when the miner was slinging his buckskin full of gold dust wildly about, paying for poor whisky fifty and twenty-five cents a rink, and foolishly imagining that besuse the place had given him a few housands in gold it was inexhaustible. alifornia is a land of wonderful possibilities and immense resources. should be the richest state in the Union. She will be in time. But she needs the cent in her daily currency as much as

does the opulent city of New York. You may here in the course of a day want half a dozen small items, which in the east can be bought for a cent or two. When here you shovel out your nickel every time; you find it a great factor in melting away your daily pocket allowance. Result, it checks trade. People do not buy as they do in eastern cities.

If you want a sheet of paper or a single envelope you must plank down your five cents for it. If you buy matches you must buy five cents' worth and pack a cord about with you. You must buy five cents' worth of candy or none at all. The cent stick of candy, the cent or two cent apple, the cent cake, tart or roll at the baker's, the cent or two cent or three cent anything are here impossibilities.

I notice that in the world's great centers of commerce like London, Paris and New York do you find the smallest subdivisions of circulating currency.

Now, as to some results. In New York city the Italian's fruit stand is seen on almost every other block. In San Francisco it is hardly seen at all. And California is the fruit persons of

the United States. The Italian's retail fruit business in New York is, in the aggregate, an immense trade. Many is the ton sold daily from those corner stands. It depends mainly on the one, two and three cent sales; knock the penny out and the business would be ruined. Therefore is not the despised copper in the hands of boys and girls as well as grown up people a means of putting and keeping in circulation a great deal of cash every day? If I can buy twenty small articles with \$1 instead of \$10, for the reason that I can by means of a small currency cut that dollar up into twenty pieces instead of ten, is not that dollar when capable of such that dollar when capable of such division worth more to me? You are charged here fifteen cents at some houses for a glass of beer if you are unwise for a glass of beer if you are unwise enough to lay down a quarter of a dol-lar. That is at the rate of a "bit" a drink. A "bit" is either ten or fifteen cents. A "long bit" is fifteen cents. A "short bit" is ten cents. People who put on style here and do the magnificent and wish to stand well in the estimation of wish to stand well in the estimation of the bar keeper seldom proffer a "short bit" for a drink. No. They lay down their quarter every time and the bar keeper calmly shoves ten cents back, which the customer pockets, and his reputation is intact. In this way a princely man can pay sixty cents for four glasses of lager if he doesn't do some

short bit business. The daily paper here is five cents. a result, you see in the street car and ferry boat nothing to compare with the newspaper reading by the masses while in transit from shop or store to their homes as in New York, where everybody's nose is buried in a paper when going from or returning to their homes, which they buy for one and two cents.

The entire sentiment on which this royal contempt for small currency is based always was a humbug. The miner of the flush times after living a few years where a dime was the lowest coin in circulation raked out of the soil a few thousand dollars. He went with it to his eastern home, turned up his nose at coppers, spent his money, came back for more, in most cases never got it, and lived on bread, beans and bacon in a abin which his eastern friends wouldn't take as a hen coop. He was the man

above coppers. It seems to me a bit of ridiculous old "49" pride and usage, as ridiculous as a French door key, which must weigh nearly half a pound because all ancient door keys weighed near half a pound. Or the English railway persistency in re-fusing to check baggage and tumbling it out on the platform for you to select your plunder the best way you can, because such has ever been the custom and inconvenience. PRENTICE MULFORD.

THE MAKING OF ILLUSTRATIONS. An Art That Will Prosper Only by the

Use of Proper Methods. The history of engraving has not been a record of continuous and uninterrupted progress. There have been periods of advancement and periods of reaction-eras when pictures outranked print in popular esteem, and other cras when the people would have none of them. For the backward strides as well as the ones forward the engravers were themselves chiefly responsible. When they did good work they were held in respect, and the market for their efforts was only limited by their capability of production.



GLADSTONE, ZINC PROCESS.

Naturally, the demand brought supply, but it brought also evil and disas ter. Seeing the profitable field spread out before them for occupancy, a horde of pretenders rushed in to share the emoluments of trained artists and conscientious workers. As a result the print shops and bookstalls speedily filled up with specimens of engraving not only mediocre but absolutely atrocious; th buyers closed their purses, the interest in illustrations languished, and it took a generation or two of patient, almost unrecognized, toil to secure a new standard of excellence, and a fresh recognition from the public.

This has been, in large measure, the recurrent history of engraving since the first woodcut left the artist's hands early in the Fifteenth century, and it seems fair and timely to inquire whether or not another of the periodical crises is now impending. Although the demand for illustrations has reached larger proportions than ever before known, it does not seem that the old time collapse is to follow, for the reason that the call for pictures is legitimate and is meeting with a legitimate response. If harm is to ensue at all, it will be because of the unwise use of methods to accomplish ends. A process that is an admirable medium for producing maps, diagrams, charts, architectural designs and the like, may not be of the slightest value in the proper presentation of a portrait, and, of course, ought to be used only within the limits of actual availability. The danger, if any exists, lies in the unwise tendency to go beyond these



GLADSTONE, CHALK PROCESS. (Made in 1 hour 45 minutes.)

Undoubtedly the most excellent results yet obtained in the way of newspaper illustration have been by means of photozine etching, a process brought to the highest limit of present discoverable attainment by Mr. S. H. Horgan, chief of the bureau of illustration of the American Press Association. Many of the admirable cuts that have appeared in this

paper are the work of artists employed in his department. Some time ago The Journalist, of New

York city, inaugurated a discussion of the relative merits of the chalk and since processes. From the columns of that paper are reproduced two specimen heads of Gladstone. Each is by an acknowledged expert in his line, and a comparison of the two will show easily which system is the better and more likely to gain and keep for engraving a permanent and honorable position.

A \$3,600 COUNTRY HOUSE. An Elegant Home That Cannot Fall to

This design is that of a residence built in the suburbs of New, York, for a family of means. The building stands on an eminence, with the ground sloping from the house in all directions, which, with the broken gables, broad verands and porch, judicious arrangement of the windows, etc., give a very attractive and picturesque appearance to the building—quite in contrast to the old fashioued mansard and hip roofs so common in the rural districts. The plan is a convenient one, and comprises a hall, dining room and large library, separated from the front parlor by sliding doors, which can be kept open and closed at pleasure. At the rear of the house are the kitchen, back stairs, pantry, storaroom, and back porch, with steps leading to



In the second story there are three good sed chambers, bathroom, small bedroom, staircase halls, attic stairway and a goodly number of closets, which are considered essential by the accomplished housewife. The attic contains two bedrooms and a

large storeroom and two closets. The cellar extends under the entire house. The rooms in the attic are hard finished on one coat of brown mortar and well season lath. The side walls and ceilings of all other rooms and closets are hard finished on two coats of brown mortar; neat center pieces are placed in the hall, parlor, dining room and library. The chimneys are of hard brick, laid in lime mortar to the roof, from



thence in cement mortar. The range open-ing and facings of brest of chimney are laid in pressed brick neatly penciled; the opening is spanned by a rubbed bluestone lintel. The openings of all other fireplaces are built of hard brick, the openings spanned by 11/4x3

wrought iron bars.

The roofs, gables and portions of the outside walls are shingled over water proof paper and 36 surfaced sheathing boards. The entire side walls of the lower story and portions of the lower story and portions. with 6 inch beveled white pine siding; slashings, linings of gutters, valleys and roofs of verandas are covered with M. F. tin.

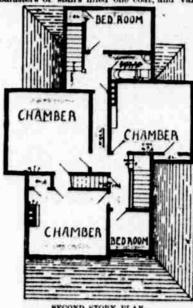


FIRST STORY PLAN.

The floor of attic is of dry 1/4x4 tongued and grooved spruce; the floors of veranda and porch of 1½ white pine; all other floors of ½x3 yellow pine, blind nailed. The kitchen, bathroom and pantry, treads and risers of front and back stairs, of yellow pine. All other inside woodwork of white wood.

The woodwork of kitche and pentry filled.

The woodwork of kitchen and pantry filled nd varnished in natural color of wood. The woodwork of hall and dining room stained to imitate antique oak, finish of parlor and library stained mahog woodwork of bathroom and stairs finished same as kitchen, all other inside woodwork painted two coats. The newels, rails and alusters of stairs filled one coat, and var-



nished three coats, rubbed smooth. Hard wood mantels and grates to match woodwork of the rooms where they are placed. Outside blinds to all except cellar windows. The plumbing is of good quality, and in keeping with the finish of the bouse. The building is heated by a furnace.

ESTIMATE OF COST. Nason work
Carpenter work
Parhing
Painting
Mantels and grates The Indians Expecting a Messiah.

The Indians of Tongue River agency. Montana, out of their ancient superstitions and a crude idea of Christianity gained from missionaries, have evolved Messiah of their own. Their medicine men assert that this spiritual leader is white, that he lives in the mountains, and that he is soon to come forth to de stroy the pale faces and restore the Indians to supremacy on the American continent. He has sears on his hands and eet and a spear wound in his side. The excitement over the expected advent of a red men's redeemer is so great that troops have been detailed to watch de-velopments and avert trouble.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Scrofula in Children.

"In the early part of 1837 scrofula appeared on the head of my little grandchild, then only 18 months old. Shortly after breaking out it spread rapidly all over her body. The scabs on the sores would peal off on the slightest touch, and the odor that would arise would make the atmosphere of the room sickening and unbearable. The disease next attacked the eyes and we feared she would lose her sight. Eminent physicians of the country were committed, but could do nothing to relieve the little innocent, and gave it as their opinion, that the case was hopeless and impossible to save the child's eyesight. It was then that we decided to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) That medicine at once made a speedy and complete cure. For more than a year past she has been as healthy as any child in the land,"

MRS. HUTH BERELEY, Selma, Kansas, Cancer of the Nose. Cancer of the Nose.

Cancer of the Nose.

In 1875 a sore appeared on my nose, and grew rapidly. As my lather had cancer, and my husband died of it, I became slarmed and consulted my physician. His treatment did no good, and the sore grew larger and worse in every way, until I was personaded to take 8, 8, 8,, and a few bottles cared me. This was after all the doctors and other medicines had failed. I have had no return of the cancer.

Woodbury, Hall County, Texas, Treatise on Cancer mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga. o28-lyd (i)

MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS,

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S -CELEBRATED-LIVER PILLS!

SICK HEADACHE

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, No. 278 Seventh street, N. Y., testify that they have both been suffering with liver complaint for about five years, during which time they have spent a large amount of money and tried many remedies, but to no purpose. Finally, hearing of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pilis, prepared by Fieming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa., they purchased four boxes, which they took according to the directions accompanying each box, and new pronounce themselves perfectly cured of that distressing disease.

nounce themselves perfectly cured of that dis-tressing disease.

This is to certify that I have been subject at times to severe headache; sometimes the pain would be so severe I could rest neither day or night. Hearing of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pit's-burg, Pa., I went and got a box, of which I took two pills on going to bed, for two nights. They relieved me entirely. Some time has now clapsed and I have had no more trouble from sick headache.

clussed and I have had no more trouble from sick headache.

M. JOHNSTON, 118 Lewis street, N. Y. This is to certify that I have had the liver complaint for six years, and I never could get any medicine to help me until I commenced using the genuine Dr. C. McLanc's Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. I can now say to the public, that they have completely cured me; and I do hereby recommend them to all persons afflicted with a diseased liver. Try them. They will cure.

MARIA EVANS, No. 86 Lewisstreet, N. Y. Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLanc's Liver Pills, preparece by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price 26 cents a box. Sold by all druggists.

(3)

VETERINARY SPECIFICS For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs AND POULTRY 500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC NO. 28.

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for NERVOUS DEBLITY, VITAL WEAK-NESS, and Prostration, from Over-Work of other causes. \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder for \$5.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt080f price.—HUMPHREYS MEDICINE CO., 1 Fulton St., N. Y. june27-Th, S&W

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhes, Impotency and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Buck, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.

For particulars in our pamphiet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at 51 per package or six packages for 56, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.

On account of counterfeits, we have adopted
the Yeilow Wrapper; the only genuine,
Sold in Lancaster, Pa., by W. T. Hoch.
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PEETHING SYRUP.

TO MOTHERS.

Every babe should have a bottle of DR, FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphia mixtures. Will releve Colle, Griping in the Bowels and Promote Difficult Teething. Prepared by DRS, D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md. Pruggists sell it; 25 cents. Trial bottle sent by mail 10 cents. tant-lydeod&w

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UNDEVELOPED PARTS
Of the Human Body Enisrged, Developed,
Strengthened, etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of
humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested
persons may get scaled circulars giving all particulars, by writing to the ERIE MEDICAL
CO., 5 Swan St., Buffalo, N. Y.—Duily Toledo
Bee.

f!!-lyd&w CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inci-dent to a billions state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nacsea, Prowsiness, Distress after Eatling, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILIS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. others do not.

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and \$22. and \$22.

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