

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1891.

No. 36.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge.—Hon. James McSherry.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.
Orphan's Court.
Judges.—Geo. W. Shank, Geo. Koogle, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—Eugene L. Derr, David Fisher, Josiah Englar, John P. Jones, Jonathan Biser.
Sheriff.—Otho J. Gaver.
Tax Collector.—Isaac M. Fisher.
Surveyor.—William H. Hickey.
School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Rutzahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner.—Glenn H. Worthington.
Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public.—Paul Motter.
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Jas. F. Hickey, Joshua Hobbs.
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
Constables.—W. P. Nunemaker, Abraham Hahn.
School Trustees.—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, Jos. A. Myers.
Bargains.—William G. Blair.
Town Commissioners.—Joseph Snouffer, Jas. O. Hopp, J. Thos. Gelwicks, P. D. Lawrence, James A. Elder, Michael Hoke.
Town Constable.—Wm. P. Nunemaker.
Tax Collector.—John F. Hopp.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor.—Rev. Luther DeYoe. Services every Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7:30 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7:30 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock, p. m.
Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Heilmann. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock.
Presbyterian Church.
Pastor.—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning service at 10:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, a. m.
St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic).
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock, a. m., Vespers 5 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor.—Rev. J. E. F. Gray. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School 1:30 o'clock, p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 3 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Arrive.
Through from Baltimore 11:10, a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:30, p. m., Hagerstown, 7:15, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:15, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:16, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:00, p. m.
Depart.
Baltimore, Way 8:10, a. m., Mechanics-town and Hagerstown, 8:35, p. m., Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:10, a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:10, a. m., Baltimore, (closed) 2:35, p. m., Frederick, 2:35, p. m., Motter's, and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:35, p. m., Gettysburg, 8:00, a. m.
Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massicot Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Prophet, E. M. Klimentz; Cashier, M. F. Shuff; Sen. Sag, Jos. D. Caldwell; Jun. Sag, J. D. Hickey; C. of R. No. 1, E. A. Eichelberger; K. of W., W. G. L. Gillian; Geo. T. Gelwicks, Wm. Morrison and E. C. Wenschhoff Trustees; Jno. W. Reigle, Representative.
Emerald Beneficial Association.
F. A. Adelsberger, President; Vice-President, Jno. Byrne; Secretary, Geo. Seybold; Treasurer, Jno. M. Stouter. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in F. A. Adelsberger's building, West main street.
Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, S. N. McNair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Friley; Officer of the Guard, Albert Dotterer; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel Gamble, Joseph Frame and John A. Baker; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Friley; Alternate, Harvey G. Winter.
Vigilant Hose Company No. 1.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres., V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Jeremiah Donoghue; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., Wm. B. Ogil.
Firemen's and Mechanics' Building and Loan Association.—President, James F. Hickey; Vice-President, J. M. Kerrigan; Secretary, T. C. Seltzer; Treasurer, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Directors, George L. Shaffer, Jos. A. Baker, F. A. Adelsberger, Jos. V. Tyson, Daniel R. Gelwicks, H. G. Boam, Jas. F. Hickey, Thos. C. Seltzer, J. M. Kerrigan, Geo. T. Gelwicks.
Citizens' Building Association.—Pres., V. E. Rowe; Vice-Prest., M. Hoke; Sec., E. A. Adelsberger; Treas., Paul Motter; Directors, F. A. Adelsberger, Jno. T. Long, Jas. O. Hopp, M. Hoke, Paul Motter, V. E. Rowe, Jos. E. Hoke, Jas. F. Hickey.
Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, I. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.

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MECHANICSTOWN, MD.



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EMMITSBURG, at the Emmit House—On Friday of each week.
UNION BRIDGE—The First and Third Monday of each month. junel2y

Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. Being the State's Attorney for the County does not interfere with my attending to civil practice. see 9-1f.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.
NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.
This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. Terms—Board and Tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior. mar15-f.

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These instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and up on their excellence alike have attained an

UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE
Which establishes them as unequalled in TONE,
TOUCH,
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DURABILITY.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 years.
SECOND HAND PIANOS.
A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated

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Prices and terms to suit all purchasers.
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STOP. LOOK.

I have just received a large lot of PURE ALL RYE WHISKEYS for harvest and medicinal purposes, distilled by the well-known William Foust, at Glen Rock, York county, Pa., whose distillery was established in 1836. This Whiskey has no equal and is absolutely pure. Doctors recommend it as the best for medicinal purposes. Have high and low prices. Give me a call before buying elsewhere and be convinced. feb 7-1f
GEO. GINGELL.

—CALL ON—
GEO. T. EYSTER,
—AND—
See his splendid stock of
GOLD & SILVER,
Key & Stem-Winding
WATCHES.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF FREDERICK COUNTY, DECEMBER TERM, 1890.

In the matter of the sale of the Real Estate of William Peoples, deceased. Ordered by the Orphans' Court of Frederick County, this 10th day of January, A. D. 1891, that the sale of the Real Estate of William Peoples, late of Frederick County, deceased, this day reported to this Court by his executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 9th day of February, A. D. 1891, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Frederick County, Md., for three successive weeks prior to the said 9th day of February, 1891.

The Executor reports the sale of the said Real Estate for the gross sum of Nine hundred and two dollars and fifty cents, (\$902.50)

GEORGE W. SHANK, GEO. KOOGLE, BEN. G. FITZHUGH, Judges of the Orphans' Court.

Test: HAMILTON LINDSAY, Register of Wills for Frederick County, Md. Jan 16-4f

R. A. RAGER,
LATE COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR FREDERICK COUNTY
Offers his professional services to those desirous of having surveys neatly and accurately made. Abstracts of title from 1798 to the present time made when desired. Information in general concerning lands in this county furnished upon application. Historical and Genealogical Investigations a Specialty. Office corner Second and Court Sts., Frederick, Md. Lock Box 173. Jan 30-6m

FACTS! FACTS! FACTS!
Unclaimed Money and Estates.

MONEY AND ESTATES AWAITING DISTRIBUTION AMONG ABSENT HEIRS.
IT IS an undoubted, interesting, and important fact, that, during recent years, the number of properties and sums of money awaiting distribution among missing heirs and legatees are rapidly on the increase. Recognizing this fact I have for some years past engaged to a limited extent in the investigation of such matters, in which I have had great success. I therefore offer my services to those who believe that they are entitled to participate in the distribution of money or estates. All Correspondence Confidential. No charge unless successful. Call on or address R. A. RAGER, Office corner 2nd and Court Streets, P. O. Box 173. FREDERICK, MD.

NEW CONFECTIONERY.
HAVING opened a Confectionery Store in the room recently occupied by Jos. K. Hays, with an entirely

NEW STOCK OF GOODS.
I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. My stock is just fresh from the factory and consists of all kinds of

CANDIES, FRUITS, NUTS, TOYS, Etc.
Have the largest and most complete

Stock of Confectionery
every shown in Emmitsburg and am prepared to furnish

Schools, Parties, Private families
etc., at shortest notice. Have also a large stock of

CANNED GOODS
and sell
WM. H. BIGGS & BRO'S. CELEBRATED FLOUR.
M. E. ADELSBERGER,
Dec. 14-1889.

PAUL MOTTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
EMMITSBURG, MD.

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S'PRISIN' LIZA.

John Hardhack was a rough, close-fisted tiller of the soil, and had become quite well-to-do through hard and constant toil. The only tender spot about him was his buckskin purse.

To hit him there would make him squirm, you could not hurt him worse. A ragged suit of army clothes had served him many years. In vain his wife had begged him to dress decently, with tears. But one day, when he went to town, he took a notion to invest a dozen dollars in a bran new suit all through.

"I'll bet nine dollars I'll s'prise Eliza" chuckled he. "Thar ain't no insects on ye now, old feller, no sir-ee! Wall, du 'em up, and be darned quick about it, tu," he said. "Fer I've got nineteen cows tu milk afore I go tu bed."

He jumped into the wagon, put his bundle on the seat, and sent the old mare homeward at a gait 'twas hard to beat; The shades of night were falling fast as out of town there passed. A man who muttered softly "I'll s'prise Eliza Jane at last!"

And when he reached the river that ran close beside his house, He stopped his horse and listened, all was quiet as a mouse. Said he, "I guess I'd better shuck myself evenin' right here and now. It's a darn queer p'ceedin'!" but I'll s'prise her anyhow!"

So one by one his garments old he pulled off with a grin, And as the river ran so close he calmly tossed them in; Then, as he gave the last old rag a sort of farewell flirt, He stood up clothed in rectitude and a short cotton shirt.

"Now, presto change!" he gayly cried, and reached for his new clothes. They were not there! He was surprised as you may well suppose. He searched the wagon o'er and o'er, and crawled beneath the seat.

It was in vain. His language I would rather not repeat. The night wind seemed to snicker as it dallied with his brief And simple costume, while he stood and shivered like a leaf, At last he grimly muttered as he took the homeward track,

"If I don't s'prise Eliza yit my name ain't John Hardhack!"

His dog came at him in the yard and made him climb a tree, And when his good wife cried "Who's there?" he howled "G-d darn it, Me!"

But not until the hired man had dressed and got a gun Would she admit him, and then she was half inclined to run.

Eliza was surprised no doubt, but when John Hardhack rose Next morning and went out doors in his hired man's old clothes And found his missing bundle hanging safe as on a shelf,

Upon the brake rod where it caught, he was "s'prised" himself. WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

BROTHER BEN.

The Queer Fancies of a Harmless Lunatic.

He had so much dignity, this old man, so much manner that I had been quite impressed by him.

We had walked up together from the post-office several times, and as I boarded near his house I often saw him in passing, and thus we struck up an odd sort of friendship, for I was twenty while he was nearly seventy.

We used to talk on various subjects—politics, religion, the people of the town and the geology of the surrounding country, and I found him well informed and liberal in his views, and, better than all, tolerant of the opinions of a young man.

I suppose that this tolerance impressed me the more because, owing to my youth, I had been recently rather snubbed by some of my male relations, and on that account I had come to try my fortunes among strangers.

So it was that when this courtly old gentleman showed me such marked and polite attention I felt rather flattered and greatly comforted thereby. I never had met any other of his family, although I understood from him that he had a wife and an elderly daughter who lived with him in the great mansion half hidden from the street by a growth of trees and shrubs.

I often stopped to talk with him at his gate, and he had invited me in more than once, but I always re-

fused, until one day he said, abruptly, "Do you know that I have taken such a fancy to you that I want Ben to see you. Ben is my brother, you know; he lives with me. He is not quite right at times, a little flighty, perhaps, but you won't mind that."

I saw that he was thoroughly in earnest, and to please him I said that I would go in and see Ben. As we stepped upon the board piazza my friend hesitated. "Just a word, please, before we go in. Ben is very sensitive about his—his—troubles. He is just my age; we are twins, in fact, and physically he is perfect—yes, perfect—but there is something wrong with his head. He is all right on some things, you know; but he has some queer fancies, poor fellow."

The tears came into his eyes and he cleared his throat with a little cough as he opened the door and ushered me into a broad, handsomely-furnished hall. He led the way from this into a cheerful sitting-room and excused himself for a moment.

While he was gone I looked about the room. There were quaint chairs, an odd stand or two, a rose-wood cabinet and an old-fashioned piano with mother-of-pearl keys; on the walls were a few portraits in oil and some good engravings of an old style.

The thing that struck me most, however, was a tall pier-glass let into the wall between two windows. From the bottom of this, up to within a few inches of the top, it was painted over with a thick coating of dark paint, and this was ornamented by a landscape stiffly painted in rather crude colors. There was another and smaller mirror in the frame of the clock, and this had been treated in a similar manner, little gleams of bright showing here and there through the dark paint.

I reasoned that the surface of the quicksilver had been married either by time or by dampness and that this paint had been put on to cover up these defects, and as I was gazing at the ugly landscape the old gentleman returned, bringing his wife and daughter, to whom he introduced me.

Both ladies had lovely and refined faces which differed but little from each other. Time had marked the lines deeper upon that of the elder woman, and her hair was white, but both wore the same sad, anxious expression, as though some great sorrow was hanging over them.

"Mother, I have brought my young friend in to see Ben," said the old man, and I noticed that a meaning glance passed from the ladies as the elder one replied in a pleading voice: "Father, Ben isn't so well to-day. Hadn't you better wait till some other time?" "No—no, mother; Ben's all right. All he needs is a little cheerful company." With these words my friend left the room, motu meo to follow him.

We went across the hall to a small room furnished very simply. There were some cases of books, a leather lounge, and a couple of arm-chairs drawn up before a large mirror.

Walking proudly to the mirror which reflected his erect form and handsome face the old man introduced me to "Brother Ben."

Of course I understood it all in a moment, the painted looking-glasses, the sad-faced women, and their reluctance to allow a stranger to intrude upon their sorrow.

It was a complete surprise to me, for I had never suspected the least thing wrong with my friend, and I had believed in his brother Ben without a shadow of doubt. Luckily the ladies entered then and by their tact relieved me from my embarrassment.

The old man told me how much he and Ben enjoyed each other's society, and he complimented Ben upon his appearance. "You are looking well, Ben, old boy, and I am pleased to see you in such good spirits to-day."

Soon the daughter suggested that Ben might be tired, and I took the hint and made my adieux. As I bowed myself out the younger lady

said: "We see nobody now, you know, but father enjoys your company, and if you would stop in to see him sometimes you would be doing us a great favor;" and I promised that I would come.

I went quite often and nearly always was taken to see Brother Ben, because he had taken such a liking to me, the old man said. I learned from the ladies that Ben had been drowned when he was a boy, but of late the hallucination that he was living and was insane had been fixed in his brother's mind.

One day my friend told me that he was worried about Ben. "He seems to be failing a little," said he. "I fancy that his mind is less clear than it was. I have noticed when talking with him he loses the thread of the conversation oftener than formerly."

He was right. "Brother Ben" was failing. It was pathetic to hear the old man say: "Ben, my boy, you are a trifle pale to-day;" or: "You should take better care of yourself, brother; you think too much and sleep too little."

I had a private interview with the ladies one day, and we decided that "Ben" would be better for a little trip away—so the mirror was removed and we told the old man that his brother had gone for a change of air. But he worried about Ben and missed him so that we had the mirror hung again and told him that Ben had come back.

He was overjoyed; he hastened to the mirror. "Ben, dear old Ben, I have missed you so. I am so glad that you came back," he said brokenly, patting the glass gently as he spoke. "And you'll stay with me always now, won't you, Ben? You won't leave me again, for we haven't long to stay 'now, you and I, and something tells me that we will both go together, old fellow."

He failed rapidly after this and soon he could only with difficulty get to his old seat before the glass. "Ben, we're almost there," he would say, and then he would ask us if it were not pitiful to see Ben looking so poorly.

Indeed it was, and our tears would start as we saw the reflection of the trembling limbs and vacant, wondering gaze.

The end came at last, peaceful and calm. He had been in bed some days in a sort of half-stupor. He roused one night and called: "Mother," "Yes, father, I am here," she said, gently. "I am going home now, and Ben's going too. I am glad I can take him with me, for he is so feeble and so flighty that he wouldn't know how to get along without me, poor old boy, and then he might bother you, mother, if I wasn't here to sort of look after him."

He nestled down among the pillows, looking so happy and contented. "Yes, Ben, we are going together, just as we came," he whispered, and in a few minutes he was home with Ben.

SAVED BY A PREMONITION.
Mysterious Warnings of Coming Danger.

"I want to tell you a story," said Dr. Moliere, the well-known physician, to a San Francisco Chronicle reporter. "I'm not a superstitious man, nor do I believe in dreams, but yesterday, for the third or fourth time in my life, I was saved by a premonition."

"I got aboard of Car No. 81, on the Sutter street line, at the ferry yesterday to ride up to my office. As usual, I walked to the forward end of the car, took a seat in the corner with my back to the driver, and, pulling a paper from my pocket, was soon deeply engrossed in the news. Suddenly something said to me, 'Go to the other end of the car.' Acting on impulse, I changed my seat, and so rapid were my movements that the other passengers in the car noticed them.

Remember, I was sitting, in the first place, with my back to the driver. I was paying no attention to anything but my newspaper, and the premonition, if I may so call it, could not have come from any outside influence, such as seeing approaching danger; but, sir, I had not been in my new seat five sec-

onds when the tongue of a heavily-loaded wagon crushed through the side of the car just where I had been first seated, and had I not changed my seat my back would have been broken by the wagon tongue."

"As I said," continued the doctor. "I am not superstitious, but the incident I have just related, taken in connection with other incidents of a similar nature occurring in my life, makes me believe, in spite of myself, that there is a 'destiny' that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

In answer to a question as to what similar warning or premonition of danger he had ever received, Dr. Moliere said:

"Well, one time I was riding on the Michigan Central railroad. It was a bitter cold night, and when I entered the car my feet seemed frozen. I walked forward and took a seat next to the stove in the forward part of the car, putting my feet on the fender. In a short time a gentleman changed his seat and came and sat beside me. The train was running at a high rate of speed and the draught soon made the heater in the car red hot. Suddenly there came to me a premonition of danger, and turning to my companion I said: 'If we should meet with an accident, a collision, for instance, you and I would be in a bad place. We would certainly be hurled on that red-hot stove.' At the same instant, and before my seat-mate could reply, the impulse to grasp the end of the seat came upon me so strong I could not resist it, and hardly had my fingers closed upon the rail of the seat when there came a crash and the car we were in was thrown violently from the track. I clung to the seat and my companion when thrown forward, narrowly missed the stove. My position in the seat was such that had I been pitched headlong as he was I could not have missed the heater. A broken rail caused the accident, but what caused me to grasp the seat as I did I would like to know."

Speaking of Dr. Moliere's story to a well known sporting man, the latter said:

"Well, I've had the same sort of experience once or twice in my life. I'm superstitious. I admit it. Of course fellows laugh at me, but for all that I believe I've got some sort of a guardian angel that whispers to me when I'm in danger. Maybe it's one of the wrong sort, for they do say the devil takes care of his own; but, wrong or right as to kind, I know one thing certain, that my life has been saved more than once. One time I was at a race course, and was up in the grand stand. I was broke and wanted to keep away from the boys. There were not many people on the stand; it wasn't half filled, but suddenly I felt an impulse which fairly drove me out of the place. I had not got clear down the stairs when the whole stand went down with a crash, and the fellow who was sitting right next to me was crushed out of all semblance of humanity by a great beam that smashed the whole row of seats we were in. That is not the only time I have been warned, and if the what-is-it would only whisper to me when I go to put my money on the wrong horse I'd be a millionaire in a month."

Brass is, perhaps, the best known and most useful alloy. It is formed by fusing together copper and zinc. Different proportions of these metals produce brasses possessing very marked distinctive properties. The portions of the different ingredients are seldom precisely alike; these depend upon the requirements of various uses for which the alloys are intended.

"What's that awful noise in the next room?" asked the early guest at the banquet. "That," replied the newspaper reporter, who had already arrived with a sharp pencil and a sharper appetite, "must be the table groaning under the dedicacies of the season."

Neuralgic Pains.
And those troubled with nervous headache, neuralgic pains, or other ailments, will find relief in using **Brown's Iron Bitters.** It is the best tonic, and its effects are most rapid.

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