

The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 43.

HUNTINGDON, PA., FRIDAY AUGUST 29, 1879.

NO. 34.

The Huntingdon Journal.

Office in new Journal Building, Fifth Street.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Friday by J. A. NASH, at \$2 per annum in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance. Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE CENTS per line for the first insertion, and at a smaller rate for the second and third insertions. Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

3m	6m	9m	1yr	3m	6m	9m	1yr
1 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	1 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2
2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2
3 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2
4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted. Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of the figures. All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is inserted.

JOHN L. ROHLAND, Editor.

Professional Cards.

W. M. P. & R. A. O'BRIEN, Attorneys-at-Law, No. 321 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. All kinds of legal business promptly attended to. [Sept. 12, 79.]

D. R. B. HITCHKIN, S.S. Washington Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Sept. 12, 79.]

C. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3rd Street, Harrisburg, Pa. Formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Wilson. [Sept. 12, 79.]

D. A. B. BRIMMAGE, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington Street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Sept. 12, 79.]

D. E. HYSKILL has permanently located in Alexandria, Va. [Sept. 12, 79.]

C. STOCKTON, Surgeon Dentist, Office in Letter's Building, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. R. G. Green, Huntingdon, Pa. [Sept. 12, 79.]

G. D. B. ORLAND, Attorney-at-Law, 405 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Sept. 12, 79.]

L. ROHR, Dentist, office in S. T. Robbins' new Building, No. 52, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Sept. 12, 79.]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 1, Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [Sept. 12, 79.]

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Penn Street, three doors west of 3rd Street. [Sept. 12, 79.]

J. W. MATTHEW, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' Claims against the Government for back pay, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Penn Street. [Sept. 12, 79.]

S. E. SHESINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 230 Penn Street, opposite Court House. [Sept. 12, 79.]

S. E. ELLIOTT, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office in Monitor Building, Penn Street. [Sept. 12, 79.]

JOHN L. ROHLAND, Editor.

New Advertisements.

S. WOLF'S.

HERE WE ARE!

At Gwin's Old Stand,

505 PENN STREET.

Not much on the bow, but always ready for work. The largest and finest line of

Clothing, Hats and Caps,

—AND—

GENUINE FURNISHING GOODS,

In town and at great sacrifice. Winter Goods

20 PER CENT UNDER COST.

Call and be convinced at S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn St.

RENT AND EXPENSES REDUCED,

At S. WOLF'S, I am better able to sell Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods in town. Call at Gwin's old stand. S. MARSH, Agent.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED

The Cheapest Place in Huntingdon to buy Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods is at S. WOLF'S, 505 Penn Street, one door west of 3rd Street.

Who mourns at his lot to-day? Who laments his native fair and bloom, Or sighs for dainties far away? Beside the bounteous board of home? Think Heaven, instead, that freedom's arm Can change a rocky soil to gold; That grave and generous lives can warm A clime with Northern ice cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers, And fields of fruits, awake again Thanksgiving for the golden hours, The early and the later rain.

S. Wolf's 505 Penn Street. March 28, 1879.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES!

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING, Calcimining, Glazing, Paper Hanging,

and any and all work belonging to the business. Having had several years' experience, he guarantees satisfaction to those who may employ him. PRICES MODERATE.

Orders may be left at the JOURNAL BOOK STORE, JOHN L. ROHLAND, Editor.

March 14th, 1879.

The Muses' Bolver.

The Russian Lover's Parting.

Without thee I am poor indeed, But with thee, I am rich; Oh! wouldst thou make my heart to bleed, Beloved Tzankovitch!

Tzankovitch, Ekhelakoff, As from her arm he tore, Burst two suspender buttons off, Which rolled upon the floor.

"Keep them," he cried in piteous tone, "And think of me my love, Then, turned and maddly fled his own, Skoshkifraustovitch."

There are evil moments in every one's life—moments that change one's destiny for the worst.

If only it had rained one morning; if only Fanny had fallen ill; if only she had not undertaken that trip to the city just when she did, this would have been a different story.

She used to be shy of going into the crowded streets alone, and even with her mother, wore a veil, and felt uncomfortable when any one looked at her.

But now she cared nothing for strangers' eyes. Somehow her blushed face found favor in his.

Let them stare! The prettiest girl living was not so happy.

She went smiling along. She made her little purchases with a light heart.

And then she saw Luke Robbins—yes, really Luke himself, coming to meet her!

"Looks as if some one had slapped her in the face," said a giggling girl's voice.

And he turned his head. His hair was wet, and went to her at once.

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you," said Fanny. "I suppose I ought to start at once."

"And I'll go with you as far as N—, where you change carriages," said Luke Robbins.

He saw people stare at her as she passed. Part of the staring was at the mark, part of it at the pretty face and figure.

He hid it all to the mark, as she had all her life.

He grew very grave. It was a terrible blower. In those moonlight evenings' walks in the country he had forgotten all about it, but in the crowded streets how it forced itself upon him.

Every one stared so.

In the carriage which they soon stepped into, a little child opened its round eyes, and with a child's innocent impudence, pointed its finger straight at the mark on Fanny's face.

His nurse slapped the small palm at once, and turned scarlet herself, but that did not mend matters.

At the station there was a crowd. Luke had passed Fanny in first, and stopped to pay the fare.

"Two," said he.

"The old lady?" asked the man.

"No," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red scar on her face," said the man, lowering his voice.

"All right."

"Confound you!" said Luke in a rage. But the man had meant no rudeness, nor had Fanny heard him; but Luke was excited, confused, agitated.

He hardly knew why then. He had heard of the carriage; and he pressed her hand.

"Good by until we meet," he said, and stepped to the platform. "Here is your train coming up."

There stood one of those white bearded, red-checked old gentlemen who affect to be "judges of women" in a way that is insulting to every woman since it places her on a level with wine and horses, having nothing whatever to do with anything but her personal attractions.

"Ah! how do you?" said this old gentleman, grasping Luke's hand. "Glad to see you, my boy. Doing the gallant, I see. No relation, I suppose."

"No," said Luke.

"Thought not," said the old man. "We let our sisters and cousins take care of themselves for the most part. Pretty figure rather; goodstep; but confounded ugly red mark! A man wouldn't like that, eh, Luke?"

"No," said Luke; "a man wouldn't like it."

Something rustled at his elbow.

"Oh, that's my parcel, Mr. Robbins," said a cold little voice.

Fanny stood there, so pale that the mark looked purer still.

"Thanks. Don't trouble yourself."

But he went back with her, and he would have pressed her hand once more, only she kept it from him.

"A man wouldn't like it."

"A man wouldn't like it."

She had heard the speech that caused his answer.

And as he looked after her as she entered the carriage, two tears came into his eyes.

They trickled down upon his cheeks. He wiped them away.

Suddenly he felt that he loved Fanny Rushton from his soul—that this cowardly sort of trouble that the remarks and glances of strangers had caused him would never make him ashamed of himself again.

"Fanny, my darling, I will do my best for you, my love, your face is dearer to me for its blemish, and you shall know it before I sleep. You should, were you a beggar, I'll hide it from the world, and I'll love you all the more for it."

He followed after her. He walked up the garden path in the twilight.

He asked for Miss Fanny.

"She hasn't come in yet," said the servant. "They are so frightened about her I turn up all right."

Luke's heart stood still.

A presentiment of evil filled his mind. In the gathering darkness, two anxious men went forth, hoping against hope.

"She stepped out on the platform suddenly. Either she was bewildered, or she did it on purpose. We were going full speed. She had a blue dress and a white hat, and there's a red mark on her face. They'll know her by that."

That was the guard's story. That was the story that Luke and Fanny's father heard at last.

Did she step out on purpose, or was she "bewildered"?

God only knows—no living being.

Luke tried to believe that what she had heard him say had nothing to do with it.

But it was too late now to tell her what he felt—too late to hide her sweet face on his heart.

He could only stoop over her, as she lay in her coffin, and press the last kiss his lips ever offered to any woman upon the cold cheek that, even in the death hour, bore still upon it that fatal red mark.

Select Miscellany.

The World's Granary.

A very shrewd French merchant, who is a close observer of all matters connected with the commercial relations existing between France and the United States, writes as follows: "During one of the last sittings of the French Chamber, the Minister of Agriculture said, 'From this day our farmers might as well make up their mind that the United States will be the granary of France.' He was perfectly right, for the price French farmers are obliged to submit to in order to realize, in competition with American grain, is simply ruinous. One of the largest farmers of France writes to me that his wheat cost him, stored in his granary, 27 francs per hectare, and that millers can buy American wheat fully as good for 22.50 per hectare. Just imagine what a loss!"

The official recognition of the inevitable comes with the crop of 1879 is forecasted, and the producers of Western Europe must speedily arrange their affairs to meet the new order of things. The area of the United States is nearly fifteen times greater than that of France, and over nine times as great as that of the French Republic and the United Kingdom combined.

In 1876, there were devoted to the cultivation of cereals in the United States seventeen million more acres than the entire area of the United Kingdom, and thirty million more acres than the entire tilled land of France. In 1873, France devoted 37,000,000 acres to cereals, of which 17,000,000 were in wheat. In 1876, the United States raised wheat from 27,500,000 acres while the crop of 1878 is over 100,000,000 bushels larger than that of 1876. Added to the advantages given to the United States by the possession of an area suitable for grain growing greater and more accessible than that of any other nation, our producers can compete successfully for Europe's trade on account of the lower cost of land, a more productive soil and the general use of agricultural machinery. Combined with this is a spirit of enterprise and industry that is enhanced by a climate which acts as a stimulant in infusing life and energy into the people inhabiting the grain producing belt. While the farmer, in obedience to this spirit, pushes production, and avails himself of every new labor saving appliance in order to increase his crops, like spirit of enterprise is developing and improving transportation facilities upon land and sea.—American Grocer.

Remarkable Vitality.

Col. Jones, of Louisiana, was lynched for the death of Gen. Apple. He fought a duel before war and received an ounce rifle ball through his heart. He not only recovered, but was never afterwards troubled with disease of that organ, from which he had previously suffered. At the time of his killing he was not known to have any disease, and he died of a gunshot wound before he expired. A private soldier in Powers' regiment of Confederate cavalry, while charging at Olive Branch, was thrust through the bowels with a bayonet, and literally "pitchforked" from the horse, but he disengaged himself, staggered to his feet and split the assailant's skull in two with a sabre. Within four months he was again in active service. T. B. Edwards and E. Daigre, of the Second Louisiana Cavalry, were both shot through the bowels at the battle of Rafoche Crossing, and were pronounced by the surgeons as fatally wounded, the bullets not glancing as in some other cases, but cutting thro' the intestines. But men recovered and did duty afterwards in two or three campaigns.

Wonders of the West.

Captain Rhodes, of Emerald county, Nevada, is the owner of what is known as Rhodes' Salt Marsh, but which is a perfect laboratory of mineral wealth. The valley in which this wonderful salt marsh is located contains 4140 acres. It is quite level and is surrounded on all sides with high volcanic mountains. It is situated about 15 miles northwest of Columbus, and there is a sufficient amount of salt in it to supply all the markets of the Union, if not the whole world. A foot or two below the surface is found a solid floor of pure rock salt, as firm and as transparent as ice. Indeed, when the sand that covers the surface is stripped off the salt below bears a very close resemblance to a field of ice. In many places little streams of water bubble up through the mass of salt, and very frequently deep pools are found which look just like the air holes in a frozen lake. The salt made at the Marsh is perfectly pure. When a tract of ground has been stripped of the surface soil the salt water rises over the bed of rock salt to the depth of a foot or two. Then crystals of salt begin to form on the water, and as they form they sink to the bottom. If the salt is to be fine, for table use, workmen stir these crystals about with shovels as they settle to the bottom, thus breaking them up. For use in working silver ore coarse salt is as good as fine, and the solid formation may be dug up with picks if necessary, but the loose crystals are more readily handled, and a much salt of that kind is formed as can be disposed of.

Popular Superstitions.

Here are a few illustrations of the persistence of superstitious beliefs. They are taken from a paper in *All the Year Around* entitled "Some Popular Cures." Many, if not all of these beliefs, doubtless survive even on this side of the Atlantic. A cure for rheumatism is used not only in England, but in North Germany, consists in putting into the mouth of the whooping child a newly caught fish, and then letting it go again. The cough is communicated to the fish. Another cure for the same malady consists in passing the child nine times under and over a donkey. To charm away warts, an old-shoot is to be rubbed with a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years, sometimes as many as twenty. It is most effectual when taken grated in brandy. Nor is it only for man's ailments that Good Friday bread is medicine; it is also considered a handkerchief in the coffin of a potato. Bread baked on Good Friday is supposed to possess wonderful curative virtues. Such bread, it seems, never grows mouldy. It is often kept for years,