

The Raftsmen's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

Rabies in the tree tops,
Bloncoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Building out snow;
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
Mallowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Rosa faint with sweetness,
Lillies, fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the bench side,
Romping with the tongue;
Chestnuts in the ashes,
Burning through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Hustling down the wind;
Mother "doan" peaches!
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that Autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow flakes
Dancing in the flue,
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and fire-light,
Shadows come and go;
Merry chimes of sleigh bells,
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother's knitting stockings,
Pussy's got the ball—
Don't you think that Winter's
Pleasanter than all?

THE DASHFORD TRAGEDY.

Dashford had a sensation, and it was no new thing that all the village was agog—with ears to hear of, and eyes to view the object. Everybody in the place, probably, who could read, had read the name on the books of the Red Mug—Charles Wylie, New York City.

The Red Mug was the centre of attraction. The landlord could not recall the time when he had had so much company—certainly not since the days of the old regimental masters—nor the time when six stages stopped over-night at his house—before the railway abolition had sprung into existence.

The Red Mug was kept open more from the force of habit than from any necessity of a public house at Dashford. Not once a moon did Landlord Stark have a guest at dinner, and it had been so long since the best bed had been slept in, that the very day of Mr. Wylie's arrival Dame Stark had caused it to be transported to the top of the woodpile for air, and she had spent the best part of the forenoon beating it with a bean pole.

And when the depot carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Wylie, portmanteau in hand, alighted, Dame Stark was wont to declare that the night of him took all the strength out of her, when she remembered that there was bread pudding for dinner, and not a spoonful of preserves in the house.

But the stranger soon set her mind at rest by ordering crackers and milk for his dinner—and he did not require the feather bed at all, he preferred the mattress.

When it was known that there was a stranger in their midst, the Dashford people lost to time in commencing investigating into his habits and business. The landlord was questioned, and the facts elicited that he rose at seven, drank a glass of ale or porter, and sat on the verandah and smoked.

The landlady knew that he had a dozen very fine linen shirts; that he wore gold studs—used otto of roses on his handkerchief, and never wiped traces on the same towel. The chambermaid—who was pleasant and rather pretty—knew that he had a pleasant voice, and very soft hands, though how she ascertained the last fact does not appear.

The young ladies of Dashford were all attracted by an astonishing liking for the society of Dame Stark. What a multitude of excuses they made for calling. One wanted a recipe for dyeing ribbons—another the pattern of her cap for mother, and another called to see the litter of white kittens over which the great white cat purred so untrillingly in the basket under the kitchen table.

You know that young ladies are prone to little harmless deceptions of this sort, the world over.

Sometimes they saw Mr. Wylie, and the most glowing accounts were given of him. From all the facts that could be gathered, it would appear that he was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age—rather tall and slender, with regular features—brown eyes and hair, and a chestnut beard. And besides he had a haughty air, a disinclination to sociality, and a liking for a pretty foot.

Melinda Brown, the very boldest of the young ladies, gave a party, and invited Mr. Wylie. It would be so much pleasanter for him to make some acquaintances, she said. Many people thought he would not accept the invitation, but he did so, and was the life of the party. He charmed every one. His manners were so polished, so free from affectation, and he understood how to adapt himself to the tastes of each one with whom he came in contact.

It was ascertained that he purposed remaining in Dashford, and that he was about opening an office in the front room of the Red Mug. He was a physician, of five years' experience, and came here for the purpose of practicing his profession.

After his sign was put out it was positively alarming to observe how unhealthy Dashford suddenly became. Hitherto people, for the most part, had died either by accidents or from old age—but now the entire female community had gone ill. Coughs, colds, nervous diseases, fevers, and disordered livers was the rule, and not the exception.

Dr. Wylie was kept riding for the greater part of the time, and the principal wound was when the poor fellow contrived to obtain any sleep. He was an immense favorite with the ladies, both old and young. He had such sad eyes when his countenance was at rest that they were sure he must have some secret trouble—and there is no surer method for a man to make himself interesting than to give people the impression that he is bearing in silence some great sorrow.

Though polite and courteous to all, Dr. Wylie was not long in making his selection, and it did infinite credit to his good taste.

Lucy Walbridge was by far the sweetest girl in Dashford. She was about twenty-five years of age—an orphan and an heiress, and resided with her uncle, Squire Hillman, at the Hall. And Squire Hillman's wife was obligingly taken sick of a slow fever, which gave the Doctor an excellent excuse for tying his roan horse, every day, to the great elm in front of the Squire's.

We are not writing a love story, so we will pass over the courtship. For once the course of true love seemed to run smooth. There were no obstacles to surmount—both parties were of an age to marry—and there were no friends to raise objections.

It was in July that Dr. Wylie came to Dashford, and his wedding day was set for the 15th of March.

It came all too soon, Lucy thought, for surely nothing could be more delightful than the charmed life they were leading. She almost feared marriage might break the sweet enchantment.

The day was clear and cloudless, although unlike the days March usually gives us, and in the morning the first blizzard sang gaily in the old elm, which reached its branches almost in at Lucy's window. Dr. Wylie made all his business calls—for the sick must be attended to—and on his way to his hotel, he stopped at the Hall, in defiance of all etiquette, to kiss Lucy and bid her keep up her courage. He ate his supper with Mrs. Stark at six—and then went to his room to dress. The ceremony was to take place at eight, and as soon as she could leave the china to Kate, Mrs. Stark crept to the parlor and sat down by the window to get a glimpse of the Doctor when he came down in his wedding garments. For three whole hours she sat there, but he did not appear, and at last she was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he had got dressed and gone while she was seeing that that careless Kate did not injure the china, which had descended to her from her grandmother, and which was highly prized as an old heirloom.

The old tall clock struck nine slowly and deliberately, and just as the last stroke fell one of Squire Hillman's servants came riding over in great haste. Dame Stark ran out, sure that some one was dying, and the Doctor was wanted, forgetting all about the wedding for the moment.

"Good land!" cried she—"who's took now?"

"Nobody," said the man; "nobody is took, except Miss Lucy which was going to be married to him, and he never came, and she's took with the highstrikes, the worst kind! And the Squire he's swearing like mad, and he a member of the church, marm, and a speaker in meeting, and vowing he'll cowhide him within an inch of his life. And the mistress, she sent me off to see what the matter was, and bring him, whether or no! She says folks ought to know enough not to be took sick on the night which is the Doctor's wedding night, and that's my own opinion, marm."

"Good land!" cried Dame Stark. "So he hasn't gone to be married? Well, I couldn't think how he managed to get out without my seeing of him! Mayhap the poor gentleman has fell asleep—he's broken of his rest so o' nights, it would be no wonder. Here, Jim, you run up to Dr. Wylie's room, and tell him that it's time for him to go and be married!"

The shock-headed hostler crept off up the stairs, and five minutes afterward he came rushing back, his face pale as death, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his huge frame trembling in every limb.

"He's dead as a door nail!" he cried, "and a laying sopped in his own blood!"

The servant from the Hall, Mrs. Stark, the landlady, and a couple of loungers, all rushed up to the chamber, and found that Jim's words were too true.

Dr. Wylie was lying on the floor on his face, having evidently been stabbed in the back while sitting in a chair before the mirror. Trace of the murderer there was none, except that on the sill of the open window behind the dead man, there was the print of two bloody fingers. Underneath the window, which was only about nine feet from ground, was a thick bed of sage, which had been covered up from the winter's cold by hemlock boughs to the depth of some feet, and if the murderer had escaped by the window the hemlock gave no footprints.

The news spread like wildfire and reached the Hall even before the servant could return to communicate it. Poor Lucy was carried to her room in delirium; and Squire, who was also the Coroner, set forth for the Red Mug to attend the inquest which had been called.

The inquest, like most other investigations of the kind, elicited nothing new—and after the lapse of three days the body of Dr. Wylie was placed in Squire Hillman's family vault to await the pleasure of his relatives in New York, who were at once written to.

As is usual in such cases, public indignation ran very high. Every one was anxious to convict the real assassin, that the vengeance might be swift and sure. Dr. Wylie's brother offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer; and Dashford, not to be behind in the good work, offered a like amount.

The offered rewards brought forth their fruit. Isaac Smith, a laborer, employed at intervals about the Red Mug, came before a justice and stated that on the evening of the murder, about six o'clock, he had met Clyde Irving—a young mechanic—coming in great haste from the direction of the garden at the Red Mug. He had bidden him good evening, a salutation which was briefly responded to. Irving had appeared to be powerfully agitated from some cause, and anxious to escape. The next morning, feeling curious, with the rest, about the murder and everything connected with it, Mr. Smith had been over the garden, and on looking beneath the hemlock which covered the sage bed, he had found a small, exceedingly sharp chisel, bearing on the handle the name of Clyde Irving. The instrument was rusty and stained with blood as he exhibited it to the justice—and the finding of this weapon recalled the fact that, at the post mortem examination, the surgeon had expressed it as his opinion that the fatal wound had not been made by a knife, but by some other sharp pointed instrument.

Clyde Irving was a young man of irreproachable habits—poor, but honest, temperate and virtuous—and the only son of a widowed mother. It was well known in Dashford that he had loved Lucy Walbridge from childhood, but that he had not spoken to her on the subject, because his station in life was so much below hers.

You all know how readily people find reasons for the truth of what they desire to believe. Irving had not an enemy in the village—but still it was necessary to have some one on whom to throw the guilt, and they were all glad that the murderer had been discovered. A score of trifling circumstances were brought against the unfortunate young man, and he was arrested, tried and convicted of the murder of Charles Wylie, on the evening of the 15th of March.

Lucy, who had in a measure recovered from the shock she had received on the death of her expected husband, protested against the course events were taking. She was morally sure that Irving was innocent of the crime charged upon him, and if the law convicted him unto death, it would slay one who was wholly guiltless. It did so convict him, and the terrible sentence passed upon him, to take effect on the 10th day of June following. After the decision was known to be final, Lucy Walbridge sunk into a profound melancholy, from which nothing could rouse her, and at times her friends despaired of her reason.

On the fatal 10th of June, Dashford was overrun with people. The execution was to take place in the open space in front of the jail, the time 11 o'clock. Just before the hour, Irving was led forth, and with a firm, quiet manner, ascended the scaffold. His face was pale, but serene; the calm blue eyes met the gaze of the vast multitude without shrinking, and the broad white forehead lifted itself to the soft south wind as honestly and proudly as the brow of the noblest man among them all. He was asked if he had anything to say, but he simply shook his head, and the black cap was drawn over his eyes. The Sheriff took the rope, but before he could place it about his neck, a tall, gaunt woman, clothed in black, stepped forward, lifted a bony white hand, and uttered the single word—"Forbear!"

The Sheriff dropped the rope—something in the air and manner of the woman commanded obedience. Silence fell upon the assemblage—silence which was almost audible. The woman dropped the hood of her cloak upon her shoulders, and revealed a pale, haggard face, lit up by brilliant black eyes, and framed in masses of hair as white as snow.

"Listen to me," she said, in a low, thrilling voice which reached the ear of every person present—"listen to me, and witness ye every one, that before God, I avow my words to be the truth! Clyde Irving is innocent of the crime you charge him with! You all ought to feel sure of it after looking into his face. It is not the countenance of a murderer.

"Three years ago I was left a widow. My name is Catharine Sinclair. My home is in New York. When my husband died, all the affections of my heart centred in my child—my beautiful Alice, then seventeen years of age, and the loveliest creature the sun ever shone upon. She was my all, and loved her with a passion which was almost madness. All mine was she till she came, Charles Wylie, with his fair, handsome face and his smile which might have won an angel to sin. Alice sewed for a daughter of one of his friends, and there he became acquainted with her. She was fascinated, poor girl, and nothing I could say had any effect. She confided in him, trusted him entirely; and it was the old story over again. He offered her marriage—lured her under that promise to a neighboring city, and there compassed her death. After a few days he left her—beyond deserted her—and left her without money, to take her choice—starvation or a life of sin. Thank God that she preferred death.

"Returned to New York to seek another victim, and on the very night that he was playing the gay gallant to a fashionable French actress, my child buried herself and her sin beneath the dark waters of a friend-

ly stream. Over the dead body which they brought home to me I swore an oath—that before Charles Wylie should marry any woman he should taste death! I have kept the oath. With this hand I murdered him—striking the fatal blow with a chisel I obtained at Clyde Irving's shop, where I called to make some trifling inquiry. I deserved death! I think God, who knows every tried and tempted heart, will judge me leniently. Oh, my soul shudders when I remember the hearts he has desolated—the hearts he has laid waste—for my Alice was only one of many victims!

"I killed him and escaped through the window. In leaving the garden I saw Clyde Irving there—I think for some reason, he had a distrust of me; but as there was nothing to confirm it he kept it to himself."

She paused, but though all present believed her story, not a man of them lifted a hand to deprive her of freedom.

The Sheriff unbowed Clyde, and allowed him to descend the scaffold. He was free.

At last one of the constables approached Mrs. Sinclair, who, with bowed face, was leaning against the railing of the scaffold. She lifted her head, divining his purpose, and waved him back. "The law has no power over the dead," she said hoarsely; "I am free!"

Even as she spoke her lips grew purple—she tottered and fell forward; and before they reached her she was lifeless. An examination after death proved that she had swallowed strychnine—and they buried her and her sin together in the village churchyard.

Two years afterward, Clyde Irving married Lucy Walbridge.

A "stunning" Love Letter.

The following is sublimely "splendidous," and we recommend it as a model to letter writers:

MY DEAR MISS C.—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy creep over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trousers. As a goading swimmer with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hairs in a blacking brush, and brighter than the hue of the humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their visible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snapping at a blue bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled about like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a hot whiskey punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot straps to the top of the presbyterian steeple, and pull the bell rope for singing school. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; and when the jay bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree, by the spring house; when the chauticler's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig arises from his bed and grunts, and goeth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his drowning fight, at sultry noontide, and when the lolling cows come home at milking time, I think of thee; and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems to stretch clean across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse, powdered with gold; and the brass pin skewered through your waterfall, fills me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids, bathing like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit upon my many breast, it penetrated my entire anatomy like a load of bird-shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Neat lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfiled kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue birds out of the parent's nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wind-harp's strains, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheek are like bowers in beds of roses, or hollows in a cake of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as a thrifty house wife pours out coffee. A way from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the Jung bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold hands of despair crawling down my back. Unconsciously, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts, as an old cheese with skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffy's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first waterfall. As the song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a yankee doughnut fried in sordum molasses, brighter than the topknot plume in the head of a muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, raisins, pound cake and sweetened toddy altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and falling away from the flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of,

JULIUS EPAMINONDAS MUGGINS.

HOME CHEERFULNESS.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer and virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing displeases them they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces and words are harsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

An eight-hour day man, in going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes, on the front porch, reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he asked, "Where's my supper?" "I don't know," said she, "I began to get breakfast at 6 o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at 2 P. M."

Oscar Benning, of Duquesne, butcher-knifed his brother to death for being too intimate with Mrs. Oscar Benning.

Who Ate Roger Williams?

We take the following from *Steele's Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry*: The truth that matter passes from the animal back to the vegetable, and from the vegetable to the animal kingdom again, received a curious illustration not long since.

For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in memory of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter. The rusting hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot, alone remained in one grave, while a lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the confined dead. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn as if passing around it, and followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heels, when both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form. These were the graves, but their occupants had disappeared; the bones had even vanished. There stood the thief—the guilty apple tree—caught in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete. The organic matter, the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams had passed into an apple tree. The elements had been absorbed by the roots, transmuted into woody fiber, which could now be burned as fuel, or carved into ornaments, had bloomed into fragrant blossoms, which delighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweetest perfume of spring; more than that—has been converted into luscious fruit, which from year to year had been gathered and eaten. How pertinent then, is the question, "Who ate Roger Williams?"

FUNNY SCENE IN COURT.

The Judge of one of the New Orleans municipal courts sat gloomy and grand on his bench of ermine. The prisoner occupied the dock, apparently meek and downcast. She had a merry twinkle in her eye, however, that perceived it, he would have been more careful in his questions:

"How many times are you coming up here?" "What yer honor?" "How many times are you coming before me? This is the third time the present week." "Oh no, yer honor!" "Didn't I see you here yesterday?" "Why, no, yer honor, it was last night yer seed me, in the concert square. It was a bit of drink we had together, and yer honor did talk beautifully, with your cunning ways and saucy jokes. Aye, yer honor's the man for the gals. The devil admire ye, but yees are smart!" "Stop your tongue—you can go!" "Thank ye, yer honor!" The prisoner went out, the Judge blushed, and the audience roared.

SELLING A GEOLOGIST.

There is a story about an English geologist now "going the rounds," which would have delighted Buckland or Hugh Miller. The gentleman had spent some hours one hot day last summer collecting specimens. At the close of his investigation he returned home, despatching a well-filled bag by a donkey driver. This genius, thinking that it was a pity to overload his animal, and that stones could be picked up in any section of the parish, emptied the sack, and at the railway station refilled it with paving stones and semi-pulverized bricks. The moral for geologists is evident—"Put not your trust in donkey drivers."

A GOOD RULE.

A certain man, who is very rich now, was very poor when a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had an hour's work in a day, I must do that first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play, and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early found the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every one who reads this do likewise.

A woman at one of the New York City dispensaries applied for medical aid, stating her disease to be "firtation of the heart."

"Not an uncommon ailment with your sex, ma'am," replied the doctor, with a twinkle of the eye.

"Mother, you mustn't whip me for running away from school any more!" "Why?" "Because my school books say that ants are the most industrious being in the world and ain't I a 'tru' ant?"

Enjoy the blessings of the day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

A newspaper biographer, trying to say his subject "was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife," was made by the incorable printer to say, "wear the chemise of his wife."

There is only the difference of a toes between some vegetables. Toss up a pumpkin and it will come down a squash.

An indomitable negro near Milledgeville, Georgia, has made \$1,200 profit on his crop this year.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDIES
For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, or Digestive organs.

Hooiland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, *Extracts*) of Bitter Root, Orange, &c. making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Bitter Root, Orange, &c. making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol, or admixture, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, &c., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Dizziness, Faintness, or Weight in the Stomach, Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Hurred or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, or Limbs, Stiffness of the Joints, Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of Evil, and great depression of Spirits.

The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which is assured from its name, its ingredients and inquiries possessed true and reliable. Hooiland's German Bitters, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies—

Hooiland's German Bitters, and Hooiland's German Tonic, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Twenty-two years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

Persons who are laboring under any of the following complaints, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chron. F. in Diarrhoea, Disease of the Kidneys, or any other ailment arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY.

Resulting from any cause whatever; prostration of the system induced by severe labor, hardships, exposure, fevers, &c.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the stomach is invigorated, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes clear and healthy, the nerves are strengthened, and the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE.

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, who are desirous of enjoying the use of the BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will lift new life into their veins, restore to a measure the vigor and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well established fact that fully one-half of the female population of our population are laboring in the enjoyment of "good health"; or, to use their own expressive language, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. For this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMOUS, without the aid of any other medicine.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those it will be observed, are of men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. George W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes: Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find Hooiland's German Bitters a good tonic, useful in a variety of cases of debility, and of great benefit in the treatment of nervous and other ailments of the system. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes: Philadelphia, April 28, 1866.

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From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hooiland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail, but usually it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, 8th St. Calcutta.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Church, Philadelphia.

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hooiland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

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