

The Roffman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

FALLING LEAVES.

They are falling, slowly falling,
Thick upon the forest side,
Covered from the noble branches
Where they waved in beautiful pride.
They are falling in the valleys,
Where the early violets spring,
And the birds in sunny spring time
First their dulcet music sing.

They are falling, sadly falling,
Close beside our cottage door,
Pale and faded like the loved ones,
They have gone forever more.
They are falling, and the sunbeams
Shine in beauty soft around;
Yet the faded leaves are falling,
Falling on the mossy ground.

They are falling on the streamlet,
Where the silver water flows,
And upon the placid bosom
Gleam and gleam the water lilies.
They are falling in the churchyard,
Where our kindred sweetly sleep,
Where the idle winds of summer
Siftly o'er the loved ones sweep.

They are falling, ever falling,
When the autumn breezes sigh,
When the stars in beauty glisten
Bright upon the midnight sky.
They are falling when the tempest
Moans like ocean's hollow roar,
When the tempest winds and billows
Sadly sigh forever more.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.
And their faded hopes remain us
Of the blasted hopes and dreams,
Feeling like the falling leaves
Cast upon the icy stream.

THE BABES IN THE CLOUDS.

AN AMERICAN TRUE STORY.

Just ten years ago, there suddenly burst upon the Western world a magnificent stranger from foreign parts, "with all his traveling glories on." It was the great comet of 1858, on the grand tour of the universe.

It seemed strange that potty human life could go on as usual, with its eating and drinking, toiling trafficking and pleasuring, while that "flaming minister," on his billion leagued circuit, was preaching the wonders of infinite immensity and power, and the nothingness of earth. But science has robbed celestial aspirations of their old portentous significance. The comet no longer runs his kindling race, like Vich-Alptra's heathman, with his fiery cross, announcing war and disaster.

Herald of battle, fate and fear,
He is on his own business; not ours.

Under the tail of this particular comet doubtless many a tale of love was told—in the light of his swift splendors many a tender look exchanged. The astronomer coolly swept the starry field with his glass, unswayed by the irregular night gales patrolling the heavens, and the robber and murderer disdained the awful witness. He left us as he found us—joined to our mortal idols, wise in our own conceit, weak, and worldly, and wicked, but no castaways of the universe after all.

We remember that comet-summer, not so much for its great astronomical event, as for two singular incidents that more nearly touched our human sympathies, which will glow in poor earthly affairs, even within sight of the most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's apparition, an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town, in one of the Western States. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could "hitch it" to his fence. But before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight and three, begged him to lift them "into that pretty red cushions," that they might sit on "those pretty red cushions."

While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questions from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his darling one by one into the car. Chubby little Johnnie proved the "ounce too much" for the aerial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirit rose at once, he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air. Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence, but it tore away, and was off, dangle uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those pitiful cries of "Mamma!" "Papa!" grew faint and fainter in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away, with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms toward the invisible heavens, and called wildly up into the unanswering void.

The aeronaut tried to console the wretched parents with assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in water, or in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended; he thought that the older child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then, it might again rise, and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnnie in her arms!"

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and cried loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Some company they had, poor little sky-larks! Something comforted them, and allayed their wild terrors—something whispered them that below the night and clouds was home; that above was God; that wherever they might drift or dash, living or dead, they would still be in His domain, and under His care—that though borne away, among the stars, they could not be lost, for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnnie was apprehensive that the comet might come too near their city, and set it on fire, with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that that fiery dragon was "as much as twenty miles away," and that God wouldn't let it hurt them, he was tranquilized, but soon afterward said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself—I'm so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron, and wrapped it about the child, saying, tenderly: "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers, and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers, before I have my supper?" asked Johnnie.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you, or for herself, but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby-wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unaided by darkness, immensity, and silence, by the presence of the great comet and the millions of unipitying stars, lifted their little clasped hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful, "Our Father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"There! God heard that, easy, for we are close to Him, up here," said innocent little Johnnie.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and told them in perfect peace—for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home, while the elder watched quietly through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet—or perhaps being cast away on some desolate star-island, or more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length a happy chance, or Providence—we will say Providence—guided the little girls wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve; something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands; or as though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild currents of air, not letting it drop into lake, or river, lofty wood or impenetrable swamp, where this strange unchild-like experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror; but causing it to descend, as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dark old earth coming nearer—"rising toward them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might come, so she awakened her brother and soon told him the good news, and together they looked out and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and for warmth; for they were very cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house, on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular morning he awoke before the dawn, and though he turned and turned again, he could not sleep. So, at last, he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his unaccountable insomnia, "It's no use; I'll get up and dress, and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a frightened summons to the outer door. It seems that no sooner did he step forth from his house, than his eyes fell on a strange portentous shape

hanging in a large pear tree about twenty yards distant. He could see in it no likeness to anything earthly, and he half fancied it might be the comet, who, having put in his light, had come down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity, he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity; he called on his valiant wife. Reinforced by her, he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitering. Surely never pear tree bore such fruit. Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive, troubling little voice:

"Please take us down. We are very cold." Then a second little voice: "And hungry, too. Please take us down." "Why, who are you? And where are you?"

The first little voice said: "We are Mr. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said: "It's us, and we ran away with a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon. He first lifted out little Johnnie, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments, curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story.

Before sunrise a mounted messenger was dispatched to the Harwood home, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived, in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay-wagon and four.

Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the Continent thanked God that night.

Wonderfully Made.

Harper's Weekly has a curious compilation of facts relating to the effects of different objects upon the taste, feeling and other senses of the body in different persons. A cat or a rabbit, and especially the fur of these animals, distress those who are so peculiarly constituted as to be susceptible to such influences. Veal produces nettledness, orange-peel, nervous excitement. Eggs, in some stomachs, produce sensation like that of swarming with ants. Rice acts like poison on some people, and they can detect the presence of even a few grains of it, no matter how well disguised. A case of a man's being sick unto death from eating nutmeg is recorded; a case of fatality, so pronounced, as if he had eaten lead-stones. The touch of honey causes swelling of the tongue, frothing in the mouth, blueness of the fingers in some people; in others, the application of mustard to the skin produces violent twitching of the face, arms and legs. Some cannot remain in the same room with a cheese, and the surface of a rascal apple, or the bristles of a brush excite an exquisite nervous distress.

In corroboration of the phenomena, in our own experience, we have met or known of persons to whom the eating of woodcock was the inevitable cause of violent and dangerous sickness. Captain Ward, killed early in the war on a gun boat, in the Potomac, could not see or smell, much less eat, an egg, without terrible revulsions in his stomach. A gentleman we know cannot endure the presence of an apple anywhere near him. His son brought home one in his satchel, and carelessly and unbeknown to the family left it in the closet up stairs. The gentleman on entering the house detected the scent, and was obliged to remain out of doors until the obnoxious fruit was discovered and removed. Some of us, at least, are fearfully and wonderfully made.

Picture of Human Life.

We commend the following beautiful allegory by Addison. It was first published in the year 1711, and it truthfully represents the actual facts of a table of mortality:

A STORY FOR SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.

A lady purchased a home in a beautiful village, about forty miles from a well known city. She longed for fresh air and quiet scenes, and doubtless she would have found all the happiness which she sought in this pleasant retreat, had not the place been haunted by that most terrible spectre—Scandal.

"Have you seen the new arrival?" asked Mrs. Thomas, of her neighbor, Mrs. Lawrence, about a week after the stranger took possession of Maple Cottage, as the place she had purchased was called.

A curl of the lip and a shrug of the shoulders was all the reply made by Mrs. Lawrence; but in the gesture Mrs. Thomas saw, or thought she saw, a sufficient reason for shunning the acquaintance of the stranger.

Had Mrs. Lawrence, who was a great stickler for aristocratic society, answered the question in words, or had she expressed her real opinion of her new neighbor in tangible form, no very great results would have occurred, for she would have said: "Yes, I have seen her; she had on a cheap delaine dress, and I hear she does her own washing too"—no very serious charges, but according to Mrs. Lawrence's ideas of "good society," quite sufficient to deprive her of all claim to the title of a "lady"—hence her curled lip and shrug of disgust.

Mrs. Thomas was very jealous and suspicious, translated this sign language in her own way. Being extremely sensitive as to what Mrs. Grundy should say, she was always on the watch, lest accidentally she should be seen speaking to some person of low character; therefore she caught at this straw, and turned it over and over and over in her mind until she made out a serious case for the stranger.

"I have no doubt," she said to her husband at night, "that she has a bad reputation in the city. She has come here dressed in deep mourning, but who knows whether she ever had a husband! And if she had her wearing black is no sign that she's dead, in my opinion," and Mrs. Thomas drew her mouth into a most unbecoming expression—a look which always indicates the pharisaical, "I'm better than thou!"

The next day quite a crowd had gathered in the store of Mr. Thomas, waiting for the arrival of the daily mail, which was due about this hour. The stranger came in to make some trifling purchases, and was stared at by the people, as strangers always are.

After she left the store, some remarks were made concerning her lady like appearance. Mr. Thomas immediately rejoined, "Yes, she appears enough like a lady, but my wife thinks her reputation none of the best."

Nothing more was said at the time, but the fire of scandal was kindled—the story spread rapidly each one telling it in his own way, until there was not a family in the place but heard and believed the lying rumor.

Weeks passed on, and the inmate of Maple Cottage felt that for some reason she was looked upon with suspicion and dislike. There was no hostility, nothing said or done for which she could demand an explanation. She tried to remember some act or word which could have given offense; but in vain did she call to mind every word she had ever spoken to the villagers; she could remember nothing in her conduct to warrant such neglect, and she could only suffer in silence.

Every day seemed to increase the avoidance of her neighbors; and she, seeing this, ceased making overtures toward an acquaintance with them, sending to the city for her household supplies, and never came in contact with them, save at church; and even here she found a whole seat at her disposal.

At last the storm which had so long darkened the village horizon, seemed about to burst over her head. There were low threats of driving her from the place, and the mob spirit still seemed to be gathering strength from all sides.

About this time, some three months after the stranger came to Maple Cottage, a very handsome traveling carriage, drawn by a span of noble grays, stopped in front of her dwelling, and a fine looking man, apparently about fifty years of age, with his wife and two children, was seen to alight and enter the house. All that day and through the evening, there was heard the sound of happy voices, mingled with the rippling laughter of joyous hearts.

The next day was Sunday, but this time the widow did not sit alone. Strange looks and low murmured words ran through the congregation, and the minister seemed to share the surprise of his audience, and looked and preached as though under painful embarrassment.

He recognized in the stranger, a minister, whose reputation was world-wide—no other than the rich and distinguished President of College, from which he was a graduate.

Prof. C. remembered his former pupil, but it must be confessed he was both surprised and disappointed. He had given the young man credit for individual talent, but this sermon was a repetition of poor platitudes, and a truckling to public opinion, which showed a weak and little mind.

After service, the President stopped a moment until the preacher came forward, and when the greetings were over he said, kindly: "My sister wrote me that Richard Forbes was preaching here, but I did not connect the name with the memory of my former pupil."

"Your sister!" said the embarrassed young man. "I was not aware that I had ever had the honor of preaching before such a hearer. You do not mean to say that the woman with whom you entered is your sister?"

"And why not?" It is now Prof. C.'s turn to look surprised.

Sure enough, why not? What did he know against the woman of whom all had been "speaking evil" for the last three months. He had taken these cruel surmises for granted, and had been so far influenced by the scandal that he had failed to call upon the stranger. A sense of the impropriety and guilt of his conduct rushed across his mind—suppose the woman was really the disgraced and guilty being that public opinion—the public opinion of the village—claimed, was it not his duty to save sinners? Christ came, "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance!" How had he fulfilled his mission? And yet he stood in his pulpit and claimed to be a follower of the meek and lowly Saviour.

"There is something about this matter that I cannot understand," said Prof. C., as he scanned the changing countenance of the young preacher.

"You do not mean to say that my sister has been resident of your place and a listener to your preaching for three months, without your calling upon her? The duties of a preacher are surely better defined."

"But I did not dare"—and here the poor man stammered and stopped; for he could not excuse himself, without exposing the gossip of the congregation.

"Did not dare to call on my sister the widow of General Finch!"—and the tinge of contempt mingled with the look of surprise and indignation with which he contemplated the abashed and crestfallen young preacher.

After reaching his sister's residence, he questioned her in regard to the matter; but here he was again baffled. She could not tell him that, since her residence in the place, she had been "let alone," in the full acceptance of the term. Determined to understand the wherefore of such a proceeding, he again demanded an explanation of the minister, who was finally compelled to admit that he had supposed, from the gossip of his church members, that the woman was a very outcast from society, and that there had been talk of driving her from the place.

"She will not care to remain," said the professor; but before she goes, I shall sit this matter thoroughly, and so he did, gathering up, link by link, the whole chain of scandal until he came to Mrs. Lawrence. But this was the latter utterly denied, and Mrs. Thomas was at last obliged to confess that Mrs. Lawrence had merely shrugged her shoulders and curled her lip, when asked her opinion of her new neighbor.

"Ah indeed!" was Mrs. Lawrence's rejoinder. "I remember of thinking she could not be much of a lady, as she wore a faded delaine and did her own washing!"

And there the matter rested. Mrs. Lawrence, with a look and a shrug of the shoulders and Mrs. Thomas by jealous surmises, had caused sorrow and pain to an innocent person—they had, in fact, stolen the good name of one who had never injured them; and but for timely appearance of her brother, the consequences might have still been more serious.

Female Piety.

The gem of all others which encircles the coronet of a lady's character, is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much upon her person—the enchantment of the countenance—the gracefulness of her mien, or the strength of her intellect, yet her loveliness is unbroken until piety throws around the whole the sweetness and power of her charms—she then becomes unearthly in her temper—uncarably in her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affections to things below is broken and she mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and hope to the habitation of God, where it will be her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thrall of earth, and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw her magical charm over many princes and conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of her riches—the sons of science and poetry may enshrine her memory in history and song—yet piety must be her ornament—her pearl. Her name must be written in the "book of life," that when mountains fade away, and every memento of earthly greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell the list of that mighty throng which have been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of Heaven.

With such a treasure, every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendship will be doubly sweet; and their character will possess a prize far above rubies; life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trump shall be heard, and sleeping millions awake to judgment, its possessor shall be presented faultless before the throne of God with exceeding joy, and a crown of life shall wear away.

Such is piety. Like a tender flower planted in the fertile soil of woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in the paradise of God.

Follow the star—it will light you through every labyrinth in the wilderness of life, guide the bloom that will gather round you in the dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death, into the promised and settled rest.

Willie's Home.

We have rarely seen a simple child story that more touched us than the following from an exchange:

"This is my home!" cried the little one, a treasure boy of four summers, as fresh and rosy he came from school at the close of a winter afternoon.

"Indeed, little Willie," said his father, "how is it? Suppose you go out on the side walk, and try at the next door; suppose you step into the entry, throw off your little sack as you have here, and go to the parlor, wouldn't that be your home?"

"No indeed," said Willie, "it would not be."

"But tell me why not?"

He had never thought of this. He paused a moment, then directing his eyes to where his mother quietly sat sewing, he replied with an earnest gesture, "She lives here."

The Mormon, it is stated, have issued a large amount of paper currency, which circulates very freely throughout Utah Territory and appears to be popular with the inhabitants. The notes are of various denominations, the larger from one dollar upward, resembling the legal tender issues from the United States Treasury. The small half dollar note which have on the right hand margin a bee hive, and on the left a female figure; read, the Treasurer of the Great Salt Lake City Corporation will pay to the bearer fifty cents, payable in United States currency, and are signed by Robert Campbell, Auditor Public Accounts.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

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

Hoofland's German Bitters
Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, extracts) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation highly concentrated, and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol 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 matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The liver, sympathizing with the stomach, becomes affected, and the result is a general debility of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulency, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Headache, Diarrhea, Fever, Stiffness or Weight in the Stomach, Stomachic, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurred or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Diseases of Vision, Drops or Weeping of the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Debility of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin, and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings 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 ascertained from his own investigations and inquiries to possess the medicinal virtues of the Tonic, and 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:

Hoofland's German Bitters, and Hoofland'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.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dropsy, Puffiness of the Face, Nervous Debility, Gout, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

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

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the strength of the system, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a clear and bright complexion is restored, and nervous irritability becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE.
And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, find in the use of the BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instill new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, and afford them a check on the march of age, and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTE.
It is a well established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are rickety in the enjoyment of good health; or, do not use their own energies. In such cases, 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 MARAS-MUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. These will be observed, are 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.
Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.
I find Hoofland's German Bitters a good tonic, useful in all diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and was of great service in my own case. Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, April 25, 1868.
I consider Hoofland's German Bitters a valuable medicine in cases of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, and of great service in my own case. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D., Pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
Dr. Jackson: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as one of my appropriate spheres, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in my own instance, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart from once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, Bitters is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail, but usually I doubt not it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cases. Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD, 8th and Chestnut.

From Rev. E. D. Kendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and I 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 a disordered Liver. Yours truly,
E. D. KENDALL.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the name of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All other names are counterfeit. Price of each bottle, 50 cents. Sold by the German Medicine Store, No. 531 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor.
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.
Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle, 50 cts.
Hoofland's German Tonic, per bottle, 50 cts.
Hoofland's German Tonic, per six quart bottles, \$1.50 per bottle, or half dozen for \$7.50.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.
For sale by A. I. SHAW Agent Clearfield Pa.
April 22, 1868-ly