

The Ruffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM.

The old man sat by the chimney side,
His face was wrinkled and wan;
And he leaned both hands on his stout oak cane,
As if all his work was done.

His coat was of good old fashioned grey,
The pockets were deep and wide,
Where his "spec" and his steel tobacco box
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So near him the logs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What was he in the embers there?
Ah! pictures of other years;
And now and then they wakened smiles,
But as often started tears.

His good wife sat on the side
In a high-backed oak seat chair;
I see 'neath the pile of her main cap
The sheen of her silvery hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face,
As she looks at her old man;
And Nellie takes up the stitches dropped,
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

Their children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day;
How it stirs the blood in the old man's heart
To hear of the world away!

'Tis a homely scene—I told you so,
But pleasant it is to view,
At least I thought it so myself,
And sketched it down for you.

Be kind unto the old, my friend,
They're worn by this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they fought
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged steep;
Then led us gently down their way
To where the weary sleep.

A LEGEND OF PIONEER LIFE.

Some years ago, before the State of Kansas was so densely populated as now, and when the mail from Little Rock to the western borders was carried on horseback, there lived, a few miles above Horse-Head, a stout pioneer named Jacob Burnap. His wife Polly, and one child, a girl only nine years old, made up his family. His chief business was hunting, and his unerring rifle never failed to supply his board and something over. His nearest neighbor was fifteen miles off, so he was troubled little with prying visitors.

It was in early spring that Jacob started down the river with a boat load of furs and skins. He left Polly in charge of the premises, and left with her, too, a light rifle and a brace of pistols. She knew how to use that rifle, for never was she happier than when her husband rattled her on the deer-stand, and cried, "nobly done, Polly, my dear! I could not have made a better shot myself." And he had occasion to say this with truth, too.

Jacob Burnap had been gone four days, when, towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hunter's door. He was a small, muscular man, some forty years of age, and seemed intimated to all hardships. As he sprang from his saddle, Polly made her appearance.

"Ah, Polly, once more here," the new comer said, as he drew a pair of well filled saddle bags from his beast.

"Yes—and I'm glad to see you, Morton. Jacob has been gone four days, and time is growing heavy."

"Jacob gone? Where?"

"Down the river with a load of furs."

"Oh—ah—yes. Well, you shall have the company of Lant Morton for one night at least; so for the next twelve hours you'll feel safe."

"Oh, I feel safe enough," returned the woman quickly; "only lonesome."

This speaking, Morton threw his saddle bags in the cabin, and then led his horse to a shed, where he made the animal fast and fed him. After this he returned to the dwelling and entered, and was soon discussing the events of the times over an ample supper. His hostess told him all that had transpired in her neighborhood since his last visit, and the visitor gave her the news from the eastern valley.

Lant Morton had been mail carrier upon the route for several years, and not once had he passed to and fro without spending a night at Jacob Burnap's. In fact, he was about the only regular visitor at the hunter's cabin, and though the interval between his visits was long, yet he seemed almost a fixture of the place. Polly Burnap, still in the bloom of womanhood, knew his general character, so she felt free and quite at home in his presence.

"Is it known on the route that your load is so valuable?" asked Polly.

"I think not, though it may be. Still, I am well armed, and I fancy 'twould be a tough job for any one to tackle old Lant."

Morton went to bed at nine o'clock, as he was tired and sleepy from his hard ride. Polly had work to do, having neglected it while talking to her guest, so when she had seen him safely at rest in the loft, she drew her basket to the little table where the candle was, and went to work upon some clothing for her child, who was sleeping soundly in the corner.

The great German clock upon the wall, with its old weights and winding strings all exposed, had struck ten ere Polly arose from her work. She had just pushed the basket beneath the table, and taken up the candle, when the front door opened, and two men entered. They were in their stockings, their shoes having been left outside.

"Hash!" uttered the foremost of the intruders. "Speak but one word above a whisper, and you die in an instant."

Polly recovered from her quick terror, and crouched up. She saw two stout, ugly-looking

men, one of whom held a cocked pistol toward her. With a quickness of perception natural to her, she knew that the pistol would not be fired if she held her peace, and that would make more noise than she could. And further, she recognized in the foremost a notorious villain, who bore the name of Dick Gailuss.

She had never seen him before, but the minute description her husband had given of the man led her at once to know him, and positively, too, for one big scar on the left cheek was mark enough.

"What seek you, gentlemen," asked Polly, without betraying the least fear.

"We have come to see the mail carrier," said Gailuss, in a hoarse whisper. "Where is he? Don't speak too loud."

"He is long since asleep. Would it not do as well to see him in the morning? We can find your room for lodgins."

The fair hostess said this for the purpose of gaining time. She knew very well that these men came to rob the carrier, and was equally sure that they would murder him if they could, and would, in all probability, put her out of the way as well. They had evidently learned of the valuable load he carried, and meant to carry it in his stead.

"Never mind his being asleep. Show us where he is at once," roughly replied Gailuss, in answer to Polly's last remark.

"But I can call him, good sirs," reasoned the woman, calmly, though there was alarm in her soul.

"Call him! Call!" growled the villain with a fierce oath. "You call him and you'll be called to another world quicker. Show us the way!"

The mild eye that could aim an unerring bullet at the forest beast did not betray the thoughts of that woman's soul, nor did a look tell her meaning. She was pale, but she did not tremble.

"This way, sirs," she whispered.

As she spoke she turned towards a door of the little bedroom and the pantry. She did not open it until both were close behind her.

"Don't you hear him breathe?" she whispered.

"Yes," returned both villains. And they did hear a breathing, but it was the child close at hand.

As they thus answered her she threw the door wide open; it opened inward. The men saw a dark void, but they pressed forward. In an instant Polly leaped back; Gailuss was upon the threshold, and his companion close upon his heels. With all power the noble woman threw herself against the rear man, and the next moment the robbers lay sprawling on the cellar bottom.

This had been the door opening to the excavation, and the only means of egress was by a ladder. Could this have been moved, Polly would have pulled it up immediately, but it was spiked to its place, and she let it remain. To close the door would be useless, for she had no ready means to fasten it. So she did what she had resolved upon from the first; she sprang to the fire place, caught her trusty rifle, and having cocked it, she turned towards the open door. She heard the curses of the villains as they reached for the ladder, and she soon knew that one of them had found it.

"Back!" she cried, as she saw a head appear above the threshold. The candle upon the table threw but a dim light upon the spot, but that was sufficient.

She saw the robber raise a pistol. There was but one alternative. She could not die. She had a husband—a child—and had set herself to save the carrier. With all these thoughts flashing through her mind, she drew the trigger. A sharp report went ringing through the house, and its echo was a deep groan from the cellar bottom.

Ere the second robber could show himself, Morton came rushing into the room with a revolver in each hand.

"What is it?" he cried.

"There! There!" gasped Polly, pointing to the open doorway, where a savage looking face had just presented itself. Lant had been long enough used to danger not to waste time in conjecture.

"Are there any more?" he asked, cocking his second pistol.

"No, I shot one!" and as Polly Burnap thus spoke, she sank into a chair.

"And so you meant to save me," said the carrier, as Polly hesitated.

"Yes, yes—I did."

And as soon as the noble woman was sufficiently recovered, she told the whole story. Morton expressed his thanks as best he could; but, after all, the moisture of his sharp grey eye, the changing of his countenance, and the very lack of language told more than words could have done.

After due deliberation it was decided that the bodies should remain where they were till morning. So the cellar door was shut, the front door bolted, and then they prepared the room to retire; but for the rest of the night Morton made his bed upon the floor of the large room. In the morning just as the carrier was dressing, there came a loud rap upon the outer door, accompanied by a voice which he knew full well. He hastened to open the door, and gave entrance to Jacob Burnap. The hunter had not a party of traders at Lewisburg, and disposed of all his skins to them, thus finishing his journey six days sooner than he anticipated.

"Polly, my jewel," he said, placing an arm around her neck, "I am proud of you. I love you more and more, for every day I find more to love; and then turning to Morton, he added: "What do you think of such a wife?"

"Ah," returned the guest, with deep feeling, "if poor Lant Morton had such an one he wouldn't be a mail carrier."

When Morton left he was directed to stop at the first settlement, and state to the officers what had happened, and he promised to do so. He once more blessed the brave woman who had saved his life, and then set out. Late in the afternoon two officers arrived at the cabin, and when they were shown the dead bodies they recognized them at once, and proceeded to remove them. And ere a week had passed, whole settlements blessed the Bolder Heroine for the work she had done.

What Constitutes a Good Road.

[From the Practical Farmer.]

The following recent decision in this judicial district, where a supervisor was indicted for neglect to keep the roads in good traveling order, will commend itself to the common sense of the community everywhere. Judge Butler's charge of what is to be legal road, and what are the duties of Supervisors, has not been so well delivered before, or understood. A mutual understanding of what the law is has long been wanting; and if roads are not hereafter kept "in good repair and free from obstructions," the fault will be with the citizens.

The defendant a supervisor in Darby township, is indicted for neglect to perform the duties of his office. It is the business of the supervisors of the public highways to keep the roads in their respective townships in good order for use—to have all new roads properly constructed and old ones carefully repaired. They are not vested with authority to judge how much space the road in a particular place requires, nor how poor or indifferent a road will answer its purpose. To the full extent that the ground has been appropriated to the public use, by the law, it must be opened, the entire space constructed into a good and convenient highway, and be thereafter continually kept in such condition. To remove the fences and throw the ground open—er, in addition, to plough a ditch on either side, is not to construct a road within the meaning of the law. The ground must be made reasonably smooth, freed from obstructions, and put in such a state that the water will drain off to the side, leaving the roadway dry and a lid. Where the width is fixed at thirty-three feet (as is usual), or at any other limit, it is because the Court, aided by the report of a jury, has determined that this space is necessary. And whether this determination be wise or not the supervisors cannot consider. Their duty is simply to obey the order of the Court, and the Act of Assembly, to open the road to the entire extent, and keep it thereafter free from obstructions and in good repair. If it is not needed to accommodate the travel, care should be taken that the Court is properly informed and the road not established; or if it has already been established, that it be vacated. But so long as it remains upon the records as a public highway it must be kept in good order for use. If any part of it be obstructed by fences, stumps rocks (that can be removed), holes, or the like, such obstructions constitute a nuisance and renders the supervisors liable to indictment. And in case of injury to one, in person or property, from this cause, the supervisors are further liable in damages to the full extent of the loss thus sustained. And it may be well that the people of the townships should understand that they, too, are responsible in their corporate capacity, for such loss. The supervisors are their agents, and their safety in this respect requires that they should elect suitable men to the office, and see that they perform their duty. The subject is one of deep interest to the public. No intelligent person can fail to appreciate the advantage of good roads, nor to see that what is saved by withholding the means necessary to have them, is poor compensation indeed for the wear and tear of teams and vehicles, to say nothing of the inconvenience, delay, vexation and danger of traveling on bad ones. In the case before us it appears that a road was laid out in Darby township, some years ago, forty feet in width—that the fences were removed, and some places ditches made at the sides—that the timber growing upon it (a part of the ditch being through woodland), was cut down—that no roadbed was formed, the uneven face of the ground being left as it was found, and on which the rain-water lay as it fell—and that the stumps of the trees cut amounted to several hundred, and being one to two and a half feet high, were allowed to remain—that two large logs lay in the road,—that a considerable part of the space between the fences has, at some points, until very recently, been grown up with bushes five to eight feet high, and that the travel has been continually confined for a considerable distance to a single track. The defendant has been in office for a year. You will say whether he has performed his duty in respect to this road. If he has not, he should be removed. If he has, he should be re-elected.

It has been insisted on the trial that this road is in no worse condition than other roads, elsewhere in the county. If this be true, it furnishes no excuse for the defendant, though it may furnish a was on why other supervisors should also be brought to trial and punished. You will now take the case and say whether the defendant is guilty or not."

The jury rendered a verdict of guilty, and a fine was imposed.

SECOND MARRIAGE.—Some one says that nobody enters a second marriage with the same reverence or earnestness, with which he contracted the first. He is older and colder; familiarity with the estate has bred indifference; the being at his side is not a trembling pure little soul whom all his strong chivalrous nature rushes forth to protect, but a nice sort of person, who is going to look after his servants and see that his linen is kept in order.

Some Suggestions on the burning of Coal.

[From the Scientific American.]

The season when closed windows and doors and glowing coal fires have succeeded well-aired apartments has arrived, and as the price of fuel has increased, any methods of preventing the waste of so necessary and valuable a commodity must be useful. We give, therefore, a few brief suggestions, drawn from experience, in regard to the care of ranges, heaters, grates, and cooking and parlor stoves.

It is a false economy to be chary of the use of kindling for anthracite fires. Charcoal is probably the best kindler, but is not always to be obtained, and then is costly. In this and other cities, kindling wood, in pine, sawed short—five or six inches in length—and split fine, is sold in convenient little bundles, one or two of which is sufficient to start an anthracite fire for any household purpose. It may be obtained also in barrels or boxes, or in quantity.

In the country these conveniences do not exist, but every household prepares his own kindling. One great mistake in its preparation is in not cutting it short enough, or splitting it fine enough. More heat can be obtained by using fine than coarse kindling. This preparation is to the stove, what mastication is to the stomach, an assistant to combustion or digestion, in this case convective terms.

After the kindling is lighted, it should be allowed to burn until it is enveloped in a tight blaze and portions have become live coals before a particle of coal is put on. If the coal is heaped upon the unignited wood the process of combustion is delayed by choking, and much of the carbon that would otherwise produce heat is carried off in the form of dense smoke or is deposited or held as carbonic acid gas, the greatest enemy to inflammability. Most persons have seen this when an apparently well kindled fire has been extinguished and had to be relit.

The coal put on the kindlings should be new coal, not the screenings of a former fire, and it should be carefully spread in a thin layer. The practice of filling the fire pot or furnace will materially delay the process of combustion. In such cases we have seen an hour elapse before a bed of incandescent coal could be formed sufficient to brood a steak or a fish, or to cook any sensible heat, while with a decent draft a good coal fire, with judicious management, may be obtained in fifteen minutes.

Where a fire is kept all night, or for days and weeks together, as is now so frequently the case with base burning stoves, and even the common cylinder stoves, the first thing to do in the morning is to put on fresh coal, without disturbing that in the stove, open the draft and the damper, and do no raking until the new coal is well ignited. Then the ashes may be rattled down until the sparks drop through the grate. Soon as these are seen the raking should cease. Never poke a coal fire—anthracite—at the top. This rule, as the military men say, is "general."

But a greater fault than any other and a very common one is choking a fire by piling on a grate or filling up a grate when the fire is low. In all cases the coal should be added in moderate, even small, quantities, and it should be placed or spread evenly. In some cases it is well to deposit the lumps piece by piece by hand. When dumped on in masses the coal wastes rapidly without giving out heat, a large proportion of the carbon escaping up the chimney in the form of visible smoke or thick smoke. No anthracite fire should ever be allowed to emit visible smoke. The gases in the form of a bluish flame carry off enough of the heat producing products. It would be well if all this could be retained and consumed; but we almost despair that this will ever be an accomplished fact.

Drafts and dampers are too frequently used without intelligent reference to their respective offices. Many leave the stove doors open, and close the chimney damper. The effect is, to be sure to retard combustion, but at the same time the gases evolved, finding no escape by the natural draft, are forced out into the room, poisoning the atmosphere and rendering the apartments unhealthy, inducing languor and headache. If the chimney damper is closed, or the passage to the chimney, the door or aperture above the fire should also be closed, while the draft at the bottom of the fire, or under the grate, may be opened; for if the gases escape through this opening, they will have no neutralizing by passing through the fire.

In open grates the draft is frequently found insufficient. This is because too large a portion of the fire is exposed. A sheet of boiler plate covering a portion of the grate bottom will in many cases improve the draft and reduce the consumption of coal, and at the same time increase the available heat.

Some persons, especially inexperienced help, do not know how to distinguish between unconsumed or soaked coal and valuable clinkers, as the former may be coated with white ashes. It may be accepted as a general truth that in a grate, or stove furnace, or fire box, the clinkers, being of a semi-metallic nature, sink and the unconsumed coal be left on top. We have found it to be economical to gather the top lumps by hand before disturbing the mass. Thus, most of the unconsumed portions will be recovered, and can be used again. In many cases this will prevent the necessity of sifting the ashes and picking out the scoria.

In sifting it is a good practice to drench the ashes in the sieve with water. Much that would otherwise be rejected will be found to be pure coal, the water washing off the coating of ashes, and exposing the

'black diamonds,' which are frequently in fine particles. These savings are valuable to be used when the requirements of cooking or particularly sharp airs do not demand a brisk fire. Even the ashes that escape through the sifter, when made into a mortar with water, are serviceable. They may be used advantageously in preserving the fire in a grate, and it is surprising how much of what might be otherwise condemned as waste, can thus be made to yield available heat.

Coal should be kept under cover, exposed neither to the sun, the rain, or the frost. In sensible combustion and waste by the action of the elements rapidly diminish the heat producing qualities of even the hardest anthracite coal. By some this possible waste is estimated as high as fifty per cent. This may be an exaggerated estimate, but that it is considerable the observation and experience of twenty years warrant us in confidently affirming. Even the fine dust left in the coal bin is valuable. Mixed in to a mortar, as we advise with the ashes, it gives out an intense heat, greater than that of lump coal because the more readiness with which the oxygen of the atmosphere can permeate the mass; and here we may give a few words of advice. Small sized coal is more economical than large coal, especially for household purposes, if the grate is adapted to the size, for the reason just stated. To prove this let one take a lump of anthracite as large as a man's fist, "all alive," and crack it so as to expose the interior, it will be found to be entirely black inside and undisturbed by the heat.

These practical suggestions and facts, unaccompanied by scientific reasons are submitted for the consideration of our readers. We might have given the philosophy of combustion as applied to anthracite coal, but preferred to make a few simple statements, leaving our readers to trace the truths back to their source. We are confident, however, that an observance of these rules will result in a valuable saving of coal.

A Dilemma.

A young parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon-pure Universalism was preached, started westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of Cayenne in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with as a preventive of fever and ague. The convention met; and at dinner a tall hoosier observed the parson as he seasonally his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a leetle of that red salt, for I'm kind of curious to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson; "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a junk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth.

It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmenous condition physiologically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, suiting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and, turning to the parson, his eyes wet swimming in water, exclaimed:

"Stranger, you call yourself a Varsalist, I believe?"

"I do," said the parson.

"Wal, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with bell-fire in your pockets?"

Pungent.

"Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman and the horse radish?"

"No; how was it?"

"Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the same, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first, putting a mouthful into his mouth, commenced wiping his eyes."

"What troubles yer, Jimmy?" inquired his comrade.

"Sure, and I was thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was bang," he replied.

Presently the other, taking as greedily of the pungent veg table, had a sudden use for his handkerchief, when Jimmy as coolly inquired, "and what troubles yer Pat?"

"Troth," he replied, "that you wasn't bang with your old father."

Little Susie, poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly exclaimed with vehemence, "Mamma, I don't to be an angel; and I needn't need I?" "Why, Susie?" questioned her mother. "Humph, I have of all my pretty clothes, and wear feathers like a hen?"

An irritable man, having been disappointed in his boots, threatened to chew up the shoemaker, but compromised by drinking a cobbler.

"I would bestow my daughter," said The-mistocles, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man."

Dr. Holmes says that easy-crying widows take new husbands sooner; there is nothing like wet weather for trans-planting.

Jones says the reason why he is always so pensive is because his wife and daughters are so ex-pensive.

The Schoolmaster in Spain.

Mr. W. H. Russel writes to the London Times from Madrid:

"Freedom of conscience supplies freedom of instruction, and both of them, like all other liberties are henceforth to be unlimited in Spain. Little more than four months ago—that is up to 21 of last June—clerical and secular education were to work side by side; but by the law bearing that date the schoolmaster was thrown out of employment and the priest enjoyed a monopoly in the diffusion of knowledge or ignorance. Spain was so utterly lost sight of during that melancholy period, that few people in England were aware of the depth of darkness the infatuated Queen Isabella was ushering in. By a single stroke of the pen she abolished normal schools, placed all primary instruction under priestly supervision and control, and suppressed the schools in all villages and parishes of less than five hundred inhabitants, entrusting the teaching of the children in those small districts to the priest alone. The Jesuits, who had been banished by law, in repeated instances crept in first under a variety of disguises, as brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, Liguorists, &c.; finally in their own garb of long gowns and broad brimmed hats, invading the highest branches of university learning; while what are called 'the Jesuit's imps,' the *Scollapi, Ignorantius*, and other brothers of the Christian schools laid hold of the minor establishments and drilled the minds of the younger part of the rising generation.

It is not that the Roman Catholic clergy were animated by any excessive zeal to do schoolmaster's duty. Wherever their sway is thoroughly and exclusively dominant, wherever their numbers are allowed to an exorbitant extent, their eagerness as public instructors are apt to slacken. In the island of Sardinia where ecclesiastics of both sexes were, not many years ago, in the proportion of one to twenty-two of the population, the number of utterly illiterate persons was considerably higher than in any other European community. Nor was it merely in the 'idle accomplishments' of reading and writing that Catholic children were stinted by their ghostly instructors. In spite of all the efforts of Carlos Borromeo, and other high minded prelates, even the Sunday-schools were shockingly neglected. The catechism itself, such as it was, was verbatimly imparted, if at all, in the most slovenly, mechanical manner.

The Italian or Spanish priest held that ignorance was bliss, and where thought had the least scope their faith exercised the surest dominion. The priest, however, was the dog in the manger. He shirked his duty as an instructor, but suffered no one to step in his place. Rather than put up with schoolmaster he would, no matter with what reluctance and at what inconvenience, take the school himself. Such was the mission of Jesuitism. As mankind had decreed that there should be light, the Church determined that light should go through the medium of her doctrines. A whole phalanx of ghostly doctors have for the last three centuries been striving to protect the world from the virus of knowledge by pretending to inoculate it themselves.

In Spain now, as in earlier periods in France and Italy, all that is to be changed. Instruction is to be free and open to all, emancipated from Church and State control. Every one is to be allowed to open a school, to adopt his own method, to use his own books, and inculcate his own principles, without any interference of the authorities. What duties as a public instructor may still devolve upon the State, what privileges may still be conceded to the clergy, time and nature legislation will have to decide. But in the meantime the decree published last Wednesday by the Minister of Public Works and Instruction, by repealing the June law, at once put an end to ecclesiastical monopoly, established perfect freedom of private education, reopened primary schools, and reorganized the normal schools, thus sowing the first seeds of State education. The minister also engaged to lay before the Constituent Cortes a bill for a complete scheme of public instruction.

The revolution has thus far gained the victory. More than five hundred Jesuits, as we are told, have fled across the frontier to Portugal. Several scores have taken refuge in Bayonne. In most towns their allies of St. Vincent de Paul and of other denominations have been expelled or dispersed by the Juntas. In some places, even the Episcopal seminaries have been closed. It is clear, in short, that if the wind continues to blow from the same quarter, Jesuits, monks, priests, and even nuns are not to be admitted to the benefit of the common right of 'unlimited freedom of instruction.'

Little Sarah Colt, aged eleven, started the first Sunday School in Patterson, New Jersey, seventy-four years ago, and taught it forty years. She still lives to witness the fruits of her labors.

True goodness is like the glow worm; it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.

However well young ladies may be versed in grammar, but very few of them can 'decline' matrimony.

"I wish, Sally," said Jonathan, "that you were locked in my arm, and the key was lost."

"Time works wonders," as a lady said when she married after a thirteen years' courtship.

Does a fish ever sleep? And if not what was the use of making a "bed to the sea."

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 medicinal termed, *essences* 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* Wine, Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic 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, etc., is very apt to become morbidly affected. The Liver, sympathizing, as it does with the stomach, then becomes morbidly 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, Diets for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Horrid or Difficult Breathing, Fluctuating at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dropsy, Swelling of the Feet, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency 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 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 the fact of its reputation for curing the diseases it professes to cure. It is skillfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established its reputation for curing the most obstinate 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 many cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectively cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dropsy, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhoea, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.