## Select Poetry.

THE THINGS THAT NEVER DIE. The pure, the bright, the beautiful. That stirred our hearts in youth, The impulse to a worldless prayer, The dreams of love and truth ; The longings after something lost, The spirits yearning cry, The striving after better hopes, These things can never die, The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need, The kindly word in grief's dark hour That proves a friend indeed; The plea of mercy, softly breathed When justice threatens high, Thesorrows of a contrite heart-These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand, The pressure of a kiss. And all the trifles, sweet and frail, That make up love's first bliss; If with a firm unchanging faith, And holy trust and high. Those hands have clasped those lips have met Those things shall never die. The cruel and the bitter word,

That wounded as it fell, The chilling want of sympathy, We feel, but never tell; The hard repulse that chills the heart Whose hopes were bounding high, In an unfading record kept, These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand Must find some work to do; Lose not a chance to waken love-Be firm, be just, be true; So shall a light that cannot fade Beam on thee from on high, And angel voices say to thee-These things shall never die.

A Great Sermon by a Little Preacher.

"PAPA GOES THERE."

"Mayn't I go with you, papa?-please say I may, won't you?"

The words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreative tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listner.

It was a boy of seven years who lisped them; a beautiful boy, with fair high brow. around which there clustered a glorious wreath of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes; cheeks rosy with health; lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds which tasce them. There were tears in those eyes at this time, though, and the dimpled mouth was quivering.

It was a man of some thirty-five who listened to this plea; a man who had been of to help him now." been! for the blightest truth was written you thought it would my child?" over his form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes red, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks, too, and brutish look to the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere be answered. Then poshing the child rudely from him, he said. in a stern voice, 'No, no. It's no place for

A gain those fair, small hands encircle the

"You go papa. Why can't I go too? Do let me go.

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure-souled boy would enter. He took the child tenderly in his arms, and kissed him as of old: then putting him down, he said kindly:

"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat hurried from the room, murmuring to himself as he paced the way to the brilliant bar-room, "and no place for men, either. Would to God I had never

and resting his head upon his mother's lap,

place for little boys?-Papa loves to go sunk the voice of that cherub preacher.

It was a trying question to the poor, hearther son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him or that his pure and gentle heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlets for a while, then said endearingly: "Papa knows better than you what is best for his little boy. When you grow older you will learn why he does not wish to

Then rising carefully put down her babe upon its lsttle bed, and tied on her hood

"Mind the cradle now, Willie; I'll come back soon, and then you shall have some supper, and a nice fire to sit by, too," and taking a large basket of ironed clothes she went out. A wealthy mother would have been frightened at the thought only of leaving so young a boy at night-fall all alone with an infant to care for, and an open fire to sit beside. But poor Mrs. M. knew well she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for barning up, there were not coals enough to thaw his fingers. No, she did not fear to leave him, for he had thus been left many a time, and always carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now: but poor little fellow his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store, whither he knew his father always went at evening, and his brain pizen the foolish gal." was busy with eager wanderings. He knew his father loved to go, and these must be something that he liked, for he never came

home again till long after Willie was asleep What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought in vain to unravel. tell me if I wanted to know anything very bad to persevere and find out. Now I do want know what makes him love to go there so-I know that there must be pretty things behind those windows. I shouldn't wonder -and his cheeks were glowing-'if it was like a fairy house. Why can't I go?"

Poor Willie! Temptation to know was strong to be resisted; so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow, and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of tallow dip, and lighting it, drew the stand close to her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice should they sally out ere his return.

"I won't stay long, pretty dear." said he. pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lids, and drawing the blanket close over her fair arms. "No I'll come back soon, but I do want one peep." Swiftly his little feet flew over the pavement, and in a trice he stood beside the curtained window.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must be funny in there.'

A cold, November blast swept round the corner as he spoke, penetrating his thin summer clothes, and causing his flesh to quiver, and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they'd hurt me, if I should go in awhile, I'm such a little boy, and I am so cold out here," he said as he in and closing it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered by the light and elatter, but finding no one seemed grate, and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar were drinking when he entered. Soon however, they sat down their glasses and dispersed about the room.

"Halloo," said one in a loud tone as going to the fire he spied little Willie, "What | And as the months were away, quiet but imare you doing here, my little fellow? Who portant preparations went forward at the are you, and what do you want?"

"I don't want anything only to see what you do you here. My name is Willie M. My papa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the window I thought | ise of the babe for which she had long hoped I'd come too. But I must not stay long for I've left the baby alone."

The man's tones were softened as hespoke again to him,

"And where is your mother, boy?" O, she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't get as much work as he used to once and we're very poor now, and she has

"O ves. it does, sir. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he would bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh so see this fire and all these pretty bottles, and those flowers with estly and seized the rough hands of the listener, "please sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers?"

"For God's sake do not tell him Bancro't wretch I am! My boy-my boy!" and Wilhave saved me from earth's vilest hell. sed by either. But what she was most noted you value your soul's salvation tempt me did she see any one in pain or trouble, the not to break my vow. Help me heavenhelp me men, so to live, hereafter, that papa may never blush to take his boy alongthat if papa goes there, Willie may go there

Silently the door closed after them, and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them. For a long time Willie stood just where The preacher had been there in cherub form, his father had left him: then turning to and erazy, loose, unholy thought, or light the few embers that faintly glowed upon and ribald jest was hushed. One by one the hearth he sat down in his little chair, they stole away, and many a wife wore smiles that night; nor did the old bar tender, even, curse the little one that robbed him of so Mamma, why isn't that pretty store a good many dimes. Too deeply in his heart had

"Don't you like me, papa?" asked little Willie, while they stood a few moments on broken woman. She had so far kept from the pavement; for the scene in the bar-room was an enigma to the child, and he half feared a reproof.

"I was thinking what mamma would like best for supper," said the father.

"Was you-was you?" was the eager uestion in a gladsome voice. "O, then I know you ain't cross. O, get oysters and crackers and tea, papa; and a candle, because there is only a piece. And please, papa, tell mamma not to be cross at me cause I left the baby. I don't believe she will, though, 'cause you wouldn't perhaps have come home yet, and she does love to have you home so much. Oh, I feel just like crying, I feel so glad."

"And I feel like crying, too," said his father solemnly; and ere midnight he did ery and his wife, too, but they were holy tears, washing his heart of the dust that had gathered on its beauty, and hers of the sorrow that had draped it like a pall.

A young girl in Burlington, Iowa, wanted to commit suicide because her lover married another, but her nurse, an old negress, gave her epsom salts instead of poison, and cured her of her folly by making her very siek. On being questioned, the old negress said:

A white boy met a colored lad, the other day, and asked him what he had such short nose for "I spects so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

shoourage a longing wish. 'Papa used to queerly if the Grecian bend prevails long.

NOBODY'S BOY.

Everybody said what a pity it was that the Lane's had no children. Mrs. Lane was such a nice motherly lady; the shyest babe never feared to go to her, and there was never a child that came under the influence of her

genial smile but what instinctively loved her. Mr. Lane, too, was one of those men to whom the endearing title of father is so easy to speak. His always kindly face blossomed out into smiles of rare tenderness whenever his eye rested upon one of those miniature men and women, and it seemed almost impossible for him to pass one without giving it a loving pat upon the head, or a kindly word and smile.

And then he was what the neighbors called 'a well-to-do man," Not rich, it is true, but owning a small, well cultivated farm, stocked with fruit-trees and berries of various kinds, and, best of all, near a good market. This put him in possession of two excellent things-an ample income and plenty to do.

But with all this hunger of the heart to all the appliances at their command to make it such a dear and happy shelter, ten years of their married life passed, and no children came to gladden their hearts.

Mr. Larkin, over the way, had an abundance of them; though he had a mortal pushed the door carefully from him, slipped aversion of babies, and groaned in spirit over every fresh instalment. Pat Shane's rosy, rollicking set; though hard work the torn jacket stirred with new and pleasant to notice him, he stole toward the glowing poor fellow found it to get "pratees" for so

But at last there were smiles and sly hints among the neighbors, the boldest and most familiar of them venturing upon little jokes and congratulations, which were smilingly received by those to whom they were directed. Lanes'.

No young mother rejoiced more fervently over the expected advent of her first-born, than did this wife of ten years at the promand prayed.

There was no end to the fashioning of dainty robes and embroidered linen; enough, as Grandma Strong declared, who was favored with a glimpse of the drawers, where they lay nicely folded, "for a dozen babics."

One would not have supposed that the young babe they laid upon her bosom could have repaid the new-made mother for all those nights and days of anguish, when her life hung upon a thread; but its first faint ery, the pressure of its tiny form upon her aroused in her heart a gust of joyful tenderness that swept even its remembrance away.

It was a daughter, and they christened her Ellen, after her maternal grandmother; but because of her fair and gentle look, her lights in them. Please sir," said he earn- father called her Lily, and by that name she always went.

She was a fair and winsome babe, a sweet and lovely child; almost worshipped by her parents, and instinctively attracting towards said a deep anguished voice. "He deems her the hearts of all who saw her. She had me pure and holy. Heavens! What a her father's kind heart and her mother's genial, happy ten per, together with deeper lie was clasped in his father's arms-"you and more earnest feelings than were posses-Here, with my hands upon your sinless brow, for was her tender and sympathetic nature. I promise never again to touch the cup I've | She was a happy-hearted child, making sundrank so deep. And my brothers in sin, as shine and music wherever she went; but sensitive lips would tremble, and her large brown eyes soften with a look of deep and earnest sympathy.

She was her father's idol, who could scarce y bear to have her out of his sight. Most children would have been injured by a love so exclusive and engrossing.

Every Thursday during summer and fall months, Mr. Lane went to market with some product of his farm, and it was his delight to have Lily go with him.

Theirs was not a very splendid turnout, it is true, in comparison to the fine equipages they met in the gay city, but little Lily was as happy as a queen, seated beside her father in the light easy wagon, painted a bright blue, and attached to the staid, dignified horse that had made the journey so often as to know the road as well as his master.

That it might be more meet for his darling, Mr. Lane had exchanged the leathern cushions of the seat, which had done such good service for so many years, for those of crimson plush, to Lily's great satisfaction. who never failed to express her wonder and delight at their beauty and softness whenever she took a seat on them.

One Thursday, in the latter part of August, Mr. Lane went to market with some early pears and apples, attended by his usual companion, whose white straw hat tied with blue contrasted so prettily with the brown curls and fair sweet face it shaded.

Mr. Lane had regular customers that were always glad to secure his choicest fruit, and stopping at one of these, he left Lily alone in the wagon-whose office it was to hold the reins and see that no one took undue liberties with the tempting contents of the bags and baskets stowed in back. The former was merely nominal, and the latter, for once, she quite forgot. Her whole attention was directed to furthering the attempts of Charlie to rid himself of the flies that tormented him, to the performance of which his stump "Specs dis chile is a fool, dus ye?-big mis- of a tail seemed to be entirely inadequate; take-bless your heart, I know'd how to so that she did not notice the ragged barefoot boy who was standing on the side-walk. eveing with a wistful, hungry look the basket of rosy cheeked apples in the rear.

At last the temptation proved too strong, and perceiving that she was not looking, he stole slyly round the wagon, and seizing one It is said that as the twig is bent the tree in both hands was making off, when he was At length he whispered eagerly, as if to is inclined. Some young ladies will grow suddenly collared by a larger boy who had she pleaded; "perhaps Dick had no breakbeen watching him.

"Let me go, he roared," kicking and | In addition to the rest, Mrs. Lane per in | HOOFLAND'S GERMAN SETTERS, | THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FOR 1869. struggling with all his might.

At first Lily gazed at them with astonish ment and affright; and then the sympathies better than anything else. that were always ready to side with the weaker party began to assert themselves. "You bad boy!" she said indignantly,

strike him again." "He was stealing your apples, miss," said the lad, rather taken aback at this unexpected reception of what he intended to be a triendly office.

This was something of a poser to the conscience that had been so strictly educated. "Well, perhaps he was hungry," she said

nesitatingly. "Are you hungry, little boy." "Yes," said the boy, looking wonderingly into the sweet innocent face of the ques- his face is!" tioner, "I'm a'most starved. I hain't had nothin' to day, nor last night neither."

"Dear me, no breakfast nor supper!" ex-Lily, looking hurriedly around for her lunch basket. "I can't give you papa's, because he will want that," she said, taking out the hear a child's prattle beneath their roof, with | nice seed cakes and apple turn-over that her mother had made for her especial benefit. but you can have all of mine."

The boy regarded it with an eager, hungry look, but seemed reluctant to take advantage of her generosity. Kicks and curses he could child. understand, for he had plenty of them all his life, but this was something that had never happened to him before, and he hardly knew circumstances that had surrounded him all little shanty was overflowing with them, a what to make of it. The heart under his his life. emotions.

"Not all; you'll want some of it yourself." some breakfast this morning, and I shall have left them to attend to his customers. some supper when I get home. Eat it all, every bit."

And she laughed gleefully as she watched the hungry boy devour it. "What is your name?" she inquired, as

he paused to wipe his mouth, with his ragged sleeve. Dick. "Dick what?"

"Dick nothin'. There ain't no more to it nothin' but Dick." The little wise face looked slightly puzzled

at this unexpected reply. 'Whose child are you?"

"I ain't nobody's child." Lily pondered a few moments over this strange announcement, and then said: "I suppose your father and mother are dead. Cousin Ally's are; so she lives with Grandpa now. Do you live with your Grandpa

"No; I never had no sich." "Nor Grandma, nor aunts and uncles?" "No; as I ever heerd on."

Lily opened her eyes widely. "Who took care of you when you was little, then?"

"Nobody. Granny Jones used to carry me out beggin' when I was a baby; when I was big enough she made me go by myself. She beat me one day 'cause I didn't bring her nothin'; so I ran away."

"And where do live now?" "I don't live nowhere."

"What! haven't you any house or place "No: I stay round the streets. Some-

errands. "But where do you sleep at night?" "Oh, sometimes in one place and some-

times I get pennies holdin' hosses, or goin'

times in another. Last night I slept at the wharf in a barrel."

"In a barrel?" repeated Lily, lost in pity and wonder. "Dear me! I never heard of such a thing." Just then she spied her father coming down the steps. "There's papa; so now we must be going but we will come again next Thursday, and I'll be sure to bring you something."

"Shall you come here to this house?" "Yes; we always do."

"Wait a minute," she added, as Mr. Lane came up to the wagon. "Can I have an apple, papa?" I want one for : his little boy. He's so hungry," she added confidentially. "Boys are always hungry for apples; but

give him one if you like." Lily picked out the largest and nicest one she could find, giving it to him with a smile that fell upon that neglected heart like sunshine in a shady place.

Dick watched the wagon until it was out of sight, and then walked slowly away, munching his apple. "She looks like the picters I see in the win-

ders," he muttered. "Nobody ever smiled or spoke to me afore. Next Thursday-I'll be sure not to forget.'

Indeed it was an episode in his cheerless, wretched life, that he was likely to remem-

Lily was very silent, and thoughtful during her ride home; so much so that her father wondered what was the matter with her usually lively and clattering tongue.

And he was still more surprised when she pushed away, almost untasted, her nice supper of white bread and new milk. "Why don't you eat your supper, Lily

asked her mother anxiously. "You always come home from your ride with such an appetite. Don't you feel well ?" Lily drew a long sigh.

"Yes, mamma; but I'm sorry, I can't

Then she told her mother about the little boy who was "nobody's child," and lived 'nowheres.'

"To think," she said, as she laid her head upon the pillow of her soft and fragrant little bed, "that I should have such a nice and pretty room, when poor Dick has to stay out of doors and sleep in a barrel!" The next Thursday, Lily manifested

good deal of interest in the lunch-basket. "Please put up a whole loaf, mamma" fast, and he will be so hungry."

some bread and meat, explaining to Lily; that it was what a hungry boy would like

The basket was so full that it was quite heavy; but this was only another source of satisfaction to Lily, who laughed metrily as 'how dare you hurt him so? Don't you she tugged it to the wagon, into which her father lifted her, placing the basket at her

"There will be enough for him to eat and take some away," she said, as she smiled, and noded her mother a happy good-bye, who was standing by the gate.

"There he is. There's Dick, papa! cried Lily eagerly, as they turned down into Crescent Place, the scene of their former meeting. "And do see how white and clean

In expectancy of her coming, Dick had made his toilet with great eare, considering the convenience at his command, and which consisted mainly of an unlimited amount of water at the pond and which he had applied very lavishly to his face and hands.

His black eyes sparkled as he caught a glimpse of Lily, but he bashfully waited until she beckoned him to approach. . Mr. Lane looked rather sharpiy at the boy

thus brought into contact with his darling It was a bright, intelligent face, frank

and honest even, especially considering the Mr. Lane was one of those who had great faith in the instincts of childhood. So,

smiling indulgently upon Lily, and giving "No; take it all," persisted Lily. "I had her protege a kindly pat upon the head, he Lily invited Dick to get up in the wagon.

She then spread a napkin over the seat of it, and began to unload the contents of her basket, her sweet mouth dimpling with smiles at the round eyed wonder in Dick's face at the various good things that were brought in view. There were generous slices of meat, and

bread and butter, great bunks of gingerbread, and wedges of pie, to say nothing of the cheese and biscuits. "Quite enough for a pic-nic," as Lily

confidentially informed her guest, "and a great deal nicer." Dick agreed with her; for though he had no idea what a pic-nic was, he was very sure

that nothing could happen that was half so nice. Though Lily politely refrained fro ifesting it, she was not a little amazed at the amount that Dick contrived to stow away

under his jacket; the remainder she wrapped in a paper for him to take away. Then they laughed and charted as children will, until Mr. Lane's return was the signal for their separation, relating the ex-

periences that differed so widely, but which seemed to be of absorbing interest to each. Thus it was every Thursday for some weeks; Dick never failing to make his appearance, and Lily never forgetting to bring

him some token of her rememberance. But at last, one Thursday in November, Dick watched and waited vainly for the dear child that had been to him such a messen-

ger of peace and love. She would never come again, for on her bed, in a darkened chamber, little Lily was dving.

She had been knocked down by a runaway horse-remaining senseless until the next day, when she revived, but only to bid her sorrowing parents farewell, and bog that they would not cry for her.

"What day is it, papa?" she inquired, suddenly arousing from the stupor that was the precursor to the sleep of death. "It is Thursday, darling."

"Dick will be watching and waiting for me. Poor Dick! he has no home, and nobody to care for him. Oh, papa, mamma, let him come here when I am gone. Don't let him any l nger be 'nobody's child.' "

A gasp, a few feeble flutterings of the pulse, and little Lily's mission was ended. The next Thursday Mr. Lane made his usual preparations to go to the city, as had been his wont for years, excepting on the day his Lily died. Not a word had been said, but Mrs. Lane well knew that he would

not come back alone. So, when the wagon stopped at the door, and she saw her husband lifting out a for lorn, neglected looking little boy, she knew that it was Dick whose name had grown so

When Mr. Lane led him into the cheerful pleasant sitting-room, Dick knew that it was Lily's home, and that the pale, sad-looking woman who gazed at him so earnestly was the mother she had so often spoken of; but he knew, too, that sweet face, whose smiles had shed upon his path all the sunshine that had ever visited it, had gone from it forever, and covering his face with his hands he sobbed as though his little beart would

Perhaps it was his unfeigned grief for her lost darling that so touched the mother's heart; but, as she drew his head down upon her bosom, mingling her tears with his, Dick felt that he was no longer "nobody's child."

He could not stand to them in her stead there was a place in their hearts that Lily. and no one but Lily, could fill-but they loved him, first for her sake, and then for his own : and he grew to be a joy and comfort to them both.

Nearly every pleasant Sabbath afternoon man, holding a neatly dressed boy by the hand, nauses by the mound, beneath which lies all that could die of the dear child. whose short life had been so full of love and goodness. It is Mr. Lane and his adopted son Richard.

A little tumbler will often throw a big man.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC THE GREAT REMEDIES

tive 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 prep ET aration highly concentrated, and entirely ET free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bit-ters, 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-

Those who have no objection to the combination f the Bitters, as stated, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC They are both equally good, and contain the ame medicinal virtues, the choice between the

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being The stomach, frem a variety of causes, such as Indigestion. Dyspepsia. Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as closely as it does with the Stomach, then be comes affected the result of which is that the patient suffers from several

r more of the following diseases Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Felness of Blood to the Head. Acidity of the Stomach. Nausea, Heartburn, Dirgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations. Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach. Swimming of the Head, Hurried 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, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sadden 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 remed for his case, purchasing only that which he is assured from his investigations and inquiries possesses true merit. O is skilfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredidents, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies. submit those well-known remedies-

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

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Com-plaint, Jaundice. Dys pepsia. Chronic, or Ner-vous Debilsty. Chron F ic Diarrhea, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a dis-ordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

Resulting from any cause whatever; prostration of the system induced by severe labor, hardships, exposure, fevers, etc. There is no medicine extant equal to these rem edies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthed, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the checks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

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PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE. And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills will find it upon them, with all its attendant ills will must the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixer

that will instil new life into their voins, restorin a measure the energy and arder 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 portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment \_\_ of good health; or, to
use their own expres \_\_ sion, neverfeel well."
They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. To this class
of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is espedially 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. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing

TESTIMONIALS

that they must believed.

Hon. George W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Penn'a, writes: Philadelphia March 16, 1867.
"I find 'Hoofiand's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in A diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debilities." ility, and want of nervous action in the system Yours truly, GEO. W WOODWARD."

Hon James Thompson, Judge of the Suprem

"I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a vala able medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspensia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect.

JAMES THOMPSON. From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard. D. D., Pasto f the Tenth Baptist Church. Pheladelph Dr. Jackson-Dear Sir: I have been frequent

garding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in N various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofiand'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 Lever Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail, but usually, I doubt not, it will be very ken-eficial to those who suffer from the above causes Yours, very respectfully.

J. H. KENNARD, 8th. bel Contes st.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chromele, Philadelphia. I have derived decided benefit from the Hooflands German Bitters, and feel it my privil to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,

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For sale by A. I. SHAW Agent Clearfield Pa. April 22, 1868-1y

Within the last eight years our country has For all diseases of the Liver. Stomach, or diges

Within the last eight years our country has passed through the gravest and most trying perils which have confronted her since her Independence was acknowledged. She has vindicated beyond appeal her right to be regarded as no mere confederacy or league of jealous, envious, discordant States, but as substantially and permanently a Nation, wherein the pretensions of no part can be admitted or upheld in opposition to the integrity the paramount authority, of the One Republic. The right of each man, by virtue of his birth or his naturalization as a citizen of the United States, to the full enjoyment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," until he shall forfeit the right by crime, is also established on impregnable foundations. Our fathers proclaimed it in justifying their separation from Great Britian; it was left to us to establish as a fact what they merely affirmed as a principle. What the sannon of Yorktown and Saratoga proclaimed as an abstraction, the cannon of Gettysburg and Vicksburg established as a living, embodied, enacted fruth. Of these immense results, the importance and the benificence will become more palpable with every added year. No great good is ever achieved without effort or without cost. Four years of patriotic struggle and sacrifice, half a million of men slain in battle ordying of the privations and exposures of war, millions of bereaved ones, five billions of property destroyed, and nearly three billions of property destroyed, and nearly three billions of property destroyed, and nearly three billions of sets incurred, attest the magnitude of the contest and the unyielding valor of the combatants.

There are still obstacles to sumounf, perils to avert, noble ends to be act reved; but the ship of State has ridden out the tempest and has her ha-

avert, noble ends to be actreved; but the ship of State has ridden out the tempest and has her ha-

ven full in view.

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ur countrymen.
In the joyful trust that Grant's election has In the joyful trust that Grant's election has given the death-blow to Ku-Kiux Klans, and all manner of out rages on Unionists and Freedmen assuch and that Impartial Suffrage will no longer be seriously resisted, we hope to see the next four years signalized by an unprecedented expansion of the National Industry and a consequent increase of the National wealth. We hope to see new cabins dot the prairie, new clearings chequer the forest, new factories and forences erected, North, South, East and West, unfil our annual North, South, East and West, unfil our annual product shall be hundreds of millions greater than at present, while mines of Iron.Coal, Gold, Silver, Copper, &c., be opened and worked, with an energy and to an extent that defies precedent. Believing that the systematic, efficient Protection of Home Industry is the corner stone of a wise, benignant Notional Policy, and that it is essential to the rapid development of our latent resources, to the prosperity of our country, the maintenance of her credit and the honest navment of her debt. of her credit and the honest payment of her debt, we shall give it our earness and active support.

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