Select Loetry.

EVENING.

Hark! hear the sleet against the pane-And hear the wild winds blow It chills me with a shuddering dread,

This heavy heaping snow-I cannot bear that all night long,

The drifts should deepen so. 0 darling, that this storm should beat Upon thy lonesome bed! O darling, that this dancing snow Should heap above thy head,

And I not there to shelter thee. And bear the storm instead! I trim snew the glowing fire-

The flames leap merrily-I make the lamp-light bright and clear-

Thou art not here to see-Ah, since I sit there all alone What are they all to me?

@ dreary hearth ' O lonesome life ! 0 ampty heart and home! It is not home to me, wherein

Thy dear foot never come-There is no meaning in the word Since thy loved lips are dumb 0 all in vain the bright flames dance,

The ruddy embers glow-I shiver in the mellow light. Because, alas, I know

The snow-drifts heap above thy sleep-This heavy, heaping snow!

THE IRON VAULT. I am a lock-smith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain facination, rendering it one of the most agreea ble pursuits. Many who follow it see noth

ing in it but labor-think of nothing but its return in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon almost daily, to open doors and peek into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes and gloat upon the treasures therein; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion and pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not meet the eyes of a husband or father in possession of the missing key; to force the fastening of the cash box, and depositories of records, telling of men suddenly made rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, hopes crushed, families ruined. Is there no charm in all this? No food for speculation-no scope for

begrimmed with the soot of the forge. his hands stained with rust. But I have a story to tell, not exactly a story either-for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative-and (mine is scarcely more than the

would not be a lock-smith, though his face

introduction to one. Let him who deals in fancy write the rest. In the spring of 1856-it was in April-

I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business, Late one evening, a lady closely veiled, entered the shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed and I was all of half an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door and returning to my work a vault and-" the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye, and a pallor in the

ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place for that of pity. 'Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I rather

cheek, however, which told a heart ill at

I felt a rebuke in her reply. "In request ing you to close the door, I had no object,

than to escape the attention of the passers

I did not reply but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed: That little box contains valuable papers

-private papers-and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. And I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no very difficult matter to under-

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face, I will attempt to

ose the recollection of ever seeing it here.' The lady bowed very coldly at what I conedered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work satisfied that sudden discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, all; will you accompany me?" I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse of the precious contents of the box, and suddealy raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passof the casket to its owner. She seized it harriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing her veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed out, she merely whispered-"Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop, in

About two o'clock one morning in the ed by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop, in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang from my bed, and in a moment was at the starting. window, with a heavy hammer, which I

"Who's there?" I inquired raising the hammer and peering out into the darkness, the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in | than fifty feet in length, and down a flight front of the window; "open the door, I have of stairs into what was evidently an underbusiness for you.

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?" "No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I thought was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"Nor that can!" I replied rather emphatically by way of warning as I tightened my grasp on the hammer and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opened the door, and discovered the stranger already on the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly asked. "I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeded to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine my visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy raglan around his shoulders and a navy cap drawn suspiciously over his eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment and then raised the cap from his forehead, and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledged to a little neryousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon the table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same one for whom I had opened the little box about a toilette, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is I was confounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture she said: "Dis guise is useless; I presume you recognize

"I believe I told you madam, I should not serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before day light to-morrow, and receive five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I inquiringly, "that commands such munificent com-"It is labor common to your calling," re-

turned the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed." "And what is the condition?" I inquired. the range of pleasant fancy? Then who

and return to your own folded."

Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime known to villainy, hurriedly presented themselves in succession as I bowed politely and said: "I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the condition, to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars serve in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired.

"No-nor five thousand ' She patted her feet nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of

"You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explation," I interrupted, "I am

not at your service.' "As I said," she continued, "you are re quired to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does this vault belong?" inquired.

"To my husband," was the somewhat re luctant reply.

"Then why so much secresy?-or rathe how came a man to be confined in such a

place?" "I secreted him there to escape the obser vation of my husband. He suspected as much and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream until to-day that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband, this afternoon, convinced me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband, unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I drugged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without interference. I have searched his pockets but cannot find the key hence my application to you. Now you know

"To the end of the world, madam, or such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself; there is a cal waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I heard n sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat and providing myself with the necessary implements. I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab with the driver in his seat ready for his journey. I entered the vehicle. As soon as I was seated, she produced a heavy handkerchief, which, by order to render probable a subsequent re- the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound over my eyes. The la dy seated herself beside me, and the cab atter part of May following, I was awaken- started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped-in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, as it was evidently driven in any thing but a direct course from the point of

Examining the bandage to see that my aspally kept at the head of my bed, in my vision was completely obscured, she handed brought by express or manufactured in town. me the bundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led the flour in town for the same period was me through a gate into a house which I worth only \$240,000. We would recomfor it was darker than Egypt when under knew was brick, and after taking me along mend a lodge of Good Templars to that a passage which could not have been less town.

ground busement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault, open it," she said, springing open the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock. I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and regard with the most painful anxiety, sprang day of rest. the bolt. The door sprang open upon its hinges and my companion, telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the low murmur of voices within, and presently the lady re-appeared, and leaning upon her arm was a man with a face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long

"Remain here," said she handing me the antern. "I will be back in a moment." The two ascended the stairs, and I heard

days of his confinement in the vault.

I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned. "Shall I close it, madam?" said I plac-

ing my hand upon the door. "No! no!" she exclaimed, seizing m hand, "it awaits another occupant."

"Surely, madam, you do not intend-" "Are you ready?" she inquired impatiently, holding the handkerchief before my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault month before! Having completed my hasty and bury me and my secret together. "Do not be alarmed, you are not the man!"

I could not mistake the truth of the fearful meaning of this remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab and driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than soon forget your face. In what way can I before. Arriving in front of the door the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and was out of sight. I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment that all I had just done and seen was not a dream

A month after that I saw the lady, and the gentleman taken from the vault, walking leisurely along Montgomery Street. I do not "That you will submit to being conveyed know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within that vault, and that his b are there to-day! The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

Work for Woman.

Probably our country women talk more about the right to enter all departments of industry than do their sisters in any other part of the world. In the older countries the complaint, if any, would be, that women are compelled to do more than their share of labor. In Britain, for example, outside of Liverpool and London, the hotels are commonly kept by women. A woman assigns quarters to guests; a woman attends to the accounts; a woman presides at the bar. The men are reduced to the positions of porters and waiters. In Britain, and in France and Italy, women are guards along the track of the railroads. On the continent generally, the traveler finds women conducting a large share of the business. In Beigium, and France, and Germany, and Northern Italy, the signs over the manufactories prove that the fair sex are not always subordinates. "Sisters -- " conduct one of the largest lace manufactories in Brussels. "Widow -- " is a leading merchant. At Lyons one of the chief banking houses is that of "Widow Guerin & Sons," although the head of the firm is not found attending to the details of money at the office. In Paris, the jewelry stores are commonly managed by women; and many of the smaller manufactories of various articles seem to be entirely conducted by them. Near the Tuilleries is a sign indicating that a store is carried on by "Miss - and the sisters of her mother." At Cologne, the leading manufacturer of the famous water is Miss Martin, a nun. At Milan, women compete with men in merchandise and trade on the principal streets, and in the finest apartments of the new arcade. Throughout Switzerland. women maintain their full share of many of the industries, manufacturing and agricultural. On the wharf at Havre, a railroad extension is in progress, and women side by side with men, are seen shoveling earth, and

loading and unloading carts. In this country, practically, all vocations are already open to women. They need not wait for the consent of anybody. They can do any work for which they are qualified, and which offers itself. No law forbids, and prejudice itself has ceased to protest above a whisper. No argument is needed to open any vocation to them. Only example is requisite. The place once well occupied by a woman, is free to any one of her sex forever afterwards. Unless it be the law, no profession in this country and no vocation within their physical strength, fails even now compete with men on their own ground. The gifts and capacities, with pen and pencil. with voice or hand, in shop or factory, or field or forum, can hardly be accounted as longer in dispute. - Utica Herald.

The people of Waterbury, Connecticut drank 41,651 gallons of wine and distilled liquors and 127.148 gallons of malt liquor during 1868, not including any such fluids This cost the consumers \$359,084, while

An Oasis in Life's Desert.

A Modest church rears itself amidst the woods of New England. There is no carving upon its doors, no costly show of worldly fashion within its walls, no spire even lifting its high head towards heaven; simply the plain wooden frame, with its neat white front and lowly porch, within which the Quaafter a few trials, which the lady seemed to ker worshipper is wont to hallow his holy

This little sanctuary stands back from the road, in the edge of the forest, where the towering trees o'ershadow it, and the winds of heaven breathe softly upon it. "Tis a wayside fount, where the weary traveller may leave the highway of life, and seek the cooling waters and the needed repose.

One Sabbath morn, in the warm hush of a summer's day, when all nature seemed to be quietly resting, we chanced to find this woodland spot of peace. Nestled there it was among the trees, with the smooth green sward before and around it, upon whose them enter a room immediately above where soft surface the weary foot could press as upon the downiest carpet.

> No form of human life was in sight. The trees bent their swaying branches towards us, the sunlight flickered through myriad boughs, falling lovingly upon the grass beneath, and the twittering songsters joined with the chirping insects in praises to God.

> We drew nearer to the church, close to open doors, but no sound, not even the faintest breath, came through the silent space beyond. We passed the threshold, saw around us the plain walls, bare floor, and rudely framed seats, and in meek humility seated the forms of the worshipping few who composed that Sabbath assembly. With their eyelids closed and hands clasped with true fervor, each carnest soul seemed to be communing in spirit-thought with the unseen power above.

> The stranger's tread disturbed not their placid worship. None cared that the worldling has loitered to rest with them awhile; but, as we tarried, even over our own spirit stole the calmness. The cares of life glided away from us, the follies of this world chased one and another, as if in eagerness to escape far from us, and the sorrows of many days passed like shadows away.

A mazy drowsiness surrounded us. out, but they seemed to carol a softer strain, the air above, then sinking lower and lower, till we could catch but a least whisper of the tiny breath.

The sighing wind murmured still, but so faintly now, that it comes only as breathing upon us the flowery incense of the far off fields. The forms around grew dimly seen. Unconsciously were we losing ourselves in realms of thought, when a sound suddenly broke upon the stillness. A voice like that from another world rose and fell sweetly on our ear. Was it some spirit loved who had gone before, and just then hovered above us with its gentle soothing words? So softly did it say, "Come unto me all ye that labor

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. It was a mortal's voice, but the words were divine. We were blessed by them, and as we gazed upon the form before us with its uncovered head; hand clasped in hand, and istened to that gentle voice as it continued its plaintive spirit breathings with heavenly devotion thanking the Giver of all Good for His unnumbered blessings, our own soul ose upward with hers to that throne above in thanks to him who had taught us, in that simple prayer, what pure thoughts arise. and what true joy is known, from a trusting childlike faith in God.

The prayer ceased. A few more moments of quiet, then the friendly greetings, the kindly inquiries for the absent, the good wishes for each other's welfare, the pleasant nod to the stranger there, all soon were ended and, one by one, each patient steed bore its load of light hearts to their separate happy homes, and we were left to find our way back to the world, and on the morrow's morn to mingle with the sons of men; but, ever and anon, in the midst of noise, tumult, care and unrest, comes stealing over us. like the soothing influence of some passing dream, the few hours we spent in that village church, and we bless the kind fate that wafted us into such a haven of rest, where the storm winds troubled us not while we anchored for a short time to repair our shattered sails, that once more we might venture safely forth over the waters of life.

Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. The Joint Committee of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, and Delegates from the subordinate Lodges, to make arrangements for the grand parade of the Order, held an adjourned meeting in Philadelphia, on Saturday evening. John W. Stokes, P. G., presided. The various committees appointed at a previous meeting reported that they had organized and were attending to the duties assigned them. The Committee on Ways and Means reported to afford instances of women admitted to that they were about sending a circular to all the Lodges and Encampments throughright of women to labor, according to her out the State, soliciting pecuniary aid by voluntary contributions, to enable the Joint Committee to make the Semi-Centenial Celebration of the introduction of Odd-Fellowship upon this Continent, in Philadelpia, in April next, an affair creditable to Philadel phia and Pennsylvania. A resolution providing for an assessment of twenty dollars upon each Lodge and encampment intending to parade, to be used exclusively for the payment of street music, was adopted.

One important precaution against catch ing cold is to keep the mouth shut. To many people this would be ten times worse

The Last of the Samaritans.

In that same valley of Palestine where Abraham and his grandson, Jacob, built their altars to Jehovak, and where some sixteen centuries later the Savior talked with the woman of Samaria by Jacob's Well, the last remnant of the Samaritans, numbering only about forty families, is now rapidly dwindling away.

A traveler who has recently resided three months among these unmixed descendants of the best blood of ancient Israel, assures us that as regards their dress, manners, social customs, religious rites and other tribal peculiarities, they are the fac similes of their ancestors of a thousand years ago. They have never intermarried with any other race, and claim to be the true "sons of Joseph." whose tomb is in their valley. It is said to observe their domestic life is to live in Biblical atmosphere, and to return to the days of the patriarchs. The law is read to them from Gerizim, as it was read to their forefathers from the same sacred mountain as early as the days of Joshua; and along the base of Mount Ebal camels wind their way, carrying on the traffic between Jerusalem and Galilee as it was carried on in the era of

the Evangelists. From the year 1806 to 1846 the Samaritans were prevented by the Mahometans from celebrating the Passover on Mount Gerizim; but twenty years ago, by Christian intercession, the privilege was restored to them. Their days are numbered; but their history and traditions will cling to the "Valley of Sechem" as long as time lasts. The Greek Church has purchased the Well of Jacob, and filled its mouth with stones, preparatory to erecting a temple over it. It would have been in better taste to leave it as it was when the patriarch watered his flocks there, and as it remained when the Holy Founder of the new dispensation drank of its pure "sweet water."

The few surviving Samaritans are said to be worthy of their lineage and of the ancient fame of their sect-upright, benevolent, and remarkable for their physical beauty and lofty bearing. Their surroundings are so grand and solemn, that they could scarcely be otherwise than a poetic people. Tabernacled under the shadow of Mount Moriah, on the site of the "City of Refuge," and merry birds still warbled their songs with with the rock of the Holy Place, the stones set up by Joshua, and the spot on which their notes rising gently upward and upward Abraham prepared his son Issac for sacrifice, of hunters and natives as a permanent supthe noblest specimens of the Hebrew race, pass their lives in a sort of religious eestacy, in which the comparative degradation of their present condition is forgotten in the contemplation of a miraculous past,

Is There a God 7

How eloquently does Chateaubriand reply to this inquiry: There is a God! The herd of the valley, the cedars of the mountains bless him; the insects sport in his beams; the elephants salute him with the rising orb of the day; the birds sing of him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims him in the heavens; the ocean declares his immensity; man alone has said. "There is no God!" Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose you see at once all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year; a morning of Spring and a morning of Autumn; a night pespangled with stars and a night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers and forests hoary with snows; fields gilded by tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires bim emerging from the find good places, kind masters and the prosgilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that star, which sinking, fatigued and burning, in the shade of evening, re-appear at the same instant. fresh and humid with the dews of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west, or rather our enses deceive us, and there is properly speaking, no east, west, or south in the world. Everything reduces itself to a single point, from whence the king of the day sends forth a triple light in one substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful: for while it gives an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits at the same time a shining image of the glorious Trinity.

Stupidity.

How stupid to walk along the street with an umbrella or cane under your arm, the point sticking out for everybody to run his face into; for three ladies to walk abreast. and move so slowly that persons in a hurry must either go between them or get into the gutter; to puff and blow, and well-nigh faint upon ascending a stairway, with forty pounds of fashionable cloak on your back; to go late to church and annoy the minister and congregation by your fussy entrance; to wear a dress four feet too long, and then look daggers if any one steps on it; to walk for exercise when you need rest; not to know what you want when you go into a dry goods store; to eat when you're not hungry; to smother the smell of your unwashed person in musk or other disagreeable perfumes; to think that people's opinion of you increas es in proportion to the cost of your clothes: to refuse to sing or play when urged; or to bore people to distraction by both singing ary! another landlord shot!" and playing when not asked.

A letter bearing the following superscrip-Postoffice from Iowa:

"Augustus Jones, a web-foot scrub, To whom his letter wants to go, Is chopping cord-wood for his grub In Silver City, Idaho."

Arctic Discovery.
In an address delivered before the Ameri

can Geographical Society in New York on the 12th Jan., Dr. Hayes, the renowned Arctic explorer, expressed the atmost confidence in being able to reach the open Polar sea with a steamer. The Doctor based his opinion upon the fact that water does not freeze except when sheltered by land. Firmly frozen bodies of water of any extent are unknown. Dr. Hayes defined the Potar Sea upon the theory of ocean currents. Of the flow of the waters within the limits of the Polar Sea we know little, but we can trace one. This sweeps along both coasts of Greenland; the branch on the eastern side, after touching Iceland, wheels around Cape Farwell into Baffin's Bay, where it joins the other branch through Smith's Sound, and out from the great Parry Archipelago thre' Jones' Sound, Lancaster Sound and Hudson Strait. Thus uniting its great arms this Polar current courses along the Coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, and wedging itself in between the Gulf Stream and the American coast is finally lost off the cape of Florida. The Gulf Stream and the Japanese current both flow into the Polar Sea, the former entering by the coast of Spitzbergen and the latter through Behring Strait. Noting the influences of these currents upon the climates of the adjacent countries we find on the Atlantic coast, Glasgow, in latitude 56° 51 min., paralel with the coldest point of Labrador, which is chilled by the ice-encumbered current of Baffin's Bay. St. Petersburg is on the same paralel of latitude with the Southern point of Greenland. On the Pacific coast Sitka was found in latitude 57° 3 min., with much the same climate as the European cities before mentioned.

Baffin's Bay and Hudson Bay were never sealed, and in passing the winter of 1860-61 on the margin of the most northerly portion of Baffin's Bay, with the temperature at 40° below zero, he, with his party, was always within sound of the beating surf. Explaining the different proposed and projected routes to the Polar Sea, he said he would give the preference to the way of Smith's Sound. A vessel could certainly be forced up to Fort Polk, and thence would be afforded, first, land as a base of operations. the route lying over Grinnell's Land, and, second, the opportunity to colonize a party deer, were here to be found in abundance. This was his plan seven years ago, as it was

A Word for Boys.

Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many boy has been lost in society by allowing it to tarnish his character, and foolishly throw-

ing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom suffer nothing to displace or diminish its luster. Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man that commands the best respect; an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception, you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and

don't let a vile word disgrace you. Honesty, frankness, generosity virtue blessed traits! Be these yours, my boys, and we shall not fear. You will claim the respect and love of all. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks and apprentices have their eyes on you. If you are profane, vulgar, theatregoing, they will not choose you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will pect of useful life before you.

HIGH HEELS. -The Scientific American tells its readers, what every physician and student of physiology knows, about the silliness and harmfulness of wearing high heeled shoes. When the heel is raised, as is the prevalent custom, the bones of the thigh pelvis and leg, as well as the foot, are thrown into an abnormal position; and while the bones maintain their plasticity, the effect of such unnatural tension is sure to be perpetuated in the shape of crooked shins, bandy legs, elephantine toe joints, and a cramped ungainly gait.

"The penalty for walking on a railroad track in England is ten pounds," said one while discussing the numerous fatal accidents on railroads. "Pooh!" replied Uncle Jerry, "is that all? The penalty in this country is death."

Flowers teach us we are mortal-as they fade so must we. The lesson is daily offered us-do we heed it? Evergreens hint of immortality, because in the dreariest days of winter they are green-robed; yet they too die.

The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since wash ed the close of a year, and hung 'em to dry on a bee line.

Advertising for a wife is as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella. "Talk up" to the dear creatures. If you'd marry them. One-half the world was born to marry the other half

A Dublin letter writer tells that he heard a newsboy crying through the street: "Evening Freeman! glorious news from Tipper-

A very irritable man, having been disappointed in his boots as promised, threatened tion was recently received at the Silver City to eat the shoemaker, but compromised by drinking a cobbler.

I "feel it my duty to dilate," said a te dious orator. "Better die late than never!" shouted a voice in the crowd,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

BOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDIES or all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, or diges

Hoofland's German Bitters Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, extracts) of Roots, Herbe, and Barks, making a prop anation, highly concentrated, and entirely a 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 admixture, will not

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 Tonie being

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

Constipution, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Feiness of Blood to the Head. Acidity of the Stomach, Nausen, Heartburn, Dirgust for Food, Palaess or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations. Sinking or Pluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Sufficating Sepsations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dall Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspira-

tion, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in

the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden flush-

es of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant im-

aginings of Evil, and great depression of Sprrits. The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy 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 commection 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 intro-duced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefitted suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Com vous Debility, Chron F ie Diarrhea, Die the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a dis-ordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY Resulting from any cause whatever; prestration of the system induced by sayare labor, hardships, exposure, fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these rem There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies 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 tings is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the week and nervous invalid becomes a strong and

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE.

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixer that will instil new life into their yeins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youth-ful 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 sel-dom in the enjoyment _____ of good health; or, to use their own expres _____ sion, "never feet well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extreme-ly nervous, and have no appetite. To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is espeially 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 hat they must believed.

TESTIMONIALS. Hon. George W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Penn'a, writes:

Philadelphia. March 10, 1001.

"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 debility, and want of nervous action in the system.

Yours truly, GEO. W WOODWARD." Philadelphia. March 16, 1867.

Hon James Thompson, Judge of the Suprem Court of Pennsylvania:

Philadelphia, April 23, 1866.

"I consider Hoofland's German Bitters' a valuable medicane in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspensia. I can certify this from my experi-ence of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D., Pasto of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Jackson-Dear Sir: I have been frequent-Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding 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 appress my follows. once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail, but usually, I doubt not, it will be very ben-eficial to those who suffer from the above causes

Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, 8th, bel Contesst, From Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Edito I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofiands German Bitters, and feel it my pivili-ege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,

CAUTION. Hoefland's German Remedies are counterfeited See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit Princi D pal Office and Manufac-tory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor. Formerly C. M. JAOKSON & Co.

loofland's German Bitters, per bottle, loofland's German Bitters, half dosen, Hoofland's German Tonie.put up in quart bottles \$1 56 per bottle, or half dozen for \$7 56.

Do not forget to examine well the articl For sale by A. I. SHAW Agent Clearfield Pa April 22, 1868-1y