

The Raftsmen's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

A LITTLE CROWN.

"Write it, O angel, in the Book!
Among the lambs of my fair flock;
One more dear name shall be engraved,
By Jesus saved!"

The angel paused and wrote it down
Then turned and looked a glowing crown,
On which the precious sentence gleamed,
"By Christ redeemed!"

It was our lamb whose name was there,
So precious and so sweetly fair,
That oft we trembled as he dreamed:
So near to heaven he seemed

And oft the angels softly came,
And gently called his little name:
For beautiful grew his darling eyes
With baby ecstasies!

At me! we would have stayed the hand
Which led him to the heavenly land!
But troops of little ones came down
To lead him to his crown!

He went so sweetly to that throne,
We almost heard the welcome song
Of countless darlings gone before
Unto the shining above!

JOHN RANKIN'S BARGAIN.

"Pretty good for one day's work."
Farmer Rankin rubbed his hands briskly
together, after depositing in his desk a con-
tract between himself and a poor neighbor.

"Pretty good, little wife. Do you know
how fast the money comes in? There is
nothing like making good bargains. Pass
the apples and cider, James."

Mrs. Rankin looked up from her sewing
with a troubled gaze. "I hope you have
not been too hard with John, his family
are very needy."

"I have given a fine job to him and his
boys. They can do well enough at eighty-
seven and seventy-five cents a cord for wood
chopping. I paid only fifty cents per cord
last winter."

"I thought you were paying one dollar?"
said his wife.

"I am paying according to my agree-
ments," replied Mr. Rankin in a tone of
slight displeasure. "There was something in
his wife's manner that repelled him, as he
watched the busy fingers, as they shot the
needle with a sharp click through the cam-
bric."

The children had retired, and Farmer
Rankin sat toying with the rich, mellow ap-
ples before him, while his wife kept on at
her sewing.

"John!"

"Well!"

"Are you paying Thomas Barnes one dol-
lar per cord for cutting wood in your woods?"

"Yes."

"You will have to draw it three miles?"

"About that."

"You are to pay Joe Miller eighty-seven
cents per cord for wood cut in his woods,
and you have to draw it two miles and a
half."

"Yes, quite a saving of time and money.
There, you see, I understand that peculiar
kind of work, which always varies us of a
lecture on ethics. I tell you I have done
well enough by him. If I can give a man a
good job, and at the same time make it profit-
able to myself, you ought to be pleased."

Joe Miller wishes to clear his land. I am
to give him eighty-seven cents per cord for
two hundred cords. I have paid fifteen dol-
lars in advance, and am to pay the balance
when it is piled and measured."

"It will take him a long time to cut that
much wood; besides cutting what they will
be obliged to burn in the mean time. And
what are the family to do while they are cut-
ting? They are dependent upon his daily
labor for their bread. I heard him tell you
that the money you paid him would scarcely
pay the boots that he and his boys must have
before they can work."

"That is no concern of mine. If I pay
when the work is done, it will be quite
enough—more than many others would do.
Before commencing, they can work out a
few days, and earn bread and meat to last
them through the time."

"We are not to be guided by what others
would do. The question is, what ought we
to do? Can you afford to pay Thomas
Barnes one dollar per cord?"

Mr. Rankin winced under the penetra-
ting look of his wife.

"Yes, but I could not get it done cheaper,
as that is the least anybody is paying in or-
dinary timber, and Barnes knew the market
price of wood, and knew just how much I
could draw in one day."

"Then Thomas Barnes understands the
worth of labor better than Joe Miller?"

"Yes, I save just twenty-five dollars on
the chopping, provided he fills the contract,
and if he does not. Then the difference in draw-
ing and furnishing the wood makes what I
call a good bargain," said Mr. Rankin, with
a low chuckle, as he quaffed a glass of cider.

"Say, rather, a bad bargain, my husband,"
said Mrs. Rankin, with a half smothered
sigh.

"Bargains are not to be estimated by
dollars and cents only. If we cannot stand
self-acquitted in our dealings with others,
we are miserably poor, heaping up dross in-
stead of gold. I am sorry to see you taking
advantage of a poor necessity."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rankin contempt-
uously. "Your nice distinction of right and
wrong will not bear the wear and tear of busi-
ness."

"They will bear the light of eternal truth;
and whatever can survive that ordeal can
bear the test of this poor perishable world.
According to your expressed idea of conduct-
ing business, you make it a sin to accumu-
late wealth."

"How so?"

"If there is no way of making business
remunerative through strict integrity, and if
it is wrong to accumulate wealth; and if

wrong to accumulate it, wrong to possess it.
Thus you would sweep away the moral right
to engage in any enterprise dependent on
money for advancement. All branches
of business are not equally ennobling; a
man is free to choose."

"Ah! my little theorist! nothing short
of a theory could ever bring men up to
your standard."

"I would have every man heed the whis-
perings of the conscience which God has
planted in his breast. Had you given Joe
Miller terms a little easier you would be bet-
ter satisfied with yourself, my husband;
you know the conditions are hard."

"He went away satisfied in all, save wanting
his pay on every twenty-five cords. But I
knew he would not cut on such terms half
as much as I want. They will have to take
a little harder, but when the get it done,
they will have more money than they ever
had at once. It is a fine chance for Joe
Miller to pay for his land. I intend to give
them all the chopping they can do for a year;
he is a slow, indecisive sort of a fellow—one
of your honest sort, wife. Bah! I dispise
such men. They are mere fungi in every-
thing they undertake that requires tact and
perseverance—always poor."

"The victims of too many good bargains
perhaps."

"Mr. Rankin bit his lip in chagrin.
"Your conclusions are forced and cruel,"
continued his wife. "If you can afford to
pay Thomas Barnes one dollar per cord—and
you are not the man to pay it unless you find
it profitable—you can and ought to pay
Joe Miller the same. He has a large, needy
family, and he probably felt compelled to
make the most of the opportunity."

"I tell you, wife, he was delighted when
he cast up the amount, and found that he
could so nearly pay for his land. I told him
I would give him on such terms all the chop-
ping he could do."

"Therein lies the wrong. You held up
a glittering temptation, that the poor man
could not resist. Alas for poor human na-
ture! It seemed so easy to reach out and
grasp the bubble; for bubble it is. John
Rankin, you know he cannot fill that con-
tract without distressing his family, and you
could, as well as not, have given him more
time, as you will not draw the wood before
fall or winter."

"He can fill it, if he tries hard."

"You have made no allowance for any
delays that may occur, and the mere fact of
putting the price at seventy-five cents in
the time specified, shows that you entertain
a doubt, at least, about it. Twenty-four dollars
to that poor man is a deal to lose, and there
is no telling what privations the family may
have to endure by this trying to fill the con-
tract. You will pay Thomas Barnes forty
dollars more for the same amount of work
than you will pay Joe Miller, and he is not
half so needy. The difference in drawing is
worth something to you, according to your
own estimate, to say nothing of the worth of
the wood as it stands."

"That is nothing to him, as he is going
to clear his land, whether I have the wood
or not."

There was anger in his tone, for he had
silenced just such thoughts in his own breast.
Mrs. Rankin could not see him deliberately
wronging a poor man without remonstrat-
ing, though she knew from bitter experience
that her husband's words were as sound as
brass.

"It may be nothing to him," she said,
"but to you I know it is. He has taken up
a piece of wood-land, and to make the first
payment, has paid out the last dollar he
possesses. To make out the required
amount, he sold his cow. In the contract,
you give him fifty days, and if the two hun-
dred cords are not ready for measurement
in that time, you are to pay him only seven-
ty-five cents."

"That was put in as a spur, for I want
the wood, and would have agreed to pay
him one dollar, rather than not to have it;
though I expect a man to do as he agrees—
I always do."

"Yes; but you are very careful as to what
you agree," said his wife with a meaning
smile.

"Ah! therein lies one great secret of
success in business. I made sufficient al-
lowance for hinderances. He and his boys
can cut up six cords a day, with ease; but I
will allow them thirty-five days, and that
will give them fifteen days to work elsewhere
for bread. I am not so bad a man, after
all, if I do like good bargains."

"How do you make it fifteen days?"

"Humph! is not the difference fifteen
between fifty and thirty-five?"

"Would you compel a man to work on the
Sabbath?"

"I did not think of the Sabbath," stam-
pered Mr. Rankin, looking greatly con-
fused.

"Say, rather, a bad bargain, my husband,"
said Mrs. Rankin, with a half smothered
sigh.

"Bargains are not to be estimated by
dollars and cents only. If we cannot stand
self-acquitted in our dealings with others,
we are miserably poor, heaping up dross in-
stead of gold. I am sorry to see you taking
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and whatever can survive that ordeal can
bear the test of this poor perishable world.
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late wealth."

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"If there is no way of making business
remunerative through strict integrity, and if
it is wrong to accumulate wealth; and if

in Joe Miller's woods could be distinctly
heard at the farm-house of John Rankin.
To him it was simply the clanking of dol-
lars in his already full coffers. No thought
of pity for the shivering, half-frozen men and
boy, struggling to meet the hard conditions
he had forced upon them, ever entered his
mind. He was growing rich very fast; rich
in houses and lands, but miserably poor in
all that makes life beautiful, laying up treas-
ure for moth and rust to corrupt.

One of Joe Miller's boys cut his foot, long
before one half of the wood was chopped.
The family was suffering from insufficiently
nourishing food. The high prices of food
and clothing were bidding fare to swallow
up the greater part of his labor. It was tak-
ing more days than he anticipated to work
elsewhere, and earn the food necessary to
keep them from starvation. The fierce, bit-
ting cold of mid winter was purpling the
fingers and cheeks of his little ones, and the
racking coughs, from colds taken by constant
exposure to the weather, while gathering
chips from the woods to keep them from
freezing, smote heavily upon the father's
heart. Sometimes the temptation to give
up the job, or not try and complete it in the
specified time, was strong upon him; but to
do this would be to give John Rankin too
much of his hard earnings. He had
learned that Thomas Barnes was to have
one dollar per cord, and that angered him,
and made him feel all the more determined
to finish the work in fifty days.

"I must have a cow in the spring," he
would sometimes think, as he redoubled his
exertions.

"I was too grasping myself; had I taken
only one hundred cords I could have done
it with ease, and not distress my family;
but the temptation was too alluring"—were
the thoughts ever present. Then would the
conviction of the real truth force itself upon
him that John Rankin urged the two hun-
dred cords from no other motive than selfish-
ness. As the expiration of the fifty days
drew nigh, he became fearful that he should
fail to fill his part of the contract. His sec-
ond boy caught a severe cold, and was
confined to the house with pneumonia. He
had calculated on the full help of his two
oldest boys. He felt weak himself; his food
was not sufficiently nourishing for such ex-
cessive labor. The last two Sundays found
him in the woods, splitting and piling wood
instead of in his accustomed seat at church.

"On John Rankin's soul rests the sin,"
said the poor man, repeatedly, as he wiped
the perspiration from his brow.

Early one cold snowy morning, Mrs. Rank-
in was startled by neighbor woman's rush-
ing in, and asking for some remedy for the
croup, saying one of Joe Miller's children
had a severe attack. Mrs. Rankin, very
much against her husband's wish, she fear-
ing she might take cold in such a storm,
took what remedies she thought proper, and
proceeded to the house across the fields,
about half a mile distant. As she entered
the house, the scene was appalling. Seated
in a rickety arm-chair was Mrs. Miller, with
a boy about six years old upon her lap, gasp-
ing in the last agonies of death, while a cry
of wailing went up from the agonized father
bending over him, and from the frighten-
ed children, crouched in one corner of the
room. Mrs. Rankin advanced and laid one
hand upon the white brow of the little suf-
ferer, and parted back the heavy locks of
shining hair.

The poor woman's face lighted up with a
strange unearthly glow, as she shrieked:
"Don't touch him! I would not have his
precious body contaminated by a touch so
vile! Do you think, by your hard bargains,
to grow rich on the bone and muscle of a
poor man and his family—to sap the life
blood out of his little ones, that your own
body may be clothed in purple and fine linen?
O my poor, dead boy!" moaned the wretch-
ed mother, as she hugged the lifeless form
to her bosom.

"Heaven knows, poor woman, I am not
accountable for your misery," sobbed Mrs.
Rankin, sinking upon a broken chair. "I
did not deem you half so needy," she con-
tinued, glancing at the untouched breakfast
of baked potatoes and salt to be washed
down by cold water.

"May be you are not; but your husband
is. My husband went to him a few days
ago, and told him he feared he should fail
to have the wood cut at the required time,
in consequence of one of the boys cutting
his foot, and the others being sick, begged a
few dollars to buy the food for which we
were suffering, promising to cut more than
the two hundred cords. He knew, too, that
Mr. Rankin will not want to remove the
wood for some months, as he will not draw
it till it is seasoned; but he told him he
must abide by the contract, and that he had
no money to spare. He let him have a few
potatoes, saying we could get along very well
on bread and potatoes for a few days. Did
he think the bread would come down like
manna? I took the children out to the woods
to gather chips from the chopping to keep
us from freezing; we have had no wood for
a long time, only what the children and I
have gathered. That is the way my darling
caught his death-cold. We must give him
a Christian burial. How can we bear the
sound of the axe while our dead boy lies in
the house? How do we know that every
stroke would not be reviving a nail for the
coffin of another? O my dead boy! my
poor dead boy!"

Mrs. Rankin covered her face, and groan-
ed in agony of spirit. Was this one of the
results of her husband's grasping after rich-
es? Ah! how many more, as said, that she
knew nothing of! How little had she an-
ticipated what suffering might arise from
the bargain she had so earnestly remonstrat-
ed against!

"I am certain," said she, choking back
her feelings, "that Mr. Rankin did not re-
alize how much he was exacting from you.
He is not so hard-hearted as to require the
work to go on—now—"

She could not finish the sentence, with
that agonized mother's eyes blazing upon
her, as she held her dead boy tighter to her
breast.

"God be merciful to the man whose
grasping hand is stayed only by yawning
graves! How does he know that the death
angel is not already hovering over his own
household?"

Mrs. Rankin shivered and caught her
breath, as the suffering woman's words burn-
ed into her heart. She regretted deeply the
intrusion upon her sorrow. She had intend-
ed good, but she thought it better to leave.
She could not speak for some minutes, as
she stood gazing upon that poor woman,
moaning in her first great sorrow, and press-
ing her tear-wet cheek against the cold,
damp brow of her boy. Oh! ye mothers,
who have seen the sweet lips of your pre-
cious darlings purple by death's vintage,
pity the wretched mother, for no other mortals
can.

"May heaven have pity and comfort you,
grief-stricken mother!" said Mrs. Rankin.
I wish I could make you know how much I
sympathize with you—how much I wish to
serve you, and alleviate, to some extent,
what your family is suffering through my
husband's inconsiderateness."

True wife! she could not give it a harder
term in words, though her soul loathed his
dealing with that poor family.

"If you will permit me, I will go home
and prepare a warm breakfast, and send it
over at once; you need a cup of tea."

The poor woman looked up, as though she
would drink in all the good and kindness
she might find in the face before her.

"Perhaps I have judged you harshly,
ma'am. You look like a kind-hearted wo-
man. You know, and God knows, if you
do, may I be forgiven for the words I have
uttered."

Mrs. Rankin could make no reply, but her
tears were more convincing than words.

The neighbors were dropping in and of-
fering their services, and Mrs. Rankin went
home, and soon sent a good, warm break-
fast to the family.

Perhaps no tears more bitter were ever
shed than those that poor Joe Miller
dropped upon the white brow of his dead
boy, lying in his little paltry coffin; tears of
keen self-accusation, as he thought that if
his family had not been subject to so severe
privations, his boy might not have died.

"I did not know, O my poor lamb! how
much avarice was in my heart," he groaned,
as he pressed the little cold, dimpled hand
in his hand, honest palm.

How much compunction, if any, John
Rankin may have felt, as he stood by the
open grave of the poor man's child, is known
only to the searcher of all hearts. Ah! did
he know that, though on the side of the
oppressor was power, they had one comfort-
er stood there in divine compassion, unseen,
whispering, "His blessed Spirit, to those
bruised hearts: 'The lad is not dead, but
sleepeth.'"

Mrs. Rankin wrapped her furs and broad-
cloth more tightly about her, as, leaning
upon Mr. Rankin's arm, she turned away
from the burial; for the frozen clouds falling
upon the little coffin sent a chill to her heart
that crushed out almost the last feeling
of love and reverence for her husband,
though the path of duty lay plain before
her, and she was not one to turn aside from
her own obligations. And the contrast of
their warm, costly clothing with the thin,
thread bare garments of the poor mourners,
was a source of agony to her soul, from which
it would have been a mercy to spare her.

John Rankin thought he did a praise-
worthy act when he paid to Joe Miller eighty-
seven cents per cord for two hundred cords of
wood, which would have been finished at the
specified time but for the death of the poor
man's child.

"Sunday Railroad Work."

The "New York Sabbath Committee"
have published a little pamphlet under the
above title, which treats of the influence of
railroads on the material and moral interests
of society, and contains the answers of one
hundred and twenty-four Railroad Presi-
dents and Superintendents as to the amount
of Sunday work done on their respective
roads, and its expediency and profit. The
answers show that on sixty-five of the roads
there are no Sunday, passenger, freight or
cattle trains run; that on fifty-nine roads
there are more or less trains run, amounting
in all to one hundred and seventy-seven
trains—about one-fourth of which are freight
and cattle trains. Sixteen companies an-
swer that their Sunday trains are profitable,
while thirty-eight answer that they are un-
profitable; and nearly or quite all express
the conviction that it would be better for
all concerned, and vastly more for their com-
fort and morals, not to have any Sunday
work done except what is absolutely neces-
sary. Those companies which run Sunday
trains seem generally to be influenced rather
by competing roads, or by the apprehension
that their six days of business would suffer
if they did not run trains on the seventh.

Slightly Exaggerated.—An Iowa ex-
change, in order to be even with a correspon-
dent who told a marvelous pin story, vouches
for the truth of statement that a lady in
that village, when quite a child, accidentally
run a splinter in the thumb of her left hand,
and was astonished the other day by having a
saw-log, ten feet long and twenty-three in-
ches in circumference, jump from her heel

Made up Liquors.

One is impressed to seek a reason for the
numbers of murders and sudden death which
are now so frequently reported, and in doing
so there is one frightful source to which to
trace the cause of the evil, and that is the
amount of made-up and poisoned liquors
now sold to the public as a beverage. In a
very large majority of the cases of murder
reported, the murderer has been found to
be laboring under a species of insanity, pro-
duced by the fiery poison of a made-up
stuff called liquors. At any corner you may
find a compounder of poisons, and it is too
tempting a business to be easily prevented.
Ten cents worth of strychnine or other
poisonous drugs will impart to a barrel of
beer double the strength of that value of
hops, and with the present skill in chemi-
cal preparations, hardly a gallon of pure li-
quor is necessary to produce thousands of
gallons. The city is flooded with these poi-
sons, called by all sorts of names. The best
brands of champagne are wholly produced
in this country in such perfect imitations,
that the genuine cannot be detected if per-
chance a bottle should be mixed with it.
The California wines offered for sale are
very large, but the made up manufacture of
certain establishments in this city. So with
other wines and liquors. Nor are these ex-
aggerated statements; they can be verified
any day by the assessors of internal revenue,
and the examination of the liquor. But can
nothing be done to stop this wholesale poi-
soning of the community! Must every man
who takes a glass of wine become a possible
murderer, an insane homicider? The evil is
one which cannot be overlooked.—N. Y.
Commonwealth.

A Dutchman Opposed to Insurance.

A certain Dutchman, owner of a house,
had effected an insurance on it of eight hun-
dred dollars, although it had been worth much
less. The house burnt down, and this Dutch-
man claimed the full amount for which it
had been insured; but the officers of the in-
surance company refused to pay any more than
its actual value—about six hundred dollars. He
expressed his dissatisfaction in powerful
broken English, interlarding his remarks with
some choice Teutonic oaths:

"If you wish it," said the cashier of the
insurance company, "we will build you a
house larger and better than the one burnt
down, as we are positive it can be done for
even less than six hundred dollars." To this
proposition the dutchman objected, and
was at last compelled to take the six hun-
dred dollars. Some weeks after he had re-
ceived the money, he was called upon by
the same agents, who wanted him to take a
policy of life insurance on himself or on his
wife. "If you insure your wife's life for
\$2,000," the agent said, "and she should
die, you would have the sum to solace your
heart."

"Get out!" exclaimed the Dutchman. "You
insurance fellows all tie! If I insure
my wife, and my wife dies, and I go to
de office to get my two thousand dollars, do I
give all de money? No, not quite. You
will say to me: 'She 'van't worth two thou-
sand dollars; she 'vas worth about six hun-
dred dollars. If you don't like to take six
hundred dollars, vill git you a bigger and a
better wife!'"

Soup Growing on Trees.

Soup berries are to be found in immense
quantities throughout Alaska. They grow
on a bush about the same in appearance as
whorlberries. When ripe they are red, of a
juicy and quinine taste, and general bienni-
al. One quart taken and placed in a tub
the size of a bushel, when stirred, will com-
pletely fill the tub with froth, and the more
it is stirred with the naked hand and arm
the stiffer it becomes, until you can cut it
with a knife. It is eaten with horn or wood-
en spoons, all the family sitting around the
tubs. It is undoubtedly an acquired taste,
but the commodity is much sought for. The
froth is of a beautiful pink color. Green
berries will make nearly the same amount of
froth, but is of white color and is not so
highly flavored. Foreigners stir it with pot
or sherry wines, and add sugar, in which case
it is a delicious luxury. Large quantities
are dried, by being placed in a tub with
their leaves, forming a cake, which is placed
on wicker tables, with lighted fires under
and the sun overhead. When dried they
will keep in a dry place for some years. The
dried berries are black and look dirty. A
piece two inches square, beaten in a water-
pool, will fill it full of froth of a dark pink
color.

"Pa," said a young hopeful the other day,
"didn't I hear you say you wanted a cider
press?"

"Yes, my son; where can I get one?"
asked the parent.

"Why you jest try Jake Stokes. By the
way he hugges sister Sal the other night
out by the gate, I should think he might be
about the thing you want."

Sal suddenly left to see to things in the
kitchen, and the old gent recollected that he
had not "seen to the piece of fence that
neighbor Jones' critters broke down t'other
day."

The Chicago Post asks the curious ques-
tion, "shall fashionable women be allowed
to vote?" Arguing from the fact that sav-
age nations are particularly fond of trinkets
and bright ornaments the editor concludes
that a fashionable woman is but a step or two
above the South Sea Islander who eats his
cucumbers.

Not having heard from the debating soci-
eties in relation to the conundrum, "Why
do hens always lay eggs in the day-time?" a
contemporary answers, "Because at night
they are roosters."

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDIES
For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, or diges-
tive organs.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are
medicinally termed, *extracts*) of Koots, Herbs and
Barks, making a pre-
pared, and entirely free from alcohol, ad-
mixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

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

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol-
ic admixture, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Those who have objection to the combination
of the Bitters, as stated, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

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

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

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness
of Blood to the Head, Debility of the Stomach,
Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness
or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations,
Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach,
Swimming of the Head, Headache or Dizziness,
Breathless, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or
Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture,
Dimness of Vision, Drops or Webs before the Sight,
Dull Pains in the Head, Debility of Perspiration,
Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pains in
the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flush-
es of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Im-
aginations 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 as-
sured from its ingredients and inquiries
possesses true merit. It is skillfully com-
pounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and
has established for itself a reputation for the cure of
these diseases. In this connection we would
submit these well-known remedies:

Hoofland's German Bitters, and Hoofland's
German Tonic, prepared by Dr. C. M.
Hoofland, Philadelphia.

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

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Com-
plaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Ner-
vous Debility, Chlorosis, Di