

The Rattaman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 30.

Select Poetry.

"OLD WHITE HEAD."

Oh, would my head was young again—
As young as seems my heart,
That I might join the merry train,
That throng the marriage mart.
Since my head has grown old,
That throats of silver twine
Sound about the fading mould,
No social joys are mine.
My heart, what! is fresh and young,
As fresh as April showers—
And through and through my soul has sprung
A wealth of May-day flowers,
And fountains too, come flinging up
Through ruins of beaten gold—
To love I'll fill a brimming cup,
If I was not so old!
The pretty maidens seem so shy,
When I cast a glance;
They seem to say just place me by,
For you there is no chance!
Tis true I huddle on my case;
To excite youth a dread,
And so they've conjured up a name
And dub me "Old White Head!"

MRS. WAYNE'S FOOTMAN.

"Yes, mother, I grant all you say readily enough; Miss Wayne is beautiful, agreeable and accomplished. She sings superbly, and plays with skill. And she wears her dry goods with infinite grace, and has a class in Sabbath school, and always favors the contribution plate with a greenback, but still I am not sure of her heart. And notwithstanding I marry a woman whom I can respect and love."

Seymour Lyle threw himself down on an ottoman at his mother's feet, and engaged himself diligently in a business which men generally excel in—tagging the silks and worsteds in the work-basket he had taken from the ottoman to his knee.

Mrs. Lyle lifted her silken morning robe a little out of her son's way for she was one of those immaculate ladies who cannot bear to have their robes crushed or crumpled, and let her handsome dark eyes rest a moment on his face.

She smiled pleasantly, as if pleased with the picture. She had reason to be. Seymour was her only child—twenty-four, handsome, noble and honorable. He had just returned upon the practice of law in his native city, and bore fair to distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen.

"Well, mother?" he said, questioningly, smiling up into the still youthful face of his only remaining relative.

"Seymour, I am sorry you are so suspicious. Do you know that it is a point of law days to consider a person innocent and pure until proven otherwise? A lawyer should be law-abiding my son."

"Perhaps this business makes me suspicious. I do not think I am by nature. But in this case I am, to a certain extent. However, I am sometimes speak of it, I look upon marriage as a solemn thing, a respect too holy to be entered upon without some thought. It is an obligation one cannot put off at will like a distasteful garment, and if I marry, I want to marry a woman with whom I can be happy. Annette Wayne is lovely and charming, and all that, but—"

"Well, Seymour?"

"I cannot take her on trust, even supposing she is ready to accept me. I desire to know her, and I am going to do so. I am going to live in the same house with her, so such a capacity that I can read her character as I never could if I met her on equal ground."

"What will you do now, Seymour? I trust you will remember you have a proud old name name to keep up."

"Never fear, mother mine. The dead and gone Seymours shall not blush in their graves at anything I may do—God helping me. Mr. Wayne has advertised for a footman and I am about to apply for the place."

"You! Seymour Lyle! Are you mad?"

"I think not, mother dear. If I am, there is a method in my madness. I am going up to my room to prepare for my advent in freedom and when I am dressed I will call on you."

A half-hour later, Mrs. Lyle was surprised by the entrance of a strange man into her sitting room, and the genuine scream she uttered at his appearance, was a good evidence of his disguise, to Seymour's mind.

His dark locks were covered with a coarse toweling, his clear complexion had been slightly painted until it was freckled as a turkey's egg, and the faded suit he wore in disarray of long credit of his tailor's.

"Well, mother, how do you like me?" asked Seymour.

"Like you? You are hideous! No danger of any one penetrating that disguise. Try and behave properly though, if Mrs. Wayne does engage you."

"I am all propriety. Good bye, mother, for a day or two. I would kiss you, but it would be impudent for a footman to take such liberties."

Mrs. Wayne was pleased with the application, who called himself John Steele, and after a few questions as to his capabilities—measuring of which put John in a cold preparation—he was duly installed in a cold room in her establishment. One of his duties was to tend the front door and see after the frequent glimpses of Miss Annette.

The second night of his engagement at the Wayne mansion, there was a grand ball at the house of some of the fashionable, and Miss Wayne attended. John was to keep her for her in the dressing room, and admit her when she came home. Mrs. Wayne read a novel and dozed in an arm chair.

John began to think a footman's life anything but easy, when one o'clock struck, and

still no Miss Annette. Just before two she rang. John hastened to let her in, and in shutting the door managed to set his foot on the trailing skirts of her dress.

Her face flushed in anger, and she snatched her robes around her with anything but the lady like grace Seymour Lyle had always so much admired in her.

"You awkward clown!" she exclaimed sharply. "Learn to keep off a lady's dress or I will have you discharged!"

"Beg pardon, mem," said John, politely pulling his red foretop, "but it ain't every poor fellow as has been brought up in the school of politeness, and learned what to do with his hands and feet."

"Who asked you to reply?" she retorted, contemptuously.

"Nobody, mem."

Mrs. Wayne met her on the stairs.

"Mother, that new footman of yours is an idiot! And he looks enough to give me the horrors. Heaven! what a chill evening it has been! Mr. Lyle was not there, and I made myself hideous in white and simplicity for nothing. No other person has any appreciation for that style. When we are married, though, I will teach him that diamonds are more to my taste than white roses."

"I dare say," muttered John between his teeth. "I dare say you'd have no objection to begin the lesson at once."

All next day Miss Annette was cross and out of sorts. On poor John her wrath especially descended. He could do nothing to suit her and more than one sharp reprimand he listened to, delivered in that voice he had once thought so soft and sweet as being incapable of being pitched to the high key, which, after all seemed most natural to it.

Annette gave John orders not to admit any one; she was not at home, and she passed the day curled up on the sofa in the back parlor, and taking her ease in a soiled wrapper, and stockings none too fresh from the laundry.

Just before dark there was a timid ring at the door. John opened it, and saw a little shivering figure on the broad steps. A pair of brown eyes looked up wistfully in his face, and a musical voice asked—

"Is Miss Annette at home?"

Looking into the brown eyes, and noticing the soft color which came and went so charmingly on the peachy cheek, John forgot that he had orders to deny his young mistress to any callers, and said quite in his natural voice—

"Yes, she is. Will you walk in!"

The girl stepped into the hall, and he saw that she was very thinly dressed, and that she carried a bundle. He ushered her into the back parlor at once, where Annette having renounced her sofa, was ensconced in an arm chair, with her feet on the tender.

She looked up and frowned at the intrusion.

"John! you stupid blockhead! I told you I was not at home to-day!"

"Beg pardon, mem; I forgot," said John, nervously.

"Well, it's one of my working people, so it's of no particular consequence. Miss Annette, have you brought me the cape? John put some coal on the fire. It's cold as Greenland here. Let us see how you have done it, Mary."

The girl unrolled her bundle, and displayed a pink Thibet opera cape, embroidered white so exquisitely that John forgot himself again, and stood gazing at it in profound admiration.

"Don't stand there gazing, John!" said Annette sharply. "Put on some coal!"

Then to Miss Annette, "it is really very well executed, and I will give you something more of the same sort to do before long. You can go now, for your nearly dark, and you'll be afraid if you stop longer."

Miss Annette rose, and hesitated on her way to the door.

"If you could pay me for the work to-day," she said in a troubled voice, "my rent due, and my little sister is ill—"

"O, don't trouble to be paid," said Annette, coarsely. "I know the whole. There is always a sick mother or sister. I can't pay you to-day—it's eight dollars, I believe, and I have only twenty by me, and that I want to-morrow. Call around next week, and I will pay you."

"Indeed, Miss Wayne," said the girl, in a choked voice, "I am suffering for it, or I wouldn't ask you—"

"Don't trouble me my good girl, I have a headache to-day, need rest quiet. I will pay you next week. John show her out."

A bright scarlet rose to Miss Annette's cheeks as she followed the tall footman to the door, and John was sure he saw tears in the brown eyes. She hurried down the icy street, but before she had gone a dozen rods, Mrs. Wayne's footman had overtaken her.

"Here is something for you, Miss," said he hastily, and thrust a ten dollar note into her hand.

"Miss Marietta Ainslee, No 8 B street. She must be dreadfully poor, for B street is a wretched place. But I'll make an errand there."

The next day John knocked at the door of No 8 B street. Miss Ainslee answered the summons, and invited him to enter.

It was a meagre little room into which she ushered him, but for all that it was neat and cheerful. A geranium was blooming on the sill, and on the table beside a cot bed, there was a red rosebush covered with blossoms. On the bed lay a golden haired child of five or six years, her face wasted by disease, and one transparent little hand resting on the quiet head of a little white kitten.

Poor John was terribly embarrassed, but Miss Ainslee kindly helped him to an explanation of his errand.

"You come from Miss Wayne, I suppose?"

"Yes, mem," John, "that is to say no mem! I come for myself, and he came to a dead stop."

Mary was looking at him curiously, so he plunged into the matter at random.

"You see I thought, that is I decided I should like an opera cape myself like Miss Wayne's you know."

The girl laughed, but checked herself at the sight of her visitor's distressed face.

"For a friend I suppose?"

John caught eagerly at the suggestion.

"Yes, yes, for a friend. Yes, you are correct. Can you do it for me?"

"What color would you prefer?"

"O any color," said John; "it don't matter! that is, it is immaterial. How would a green one look?"

"I should hardly fancy that color," replied Mary.

"Well, well, I leave it all to your good taste. It is for an elderly lady, and there is money to purchase the material, and you need not hurry about the work. Any time will do."

"Miss Ainslee picked up the hundred dollar note laid down, and regarded him in silent surprise.

"I am not insane," he said laughingly, only a little eccentric—"

"But here is much more than enough money—"

"O, never mind about that! we will settle that when the work is done. And I shall want to call on you now and then to see how you get along with it."

And John bowed himself out.

The next day he gave Mrs. Wayne notice that he must leave her; and the work didn't agree with his digestion, was the reason he gave.

He was satisfied as regarded Annette, and Mrs. Lyle was forced to give up her long cherished plan of seeing her son the husband of the gay and beautiful belle.

Seymour Lyle was in his office every day until six o'clock, and after that hour no one knew anything of his whereabouts. But John, Mrs. Wayne's quondam footman, was at No. 8 B street almost every evening.

He was so interested in the progress of that cape that he could not let a day pass without giving its inspection his personal attention, and he contrived to make himself so agreeable to Miss Ainslee that she looked for the coming of the shabby blue coat, and the red hair under that seedy hat, as one looks for a ray of sunshine in a cloudy day.

Little Nellie, the sick child was never so free from pain, as she was when John's strong arms held her, and she listened to the stories he told her, and the songs he sang her, as she listened to nothing else on earth.

Aoor little thing! her life of suffering grew feebler every day, and one morning, while alone with her sister, she put her hands together and cried out—

"Mamma, take me!"

"Mary caught her to her bosom, but she held only clay. The beautiful spirit had flown to her mother, who, perhaps even in Paradise, had been lonely without her darling.

Two days after the funeral of Nellie, John came to spend the evening with Mary. She confided in him fully now, she told him for the first time her simple history. Her father had been a distinguished physician, but through his many charities he had left his children only poverty at his death. Mary had sewed and embroidered ever since, and taken care of Nellie. Now God had assumed care of her.

age between myself and Annette Wayne. And I, not being so sure that the young lady mentioned was the angel she seemed, disguised myself, and obtained the situation of footman in her mother's house. I am satisfied with the result, and now when shall I have my wife?"

"Indeed, Mr. Lyle, everything is changed now. You are a man of wealth and position and—"

"All the more reason why I should not wait," he exclaimed, taking her to his arms again; and we presume that his arguments were all convincing, for a month later there was a wedding at St. Paul's, and Mary Ainslee was the bride.

And Miss Annette Wayne wondered where on earth Seymour Lyle managed to pick up that wretched little Miss Ainslee.

What a Pair of Andirons Oust.

"Peter," said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and gazing on the andirons, "Peter, those cost me one thousand dollars."

"Dear me!" exclaimed my aunt. "Oh, father!" cried the girls. "Impossible!" said I.

"True, every word of it. One thousand, did I say?—yes, two thousand dollars."

"Well, well," said my aunt, folding up her knitting for the night, "I should like to know what you are talking about?"

My uncle bent forward and planting his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertions, he began:

"Well, you see, a good many years ago, we had a pair of old common andirons. Your cousin Letty says one day, 'Father, don't you think that these old andirons are getting too shabby? Shabby or not, I tho't they would hold up the wood as nicely as if they were made of gold. Soon after that, Peter, your aunt took it up, and—"

"There it goes," interrupted my aunt. "you can't get along without dragging me into it."

"Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she said our neighbors could afford brass andirons, and they were no better off than we were. And she said Letty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the stinky looking andirons might hurt their market. I know that women will have their own way, and there is no use objecting; so I got the andirons. The price of them was four dollars and a half—"

"Ah, that's more like it!" cried my aunt. "I thought you said two thousand dollars!"

"My dear, I wish you would not interrupt me. Four and a half. Well, the night after we got them, as we all sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new andirons, and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, and on my return home, your aunt and cousins beset me to have a marble slab, and they put their heads together—"

"La, me," exclaimed my aunt, "there was no putting heads together about it. The hearth was an old worn out thing, not fit for a pig pen."

"They put their heads together about it, Peter, as I was saying, and continued until I got a marble hearth, which cost me twenty dollars—yes, twenty dollars, at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but I was entirely wrong. Soon I began to hear sly hints thrown out about the brickwork around the fireplace not corresponding with the hearth. I stood for a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me, and I was forced to have marble instead of brick. And then the old wood mantle piece was so out of character that it was necessary to have a marble one. The cost of this was nearly one hundred dollars. And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping. The new mantle put to shame the old white-washed walls, and they must be painted, of course, and to prepare them for paint sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on, your aunt and the girls appeared to be quite satisfied, and when it was done they had no idea that the old parlor could be made to look so spruce. But this was only a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found that there would be no peace—"

"No father," exclaimed the girls, "Till I got a new carpet. That, again, shamed the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter, my lad, count up twenty dollars for the hearth, and one hundred and thirty for the mantle piece and repairs. What does that make?"

"One hundred and fifty, uncle."

"Well, fifty for paper and paint."

"Two hundred."

"Then fifty for carpet, and one hundred, at least for furniture."

"Three hundred and fifty."

"Ahem! There's that clock and the blinds—fifty more."

"Four hundred, exactly." My aunt and cousins winked at each other.

"Now," continued my uncle, "so much for this one room. No sooner was the room finished, than complaints came from all quarters about the dining room and entry. Long before this I had surrendered at their discretion, and handed in my submission. The dining room and entry cost each two hundred more. What does that count, Peter?"

"Eight hundred, uncle."

"Then the chambers—at least four hundred, to make them chime with the down stairs."

"Twelve hundred."

"The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted of course. Add two hundred for that."

"Fourteen hundred."

"Then there must be a piazza in front; that cost two hundred."

"Sixteen hundred."

"Here aunt began to yawn, Letty to poke the fire, and Jane to twirl over the leaves of a book."

"A new carriage came next, Peter, that cost two hundred dollars."

"Eighteen hundred dollars!"

"Then there was a lawn to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—parties given occasionally—bonnets and dresses at double the former cost, and a hundred other little expenses in keeping with the order of things. Yes, Peter, I was entirely within bounds when I said two thousand dollars."

The position was silent. My aunt immediately arose and "guessed it was two-time." I was left alone with my uncle, who was a persevering man and never gave up what he undertook, till he had done the work thoroughly. So he brought his books and accounts and set about making an exact estimate of the expenses. He kept me up till after midnight before he got through. His conclusion was that the pair of andirons cost him twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars.

A Tough Oar.

The "Fat Contributor" gets off his latest bedbug story: "Talk about bedbugs," said Bill Jones, who had been across the plains, you should have seen some of the critters I met in Idaho last spring. I stopped one night with some settlers, who lived in a little log cabin containing only one room and a loft. When it came near time to go to bed they strung a blanket across the middle of the room, and the settler's family slept on one side of it and give me the other. I laid down to go to sleep, and the bedbugs began to gather like lunch-eaters around a free lay-out. I tried to kiver up and keep away from 'em, but the pesky varmints would catch hold of the bedclothes and pull them off from me. They didn't think nothin' of draggin' me around the room if I held on. I lit em, till about midnight, and then I looked around for some way of escape. There was a ladder reaching up into the loft, and I thought the best way to get away from the blood-suckers was to climb up that, so I did. There wasn't any bugs in the loft, and I laid down congratulating myself on my escape. Pretty quick I heard the ladder squeak 'as if somebody was comin' up. Bimeby I saw a bedbug raise himself up through the floor and look carefully around the loft. Soon he saw me he mentioned to his chums below, the bloody-thirsty cuss, and cried, exultingly: 'Come up, boys; he's here!'

CAREFULLY BROUGHT UP.—A pious old clergyman, while wending his way to church one Sunday morning, caught sight of the two sons of one of his parishioners, going into the woods, evidently for the purpose of hunting. Feeling certain that anything like direct remonstrance with the young gentlemen themselves would scarcely turn them from their way, he waited until after "preaching," and sought the old gentleman, his father. After recounting the circumstances of meeting Billy and Sammy as he had done, he closed an affecting appeal by inquiring of their father why they had not been brought up in the fear of the Lord?"

"Fear of the Lord, parson—fear of the Lord! Why, they have! They're so 'feared of him now they dassent go out Sunday without double bar'l'd shot guns on their shoulders!"

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and the Judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock, they should make a trade, the horses to be unseaworthy that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeit of \$25. At the hour appointed, the Judge came up, leading the sorriest looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes, Mr. Lincoln was seen, approaching with a wooden saw-horse on his shoulder, great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased, when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal; set down his horse, and exclaimed, "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

THE LETTER R.—We have a friend who finds it difficult to pronounce the letter R. Meeting him on one occasion, he said—

"Wobbert, have you heard of the great wiot on the Bywstoll woad?"

"A what?"

"Why, a wiot, a wiot."

"What the deuce is a wiot?"

"Don't you know what a wiot is? A wiot is a wumpus."

"Well, now, what is a wumpus? You've got me again."

"Why, you know what I mean. A wiot—a wumpus, a wot!"

"O ho! a riot! Yes, yes, I have heard something of that."

A little four year old child in Portland, told his father he was a fool. On being reminded by his mother, and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed: "Papa, I'm sorry you're a fool."

Said a youngster in high glee, displaying his purchase to a bosom friend on the sidewalk; "Two coconuts for ten cents! that will make me sick to-morrow, and I won't have to go to school."

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

THE GREAT REMEDIES FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

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

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

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol to admixture, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

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

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, &c., is very apt to lose its functions, and the Liver, sympathizing with it, becomes affected, the result of which is the patient suffering from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Dizziness, Faintness, or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Headache, or Difficulty Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking, or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dropsy, or Swelling of the Feet, Dull Pain in the Head, Debility of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of Evil, and great depression of Spirits.

The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which he is assured from his Druggists and Inquiries possesses true merit. It is skillfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies—

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

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

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

DEBILITY. Resulting from any cause whatever; prostration of the system, induced by severe labor, habits, excessive mental exertion, or any other cause, will be cured by these remedies.

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 strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes rosy and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE. And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of the BITTERS, or the TONIC, an exhilarating and invigorating influence, which will measure the energy and ardor 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 population of our population are in a sad condition in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own express language, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. This class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN. Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but we cannot do the publication of but a few. Those that will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be true.

TESTIMONIALS. Hon. George W. Woodruff, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes: Philadelphia, March 16, 1867. "I find Hoofland's German Bitters is a good tonic, useful in a variety of cases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous action. Become yours truly, GEO. W. WOODRUFF."

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania: Philadelphia, April 23, 1866. "I consider Hoofland's German Bitters a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my own experience. I. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Knapp, D. D., Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia: 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 various instances, and particularly in my own family, the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland'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 Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail, but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, 8th. bet. Chestnut.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia: I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my duty 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, E. D. FENDALL.