

# The Ruffamans' Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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## Select Poetry.

### KNITTING.

With a moaning maiden sitting,  
While she slowly plies her knitting,  
Pinned I gaze upon her beauty,  
While I fill my happy duty.  
Paying out the sphyx double,  
Richly paid for pleasant trouble,  
Just to watch her nimble fingers,  
And her ruby lip, where lingers  
Many a heavy sigh and sighing,  
Just to feel the wondrous thrilling  
Of my heart, with rapture filling.

While beside the maiden sitting,  
"Paying out" while she is knitting,  
I am thinking how my knitting  
Is an illustration fitting  
Of the real life we're living:  
Of the merrier God is giving  
In the active world around him,  
Than to a woman man has bound him.  
There are love and labor making  
All the joys our souls are taking.  
His labor is supplying,  
"Paying out" his thread, and trying  
Ever to undo its tangling;  
Ever to protect from wrangling;  
How to give life's thread and hold it;  
How to love to gently mould it  
Into forms of use and beauty;  
That they link their love and duty.

### A FAMILY JAR, and WHAT CAME OF IT.

I remember it as though it had happened yesterday. It was the biggest row we ever had in our family.

It was cold, rainy evening in the early part of December. We all sat down to the supper table as usual, but not apparently in our usual good humor.

By "all," I mean our family, which consisted of father, mother, my two sisters, Clara and Lizzie, Bob and myself.

Bob Carver was one of our family, as he had been for years. His mother and my mother had been friends in girlhood, and had never grown their intimacy. Ever since Bob had lived in the city he had boarded at our house, and he seemed like one of us.

He was a jolly fellow, and appeared to think a good deal of us all, especially Clara, who, by the way, did not seem to care particularly for him, though, of course, she liked him "well enough," as we all did.

The relations between these two had become some painful consideration. I liked Bob very much, and would have been glad to have him in the family more fully than by "boarding." Beside this my regard for him made me feel a warm sympathy for his unappreciated affection for Clara. I was in love myself, and thought that if Maggie Cranston showed as much indifference to me as Clara did sometimes toward Bob, that I should have been extremely miserable.

Beside this, Clara seemed to take a good deal of pleasure in the company of that stupid Jim Bayne, whose chief delight seemed to be in talking about religion, politics and other subjects, which bored me intolerably. I was nineteen, and poetical.

It always seemed to me that Lizzie would have suited Bob better than Clara, anyhow. They were both fond of music, and often played and sang together; but they never played smoothly together. They did not appear to agree about anything but music, and they quarreled about that. Yet they harmonized practice together. Their voices blended sweetly, and I supposed they tolerated each for the sake of the music.

I could never understand Lizzie's conduct toward Bob. It was absurd. Some of his lines that she argued against with all her might, when he stated them, she was warmly defended in conversation with the rest of us. I believe she delighted in being contrary.

Mother sometimes rebuked her petulance to Bob, but father said it made no difference, it was customary for musical people to quarrel. He was quick tempered himself, and Bob was more like him than any of the rest of us.

But to return to that December evening. As I have said, the weather was bad. For that reason, I suppose, the boy had failed to have the evening paper.

When father came in, he asked for the paper, and said, "Confound the boy."

When Bob came to, he asked for the paper, and went up stairs to change his boots, standing about hanging the boy to the next morning post.

Bob came in a bad humor, because they had been unable to get out shopping that afternoon on a holiday shopping expedition; while mother was worried because the boy had not turned out well, and the kitchen cakes showed a tendency to become sour.

Mother said something about the bread, and she had been over the baking all day, and it seemed as though it never would rise. She said, "I think either the flour or the yeast is bad."

Father, just to be disagreeable, I suppose, said, "A bad workman always complains of his tools."

Mother flushed instantly. She was a good bread-maker, and she knew it. She said, "That don't apply to me. We generally have as good bread as any one. Don't you think so, Robert?"

Bob looked as though he was working out some problem in mental arithmetic, and answered, "I don't presume to criticize the flour at my boarding-house."

This was improving things rapidly, Bob saying our house his boarding-house.

After supper Bob went up to his room and smoked a cigar, and afterward came down in a more social humor. In accordance with a previous arrangement he and Lizzie were to practice an instrumental duet.

That in the parlor reading, and, so long as the music ran smoothly on, I paid no at-

tention to it; but suddenly there was a discord, and then it ceased.

"You made a mistake there," said Bob, pointing to the music.

"No, it was you," said Lizzie, "and there is where it was," pointing at one of the hieroglyphics with which composers disfigure paper.

"I beg pardon," said Bob; "but I could not have made such a mistake, as I am quite familiar with the piece. I played with Miss Peterson the other evening, and she made the same mistake you did, only she saw it when I pointed it out."

"Oh, yes; she would see that black was white, if you pointed it out. What has Miss Peterson to do with me?"

"I surely thought that you and I had lived long enough in the same house together, and were sufficiently intimate—if not friendly—to allow me to differ with you sometimes, and even to quote authority in support of my own opinion when it was at variance with yours."

"Whatever friendly relations there were need not continue. You have chosen to decide your position in the house as that of a mere boarder, and, as such, had no right to flout another young lady in my face, and claim that because she made a mistake, I must have done so, too. You talk queerly about this music anyhow. If you are as familiar with the piece as you pretend, why did you practice it? I know you are not right about the mistake, and I don't believe you think you are, yourself."

If a man had given Bob Carver the lie so directly, I suppose he would have knocked him down. As it was he jumped up without a word and went to his room.

Lizzie played several very lively airs with great animation, and was as merry as a lark until she went to bed.

Her apparent triumph over the matter angered me, and I bluntly told her she had been ill natured and un lady-like; whereupon she informed me that "children should be seen and not heard."

At breakfast, next morning, all of us had apparently recovered our good humor, but there was something forced about Bob's gaiety. I noticed that he and Lizzie said nothing to each other. When he left, he would not be back to supper. (He always dined down town.) As this was not altogether unusual, no one but myself appeared to notice it, except Clara, who looked at Lizzie with a sort of "told you so" glance.

Bob came home that evening, and we did not see him till the next morning. At breakfast Lizzie seemed about to say some thing to him, once, but did not do so.

Father, mother, and Clara went to church. Bob and I concluded not to go, and it was Lizzie's turn to stay at home and superintend the preparation for dinner.

We were accustomed to eating good dinners on Sunday, as it was the only time we could all eat that good meal together, and take our time at it. We all enjoyed those Sunday dinners keenly.

Just before the folks started to church, Clara and Lizzie were talking earnestly together, and Clara said, "Yes, you ought to do it at once." I gave no heed to the words then but afterwards knew what they referred to.

Father had a sort of half library, half office, up stairs, and there Bob and I went, he to take a smoke and myself to read.

After we had been there a short time, Lizzie tapped at the door and walked in. I asked her if she would have a cigar, to which she made no reply, but walked directly toward Bob, who involuntarily got up to meet her.

I saw that they were about to make up their quarrel; but as I had been present at half a dozen make-ups of theirs, I only thought it necessary to gaze, with sudden interest, out of the window.

Lizzie commenced, "Mr. Carver, I was rude; I was provoked at what you said at the table, and so forgot myself; I'm sorry."

I wished I had gone out but they were between me and the door, so I did not know what to do.

Bob maintained an awkward silence for a few seconds. I began to feel interested. I knew that I pretty much of an apology for Lib to make to any one, and I mentally said if he did not accept it as frankly as I was offered, he was a well, not what I thought him.

Lizzie must have grown tired of his silence for she had turned around from the window, when Bob said "Stop." She turned toward him and he continued:

"Lizzie, don't think I am such a brute as not to accept your apology. I was only at a loss to find words to express my regret at having provoked you into saying what you did. It was all my fault."

"No, it wasn't curly returned Lizzie; and I mentally concluded that they would quarrel over this.

But Bob continued seriously, and in a most lugubrious tone, said, "Well, may be it isn't. I guess it is fate. It is the result, I suppose, of oversensitiveness to your indifference—or dislike."

"Bob!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"It's true," he said, "I can't help feeling that you don't like me, and my uneasiness leads me to act so as to increase your aversion."

I wished I had gone. They seemed to be settling not only their last quarrel, but all they had ever had.

"You had no right to say that, Bob. You know—I don't—dislike you," said Lizzie, actually breaking down and sobbing.

I guess he must have concluded that he knew it, for he took her in his capacious arms just as I passed her on a retreat, terribly ashamed of not having gone in the first place.

I do not know what took place after I left,

but so far as dinner was concerned, Lib might as well have gone to church.

Bridget got it all right, and I think it was about the happiest one we ever did eat.

Happiness is contagious, and there was enough of it in Lizzie's eyes alone to have inoculated a whole regiment with joy.

I believe Clara saw the state of affairs at once and shared Lizzie's joy to the greatest possible degree.

Father and mother seemed to accept the "era of good feeling," without explanation, while Bob was insane.

He asked father about the sermon, and on being assured that it was an excellent one, said he would take a little of it.

Father asked him, "What?" and he said "potatoes."

He helped himself to a spoonful, and then deliberately took a spoonful of butter.

Mother significantly asked him if he thought smoking agreed with him, and he told her yes, he considered it a delightful luxury; and as he gave her this novel assurance, he reached for the molasses and poured it over his potatoes and butter.

This was too much for Clara and me, and we burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which recalled Bob to his senses; and blushing crimson, he confessed that he was absent minded, as he had just been able to see his way clear in a matter which had troubled him for months.

He then heartily joined in the general laugh at his mistakes; Lizzie joining in, and blushing a pink accompaniment to his deep crimson flush.

Bob and father took a smoke in the office that afternoon, and mother and the girls held a conference in the parlor; I took a walk.

When I came back Clara said, "You're a gump."

Without any idea of what that might be, I meekly assented, and said, "I had no idea of what was coming; I thought Bob wanted you instead of Lib."

"You're all the worse gump for that," said she; "and far fear you can't see some thing else in time. I'll tell you now that I am engaged to Mr. Bayne."

I thought the marrying days of the year had come, and I went off to my room to indulge in a delightful dream of my own marriage, in the far-off future with Maggie Cranston.

Five years have passed since then. Clara and Lizzie got married, of course, and I stood up at their weddings. Clara keeps house. Bob and Lizzie still live at our house, and father insists that they always shall.

I do not think Jim Bayne so stupid as I once did. Three years in the fish and oil business as junior member of the firm of Martin & Son, have damaged my poetic enthusiasm, while Bayne's seen somehow or other on the increase.

I have not married Maggie Cranston. In fact I do not know her. We did not keep our acquaintance long after she left the boarding school where she was when I so fully expected to marry her, and thought I could not get along without her.

I am still a youthful bachelor, awaiting an opportunity to quarrel with some young lady, as Bob Carver did with our Lizzie; but I don't want any nineteen year old brothers on hand at the reconciliation.

BEAUTIFUL SWISS CUSTOM.—The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland not solely to the cow call, but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth—"Praise God the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides of the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees and uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark. "Good night," is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsman and the cliffs of the rocks. Then each lies down to rest.

The following purports to be told by a husband of his loving little wife and excellent housekeeper: One day the wife moved her low rocking chair close to her husband's side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly toward his coat collar. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. She moved her hand up and down his coat sleeve. "Husband," said she, "What, my dear?" "I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag carpet." The husband felt cross all day, the disappointment was so very great.

A little Quaker boy sat in a "silent meeting" till he got worn out, and then stood up on the bench and folding his arms, said: "I wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left." This is better than two-thirds of the prayers offered up.

The postmaster at New Lexington, Perry county, Ohio, is described as a druggist and dentist, keeps a grocery, dry goods, boot and shoe store; is a silversmith, jeweller, painter, cabinet maker, and when times get a little dull, gets out a patent for some invention.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said an advising mother to her little son. "Well, then, mamma, let us eat the raspberry pie that is in the cupboard," was the child's precocious reply.

LOVE AND DIAMONDS.

My husband came tenderly to my side.  
"Are you going out this evening, love?"  
"Of course I am."  
I looked down complacently at my dress of pink crape, dew-dropped over with crystal and the trails of pink azaleas that caught up its folds here and there. A diamond bracelet encircled one round white arm, and a little cross blazoned fitfully at my throat. I never looked better, and I felt a sort of girl's pride as my eyes met the fairy reflection in the mirror.

"Come, Gerald, make haste. Why, you haven't begun to dress yet."

Where were my wily instincts that I did not see the haggard, down cast look in his features—the fevered light in his eyes.

"I can't go to night, Madeline—I am not well enough."

"You are never well enough to oblige me, Gerald. I am tired of being put off with such excuses."

He made no answer, but dropped his head in his hands on the table before him.

"Oh, come, Gerald," I urged impatiently; "it is so awkward for me to go alone always."

He shook his head listlessly.

"I thought, perhaps, you would be willing to remain at home with me, Madeline."

"Men are selfish!" I said plaintively; "and I am all dressed. Claudia took half an hour to my hair. I dare say you'll be a great deal quieter without me—that is, if you are determined not to go."

No answer again.

"Well, if you choose to be so sullen, I don't care," I said lightly, as I turned and went out of the room, adjusting my bouquet holder, the tube and heliotropes seeming to distill incense at every motion.

Was I heartless and cruel? Had I ceased to love my husband? From the bottom of my heart, I believe that I loved him as truly and tenderly as ever a wife did; but I had been so spoiled and petted all my brief, selfish life, that the better instincts were, so to speak, entombed alive.

I went to the party, and had my fill of adulation and homage, as usual. The hours seemed to glide away, shod with roses and winged with music and perfume, and it was not until, wearied with dancing, I sought a momentary refuge in the half-lighted tea room, that I heard words waking me, as it were, from a dream.

"Gerald, Glenn!"

I could not well be mistaken in the name—it was scarcely commonplace enough for that. They were talking—two or three business-like looking gentlemen—in the hall without, and I could catch now and then a fugitive word or phrase.

"Fine, enterprising young fellow!" "Great pity!" "Totally ruined, so Boes & M. Morton say!" "Reckless extravagance of his wife!"

All these vague fragments I heard; and then some one said, "and what is he going to do now?"

"What can he? Poor fellow! I am sorry, but he should have calculated his income and expenses better."

"Or his wife should. Oh, these women; they are at the bottom of all man's troubles."

And they laughed. Oh, how could they? I had yet to learn how easy it is in this world of ours to beat other people's troubles.

I rose up hurriedly, with my heart beating tumultuously beneath the azaleas, and went back to the lighted saloon. Mr. Albano Moore was waiting to claim my hand for the next dance.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Glenn? How pale you look."

"I—I am not very well. I wish you would have my carriage called, Mr. Moore."

For now I felt that home was the proper place for me.

Hurried by some unaccountable impulse, I sprang out the moment the carriage wheels touched the curbstone, and rushed up to my husband's room. The door was locked, but I could see a light shining faintly under the threshold. I knocked wilfully and persistently.

"Gerald, dear Gerald! For heaven's sake let me in!"

Something fell on the marble hearth-stone within, making a metallic click; and my husband opened the door a little way. I had never seen him look so pale before, or so rigid, and yet so determined.

"Who are you?" he demanded, wildly.

"Why cannot you leave me in peace?"

"It is I, Gerald—your Madeline—your own little wife."

And I caught from his hand the pistol he was trying to conceal in his breast—its mate lay on the marble hearth under the mantle—and flung it out of the window.

"Gerald, would you have left me?"

"I would have escaped!" he cried, still half delirious, to all appearances, "Debt—disgrace—misery—her reproaches! I would have escaped them all."

His head fell like that of a weary child, on my shoulder. I drew him gently on a sofa, and soothed him with a thousand murmured words—a thousand mute caresses, for had it not been all my fault?

And through all the long weeks of fear that followed, I nursed him with unwavering care and devotion. I had but one thought, one desire to redeem myself in his estimation, to prove to him that I was something more and higher than the mere butterfly of fashion I had hitherto shown myself to him.

Well, the March winds had howled themselves away into their mountain fastnesses. The brilliant April rain drops were dried on how and spray, and now the apple blossoms were tossing their fragrant billows of pinky bloom in the deep blue air of latter May.

Where were we now?

It was a picturesque little villa, not far from

Pittsburg, furnished very much like a magnificent baby house. Gerald sat in a cushioned easy chair in the garden, where he could glance through the open window at me, working busily with my needle.

"What an industrious fairy it is," he said smiling sadly.

"Well, you see, I like it. It's a great deal better than those sonatas on the piano."

Who would have ever had thought you would make so notable a housekeeper?"

I laughed gleefully, as I had all a child's delight in being so highly praised.

"Are you not going to Mrs. Delaney's croquet party?" he pursued.

"No; what do I care for croquet parties; I'm going to finish your shirt, and you will read aloud to me."

"Madeline, I want you to answer me one question."

"What is it?"

"What have you done with all your diamonds?"

I sold them long ago; they paid several heavy bills, besides settling half a year's rent here."

"But, Madeline, you were so proud of your diamonds?"

"I was once; now they would be the bitterest reproach my eyes could meet. Oh, Gerald, had I been less vain, and thoughtless and extravagant—"

I checked myself, and a robin singing in the perfumed depths of apple blossoms, took up the current of my sound.

"That's right, little redbreast," said my husband, half jokingly, "talk her down! She has forgotten that our past is dead and gone, and that we have turned over a new page in the book of experience! Madeline, do you know how I feel sometimes when I sit and look at you?"

"No."

"Well, I feel like a widower who has married again."

"Like a widower who has married, again, Gerald?"

"Yes; I can remember my first wife—a brilliant, thoughtful child, without any ideas beyond the gratification of present whim—a spoiled plaything! Well, that little Madeline has vanished away into the past somewhere; she has gone away to rest no more, and in her stead, I behold my second wife, a thoughtful, tender woman, whose watchful love surrounds me like an atmosphere, whose character grows more noble, and develops itself into new depths and beauty every day!"

I was kneeling at his side now, with my cheek upon his arm, and my eyes looking into his.

"Which do you love best, Gerald—the first or second?"

"I think the trial and vicissitudes through which we have passed are welcome indeed, since they have brought me, as their harvest fruits, the priceless treasure of my second wife."

That was what Gerald answered me—the sweetest words that ever fell on my ear.

In Self Defence.

"Halt! Your money or your life. Throw up your hands," exclaimed a stranger, stepping out from the shadow, while accompanying the words might plainly be heard the sharp click of a pistol. The person addressed was a warty newspaper man, wending his lonely way homeward in the outskirts of the city at about three o'clock the other morning.

"Oh, yes, certainly; I'm in no hurry. Only walking for exercise. Just as soon hold up my hands as not. I'm not armed. Please turn that a little to one side. It makes me nervous."

"Hand over your cash."

"Haven't a yad red with me. You see they took that all away from me when they entered my name on the books."

"Where did they take your money from you?"

"Oh, yes; why at the Post Office. You see I'm a small poor fellow. Just out for exercise. They wouldn't let me walk about in daylight with my face in this condition, so I have to go after dark and late at night when the streets are empty. By the way, stranger, the wind is rather in your direction, and unless you ain't particular about it, it might be just as well to stand on the other side. I've got my old silver watch though. If you want it come and take it. You're at liberty to search me if you like, only don't point that pistol this way, it's uncomfortable—do you want the watch?"

"No, thank you," said the robber, backing away and around towards the other side.

"I couldn't take anything from a man as unfortunate as you are. Here is a half dollar for you, poor fellow. Go get something to drink, and he threw the coin towards him, still backing off."

"Now," said he, "you turn back and go around the block the other way. As you are only walking for exercise, it won't inconvenience you."

"Oh! not a particle. I'd just as soon walk with you, if you desire it. Either way, though, it's all the same to me. Thank you for the half. Won't you join me and drink to my recovery?"

"Well, you go round the block the other way, and as I haven't but you say nothing about having met me. I guess I'll go this way," and then watching till the supposed small poor patient turned the corner, he started off on a full run in the opposite direction.

The newspaper man proceeded homeward undisturbed, and slept the sleep of one who enjoys the consciousness of having done a good thing, and four bits better off for having met a highwayman.

Josh Billings says: "When a man's dog deserts him on account of his poverty he can't get any lower in the world—not by land." Josh ought to know.

Tecumseh's Honor.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press gives some interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh:

While the enemy was in possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of warriors visited the river Raisin. The inhabitants had been stripped of nearly every means of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivers, (a Frenchman) who was lame, and unable to earn a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages a pair of oxen with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened that while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him in the road, and said:

"My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat."

Young Rivers remonstrated. He told the chief that if he took the oxen his father would starve to death.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are conquerors, and everything we want is ours. I must have the oxen; but I will not be so mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you one hundred dollars for them, and that is far more than they are worth, but we must have them."

He got a white man to write an order on the British Indian agent, Col. Elliot, who was on the river some distance below, for the money.

Young Rivers took the order to Col. Elliot, the agent, who promptly refused to pay it, saying:

"We're entitled to support from the country we conquered. I won't pay it."

The young man, with a sorrowful heart, returned with the answer to Tecumseh, who said:

"To-morrow we will go and see."

In the morning he took young Rivers, and went to see the colonel. On meeting him he said:

"Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?"

"Yes," said the colonel, and he reiterated the reason for refusal.

"I bought them," said the chief, "for my young men, who were hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I always heard that white nations go to war with each other, and not peaceful individuals; that they did not rob and plunder poor people; that they did not."

"Well," said the colonel, "I will not pay for them."

"You can do as you please," said the chief, "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battle of the great king, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting grounds supplied them with food enough; to them we can return."

This threat produced a sudden change on the colonel's mind. The detection of the great chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the red men from the British service; and without them they were nearly powerless on the frontier.

"I will," said the colonel, "if I must pay it."

"Give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "not rag money"—army bills.

The colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to Rivers, and then said to the colonel:

"Give me one dollar more."

"It was given; and handing it also to Rivers, he said:

"Take that, it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money."

An Editor's Bed.

In a certain village the editor of a local newspaper had a room at the hotel. Being absent one night, and the house being crowded, the landlord put a stranger in his bed. The next morning the following lines were found in the room:

I slept in the editor's bed last night,  
And let his copy behind,  
I say there's one editor in the world  
That certainly takes his case.

When I thought of my humble cot away,  
I could not suppress a sigh,  
But thought, as I rolled in the feather  
How easily editors lie.

The editor, after some inquiries of the landlord, made the following addition:

The chap whose form has rested here,  
And left his copy behind,  
For a bad impression should be locked up,  
As the cut is most unkind.

Behold a proof of how he lies;  
In the morning he went away,  
And like many that use an editor's sheet,  
Has forgotten the bill to pay.

'Tis well to walk with cheerful heart,  
Wherever our duties call,  
With a friendly glance and open hand,  
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,  
Where toil is the portion of man,  
We all should endeavor while passing  
Along, to make it as smooth as we can.

Don't speak ill of your old maids. They are the true angels who resolutely refuse to make men miserable by marrying them.

The plainer the dress, the greater the beauty. Virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

There was a man who sowed a plat  
With Norway oats—well, what of that?  
Never expect any assistance from drink-  
ing companions.

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 medically termed, extracts) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation highly concentrated, and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

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

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol, is administered, 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 be in a disordered state. The Liver, sympathizing so closely 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, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Ailments of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disorder for Food, Paleness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Stinking or Fluctuating at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Harried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Headache, Wake before the Night, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin, and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Studdan flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of Evil, and great depression of Spirits.

The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which is assured from his law, and is highly recommended to be free from injurious ingredients, and has established its beneficial reputation for the cure of those 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. Hooper, 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 been more extensively employed to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Catarrhs of the Stomach, 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, hardship, exposure, fevers, &c.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow ring 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 this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instill new life into their veins, restore to a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken frame, and give back health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expressions, "Ladies Bitters" is a good tonic, useful in a variety of cases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and weakness of nervous action, and in cases of nervous debility, 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 MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Bitters, as observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. George W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find HooFLAND'S German Bitters to be a good tonic, useful in a variety of cases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and weakness of nervous action, and in cases of nervous debility, or the TONIC, is especially recommended."

Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:

Philadelphia, April 23, 1868.

"I consider HooFLAND'S German Bitters a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify of this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON.

From Rev. Joseph H. Knauer, D. D., Pastor of the Fifth 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 my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. HooFLAND'S German Bitters, I depart for one 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 do not think, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD, 8th. St. Coates st.

CAUTION.

HooFLAND'S German Bitters are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are spurious. Price per bottle, 50 cents. Sold at all drug stores. Sole Office and Manufacturing Depot, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

HooFLAND'S German Bitters, 50 cents, \$1 00  
HooFLAND'S German Tonic, half dozen, \$ 5 00  
HooFLAND'S German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, \$1 50 per bottle, or half dozen for \$7 50.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

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