

-Open air services—police duties.
-Gold still keeps up to \$1,401.
-Cool—contracting debts for ice cream.
-Failures—Grant ratification meetings.
-Going to New York—a large delegation of Harrisburg Democrats.
-The paper having the largest circulation—a paper of tobacco.
-Grant has detectives on the Canada frontier to watch the Fenians.
-Mississippi has gone Democratic by a very large majority.
-Can ladies who wear brass bands be called musical?
-Peaches are arriving in New York from South Carolina and Georgia.
-A young Cretan has been fighting through the insurrection in male attire.
-The Democratic "white boys in blue" are enthusiastic for Hancock.
-Senator Grimes is reported to be very low, and is not expected to recover.
-If you want to rise in the world, go up in a balloon.
-To keep shade trees green the year round—paint them.
-The proper platform for Ben. Butler—the platform under the gallows.
-New York city is filling up with prominent Democratic politicians.
-The largest gold brick ever seen in Montana is valued at \$31,050.
-A man in Philadelphia cut his throat with a piece of window-glass, but failed miserably if he meant to kill himself.
-Mosquitoes are so thick at the seaside that the residents can only breathe through wire strainers.
-Capt. Wayne Reid will become a citizen of this country, and remain permanently in the United States.
-Montana is swarming with gold seekers, and recent rains have given an impetus to mining operations.
-All the enthusiasm about Grant and Colfax exists only in editorial inkstands, and muddled at that.
-Burnside has invited Burlingame and as many of his merry men as the State will hold, to visit Rhode Island.
-Six freedmen spoke at a Democratic meeting at Terry, Mississippi, recently, against the Radical policy.
-Reading has been selected as the place for the next meeting of the German Evangelical Synod of Pennsylvania.
-Some men in Philadelphia wanted to drink cream of tartar in their water, and drank tartar emetic instead. Sick-ness, physicians and stomach pumps.
-Seeing there is some doubt as to Grant's real name, the New Orleans Picayune suggests that he be styled the "so called" U. S. Grant.
-The California delegation to the National Democratic Convention have arrived, also a number of politicians from the Southern States.
-Geary says, "Drunkards, like pirates, are public enemies." Then of course "Hans" will not support Grant for President.
-An earnest Radical learning that negroes are not admitted to the North and South poles, proposes to chop them off with the axes of the earth.
-The French ladies are envious of the American belles in Paris, as they receive all the attention, compliments, invitations, and notices in the newspapers.
-Gold has been found in Alaska. If Russia waits a while longer, we shall be able to gather enough of the precious metal in the ceded territory to pay for it.
-Greely has given one hundred copies of his "Conflict" to the libraries of England and Ireland. They can't exactly refuse to take them, but what a bore it must be!
-The Radical legislature of this State, at its last session, appropriated \$2,500 to school in Chester county, called the "Lincoln University," where negroes are educated for teachers.
-A Cairo editor tells the ladies that cleanliness is the first ornament, and that this is obtained by taking a bath once a month, and washing their hands once a day.
-Baron Haussmann has spent \$100,000,000 in improving Paris, and has died the city with a debt larger than that of Denmark, Sweden and Norway put together.
-Six months ago Greeley said that "those who are pushing Gen. Grant for President will land where the Whigs did with Foot in '52; they utterly mistake the time of day." Greeley's own eloquence seems to have run down.
-Hon. John B. Henderson, United States Senator from Missouri, was married lately, in Washington, to Miss Mary Foote, daughter of Judge Foote, of Saratoga county, New York, and niece of the late Hon. Solomon Foote, formerly United States Senator from the state of Vermont.

# THE ELK ADVOCATE.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The greatest known remedies for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constitution, Flatulency, Inward Piles,
Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity
of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-
burn, Diarrhoea, Spasmodic Flatulency,
or Weight in the Stomach,
Sour Eructations, Sinking
of the Liver, Swelling of
the Feet, Headaches, Spasms,
Dizziness, Flattening of the Stomach,
Choking or Suffocating Sensations when
in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision,
Drops or Webs before the Eyes,
Dull Pain in the Head, De-
ficiency of Perspiration, Xer-
thalmia, or Itching of the
Eyes, Pain in the Side,
Back, Chest, Ribs, etc., Sud-
den Flushing of the Face, Burning in
the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of
Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive
Organs, and require prompt
remedy.

Hooiland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no
Liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Ex-
tracts. The Hops, Herva, and Barka
from which these remedies are derived,
are gathered in Germany. All the
medicinal virtues are extracted from
them by a solvent process, and the
extracts are then forwarded to this
country to be used expressly for the
manufacture of these Bitters. There
is no alcoholic substance of any kind
used in compounding the Bitters,
hence it is the only remedy that can
be used in cases where alcoholic stim-
ulants are not admissible.

Hooiland's German Tonic
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters,
with such other valuable ingredients, as the
best of the most potent
purgative stimulants in the world.
It is a powerful
stimulant, and
restores the
system to its
normal state.
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and restores
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to its normal
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Consumption.
Thousands of cases, when the patient
supposed he was afflicted with
this terrible disease, have been cured
by the use of these remedies. Extreme
emaciation, debility, and cough are
the usual signs of this disease. In
cases of dyspepsia or disease of the
digestive organs. Even in cases of
general debility, these remedies will
be found of the greatest benefit,
strengthening and invigorating.

Weak and Delicate Children
are made strong by using the Bitters
or Tonic. In only three Family
Medicines. They can be administered
with perfect safety to a child three
months old, or the most delicate female,
or a man of sixty.

READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.
FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, March 10th, 1867.
I feel that Hooiland's German Bitters is one of the
greatest of all the medicinal preparations ever
known. I have used it in every case of
dyspepsia, liver complaint, and in
general debility, and it has cured every
case. I have used it in every case of
dyspepsia, liver complaint, and in
general debility, and it has cured every
case.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, April 25th, 1865.
I consider Hooiland's German Bitters
a valuable medicine for the cure of
Dyspepsia, or Dyspepsia. I can
testify to this from my own
experience. I have used it in every
case of
dyspepsia, liver complaint, and in
general debility, and it has cured every
case.

FROM HON. J. H. KENNARD, D.D.,
Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently
requested to express my views with respect to the
value of your German Bitters, and I am glad to
do so. I have used it in every case of
dyspepsia, liver complaint, and in
general debility, and it has cured every
case.

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORES,
No. 621 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.
These Remedies are for sale by
Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine
Dealers everywhere.

FOR THE RIGHT AT ALL TIMES.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., JULY 2, 1868.

## REWARD OF KINDNESS.

BY H. F. W.

"Buy a paper, sir?" asked a bright-looking boy of a gentleman who was walking musically along one of the busiest streets of an eastern city, on a chilly day in November, some twenty years since.

"No," replied the gentleman, "If you only would sir," mother is sick and we need money so much." And a tear trickled down the boy's face as he spoke.

"Touched at his evident distress, the gentleman said—'Well, I believe I will take one. But what is your name? And where does your mother live?'"

"My name is Charles Howard, sir, and we live in Longford Court. My father died about five years ago, and now there are only three of us; my mother, little sister and myself. And since father died, between mother taking in sewing and me selling newspapers, we have managed to get along; but when she got sick we ran out of money, and it has gone very hard with us since."

"Ah, indeed!" said the gentleman. Then, as if some sudden idea had occurred to him, he abruptly asked: "What is your age? Have you ever been at school?"

"I am twelve years old, sir. I went to school before the death of my father, and have for some time past been going to a night school near where we live, until mother took sick, when I quit."

"Well, Charles I came near forgetting to pay you for your paper; here is your money. Call to-morrow at William Meredith & Co's, No. 6, — Street, and I will see what I can do to still further assist you. When you call, ask for Mr. Meredith."

My name is Isaac Bowers, I had a brother Joe; We lived once in Missouri—but that was long ago— Before the politicians had kicked up any war; When rich and poor was taxed alike, and gold was only "par."

Our father was a soldier—he fell in Mexico; He bore the flag which never had been struck to foreign foe, And when it struck at Sumter, our mother clinched her fist—

And when it struck at Sumter, our mother clinched her fist— "That flag," she said, "shall rise, boys, in its defence enlist!"

So Joe and I did volunteer to do and dare our best; We fought with glorious Lyons—the lion of the West, And when that gallant spirit went up to meet his God, Poor brother Joe did follow—he lies beneath the sod.

The flames of war spread widely—like fierce prairie fires— And burnt my mother's homestead—the "homestead" of my sires— And forced her to take refuge with strangers far away, And live on "Bureau rations" and paltry "pension pay."

God only knows the sufferings my mother did endure; And God alone appreciates such patriotism pure— For when I'd served my time out, "enlist again," she wrote, I did, and freed the negro—but not to make 'em vote!

Three years or more have passed, now, since I was "mustered out;" I've worked upon the "homestead" like any "roust about;" I built a humble cabin, with sugar and with axle, Now house and farm are "shingled" with State and Federal tax.

When I came home on furlough, a veteran volunteer, I met a lovely maiden—who now to me is dear, We promised to invest, then, in matrimonial bonds, As soon as I returned home, and I could raise the "spons."

But, having no "Five-twenties," I've had to pay my tax; While I must turn the grindstone, bondholder, hold the ax. So we've postponed our marriage until some future day, Lest we become "producers," and have more tax to pay.

The Congressman I'll vote for must favor the Greenback; Must pledge himself to vote so—I tell you that's no "whack!" Must vote to pay bondholders just as I got my pay, And as my mother's pension was paid the other day.

The biggest fish will swallow the smaller ones for food; Our army was a fish-pond—it was so understood, 'Tis taken as for Grant-ed to be a natural law, For Grant and other "Generals," will have the largest maw.

Sure as my name's Ike Bowers, I'll never vote for Grant, Or any other white man who "gulps" the "nigger rations," Which strikes the foe who yielded, full worthy of our steel, And puts the necks of white men beneath a nigger's heel.

I've not forgot the "hard tack" and measles pork I ate; I've not forgot the knapsack—but these I'll not regret. If Peadleton and Greenbacks will only win the day, And wipe out all the taxes which eat the poor man's pay.

Mess pork, "hard-tack" and coffee, the private soldier ate, While Grant and Mister Colfax—but these I'll not regret, If Peadleton and Greenbacks will only win the day, And that's a consumation for which all poor men pray.

"Oh, I am very well, I thank you, and my mother is somewhat better. But we both have been considerably troubled about one thing. It seems that on counting my money last night I found a piece which did not belong to me, and the thought occurred that you might have given it to me through mistake; is it so, sir?" said he showing him the piece of gold.

"Yes, it is mine, and I am very much obliged to you for returning it. We need another errand boy, and I believe you are just the one to suit. Can you come to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir, I am very, very thankful to you." "Not at all; consider yourself permanently engaged at a salary of four hundred dollars the first year, and if every thing progresses favorably we will talk about an increase at the expiration of that time."

"O, sir, I can never forget your kindness, and mother will be so glad." The next day Charles took his position, which he held until the end of the first year, when he was promoted and received six hundred dollars per annum, which enabled the family to live in quite a state of comfort, compared to that of their former life. He continued with the firm five years; at the end of that time he was getting an annual salary of fifteen hundred dollars, having by his integrity, industry and perseverance, risen from one of the lowest to one of the highest positions in the store. Shortly after this a branch store was started in a thriving town some distance from the place, and the entire management placed in the hands of Charles. He made money rapidly for its owners, and so well pleased were they that they offered him a partnership, which he accepted. Some time after he took a notion of going further west, and opening a store for himself; so he withdrew from the firm to the evident regret of its members, and taking his mother and sister he went to Detroit, where he started in business, and by his prudence and integrity, soon made himself known, and established a good trade.

The commercial disaster of '57 was sweeping across the country, involving many in destruction and ruin, when a merchant might have been seen, late one afternoon, working at his books in the counting room in one of our Eastern cities.

"Lost, all lost!" at length exclaimed he sadly, closing the book and resting his head upon his hands. "A gentleman wishes to see you, sir," were the words that first aroused him. "Tell him, James, that I will see no one."

"But he said he must see you." "Show him in, then." "Good evening, sir. Why, Charles Howard, is it you? I am very much surprised as well as glad to see you. How are your folks?" "We are all enjoying the best of health, thank you. But I came to see you on business; I hear the old house of Meredith and Co. cannot weather the storm. Is it so?" "Alas! it is so. We have had extension on our paper in expectation of remittances which have failed to come, until we cannot meet our liabilities, and to-morrow we have to make the much dreaded assignment which we have in vain tried to avert, unless help comes in some unexpected manner."

"How much is your indebtedness?" inquired Charles. "About twenty thousand dollars," replied Mr. Meredith. "If you had thirty thousand you would feel perfectly safe, I suppose?" "Yes."

"Have you any blank checks here?" "Why, what do you mean? You are not going to lend me the money?" "I am; but the check where is it?" "Here," said Mr. Meredith handing him one.

Charles filled it up and handed it back with the remark: "Here it is; thirty thousand dollars, payable to your order."

"But why, sir, this kindness?" "Did you not treat me kindly when I was but a poor newsboy? And would I not be ungrateful indeed, if I did not, now that I am able, try to repay you?" "Noble, generous man, how can I thank you?" said Mr. Meredith with feeling. But maybe you inconvenience yourself by doing this?"

"Never mind that. When the storm first came on I thought it better to sell than to hold those goods which I had an idea that must fall. By this and various other precautions, I managed to escape with but little loss. It is getting dark, so I must leave you. Good bye." "Call to-morrow without fail."

"Thank you, I will." "A friend in need is one indeed," said Mr. Meredith, when alone by himself. "Surely, I would have laughed at the idea years ago, if any person had told me that the boy I then took into my store as an errand boy would one day be the means of saving the firm from ruin."

With the money thus furnished they were enabled to continue their business without interruption, and when the storm blew over they soon managed to pay the debt, principal and interest, although at first there was considerable demurring on the part of Charles Howard to the payment of the latter, but he finally accepted it, and the debt was thus cancelled financially; but this timely and generous aid was thankfully remembered by Mr. Meredith and his partner so long as they lived.

WHAT A WORKINGMAN THINKS.—Hon John A. Bingham, in one of his speeches during the late campaign, was foolish enough to exclaim, "Thank God there is no such thing as Equal Taxation." This came to the eyes of a Mont. peer (Vermont) Radical workingman, which struck him so forcibly that, Radical as he is, he is forced to comment as follows: Of course Bingham and his party represent the bondholder, who has his horses and carriage, his wine parties, his plate, and his bonds. I am a workingman. I have my tin dinner pail, my tool chest, and my hard palms, and tired bones at night, and my hasty breakfast in the morning, a lean purse, and a tax receipt at the end of the year.