

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
and
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,
PREPARED BY DR. W. M. HOOFLAND,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The greatest known remedy for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Dis-
ordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Read the following symptoms, and if you find that
your system is affected by any of these, you may not
know that there has commenced the attack on the
best and most important organs of the human system.
Check by the use of powerful medicine, a miserable
life, and sometimes a death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles,
Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity
of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-
burn, or Water in the Stomach,
Sour Eructations, Sink-
ing or Flattering at the Pit
of the Stomach, Swelling of
the Head, Headache or Dizziness,
Breathless, Flushing at the Heart,
Choking or Squeaking Swallowing when
in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision,
Drops or Weeping before the Sight,
Dull Pain in the Head, Little
Quantity of Perspiration, Yellow-
ness of the Skin and
Eyes, Pain in the Side,
Back, Chest, Lungs, etc., Swell-
ing of the Feet, Burning in
the Stomach, Constipation of
Bowel, and Great Depression of Spirit.

Hoofland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no
poison. It is a compound of Plant Ex-
tracts, from the Roots, Stems, and Bark
from which the medicinal virtues are
gathered in Germany. All the
medicinal virtues are extracted from
them by a scientific process, and the
extracts are then forwarded to this
country to be used expressly for the
purposes of the Bitters. There is
no alcoholic substance of any kind
used in compound. The Bitters,
therefore, is a purely vegetable
preparation, and is perfectly safe
and reliable.

Hoofland's German Tonic
is a compound of the most powerful
and valuable medicinal plants, and
is a most valuable and reliable
remedy for all the diseases of the
blood, and for all the diseases of
the system which arise from a
disordered liver, stomach, or
impurity of the blood.

CONSUMPTION.
Thousands of lives which the pa-
tient supposed to be sacrificed to
this terrible disease have been saved
by the use of these remedies. Extreme
debility, emaciation, and cough are
the usual attendants upon severe
cases of consumption. The use of
these remedies in the early stages of
the disease will be found to be the most
beneficial and successful.

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German
Bitters for the relief of Debility. It is a most
valuable and reliable remedy for all the
diseases of the blood, and for all the
diseases of the system which arise from a
disordered liver, stomach, or impurity of
the blood.

Weak and Delicate Children
are made strong by using the Bitters
or Tonic. In fact, they are 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.

Blood Purifiers
and Tonic, and will cure all diseases resulting from
impure blood. It is a most valuable and
reliable remedy for all the diseases of the
blood, and for all the diseases of the
system which arise from a disordered
liver, stomach, or impurity of the blood.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Bitters and Tonic are
entirely vegetable, and contain no
poison. They are a most valuable and
reliable remedy for all the diseases of
the blood, and for all the diseases of
the system which arise from a disor-
dered liver, stomach, or impurity of
the blood.

Thousands of letters have been re-
ceived, testifying to the virtue of these
remedies.

READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.
FROM DR. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FROM DR. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FROM DR. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FROM DR. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ELK ADVOCATE.

FOR THE RIGHT AT ALL TIMES.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., JULY 11, 1868.

JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

VOLUME EIGHT—NUMBER 16

MARY MOORE.

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life I loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollections are of a boy in a red frock and morocco shoes rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny haired, blue eyed baby, not quite a year old—that boy was myself—Harry Church; that blessed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the school-house, drawing my little chair up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a boating party I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name. How sweetly her blue eyes looked at me. How gaily she ran out her merry laugh. No one but Mary could bring her heart so soon to her lips. I followed, that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now when the hoars of age are silvering my hair and many children climb upon my knee and call me "Father," I find that the memories of youth are strong and that, even in gray hairs, I am following the music still.

When I was fifteen the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years.—This, to me, was like a sentence to death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are like things, after all.

I left college with all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed. I had grown into a tall slender stippling, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful mental attainments, and never thinking she might like me as well as I did her.

An advantageous proposal was made me at that time and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered a sigh to the memory of my little playmate and then called myself a man again.

In a year, I thought, as the vehicle, which led away from our door—in a year, or three years at the very most I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why, then, perhaps I may marry her. And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not con-
descent to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary met me then she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport but as for loving me, I should, perhaps have found myself mistaken. India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature and has made me a better man.—When at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself, and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I packed up many a token from that romantic land of romance and gold for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and hers on a graven inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it on the tip of my finger. To the eyes of others it was but a small plain gold oriel, suggesting thoughts, perhaps by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But not to me. How much was embodied there! All these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

Tall, bearded, and sun-bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped sister Lizzie would come to the door and I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking earnestly on. But no,

a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one who asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this ran through my mind as I heard the sounds from the parlor and saw the half suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before making myself known or asking for any of the family, and while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small, golden head, a tiny, delicate form followed, a sweet childish face, with blue eyes, like those of one who had brightened my boyhood that I started with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my pretty?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

She lifted up her hands to shade her eyes—I had seen that very attitude in another in my boyhood many and many a time—and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice:

"Mary Moore Chester."

My heart sank down like lead—Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last and won her away from me. This was the child—his child and Mary's.

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and, bidding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieving and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out to see who it was who conducted him.

"Did you wish to see my father sir?" I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment and then, stilling the tempest of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"
"Harry? Oh! my brother Harry!" she cried and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor and stood before them all.

There was a rush and cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang toward me and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh! strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to a wayward traveler. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie clung beside me I felt that all was not yet lost, and although another had secured life's choicest blessing many a joy remained for me in the dear sanctuary of home.

There were four other inmates of the room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen and who now stood beside Frank Chester clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over Lizzie led me forward with a timid glance and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy!" he said, with the loud cheerful tone I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I never would have known you; but no matter about that—your heart is in the right place I know."

"How can you say, he is changed?" said my mother gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver and more like a man than when he went away, but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart which changes him. He is my boy still."

"Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip and answered quietly as I looked into his full and handsome face:

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."
"Oh! yes. Thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."
His wife. Could I hear that name and keep silence still?
"And have you seen my little girl?" he asked, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimsoned cheek.

tell you, Harry, there is not such another in the world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness which made me start violently, "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I believe she and you used to be playmates in younger days. 'Yes Harry,' and he slipped me on the back, for the sake of old times and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once; but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and I, for once, want to see how you manage those ferocious mustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing toward me. A gleam of light and hope almost too dazzling to bear came over me and I cried out before I thought—

"Not Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room, but nothing was said; even Frank in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said in a low, eager tone, have you no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine and said hurriedly:

"I am glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words and yet how blessed they made me. I would not have yielded her up that moment for an emperor's crown. There was the happy home group and dear home fireside, with sweet Mary Moore.—The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night were falling beneath the ardent gaze of mine and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there beside me, I never knew the meaning of happiness until that moment.

Many years have passed since that happy night and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning gray. I am now grown to be an old man and can look back to a happy and I hope a well spent life. And yet, sweet, as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as strong as ever. And Mary with her bright hair parted as smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of other days. To me she can never grow old or change. The heart that held her infancy and sheltered her in the flash and beauty of womanhood can never cease her old all life shall come to warm it. No, even then for love still lives above.

CORRESPONDENTS of newspapers should take warning by the following example of the evils attendant upon bad chirography. A Western poet having found his verse mutilated by the types in a local journal addressed to the editor a note, which appeared in print thus:

"Mr. Nichols: I suggest that your confounder changed the biography of A. Word in my piratical article of Wednesday last, which affected the scent. In the tired horse from the bottom, for rapt acclaim, read 'rapt acclaim.' I want the 'w' omitted in 'rapt.' Respectfully, J. P. WILLIAMSON."

It should have read:

"Mr. Nichols: I regret that your compositor changed the orthography of a word in my poetical article of Wednesday last, which affected, materially, the sense. In the third verse from the bottom, for 'rapt acclaim' read 'rapt acclaim.' I want the 'w' omitted in 'rapt.' Respectfully, J. P. WILLIAMSON."

SOME inquisitive people want to know whether an election will be held in Fort Delaware this year.

CAPTURE OF A HORNED WHALE.
A most extraordinary sea monster, a regular ringed, striped and striped devil-fish, was captured by some colored fishermen near the wreck Honesatone. One of the men feeling a bite, thought that he would play his fish awhile, and then draw it in, but to his terror and dismay and that of his brother fishermen a huge monster, such as they had never before seen, leaped into the boat, and was so savage that they were compelled to kill it in self-defence. It is nine feet four inches in length, and five feet in breadth. It has a square head, with square eyes, and is spotted on the back with a white belly.—*Charleston Mercury, June 9.*

THE THREE CRIMES.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Hamet Abdallah was an inhabitant of a grotto on one of the slopes of Mt. Olympus. When he stood at the entrance of his humble dwelling, he could embrace with one glance all the territory originally possessed by Osman, the founder of the Ottoman empire; and, as he five times a day offered up his prayers to Allah, he invoked blessings upon the head of Solomon the Magnificent, the reigning Sultan in whose time he lived. Indeed, Abdallah was renowned for his sanctity; and the inhabitants of the vicinity of his dwelling treated him with the most marked respect.

He was not, however, entitled to this excessive veneration by his age; for he had scarcely attained his fortieth year when the incident of this tale took place. His venerable father who was himself a dervish of great sanctity, and whose years amounted to four score re- sided with him in the same grotto; and fortunate was deemed the individual who, on his way along the slopes of Olympus, was allowed to join the prayers of the two dervishes, kneeling upon the ground at the entrance of the cave, and turning their countenances towards the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

Hamet Abdallah was one morning roving amidst the groves and woods, which extended up the mountain far above his grotto, and pondering upon the passage in the Koran which he had been perusing but a short time previously when his foot struck against something hard upon the ground. He looked downward, and saw an iron ring fastened to a small brass plate, which was set into a square of stonework, and seemed to cover a hollow place or well. Obeying a sudden impulse of curiosity, Hamet applied his hand to the ring and pulled it with all his force. After many vain exertions, the brass plate yielded to his strength, and he fell backward with the sudden shock.

Before he had time to rise and examine the aperture thus laid bare, a dense volume of smoke issued from the hole, and ascended in the air to the height of several thousand feet.—Hamet gazed with astonishment upon this strange apparition; but how much more was his wonder excited when he saw the smoke gradually become more and more palpable and shapely, and at length assume the form of an immense giant, with a long flowing white beard, and a tremendous pine tree in his right hand.

Hamet fell upon his knees, and was about to put up a prayer to heaven when the terrible apparition addressed him in a voice of thunder:

"Nay—mention not the name of the Deity, or I will cut thee into ten thousand pieces."

"Who art thou?" demanded Hamet, rising from his suppliant posture.

"I am Kara, an evil Genii, whom a victorious power shut up in that cursed hole, where I have languished for two thousand years. It is an evil day for thee that brought thee hither."

"And wherefore, proud Genii?" demanded Hamet.

"Because I am about to kill thee, in order to avenge myself on some one for this long captivity," replied the giant.

At these words Hamet trembled very much, and besought the Genii to spare his life. For a long time the Genii was inexorable, and ordered him to prepare for immediate death; but at length he softened himself to be moved by the prayers and entreaties of the virtuous dervish.

"Hark ye," said the Genii; "I am willing to spare your life upon one condition."

"Name it," cried Hamet, his heart leaping with joy.

"I will grant your request, I say," proceeded the Genii, "on condition that you perpetrate some crime which may diminish your overweening pride of conscious virtue. Do not interrupt me or I will kill thee on the spot; but listen. I give you your choice of the three most heinous crimes which I can imagine. You shall either violate the law of the Prophet, and drink your fill of good wine; or you shall murder your venerable father; or you shall curse the name of the Deity whom you worship. Choose between these three crimes."

Then Hamet was very sorrowful, and he endeavored to melt the heart of the evil genii; but all his prayers and entreaties were unavailing. He accordingly began to reason within himself.

garden of Paradise. But if I become inebriated with the juice of the grape, I can expiate that by severe mortification, penitence and renewed prayer.

Then turning his countenance upward toward the Genii, he said, "O fountain of all evil! I have made my choice, since then art determined on this injury."

"Name the object of thy choice," said the Genii.

"I will get drunken with wine, as the best of the crimes which you propose," answered the dervish.

"Be it so," cried the Genii, "this evening after the hour of prayer, thou wilt find a jar of Cyprus-wine upon thy table, when thy father has retired to rest in his own cell. Thou mayest fulfill thy promise then; but woe unto thee if thou deceivest me!"

The Genii gradually became less palpable as he spoke these words; and by the time the concluding menace had issued from his lips, he had vanished altogether. Hamet retraced his steps towards the grotto, with a sorrowful heart; but he would not confide his anticipated disgrace to the affectionate parent who welcomed his return.

The day passed rapidly away; and in the evening, Hamet and his sire knelt down as usual at the door of the grotto, with their faces towards the south, to raise their voices in prayer. When vespers were concluded, the old man embraced his son tenderly, and retired to the inner part of the grotto.

As soon as Hamet knew that his father slept, he lighted a lamp; and as the Genii had told him he saw a large measure of wine standing upon the table. The unhappy dervish raised it to his lips, and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught. A glow of fire seemed to electrify his frame, and he laughed as he set the vessel down upon the table. Again he drank; and he felt reckless and careless of the consequences. He drank a third time; and when he had emptied the measure, he ran out to the door of the grotto, and threw it down the slope of the mountain; then as he heard it bounding along he laughed with indescribable mirth. As he turned to enter the grotto, he saw his father standing behind him.

"Son," said the old man, "the noise of revelry awoke me from my slumbers, and I rise to find my well-beloved Hamet drunken with wine! Alas! is this merely one of many nights' orgies; and have I now awakened to the dread truth of this impiety, for the first time? Alas! thou hast cast ashes on the gray head of thy father?"

Hamet could not brook this accusation, and the implied suspicion that he was accustomed to indulge in wine whilst his father slept. He felt indignant at the language of his sire, "Return to your couch you old dotard! thou knowest not what thou sayest!"

And, as he uttered these words, he pushed his father violently into the grotto. The old man resisted, and again remonstrated with Hamet. The brain of the son was confused with liquor; and a sudden dread was confused to the world entered his mind. With the rage of a demon he rushed upon his hoary-headed sire, and dashed him furiously against the stone walls of the grotto. The old man fell with his temple against a sharp flint, and was snatched from his bosom and his spirit fled forever.

Suddenly conscious of the heinous crime of which he had been guilty, Hamet tore his hair, beat his breast, and raved like a maniac. And, in the midst of his ravings, he lifted up his voice against the majesty of heaven, and cursed the Deity whom he had so long and fervently worshipped!

At that instant a terrible din echoed round about—the thunder rolled—the tall trees shook with an earthquake—and amidst the war of the conflicting elements, were heard shouts of internal laughter. All felt seemed to rejoice at the fall of a good man, whom no other vice had ever tempted away from the paths of virtue, until drunkenness presented itself. The rage of the storm increased—the trees were torn up by their roots—and fragments of the rocky parts of Olympus rolled down the hill with the fury of an Alpine avalanche.

Then suddenly the Genii appeared before the wretched Hamet, and exclaimed, "Fool! by choosing to commit the crime which seemed to thee the least, thou hast committed the other two likewise! For there is more danger in the wine-cup than in any other means of temptation presented by Satan to mankind!"

And the last words of the Genii mingled with the rebounding howling of the storm, as Hamet was hurled down the slope of the mountain by the fallen masses, and dashed to pieces at the bottom.

Various on coffee-colored naturalization papers, it was certainly a very ingenious dodge, but it was weak in comparison with driving plantations of tobacco colored negroes up to the polls, with United States bayonets.

"MOTHER!" exclaimed an affected young lady just come from boarding school, "mother here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" "Law sakes," replied the old lady, adjusting her spectacles, "didst thou kill it right off, for its pesky things that have eaten up the book marks?"