

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.

Read the following symptoms, and if you find that your system is affected by any of them, you may rest assured that disease has commenced in your system. The most important organs of your body, and unless soon checked by the use of powerful remedies, a miserable life, soon terminating in death, will be the result.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Dizziness, Headache, Burning, Disgust for Food, Paleness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Indigestion or Fluctuating at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Harsh or Difficult Breathing, Fluctuating at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Position, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Energy, Irritability, Slowness of the Brain and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, and elsewhere, Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits. All these various diseases of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with Injurious Blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts of the Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process. These extracts are then combined with a country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance, and no opium used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter that can be used in cases where alcohol stimulates are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with such other ingredients as are necessary to give it the medicinal virtues of the Bitters, and to make it a powerful tonic. It is used for the same purposes as the Bitters, and is equally effective. It is a powerful tonic, and is used for the same purposes as the Bitters, and is equally effective.

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 attendants upon severe cases of dyspepsia or disease of the digestive organs. Even in cases of genuine Consumption, these remedies will be found of the greatest benefit, strengthening and invigorating.

DEBILITY. There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters to cure of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, and give an elastic and healthy condition to the system. They are used for the same purposes as the Bitters, and is equally effective.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters in Food. They are used for the same purposes as the Bitters, and is equally effective.

Blood Purifiers. These remedies are used for the same purposes as the Bitters, and is equally effective.

THE COMPLEXION. Ladies who wish a fair skin and good complexion, free from a yellowish tinge and from other blemishes, should use these remedies occasionally. The Liver in perfect order, and the blood pure, will result in sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks.

CAUTION. Hoofland's German Bitters are counterfeited. The genuine bottle is made of glass, and has the name of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

A READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS. FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 16th, 1867.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28th, 1869.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D., Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28th, 1869.

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THE ELK ADVOCATE.

FOR THE RIGHT AT ALL TIMES.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., JULY 18, 1868.

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JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

Fourteen years ago I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, I did not start until after dinner, so that I very often had a good distance to drive after night. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton by the contrast, until one o'clock in the morning, but in the winter the postmaster was often obliged to set up a little later for us.

One day in January when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the Postmaster called me into the office. "Pete," said he with an important serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," pointing to the bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agent up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I had got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him that I did not know, but "suppose I haven't," says I.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and says that there are two suspicious looking characters on the stage that came up last night; and he suspects that they have an eye to this mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

He said that the agent had described one of them as a short thick set fellow, and about forty years of age, with long hair and a thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know much about the other. I told the old fellow that I guessed there was not much danger. "Oh, not if you had got through passengers; but I only told you this so that you might look out for your mail, and look out for it when you change horses."

I answered that I would do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more careful than usual, placing my feet against it; but beyond this I did not feel any concern. It was after one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of them rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowen's Mills at dark, where we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six in the evening I left Gowen's Mills alone, having two horses and an open rig. I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen it was. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions. It was slow tedious work, and my horses soon became leg weary and restive.

At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Ball's Corners, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him that I should go through it the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself comfortable. I was gathering up my lines when the hostler came out and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a cork on the off fore foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I had come alone. I told him that I had come alone.

"Where's my mail?" My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and I turned toward him. "Here's a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," said he giving it a kick as though he'd shoved it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered forward in a deep snow drift, and I was forced to jump out and tread down the snow ahead of them and lead them through it. This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it.

As I was doing this, I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the Buffalo and put in his breast pocket. At this I thought it was a pistol. I had caught the gleam of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob me of the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he intended to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into another deep snow drift and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he didn't feel very well, and he wouldn't try, so I worked alone and was all of a quarter of hour getting my team through the drift.

When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it, but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered it had become entangled in something—I thought it was the buffalo, and I tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked, the more closely it was held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few minutes I found my foot was in the mail bag! I felt again and actually felt my hand among the packages of letters and papers. I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before I left Danbury; but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long making up my mind upon a few essential points. First the man behind me was a villain; second he cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course of action to pursue. I knew if I could get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me; for he kept his eyes upon me all the time—so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Logee lived there, and directly before which was a huge snow bank stretched across the road, through which a track for wagons had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot, I saw a light in the front room as I felt confident I would, for the old man generally sat up till the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places, I saw the snow bank ahead and could discover the deep cut that had been shovelled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated upon such a movement, and wasn't prepared for it; but I had calculated and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow, and with a heavy buffalo robe around him, while I lightsed upon my feet directly upon him. I punched his head into the snow and sang out for old Logee. I didn't call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he seen my sleigh overturned he had lightsed his lantern and hurried out. "What's to pay?" asked the old man as he came up. "Lead the horses into the track, and then come here." As I spoke I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom: but I saw

it in time and jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon from him. By this time Logee had led the horses out and came back, I explained the matter to him in a few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination we found about twenty packages of letters, which he had stolen from the mail bag and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore and threatened and prayed but we paid no attention to his blarney. Logee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the purg. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said "of course." So he got his overcoat and muffler, and before long we started.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail bag a little the worse for the game that had been played upon it. However, the mail robber was identified by some officers from Concord, as an old offender; and I am inclined to the opinion that he is in the State prison at the present moment. At any rate he was there the last I heard of him.

PAT'S FEAR OF LIFE INSURANCE.—The following dialogue between an insurance agent and a well-to-do Irishman is related: "Pat, you are making plenty of money; why don't you insure your life?" "And what is that?" "Why don't you take out a policy of insurance on your life?" "Because I don't see the policy of it. Shure, I must die, policy or no policy."

"You don't understand. If you insure your life now, when you die the company will pay your wife enough to keep her and your children from want and suffering." "And that would be insuring my life! Shure I am after thinking it would be insuring Bridget's and the children's—And how much would they give her?" "That would depend upon the premium. Say a thousand dollars!" "A thousand dollars! Howly mother! Whist, man! Don't mention it. Ye don't know Bridget O'Reilly. Wouldn't she hear of it! I don't see a wink of shlahp should I get till I done it, and thin, bad luck to Pat! She'd murder me with kindness; and drink herself to death with the money."

IN TROUBLE.—Dr. Bancroft was a Federalist of the first water, and is said to have been terribly down on the Democrats of his day, as the following story if true, will show: When the news came of the death of President Washington, the doctor took it very hard, and seemed almost inconsolable. His friends went to comfort him, and asked what need of such grief if the good and great man had gone to heaven, as no doubt he had, and was so much better off than to have lived longer in this troublesome world? "O, it isn't the death of Washington that troubles me so," said the good doctor. "What is it, then?" asked one of his friends. "O, it is the fear that he has left the door of paradise so wide open that some of the Democrats may get in."

A Yankee riding on a railroad was disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of cheese yearly. The Yankee perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend: "True isn't it Mr. —? I speak of Deacon Brown." "Y—s," replied the friend, "that is I know Deacon Brown, though I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year; but I know he has twelve saw mills that all go by buttermilk."

—There is a man in Michigan, by the name of Davis, who claims to be one hundred and nine years old, and no one has known him long enough to contradict him. —"My dear," said a cross-grained husband to his long suffering wife, "do you intend to make a fool of me?" "No my love; nature has saved me that trouble." —The conflict between the two political parties of this country is a conflict of brains against buttons, the people will decide which shall win next November. —The reason we admire pretty feet because "All's well that ends well."

SHE HATH FALLEN.

On her chain of life is rust, On her spilt wing is dust; She hath let the spoiler in— She hath mated with her sin— Crime has passed the threshold o'er, Wherefore has she gone astray? Stood Temptation in her way? With its eyes so glittering bright— Cloth ed in angel robes of light. Oh! her story soon is told, Once a lamb within the fold, Stranger voices lured her thence, In her trusting innocence. Woe, she has not strength to keep With the shepherd of the sheep; For the fleece so spotless white Tien became the hue of night, And she stood, in her despair, Bleating for the Shepherd's care. Woe! that none might lead her back From the bloodhound on her track, Hunger pestered about her path With a wild hyena wraith, Scorn came leaping from its lair, With defiant growl and stare; And she grappled, all in vain, With the fangs of want and pain, Hope and mercy shut the gate On this heart so desolate.

She turned again to sin, What had she to lose or win? Resting on her life a stain Deeper than the brand of Cain, Heard she not a pitying tone? Weeping in her shame alone? Was there not a human heart In her anguish bore a part? None to hold a beacon light Up before her darkened sight.

No; the altar was not there, For a canning priesthood's prayer; "She hath fallen! Let her die!" Said the Levite, passing by; So she turned again to sin, What had she to lose or win? Sisters! there is work to do— Field of labor here for ye, Ye who pour the wine and oil, Up and rest not from your toil.

Till the bruised and wounded heart, Aching from the Tempter's dart, Sore and weary with its pain, Shall be bound and healed again— Till, no more defiled by sin, Like the pardoned Magdalen, Kneeling in repentance sweet, She may wash the Savior's feet With her tears that while they roll, Blot the sin stain from her soul— Do ye ask for your reward? "They are blest who serve the Lord."

THE ST. LOUIS DEMOCRAT, in noticing the arrival of General Grant in that city says, "it is his wish to escape altogether for a time from the weariness and care of public affairs, and to enjoy a season of relaxation with his family." It is not the intention of the people to increase the amount of public affairs entrusted to the care of General Grant, and his season of "relaxation" will be materially lengthened after the November election.

THE RADICALS have not yet done speculating in our deceased braves. After siring their graves with garlands, Gen. Logan is making a big job by having an account of Congress. The account will appear in the appropriation bills.

—Chicago now has both the "Black Crook" and "White Fawn." If the city does not go to perdition soon, it will not be for lack of legs.

—A letter of Colfax is published, telling the world how to pronounce his name. It won't be much pronounced in November next.

—Conscience money is coming rapidly in Washington. If the Radical sinners would disgorge the national debt would be speedily liquidated.

A young Cincinnati came to his death by too much beer the other day. It was a large keg, and it fell on his head. —The expenses of the Missouri Black Crook convention were \$218,000. Only seven white voters participated. —The American association for the advancement of science will meet at Chicago this year, in August. —A tipsy Radical declared the other day, that he would "vote for U. Aas Grant and Skylark Olfax." —The long of it is now measured by the days—the short of it by the nights. —Grant will make no speeches this campaign. Prentice says he will smoke his cigar and Colfax can take the stump.

OUR CANDIDATES.

THE PRESIDENCY.

It is with unbounded enthusiasm that the Democracy receive the nomination of Horatio Seymour. At any time during the Convention, he could have stood on the first ballot; but a strong disinclination to public office led him to prefer the claims of others to his own. His unanimous selection as Chairman of the Convention was significant of the general preference which has at last forced upon him the nomination for the Presidency. The protracted balloting, caused by the withholding of his name, proved that it alone could command unanimous assent. The Convention, at last, finally carried their candidate by acclamation. This is, indeed, a case where the people seek the man, and not the man's office.

It is to his great abilities, to his plain and lofty character, that Horatio Seymour owes this peculiar and unpremeditated honor. He has not been allowed to deny himself to the service of his country, at this juncture, because in him we recognized the special ability now demanded for her service. He is a statesman, the thinker, the administrator for whose ripe wisdom and experience the American people can safely trust the helm of state, in all the difficult questions that attend our future as a nation. Problems of finance and of government are those in which he is best fitted to guide to safe and just solutions. The most recent publication of his views on the urgent questions of the day, was his great speech in which he exhibited the resources of our government lavished in expenditures, one-third of which only was appropriated to meet the claims of the public creditors. He exhibited with masterly skill the effect of a practical retrenchment upon the public credit, rapidly approximating the obligations of the government to their par value, and affording a currency acceptable alike to all.

Mr. Seymour's disinclination to take office has always been consistent and sincere. Every political honor in the gift of the Democracy of his State has always been at his command. He has, however, waived, instead of using the advantage of his popularity. On the urgent call of the people of New York he has twice held the office of Governor, and in his administration of the affairs and resources of that Commonwealth has established his great reputation for ability. The people now claim its exercise in a still wider sphere. As a great orator of the Democratic party, Horatio Seymour is so universally known to all in its ranks, that to day we do not dwell further upon his familiar history.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

It has been intimated that the Democratic Convention would no doubt step beyond late party lines in its present nominations. The large influx of the purest and most eminent men of the late Republican party, who, shaking the dust from off their feet, have adjured the company of the profligate and Revolutionary Radicals, seemed to merit a distinct and cordial welcome from the Democracy. It could not have been given more appropriately and gracefully than in the nomination of Gen. Francis P. Blair for Vice-President. Bred a Democrat, he became a leader in the Republican ranks, and during the lifetime of Mr. Lincoln enjoyed his peculiar confidence. He did not abuse it, but strove to stem the torrent of Radicalism when its pressure swayed and threatened to overwhelm the Republican Congress. As a member of 37th Congress, he gave a splendid exhibition of oratory in a debate in which he encountered and overthrew Colfax, who appeared as the political champion of Fremont. He was also a member of the 38th Congress, but left it for military service in the field. He had been very active at the beginning of the war, in wresting Missouri from the control of the secessionists. He afterwards received from Mr. Lincoln the appointment of Major-General in the Army. He shared in all the glories of the campaigns of Sherman, and was one of the most highly esteemed of his subordinates by that great military commander. Since the war General Blair has sustained the policy of President Johnson, and is, in opinion, thoroughly identified with the Democracy. His views were lately stated in a eulogy upon the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, of which we, at the time, laid a portion before our readers. His recent letter commended him to us, as it did no doubt, to the Convention.

General Blair is in the prime of manhood, being now about forty seven years of age. He is prompt, resolute, and earnest, with a wide experience, civil and military. His nomination is heartily acceptable to us, and we applaud the wisdom that dictated it.—THE AGE.

"High crimes and misdemeanors,"—entering stores burglariously through the scuttles in the roofs.

—The French ladies are envious of the American belles in Paris, as they receive all the attention, compliments, invitations, and notice in the newspapers.

—The young lady who was frozen with horror, and subsequently melted in water, was carried out and—wag-y grave.

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