

**HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,**  
and  
**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 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 them, you may rest  
assured that disease has commenced its attack on 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, Heartburn, Head-  
ache, Disagut for Food, Fulness  
or Weight in the Stomach,  
Bour Eructations, Sinking  
or Fluttering at the Pit  
of the Stomach, Swimming of  
the Head, Hurred or Stammering  
Breathing, Pluttering 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, Densi-  
ness of the Eyes, Redness,  
Swelling of the Skin and  
Eyes, Pain in the Side,  
Back, Chest, or the Head,  
Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in  
the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of  
Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits,  
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive  
organs, combined with impure blood.

**Hoofland's German Bitters**  
is entirely vegetable, and contains no  
poison. It is a compound of Fluid Ex-  
tracts. The Bitters are entirely dis-  
tinct from all other Bitters, and are  
made from the most delicate and  
valuable ingredients. These  
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 Bitter that can  
be used in cases where alcoholic stimu-  
lants are not admissible.

**Hoofland's German Tonic**  
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters,  
with wine, sugar, etc. It is used for  
the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some  
more delicate stimulus is required. You will bear in  
mind that these Tonic are entirely distinct from  
any others advertised for the cure of the diseases  
named, being entirely composed of medicinal  
agents, which are more delicate and more  
valuable than any other. The Tonic is a valuable  
remedy for all cases of weakness, and is  
especially adapted for the young, the aged,  
and the infirm. It is a powerful stimulant,  
and will cause it to be known as the greatest  
of all Tonics.

**CONSUMPTION.**  
Thousands of cases, where the  
patient supposed to be afflicted with  
this terrible disease, have been cured  
by the use of these remedies. Extreme  
debility, delirium, and cough are  
the usual attendants upon severe  
cases of dyspepsia or disease of the  
digestive organs. Even in the most  
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 or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart  
a new and more vigorous energy to the system,  
cause an expansion of the feet, enable the  
stomach to digest, purify the blood, give a good  
tone, banish all morbid humors, and restore  
the system to its natural state. It is a  
valuable remedy for all cases of weakness,  
and is especially adapted for the young,  
the aged, and the infirm.

**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 of  
months old, the most delicate female,  
or a man of ninety.

**Blood Purifiers**  
are those which will cure all diseases resulting from  
impure blood.

Keep your blood pure; always give Liver in order to  
keep your digestive organs in a healthy condition.  
By the use of these remedies, you do not lose  
weight.

**THE COMPARISON.**  
Ladies who wish a fair skin and  
good complexion should use Hoofland's  
German Bitters and all other preparations  
should use these remedies occasionally.  
The Liver is in perfect order, and  
the blood pure, will result in sparkling  
eyes and blooming cheeks.

**CAUTION.**  
Hoofland's German Bitters and Tonic are  
the genuine ones, and are prepared by  
Dr. C. M. Jackson, at Philadelphia, Pa., and  
the name of the article blown in each bottle.  
All others are counterfeit.

Thousands of letters have been  
received, testifying to the virtue of these  
remedies.

READ THE RECOMMENDATIONS.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,  
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.  
PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 19th, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an  
ordinary beverage, but a good tonic, useful in  
diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit  
in cases of debility and want of nervous action in  
the system.

Yours truly,  
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,  
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.  
PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28th, 1868.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters"  
a valuable medicine in case of  
dyspepsia or indigestion, or jaundice. I  
can testify to the efficacy of these  
remedies.

Yours, with respect,  
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,  
Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia.  
DR. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—I have long frequently  
recommended to my wife, with commendation,  
different kinds of medicine, but regarding the practice  
as of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases de-  
clined; but with a few good friends, and  
particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of  
Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for ever 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 feel the smallest dose will be  
very beneficial to those who suffer from the above  
disease.

Yours, very respectfully,  
J. H. KENNARD.

Price of the Bitters, \$1.00 per bottle;  
Or, a half dozen for \$5.00.  
Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle;  
Or, a half dozen for \$7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Beware that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters  
that are so universally used and so highly recom-  
mended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to  
take any thing else that is not as good as good,  
because he will give a larger profit on it. These Remedies  
will be sent by express to any locality upon application  
to the

**PRINCIPAL OFFICE.**  
**AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,**  
No. 63 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.  
**CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor.**  
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by  
Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medi-  
cine Dealers everywhere.

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

# THE ELK ADVOCATE.

FOR THE RIGHT AT ALL TIMES.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., AUG., 1, 1868.

JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

VOLUME EIGHT—NUMBER 18.

## A TRUE STORY.

BY J. T. D.

The wildest and most picturesque district in the State of Virginia, is that which lies around the "Natural Bridge," in Rockbridge County. Owing to its salubrious climate, and contiguity to different watering places, besides the world renowned majesty of the great Natural Bridge, it attracts many visitors; and there are accommodations for many a gay party at a commodious hotel, situated very near to a footpath which descends a hundred or two yards 'neath the mighty arch. Music and dancing, with billiards and a bowling alley, pleasant picnics, and equestrian excursions are included in the programme of entertainments.

The small stream which runs underneath, and still keeps up its weird serenade to its mighty master, and gambols and laughs as gleefully in the sunshine as it did when centuries commenced, baptizes with its flood a moss grown stone, on which is built a small house. Small and rude it is, but with its snow white front and the cucumber and laurel trees at the back, it makes no mean feature in the picture.

Let us look within its low door I behold a venerable couple and a young and lovely girl, whose beauty is of that type which I always describe as celestial. Her jet black hair shades a brow of uncommon purity, and in the depths of her eyes may be read volumes of passionate feeling, the true poetry of love. She restlessly turns from the window to the door, and, as the light falls upon her sweet face, I note an anxious wishful look. She takes her guitar, and steps out to a mossy bank, and joins an accompaniment to the music of the brook.

Now a shadow falls beside her. She trembles with delight as she springs forward with both hands outstretched, exclaiming: "Oh, Charles! have you come at last! I am so glad—so glad!" What is it that suddenly changes her look to a piteousness of grief, such as infants show when trying to suppress a sob? Ah! it is not Charles, but one more noble.

Both are mute for a moment, but Rutherford, taking her passive hand in his, after once pressing his lips fervently upon it, speaks in a tone of sad reproach: "Mary I know for whom you are waiting. I will not distress you long with my presence. Only give me leave, for the sake of your early love, when we roamed amid those beautiful scenes, claiming no greater joy than to be with one another, when heart was knit to heart—for the sake of the love, endless and exhaustless, which I still bear you, let me warn you to beware of Granville. He is a villain, and unworthy altogether of your confidence. I do not say this because he stole your heart from me, but because your peace is so precious to me. Even at this moment he is at the hotel; where his perjured lips are breathing words of devotion to Miss Anderson to whom an early day is set for his marriage. Think on what I say; and though you banish me forever, do not trust that man. I cannot bear to live 'neath your frown, and shall leave the country; but remember I beseech you, that one word from you will call me to your side, and woo—woo to the man who causes you grief!"

She sits with her blanched face in her palms, moaning as if in pain, but suddenly springing up she exclaims, "I will not believe it unless I see it with my own eyes," and hurried away to the cottage. It takes but a few moments to attire herself in the guise of a market girl, with a basket of blackberries upon her arm and a hood drawn close over her face.

As she approaches the hotel, ascends the flight of steps to the broad piazza, the festive atmosphere pains both ear and vision; but as standing behind a pillar, near a window, she sees Granville whirling around in the mazy dance with the jewel-bedecked Miss Anderson, she clings convulsively to the sill, but quickly recovering, philosophizes thus—"He is in the gay world where he must shine, and he is but conforming to custom. Stay, my heart, thy beating, and let me hear what he may say!" They sit beside the window in the very breath of her hot jealousy, which rises to fever heat as he tenderly clasps Miss Anderson's waist and whispers:

"Soon you will be mine, and I shall not know the bitter pain of a long separation.

Mary caught the languid drooping of the girl's eye, and noted the deepening color in her cheek, which told that she loved him well, and it cost her much to suppress a cry of anguish that hovered on her lip.

Just then Miss Anderson expressed a desire to retire from the room, urging

headache as a plea, and Granville, stepping on the balcony, felt his arm suddenly seized, and a whisper hoarse with emotion, thrill his ear:

"I must see you now—come!"  
He let her lead him unresistingly to the old trysting spot, when he impatiently muttered:

"Mary, you must be mad!"  
"No, not mad—sane enough! I wish that I was mad, or dead!"

He drew her nearer to him. It seemed to him that the better part of his nature dictated truth and love, whilst ambition and pride forced them back. Mary was the first to speak, and standing before him in the bright moonlight, conscious of her right to dictate her term, exclaimed:

"Charles, behold me! Charles, you must be aware that I am soon to be a mother—that there will be born to you a child—your own child; would you have that child's mother dishonored and your child's life a living shame? Am I not your own lawfully wedded wife, though there was none to witness the ceremony that bound us, besides the minister, since you were afraid it would reach your proud father's ear, before you had time to prepare him for the fact of your marriage with an obscure country girl?"

"Have I not lived eight months of falsehood to my parents, and done violence to my principles by deception, and is it not time now that you release me from this secrecy! My trial will soon be here, and how can I meet it if you are not to attest my innocence? Speak, Charles—tell me, in the name of Heaven, that you are still true to me in heart. The circumstances dictate that you conform a while yet to fashion; but you cannot—must not—say that you love Miss Anderson. Ah, no! though you may play her falsely, yet, Charles, is it right? You are mine and mine only."

And she binds her arms around his neck, and pushing back his brown hair, lying in massive waves over his temple, and kissing him with such an abandon of affection that Charles clasped her tenderly to his heart, but only for a moment—she unclasped her arms and, seating her, said, not without some hesitancy, though:

"Why, Mary, I did not think that you could feel so deeply. I thought that women were creatures more of passion than sentiment. And it must be so. Arouse yourself. Another will come in to take my place in your heart. Where is Rutherford, who seemed yours so devotedly when I came? He loves you still, no doubt. Give him all the love that you are lavishing upon me. Forget me Mary—it will be well for you, indeed!"

She stood before him, her arms drooping low, with the color all fled from her face; but in her eyes a depth of determination shone out, beneath which Granville quailed.

"Tell me, as you regard the mother who gave you birth, at whose knee you were wont to pray ere your heart knew any sin, that there was no doubt about the vow that bound me as your wife—that it is valid; but tell me that and I will release you—I myself will call for a divorce, and you can marry whom you will; tell me that one blessed word that I may not hate myself and you!"

And she sank upon the ground and clasped his knees in entreaty.

He let her remain a moment; and the workings of his face tells the struggle between good and bad promptings; but as he releases her hold and says slowly and emphatically:

"Mary, you will have to know it sooner or later, and I needn't postpone a revelation."

The fiend triumphed, and he grows quite fierce in his determination to put an end to her claims.

"I tell you that you are not a wife. The man who officiated as clergyman was one of my own boon companions. We were in for a frolic then; and you were so sweet, so lovely and confiding, that I gave myself up to the jest; but I am sorry now—sorry that I ever saw you, since you make so serious a matter of it; and I beg you to marry Rutherford, and forget me. I will give you money enough to make you comfortable."

One loud, long shriek bears its burden of grief to the winds, and as the echoes take it up and repeat it, it seems that the hour is vocable with sorrow's wails. An old man and woman come to the spot, bend in mute anguish over their Mary, then bear her into the house. She lies like a crushed flower, pale—a hope that is dead.

Suddenly, there springs from clouds in the west, such gusts of winds as seem striving to tear with their outstretched arms the very bridge to pieces, and

whose wings, ceasing for a moment to fan the heavens, descend with such fiendish whirls to earth that the giant trees reel and bow, as if trying to elude the grasp. It soars through the gorges and passes over that lonely scene, whipping the peaceful stream to foam till white caps flecked its surface, and it seems itself enraged.

It snaps the old pines, and defiantly breasts the rocks, detaches large stones, and with deafening yells leaves them to struggle down the banks, crashing, bruising, and tearing themselves.

The wind abates not, as two figures on the bridge stand in relief against the night, one in the conscious strength of moral right, the other impotent in a bad purpose—Rutherford and Granville meet amid the elemental fury; and though the wind stretches its fingers through their locks, snatches their hats beyond their reach, and twists and toys with their coat skirts, yet they heed it not; and Rutherford is glaring into Granville's face, repeating over and over:

"Take it back! I heard you tell her she was not a wife! It is a lie! Take it back!"

And the answer comes:  
"I will not! She is not a wife!"

"Then, take that—and that—and that!" and the blows fall heavily from an avenging hand.

The winds scream on in fiendish glee, and screeches with its thousand tongues through the swaying boughs, in and out the crevices of rocks, searching for something more to torment; finally, giving one sudden swoop, it brings the two forms together, and presses them so closely to the brink of that fearful precipice, that hate itself might cease; still the words ring from the unconcious lips:

"Take it back, I tell you—take it back! Say she is a wife!"

It may be that the wind is tired of dallying, for with one more flourish it topples the two men over the brink. Lo! they are falling lower—lower, and the Storm King suddenly ceases its fury, and smooths down to a sobbing, soft gale.

"Hurry doctor! For the love of heaven, make haste! Miss Mary is very ill—mayhap dying, she seems in such dreadful pain!"

The doctor thus summoned by John Smoot, a faithful friend of Mary's parents, makes no delay, but, equipped for his ride, mounts his fleet horse, and is soon at the door of the cottage, and by Mary's side.

She has regained consciousness, and is speaking to her mother in a low voice; but, upon recognizing the doctor, holds out her hand, saying:

"Oh, doctor, save me from this pain."  
"Well, my child, I trust that I can. John did not take breath to tell me what was the matter—merely said that you were taken sick on your favorite mossy seat, and I suspected that a venomous snake had bitten you. Stretch out your foot or hand, and let me examine the wound."

"Yes, doctor, a viper entered my heart and stung it," and her eyes gleam so strangely that the doctor thinks her delirious, and strives to soothe her. At this juncture, Mary gives utterance to a piercing wail; the mother puts her hands upon her ears and leaves the room.

The doctor, after a few moments, opens the door, and begs her to come forward with her husband; and as she approaches, lays a baby in her arms—a little angel, for it is dead. The poor woman seemed so completely stunned that she cried out:

"Where did you get it! What must I do with it?"  
"It is your daughter's child; lay it down and come to her quickly!"  
Mary had fainted, and for some time all efforts to restore her seemed to be unavailing. At last, on opening her eyes, she begged to see her child. The doctor laid it in her arms; she hugged it tenderly to her breast, imprinted many kisses upon its face, and quietly resigned it to her mother. She looks up at her father, who is a mute picture of grief, and tenderly clasped his hand.

ville dead—Rutherford breathing, but with each limb broken; they are placed upon litters and taken to the hotel. Granville's bride elect goes into ecstasies of grief, and many an expression of sorrow is told for his untimely fate. Rutherford's hour postpones; he lingers between life and death for weeks; but at last, as consciousness returns, he begins to speak, to form sentences, and, memory unwinds itself back to his brain, he asks for Mary, and the painful tale is told him; the agony of his soul is painted on his wan face. He sends for the old people and tells them that, as he and Granville lay together on the borders of eternity, Granville acknowledged the truth, and told him briefly that the license and certificate of marriage with Mary were hid in a crevice of the rock, just as one turns to look up at the eagle painted by nature on the ceiling of the arch. 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