

Casey

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

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

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking of the Stomach, Swelling of the Feet, Headache, or Difficulty Breathing, or Stomachic Distress, or Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dull or Watery Eyes, or Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Indigestion of Food, or Flatulence, or Yawning, or Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Lungs, etc., Sudden Fits, or Spasms, or Burning in the Mouth, or Constant Imaginations of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits, All these and many other Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, are cured by the use of Hoofland's German Bitters.

Hoofland's German Bitters is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The chief ingredients are those from which these extracts are made, and are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal qualities of the Bitters are secured by a scientific process. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used in the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcohol in the Bitters, and hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcohol stimulates are not desirable.

Hoofland's German Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with such other ingredients as are necessary to give it its peculiar properties. It is a powerful tonic, and is especially adapted to the cure of all the diseases mentioned in the Bitters. It is a powerful tonic, and is especially adapted to the cure of all the diseases mentioned in the Bitters.

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. In such 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 in the cure of Debility. It cures a general weakness of the system, restores the strength, and gives the system a new lease of life. It is a powerful tonic, and is especially adapted to the cure of all the diseases mentioned in the Bitters.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters and Tonic. In fact, they are the best remedies for children. They are administered with perfect safety to a child three months of age, and the most delicate female, or a man of fifty.

Blood Purifiers. These remedies are the best. They purify the blood, and are especially adapted to the cure of all the diseases mentioned in the Bitters.

CAUTION. Hoofland's German Bitters are counterfeited. The genuine has a yellow wrapper, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are spurious.

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

RECOMMENDATIONS. FROM DR. J. W. WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, March 16th, 1867.

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THE ELK ADVOCATE.

FOR THE RIGHT AT ALL TIMES.

RIDGWAY, PENNA., OCT. 30, 1868.

C. B. GOULD, Editor & Publisher.

VOLUME EIGHT—NUMBER 20.

GEORGE MARTIN'S WIFE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"An aunt from the country! Oh, George, I can never endure the infliction!" Emily Penford paused in her occupation of fastening a blue ribbon upon the crown of a jaunty straw bonnet, for Emily was but a milliner's girl, pretty and graceful though she was, and just at present she was doing "extra work" to earn money to buy sundry articles of dress, termed by ladies a "trousseau."

For Emily Penford was engaged to be married and the stalwart, nobly framed young man who sat beside her, earnestly playing with her spools and scissors, and tape-measure, was George Martin, who would hardly at that moment have exchanged places with the Crown Prince of Russia. What though he was but a journeyman carpenter? didn't he some day look forward to the dignity of a shop of his own? and was he not strong as Vulcan, and handsome as Apollo? And more than this, had not pretty Emily Penford promised to be his wife?

George Martin looked at the gathering cloud on Emily's forehead with considerable perplexity. "Well, Emmy, I'm sorry myself; I know it would be far more pleasant to live by myself, but my poor old uncle is dead, and Aunt Bridget is all alone in the world, and I somehow feel as it were my duty to make a home for the old lady. You see, I am the only relation she has except Cousin Isabella's folks, and they utterly refuse to be burdened with any such piece of 'iniquity.'"

"They are a great deal better able to afford it than us," pouted Emily. "Better able? of course they are, but I've always found through life that it is not alone the 'best able' people who are willing to assume the duties and responsibilities. The matter is plain enough—Isabella and her husband decline to do anything for Aunt Bridget, and I can't see the old lady homeless, or in want, so long as I have a cup to drink, or crust to eat. So I have written to her to come and live with us, as soon as we were married."

"Without consulting me?" "Without consulting you—for there was no time to be lost, and I knew my little Emily would not fail to acquiesce in what I considered best. There's plenty of room you know, for I have rented a whole floor, and—" "There will be plenty of room," said Emily, with her cherry lips compressed in a manner George Martin had never before witnessed, and her blue eyes sparkling with ominous light, "for if your Aunt Bridget comes to live in that house, I never shall."

"Emily! Why my darling—" "Don't call me your darling," said Emily, impatiently withdrawing her hand from George's grasp. "A man who wants to burden his wife's home with disagreeable, old-fashioned relations, against her wishes—a man who is so selfishly inconsiderate with regard to his wife's comfort, should be more sparing of his affectionate terms."

"Of one thing you may be certain, George Martin, I shall not marry you if I have to marry your aunt also." George looked into the pretty, indignant face with a grieved and startled look, of one who has unexpectedly found a foul insect in the heart of a rose. "Emily, I can't give up my old aunt—my mother's only sister, who brought her up, and bestowed more than paternal care upon her, while quite young."

"Very well—then of course you are prepared to give me up?" "Do you mean to say, Emily, after all our affection, the weeks of our engagement, the happy evenings we have spent together, you would cast me away, rather than make the trifling sacrifice I ask? Do you mean that I shall understand you thus, Emily?" "I do."

"Then I have read your character wrongly, all along, and I suppose our engagement is at an end?" "I suppose so too," said Emily, trimming off the raveled edges of a ribbon bow, with a hand that never trembled the least. "Good-bye, Emily—I suppose, now, I ought to say Miss Penford."

"Good-bye, Mr. Martin." Honest George went down the stairway with an odd, stunned feeling, soon, alas, to resolve itself into active pain. If the world had suddenly turned itself the wrong way, and the sun unexpectedly risen in the west, he could not have been more puzzled, confused or bewildered. If Emily—the Emily he had deemed so perfectly faultless—was essentially selfish, then the world was a humbug.

He went home to the common, little third-rate boarding house which he had soon hoped to change for a cozy home of his own. Jenny White, the landlady's step-daughter, met him at the door. "You're too late for tea, George, but I can get you a cup in no time," said Jenny, wistfully. She was a fair, delicate looking girl, with grave brown eyes, and hair brushed smoothly away from an oval face.

"Thank you, Jenny, I feel tired and faint," said George. "But what's the matter? You've been crying?" "Oh, it's nothing," said Jenny, trying to restrain an involuntary sigh; "only mother is so hard with me, and—and she said to-day she could not support me any longer, and I must go out sewing."

"It's a shame," said George warmly. As Jenny lightfooted and skillful, moved about setting plates, moving cups, preparing a little supplementary meal for his benefit, he thought how thrifty, and careful, and industrious she was—how the roses on her pretty cheek were fading through over-work, and lack of necessary recreation. And he wondered that he had never before observed how pretty Jenny White really was!

"I dread the change very much," said Jennie, meekly, as she poured out George Martin's cup of tea. My home has not been a very pleasant one, since father died—it breaks my heart to think of having no home!" If Jenny White had been a heroine of some novel, she would have burst into a storm of grief at this juncture, but as it was, she winced very hard, and kept back the tears.

"Jenny," said George Martin, with a sudden inspiration, "you're a good little girl, and I like you very much. If you'll marry me I'll make a home for you!" And within just about a month of that rainy April evening, Mr. Martin installed Jenny White in the "second floor" he had rented and furnished, with reference to another taste, and looked with a pleasant smile at her bright enraptured face.

"Oh, George, how beautiful this is," she exclaimed, with her brown eyes full of happy brightness. And how snug—even down to the garanium plants in the window! Dear George how thoughtful you have been! And I shall be so glad when your Aunt Bridget comes to keep me company in the long days when you are away."

"Do you think she will like to live with me, George?" "She would be more than mortal, if she did not," said George, looking tenderly down upon the contented little being, and mentally contrasting her with Emily Penford. "People cannot help liking you, Jenny."

"The hot bread is very nice, Jenny, but I like Graham crackers," said Aunt Bridget; and the hash is seasoned too highly, besides I think there is rye or parched peas, or something else in the coffee—I don't drink such trash!" "I can make you a cup of tea in a minute, Aunt Bridget."

"No, no, child—the tea George buys ain't what I have been accustomed to. And I wish you'd have the coal stove taken out of my room, and an airtight wood put in."

"Yes Aunt Bridget." "And Jenny, it's confusion to my head to hear you singing about the house. I wish you'd leave it off."

But the time came when Jenny was destined to be still more severely tried. Aunt Bridget fell sick, and grew more petulant, irritable and exacting than ever—but when she died, with her head on Jenny's arm, the girl thanked Heaven, that she had been gentle with her to the last!

"Jenny," said George, with dim eyes "I shall not soon forget this ordeal through which you have passed." And Jenny was satisfied—to her mind, her husband's approval was the sweetest querdon she could know!

"Here's Aunt Bridget's will," in a leather pocket book, under her pillow, George—she told me where I should find it," said Jenny, a little while subsequently. "Will you please to take charge of it?"

George glanced over the quaint and formal document with a rather curious smile on his face. "She leaves you her wardrobe, Jenny, more particularly her brown Pongee dress! An important bequest! Well poor, old thing, it was all she had to give. Put it in the rag bag, Jenny or give it to some poverty stricken soul!"

"Indeed no," said Jenny, reverently folding up the ancient garment, "I'll put it away and keep it for Aunt Bridget's sake!" "Isabella and her husband will feel very badly, when they learn what an inheritance they have lost," said George Martin, with assumed gravity. "I wonder if they will come to the funeral?"

But no body followed poor old Aunt Bridget to her grave, in the quiet shadows of Greenwood, except Mr. and Mrs. Martin! the dead leaf fluttered down at last from its feeble hold on the trees of the world, and there were but few to mourn its fall!

Years passed on—and the little round, yellowed face of George Martin's dearth. "It takes a deal of money to feed five little children," said he cheerily as he counted out the market funds for his thrifty wife, "but there isn't one of 'em we could spare, eh, Jenny?"

But when, one dreary November evening, he was brought home on a shuttered and helpless for months, from a fall from a scaffolding, poor George thought the future looked very unpromising.

"It's for you and the children I'm worrying," he said, to his wife; "we haven't laid up a cent, though we've always lived comfortably, and now Jenny, I don't see what is to become of us." "Cheer up, George," said the little woman, bravely; "we'll do well enough. I know of a place where they will give yeasts to make, and I can sew in the evenings!"

"What, sew in the evening; after you have worked hard all day long for me and the children?" "I shall not mind it, George!" said Jenny. "Dear me, its nothing to the work I used to do before we were married!"

"How much is there, George?" questioned the bewildered Jenny. "There cannot be less than three or four thousand dollars," said her husband—see—here is a hundred dollar bill close to the pocket!"

"Ah, Jenny, Aunt Bridget had a meaning when she made the will bequeathing to you, her truest friend and tenderest nurse, the old brown Pongee dress! I am glad now that I did not destroy the paper. I wonder what Isabella and her husband will say!"

"George," said Jenny, reverently, "I think God has sent us this money in our time of need. I had not enough left to pay the rent, and I dared not think about the doctor's bill."

The tears of fervent gratitude came into her eyes as she spoke. Little Kate had a new dress to wear to school but it was not the brown Pongee, Jennie Martin treasured that up in memory of old Aunt Bridget; while Emily Penford, Cousin Isabella, and that class of people, all exclaimed with one accord:

"Who would have supposed such a thing possible?" "As if fact were not often times stranger than fiction!"

BARBAROUS TREATMENT.—A Chinese shave and shampoo is thus described by a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune: "The operator took a razor, and strapping it upon his leg began to cut the beard from my face, without having lathered it. Upon my suggesting that a little lather would prove beneficial, he replied that it was entirely useless and had a tendency to make the hair stiff and tough, and therefore was never used by any one who had any knowledge of the human face divine and its appendages. I, per force, acquiesced, and the shaving proceeded, but would rather be shaved with soap than once without. After the beard had been taken off, and it was done in a very short time, the barber took a long, sharp, needle-like spoon, and began to pierce my ears. He explored every avenue, and brought up, from numerous little crivices, bits of wax and dirt which had been accumulating there since my childhood, for I never submitted to such an operation before.—Having become satisfied with the picking about my ears, the barber suddenly twisted my neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked, as if the vertebrae had been dislocated. 'Hold on!' 'All right,' replied the tonsor, 'me no hurt you,' and continued to jerk and twist my neck until it was as limber as an old woman's dish-rag. He then fell to beating my back, breast, arms and sides with his flat, and pummelled the muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they had received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over me, and having dried my skin with fowels, declared that his work was done. I dressed myself, and having paid my two cents, walked away, feeling like a new man. The sensation of soreness was gone, and one of elasticity remained. I really never felt better in my life, and must say that half an hour under the hands of a Chinese barber would be far better than a glass of soda after a night's debauch."

DIPSOMANIAC.—The London Star says: "The story of a clergyman convicted of fraud, at the Middlesex Sessions, yesterday, is of once ridiculous and horrible. His downfall began by his getting drunk on what should have been his wedding-day, and in consequence, failing to keep his appointment at the altar with a wealthy widow. The rest of his mischances were equally extraordinary. He was always most knavish when most drunk, and he was hardly ever sober. When not drunk he felt his position acutely, and he nearly managed to kill himself, once, when in prison for fraud. On one occasion he pleaded temporary insanity in answer to a charge of fraud, and was locked up several months in Bethlehem Hospital. It is a painful history—a really tragical one—for its rumors lie only on the surface. What is to be done with such a man? One can imagine what a problem his wretched mental organization must have presented to his friends. It does really seem that the recent regulation by which persons incurably given to drink are enabled to have themselves put under restraint on pleading 'dipsomania' is a wise and useful one. Clearly the love of drink, call it by what name you will, does constitute a real disease in thousands of persons. This wretched creature has been condemned to a penal servitude for five years. If he could be condemned to some servitude, not precisely penal, forever, it would be the better for him and for the rest of the community."

THE VICTORY.

Address of the Republican State Central Committee.

ROOMS OF THE UNION REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE, PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14, 1868.

Republicans of Pennsylvania: Yesterday you achieved a triumph at the polls scarcely less important in its results than the victory of arms on the field of Gettysburg. The integrity of the Union, the perpetuity of the Republic we secured by the one, its permanent peace and future glory are insured by the other.

Your verdict thus pronounced will be recorded by the American people in November next in a most emphatic condemnation of the party false to the country in the hour of its peril, false to liberty and the rights of man. Every lover of peace and good order congratulates you on your achievements in stripping such an organization of all power to inflict future injury on the country. Henceforth it must sink under the same obloquy that rests upon the Tories of the Revolution and the Federalists of the war of 1812. Entrusted with power, it yielded it for the dismemberment of the Republic. Confided in by its devotees as the guardian of liberty, it exerted all its energies for the perpetuity of human bondage. Professing reverence for free speech and freedom of the press, it silenced both with bowie-knives and revolver wherever it had supreme control. Assuming to be the guardian of the rights of man, it became the champion of human bondage, and stood sentinel with bayonet and sword to seize and return the fleeing fugitive; and at last, dissatisfied with the result of a fair election it raised its hand against the life of the Republic, and Sampson-like, would have buried itself in the ruins of the grandest temple of liberty ever reared by human hands.

It is befitting that a party scoured by such a record should die at the hands of the people whose sense of justice it has outraged and whose dearest rights it has trampled in the dust.

Republicans of the Keystone! Your brethren throughout the Union have watched the struggle which you have just passed with intense interest, and its result gladdens every patriot heart. Let not your victory dampen your ardor or relax your energy, but march on with closed ranks and solid columns to complete your victory in November.

GALVANA A. GROW, Chairman State Republican Committee.

THANKSGIVING.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

By the President of the United States of America: A PROCLAMATION.

In the year which is drawing to an end the art, the skill, and the labor of the people of the United States have been directed to greater diligence and vigor on broader fields than ever before, and the fruits of the earth have been gathered into the granary and the storehouse in unprecedented abundance. Our highways have been lengthened, our cities and prairie regions have been occupied, and we are permitted to hope that long protracted political and sectional discussions are, at no distant day, to give place to returning harmony and fraternal affection throughout the Republic. Many foreign States have entered into liberal agreements with us, while nations which are far off, and which heretofore have been unsocial and exclusive, have become our friends. The annual period of rest which we have reached in health and tranquility, and which is crowned with so many blessings, is by universal consent, a convenient and suitable one for cultivating personal piety and practicing public devotion. I, therefore, recommend that Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, be set apart and observed by all the people of the United States as a day for public praise, thanksgiving and prayer to the Almighty Creator and Divine Ruler of the universe, by whose ever watchful, merciful and gracious providence alone States and nations, no less than families and individual men, do live and move and have their being. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this twelfth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-third.

(SIGNED) ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

WHY NOT?

The States now represented in Congress and entitled according to the recent act of the national legislature, to take part in the Presidential election, cast 294 electoral votes. The three States, excluded by that act, Virginia, Mississippi and Texas, would cast if their votes were counted, 23 more making a total vote of 317. In the actual case 147 votes are necessary to an election, in the other case 169 would be.

Now let us see how the already determined vote stands. Six States have held elections since the Presidential canvass opened, which have given Republican majorities and announced their November vote in advance—as follows:

New Hampshire	5
Vermont	5
Maine	5
Ohio	21
Indiana	13
Pennsylvania	26
Total	74

The following additional States are so certain Republican that, under the best of circumstances the democrats would not have dreamed of carrying them:

Massachusetts	12
Rhode Island	4
Illinois	10
Michigan	8
Iowa	8
Minnesota	4
Kansas	4
Wisconsin	8
Tennessee	10
West Virginia	5
South Carolina	6
Total	84

These, with the States named above, make up 161 electoral votes, or 2 more than would be required if all the States voted, and 14 more than in the actual case are necessary to elect Gen. Grant. What then, is the use of the democratic jingling on any further with their canvass? Why shouldn't Seymour and Blair withdraw, and save any more funeral expenses?