

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, 1868.

NUMBER 16

YOU ALL

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1825.

THEY CURED YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now called Bitters or Tonic. They are not laxative, purgative, or emetic, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are 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.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Indigestion, Heartburn, Disinclination for Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Burning at the Heart, Constant Eructations, Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Position, Dizziness of the Head, or Wobbs before the Sight, Double Pain in the Head, Debility of Respiration, Weakness of the Skin and Eyes, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Face, Constant Headaches, 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 liquor. It is a compound of mild laxatives, from which these extracts are made, and the medicinal and chemical virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process, and the extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not admissible.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Sassafras, Orange, etc. It is used for the same disease as the Bitters, in cases where some more powerful tonic is required. You should be assured that these remedies are entirely different from any other advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of raw or unscientific materials.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters in Tonic. It is a compound of mild laxatives, from which these extracts are made, and the medicinal and chemical virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process, and the extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not admissible.

WORK AND DELICIOUS CHILDREN ARE MADE THROUGH BY USING THE BITTERS OR TONIC.

In fact, they are Family Medicines. They are safe for the most delicate of children, and perfectly safe to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of infirmity.

These Bitters are the best Blood Purifiers ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. Keep your system pure and healthy, and you will live in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies. There is no other medicine so easy to use. The best seen in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive system, and in all 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.

I consider Hoofland's German Bitters a valuable medicine in cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and I can certify this from my own experience of it.

Yours,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH J. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson has been requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, but regarding the practice as not of my approval, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I feel constrained to give my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is the most valuable and reliable preparation. In some cases it may be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, very respectfully,
J. KENNARD, D. D.,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Bitters is counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeits.

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.

Remember that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not be misled by anything else that you may see or hear of. It is the only one that will do you any good, because it is the only one that is prepared in a scientific manner, and will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.
These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, as some are 25¢.

POETICAL.

BROKEN TIES.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream.
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies;
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parent of our youthful home,
The kind that we loved,
Far from our arms perchance may roam,
To desert seas removed.
Or we have watched their parting cheer,
And closed their weary eyes;
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed,
Or worse than all, their love and truth,
Is darkened or estranged.
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep their wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain;
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Uncloaked yet remain!
That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites our souls to Heaven,
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

Pleasant Homes.

Parents, strive to make your homes pleasant and attractive! If you would have your children grow up pure, healthy and beautiful, attempt not to destroy their love for beautiful things, and for healthy recreation. Do not labor with such cold rigid, self denying economy to hoard up money to bestow upon them at your death; rather devote a portion of your surplus income to embellishing and beautifying your dwellings, and to furnish your girls and boys with the means of home enjoyment. Introduce into your family circle innocent amusements, and above all, yourselves join and assist the young in their recreations and plans for social diversion. Teach them that most beautiful and soul inspiring accomplishment, music; allow them to mingle in the graceful and health-giving dance, to romp, laugh and be merry.

Many parents will crush with a frown every attempt at hilarity on the part of their children; they will banish all amusement and gaiety from the family circle, and cause a shade of gloom to settle over their homes.

What is the course of the children of such parents? To escape from the oppressive atmosphere of home becomes the governing motive of all their actions. When away from the immediate care of their parents they will secretly go to places which they have been forbidden to visit, and mingle with children with whom they have been told not to associate; then they will immediately become more hardened, and plunge deeper and deeper into the sea of forbidden pleasures, and resort to falsehood to shield themselves from detection, and after they have taken this step their downward course is straight and rapid. They frequent drinking shops, smoke and swear, associate with fast young men, soon become fast themselves, and at last cause the hoary heads of their parents to bow in sorrow.

Are not such parents, in a measure, responsible for the sins of their children? The young will have enjoyment, and it they cannot find it at home they will seek it elsewhere in doubtful places and in doubtful company. They are full of vitality and gaiety; they have ungovernable desire for amusement and social intercourse, and that desire must be gratified, legitimately it may be, or illegitimately. Attempt to suppress it and you will ruin your children; direct it in the proper channel, and you will cause them to grow up happy and contented into the best and noblest of men and women.

One half of the depraved and abandoned men and women of this country have been made what they are by their parents. Their ignorance and superstition they have derived from their homes, which to them should be the most attractive places on earth, to seek the streets by the forbidden paths, for that recreation which is essential to their very existence.

You who have children to train up, think of this! Devote a portion of your time and money to gratifying their love for social amusement. If you do not get rich quite as fast, if you, perchance, do not die a millionaire, what matters it? You will be compensated a hundred fold for the pecuniary loss by the joy and pleasure you will experience by seeing your children grow up noble and virtuous, honored and respected by those around them.

—DUNNELL.

All's Well that Ends Well.

Not a great while ago an Irishman was employed, in a village where he was well known, to dig a well, "pro bono publico." The contract was made that he was to be paid a certain sum per foot and warrant a free supply of water. At it he went with a will, and his daily progress was intently watched by interested parties. Early and late he delved away faithfully, deep down in the earth, full of confidence in the speedy completion of his labor.

He had reached the depth of about twenty-five feet, and soon expected to "strike water." Early in the morning Pat repaired to the scene of his labors and horrible to tell, it had caved in and was nearly full. He gazed with rueful visage upon the wreck, and thought of the additional labor the accident would cause him. After a moment's reflection he looked earnestly around and saw no one stirring, then quickly divesting himself of his hat and coat, he carefully hung them on the windlass, and speedily made tracks for a neighboring eminence which overlooked the village. Here, hid among the undergrowth, he quietly awaited the progress of events.

As the morning wore on, the inhabitants began to arouse and stir out. Several were attracted to the well, thinking that as Pat's hat and coat was there, he was below, of course, at work. Soon the alarm was raised that the well had caved in and that Pat was in it. A crowd collected and stood horrified at the fate of poor Pat. A brief consultation was held, and soon spades and other implements were brought to dig out the remains of the unfortunate man.

To work they went with a will; when one set became wearied with the unusual labor, a dozen ready hands grasped the implements and dug lustily. Pat quietly looked on from his retreat on the eminence, while the whole village stood around the well, and watched with breathless suspense the work go bravely on.

As the diggers approached the bottom, the excitement of the by-standers grew intense, and they collected as near as safety would admit, gazing fearfully down into the well. With great care and precaution the dirt was dug away and when the bottom was at length reached, no Pat was to be found. The crowd before so anxious, gradually relaxed into a broad grin which broke forth in uproarious merriment when the venerable Pat walked up with a smiling countenance and addressed the crest-fallen diggers who now stood weary and soiled with their labors.

"Be jabbers, gentlemen, and it's Patrick Fagen sure that is much obliged to ye for doin' of that nice little job of work!"

The effect can be better imagined than described, and as the most active of the young 'men' slunk off, several low breasted mutterings broke forth that sounded very much like "soid."

Through the kindly aid of his fellow citizens, Pat soon finished his well and it remains among the monuments of his genius to this day.

Choirs, Singing, &c., Continued.

From what has thus far been said it must be evident, that to sing "with the spirit and the understanding," demands intelligence; that the singer must both understand and feel what he sings; his heart must beat in sympathy with the sentiment he attempts to utter; and this the quality of voice with which he sings must plainly indicate. Any singing that comes short of this, must, to all who understand it, appear like solemn mockery.—Dr. Thomas Hastings says, "Admitting that religious truth should be addressed to the feelings as well as to the understandings of men—that music in its genuine nature is the language of feeling—that church-music is designed to be employed as the direct medium of religious offerings of praise—that it can assist devotion only by addressing itself to us as sentient beings—and we perceive, at a single glance, the nature and extent of what is required in relation to the subject. If, when a psalm or hymn has been read to us in an impressive manner, we can sing it in such a style as to preserve and increase the interest already excited, we shall not raise our voices in vain. But if the style of the music is at best but insipid; if the performance of a well selected piece is so deficient as neither to give character to the words sung, nor to make melody or harmony that can be patiently endured; or if, on the other hand, the music is so loaded with extraneous attractions as necessarily to draw towards itself that degree of attention which should be devoted to the themes of song; we need no language of prophecy to tell us we are offering a vain oblation (or rather, are performing a mere mockery). The exercise of singing becomes in either of these cases, a hindrance to devotion. It entirely fails as an instrument of Christian edification."

"The singer or musician should at once enter into the feelings and design of the poet, he should regard the flow of versification and the general cast of thought; and the sentiments which he finds sketched in the outline by the poetic pencil, should be painted by him, and drawn out, as it were, by the skillful and delicate intermixture of light and shade, into full life and vigor." In proportion as he succeeds in accomplishing this end, will be the ultimate success of his production—for though music has an expressive language of its own, it is a language less durable than that of poetry; and it will not long continue to please when it sets the claims of poetry at defiance.

Besides the different qualities of voice which the various sentiments demand, the proper utterance of the words requires no less attention. Without a clear and well defined utterance, the poetry is not intelligible to the auditors. The ability to read well, as has already been stated, is an essential prerequisite to good and intelligible singing. Good reading demands not only correct pronunciation of the words, well defined enunciation, but proper accent and emphasis. Without the former two, neither speaking nor singing can be understood, and without the latter, both are uncertain and lifeless.

Careless articulation or enunciation is an evidence of ignorance, and should be overcome by all who attempt to sing whether in the social circle or in the sanctuary. God, above all, should be praised or addressed in an intelligent manner. Good articulation is the first quality necessary in the expression of sentiment; and, in speech, consists in giving to each letter in a syllable and each syllable in a word, their appropriate utterance according to the received enunciation. In vocal music, however, articulation differs from this; by the circumstance that the vowels are greatly prolonged. The vowels, strictly speaking, are the only letters to be sung, the consonants are to be uttered the same as in speech, with however this exception, that they are expressed with greater force and precision. Every vowel and consonant should be uttered with its proper power (sound), and never should the final letter (vowel or consonant) of a word be connected with the initial of the following word. Every word should be clearly and distinctly uttered, with as it were, a momentary pause after each. This however cannot be learned from books; it requires a teacher who understands it.

The writer of this, having been a pupil of Perkins (T. E.) Bradbury, and Bassini, and besides having heard a number of the best choirs and musical associations of the country, has had ample opportunities for learning what constitutes good music, so that he is not obliged blindly to guess what he says, but speaks from what he knows, with certainty.

In the continuation of this article specimens of bad articulation and pronunciation, of hymns and tunes, with criticisms, suggestions, &c., will be given. The specimens named will not be imaginary, but such as have actually recently been heard.

Waynesboro', Oct., 1868.

Confidence in One's Self.

When a crisis befalls you, and the emergency requires moral courage and noble manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment, and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men whose experience exactly coincides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hands. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial, you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed nor unmanned when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud whose threatening murmurs you hear with fear and dread is pregnant with blessings, and the frown whose sternness now makes you shudder and tremble will ere long be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly, oppose equal forces to open difficulties, keep up a stout heart, and trust in Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in one's self.—Richmond Post.

A GENTLE REBUKE.

A lady, riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation. He used much profligate language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady. She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well.

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure, madam. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may well suppose the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would be gentleman.

A DUTCHMAN IN TROUBLE.

Once I stop mit a hotel to stay in the night, and I goes ter bed, and sleep ver a little vile, and wakes up mit something piting mo. I strikes a light and sees so many put pegs on never vas. I takes der covers and lays them on the floor, and tries to sleep a little vile. But they wakes me up again. So I takes some tar that vas dere, and puts a circle around ter pet on the floor and lays down again. Tinks I fix dem time. I sleeps ver a little vile, and den I feel something fall in my face, zip. I den wakes up and finds dat the little tuyvels are on the vall above mine head, and shumps rite down on me. So I takes some more tar and make another circle over my head on ter ceiling. Tinks I fix dem dit time. So I lay down ver a little vile. So soon as never vas I feel dem little tuyvels again. I strikes a light, and py tam I dey had pulled ter straw out of the pet and puidd a pridge over ter dar, and was on me again. And so I never sleep dere any more.

Richardson's new life of Grant contains the following incident of camp life in Virginia:

One afternoon, a long, gaunt civilian, wearing garments of a rusty black and a stove-pipe hat, walking up in the rear of headquarters, was accosted by a hostler:

Hostler (gruffly)—"Keep out of here!"

Visitor—"Isn't this Gen. Grant's tent?"

Hostler—"Yes."

Visitor (striding forward)—"Well, I reckon he will let me inside."

Hostler—"You'll soon find out."

As he neared the tent, a guard mistook him for an agent of the Sanitary Christian Commission.

Guard—"No Sanitary folks allowed inside."

Visitor—"I guess Gen. Grant will see me."

Guard—"I can't let you pass, but will send him your name. What is it?"

Visitor—"Abraham Lincoln."

A friend tells a good thing of a wounded soldier who, in 1864, was brought from the Weldon road to City Point, on the James. As he lay on his stretcher, an old woman passed along, peddling pies known as "turnovers," the crusts of which were of the real iron clad species. The soldier bought one, and after giving his teeth as fair trial on it, he hailed the peddler with—"Say, mother, be these pies sewed or pegged?"

An old bachelor ungallantly says that woman, with all her beauty and worth, should remember that man was the chief matter considered at the creation. She was only a side-issue.

An editor at the South has purchased a race horse at the expense of two thousand dollars for the purpose of catching his runaway subscribers.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

When a rogue means to utter a worse lie than usual, he generally prefaces it with, "To tell you the honest truth!"

SCARCE.—Politicians who don't want offices, and maidens who don't want husbands.

None go to heaven but those who have a taste for it on earth.

The noblest sight on earth is a man talking reason and his wife listening to him.

Kindness is a language that even the dumb brutes can understand.

MISCELLANY.

Wearing Away.

All things are wearing away—nothing is everlasting. The rocky sides of the river which resist the cutting of a chisel, yield to the overpowering hold and continual stroke of the sweeping current of the breaking waves. The overlapping stones of the mountain, steel clad like, defying impregnation through any attempt of man, challenging any mechanical power to move them from their stationary position, huge in their ponderous weight, are ineffectual in resistance to that continued, yet imperceptible weakening of their vast bulk, and finally give way to the never-dying power of time, and crumble to dust. Trees, animals, and all things that live—all material substances are wearing away.

Everything is wearing away—old customs, fashions, and habits wear out of use and form the deep hidden strata of those numberless things that were, but that are overgrown with what is new and exercised by us to day. Principles around which were hung all the adornments that the brilliant intellects of philosophers could manufacture are numbered with the past, sophisms useless to transmit to futurity, and incapable of standing the wear of time. They soon proved cracked and worthless, and were but talismans to some circumstance, but with its death it departed.

Duties around which were shed all the halo of truth that their discoveries could prove, and under which was placed all the support, iron like—of sages, have worn so thin through ages that their fallaciousness has since been disclosed, and eternal as they once appeared, have become evaporated, powerless, through the onslaught of time. They too, have shown that nothing is eternal.

Old tenets and maxims that had become indoctrinated in the minds of nations and people, and had been regarded as truisms, and held as guards to liberty, defenders against innovations of wrong, have worn threadbare and now are shunned as opposers to human rights, and scoffed at as the senseless impediments to advancement. All these have worn away. All else is wearing away.

Even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open.

When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the one who has it—well may he weep.

The reward of good words is like dates; sweet and ripening late.

To slander is to murder.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend—be discreet.

The camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears.

Descend a step in choosing a wife, and mount a step in choosing a friend.

If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself.

One eats; another says grace.

He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. It is a good sign in man to be capable of being ashamed.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

—Let the business of every one alone and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want.—Use every hour to advantage, and study to make a leisure hour useful. Think twice before you spend a dollar; remember you will have another to make for it. Look over your book regularly, and if you find an error trace it out.

Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in your business, retrench, work harder but never fly the track. Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will fly at last; then you will be honored, but shrink, and you will be despised.

WIT AND KNOWLEDGE.

—What is wit? A sparkling beverage that is highly exhilarating and agreeable when partaken at the expense of others; but when used at our own cost, it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

What is knowledge? A key that unravels all mysteries, which unlocks the entrance, and discovers new, unseen and untrodden paths in the hitherto unexplored fields of science and literature.

A Sensible Plan.

A lawyer in Wisconsin told a Missionary of the American Sunday School Union that the new settlement where he lived began as follows:

"I organized the first Sunday school in this country, and ran it myself one season. We came in here early, all Americans. We wanted to draw in decent, industrious families, and to keep out all foreigners and rowdies. So I said: 'A Sunday School will attract the folks we want, and keep others out. It will be the best and cheapest way to blow for the settlement.' There was not one of us that pretended to have one grain of piety, so they pitched on me to carry out the plan. I did so, and sent to your society and got a library, and ran the school all summer. I did the blowing for us splendidly. Before summer was ended, some Christian families came in; and as they had a better stock of piety, I gave over the Sunday school to their hands. It was a grand thing for us. There wasn't a foreigner of any sort that ever stayed in the settlement more than one night. We secured a good American and moral settlement. In fact it got to be so pious that I couldn't live there myself."

We believe that this statement is literally true, and that the lawyer himself was obliged to quit the place, or starve, for want of business. Religion may gain such a hold of the community as completely to keep in abeyance the elements of disorder.

It is similar with temperance. There is Vineland, N. J.—a town incorporated and built on the temperance principle, not a drop of liquor is allowed to be sold in shop or dwelling. The result is that vice and crime are almost unknown, and poverty has few representatives there. Scarcely any foreigners reside in the place although it is a town of 11,000 inhabitants. The best class of citizens are attracted thither, and intelligence, virtue and thrift are everywhere seen.

The same is true of Bresswood, Ireland—a manufacturing town, within whose incorporate limits intoxicating liquors are not allowed to be sold. Instead of grog-shops, almshouses and prisons they have good schools, reading rooms and houses of worship. By agreement with the authorities, a constable is not allowed within the limits of the corporation—the proprietors concluding that, if they did not tolerate liquor-shops they would have no need of the services of constables, and officers of the law to interpose their services in the interest of law and order.

Next to religion, temperance will do most to build up a town. A place that is outwaded with groggeries, abounds with vice; and the best class of people avoid it. Degraded and dangerous men, knock thither to carouse and sin. And finally it becomes bad enough for a waver to live in without danger of starving.

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NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER
HAS just returned from Philadelphia and is now opening out the largest and most varied assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS she has ever brought to Waynesboro. The ladies are invited to call and examine her goods. Residence on Church Street, East Side, April 10—11.

Success in life—Success in life! It's no blind thing. It's bound up in no secret, un-get-at-able deep. It's before every one that will see, feel, think act. Who and what are the men about us,—our friends, neighbors, most noted for success in life? Why they are shrewd, working, rousing, hopeful, confident stout hearted folk.

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