



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 18

YOU ALL
HAVE HEARD OF
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 any other medicinal Bitters or Tonic. They are the best for all ailments, and the only ones that will cure the most obstinate cases of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Flatulency, Inward Pile, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nervousness, Heartburn, Discomfort for Foot, Painness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructation, Staleing of Flattering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Throat, or Dificult Breathing. Coughing at the Heart, Shaking or Swallowing on Motion, or Pain in a Side, or Vertigo, or Vex before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Dificulty of Perspiration, Swelling of the Skin and Ears, Pain in the Side, Burning Heat, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Headaches of Evil and Great Duration, Spasms, All these Incurable Diseases of the Liver & Digestive Organs, combined with various Bile's.

Hooiland's German Bitters is entirely vegetable and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The active principles are from which these extracts are made are gathered from Germany. All the medicinal plants of this country are then forwarded to the manufacturer. The Bitters is a no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter that will cure in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hooiland's German Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the addition of Iron, and is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some more tonic is required. It is a most valuable remedy, and is entirely free from any deleterious effects. It is a most valuable remedy, and is entirely free from any deleterious effects.

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hooiland's German Bitters or Tonic in curing Debility. They impart a new vigor to the system, strengthen the appetite, cause an increase of the secretions, and by so doing they purify the blood, and it is in this way that they cure Debility. It is a most valuable remedy, and is entirely free from any deleterious effects.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are the best for all ailments, and the only ones that will cure the most obstinate cases of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Flatulency, Inward Pile, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nervousness, Heartburn, Discomfort for Foot, Painness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructation, Staleing of Flattering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Throat, or Dificult Breathing. Coughing at the Heart, Shaking or Swallowing on Motion, or Pain in a Side, or Vertigo, or Vex before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Dificulty of Perspiration, Swelling of the Skin and Ears, Pain in the Side, Burning Heat, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Headaches of Evil and Great Duration, Spasms, All these Incurable Diseases of the Liver & Digestive Organs, combined with various Bile's.

CAUTION.
Hooiland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine has 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.

Recalled that it is Dr. Hooiland's German Remedies that are so universally used, and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take any other medicine, but to take Hooiland's German Remedies. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the Principal Office.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. JENKS, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Grocers, and Medicines Dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

POETICAL.
"WATCH FOR THE MORNING."
Wanderer, 'tis dark, and thy dwelling is lonely,
The night lamp shines dimly, and so does thine eye;
Thou art thinking thy portion is wretchedly only,
Disheartened, despairing, and longing to die!
Wanderer, look out where the day-star is dawning,
Hope in thy soul let its promise awake;
And, sleepless though weary, still wait for the morn-
ing—
Never a night but its morning shall break!

Wanderer, 'tis dark, and the tempest is roaring,
Wildly above thee, and raging around;
Terrors and dangers thine walls are pouring,
Right on thy pathway, where quickenings abound!
Wanderer, 'tis better to bow than to bide it;
Harmlessly o'er thee the Storm King shall ride—
Deep yawns the chasm; it were death to baste it—
Pass on where the valley is sloping and wide.

Weeper, 'tis dark, for the Angel of Sorrow
Hath spread'er thy landscape the gloom of his wing;
No hue from the rainbow thy sadness can borrow,
No joy to thy bosom the spring time can bring.
Weeper, despair not; there is that can cure thee!
Yes, 'en to the heart'sick a balm can be given,
A draught that shall comfort and gladness insure
thee—
Drink deeply, drink freely, its fount is in Heaven!

Oh! ye who are suffering and sighing
Whom darkness I spirit are groping your way;
Who are weary of hoping and trusting, and trying
Who are sure that your midnight can never be day.
Look north where the day star of promise is dawning,
Stand fast by your duty, your God, and your right,
And potent and faithful thus watch for the morn-
ing,
Assured it shall bring ye both healing and light!

MISCELLANY.
THE GAMESTER'S WIFE.

This rare became pleasing passage in the domestic history of a gamester (we do not mean the having a wife too good for him—which must be the case with all gamblers whose wives are good for anything—but the agreeable surprise which she had prepared for him against his downfall) is related by Goldsmith, in his life of Beau Nash. It tooks, says Mr. Leigh Hunt, like a page out of one of Fielding's novels:

At Taunbridge, in the year 1815, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was an acquaintance with his own heart; he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded by sharps, who with cunning lay in ambush for his fortune, and easily took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship at Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night, this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharps, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other movable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony, upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even men enough to ask a gent who sat near to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his misfortune, but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectation of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of his losses, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in the company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company were silent; he then demanded fifty; still no answer, he sank to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, 'By heavens, it shall never go for less!' and dashed it against the floor, at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney piece.

The last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity, his disposition being now altered with his misfortune. 'But, my dear Jenny,' says his wife, 'perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you.' This account seemed to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, 'There you are in wrong my dear; his estate is not settled upon me. I beg your pardon, says she, I really thought it was at least, you always told me

'No,' returned he, 'as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table.' 'What, all?' roared the lady. 'Yes, every farthing,' returned he, 'and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay.' Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had enjoyed his perplexity—'No, my dear,' cried she, 'you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; your brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune,—we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and I here return them to you, from whom they were lately taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future.' Her prudence had the proper effect. He never after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played again, even for amusement.

Incident of Army Life.
During the spring of 1861 I was on detail at General Ord's headquarters, and frequently carried dispatches to General Grant. He knew me as one of General Ord's orderlies. When the latter was transferred from the north to the south side of the James River, and operated with General Sherman in the rear and capture of Lee's army, I was often compelled to ride through the greater part of our own troops before I could find Grant and deliver my dispatches.

One morning in April I received some captured letters and orders and some copies of reports of scouts and rebel deserters, and was directed to find General Grant and deliver them to him. After riding several hours, I found him between our lines during one of the front and rear attacks, which the enemy made upon our left, near Dinwiddie Court House. This rear attack produced not a little confusion in our troops. Here and there we were hurrying to and fro, riding in hot haste, giving and changing orders, taking new positions, or changing front. As yet the firing was desultory; a few had been killed, and several wounded. General Grant, accompanied with one staff-officer and an orderly or two, was assisting the division and brigade commanders in the suitable disposition of their forces, he having come upon that part of our line soon after these simultaneous attacks were made.

While engaged in these arrangements, three soldiers passed near the General, carrying a dead man, wrapped in a blanket; from the skirmish line, Grant rode up to them, and ordering them to stop, said:—'Whom have you here?'

One of them replied: 'We have the body of our captain. We are taking it to the rear. He was just now killed on the skirmish line. They were young men, rather tall and fine-looking, and appeared from eighteen to twenty-four years of age.'

'You remember, my brave boys,' said the General, 'that the first duty of a soldier, in the hour of battle, is to secure the victory; that acquired, there will be sufficient time to care for the wounded, collect the captured property, and bury the dead.'

'We know that, General,' said the oldest, glancing at the stars of the Lieutenant-Generals; 'but he was our father, too. When we set out for the war we all promised our mother and sister that whoever should die the survivors would send home to be buried on the banks of the Kalamazoo.'

'I can make but little difference to your brave father where his body lies,' said Grant, 'while the more than Spartan patriotism and self-denial of your mother and sister will not permit you to leave the post of duty in an hour like this.'

Thev nodded assent, but were too deeply affected to reply. They laid the body of their father at the roots of a pine tree which stood near by, and half running, half walking, returned to their regiment. Tears glistened in the eyes of their commanding general, as he remarked their earnest though sorrowful resignation, and he often turned to catch a glimpse of them as they sank in the little valleys and rose on the hills, hurrying back.

Within less than two hours the battle for the day was won. The three brothers came out unhurt. The body of their father was embalmed at City Point, and sent to Parma, Michigan.

A little more than a month afterward, when that part of the army passed through Richmond, the two younger brothers were the junior officers in their father's company, and the elder was the adjutant of their regiment.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.—There once dwelt in what is now a famous city, not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that queer compound of incompatibles called 'human nature.'

It was a Christmas eve, during one of those old-fashioned winters which were so bitter cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she shivered her shivering frame she said to her faithful negro servant:—

'It's a terrible cold night, Seip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Seip; fill it full of wood; pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Seip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip.' These last orders were duly obeyed; and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, inside and out. And now trusty Seip was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again:—

'Stop, Seip. You need not go now. The weather has moderated!'

Physical Degeneracy of Woman.
Are we right, O men and women of this age! when we hurl such wholesale censure and anathema upon the weaker half of humanity, for their physical degeneracy and unfitness for the duties of life?

There is ever a cause for a consequence, and would it not be wise to look back a few generations among our robust, muscular grandfathers and see if among the much lauded habits of their time we cannot discover some of the parents trouble?

Let us take a practical illustration from actual facts of the past.

Eighty years ago, a young man and a young woman of robust health, abounding in vital force and muscular strength, full of ambition and enterprise concluded to become husband and wife.

Not to go further into detail, let us follow this young man and his wife. She married, accepting her fate, and giving her all into his hands. They moved in a one horse cart from Massachusetts to Central New York; their entire possessions having come from the wife's father as her inheritance. The husband was twenty-one, the wife twenty years of age.

A wild tract of government land on the banks of the Genesee was bought. It was infested with wild beasts and wilder Indians, and covered with heavy timber.

At first they camped out, sleeping in their cart. Soon a cabin was rolled up and a clearing was begun. Twenty three years after there was a fine farm there—house, barns, cattle and horses, and there was a family of twelve children, born of this woman. We will let her tell her own story:—

'I worked night and day,' she used to say to her daughters. 'I never knew what it was to sleep enough. I never had a nurse girl. There were none to be had. I nursed you through measles, mumps, whooping cough, fever and ague, rheumatism—everything.'

'We soon had a large dairy, flocks of sheep, and great corn and wheat fields. These required your hands to wash for, cook for, and make beds for. I carded, spun, and wove the wool with which we were clothed. I knit the stockings and did the sewing, and as child after child was added, I felt that I had more burdens than I could bear.'

Your father seemed to work harder than I. He bought wild lands, speculated, farmed, or had a politician, a great man, and never had a minute for his wife and children. He built mills, drained rivers, laid out towns, and when my twelfth child was born I was forty-five years of age, and pretty well worn out. We were worth thousands upon thousands, but we had not one really brave, strong child. Four of the boys went to college. Two died young. Their father said they should never work as he had done, for a living. They had all the money they wanted, and it ruined them.

'My girls were all good housekeepers. There were eight of them; but they all seemed weak and good for nothing. I thought father and I had worked too hard. I knew I had. I noticed that men raising stock never let their breeding animals, male or female, work hard.'

'The girls and boys all married but one, and when I was sixty years of age, I had fifty-four grandchildren, but only three daughters left. All wore out young and faded away.'

We will end the story.

Not one son lived to be forty years of age. One died a drunkard, one of dyspepsia, one a terrible death of dissipation and sin.

Of the fifty-four grandchildren, many died very young; but there still remain of the descendants of this couple, over two hundred people, down to the great great grandchildren, and of them all, scarcely one can be considered healthy, athletic and strong, among either the men or the women.

The sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children to the third and fourth, ay, even to the fifth generation.

Whose fault is it if the fourth generation of women are feeble and unfit to be mothers? This hard working, over taxed mother reared her eight feeble girls that it was terrible to see so hard and have so many children—E. D. Gage in Herald of Health.

FIVE CHILDREN BURIED ALIVE.—The Milford (Mass.) Journal says five children were recently sealing corn from a garden near a railroad engine house in that place. Close to the garden was a sand pit, by the side of the road, under a high bank, and the children, after plucking the corn, were throwing the ears into the pit. There were three children in the pit, receiving the ears as thrown to them by the two others, and while so doing the weight of the two above caused the bank to cave in, burying those in the pit entirely from sight. The two children on the bank were thrown down with the mass of sand and stones and partially buried. The cries of one of them attracted the attention of a man nearby, who went to the spot, and immediately set about extricating those in sight. An alarm was raised, when the condition of the others became known, and several persons went to dig them out. When found the three were quite dead, having been buried some fifteen or twenty minutes. The two others were taken out alive but one of them died on Friday.

There is a man in a lunatic asylum in England who believes the British government wishes to build an iron foundry in his stomach.

A little boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relations, etc. After thinking a moment, he said, 'Then mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got.'

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.
Austin, Texas,
September 3d, 1868.
Editor of V. Record, Waynesboro', Pa.
DEAR SIR:—Allow me space in your columns for a few lines from Texas. Time seems long and weary, being very far south and the extreme hot weather is not over yet for the season, the thermometer is always up among the nineties, and being compelled to live among these unreconstructed rebels increases the temperature.

Our camp is situated on the left bank of the Colorado river, one and a half miles west from the city of Austin. Through much has been written of this beautiful river (the Colorado) the objects of interest along its banks can hardly be exaggerated. To the travelers few rivers of the world possess more attractions; they crowd the attention at every point, the West has its Mississippi and Ohio, New York the Hudson, and Canada its St. Lawrence, all of which exceed the Colorado in size, but in the grandeur and picturesque beauty of its scenery it cannot be exceeded. After a long and weary march of one hundred miles we remain for rest on its woody, green and sloping banks.

The garrison at this post consists of Company B and I, 17th U. S. Infantry, Company B 4th U. S. Cavalry, and Company B 6th Cavalry. Our duties principally are guarding government wagon trains to the frontier posts. The country between Austin and the forts on the frontier is infested with bands of desperadoes, murderers and horse-thieves so common in Texas. It is not safe for any less than one hundred well armed men to venture out with any property in charge whatever. On the first of September 1868, a large government train started from Austin loaded with supplies for the army, bound for Fort Griffin, was attacked near Sulphur Springs by two hundred and fifty desperadoes. They captured and plundered the train. It was guarded by a detachment of Company I 17th Int., numbering fifteen men. They fought bravely but being outnumbered sixteen to one, were compelled to fly to the woods for safety. Company II, 6th Cav. now stationed at Sulphur Springs, went to their relief, were roughly handled and suffered severely in the fight. When the news reached Austin a strong detachment of the 4th and 6th Cavalry was immediately sent from the post; also twenty men, Infantry, under Lieutenant Orange; they scoured the whole country and succeeded in capturing eight of the outlaws; we have them here under guard and in irons, waiting for trial before a military court. If the court does not give them justice the soldiers will; one of the above men named McGuire, a murderer by profession, early in June last, near Sulphur Springs, surprised and murdered two soldiers belonging to the 6th cavalry, (death is his doom.) The officers here take every measure to keep the soldiers from lynching him. All we want is an opportunity and he will hang on the highest tree in Texas.

The State Convention adjourned, did not agree on a Constitution, the people of Texas will not be entitled to a vote at the coming election, which I think is for the best. If allowed to vote union men would be murdered and driven from the polls by the cowardly assassins. Rebels would then have every thing in this State at their own option. As it now stands Texas will not have a word to say at the election against General Grant. Are rebels to rule the country? Has the late and unhappy contest between the two armies been for nothing? Soldiers, stand up and do your duty. All who have shown their patriotism on the battle field, and at the present, whether in public or private life, struggle for the restoration of that union for which you have perished your lives in the contest of arms.

Now shake out the grand old flag, and fling from all its gleaming folds indignation and defiance upon the skulking brayaters, not only of this country, but of all that is ennobling and aspiring in the hopes and history of mankind.

The heaviest load in the coming election rests on the old Keystone State, and in the welfare of the State we all feel a common interest, and in whose greatness, prosperity and advancement we all feel a common pride; so star in the galaxy of States shines brighter than that which represents our own loved and beautiful Pennsylvania; no other State has made such rapid advancement in population, wealth and all the elements which constitute the greatness and glory of a people; in peace and in war she has stood foremost among her sisters—of the heroes who fell in the recent war for the maintenance of the Union and Constitution, Pennsylvania furnished her full share, and she contains within her borders to-day, hundreds of thousands more, ready to sacrifice themselves, if necessary, in defense of the same great cause, but I rejoice to believe that there will be no such necessity. The way is now opened by such States which in an evil hour wandered from their sphere may be brought back to fraternal relations in the Union, under the guidance of loyal men, will I trust be accepted, and the day soon arrive when peace and harmony, kindness and good will prevail among all the inhabitants of the land, and the stars and stripes, the emblem of our nationality and union, be equally safe and alike honored and respected in all parts of the republic, north and south east and west.

I am,
A. Shockey,
Sergeant, U. S. A.

A young miss at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if 'kiss' was a common or proper noun. After some hesitation, she replied, 'It is both common and proper.'

An exchange says: There is something sweeter about little girls. The Louisville Journal adds: And it grows on them as they grew bigger.

A Hundred Years in Prison.
A certain housebreaker was condemned in the latter part of the last century in France, and under peculiar circumstances, to a hundred years in the galley, and strange to relate, this man recently made his appearance in his own native province at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years, he being about twenty years of age when the sentence which condemned him to such a dreadful punishment was passed. It is difficult to conceive what the feeling must have been with which he returned, as soon as emancipated from the shackles which had enthrilled him for a century, to breathe once more the cherished air of the scenery of his infancy. Bourg, in the department of Ain, was his native home, but time had so changed the aspect of the whole place that he recognized it only by the Church of Bourg, which was the only thing which had undergone no alteration. He had triumphed over laws, bonds, man, time, everything. Not a relation had he left, not a single being could he had in acquaintance, yet he was not without experiencing the homage and the respect the French pay old age. For himself he had forgotten everything connected with his early youth; even all recollection of the crime for which he had suffered was lost, or if at all remembered, it was a dreary vision unaccompanied with a thousand other dreary visions of days long gone by. His family and connections for several generations all dead, himself a living proof of the clemency of Heaven and the severity of man, regretting, perhaps, the very iron which had been familiar to him, and, half wishing himself again among the wretched suffering beings with whom his fate had been so long associated—well might he be called the patriarch of burglars.

A RIVAL TO DR. CUMMING.—A formidable rival to Dr. Cumming has arisen in Australia, and has published a book containing the most dreadful prophecies, supported by incontrovertible passages of Scripture. This readers are informed that, contrary to common belief, the earth, instead of being orange shaped, has the shape of a pine apple, and is elongated instead of being flattened at the poles; that this elongation has got such a pitch that the earth is about to change its centre of gravity. Rome is to be suddenly overwhelmed and seen no more forever; and the whole Northern Hemisphere will share more or less in the tremendous disturbance. The dwellers on the north side of the equator are informed, however, that by emigrating immediately to Australia they may escape the threatened cataclysm, and, after it is over, return to enjoy the new earth, which is to be so pervaded with currents of magnetism and electricity that the soil will be fruitful beyond the power of the liveliest imagination to conceive, and man is to live as long as the oak of the forest. The expansion of this theory threatens to come out with another and bigger book next year, supported by more Scripture; from which we infer that the Northern Hemisphere is in no immediate danger.

A FREENOLDER.—A gentleman who is rather given to story telling relates the following: When I was a young man I spent several years at the South, residing for awhile at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi river. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get exoused.

On my name being called I informed his Honor, the Judge, that I was not a freenolder, and therefore not qualified to serve.

'Where do you reside?' inquired the Judge.

'I am stopping, for the time being, at Port Hudson.'

'You board at the hotel, I presume?'

'I take my meals there, but I have rooms in another part of the town, where I lodge.'

'So you keep bachelor's hall?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How long have you lived in that manner?'

'About six months.'

'I think you are qualified, gravely remarked the Judge; for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a freenolder! The Court does not excuse you.'

A school in Massachusetts was under examination, when one of the examiners said: 'If I had a mine pie, and should give three-twelfth to John, three-twelfth to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?'

There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

'Well, sir, what will there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear,' said the examiner.

'The plate,' shouted the hopeful fellow.

'You say that you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?' asked a counsel of rather a dull looking witness. 'Oh, yes—just so, drawn out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, 'I know the difference, and I'd never take you for a horse.'

After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ceased, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, 'Don't be so unspeskably happy!'

When a young lady has very sweet hair, is it a consequence of her fastening it with a honey-comb?

Dr. Holmes says that easy-going widows take new husbands because; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

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Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are the best for all ailments, and the only ones that will cure the most obstinate cases of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Flatulency, Inward Pile, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nervousness, Heartburn, Discomfort for Foot, Painness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructation, Staleing of Flattering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Throat, or Dificult Breathing. Coughing at the Heart, Shaking or Swallowing on Motion, or Pain in a Side, or Vertigo, or Vex before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Dificulty of Perspiration, Swelling of the Skin and Ears, Pain in the Side, Burning Heat, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Headaches of Evil and Great Duration, Spasms, All these Incurable Diseases of the Liver & Digestive Organs, combined with various Bile's.

CAUTION.
Hooiland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine has 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.

Recalled that it is Dr. Hooiland's German Remedies that are so universally used, and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take any other medicine, but to take Hooiland's German Remedies. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the Principal Office.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. JENKS, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Grocers, and Medicines Dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Professional.
D. R. J. BURNS AMBERSON having permanently located in this place, offers his professional services to the community. Calls promptly attended to at all hours. Office in A. S. Bonbrake's Drug Store, one door west of the Waynesboro' Hotel.
April 17—18.

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Physical Degeneracy of Woman.
Are we right, O men and women of this age! when we hurl such wholesale censure and anathema upon the weaker half of humanity, for their physical degeneracy and unfitness for the duties of life?

There is ever a cause for a consequence, and would it not be wise to look back a few generations among our robust, muscular grandfathers and see if among the much lauded habits of their time we cannot discover some of the parents trouble?

Let us take a practical illustration from actual facts of the past.

Eighty years ago, a young man and a young woman of robust health, abounding in vital force and muscular strength, full of ambition and enterprise concluded to become husband and wife.

Not to go further into detail, let us follow this young man and his wife. She married, accepting her fate, and giving her all into his hands. They moved in a one horse cart from Massachusetts to Central New York; their entire possessions having come from the wife's father as her inheritance. The husband was twenty-one, the wife twenty years of age.

A wild tract of government land on the banks of the Genesee was bought. It was infested with wild beasts and wilder Indians, and covered with heavy timber.

At first they camped out, sleeping in their cart. Soon a cabin was rolled up and a clearing was begun. Twenty three years after there was a fine farm there—house, barns, cattle and horses, and there was a family of twelve children, born of this woman. We will let her tell her own story:—

'I worked night and day,' she used to say to her daughters. 'I never knew what it was to sleep enough. I never had a nurse girl. There were none to be had. I nursed you through measles, mumps, whooping cough, fever and ague, rheumatism—everything.'

'We soon had a large dairy, flocks of sheep, and great corn and wheat fields. These required your hands to wash for, cook for, and make beds for. I carded, spun, and wove the wool with which we were clothed. I knit the stockings and did the sewing, and as child after child was added, I felt that I had more burdens than I could bear.'

Your father seemed to work harder than I. He bought wild lands, speculated, farmed, or had a politician, a great man, and never had a minute for his wife and children. He built mills, drained rivers, laid out towns, and when my twelfth child was born I was forty-five years of age, and pretty well worn out. We were worth thousands upon thousands, but we had not one really brave, strong child. Four of the boys went to college. Two died young. Their father said they should never work as he had done, for a living. They had all the money they wanted, and it ruined them.

'My girls were all good housekeepers. There were eight of them; but they all seemed weak and good for nothing. I thought father and I had worked too hard. I knew I had. I noticed that men raising stock never let their breeding animals, male or female, work hard.'

'The girls and boys all married but one, and when I was sixty years of age, I had fifty-four grandchildren, but only three daughters left. All wore out young and faded away.'

We will end the story.

Not one son lived to be forty years of age. One died a drunkard, one of dyspepsia, one a terrible death of dissipation and sin.

Of the fifty-four grandchildren, many died very young; but there still remain of the descendants of this couple, over two hundred people, down to the great great grandchildren, and of them all, scarcely one can be considered healthy, athletic and strong, among either the men or the women.

The sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children to the third and fourth, ay, even to the fifth generation.

Whose fault is it if the fourth generation of women are feeble and unfit to be mothers? This hard working, over taxed mother reared her eight feeble girls that it was terrible to see so hard and have so many children—E. D. Gage in Herald of Health.

FIVE CHILDREN BURIED ALIVE.—The Milford (Mass.) Journal says five children were recently sealing corn from a garden near a railroad engine house in that place. Close to the garden was a sand pit, by the side of the road, under a high bank, and the children, after plucking the corn, were throwing the ears into the pit. There were three children in the pit, receiving the ears as thrown to them by the two others, and while so doing the weight of the two above caused the bank to cave in, burying those in the pit entirely from sight. The two children on the bank were thrown down with the mass of sand and stones and partially buried. The cries of one of them attracted the attention of a man nearby, who went to the spot, and immediately set about extricating those in sight. An alarm was raised, when the condition of the others became known, and several persons went to dig them out. When found the three were quite dead, having been buried some fifteen or twenty minutes. The two others were taken out alive but one of them died on Friday.

There is a man in a lunatic asylum in England who believes the British government wishes to build an iron foundry in his stomach.

A little boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relations, etc. After thinking a moment, he said, 'Then mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got.'

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