

# VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6, 1868.

NUMBER 20

## 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 the country-made preparations now in vogue. They are the only ones that will cure the most obstinate cases of Biliousness, Headache, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicine. 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 Intestines.

**CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS, Headward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Diarrhoea, Flatulency, or Weight in the Stomach, Bile, or Fluctuating at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Face, or Difficulty Breathing, Fluctuating at the Throat, or Sore Throat, or Suffering from the Stomach, or Pains in the Side, or Weakness before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Headache, or Eruptions of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Face, or Depression of Spirits.**

All these indicate a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines, and require the use of Hooiland's German Bitters.

**Hooiland's German Bitters** is entirely vegetable, and contains no alcohol. It is the only one of its kind. The roots, herbs, and bark from which these extracts are made are all of the finest quality, and are prepared in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process, and the extracts are then forwarded to this country to be put up in bottles. There is no alcohol in the Bitters, hence it is the only one that can be used in cases where alcoholic liquors are not admissible.

**Hooiland's German Tonic** is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Sarsaparilla, and is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure Sarsaparilla is required. It is entirely different from the country-made preparations now in vogue, and is the only one that will cure the most obstinate cases of Biliousness, Headache, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicine. They are the greatest known remedies for

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## POETICAL.

### THE WORLD WAS—YOU AND I.

Oh, still do I remember, love,  
Though many years have fled,  
When Autumn's rustling leaves were crushed—  
Beneath our bending tread;  
Oh, those indeed, were joyous hours,  
Hope's star was in the sky!  
The angels smiled upon us then—  
The world was—you and I.

The Autumn passed and Winter came  
With his dreary breathing;  
The flowers faded ere by one—  
And slept the sleep of death;  
But still the earth was passing fair—  
An Eden to our eyes;  
Our hearts were always Summer, love—  
The world was—you and I.

'Tis true that we are parted now,  
Yet from my utmost heart  
The memories of the happy past  
Time cannot make depart;  
And when we, love, shall meet again,  
I'll gaze within thine eye,  
And dream of those bright hours when  
The world was—you and I.

## MISCELLANY.

### MY CRUELTY TO MY RELATIVES.

I had an Aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness (I acknowledge with tears in my eyes that it was such) which I perpetrated towards my wife and my ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife, on the day before my aunt's arrival, you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She's very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. A. announced her determination to make herself heard if possible.

I then went to John Thomas, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, and told him to be at my house at 6 P. M., on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad station with a carriage the next evening, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said: "My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Amelia has, which I forgot to mention before. She's very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I'm sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up on the steps was wife—at the window was John Thomas, with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried all his relatives that afternoon.

I lauded out my aunt—she ascended the steps.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite side of the street started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt; and the half lamp clattered, and the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage, and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her bonnet and cape; and there sat John with his face of woe.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John Thomas rather jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response, in a warwhoop, and so the conversation continued.

The neighbors for streets around must have heard it; when I was in the third story of the building I heard every word plainly.

In the course of the evening, my aunt took occasion to say to me, "How loud your wife speaks! Don't it hurt her?"

I told her all deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said, softly, Alf, how very loud your aunt talks?"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Blat by their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till every thing on the mantle-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt, being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife.

"So said she, in an unceremonious way, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young. Does't talking so loud strain your lungs?"

"It is no exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I do," squeaked my wife.

"What?" said my aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle this time.

### A Tail of a Shirt.

Jack Diffident as we call him; is an unfortunate youth, and not over handsome, being cock-eyed, red haired, and knock-kneed, and greatest among his drawbacks may be numbered the inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless, he was fond of the ladies, although, when in their presence, he never opened his mouth if he could help it; and when he did speak, he used both hands to help him; in fact, he was a man of 'great actions.'

Jack, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies society; he was getting to be a man, and it was manly to have a 'peachment.'

So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, loveliest, most hoydenish girl in the square; but how to tell his love! there was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the 'language of the eyes,' and accordingly tried that; but when he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him thinking he was endeavoring to catch her eye. He has despised expressive eyes ever since then.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview only increased his ardor, he determined on going it alone.

Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best—blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants (said pants a *feeling* tighter than the skin), and a spotless vest.

Thus arrayed, he proceeded to the house of his dulcinea, was admitted by a giggling servant who could hardly announce him for laughing. He fell disconcerted, but only for a moment, for he heard an angel voice bidding him welcome and draw near, which he proceeded to obey with alacrity, but he little dreamt of the obstacle which fate had thrown in his way. He knew too well that the stream of love had many ripples, but full-grown swags never entered into his head.

Judge, then, to his astonishment at being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet by a fat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on the road to happiness. Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed any extra tension of the muscles and sinews, he not only procured a tumble, but also a compound fracture of the black pants aforesaid, said fracture extended all across the point which comes in closest contact with the chair.

Having placed himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not setting him forward any, he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to avoid a disagreeable expose, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would when requested to dance upon a pile of needles.

The young lady was most suffocated with laughter at the sad misfortune of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. On this rock he split!

Just at that moment she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. What had become of it! She was sure she had it when he came in. It must certainly be somewhere about.

"Haven't you got it under you, Mr. Diffident?"

Jack was sure he had not, but poor Jack in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop his coat-tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing handkerchief, he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so the fracture opened, and behold there lay the lady supposed her property.

It was the work of a moment to catch the corner and exclaim:

"Here it is, sir, you needn't trouble yourself about it. Just raise a little, it's under you," and at the same time she gave it a long, hard pull.

Alas the tail was told, no escape, nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt.

But what should he do? Another and another stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost dry goods coupled with the request.

"Get up, sir, you're sitting on it," determined him; in the agony of the moment and grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed:

"For God's sake, Miss Emily, leave my shirt collar!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A bachelor friend of ours is in the habit, when he comes to his room in the evening, of putting his tea-kettle on the stove, and himself lying down on the lounge and taking a snooze until the kettle begins to sing, when he gets up and makes his tea. The other evening, being a little prostrated on account of old Simpkins' daughter cutting him in the street, he put the kettle on the lounge and got upon the stove himself, and never discovered his mistake until he began to sing.

"I wish I could prevail on my neighbor Quinder to keep the Sabbath," said good old Mister Jones. "I'll tell you how to do it, exclaimed young Smith, 'get some one to loan it to him, and I'll be bound he'll keep it.' He was never known to return anything he had borrowed.

Can you tell why the difference of the ticking of a watch is like a feller bed, Sam? "Dunno, gie it up." "Because the ticking of the watch is on the inside, and the ticking of a bed is on the outside."

Behind time—every man who carries a watch

### Whipping Children.

The great mass of parents have yet to learn that their displeasure with a child is no reason and no excuse for beating it. Nor does the simple fact that it has done wrong give them warrant to subject it to physical torture. Here, for instance, is a child of from five to ten years, who, in the hope thereby of attaining enjoyment, or escaping punishment has told a lie. The father, naturally indignant thereupon gives it a beating. What relation has the penalty to the offence? or rather, what good result may be fairly expected from the beating? Can you rationally expect it to love and speak the truth because you have mauled it? Is it not far more likely to hate and hate you? That child will be a good deal more apt henceforth to tell one lie to hide another than to abhor and shun lying altogether.

"But may not a parent justifiably use force to restrain a child from evil doing?"

Certainly. If the child insist on throwing the hammer at the looking glass, or doing any other malicious mischief, the requisite force may be employed to constrain it into better behavior. But to restrain from evil doing is one thing, to inflict pain because evil has been done is quite another. Many a child has been hardened into inveterate depravity by the chastisements inflicted under the mistaken notion that its evil propensities might thus be subdued and eradicated.

We beg every parent who is prone to beating his child, to recall the experiences of his own childhood, and consider what were the effects on his moral nature of any and every painful infliction he endured. We doubt that so many as one in ten can fairly say that all the parental beating to which he was subjected did him as much moral good as harm. We are not pleading for indulgence. Every child should be taught to know the right and do it. What we urge is, that the rod, the whip, the cudgel, are implements of parental discipline which have, on the whole, done far more evil than good—that more children have been confirmed and strengthened in wrong than rescued therefrom by the infliction of physical pain.

### MOTHERS.—Every mother is a historian.

She writes not the history of Empires, nor of Empires on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and reap with eternal joy or unutterable grief, in the coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect and prayerful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of the children are susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters or write names or words in the smooth, white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all you have written. Not so with lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers can erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful then, should each mother be in the treatment of her child. How prayerful, how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death.

There dwelt in Maine a good Methodist brother, who was 'blessed' with a wife of a fretful disposition. Being at camp-meeting, they, on one occasion, knelt together in the tent prayer meeting. The husband felt called upon to pray, which he did in a devout and proper manner. He was followed by his wife, who, among other things, said:

"Thou knowest, Lord, that I am somewhat fretful and cross at home," but before she could announce to the Lord another statement, the husband exclaimed:

"Amen!—truth, Lord, every word of it."

It would be revealing the secrets of domestic life to disclose the manner and spirit in which the conversation was resumed and ended at the home circle.

An exchange says that a young lady was struck dumb on the 4th inst., at Council Bluffs, by the firing of a cannon. An association of married gentlemen is being organized for the purpose of having salutes fired near the residence of the members regularly once a week.

### Choirs, Singing, &c., Continued.

It is by no means sufficient that the hymns and time are of the same measure; both the rhythmic structure as well as the general cast must correspond. As a general rule, slow tunes, in the major scale, should be sung to hymns of a meditative character; and when their phrasing is of a plaintive character, they should be sung to hymns of similar character. Slow tunes in the minor scale should be sung to hymns which are plaintive or supplicatory in the highest degree. These tunes require much practice to secure the proper intonation. Undisciplined choirs not unfrequently sing them with the same intonation as those in the major scale, and thus almost entirely destroy their influence. Many choirs, in consequence of their inability to appreciate and sing these several classes of tunes, permit them to dwindle into mere "drags," and then consider them not very good. Quick tunes should be applied to themes in which the current of thought is comparatively rapid. These rules are of the utmost importance; and should invariably be observed. A quick tune sung to a meditative hymn does not afford sufficient time for thought; and, on the contrary, a slow tune sung to a hymn in which the current of thought is rapid, reduces the very spirit of it to mere vapidity.

There are hymns in which the lines of a stanza are occasionally broken by long phrases, or sudden exclamations; for these it is generally best to select a slow choral (a time in which the notes are all or nearly all of the same length) so that pauses may be gained, without injury to the rhythm. Unless the proper pauses are made, the language of the poetry is not only unintelligible, but, what is still worse, is changed to nonsense.

The following are specimens of such adaptations as are frequently made by untutored singers. They are all exceedingly bad, and hence will serve very well as a negative study for such of the readers of this, as may desire to make use of their judgement in the application of tunes to hymns:

Rockingham, to "Broad is the road that leads to death"

Ontario, to "The gold and silver are the Lord's"

Seasons, to "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"

Dundee, to "All hail the power of Jesus' name"

St. Martins, to "O God, my refuge, hear my cries"

Geneva, to "Sweet was the time when first I felt"

Phillips, to "Come, let us join our cheerful songs"

Nightingale, to "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

Brown, to "Sin has a thousand treacherous arts"

Genoa, to "And shall we still be slaves"

Akron, to "Raise your triumphant songs"

Dayton, to "My soul be on thy guard"

Penn Dell, to "Angels rolled the rock away"

Fern, to "Children of the heavenly King"

Next in importance to the suitable adaptation of tunes to hymns, is expression, or the proper degree of loudness or softness and the intonation, timbre, or quality of voice. Ludicrous or rather (as it occurs where everything should be done decently and solemnly) deplorable attempts at expression are sometimes heard. Those parts of a stanza which should be sung *piano* or *pianissimo* are sung *forte* or *fortissimo*, or those which should be sung *forte* or *fortissimo* are sung *piano* or *pianissimo*. A sad attempt at expression, the writer of this once heard from a choir in singing the hymn, "Depth of mercy I can there be, &c." The time was not adapted to the sentiment of the hymn, yet not so positively bad as not to admit of being sung with, at least, some degree of expression. But, instead of this, the first stanza was sung in a bold declamatory style; the second and third, in a smothered attempt at *pianissimo*; and the fourth, fifth, and sixth, in the same manner as the first. Whether such an attempt at expression is not deplorable, the reader may judge for himself. When the singer or worshiper does not fully understand the import of what he is singing, no attempt should be made at expression, but the hymn should be sung *mezzo*. Without, however, following every shade or change of sentiment throughout a hymn, it is not possible to realize the full power of the poetry. We should, as has already been stated, sing with the spirit and the understanding, but that which the understanding does not comprehend, can make no impression upon the feelings, and hence must be sung (if it may be so called) at mere random. That most singing which is heard, except from such as have studied the subject thoroughly, is of this character, is too evident to need proof. Indeed every congregation has among its members some who may properly be called confirmed "drags." They do not seem to enjoy the music unless it is dull and lifeless as to be almost worthless for religious edification. The hymns are, or at least seem all alike to them. One makes apparently no deeper impression than another. They sing them all in the same sleepy style, and can always be heard singing, as it were, an accompaniment to the general singing, being, invariably, as it is called, (a note or two) behind the others. The worst adaptation appears to afford them the most enjoyment. They are especially opposed to this fast (with expression) singing. "They always sing very well—they think." It is true, they frequently sing too loud, but this only breaks the general monotony, and makes the exercise so much the "prettier."

They draw out the last syllable of every line of the poetry, so as, in many instances to break all connection of sense with the following line. Inexperienced choirs are guilty of the same thing. The last syllable is held, irrespective of what the sense and expression require as if there were some obstacle in the way, which prevented the immediate continuance. Another error closely allied to the one just named, is holding the note under the Pause or Hold, whether the sense and expression require it or not. It is sometimes held three and four times its ordinary time, which is an evidence of the grossest ignorance. Writers of music are unintentionally responsible for many of the worst blunders and errors which un instructed singers make. They indicate the performance very minutely by means of words and char-

acters, which, in most cases, apply only to the stanza written to the music, but which the singer supposes, belong to the music instead of the poetry, and thus is lead into error. The custom of thus marking tunes and hymns is fast going out of use. All the information as to the performance, the singer needs, he must draw from the poetry. If he relies upon any characters accompanying the tune for a guide, he will generally be led astray. A pause after a line of poetry, unless the sense demands it is not only in bad taste but altogether improper. Lowell Mason says, "If the habit of giving an almost exclusive attention to the music can be made to yield to one which shall secure proper attention to the poetry, a more intelligent and satisfactory song will undoubtedly be the result."

There can be, comparatively, but little of the real song element when the performance is interrupted by an attention to mere characters. Instead, then, of relying upon uncertain "crutches," the singer should be guided by a thorough knowledge of the subject.

### The Wife.

How is it that neighbor— succeeds so well? He had nothing when he started in life, and now he is rich. What is the secret of success? We will tell you. He has got a prudent and industrious wife.—What Mr. B brings into the house is taken care of, and not an article to the value of a farthing is wasted. The children's clothing is usually made from that which is partly worn, and the work done by the industrious wife and mother. Go into her house when you like, and you will find her busy. Unlike many we know, she never wastes her time attending balls or parties of pleasure, which are of no use or profit. This is the secret of neighbor B's success—a good wife. Young men who are looking for companions, should be particular in their choice if they wish to succeed in life. Some persons are carried away with a fine voice, a pretty ball room dancer, and a lazy flirt, without inquiring into her domestic qualities. This is the reason why so many young men succeed no better, and become bankrupt. Their household expenses are more than their income. A lazy fashionable wife is the poorest kind of property. What can she do to benefit her husband? She will not bake his bread, mend his stockings, or wash his clothes. A girl must be employed in the kitchen at considerable expense. Nothing is taken care of, while everything runs to waste.

Remember this, and when you look out for a wife, choose one that can wash and knit, as well as sing and dance. But by all means beware of the female, who has only given her attention to the latter accomplishments.—Unless your purse has no bottom she will ruin you.

### How to Become a Millionaire.

The writer of an article in the GALAXY on the New York Millionaires thus sums up what is to be done by the man who would join the order:

You must be a very able man, as nearly all millionaires are.

You must devote your time to getting and keeping other men's earnings.

You must eat the bread of carelessness, and you must rise early and lie down late.

You must care little or nothing about other men's wants or sufferings, or disappointments.

You must not mind it that your great wealth involves many others in poverty.

You must not give away money except for a material equivalent.

You must not go meandering about nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky, or water, for there is no money in it.

You must not detract your thoughts from the great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature.

You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during the secular time.

You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time or thoughts.

You must never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into making loans, however small.

You must abandon all other ambitions or purposes. And finally—

You must be prepared to sacrifice ease and all fanciful notions you may have about tastes, and luxuries and enjoyments, during most, if not all your natural life.

If you think the game is worth the candle, you can die rich—some of you can.

A peripatetic Yankee, riding in a railroad car, was disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy and made a million pounds of butter, and a million pounds of cheese yearly. The Yankee perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend.

"True, isn't it, mister? I speak of Deacon Brown." "Yes," replied the friend; "that is, I know Deacon Brown though I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year; but I know he has twelve saw mills that are all worked by butter milk!"

Wishes of ladies: First, a husband; second, a fortune; third, a baby; fourth a trip to Europe; fifth, a better looking dress than any of the neighbors.

Why is wheat like a baby? Because it is first cradled; then thrashed, and then becomes the flower of the family.

Domestic Magazines.—Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

What land, of all the lands of the earth, do lovers like the best? Lapland.

What species of love is that which is never reciprocated? A neuralgic affection.

A favorite box with the ladies—bandbox.

## DEBILITY.

Hooiland's German Bitters is the only one of its kind. It is the only one that will cure the most obstinate cases of Biliousness, Headache, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicine. 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 Intestines.

**CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS, Headward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Diarrhoea, Flatulency, or Weight in the Stomach, Bile, or Fluctuating at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Face, or Difficulty Breathing, Fluctuating at the Throat, or Sore Throat, or Suffering from the Stomach, or Pains in the Side, or Weakness before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Headache, or Eruptions of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Face, or Depression of Spirits.**

All these indicate a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines, and require the use of Hooiland's German Bitters.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,  
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,  
Philadelphia, Pa., March 18, 1857.

I find "Hooiland's German Bitters" is not an inferior  
tasting beverage, but a good tonic, useful in diseases of  
the digestive organs, and in all cases of debility and want of  
vital action, in the system.

Your truly,  
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,  
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,  
Philadelphia, Pa., March 18, 1858.

I consider "Hooiland's German Bitters" as the best  
remedy in case of attacks of Indigestion, Headache, or  
Dyspepsia, and in all cases of debility and want of  
vital action, in the system.

Yours, with respect,  
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH J. KENNARD, D. D.,  
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia,  
Pa., Dec. 18, 1857.

Dr. Jackson—In a letter I have been in receipt of  
regarding your German Bitters, I have been informed  
that it is a very good medicine, but regarding the  
price of it, I have a few remarks to make. I have  
known it for many years, and I have used it in  
my own family, and in the families of my  
patients, and I can assure you that it is a  
very good medicine, and I can assure you that  
it is a very good medicine, and I can assure you  
that it is a very good medicine.

Yours, very respectfully,  
J. J. KENNARD, D. D.

Price of the Bitters, \$1.00 per bottle;  
Or, a half dozen for \$5.00.  
Price of the Tonic, \$1.00 per bottle;  
Or, a half dozen for \$5.00.  
The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recall that it is Dr. Hooiland's German Bitters  
that are so universally used, and do not  
mistake, and do not allow the "Dyspepsia"  
to induce you to take any other medicine,  
as it may be just as good, because it  
makes a "strong" profit, and it is just as  
good as the rest.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,  
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,  
No. 312 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,  
Proprietor.

Formerly of M. JACKSON & CO.  
These Remedies are for sale by Drug-  
gists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Deal-  
ers everywhere.

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

Sept 26 '68.

## Boot and Shoemaking.

The subscriber would inform the public that he is at all times prepared to make to order Gents Course or fine Boots, also coarse or fine work for Ladies or Misses, including the latest style of lasting Gaiters. Repairing done at short notice, and measures taken to private families if desired, and the work delivered.

THOS. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.  
May 8—1f.