



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 26

**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 many preparations now called Bitters or Tonic. They contain no opium, no mercury, or anything like; but good, honest, reliable medicine. They are the greatest 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, Flatulency, Inward Pains, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Pains or Weakness in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Headache, or Difficulty of Breathing, Harsh or Suffering in the Throat, or Sensations when in a Warm Room, or Dizziness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Double Pain in the Head, or Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flashes of Heat, or Singing in the Ears, or Trembling of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits. All these indicate the presence of the Organs, combined with impure blood.

**HooFLAND'S German Bitters** is a vegetable and contains no opium, mercury, or anything like. The Roots, Herbs, and Bark from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process. These extracts are then forwarded to this country, where they are compounded in a pure and healthful substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters. It is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

**HooFLAND'S German Tonic** is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with such other ingredients as are necessary to give it its medicinal properties. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, and is equally effective. It is a pure and healthful substance, and is the only Tonic that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

**DEBILITY.**  
There is no medicine so effective as HooFLAND'S German Bitters or Tonic in curing Debility. They impart a tone to the system, and give the system an enjoyment of food, enable the stomach to digest its food, give a good appetite, and give the system an enjoyment of life. They are the only medicine that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

**Blood Purifiers**  
These Bitters are the best Blood Purifiers. They purify the blood, and give the system an enjoyment of life. They are the only medicine that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

**FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,**  
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1867.  
I find HooFLAND'S German Bitters to be a most valuable medicine, and one that is well adapted to the treatment of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

**FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,**  
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, PHILADELPHIA, March 25, 1868.  
I consider HooFLAND'S German Bitters to be a most valuable medicine, and one that is well adapted to the treatment of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

**FROM REV. JOSEPH J. KENNARD, D. D.,**  
Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia.  
Dr. Jackson's Bitters have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, but I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and especially in my own family, of the great benefits of HooFLAND'S German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my opinion in favor of the medicinal value of this medicine, and to recommend it to all who are afflicted with Debility, or want of nervous action, or any other ailment, that usually arises from the above causes.

**CAUTION.**  
HooFLAND'S German Bitters 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 counterfeited.

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.

Recalled that it is Dr. HooFLAND'S German Bitters that are an unvarying cure, and to which the medicinal merit is due, and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take any other medicine, as it makes a large profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

**PRINCIPAL OFFICE,**  
**AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,**  
No. 63 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.  
**CHAS. M. EVANS,**  
Proprietor,  
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.  
These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Secular Dealers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.  
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.  
Sept 25 '68.

**POETICAL.**

**THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.**

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

There's a land far away mid the stars we are told,  
Where they know not the sorrows of time;  
Where the pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold,  
And life is a treasure sublime.

'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,  
Where ages of splendor eternally roll,  
Where the way weary traveler reaches his goal  
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,  
But our visions have told of its bliss,  
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fann'd  
When we faint in the deserts of this.

And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,  
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,  
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Of the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,  
But we think where the ransomed have trod,  
And the day never smiles from his palace of light  
But we feel the bright smile of our God.

We are traveling homeward thro' changes and gloom,  
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly blossom,  
And our Guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb  
From the evergreen mountains of life.

**MISCELLANY.**

**A MORNING WITH GAMBLERS.**

BY REV. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D. D.

In the earlier years of my ministry I formed a special fellowship with a very intelligent and pious family. The father and mother were of the vigorous Scotch-Irish stock; clear-headed and sound-hearted people. The children inheriting strong health of mind and body, and were all quick witted and lively. I loved them all dearly, and came at last to make their family destinies their joys and sorrows, my own.

One of the sons, Edward, was a fine, young fellow of eighteen, exuberant in both life and strength, but full of sweetness and good humor. Young as he was, he showed great talent for business, and was already a trusted clerk in a large mercantile house, with a liberal salary for those times.

I was called out of bed, one morning, at about four o'clock, to see this young man. He was in great distress, and could hardly tell his story; but it came out at last, and was bad enough when it came.

He had been spending the night at different faro tables, and had lost about three hundred and fifty dollars.

'Where's money was it?'  
'It belonged to my employer. I must go to the office this morning and account for it. What shall I do?'

I found on questioning him, that he had been gambling for two or three months. He had begun by learning to play cards of a pleasure clerk, played at first, merely for the pleasure of it, but soon found that a small stake was necessary to give interest to the game. In short, he had gone the road which thousands have trod before him. From innocent card playing, to betting at whist, and from the whist table to the faro-bank. Of course, I was very angry with the boy. But I was sorry, too, as I looked into that fair young face, agonized with fear and shame—sorry for him, and still more sorry for the proud father and fond mother, who must soon know of their dishonor.

But I had to brush away these emotions and answer the practical question.  
'What shall I do?'

It was plain that the first thing to be done was to get the money back, if possible. I dressed rapidly, went to the house of a legal friend, and woke him up. His advice was soon given.

Don't try law with these people. Go to them yourself, alone, and demand the money on the ground that they won it from a minor. I decided to try.

I confess that this decision made me nervous. I had never handled a card, had never been in a gambling house, nor spoken with a professed gambler. Moreover, it was not yet six o'clock in the morning. I went home, swallowed a cup of coffee, and set out on my strange errand.

Edward had lost seventy dollars at Franklin's gambling house, one hundred and fifty at Hodgson's, and one hundred and thirty at Dufour and Clark's. He gave me each address, street and number; my task was to go to these men, talk with them face to face, and get the money—if I could.

Franklin was my first man;—there was seven A. M. when I knocked at his door;—there was no bell to pull. A maid admitted me, after some parley, and led the way into a back room, where I found Franklin shaving before a little glass hung at the window. His appearance was not prepossessing, a bullet head covered with a heavy shock of iron grey hair, and set strongly on a pair of bronzy shoulders; a bull dog expression of face; the whole figure indicating animal force, brutality and obstinacy.

His gruff 'What do you want at this hour of the morning?' did not tend to reassure me. The upshot of my conference with him was a blunt refusal.

'The fellow took his risk and must stand by it.'

With this I left him.

Hodgson was my next man. His 'place

of business' was shut, but a negro who was hanging about told me where he lived, in a distant part of the city. A carriage soon set me down in front of a grocery store, with the sign 'W. B. Hodgson, family Groceries.' A decent, even handsome woman, with a good honest face presided at the desk. The place was in perfect order, with all the air of prosperous trade. She told me that Mr. Hodgson had gone down town on business. 'I must see him this morning, Madam, on private business.'

The word 'private' arrested her; an expression of fear and trouble gathered rapidly over her honest face. It was clear that she was no partner in the gambling trade, except to share its shame. I told my errand plainly.

'You will find my husband at 'his place' by this time, and he will give you the money.'

I found Hodgson a man of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, with the look of a well-to-do tradesman, and an open, frank expression. My story was hardly begun when he asked—  
'Do you recognize me?'

'No.'

'Well,' said he, 'you paid me my wages many a day, when I worked in the Methodist Book Concern, and you were then cashier.'

'He told me the steps of 'his fall,' hoped 'some day to give up this part of his business,' and bore the lecture I gave him with the best possible feeling.

'As for poor Edward,' said he, 'I have often warned the boy—not to come into this or any other such place. Here is the money,' handing me out one hundred and fifty dollars.

I told him of my failure with Franklin.

'Go first to Dufour & Clark's—you will get your money there; they have no principle; but they are both ranting towards; then tell Franklin that both Hodgson and Dufour have paid up, and say from me that HE HAD BETTER.'

There was an emphasis on the HAD BETTER which was full of meaning.

In five minutes I had reached Dufour's. He was not at home, but I would find him at 22 Jones street.

'Where's place is that?'

'O, it's a house where—many of the gambling fraternity gather of a morning.'

To Jones street, therefore, I went and found No. 23, a smart, three-story, brick house. The front entry was open, but the way was soon stopped by a green-baize door. At my rap, it was opened a little.

'Is Mr. Dufour here?'

'Yes; 'up stairs.'

I could see that the ground-floor room was nearly full of men; the second story contained a similar lot; and I confess to a little tremor when I was told to go a story higher. Here, again, the baize door stopped the way; but the door keeper called Dufour out.

'Well, what do you want with me?' he asked.

'Come down stairs; I will tell you my business below.'

A little to my surprise, he put on his hat and came quietly down to the front door. Here he stopped, and demanded my errand.

'Walk on with me,' said I.

'Not a step until you tell me what you want?'

He was a young man, apparently about twenty-five, of good person and manners. I put my arm within his said:  
'Now, if you will walk quietly with me, like a gentleman, towards your place, I will tell my errand as we go; if not, I will call the police.'

My grip on his arm was pretty firm. He looked at me for a moment, and submitted.

At first he scouted my demand for a return of Edward's money, but by-and-by he softened and told me his own history. It was the old story of temptation and weakness, with a half promise to reform, but would not fix a time to begin. We reached the door of his den, in the second story of a very good house. Without rapping he walked in; and I followed. A stout, ruddy man, of thirty or so, sat at a table writing or casting up accounts.

'Well Clark,' said Dufour, 'we must shell out freely for last night's work.'

Clark looked up from his desk, and saw me behind Dufour, and in a sudden access of cowardly fright, ran out of the door and hurried down the stairs. In a moment more, I saw him scaling the fence of the back-yard. Dufour burst into a heavy laugh.

'He's off! He took you for a judge or a policeman, to say the least. But that won't stop our settlement.'

He drew out a drawer of the desk, and counted the money in gold, and handed it over.

'Tell your young friend never to enter this place or any other of the sort again.'

'And let me tell you,' I replied, 'that the place is just as bad and will be just as fatal for you as for him.'

The poor fellow seemed softened and saddened as he bade me good bye.

It only remained to see Franklin again. I told him that the other two had disgorged.

'What is that to me? You will get nothing here.'

'Mr. Franklin,' said I, 'Hodgson says that you HAD BETTER pay up.'

He looked at me for a moment, opened his pocket book, and counted out seventy dollars.

By ten o'clock in the morning the money was in Edward's hands, and he was spared the shame of acknowledging himself a defaulter. But I made it a condition that the facts should be made known to his parents, and to his employer, with strong promises for the future. One would think such a lesson as this might have saved him. Alas! the poison was in his veins; in a few months he was a 'bankrupt in purse and character,' and he has never risen again.

**Remarkable Superstition.**  
The Monongahela Republican has the following: Not very long ago the young and beautiful wife of one of our citizens was called to her final account, leaving her husband sad, disconsolate and bereft. She was buried in the adjacent cemetery, and the husband returned to his desolate home, but not to forget the loved one. She was present with him by day, in spirit, and in his dreams at night. One peculiarity of his dreams and one that haunted him—being repeated night after night, was this: that the spirit of his wife came to his bedside and told him that the undertaker had not removed from her face the square piece of muslin or napkin, which had been used to cover her face after death; but had sewed down her coffin lid with it upon her, and that she could not breathe in her grave, but was unrested on account of the napkin. He tried to drive the dream away, but it bided with him by night, and troubled him by day. He sought the consolation of religion, and his pastor prayed with him and assured him that it was wicked to indulge such morbid fancy. It was the subject of his own petition before the Throne of Grace; but still the spirit came and told anew the story of her suffocation. In despair he sought the undertaker, Mr. Dickey, who told him that the napkin had not been removed, but urged him to forget the circumstance, as it could be no possible annoyance to inanimate clay. While the gentleman frankly acknowledged this, he could not avoid the apparition, and continual stress upon his mind, began to tell upon his health. At length he determined to have the body disinterred, and visited the undertaker for that purpose. Here he was met with the same advice and persuasion, and convinced once more of his folly, the haunted man returned to his home. That night, more vivid than ever, more terribly real than before, she came to his bedside and upbraided him for his want of affection, and would not leave him until he had promised to remove the cause of all her suffering. The next night, with a friend, he repaired to the sexton, who was prevailed upon to accompany them, and there, by the light of the cold, round moon, the body was lifted from its narrow bed, the coffin lid unsecured, and the napkin removed from the face of the corpse. That night she came to his bedside once more, but for the last time. Thanking him for his kindness, she pressed her cold lips to his cheek, and came no more. Reader, this is a true story; can you explain the mystery of dreams?

**Hints to Farmers.**

Don't buy a piano for your daughters while your sons need a plow.  
Don't leave to memory what should be written; it makes law-suits.  
Don't give the merchant an opportunity to dupe you. Prompt payments make independent men.  
Buy a farm-wagon before you purchase a fine carriage.  
Don't let your horses be seen standing too much at a saloon door; it don't look right.  
Don't buy patent rights to sell again.  
Teach your boys to look up and forward, never down or backward.  
Keep good fences, especially line fences they promote good feelings among neighbors.  
Don't become security for him who waits for the sheriff.  
A decent, substantial clothing for your children makes them think better of themselves, and keep the doctors away.  
Don't starve your land, if you do, you will grow lean.  
If you have a yoke of oxen, don't be ashamed of them, and give your note for a span of horses.  
Don't run for constable; you may get it, and let the plow stand.  
When the labors of the day are past, let good books and newspapers invite the youngsters into the sitting-room.  
Oliver Dyer, of 'Wickedest man' celebrity, is authority for the assertion that two hundred thousand people below Twentieth street, in New York, live in cellars. He has obtained the actual figures of the liquor shops in the city, and 40,000 destitute and orphaned children. If these figures are correct, benevolent minded people need not go abroad to ameliorate the condition of weak and suffering human nature. They will find a 'right smart chance' to attend to at home.  
A LAZY CLUB—A club called the Lazy Society, has been formed in East Bridgeport, Connecticut. It already numbers several hundred members. Two members have been discharged—one for striking a mosquito, which lighted on his face, and another for gapping too quickly and opening his jaw too wide. A third member was censured for running down hill, but was let off on the plea that he was too lazy to hold back. The society is in perpetual session.  
It is said that Frank Reno, one of the ex press robbers lynched the other day at New Albany, Indiana, alone knew of the place where was deposited ninety thousand dollars, the proceeds of one of his many robberies. His sister visited him some days before he was hanged and tried to induce him to tell where his hoard was concealed, but he refused, telling her that if he could not live to enjoy it no one else should. The secret died with him.  
An old minister enforced the difference of opinion by argument: 'Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman.' One of the deacons, who sat just behind, responded: 'Yes, and if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would have had her.'

**Brigham Young on Long and Short Dresses.**  
In a recent sermon Brigham Young, the Mormon prophet, delivered the following homily on the fashions:  
It is the duty of the husband and father to furnish his family with cloth to dress themselves; it is their duty to see that cloth is cut and made prudently, and not wasted. It is a disgrace to a community to drag their cloth in the dirt. How many women are there to-day who walk to this Tabernacle without throwing dirt every step they took—not only on themselves, but upon those who walked near them? I shun them.—When I see them coming I try to make my way in some other direction, in order to avoid their dust—I can get enough of it without receiving it from them.  
It isn't the duty of my brethren to buy clothing to be dragged through these streets, and the wife or daughter who will not cease dragging her dress through them ought to have it cut shorter. I have borne with it, and so have my brethren, until duty demands that we put a stop to it. I have politely expostulated with my wives and daughters on this subject. I have asked them if they think it looks nice, and have been told that it did, their reason for thinking so being somebody else wore it so. That is all the argument that can be brought in its favor. There is no reason in the world why a dress looks well trailing through the streets.  
On the other hand, I will say, ladies, if we ask you to make your dresses a little shorter, do not be extravagant and cut them so short that we can see to the tops of your stockings. Bring them down to the tops of your shoes, and have them so that you can walk and clear the dust, and do not expose your persons. Have your dresses neat and comely, and conduct yourself, in the strictest sense of the word, in chastity. If you do this you set a good example before the rising generation. Use good language, wear comely clothing, and act in all things so that you can respect yourselves and respect each other. We wish you to remember and carry out these counsels.

**Becher on Rings**

Hundreds of people went away from Plymouth church unable to get inside the house last evening. 'Abhor that which is evil,' was Mr. Beecher's text. He said there was a growing tendency among church members and others to allow wickedness to grow and flourish from a mistaken idea that every man should attend to his own business. Others compromised with their consciences until they became indifferent as to whether the guilty were brought to justice or not. New York has nearly as many churches as dens of infamy, yet the pulpits of that city allowed all kinds of corruption to grow within its borders until it is second only to Sodom and Gomorrah. Business men who stand high in the church set examples before their clerks that ought to make every honest man abhor them from the bottom of his heart.—Ministers are supposed to be the mouth pieces of God, yet they grow fat in the service of the devil, by keeping silent when they should lift up their voices and expose the wickedness of corrupt men in high places. Justice is bought and sold, or knocked down to the highest bidder. The very word 'Judge' sinks and could some of these ministers of so called justice be placed under parental rule once more, to have the scenes of their childhood renewed, it would be a blessing to them and to their country. Were all the villainies of men in high places brought to light, they would include all the crimes known to Sing Sing and Auburn. It is time for some one to 'thunder,' or society will be overwhelmed with the corruption of its members. The foundations of the Government are supported by votes. When these votes are bought and sold, the Government rests on quicksand. This is bad enough; but what shall we say when Legislatures are put into the market? The only difference between New York and Albany is, that the latter place is 150 miles further up the river. The people must rise up and show their abhorrence of these wicked men. Until the church and its members do this, we are at the mercy of the swindlers and thieves. In his prayer, Mr. Beecher called on God to have mercy on the judges, and take them away.—New York Tribune.

**Teach Scholars to Think.**

Writers have often discussed the importance of correct habits of thought, and have dwelt at length on methods of mental culture. While it would be asked, 'Of what use are they to persons who do not think?' Every intelligent man must be conscious that there are many whose thinking is so extremely limited in its scope that they can scarcely be said to think at all. They are content to depend upon the thinking of others. Often they pay a heavy price for their folly.  
It is the business of the educated teacher to teach to THINK, as well as to teach HOW to think. It is well for him to cause his pupils to acquire as many facts for future use as possible, and to give the memory its due share of culture. But let it constantly be borne in mind that the facts learned in the school room bear but a small proportion to those acquired by observation and reading. A true education will also develop the mental powers, that they make a proper use of the knowledge thus gained. The result can only be reached by the cultivation of thinking in the pupil.  
A young lady having promised her grand-mother that she would never marry a certain fellow 'on the face of the earth,' repaired with him after the old lady died, to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and was married under ground.  
If you wish to get rich, get married.—When was ever honey made with one bee in the hive?

In the olden-time, when planters were less thoughtful for the spiritual than the corporeal health of their slaves, Colonel Ramsey saw his 'boy' Dan (aged forty) going one morning, Bible in hand, to church.—Knowing that Dan was not a person with strong literary proclivities, the Colonel said: 'What are you doing with that Bible, Dan?—you can't read it?'

'No, massa, can't zack'ly read 'em but I can spell 'em out a little.'

'What's the use of spelling it out? You can't understand it, any way. The Bible, for instance, says that 'the very hairs of our head are numbered. Now you have't any hairs on your head—nothing but wool.—What do you say to that?'

'Yes, massa, I 'spect dat's so; but I spell out a little verse which say dat on last day de sheep dey will go one side and de goats on de totter.' Now de sheep has de wool but de goats dey got ha'r just like white folks, and I 'spect dey aint gwine to be saved—dat's w'at I 'spect!'

**MINCE PIES**—The following receipt for mince-pies, which are now in season, is confidently recommended to the editor of the Germantown Telegraph by a lady who has used it for many years: Boil a fresh beef tongue tender, let it get cold, then chop it fine, with one pound of suet, one half peck of apples, two-pounds-of-currants-picked-and-washed very carefully, one pound of citron-sliced, half an ounce each of powdered cloves, allspice, cinnamon and ginger, three pints of sweet cider, one pint of Madeira, half of a pint Brandy, with enough sugar to sweeten to your taste. This will make a large full jar.

There lived in the town of H— an old man named Eleazer M—. Though a half-witted kind of a soul, yet at times he would make some very shrewd remarks.—One day he chanced to meet a young man, who, by the bye, was the same kind of a genius as himself. To some remark that Eleazer made the young man responded: 'Eleazer, you're a fool!'

'Yes,' replied the old man, 'I'm a fool—I know I'm a fool, but you're a fool too, and don't know it.'

**MEASURING HIS DISTANCE.**—A brooding attorney asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place.  
'Just four yards, two feet and six inches,' was the reply.  
'How came you to be so exact, my friend?'

'Because I expected some fool or other would ask me, so I measured it.'

The wise teacher takes the most pains with backward pupils, and is most beautiful when Nature seems most niggard in her gifts—whereas the unwise teacher not only refuses to help those who are slow to learn, but frequently applies the rod, as if the flower could be developed and adorned by manuring the vase.

'Good morning, Mr. Hoopstick,' said a printer in search of female compositors, 'have you any daughters that would make good typesetters?'

'No; but I have a wife that would make a very fine devil.'

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people, who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses, when a recollection is to be taken.

A white boy met a colored lad, the other day, and asked him what he had such a short nose for.  
'I speets so as it won't poke itself into other people's business.'

The Boston Post says: 'A Sunday paper says it is in favor of women voting, if they want to.' We should like to see the man who could make them vote if they didn't want to.

Tom asked old 'ten-per cent' the other day what he wanted to accumulate so much money for? Says he: 'You can't take it with you when you die, and if you could it would melt!'

Perhaps it is not generally known as it should be, that salt put in the mouth will instantly relieve the convulsive movements in fits either of children or animals.

The streets of London, placed in a single straight line, would reach from Liverpool to New York city. It takes 860,000 street lamps to illuminate London.

If people have a prejudice, it is best to flank, and not storm it. You will never lose anything by tact, by gentleness, by kindness, patience and love.

A young woman being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she was in favor of a wedding party.

A poor, thoughtless old gentleman sat down, the other day, on the spur of the moment. His screams were frightful.

Hoops surround two things which are now commanding great attention—Girls and Whisky.

If you wish to get rich, get married.—When was ever honey made with one bee in the hive?

The best place to perform the Grecian bend is over the wash tub.

A good investment for your daughters is in a good education. Intelligence pays.

It doesn't follow that a man dislikes his bed because he turns his back upon it.

**MILLINERY GOODS!**  
**TO THE LADIES!**

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock. **GOOD TEMPLAR REGALIAS** supplied or the material to make them furnished.

Oct 23 1868