



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THE JOYS OF LIFE.

The joys of life are tiny things: A glance, a loving smile, A word in tones of kindness...

The cloudless weeks of happiness We picture in our youth, Are visions from enchanted realms— Not sober dreams of truth;

Then let us never scorn these gems, But gather them with care, And hoard them up with miser grasp...

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Beecher at Home.

A Congregational minister from Canada writes to one of the Canadian papers an interesting account of a visit recently made by him to the country home of Mr. Beecher...

The soup despatched, it was some time before enough of the joint was carved to serve the guest, and then a long pause in the helping came, while my host, with carving knife and fork in hand, expatiated upon the pending issues of the coming election.

"Henry, my dear," said Mrs. Beecher, "you're forgetting the dinner." Another was helped, then more pausing, and more earnest, eloquent discourse about the political situation; fresh reminders about dinner; a proposal from me to postpone politics until after dinner, which elicited a "Can't be done; never mind dinner; we've got into the subject now, and it's better than dinner."

The negro suffrage question, universal suffrage in the abstract, female suffrage, the foreign influence in American politics and prospects of the Presidential campaign, were dilated on, and what was said so absorbed me that I couldn't find out how the stuffed veal tasted or the egg-plant—a novelty to me; didn't know whether I had eaten enough or too little, and rose from the table in a sort of bewildering haze, unable to decide whether I had been taking a meal or hearing a fascinating lecture, Mr. Beecher is a splendid talker.

On any subject that interests him, he fires up and orates in private just as he does in public. His gems of poetry are not carefully ground up and polished by the lapidary process, but burst naturally and brilliantly like the fuel splendors of a rocket. As I listened it seemed to me that thoughts, illustrations, and phrases quite equal to anything I had heard from his lips in the pulpit or read from his pen, dropped from him in conversation.

"Some interesting facts about Plymouth church came out in the course of this conversation. I asked if it was true the building was about to be enlarged? Mr. Beecher said 'No.' 'Do you then intend to build anew?' I inquired. 'No,' said he, 'the project is broached every year at pew-letting time, on account of the demands for seats and the high prices they fetch, but it speedily dies down. We were very near building just as the war broke out, and had we done so it would have been a wise movement; but everything was so uncertain, and the future looked so dark, that the thing fell through. My people feel, and so do I, that I am not so young as I once was, and if I should drop off a larger building would not be wanted. We can seat two thousand five hundred, and manage to squeeze in three thousand as it is.' I reminded him that he was comparatively young, and that his father before him lived to a great age; and that he might have many years of effective labor before him yet. 'Yes,' he said, 'but my father, though a hard working man, did not pass through the exciting scenes and labors that have befallen me. The life of a minister in a country village or town is not worn and wasted as is that of a city pastor, liable to innumerable calls, and always on the strain. I shall probably drop down in the harness some day, and not live to be old.' 'But,' I said, 'you take exercise, you believe in and practice muscular Christianity?' 'Not so much as I ought to, or as it is generally supposed that I do. I have been in Brooklyn nineteen years, and never in all that time have I wet a trout-line, and beyond an occasional visit here, and spending my summer vacation here, I know no relaxation. The strain on a city pastor, situated as I am, is constant and severe.'

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Curiosities of Creation.

The whole universe is a thought, and that thought is the thought of God. The foundation of all things is intelligent force and goodness; these are found acting in every department of nature, in the rocks, fluids, grass, animated bodies, and everything that has a being. The same expression exists everywhere, and we are therefore obliged to acknowledge a Lawgiver; a design, hence a Designer. If we examine the crystal, we find it is the result of force. We may destroy its organization, but we can never do so the force that gave it that organization. The world invisible is the most substantial of all. We can continue to take up plants. The seed always proclaims the tree and the fruit; even the leaves conform to the impress of the original seed. No seed will transfer its fruit to another kind; each bears fruit to its own. The pear-tree does not grow from the seed of the apple, nor is the gosling hatched from the crow's egg.

The microscope discovers matters until it dwindles almost to nothing; and we find utility in everything. All this is not the result of chance, but shows a beautiful Lawgiver. Force is the only substantial thing found in nature. It lies in its fossil state in the coal. When coal is put in the furnace of the engine, it generates steam, but it is only the force of the sunshine which came from heaven, millions of years ago. The same is the case with gas; it is the same light that was absorbed ages ago. By the power of chemistry we extract and use it again. Force and matter can never be destroyed. In force we find the infinite power of the goodness of the Almighty.

On the leaf of the maple we find the buds are exactly opposite each other; and so in pairs, one above the other, along the entire stem. In others they differ; in going round the stem once, we will find two, three, and so on up, which will be illustrated by numbers.

We find this same plan in the solar system, which is formed of planets placed in the same manner as the leaves on the trees. He who placed the leaves also causes the planets to revolve.

They are held by the cohesive and centrifugal force, which is found everywhere. The forces which organize our own bodies is imperceptible and invisible, surrounded by matter.

The sun is a mass of matter in a highly expanded condition. Sometimes the spots on the surface go out and after a while reappear. These spots are breaks in the volume of gas surrounding it. Some of them are so large that three worlds like ours could pass abreast through them, and yet leave 24,000 miles to spare.

Our sunshine is caused by the reflection of the heat of the gas around the sun. There is no doubt but that the sun is a mass of liquid fire. The time will come when it will burn out, and then our solar system will also go out.

The fixed stars are other suns constantly in motion, which move through space as we do. The crust of the earth was made by liquid cooling; and strange as it may seem, the highest mountains are the newest. The Himalaya mountains are a good example.

LIVING BY RULE.—Living by rule, as a Medo Persian law, inflexible, is very unwise, especially if a person is in reasonable health. Our modes of life must be adapted to our age, our occupation, and the peculiarities of our constitution. There are certain general principles which are applicable to all. Every man should be regular in his habits of eating—should have all the sound sleep which nature will take—should be in the open air an hour or two every day, when practicable, and should have a pleasurable and encouraging remunerative occupation, which keeps him a little pushed, and they are the happiest who are in this last category; at the same time, if a man accustoms himself to go to bed at nine o'clock, he need not break his neck or get into a stew if circumstances occur to keep him up an hour or two later now and then, and so with eating, exercise, and many other things. No one ought to make himself a galley slave to any observance; occasional deviations from all habits are actually beneficial; they impart a pliability to the constitution, give it a greater range of healthful action. Don't go into a fit if dinner is not ready at the instant. Deliver us from a machine man routine, for which we ever pray.—Hall's Journal of Health.

OLD MAIDS.—Never be afraid of becoming an old maid, fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife, and single blessedness is greatly superior to a point of happiness, to wedded life without love. 'Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,' says the old song. But we do not agree with said song. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, or get in love; if the loved object be worthy. No, fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be a suitable person. Fall in love and then marry; but never marry unless you do love.—That is the great point. Never marry for a home or husband. Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance.—Be an old maid if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer and the jester laugh, you still have your own reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively quiet life.—For well to do old bachelors we have no sympathy. They ought to be taxed seven-sevenths of all they are worth, to support the women and children.

A Country schoolmaster began one morning the duties of the day with prayer, as usual; but after prayer he went up and asked a little boy why he had not shut his eyes during prayer, when the boy sharply responded: 'We are instructed by the Bible to watch as well as pray.'

The Sabbath.

The Sabbath is a delightful theme; the very name cannot but come over the ear of the Christian with hallowed and balmy influence; he cannot listen to the name but it reminds him of rest—rest for the weary, peace for the troubled, comfort for the wretched. It reminds him of that Paradise where it was first solemnized. And he remembers that this is the only column which survived the Fall; it stood erect amid the wreck of a desolated world, telling us what that world once was; it remained the sole seal of the covenant with man, sweetly intimating that God had not wholly abandoned the earth. Or, to change the figure, it went forth as a solitary angel of mercy with our first parents. When, with lingering steps and slow, from Paradise they took their weary way, they carried with them that day—doubly endeared, not merely as a memorial of their past, but as a type of their future rest; not only pointing them backward to the Eden they had lost, but forward to the redemption which awaited them. If it brought to their memories the glories of creation, it brought to their hopes the far transcending glories of redemption. Thus: "Twas great to speak a word from naught, 'Twas greater to redeem."

Thus that blessed day was at once commemorative of creation and predictive of redemption; it indicated that mercy was mingled with judgment. In the day of Almighty wrath, this bow of the covenant still grided the storm. And further yet, the hallowed day leads us forward and upward to heaven. The man who loves not his Sabbath could never love heaven; he has nothing of communion and fellowship with those blessed spirits that there surround the throne of God in unceasing worship and eternal songs. And is it not strange that men who have been called Christians should talk of our investing the Sabbath with puritanical gloom and ascetical darkness, by endeavoring to vindicate it for hallowed purposes and heavenly pleasures? I would ask each person to abandon Christianity altogether, or else to renounce such non-Christian sentiments. Are we to be told that what forms the brightness of heaven will shed gloom and darkness on earth?—Rev. H. Stowell.

A Few Short Sentences of Advice.

Never divulge a thing confided to you. Let nothing ruffle your temper. Never neglect small matters and expenses. Keep your own secrets. Deceive him who attempts to deceive you. Be prudent and circumspect in all you say and do. Beware of being duped—the world is full of knaves. Let your actions be many. In everything be cool, determined and vigorous. All comparisons are odious, and should be avoided. He scattereth enjoyment who can enjoy much. Make no one your confidant. Consult with feeling, and act with vigor. Never interfere in other people's concerns. Never put implicit faith in a man who has once deceived you. To the poor owe nothing. Of the rich ask nothing. Never flatter nor censure the vain. Never believe the flatterer. To the blabber, speak not. To the silent, open yourself with caution. Attempt not to curb a madman or to make a fool wise. Think of what you are doing. Man may live content in any situation. Observe the three grand properties—time, place, and person. Say little—but say that little well. Never disgrace yourself in order to do honor to any one living. Whatever you undertake, persevere in; but consider well before you do undertake a thing. Be always punctual to your engagements. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Let nothing throw you off your guard: Be cautious and reserved with people you do not know. Never give your opinion if it is likely to be contradicted by that of any one present.

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.—Very estimable, and we trust very religious young women, sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes the acts of devotion in them seem almost a burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew with her hair frizzed till it stands on ends in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, she may look exceedingly pretty and piquant; and if she came there for a game of croquet, or a tableaux party, would be all in very good taste; but as she came to confess that she is a miserable sinner, and to renounce all pomps and vanities—that she has done the things she ought not to have done, and left undone the things she ought to have done—as she takes upon her lips most solemn and tremendous words, whose meaning runs far beyond into a sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

ECONOMY.—A farmer down on the Mohawk had just built a new barn, and while the operation of shingling was going on he one day mounted to the roof to overlook operations, and soon discovered what he very sagely considered a great piece of extravagance in the workmen, and that was, that while they drove but one nail in the small shingles, they invariably put two in the wide ones. He said nothing, but while the boss and hands were at dinner he went out to the barn, hatchet in hand, and split all the wide shingles.

The Dead Sea of Mono.

There are many great things in the Great Basin, or along its rim, which excite the interest of travelers. A correspondent asks us to tell him whether Mono Lake is actually the 'dead sea,' it is represented to be. I am told that its bitter waters are fatal to all living things. If you can, will you please say something about that singular body of water? We gather from the 'Report on the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains,' that Mono Lake lies ten miles southwest of the dividing line between California and Nebraska, and is about 14 miles long and 9 wide. It has never been sounded, but a trial said to have been made with a line of three hundred feet failed to reach bottom. By chemical analysis a gallon of the water weighing eight pounds was found to contain 1,200 grains of solid matter, consisting principally of chloride of sodium, carbonate of soda, sulphate of soda, borax and silica. These substances render the water so acid and nauseating that it is unfit for drinking or even bathing. Leather immersed in it is soon destroyed by its corrosive properties, and no animal, not even a fish or a frog, can exist in the water for more than a short time. The only thing able to live within or upon the waters of this lake is a species of fly, which springs from larvae bred in its bosom, after an ephemeral life dies, and collecting on the surface, is drifted to the shore, where the remains collect in vast quantities, and fed upon by the ducks or gathered by the Indians, with whom they are a staple article of food. Nestling under the eastern watershed of the Sierra Mono Lake receives considerable tributaries, and, although destitute of any outlet, such is the aridity of the atmosphere that it is always kept at nearly a uniform level by the process of evaporation. So dense and sluggish is the water rendered through super-saturation with various salts and other foreign matters that only the strongest winds raise a ripple on its surface. As the Sierra in this neighborhood reaches its greatest altitude, the scenery about Mono Lake is varied and majestic, some parts of it being at the same time marked by a most cheerless and desolate aspect. The bitter and fatal waters of this lake render it literally a dead sea, and its surroundings—wild, gloomy and forboding—are suggestive of sterility and death. The decomposing action of the water is shown by its effect upon the bodies of the company of Indians, twenty in number, who, while seeking to escape from their white pursuers took refuge in the lake, where they were shot by their enemies, who left them in the water. In the course of a few weeks not a vestige of their bodies was to be seen, even the bones having been decomposed by this powerful solvent. Mineral curiosities abound in the neighborhood of Mono Lake, among which are numberless depositions in the shape of tiny pine trees.

STRANGE STORY.—The London Herald tells the following, singular and touching story.

Not many years since certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit some forty-six years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and, for a while, till it crumbled through exposure to the atmosphere here, it lay there the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death; the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face; a generation had grown since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage on hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which, through all those long years, she had not quite forgotten. The poor miner was to have been her husband on the day after that which he died. They were rough people, of course, who were looking on; a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work is to get up coals or even tin; but there were no dry eyes when the grey-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse and poured into its deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty-six years. It was a touching contrast; the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young those long years, but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

THE LOST FOUND.—In a town not a thousand miles from White Mountains lives an old farmer by the name of Tom P., who is famous for nothing except the quantity of dirt that is always seen upon his person. The following story is told at his expense, which may be true for aught I know to the contrary. One time he was taken sick; and a doctor was called in, who prescribed, among other things, that he should have a warm bath. Tom rebelled at this, but, upon being told that his life depended upon it, he consented, and a tub of warm water was at once prepared by his better half, into which was thrown a liberal quantity of soap. A rough towel was then procured, and the old lady commenced the task of cleaning, for once, at least, her lord and master. After working away for several minutes, her eyes were attracted by something bright that shone through the dirt, and she worked away with redoubled energy. Another spot was soon visible a little way from the other; and, with a light in her eye that told of her joy at the discovery, she exclaimed: 'Daddy! daddy! I'm glad the doctor told me to wash you; for, as I live, here are them trousers that you lost two years ago. I can't let 'em-by the buttons.'

Do the best you can, whatever you undertake. If you are only a street-sweeper, sweep your very best.

The World.

'Sir, bring me a good plain dinner, said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels in the State. 'Yes, sir.' The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside and thus addressed him: 'You are the landlord?' 'Yes.' 'You do a good business here?' 'Yes,' (in astonishment) 'You make, probably, ten dollars a day clear?' 'Yes.'

'Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed. I have been out of employment seven months; but have engaged work to-morrow. I had been without food four and twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week. 'I cannot pay my bills with such promises,' blustered the landlord; 'and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something for security. 'I have nothing.' 'I will take your coat.' 'If I go into the street without that I will get my death, such weather as this.' 'You should have thought of that before you came here.'

'You are serious? Well, I solemnly aver that one week from now I will pay you.' 'I will take the coat.' The coat was left, and a week afterwards redeemed. Seven years after that a wealthy man entered the political arena; and was presented to a caucus as an applicant for a Congressional nomination. The chairman of the caucus held his peace. He heard the name and history of the applicant, who was a member of church and one of the most respectable citizens. The vote was a tie, and he cast the negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterward, and to whom he said: 'You don't remember me?' 'No.'

'I once ate dinner in your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air at the risk of my life without it.' 'Well, sir, what then?' 'Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress.'

Three years after, the Christian hotel keeper became a bankrupt. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary. We know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and his mutations are almost beyond conception or belief.

The Oldest Tree on record in Europe is asserted to be the Cyprus of Somna, in Lombardy, Italy. This tree is believed to have been in existence at the time of Julius Caesar, forty-two years before Christ, and is, therefore, 1901 years old. It is 100 feet in height, and 20 feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down his plan for the great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. Superior antiquity is claimed for the immense tree in Calaveras county, California. This is supposed from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, to be 2565 years old.

PLODDERS.—They are laughed at by the world, but generally live long enough to laugh, if they will, at the fools who pass judgement upon them. Plodders are phlegmophers. They anchor on the rock of ages. They seek the good, true and substantial, and never miss it. They select with caution, but hold on with courage. If there is merit, they discover and develop it. All honor to the plodder. He may not be the sun that shines to blindness, but is that which warms, nourishes, builds up.

A CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

At Malvern Hill, when the shot and shell were singing lively tunes around our ears, a Minnie ball chanced to hit an Irishman, inflicting a slight wound in the arm. 'Pat roared out lustily: 'I'm kilt! I'm kilt!'

'Would your whisk,' said a brother Mick, 'don't say yer kilt till yer dead.'

There was once an independent old lady who, speaking of Adam's naming all the animals, said she didn't think he deserved any credit for naming the pig—any one would know what to call him.

A Frenchman, beholding Niagara Falls for the first time, exclaimed, 'Eh! dis is zo grand spectacle! Suprab! Magnifique! By gar, he come down first-rate!'

A debating society has under consideration the question: 'Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?' The decision arrived at was: 'No; but impossible.'

All mankind are happier for having been happy, so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

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

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is br'ed.

YOU ALL HAVE HEARD OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1825. THEY GUARD YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS, And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonic. They are no tavern preparations, but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are the greatest known remedies for Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD. Constipation, Phlegm, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood, Headache, Pain of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disagost for Food, Fullness or Weakness of the Liver, Dropsy, Strangury, Hemorrhoids, Sinking or Fluctuating at the Urinary Organs, Pain in the Head, Headache, Difficulty of Breathing, Chlorosis, Stiffness of the Joints, Stiffness of the Neck, Stiffness of the Arms, Stiffness of the Legs, Stiffness of the Feet, Stiffness of the Hands, Stiffness of the Fingers, Stiffness of the Toes, Stiffness of the Nails, Stiffness of the Hair, Stiffness of the Skin, Stiffness of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Bones, Stiffness of the Marrow, Stiffness of the Spine, Stiffness of the Vertebrae, Stiffness of the Intervertebral Spaces, Stiffness of the Sacrum, Stiffness of the Coccyx, Stiffness of the Pelvis, Stiffness of the Femur, Stiffness of the Tibia, Stiffness of the Fibula, Stiffness of the Radius, Stiffness of the Ulna, Stiffness of the Humerus, Stiffness of the Scapula, Stiffness of the Clavicle, Stiffness of the Sternum, Stiffness of the Ribs, Stiffness of the Thorax, Stiffness of the Larynx, Stiffness of the Trachea, Stiffness of the Esophagus, Stiffness of the Stomach, Stiffness of the Duodenum, Stiffness of the Jejunum, Stiffness of the Ileum, Stiffness of the Cecum, Stiffness of the Sigmoidum, Stiffness of the Rectum, Stiffness of the Anus, Stiffness of the Uterus, Stiffness of the Vagina, Stiffness of the Cervix, Stiffness of the Vagina, Stiffness of the Vulva, Stiffness of the Clitoris, Stiffness of the Penis, Stiffness of the Scrotum, Stiffness of the Testis, Stiffness of the Epididymis, Stiffness of the Vas Deferens, Stiffness of the Utricle, Stiffness of the Prostate, Stiffness of the Seminal Vesicle, Stiffness of the Bulbourethral Gland, Stiffness of the Penile Gland, Stiffness of the Prepuce, Stiffness of the Glans, Stiffness of the Meatus, Stiffness of the Urethra, Stiffness of the Utricle, Stiffness of the Prostate, Stiffness of the Seminal Vesicle, Stiffness of the Bulbourethral Gland, Stiffness of the Penile Gland, Stiffness of the Prepuce, Stiffness of the Glans, Stiffness of the Meatus, Stiffness of the Urethra.

Hoofland's German Tonic is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts of the most powerful herbs, from which these extracts are made, and gathered from the most fertile soil. All the medicinal principles are extracted from them by a process which is then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of Hoofland's German Tonic. It is a compound of the most powerful medicinal substances of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter 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 pure Sarsaparilla, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcohol is inadvisable. It is a compound of the most powerful medicinal substances of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter 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. I find Hoofland's German Tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. I consider Hoofland's German Tonic a valuable medicine in cases of indigestion, and I can certify to its efficacy from my own experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH P. KENNARD, D.D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to commend Hoofland's German Tonic, and I do so with pleasure. It is a compound of the most powerful medicinal substances of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD.

CAUTION. Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit. 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. Beware of cheap imitations. Hoofland's German Remedies are sold by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers every where. Do not forget to examine until the article you buy, the order to get the genuine. sept. 25 '68.