

By W. Blair. VOLUME XXII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1869.

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.

POETICAL. DON'T CROWD. Don't crowd! this world is broad enough For you as well as me. The doors of art are open wide— The realm of thought is free.

To Marry or not to Marry. [From the Cleveland Herald, March 8.] A rumor was afloat in the streets on Saturday that a handsome young lady of very respectable connections, living just outside the limits of the city, failed to keep her engagement to marry, and made known her change in mind while standing before the minister who was to unite them.

Education of the Heart. BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX. The teacher should ever be just what he would have his pupils become, that they may learn by the precept of instruction as well as by the precept of instruction.

Be Honest. AN INCIDENT AT A FIRE. A few days after one of our large fires which have been so frequent to our land during the past few months, a gentleman who had kept a hat store, which had been burned, was accosted in the street by a boy, who said: 'Mr. H—, I have got a whole armful of hats that belong to you.'

Kiss Me! An amusing incident occurred in a certain city a few days since, and one that is too good to be lost. One of our celebrated composers has written a very pretty song entitled 'Kiss Me.'—A very pretty blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it with some others, stepped into a music store to make a purchase.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. It is entirely vegetable and contains no liquor. It is a compound of the most pure and noblest ingredients, and is made from the most select and finest medicinal plants and minerals.

MISCELLANY. Acts—Eternal. 'My existence is not vain and aimless; I am a necessary link in the great chain of being, which reaches from the awakening of the first man to perfect consciousness of his existence, onward through eternity; all the great and wise and noble that have ever appeared among men,—those benefactors of the human race whose names I find recorded in the world's history and the many others whose benefits have outlived their names,—all have labored for me;—I have entered into their labors; I followed their footsteps on this earth where they dwell, where they scattered blessings as they went along. I may, as soon as I will, assume the sublime task which they have resigned, of making our common brotherhood ever wiser and happier; I may continue to build where they had ceased their labors; I may bring nearer to its completion the glorious temple which they had to leave unfinished.'

A PRETTY LITTLE ROMANCE.—We love to gather little flowers of romance from the dusty-road-side of life, wherever we may chance to mark them growing. We plucked this little humble blossom, this story of real life, the other day, and preserved it for our readers. Seventeen or eighteen years ago, a young German came to our land, and toiled away manfully for a living. He had an object to strive for, which increased his endeavor; he was betrothed to an innocent and beautiful girl whom he had been compelled to leave behind in the humble home of her parents, for they were too poor, both of them, to marry.

THE POWER OF A WORD.—A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son sixteen years old, and with the love of the sea,—and as she stood by the garden gate one morning, she said: 'Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink.'

A MAN DIGS HIS OWN GRAVE.—For some time past Isaac S. Pickering, of Brooklyn, Connecticut, has been digging his own grave under very singular circumstances. He had so frequently spoken of taking his life that everybody supposed him to be joking, and a few days ago, in speaking about it to a neighbor an offer was made to help to dig his grave when he got ready.

A man lived in a house between two blacksmiths, and was disturbed by the noise they made. At last they promised to remove, on condition that he should give them an excellent dinner, which he readily agreed to do. When the promised feast was over, he asked them whether they intended to transfer their dwellings. 'Why,' answered one of them, 'my companion will remove to my shop, and I to his.'

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. I find in Hoofland's German Bitters a most interesting beverage, and a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and nervous actions, in the system. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

TO-MORROW.—A voyage ship was nearing home after a long voyage. On her clean white deck stood many a rough, weather-beaten sailor, looking anxiously at the white cliffs of his native land, and a smile of joy passed over his sunburnt face at the pleasing thought, 'We shall be at home to-morrow!' And there too were old men who had not seen their childhood's home for long years, and tears stood in their eyes as they looked at the distant shores and said, 'We shall land to-morrow!' And there, too, was a mother, lifting up her little one to look at the far off land, and whispering, 'We shall be at home to-morrow.'

SUCCESS MAKES ENEMIES.—They who are eminently successful in business, or who achieve greatness, or even notoriety in any pursuit, must expect to make enemies. So prone to selfishness to petty jealousy and sordid envy, is poor human nature, that whoever becomes distinguished is sure to be a mark for the malicious spite of those who, not deserving success themselves, are grieved by the merited triumph of the more worthy. Moreover, the opposition which originates in such despicable motives, is sure to be of the most unuseful character hesitating at no iniquity, depending to the shabbiest little-ness. Opposition, if it be honest and manly, is not of itself undesirable. The competitor in life's struggles who is of true metal, deprecates not opposition of an honorable character, but he rejoices in it. It is only injustice or meanness which he deprecates and de-spises; and it is this which the successful must meet, proportioned in bitterness, oftentimes, to the measure of success which excites it.

THE DEACON'S INNARDS.—A worthy deacon, residing in a village not a hundred miles from Boston, one morning as he journeyed to his work, some mile or two from his home, called upon a neighbor who had just killed a hog, and bargained with him for a quantity of pigs' innards to be used for sausage casing, the same to be sent to his house by the neighbor's boy. As evening advanced, the deacon, who was unexpectedly detained, did not reach his home until a late hour. In the meantime, his good wife, who was a very nervous woman, became very much alarmed at his non-appearance, and hastening to the door in answer to a loud rap, was confronted by a boy holding a tin pail, which he handed to the frightened woman, exclaiming: 'Here's the deacon's guts!'

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When I dig a man out of trouble, the hole that he leaves behind him is the grave where I bury my own trouble. What room in the house reminds you of a troublesome complaint? The room attic.