

The Raftsmen's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 26.

Select Poetry.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

As breezes stir the morning,
As flowers begin to grow,
As birds the air in air,
As leaves the trees above me,
As buds the blossoms show,
As light the clouds above,
As life the world below,
As joy the heart above,
As love the world below,
As peace the world below,
As hope the world below,
As faith the world below,
As charity the world below,
As grace the world below,
As mercy the world below,
As kindness the world below,
As gentleness the world below,
As lowliness the world below,
As meekness the world below,
As mildness the world below,
As sweetness the world below,
As gentleness the world below,
As lowliness the world below,
As meekness the world below,
As mildness the world below,
As sweetness the world below,

THE GAMBLER'S LAST PLEDGE.

"Mr. Willard, if you have a few moments to spare this morning I have something of great importance I wish to communicate." The speaker, Edward Martin, was a young man of marked ability, and had been for some time employed as confidential clerk in the house of Willard & Co.

"Why, Edward?" exclaimed Mr. Willard in surprise, "what is the matter? You have been weeping."

"I have, and not without cause!" answered the young man. "But I am now prepared for the worst! I expect to lose your confidence, perhaps I shall be sent to a prison, and be forever disgraced! But I cannot live with this weight upon my conscience. You have been too kind."

Mr. Willard fixed his gaze upon Edward, and for some time remained silent. At length he exclaimed:

"You have not betrayed my confidence? Surely my kindness has not been unappreciated?"

"Yes; but oh! I was mad! I must have been a maniac, or I never could have robbed one so good!"

"Robbed?" echoed Mr. Willard.

"Yes!" cried Edward, falling on his knees before him. "But, oh, pity me! Not to myself—I would not murmur at the sharpest rebuke, but my mother—it will kill her should she learn her son has become a gambler and a thief!"

"You have become a gambler—you have robbed me—and you ask for pity?"

"Not for myself, but for that mother who like a guardian angel watched me in my infant years, and as I grew to manhood, wept and prayed."

"Edward, your mother is indeed a noble woman, and I thought her son equally so. I would have trusted you with my entire fortune, and it grieves me to learn that I have been deceived. Have you not always received from me the utmost kindness?"

"Yes, and my crime is doubly great since it adds the sin of ingratitude?"

"Why have you betrayed your trust?"

"It is the old story, sir. I was induced to visit a gambling saloon. My first visit was but a few days since. I was persuaded to venture a few dollars, and I won. I played again and again, and still won. When I returned to my home I was richer by several hundred dollars. Visions of wealth flitted through my mind. But when my mother prayed that night, I wept! The gold did not bring happiness. I resolved never again to visit such a place."

"No, I thought the advice of one I deemed my friend. He ridiculed me for what he termed my qualms of conscience, and advised me to continue till I had amassed sufficient to establish business for myself. Last night I met this friend, and by persuasion I was induced to go again."

"You have played, but twice? Then your loss cannot be heavy."

"I would not consent to play for some time, but at length my brain became heated with wine, and as the picture of affluence was vividly drawn, I became mad! I lost the money I had won the previous evening. Urged onward by some fiend, I drew a check for the means I possessed, and I lost. I had in my possession two thousand dollars belonging to the firm, and in the hope of winning back my own I staked this sum and lost! Madly I rushed from the place, while at every step a voice seemed ringing in my ears 'gambler and thief!' I reached my home. Oh, how dark and dreary it appeared—that once loved home! I could not listen to my mother's voice, but rushing to my room I wept, long and bitterly. At last I became more calm, and kneeling down I promised God that I would never gamble again."

"Why did you confess to me?" asked Mr. Willard.

"First, I had determined to confess, and implore your pardon. If, in your generous nature, you will restore me once more to your confidence, I will repay you all; and before Heaven, and by the mother that I love, I do most solemnly promise never again to betray my trust."

"You have no desire to gamble again?"

"Oh, no! I am sinking in a pit,—I am sinking! Your hand can raise me up; without it I am lost!"

"You would continue in crime?"

"No!" cried Edward, starting to his feet. "I have played my last game. If I am exposed, and my mother sinks under the blow, the only tie binding me to earth will thus be severed, and nothing will remain for me but the suicide's grave!"

"Edward!" cried Mr. Willard, "you are truly penitent, and I forgive you. Your crime has been great, but you have my sympathy and love. But to guard you from future danger you shall hear my story."

"A boy of sixteen I came to this great city. I readily procured employment, and at the age of twenty-two I held the responsible position you now occupy. But my companions were my ruin. First I was induced to join them in the social glass, and the attendant follies were soon fastened upon me. I found my salary insufficient to supply my extravagance, and I entered the gambler's haunt. I became an expert player, and for a time fortune seemed to smile upon me. I became, in a measure reckless, my sensibilities were blunted with wine but possessing some regard for the teachings of my youth, I often felt the sting of remorse. At length I was united to one I had loved from childhood—now whose gentle voice and smile of innocence always made me feel as if an angel was beside me. For her sake I resolved to quit my life of crime. I did so for a time, and was supremely happy. The wife I loved so fondly was all I could desire. Early but friendly, she seemed to cling to me with all the fervor of her soul. I will pass over the first two years of my wedded life, as my purpose is to present to you the dark side of the picture first."

"One evening I was prevailed upon to visit one of my former places of resort, and at a late hour I returned to my home, my brain heated, my lips parched, and my breath tainted with the fumes of wine. I never can forget the look my wife cast upon me as I entered my home. Her head was bowed upon her hands, but hearing my footsteps she sprang to my side, exclaiming:

"Oh, Henry, I feared something terrible had happened! It is the first time you have been absent at such an hour, but you were safe!"

"She threw her fond arms around my neck, waiting for the accustomed kiss. I pressed my lips to hers, when starting, she gazed upon me for a moment, then with a look of surprise and agony, she bent her head upon my breast and burst into tears.

"Why do you weep?" I asked.

"Because you are ill, dear husband," came the sweet response.

"No other words were spoken then upon this subject. I tried to appear cheerful, but could not drive that look of agony from my mind. At last I told her all, and begged her to forgive me. She only nestled closer to my breast, and spoke the simple words: "H h cry, I love you dearly—I cannot find within my heart one word of reproach."

"I resolved in the future not to grieve the one who loved me so fondly. Did I keep this resolve? Ah! no, no! I thought my passion for gambling had been entirely eradicated, but that one visit awakened within my breast the demon sleeping there. I became a constant visitor, a constant gambler—but my fortune had turned—I was invariably the loser. As my losses wore upon my wife observed the change, and strove by every possible means to make me happy. She supposed that my duties kept me till late in the evening. She did not suspect the real cause, or if she did she kept the secret buried in her own breast.

"One evening I was returning to my home earlier than usual, when I heard voices in my own room. I paused in the hall and listened."

"His duties are too severe! I heard my wife exclaim. 'It is injuring his health! Do you not observe the paleness of his face,—his care-worn look? Till ten o'clock each night—it is too much.'

"Mrs. Willard, replied the well-known voice of my employer, your husband has never been detained at the store after six o'clock."

"I heard a groan and then rushed from the house. That night I was taken home in a state of intoxication. I have an indistinct recollection of a gentle hand soothing my brow, and hot tears falling on my cheeks but I heard no word of reproach. When I left home the next morning, the only words she spoke were: "Come home early, dear Henry."

"Oh! how much of agony, of earnest appeal, of love, were contained in those few words. I believe that the angel would have prevailed, and I should have returned to duty, but I had already robbed my employer, and fearing disgrace I determined to continue until I had won sufficient to replace the money I had stolen."

"That night I visited a gambler's haunt again, with a large sum of money belonging to my employer. I met a stranger and at his solicitation joined him in the game. For a few moments fortune seemed to favor me, but at last at one hazzard I lost all. Madly I left the place, cursing the world and myself. I returned to my home, but the kind words of my wife were living coals upon my heart, and I sprang her in my drunken fury. She murmured not, she wept not, but was silent—patient."

"Oh! how I longed for evening of the following day, hoping to win back the sum I had lost. But evening came, and I sank deeper in my guilt and shame. This continued four nights longer, during which time I had lost eight thousand dollars of my employer's money."

"I was mad—I longed and prayed for death, but, onward like, I dared not strike the blow myself. I could murder her, my own dear wife—the patient, loving Laura, but I dared not rid the earth of the hated monster that I was."

"As I was leaving my place of business late in the afternoon of that day on which I made my last pledge, my employer said to me:

"Mr. Willard to-morrow we will look over the books."

"Had a thunder-bolt fallen on my head, the blow could have not been greater. I staggered from the store. What should I do? I might rush again to the gaming table but, what had I to pledge? I was penniless. Even my watch, and every available article of value had already gone. But with frenzy in my heart, hastened to my home. Oh, the morrow? I could not meet it! I sat beside my wife—she spoke not—that is, her voice was silent, but there was sorrow stamped upon her face. I rose as usual, and taking her hand, exclaimed:

"Laura, don't you despise me, curse me."

"She tried to speak, but faltering, she burst into tears. I was touched at last, for I still loved her, and falling upon my knees I told her all.

"And now," I cried, starting up, "I bid you to be but one hope. You may save me—will you do it?"

"Yes, you know I will!" was the gentle response; "what can I do?"

"Your jewelry! That diamond and your watch. They will procure the means for play, and I may win back all I have lost. If I should not, I swear by the Heaven above me never to gamble. Without one word she gave them up. I knew them to be gifts of her parents, now no more, and that she prized them highly, but with a word of hope I left the house."

"I was met again by the same dark stranger who had won the entire sum which I had lost. He had played late only with him. We seated ourselves and the game began. The glittering jewels was placed on the table and I lost!

"Brandy! brandy!" I shrieked; "give me brandy, or the most deadly poison I care not which!"

"Glass after glass I drank, and as the fires of the inflaming beverage mounted to my brain, I still played on."

"At last I had lost every article I possessed. My partner suggested that we continue, as my luck might change, but I replied that I had nothing more to pledge.

"Oh, yes, was the calm response: 'there is your household furniture!'

"Furniture? cried. But the morrow started me in the face, and quickly drew an order for every article. I played and lost!

"Let me die now!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet. I would have left the room, but my partner caught me by the hand, and drawing me close to him exclaimed:

"You have one thing more that you can pledge!"

"What is it? In the fiend's name what is it?"

"You have one thing more I would possess. I have won from you eight thousand dollars. It is all here. You stole it, and to-morrow you will be called upon to give an account! Can you replace the sum?"

"Silence, you fiend of darkness," I cried, "or, by heavens above, I shall add murder to my dark catalogue of crime!"

"Be calm and I will propose a plan by which you may win all back."

"Speak! I in mercy speak!" I groaned.

"Here is the money you have lost—here your jewelry, and here the order for your household furniture. Should I play with you no more, you are a beggar, and soon will be a convicted felon! I will place these things—all of them, against one thing you possess. It is your only chance. Will you consent?"

"Yes, to anything!" I cried. "What is it I can stake against these? My life?"

"No, your wife!" came the calm response.

"I sprang forward and would have torn my tempter limb from limb, but placing a pistol to my breast, he hid me beware. I staggered, choking to the side-board and drank deeply. At last I cried:

"Yes, it shall be so! I will play this stake, for I know that I shall win!"

"Stay a moment," exclaimed my tempter. "We must have things regular—sign this paper!"

"I seized the pen affixed my name to the document which pledged myself to renounce all claim upon my wife if the game turned against me."

"With a fixed purpose I seated myself, and the game began. My opponent was calm, while I was burning beneath the flames that consumed me. The game proceeded, and I lost one point. I paused, seized a decanter of brandy, and drinking deeply of its contents, but this only added fuel to the fires raging within me."

"On with this game of death!" I cried, and with glaring eyes and heaving breast we played again. A second point I lost. I tried to rise, but could not. 'Quick! quick!' I shouted, "let us finish the torture!" It came. Two points more were lost, and starting to my feet in wild despair, I fell senseless to the floor."

"I had made my last pledge—the gambler's last pledge! The wife I had loved was no longer my wife, but a slave! made so by the husband who had sworn to protect her till the close of life!"

"When I returned to consciousness I was stretched upon a couch at my own home. My own home? No the home I had lost! and beside me stood the partner of my games, and the gentle Laura, once my wife—now his slave! I started up—there was madness in my soul, and the demon glare flashed in my eyes. My purpose was formed—murder was the only step left me now! Murder! murder! My hand was lifted to strike the blow, but it seemed as if some unseen power held my hand. I fell upon my knees, crying,

"Oh! angel of light, and you bright cherubs who have pity for a fallen man save me, save me!"

"Mr. Willard," exclaimed the stranger, "will you listen for a moment, calmly?"

"Yes," I replied, "go on."

"He motioned Laura from the room, and then continued,

"What will you do to regain all you have lost? To be able to call your wife your own, your furniture your own, and to repay the money taken from your employer?"

"No, I am not. What will you do?"

"Give up my life—become your slave—anything!"

"There," he cried, throwing a package upon the table beside me, "there you will find instructions for the future. Do not let your wife know anything about our arrangements. She is yet ignorant of your acts." Without another word he left the house.

"I seized the package and tore it open, when to my almost agonizing joy, I beheld the money I had lost, together with the jewels and the order for my furniture. Tears started to my eyes, but dashing them away, I read the following words:

"You will find the sum of eight thousand dollars in this package, the entire amount won from you. Place it at once to the account of your employer, and then you will escape the detection. This sum I loan you. Your valuables I return. The document which makes Laura mine I shall retain for the present. Follow my instructions, and she will be yours again. At the end of each year you must deliver one thousand dollars to a messenger who will call upon you. If I will receive me. This you will be able to do as the amount is but one-half your salary. The remainder will be sufficient for your support. At the end of eight years the entire sum will have been repaid, at which time I will return the document pledging your wife, and all shall be cancelled. But, if during this time, you enter a gambler's den, the compact is broken—I shall claim my property! Should you ever feel a desire to do so, go home first—look at your wife!"

YOUR FRIEND.

"I could not speak, but from my inmost soul I lifted up my prayer for help—a prayer of thankfulness. When partially recovered I called upon the name of Laura, and that bright angel came bounding to my arms. Oh! with what frantic rapture did I clasp her to my breast, mingling my tears of joy with hers. That night my dream was sweet—angels were watching over us."

"But few words more are necessary. My accounts were found to be correct. At the end of each year I was met at my own door by a messenger, who received for my unknown benefactor the sum agreed upon. But one more installment and I would be free."

"One morning to my surprise, the same dark stranger entered my place of business. I had not seen him during the eight years past, but remembering his kindness, I sprang forward grasping his hand.

"I have called for the last installment, he exclaimed. I handed him the sum, and received from his hands the fatal document. My wife—my Laura was indeed my own again! 'You are firm?' he asked inquiringly.

"I have only had occasion to look upon my wife once, and that one look has continued eight years, for when my eyes see her not my eyes discern her loveliness!"

"There was a smile of peculiar meaning passed over the features of the stranger. In an instant his entire person had changed in appearance. A disguise was thrown aside, and my employer stood before me! I was a-bout to speak, when he exclaimed?

"Explanations are unnecessary. I could not see you fall young man, and I followed you. As a stranger I ruined you; as a stranger I saved you; as your employer I have forgiven you. And more. I won my own money, therefore am not the loser. Here are eight thousand dollars, the savings of eight years—let this form the basis of your future fortune."

"That's my story, Edward. Now remember, both you and I have made the Gambler's Last Pledge!"

THE REPLY OF CEPESDES, the patriot leader, to the orator of General Dulce was: "I will make no terms with the Spanish Government. Although I should have but ten men to follow me, I will fight till I conquer or die." This indicates that indomitable will which knows no such word as fail.

A PROMINENT actor in the Cuban revolution is the Marquis Aldama, who owns five estates, five thousand slaves, and the finest palace in Havana. Since his daughter's assassination by a Spanish soldier, at the theater, he has been none the less determined to get rid of Spanish rule.

JAMES ALLEN PEARSON, who is in his one hundred and sixth year, passed through Jacksonville, Alabama, a few days ago, from Mississippi, on a visit to relatives in Alabama. He was accompanied by his daughter, aged fifty years, the youngest of sixteen children.

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Pope Pius IX. will occur on the 10th of April next. He received minor orders in 1818, the subdiaconate in 1818, the order of Deacon in 1819, and of Priest on the 10th of April, 1819.

Mr. Colfax seems fully to have settled down in the married life. He now declines to deliver any more lectures on the ground that "he has that done for him at home."

Alexander Dumas incorporated a large portion of one of the Gospels in a novel, and to many of his readers it was the strangest part of the book.

Animal Intelligence.

A gentleman residing in one of our rural villages had a pony, a lively, docile and very active animal, whose principal service was to carry his mistress out riding every five days, her uncle, the gentleman, riding his horse. In their rides they had to pass a farm house just over the bridge, where was kept a surly dog which habitually jumped over the fence, and barked at them and worried the horses, and particularly the pony, attempting to bite his hind legs, and causing him to wheel about and squirm about to face the dog and save his heels.

One day the owner of the dog was spoken to, and requested to keep his dog inside of the fence, and prevent him from worrying the horses.

He replied "his dog had as good a right on the road as any other puppy, and he should not tie him up."

"Then," said the uncle, "I'll shoot your dog the next time he flies at us in this way."

When they got home, and the saddle and bridle were taken off the pony, he slipped away from the hostler, and run up to the house, where Bruno, a large Newfoundland dog, was lying on the mat in front of the piazza. They met; pony put his head down to Bruno's and he raised his head as though he was listening.

"There, look at the dog and pony," said the uncle; "what under the sun are they at? They act as though they were talking."

They let them alone till they got through and pony ran about the lawn and would not be caught and Bruno laid down again as before.

Next day they rode again prepared to shoot the cur, or scare him from his evil practices. A short distance from the house on turning an angle of the road, they looked back and spied Bruno quietly following them.

"This won't do," said Uncle. "Go back, Bruno, you know there is nobody at home but your mistress, and who'll guard the house when you are away? Go back."

The dog turned and jumped over the fence as though to go home through the lot. So they rode on until the farm house appeared in sight. Out came the cur; uncle prepared to shoot, when all of a sudden over came Bruno, seized the cur by the neck, shook him severely, and made him yell, so that the family came out to the rescue, while pony looked on, evidently with as much delight as a child would at play.

He pawed the ground, shook and bowed his head and was very active in securing a good view of the fight. By-and-by Bruno let go, and the cur spoke into the house, and Bruno galloped home, after exchanging some words or rather rubbing noses with the pony.

When they all got home again the animal had another conference, and a fine gallop about the lawn, much to the applause and merriment of uncle and the family.

Changes in the Human System.

It is obvious, then, that we change our bodies as we change our clothes. It was an old fancy, belonging to the category of the seven stars, the seven ages, the seven days of the week, and the seven sleepers, that we are made over again every seven years. But a strong man, leading an active life, takes between two and three pounds of dry food daily, and five or six of liquids. He receives into his lungs between four and five thousand gallons of air every twenty-four hours, of which he absorbs two or three pounds. In a year, therefore, such a man takes into his system about three thousand pounds of oxygen material, or twenty times his own weight. All of this, with insignificant exception, has become a part of his own fluids or solids. That is, if he weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, he has been made over twenty times in the course of a year, or as often as once in every two or three weeks. But the change occurs much more rapid in some parts than in others—in the blood, the hair, the cuticle, much more rapidly than in the bones or the teeth, so far as our observation extends. Yet, that the process of growth is pretty active even in the bones is rendered probable by the rapidity with which a fracture unites, especially in young and healthy persons. The dentists will tell you that even the teeth are capable of repairing their own damages to a certain extent, which implies that they too are changed more or less, like other parts.

RED SNOW.—There has been quite a large fall of red snow on the Missouri river, near Leavenworth, this winter. It was not of a very bright hue, but rather of a dingy color. The water obtained from melting a quantity of it presented no remarkable feature, but it was very similar to that produced by dissolving white snow. Save that it contained a species of sediment very similar to brick dust. Red snow, though quite a rarity in some regions, is by no means uncommon in certain localities. In the Arctic regions, it frequently falls several times during the year. There was at one time a great variety of opinion as to the cause which produced this singular color. Some contended that it was caused by minute plants of vermilion hue, while others ascribed it to a species of animalcule. Recent meteorological investigations prove the latter theory to be correct. Some men of science have inclined to the opinion that the color is produced by purely atmospheric causes.

A MAN (evidently henpecked) says that if in our school-days the "rule of three" is proverbially trying—how much harder, in after life, do we feel the "rule of one."

A SUMMER boarder in a country village says that at the meeting house they have a beautiful chime of bells—in the entry after service.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medically termed, extracts) of Roots, Herbs, Bark, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC, is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Sarsaparilla*, *Orange*, &c., making use of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol, or admixture, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as it does, is affected with the same derangement, and the result is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Paleness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Headache or Difficult Breathing, Fluctuating at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dizziness, Weakness of the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Faintings of Evil, and great depression of Spirits in his life.

The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his ailment, purchasing only that which he is assured is pure, and guaranteed to be such by the possessor, and is skillfully compounded, and is free from injurious ingredients, and has established a tried reputation for curing all these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies—

Hoofland's German Bitters, and Hoofland's German Tonic, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Twenty-two years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Chronic Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Chronic Rheumatism, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY.

Resulting from any cause whatever: prostration of the system, induced by excessive labor, hardships, exposures, fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tonic and vigor is imparted to the whole system; the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the skin, the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE.

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them; with all its attendant ills, find aid in the use of the BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instill new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give strength and health to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expressive phrase, "never feel well." They are almost devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will not allow of the publication of but a few. These will be obtained, are ones of note, and of such standing that they need no comment.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. George W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' to be a good tonic, useful in a wide variety of cases, particularly in nervous and debility of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in general. I recommend it to all who are afflicted with indigestion, and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:

Philadelphia, April 25, 1868.

"I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' an excellent medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my own experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D., Pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines; but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in the various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In many cases it may fail, but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, H. KENNARD, 8th and Cedar Sts.

From Rev. E. D. Kendall, Assistant Editor *Christian Chronicle*, Philadelphia.

"I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to those who are afflicted with general debility of the system arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL."

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit. Printed and Sold by the Proprietor, at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle, \$1 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, per bottle, 50 00
Hoofland's German Tonic put up in quart bottles \$1 50 per bottle, or half dozen for \$7 50.

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

For sale by A. I. SHAW Agent Clearfield Pa. April 22, 1868-ly

GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.

All the leading hardy varieties of first quality Concord Cuttings, \$1.00 per hundred. Orders solicited as soon as convenient and filled in rotation by A. M. HILLS, Clearfield, October 27, 1867.

PURE BUCK LEAD,

equal in quality to English white lead; Oils, Taints and Varnishes of all kinds; Gold leaf in books and bronzes for sale by A. I. SHAW, Clearfield, October 27, 1867.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM,

J. RICHARDSON & CO., 128 Market Street, Philadelphia, are the largest Manufacturing Confectioners and Wholesale Dealers in Fruits, Nuts, &c. in the United States. March 4, 1868-ly.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE,

FRONT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I will inspect any one who says I fail to give direct and personal attention to all our customers, or fail to cause them to receive over a well furnished table, with clean rooms and new beds, where all may feel at home and the weary be at rest. New building, Philadelphia, Sep. 2, '68. JAS. H. GALES.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

EDWARD MACK, Market Street, near opposite the residence of H. B. SWOOP, Esq., CLEARFIELD, PA.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has opened a BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, in the building lately occupied by J. L. Giffitts as an office, and that he is determined not to receive either in quality of work or price, special attention given to the manufacture of sewed work. French Kip and Calf Skins, of the best quality, always on hand. Give him a call. June 24, '64.

HOME INDUSTRY!

BOOTS AND SHOES

Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market Street, nearly opposite Hartwick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line.

Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented.

I have now on hand a stock of extra French calf skins, superb gaiter tops, &c., that I will finish up at the lowest prices.

June 15th, 1868. DANIEL CONNELLY

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

ADOLPH SCHOLPP, MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN CIGARS AND TOBACCO, CLEARFIELD, PA.

Would respectfully announce that he has removed to the large store building on Market Street, opposite the residence of H. B. SWOOP, Esq., where he has opened a general assortment of Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes and Cut Smoking Tobacco, to which he directs the attention of "lovers of the weed."

Merchants and Dealers, throughout the county supplied at the lowest wholesale prices.

Call and examine his stock when you come to Clearfield. June 10, 1868.

NEW STORE AND SAW MILL,

AT BALD HILLS, CLEARFIELD COUNTY.

The undersigned, having opened a large and well selected stock of goods, at Bald Hills, Clearfield county, respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Their stock embraces Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tin-ware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, ready-made Clothing, and a general assortment of Notions, &c.

They always keep on hand the best quality of Flour, and a variety of Feed.

All goods sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for approved country produce.

Having also erected a Steam Saw Mill, they are prepared to supply all kinds of lumber to order. Orders solicited, and promptly filled.

Nov. 10, 1867. F. B. & A. IRWIN.

SOMETHING NEW

IN ANSONVILLE, CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PENN'a.

The undersigned, having erected, during the past summer, a large and commodious store room, is now engaged in filling it up with a new and select assortment of Fall and Winter goods, which he offers to the public at prices to suit the time. His stock of Men's and Boys' clothing is unusually extensive, and is offered to customers at from \$10 to \$20 for a whole suit. Flour, Salt, and Groceries, of every kind, a complete assortment; Shoes and Store-ropes, a heavy stock; Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps in great variety; Ladies' dress goods, furs, and other fancy goods, together with an endless assortment of notions too tedious to enumerate. All goods are guaranteed to be the highest market prices, will be taken in exchange for goods; and even Greenbacks will not be refused for dry articles in store. Examine my stock before you buy elsewhere.

October 30, 1867. H. SWAN.

JUST IN TIME!

THE NEW GOODS AT

A. K. WRIGHT & SONS, CLEARFIELD, PA.

Having just returned from the eastern cities we are now opening a full stock of seasonable goods, at our rooms on Second Street, to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public. Our assortment is unsurpassed in this section, and is being sold very low for cash. The stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS

of the best quality, such as Prints, Delaines, Alpaca, Merinos, Gingham, Madras, bleached and unbleached; Drillings, Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Cassimere, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Nainsook, Hoop Skirts, Balm-ore, &c., &c., all of which will be sold low for cash. Also, a fine assortment of the best of

MEN'S WEAR,

consisting of Drawers and Shirts, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Handkerchiefs, cravats, etc.

Also, Raft Rope, Dog Rope, Ratline Angers and Axes, Nails and Spikes, Tanners, Lamps and Lamp wicks and chimneys, etc.

Also, Queensware, Glassware, Hardware, Groceries, and spices of all kinds. In short, a general assortment of every thing usually kept in a retail store, all cheap for cash, or approved country produce.

Nov. 23rd-18613. WRIGHT & SONS.

GROUND AND UNGROUND SPICES,

English Coriander, Essence Coffee, and Vitro of the best quality, for sale by J. P. KRAETZ, agent for Pennsylvania, Clearfield, Jan. 10, 1868.

MUSICAL GOODS, RIALTO'S 18th & 19th streets, Clearfield, Pa. accordeons, Italian strings, guitar strings, clarinet reeds, music paper, instruction books, for sale by J. P. KRAETZ, agent for Pennsylvania, Clearfield, Pa. January 6, 1868.