

The Kittanning Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1870.

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Select Poetry.

SABBATH EVENING.

The shades of eve are round us closing,
Another Sabbath day has gone;
Our thoughts and words are now in heaven
To bless us, or to make us mourn.
In letters bright they will reward us
A place of bliss that fair home,
Or with a thundering voice proclaim us
Forever given to death's dark gloom.

Another Sabbath day has ended,
O God! forgive us for all sin,
And grant us in the coming hours
Religious hearts, and pure within.
Make us to love this day, and serve Thee,
To bless Thy great and glorious power,
So that when Death demands our bodies
We can with joy approach that hour.

Another Sabbath day has left us,
The autumn breeze softly sigh,
Sweet church bells chime the evening worship,
Receive our prayers, O Lord on high.
And let us have a taste of heaven,
Of that great bliss Thou shalt bestow;
Grant us, to all that grace be given
To love and worship Thee below.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

Down in the grass, with the roses dropping their fragrant leaves around her, and the summer wind just stirring the sunny curls that clustered about her broad, fair brow, little Madge Wilder knelt. No one ever thought of calling her anything else than "little Madge," though she had passed her twentieth birthday, and called herself a woman. She was not only petite in figure, but so winning in every pose, that the words involuntarily to your lips. She had been wandering over the lawn this morning, her feet lifted daintily to avoid the dew which yet lingered on the grass, plucking now and then a red rose, or a spray of great golden lilies, which still hung idly in her hand.

Just now she had knelt down in eager quest of a four-leaved clover. Near her stood two men; one young, like herself, with a countenance radiant with health and good humor, laughing eyes, and a mouth entirely hidden by the curling brown mustache which had made him the declared admiration of all the young ladies gathered at Fairlawn for the summer; the other, a man in the prime of life, his hair just touched with gray, and the high forehead marked with lines of care, or grief, or disappointment. This was Paul Lyon, a man whom you could not look upon without feeling instinctively that there was much to reverence beneath the quiet, almost cold exterior; a man whose more than woman was anxious to please, but whom thus far in life no one had been able to win from his secluded ways until Madge Wilder crossed his vision. He thought her the very daintiest bit of created womanhood, and sometimes wondered if he could ever learn to look with affection upon him, whom as he was with the world struggle.

She looked up at these two presently, standing there so quietly, watching her every motion, with an arch glance and merry smile. "Come," she said, "you both know how much I want my clover leaf, and yet you stand there as if you had quite forgotten that you came out here expressly to help me find it."

In an instant Fred Hastings was beside her, parting the damp grass, peering here and there, with eager eyes, as if he must be successful. "What reward will you bestow on the one who makes you happy in possessing the coveted treasure, Miss Madge?" Fred asked with a smile, which brightened his face wonderfully.

She glanced up hastily, first at him, then at the silent figure kneeling against the maple just beyond, and hesitated a moment, then she spoke quickly, her eyes veiled by the long lashes, "whoever finds a four-leaved clover for me first, shall name his own reward."

A little thrill of delight shot over Paul Lyon's face, and he too stooped down to the bed of fragrant clover. Light words and pleasant laughter mingled during the next half hour, when, suddenly, Madge felt a leaf drop on her hand. She looked at it carefully to see that there was no deception about it, and then a faint blush stole over her cheek, as she felt rather than saw whose hand had let it fall. She did not speak, but sat there twirling it carelessly in her white fingers.

"Here, Madge! I've found it!" exclaimed Fred Hastings, coming round the other side of her, "and now for my—"

He had become silent in a moment, for Madge held up her hand, and he saw the tiny green leaf resting there, and the summer sunshine falling lovingly down upon it. "Well, Lyon, so you're ahead of me; but after all, it's only in the matter of a clover," and he turned to Madge, who had risen and stood looking back to the house, saying, "Let me carry those lilies for you, Madge; I won't lose one by the way, I assure you."

But she would not surrender them, and so he walked back beside her, looking at her down-cast face, as if it had been the rarest picture in the world.

Paul Lyon walked on the other side with a thoughtful look upon his face that was usual, and a rare smile lighting it up, that was quite unusual. He did not look at Madge, at least so Fred Hastings would have said, but it is certain that he did not miss one smile or look of the woman who walked so quietly by his side.

Madge was but a woman, with all the caprices of the sex, and for two weeks had been puzzled enough at Paul's curious ways to awaken a strong interest in him, but she would not acknowledge, even to her own heart, the fact that she cared a good deal whether Paul Lyon loved her. Fred did

of that she felt sure, and I think the idea had never been an unpleasant one until just now, when she began to fear he might tell her of it. As this fear came upon her, she turned around with a shy, sweet smile, and said, laughingly—

"I am going to press my clover-leaf, Mr. Lyon, and keep it until I am a real old woman."

His face lost none of its brightness at the thought of her being a real old woman, some time in the future, and he smiled as if he would have made some reply, but just then Fred asked, "What for, Madge?"

"To help me keep in remembrance to-day, when it shall have become a 'dead yesterday, yonder.' I don't think I could quite forget, without it, either; still such associations go a great way in our memories. Just the same spell of sunshine and summer cannot always be invoked, but this little leaf will certainly bring me back some of the charms of this morning."

Fred stared at her in dumb surprise. Madge grew more and more a riddle to him every day; she had gradually laid aside some of her little oddities, and showed of tender, not the pure womanly in her nature, Fred called it "the angel side," and felt some hesitation as to whether it had been his touch that had wrought the change. He drew in his breath quickly at the doubt, and resolved to test the thing before night. As a good many things, however, escape us that we set our hearts upon, so, after all, the day went by like any other day, and Fred was as much in the dark as ever when he made Madge merry good-night just outside the parlor door.

The swift-winged days went by, and the last day of their stay came in with a blue sky, balmy air, and a myriad of red-throated warblers filling the air with joyous melody. Paul Lyon had met her on the porch the night before, and asked her to ride this morning, and came down early to fulfill her promise. Very beautiful she looked to Paul's partial eyes, as the glance he bestowed upon her told her as plainly as words could have done. The golden glory of her hair escaped from her cap to fall in half curls over the little blue velvet jacket, and as she lifted her hand to tie it back with the loosened ribbon, Fred Hastings came hastily out.

"Off so early, Madge, and alone?"

"Can you not see that I am not alone?" she said, a little pettishly, for just then the man's freedom wounded her.

"Oh, Lyon. Well, don't stay too long, we must gather our roses while the dew is on them," and a whisper, which no one but Madge heard, finished the sentence, and at the same time called up a rosy blush to the delicate face.

"I do not understand you," she said at length, without lifting her eyes.

"It doesn't matter. Only don't fail to understand yourself, Madge," the last words were raised just a trifle in tone, so that Paul Lyon heard them distinctly. "Take good care of Madge, and don't let her ride too far," he said, carelessly, to Lyon, as if her welfare did not concern more than one of them.

The words, the tone, all taken together, were, to Paul Lyon, a sign of ownership, it was true, but so unpleasant to him was the mere hint, that his face grew white in a moment.

Madge rode on a few moments in silent thought, while her very heart ached with thinking of the disguise which had been so thoughtlessly forced upon her. Perhaps not altogether thoughtlessly, either, and she felt at that moment as if she almost hated Fred Hastings; a moment later, and she found her heart released, and driving the horse from her face, she turned to her companion.

"Are you thinking that our pleasant circle will be quite broken up after to-day, Mr. Lyon?"

"Yes; we leave here like the birds, at the first touch of frost," slightly shivering as he said it. "I wonder if any of us will ever return as we are to-day?"

"All of us, I hope; but who can tell? A year brings many changes."

"True. Though of hope we may have something left, we always have most of fear, I think."

"Not you, Mr. Lyon; I count you a brave man among my heroes," blushing faintly as the words left her lips.

of the moment, I have forgotten what I ought, of all men, to have remembered."

Pride sealed her lips for an instant; then she looked up to him with a face in which was blended the very sweetest humility and a noble resolution. "What had you forgotten, Paul?"

He grew paler at the sound of her gentle question, but turned at once to answer her. "It is your right to know, little Madge, though I had thought never to tell you; I know you love him best, dear, child; but oh, let me think one moment what a joy it would have been could I have stood in his place! Do you know," he said, choking down a sob, "what a bright picture I had drawn for myself?"

"No," she said, softly, "tell me."

"It was the day when you promised a reward to the one who should find you a clover leaf. I had nothing to choose but your love, child, and I had dreamed the day might come when I should dare to ask you for it; visions of a cheerful home, which your voice should make as charming as the birds made the morning which your smile should brighten like the noonday, were you mine. Ah, Madge, you must not call me a brave man any longer!"

"And now," she faltered, "you may claim the fulfillment of my promise."

"Now, if you will only give me that one poor little clover leaf, to take away with me, I will strive earnestly to be content."

"Leave that to me," she cried, tears running down her fair cheek and dropping on his hand; "it is all I have of yours."

"He looked at her in doubt, then asked, hastily, 'Had I spoken sooner, Madge, would you have paused to weigh my claim against his?'"

"He has no claim, save in your imagination, Paul."

"No claim, Madge! Dear little one, do you mean this?"

"Stop, Paul! Do not shame me."

"My darling," he added, gathering her up close against his throbbing heart, "will you give yourself to me? My life has been a broken and scarred one—some time I will tell you of it; but if you can give me a word of hope, there will be light at last."

She looked at the noble, kindly face, with its lines of grief and care; at the silver threads that crept out to sight amid the raven blackness of his hair; at the deep eyes, with such unutterable longing in them, and then she put her hands in his, saying, simply, "I do love you, Paul. Will you leave me my clover-leaf?"

"Until the day you give yourself with it," he said, tenderly. "My wife will let me share her memories, which she looks at it, years from now, I know."

Madge only smiled, but she did not draw her hands from his firm clasp.

The sunshine had robbed the roses of all their dew long before Paul Lyon and Madge Wilder dismounted at the front piazza, and Fred Hastings was waiting impatiently, walking up and down as he watched the road.

It required some self-control to meet his glance unflinchingly, but Madge did it, and with a hasty, gay good-morning, she hastened up the stairs. It was late in the afternoon before Fred found an opportunity of speaking to her, and then she was standing alone in the hall twilight when he came into the room. She dropped into a chair by the window as he drew nearer, and mutely awaited what he had to say.

Cash Value of a Laboring Man.
Under this caption the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Chronicle has the following sensible article:

"It is often remarked by persons who do not possess any property, and who depend upon their daily labor for support of themselves and families, that they are 'worth nothing' financially speaking. This language is generally indulged in by men in the community who style themselves business men. Let us examine the question financially, and see if their assertions are correct.

"Last year the price of common labor averaged one dollar and a half per day. Admitting that the laborer received one dollar and a half per day, and it required the whole of that sum to support his family, nevertheless we contend that the laborer was worth in cash to his family the sum of \$7,989.

"The amount he would receive for one year's labor at one dollar and a half per day would be \$475.60, which amount would be the interest at six per cent on \$7,989, which latter sum would be the cash value of the laboring man to his family.

"The cash value of the laboring man to the community is much more than the above named sum, as labor is the only true wealth to any country. Without labor our forges, furnaces, woolen mills, and indeed manufactures of all kinds, would cease to be. The music of the loom and shuttle would be silenced forever. Our national and other banks would close their doors, and our most enterprising merchants take in their signs. Without labor civilization recedes, and the bat and owl would soon occupy the crimson chambers of our would-be business men.

"Let the laboring men of the United States realize their position. Let them reflect that labor is honorable; that labor is wealth. Let them remember that they are a power in the State; that to them this great government is indebted for all its possessions of liberty, glory and grandeur.

"Let them only reflect, that labor is honorable; but let those who look down on the humble laborer and mechanic reflect for one moment before they speak in terms of disparagement of the 'browsers of wood and drawers of water.' The custom is too prevalent in the community of making remarks in a sneering manner of the great industrial class of our people, leading youths among us to think that honest industry is not honorable, be it what it may. That time has passed.

"Honest, industrious mechanics and laborers are the wealth of States, and, until they are encouraged and fostered, our people cannot be prosperous. It is not the cash value alone by which he enriches the place of his residence, but he adds by his labor to its material wealth; no country or nation that commands the respect of the world, but what that respect was gained through the skill of her mechanical population. Then let all classes, more especially the rich, respect and inculcate their children with the true theory of life, and labor is honorable, and it is, in after life, misfortune should overtake them, willing hands will be put forth to earn their support."

A FUNNY INCIDENT.—George Lascelles, in a letter to the New York Clipper, relates a funny incident which happened at the old Albany Museum, in the good old times when the drama, wax figures and other curiosities were in vogue at that place:

On the fourth of July, 1852, a patriotic addition to the show being desired, Charles Salisbury, a comical genius, notorious for his practical jokes, was chosen to represent George Washington, and, of course, was dressed in the traditional costume. The doors had just been opened for the evening performance, and visitors had commenced thronging the curiosity rooms, when a mischievous idea struck Mr. Salisbury, who opened one of the wax work cases, unobserved, took a position among the figures and tried to look immovable as possible. A countryman, his wife and daughter, a young miss of eighteen, were the first who entered. As the young lady approached Washington, he bestowed on her most unfatherly wink.

"Good gracious, ma," exclaimed she, "that figure of Washington winked at me."

"Nonsense, child," exclaimed ma, "you are so conceited you think everybody is in love with you." But at this moment she was almost speechless herself, for the venerable Washington had applied his fingers to his nose in a very suggestive manner. "Oh, William!" she exclaimed, grasping her husband's arm, "do look at that."

"What is it," asked William, "why, I believe you women folks are crazy." At this moment George Washington struck a belligerent attitude and uttered a terrific yell. In an instant the whole party tumbled down stairs, pell-mell, and related the wonderful story, while Washington quietly slipped off to his dressing-room, laughing in his sleeve at the joke he had practiced.

A butcher's boy, carrying a tray on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against a lady's head and discomposed her waterfall.

"The duce take the tray!" cried the lady in a passion.

"Madame," said the lad, gravely, "the duce cannot take the tray."

A Sunday School teacher asked a little fellow if he had learned anything during the week. "Yes," he replied.

"What is it you have learned?"

Printing in the Chinese Language.
One of the editors of the New York Observer is making a tour of the world. Here is a brief sketch from Shang-hai, which shows some of the difficulties of book-making in China:

One of the first places that I visited on reaching Shang-hai, was the Mission Press of the Presbyterian Church of the United States—a wisely founded institution, which has been doing a great work. It is the most extensive printing establishment in China, and has been sending its light into Japan as well. The great work of Dr. Hepburn, of Yoko-hama—his quarto Japanese Dictionary was printed at the press; and during the last year, the third edition, 2,400 copies, of another Japanese dictionary, the first two editions of which was printed at Yeddo, has been printed. It is a type foundry as well as a printing house, and with judicious and liberal management, it may be made an important engine for good in time to come as it has been in the past. During the year 1868, 25,000,000 pages were printed at this press; and in the present year the whole of the New Testament and of Pilgrim's Progress has been admirably electrotyped. I have before me a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress in Chinese, illustrated with engravings drawn and executed here, and also a copy of the "Peep of day" in Chinese, from the same press.

On entering this extensive printing establishment, I was confronted with a series of amphitheatres, in the interior of each of which stood a compositor; and I saw at a glance the immensity of the work which every one who learns to read or speak or print the Chinese language has to encounter. Each one of these amphitheatres was what printers call a case, containing, not twenty-six letters as in English printing offices, but more than six thousand different characters of types, and, with the combinations that are made more than thirteen thousand. I do not much wonder that the Chinese adhere to their old method of engraving every thing on wood that they print, for I should be very loath to attempt to hunt up many letters or words out of the six thousand boxes that I saw before me. And yet this mode of printing is a great improvement on the old.

HOW TO TREAT SLANDER.—We once heard a story told of two men who started together one morning for a whole day's journey. They soon became separated, the one reached his destination before the sun had sunk behind the Western hills, where he made himself comfortable at the inn. His only trouble was concern for his lagging companion. He thought sure some evil must have befallen him.

Long after dark, his fellow companion arrived. When asked the cause of his delay, he replied:

"I was obliged to stop at every other house to whip off the unmanly dog that barked at me. Didn't they bark at you?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but I did not stop to whip them. I simply told them that they were ill-bred curs, and drove on."

We are generally losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the back bitings and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and sulk. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our actions and purpose, and not by others. Always bear this in mind, that "calumnies may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

KNOW EACH OTHER'S HEARTS.—If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes and bitterness and physical annoyances of our neighbors, we should make allowance for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart-pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together, with "I love you" in either heart, and neither knows it. Each thinks, "I could be fond; but what use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?" and so they part, and go their ways alone. Life is a masquerade, at which few unmask even to their very dearest. And though there is need of much masking, would to Heaven we dared show plainly our real faces, from birth to death, for then some few, at least, would truly love each other.

A couple of the best comedians we ever heard were perpetrated the other day in a social circle of gentlemen, one of whom had a very bald head: One gentleman asked:

"Why is Mr.—'s head like Alaska?"

All gave it up.

"Because it is a great white bear place."

Hardly had the laugh subsided on this, when another asked—

"Why is his head like heaven?"

This was worse to get at than the other, and the answer came—

"Because there is no dying or parting there."

An Oneida editor has taken his office-boy into partnership, giving his reason that "Stephen has been to work for us all the winter, and wants his pay, and we thought after he had been a proprietor a short time he would understand that paying help was not so easy."

Business Directory.
A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Court House.
WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1865.
J. B. GRAHAM & SONS, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc., Market St. Clearfield, Pa.
H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware, and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 70.
H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, etc., Room in Graham's row, Marketstreet. Nov. 18.
H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's row, fourth or west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 18.
T. H. O'BRIEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.
W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Furnitures, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc. June 15, 70.
A. I. SHAW Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.
F. B. READ, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Clearfield, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Apr. 20-6m.]
ORIN T. NOLLE, Attorney at Law, Look Haven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business called at his residence will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 29, 70-ly.]
C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.
J. B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Hoyt on 24 street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.
J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., Clearfield, Pa. Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 18.
H. ARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.
C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 27, 1867.
JOHN GELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice and attends funerals with a hearse. April 59.
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Larders, &c., Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace. Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan. 5, 70-ly.] W. A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.
H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building on Court street, National Hotel, nearly opposite the Court House. [June 30, 69-ly.]
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stoves, Clearfield, Pa. Oranges, Apples, Peaches, etc., raised and packed on hand and for sale an assortment of foreign ware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.
MANSON HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best and most choice of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.
JOHN H. PULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him. Also a general agent for the sale of all kinds of real estate. [March 27, 1867.]
A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kyrtown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. [Sep. 29-ly.]
W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c., Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.
DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 5th Reg't Penn'a Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 2d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865-66p.
SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. [Jan. 1870-ly.] March 6th, 1867-ly. JAMES MITCHELL.
JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Oseola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, 69.
GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. Will hold his office at the residence of J. B. Menally, Clearfield, Pa. He will attend to all kinds of legal business, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. [Feb. 70-ly.]
WALLACE & WALTERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS, Clearfield, Pa.
Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurance taken.
Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. [Jan. 1870-ly.] W. A. WALLACE. J. BLAKE WALTERS.
J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN. A. Negative made in studio as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Trusses, from the best of materials, made to order. CHROMOS & SPECIALTY. Dec. 2, 65-ly. 14-69-ly.

THE KIDNEYS.
The Kidneys are two in number, situated at the upper part of the loins, surrounded by fat, and consisting of three parts, viz: the Anterior, the Interior, and the Exterior.
The anterior absorbs. Interior consists of tissues or veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine and convey it to the exterior. The exterior is a conductor also, terminating in a single tube, and called the Ureter. The ureters are connected with the bladder.
The bladder is composed of various coverings or tissues, divided into parts, viz: the Upper, the Lower, the Nervous, and the Muscular. The upper expels the lower retains. Many have a desire to urinate without the ability, others urinate without the ability to retain. This frequently occurs in children.
To cure these affections, we must bring into action the muscles, which are engaged in their various functions. If they are neglected, Gravel or Dropsy may ensue.
The reader must also be made aware, that however slight may be the attack, it is sure to affect the bodily health and mental powers, as our flesh and blood are supported from those sources.
GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM.—Pain occurring in the joints is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalky constitutions.
THE GRAVEL.—The gravel ensues from neglect or improper treatment of the kidneys. These organs being weak, the water is not expelled from the bladder, but allowed to remain; it becomes feverish, and sediment forms. It is from this deposit that the stone is formed, and gravel ensues.
DROPSY is a collection of water in some parts of the body, and bears different names, according to the parts affected, viz: when generally diffused over the body it is called Anasarca; when of the Abdomen, Ascites; when of the chest, Hydrothorax.
TREATMENT.—Helmbold's highly concentrated Compound Extract Buchu is decidedly one of the best remedies for diseases of the bladder, kidneys, gravel, dropsical swellings, rheumatism, and gouty affections. Under this head we have arranged Dysuria, or difficulty and pain in passing water, Scanty Secretion, or small and frequent discharges of water; Strangury, or stopping of water; Hematuria, or bloody urine; Gout and Rheumatism of the kidneys, without any change in quantity, but increase in color, or dark water. It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physics, in these affections.
This medicine increases the power of excretion and excites the absorbents into healthy action by which the watery or colorous depositions and all unnatural enlargements, as well as pain and inflammation are reduced, and it is taken by men, women and children. Directions for use and diet accompany.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 23, 1867.
H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist.
Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer, for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent Physicians, experiencing but little relief.
Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.
I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchus, casabe and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.
I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.
I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.
Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections.
M. McCORMICK.
Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:
Hon. Wm. Bigler, ex-Governor Penn'a.
Hon. Thomas B. Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor Penn'a.
Hon. Ellis Lewis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. Grier, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Phil'a.
Hon. John Bigler, ex-Governor, California.
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And many others, if necessary.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.
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