

The Roffzaman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1870.

VOL. 17.—NO. 14.

Select Poetry.

WATCH, MOTHER.

The following, entitled "Watch, Mother," is beautiful:—One of those little gems which touch the heart:

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ringing cellar, shed and hall,
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why do we this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling, eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child,
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the row before 'tis broken,
The same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true,
Extracting every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see,
Reaping for eternity.

OUTWITTED.

"I declare, wife, that boy will ruin my disposition! For obstinacy and contrariety he can't be beat. A six mule team is no where. He's gone and got one of those hats, and he knows they are my special detestation; and, only last week, I told him to take off those high-heeled boots, but would you believe it, he has got two more on the heels, at the very best, and I don't know but there's a half a dozen. Dear! dear! it's so provoking! Then Miss Waldron is going to leave us to-morrow, and I don't know where in the world we shall find anybody to take care of these young ones. Nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble!"

And Mr. Samuel Barnabee dropped his two hundred and fifty pounds into a chair, to blow awhile, after this outburst of complaints.

"Why, Samuel!" said Mrs. Barnabee, "I think you are somewhat unreasonable. Of course John must not ignore the customs of the times."

"Yes, yes, yes! but what has all this to do with the governess?"

"As for that, Samuel, I anticipate no trouble."

"Dear! dear! dear! it's nothing but trouble! And Ella Wakefield will be here next week. I'll bet the best dollar I ever had that, when John knows I want him to marry her, he'll go straight off and marry some widow or other."

"How would it do, Samuel, to make him think that you do not want him to?"

"By-gracious! I'll try him on that tack. Does the rascal know she's coming?"

"Yes, I told him this morning."

"I wonder how Ella looks? We haven't seen her since she was a wee thing. Dear! dear! just hear those young ones carry on! They will drive me crazy! There's that John now. Just see that hat! If there is one thing that I hate more than another, it is a hat just like that one. And see those boots! He looks for all the world as if he were walking on stilts. Dear! dear! dear!"

John Barnabee was sauntering leisurely toward the house, unconscious of what his respected father was saying about him, and sublimely indifferent. With the utmost indifference he walked into the room where his father was sitting with snapping eyes and a very red face.

"I don't believe there's another hat like that in the whole city," jerked out the irate old gentleman, vexed that John had the impudence to wear it in his presence.

"Hent & Bush have them by the whole sale," remarked John, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "Shall I order one for you, father?"

"Me? no? you jacksnapes! Me, with such a thing on my head? I'd sooner wear a skillet! I don't see what on earth they were ever made for."

"I believe they were made to wear," said John, very seriously.

want you to make love to her, and marry her, too; so you understand? And you ain't going into the country, either."

"But my health, father." "Hang your health! You'll find an insalubrious climate, if you go against my wishes. Do you understand now?"

"I flatter myself that I do, father. How long will Miss Wakefield remain?"

"Only a week. Then you can go where you please. Remember, now."

"I will try, father; but you know my memory is short."

"You just try it this time," Samuel Barnabee, threateningly, as he left the room, feeling sure, that John, for once, was conquered. But he was not. The very next day he was missing.

"Gone into the country," was Mrs. Barnabee's reply to her husband.

"I'll disinheritor him before I'm a day older!" exclaimed the angry father. "No! I won't, either," he added, immediately. "I'll wait awhile. Wife, have my valise packed; I'm going off to find somebody to help take care of these young ones."

Mr. Samuel Barnabee took the first morning train, and was gone three days.

"Dear! dear! dear! such a chase as I have had! If I have been in one town, I've been in a dozen! Dear! dear!"

"Did you see John?" asked Mrs. Barnabee.

"No; nor don't want to. I went after a girl. Dear! dear!"

"You did not find one, then?"

"Yes, I did, too; and she will be here next week. Let's see; her name is—Mortmain."

"Miss Mortmain arrived punctually."

"Why, Samuel, I'm afraid she will not suit us," said Mrs. Barnabee; "she's so very young."

"Well, wife, we'll try her awhile. I guess she isn't so young as she looks. We'll try her a week or two. By the way, Miss Wakefield won't come this week. Sick. I guess. I saw her father. That rascal John, I'll not let him know next time."

Notwithstanding her misgivings, Mrs. Barnabee was well pleased with Miss Mortmain. With a face surpassingly beautiful and a sunny disposition was united a love for children which made the care of them a pleasure and won the confidence of the little prattlers at once. The rest was very easy, for it has been truly said that the way to a mother's heart is through her children.

John ventured back after a two weeks' absence.

"Has she gone, mother?" he asked, the moment he stepped into the house.

"She has not been here, John. Sickens, I think your father said."

"You rascal!" exclaimed Samuel Barnabee, bursting into the room, wheezing and puffing. "You want to marry Miss Mortmain, do you?"

The lady blushed crimson, while John arose, blazing with indignation.

"Father, I entreat you to have some respect."

"Want to marry her, do you?" repeated the old gentleman. "She's crazy to once think of such a jacksnape; and I am not going to impose upon her by consenting. Why, my dear child, that boy is not worth the salt he eats. I shall disinheritor him if he—"

"Stop, Father!" cried John. "I've grasped John by the arm. 'Come over here now, and tell me the truth. Now Miss Mortmain, do you really want to marry this boy?"

The poor girl turned away her head to hide her confusion, and John, deeply mortified, yet half pleased at the turn of affairs, stepped to her side.

"Father," said he, "no word of the kind has ever passed between us, but as the question has been asked, I alone must receive the answer. I am waiting, Ella."

She lifted up her face, radiant with love and joy, and for an answer she placed her hand in his.

"That's enough! that's plenty!" cried the old gentleman. "Ah, you rascal! I've outwitted you; and as you won't be likely to back off the track now, I'll just tell you that you have been making love to Ella Mortmain Wakefield. Ha! ha! Ella, you never guessed what I was driving at when I wanted you to come here incognito. Dear! dear! I hope you will be happy."

And they were happy.

A REPLY BY CARLYLE.—The curious and "troublesome" style of Carlyle is said to be quite in contrast with his simple, straightforward way of talking. Hatred of sham is one of his notable characteristics. One evening, at a small literary gathering, a lady, famed for her "muslin theology," was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that He had not appeared in our own time. "How delighted," said she, "we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?"

The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broad Scotch, "No, madam, I don't. I think that had He come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, 'To meet our Saviour'; but if He had come uttering His sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with the public and lower orders, as He did, you would have treated Him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, 'Take Him to Newgate and hang Him!'"

OMNISCIENCE.—Lafayette, the friend and ally of Washington, was in his youth confined in a French dungeon, in the door of his cell there was cut a small hole just big enough for a man's eye; at that hole a watchman was placed, whose duty it was to watch moment by moment till he was relieved by the change of guard. All he could see was the twinkling eye, but the eye was always there; look when he would it met his gaze. In his dreams he was conscious it was staring at him. "Oh," he says, "it was horrible; there was no escape; when he lay down, and when he rose up, when he ate, and when he read, that eye searched him." So God's eye is upon each of us, from the very first breath that we draw to the very last.

UNHEALTHFULNESS OF FEATHERS.—The reason of feathers being so unhealthy to sleep on is because they are very poor conductors of heat, and consequently keep the skin overheated, debilitating it, preventing the full performance of its functions, and rendering the person more liable to colds. Not only this, but the functions of the skin being impaired, the liver, kidneys, and lungs have to do extra duty, and are liable to become diseased in consequence. Another objection to feathers is, that there is a decomposition of animal matter going on all the time, and they absorb and retain the emanations from the body to such an extent that they soon become too filthy for even common decency.

HARD UP.—At a station on the overland route the keeper got rather short of provisions—in fact, had nothing left but a bottle of mustard and some bacon. As the stage stopped there one day to change horses, the passengers seated themselves at the table and the host said, "Bacon?"

"No, thank you; I never eat bacon," said one traveler.

"Well, then," said the station keeper, "help yourself to the mustard!"

Two ladies in New York were talking about the sparrows and their usefulness in ridding the city of the canker worms which used to be such a nuisance. One said that the noisy chirping of the sparrows early in the morning when she wanted to sleep, was as great an evil as the worms; the other disagreed. Just then a gentleman came in and was appealed to. "Mr. A., which do you think the worse, sparrows or worms?" He answered, "I don't know; I never had sparrows."

A western woman thus addresses her eldest jewel: "My daughter, you are now fifteen years of age, engaged to be married, and without a freckle on your face. I have done my duty."

OUR NEW SHIELD.

You didn't hear der news? Vell, vell! Der kinder funny, doo—
Vy, clerypody knows id yet—
"Don't you think id derue?"
Yes, dot's so—ve kot a son—
My olt woman and me—
Und he's der sharmdest leedle shield
You gader yet kin see.

He came der wery last night in March,
Der-rassy leedle Mool,
Of he'd vraded a leedle vile
He'd been a April fool;
But dot baby, he knowt a ding or dwo—
Coy say he looks like me.
Der's cause I'm been he's fader,
Dot counts for dot you see.

He's got der niceid hiddle shroud,
Und leedle hand's und feet,
Und he kin vink mit bod he's eyes—
"Oh! he's most cnuft to eat."
Vot's dat? I bod you dot I'm broad,
I feel like I'm wild!
I woodn't shwab him for a farm,
No, he's dwo nice a shield.

Coom in der house und see him vonce,
Hush now! don't vake him up!
He's got a awful hair of lings—
He kin shew you like a bisened bap.
See, der he's! now ain't id nice!
He's exin his moult to cry;
He vouts to suk on someding, I guess,
He's leedle drost dot's dry.

We'll go down shairs in der bier saloon,
Und drink a glass of bier,
To do healt of dot leedle shield of mine
Dot was send to me dis year.
Und we'll hobe ren he gets to be a man
Dot chust like he's fader he'll be;
Und we'll hobe anidler shield will come
Next year dis vime agin.

A Yankee Receipt.

My gottin' the better of my wife's father is one of the richest things on record. I'll tell you how it was. You must know that he is monstrous stingy. The complaint seems to run in the family, and everybody round our parts noticed that he never by any chance, asked any one to dine with him. So one day, just for a chuck of fun, I said to a friend of mine, "Jeddy, I'll bet you a pint of shoestings against a row of pins, that I get old Ben Merkins, that's my wife's father, to ask me to dinner."

"You get out," said Jeddy; "why, yeon might as well try to coax a cat into a shower bath, or get moonbeams out of a coowmber."

"Well, I'm going to," said I. "And try I did, and I'll tell you how I went to work."

As soon as I was alone I went down to a high pressure rack, red hot in the face, with my coat tails in the air, and eyes rolling a bout like billiard balls in convulsions. Rat-tat-tat—ding a ling a ling. I kicked up an awful rumpus, and in a flash out came old Ben Merkins. I had struck the right note. He had a napkin under his chin, and a carving knife in his hand. I snatched the dinner as he opened the door.

"O, Mr. Merkins," said I, "I'm tarantled glad to see you. I feared you moughtn't be at home—I'm almost out of breath. I've come to tell you that I can save you a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars," roared the old man; and I deftly a wesselt to go "pop" quicker than his face burst into smiles. "A thousand dollars! You don't say so! Du tell!"

"Oh, I see you are just havin' dinner, I'll go and dine myself and then I'll come back and tell you all about it."

"Nonsense," said he, "don't go away; come in and sit down and enjoy yourself like a good fellow, and have a smack with me. I am anxious to hear what you have to say."

I pretended to dabble, sayin' I'd come back, but I'd thoroughly stirred up the old chap's curiosity, and it ended by his fairly pullin' me into the house, and I made a rattlin' dinner of pork and beans.

I managed for some time to dodge the main point of his inquiry. At last I finished eating, and there was no further excuse for delay; besides old Ben was getting fidgety.

"Come, now," said he, "no more preface. About that thousand dollars; come, let it out."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said I; "you've a darter, Misery Ann, to dispose of in marriage, have you not?"

"What's that got to do with it?" interrupted he.

"Hold your proud steeds—don't run off the track—a great deal to do with it," said I. "Now answer my question."

"Well," said he, "I have."

"And you intend when she marries, to give her \$10,000 for a portion?"

Different Ways of Eating.

A distinguished physician of our acquaintance who has occasion to examine the chests of many people, says that he gets a great deal of amusement in observing the different ways in which people put on a shirt.

We find no little amusement in noticing the different ways in which people eat. Those of us who have business "down town" in the city, mostly eat at a restaurant where dozens and sometimes hundreds are taking their noon day meal. It is curious to see the different ways in which people will go about the same operation. Some "gobble up" their food as if on a wager to see how soon they can dispose of it, and others pick at it as if looking for something disagreeable in it—and they find it too, sometimes, at restaurants. Some act as if they were the only persons at the table, and reach directly across one's face for salt or pepper, while others will be careful not to intrude upon their neighbors in any manner. You can always pick out the gentlemen by the way in which they regard the comfort of others. It is had enough to see one wipe his knife on his lips and then put it into the butter, but the greatest annoyance is the man who "chaps" with his elbows. We mean those chaps who keep their elbows working like a fiddler. It is a real discomfort to sit next to one of these, as the frequent nudges and knocks that one gets from the industrious elbow quite destroys the enjoyment of a meal. It is not in restaurants only that we have noticed this unbecoming performance, but in hotels and private families. It is not likely that those who annoy others in this way are conscious of doing so, but it is the exercise of a bad habit formed when young. We would not like to think that any of our young friends eat in this way, but if they find themselves doing so, let them try to eat the food and carry it to the mouth without spreading out the elbows; they will find it quite as easy, and they will not, in this respect at least, annoy others at the table.

THOUGHT.—In educating the mind our first duty should be to teach it to think, so that its powers can be concentrated upon a single point without painful effort. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked how he made such vast discoveries in the various departments of science, he replied, "by thinking."

The world is looking for a new system of patient thought by which those magnificent theories, the wonder of the present day, were brought forth. In nearly every department of thought, and as thought generates thought, and the mind of man is capable of almost infinite extension, he went on step by step in the labyrinths of science till death put an end to his labors. The want of earnest thought receives a daily illustration in the institutions of learning all over the land.

The brains of the students are crammed with an immense mass of rubbish collected from other minds, and with this insubstantial repast they are compelled to be satisfied. Not once are they taught to descend into the caverns of thought and gather bright jewels for themselves. There are, however, a few able exceptions in a general laxity of discipline, and the light they shed forth shines with a double brilliancy.

The Boston Bulletin tells this: "Old Judge B. of New Hampshire, was what Artemus Ward would have called a 'sociable cuss' off the bench, and was noted for claiming acquaintance with any one whose appearance happened to please him. Enter a crowded car on the Boston and Maine Railroad one day, his honor found the only unoccupied seat to be at the side of a smartly dressed and rather good looking young woman. Ascertaining that the seat was not engaged, the Judge settled himself comfortably in it, and turning with his accustomed, bland, fatherly smile to his fair companion, said: 'Your face seems familiar to me, my dear; I think I must know you.'

"I should think you might," said the unknown, in a hoarse, wh key, contralto voice, turning a vindictive pair of eyes on the astonished Judge. "I should think you might; you sent me to the House of Correction for three months last winter, you infernal old scoundrel."

THE IMPOLITE MAN.—This individual is mean in small ways. He will help a pretty girl, but never an old lady. He will keep his seat and suffer a poor woman with a child in her arms to stand. He will assist a seemingly rich lady to pay her fare, but he looks the other way when want and poverty appear. He often finds himself without funds or tickets, and tells the conductor "he will pay next time." He never helps any body but pretty girls, and begrudges everything he is called upon to do for others. He opens windows when others do not want air. He is a perverse, selfish being generally, and seems to think that the railroad was built entirely for himself. He will not budge an inch to permit a person to pass out. He is a natural born leech.

THE COMING WOMAN.—Horace Greeley asks thus: "Will the coming woman pull teeth?" To which the bald headed benedict of the Indianapolis Mirror—doubtless speaking from sad experience—responds: "Our limited prophetic knowledge prevents us from answering Horace; but, if the present is a truthful criterion for the future, we can safely assert that the coming woman will pull hair."

Mark Twain has this advice for young men with literary aspirations: "Write without pay until somebody offers pay. If nobody offers pay within three years your candidate may look upon this circumstance with the most implicit confidence as the sign that a sawing wood is what he was intended for."

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, Feb. 14, 1867.

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1867.

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. May 7, 1870.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker and Jeweler, in Watches, Jewelry, etc., Room in Graham's, Market Street, Nov. 10.

H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's, Room 401 on West of Graham & Boynton's store, Nov. 10.

THOMAS J. MCILLICHOUGH, 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, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc., June 15, 1870.

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr. Fowler's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 1870.

E. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Kyllertown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of this and the surrounding country, Apr. 28, 1870.

ORRIN T. NORRIS, Attorney at Law, Lock Haven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention, Oct. 29, 1870.

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 at Foot of Market Street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.

J. WEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street, July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORNEY, Dealer in Square and Round Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, etc., Graham's Market Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

H. BARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1869.

C. KRATZER & SON, Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Also makes and repairs Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse, April 18, 1870.

W. A. WALLACE & FIELING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace, Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity, Jan. 10, 1870.

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new building adjoining County National Bank and nearly opposite the Court House, June 30, 1869.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or dered—wholesale or retail. Has a large stock on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware of his own manufacture, Jan. 1, 1870.

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 posterior, and the lateral.

The anterior absorbs Interior consists of its ureter or vein, 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 remains. 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 these 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 concretions.

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 blood in the urine, 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 digestion and excites the absorbents into healthy exercise by which the watery or calcareous 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. 25, 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 preparation 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 buchu, cubeba 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 Penna.
Hon. Thomas E. Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor, Penna.
Hon. Ellis Lewis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. C. C. Greer, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Phila.
Hon. John Bigler, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor Gen. Washington, D.C.
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 \$5.00. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.
Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 394 Broadway, N. Y.
NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed.
June 15, 1870
H. T. HELMBOLD.