

# The Kutztown Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1871.

VOL. 17--NO. 19.

## Select Poetry.

### PSALM OF MARRIAGE.

Tell me not in idle jingle,  
"Marriage is an empty dream!"  
For the girl is dead that's single,  
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
Single blessedness a fib!  
"Man thou art, man returnest!"  
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though light and gay,  
Still like pleasant drum are beating  
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle!  
Be a heroine—a wife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act—act to the living present!  
Heath within and heath ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us  
We can live our lives as well,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples that another,  
Wasting time in idle sport,  
A forlorn, unmarried brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart on triumph set  
Still contriving, still pursuing,  
And each one a husband get.

### GAIN OR LOSS.

"What did Mr. Isett want?" asked Mrs. Bell of her husband.

She had been watching the two men for some time as they stood talking in front of their pretty dwelling, wondering what it could be that interested them so deeply. Mr. Isett had been using something upon her husband, which he had steadily refused; though once or twice he seemed to hesitate. Mr. Isett she thought unusually excited, it not angry, when he left her husband and walked away.

"He wants to rent her new house and store on the corner of Elm and River streets, and offers to pay a thousand dollars rent."

The face of Mrs. Bell flushed instantly, and a pleased light came into her eyes.

"A thousand dollars!" she exclaimed, "why, we've never thought of over six hundred. But," and her voice fell, "isn't it promised to Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes; and Mr. Edwards must have it." "But not for six hundred dollars."

"That is the rent I asked; and for his business it is all he can afford. Indeed six hundred is a good rent, and will pay handsomely on the cost of this property."

"Still, Henry, if we can get a thousand, we ought to have it. A thing is worth, you know, what it will bring."

"Isett's offer is a great temptation, I will confess," said Mr. Bell. "But I don't want to rent the property. I don't like his business."

"Oh, as to that," answered Mrs. Bell, who had a great desire to become well off in the world, "we can't shut him up, do as we will. Our place isn't the only one in town. His business will go on just the same, decide as we may. And I don't see that it can make much difference, whether it is carried on at the corner of Elm and River street, or somewhere else."

"Maybe not," said the husband, beginning to waver in his good resolution now that Mrs. Bell spoke so decidedly in favor of renting the property to Mr. Isett, who wanted it for a drinking and billiard saloon.

"But," he added, with something of regret in his tones, "I am committed to Mr. Edwards."

"No lease has been signed," said the wife.

"Still, I have passed my word to Mr. Edwards that he should have the house."

"You must get out of it," said Mrs. Bell firmly. "We can't afford to throw away \$400 a year."

Mrs. Bell was resolute, and her husband yielded. It is not usual for a woman to take the wrong side in this way, but Mrs. Bell loved money and the world. She wanted to get rich, and, we are sorry to say, it didn't care much how she got it.

So the house was rented to Mr. Isett, who fitted it up for a drinking saloon in a very attractive style. It of course became known all over the town that Mr. Bell had broken his word to Mr. Edwards, the dry goods merchant, and for an advance of \$400, rented the new house for a drinking and gambling den. As this house stood in the best portion of the town, people talked a great deal about it, and much feeling was excited against the Bells after the saloon was opened.

Said a plain speaking neighbor to Mrs. Bell—"You'll rue the day it was done, mind I tell you."

There was something so earnest and prophetic in the woman's voice, that Mrs. Bell felt a strange uncomfortable feeling creep into her heart.

"People who dig pits for others, sometimes fall into them themselves," added the neighbor.

"Who's dug a pit?" asked Mrs. Bell, half angrily.

"You and your husband, and it is at the corner of Elm and River streets. A great many unwary young men—our sons and brothers, and husbands it maybe—will fall into this pit; and I do not see that you can hope to escape the peril any more than the rest of us. I saw John Toland going in there yesterday, and he is no older than your Henry."

A sudden crimson, and then a quick pallor overspread the face of Mrs. Bell.

"Four hundred dollars a year will be a poor compensation for his ruin, I'm thinking, Mrs. Bell; and there is no more security for him than for any of our children. You have put us all in equal peril. But if your Henry is enticed into this den now, or in half a dozen years hence, as I doubt not he will be, the boy will have our pity, but not his mother. Good morning."

And the neighbor went away hastily and in much excitement, leaving a troubled heart behind her.

Mrs. Bell had never thought of this. A few minutes after the neighbor left, her son Henry came in from school. He was a bright boy of thirteen. His face was animated, and he said with much interest in his voice:

"I've been all over Mr. Isett's saloon. It is fitted up elegantly."

"Why mother!" exclaimed the boy a moment afterward, "what's the matter, are you sick?"

"I did feel sick; but it's over now," answered Mrs. Bell, in a choking voice.

"It's such a nice place," said the boy, taking up his theme. "There are ever so many pictures, and mirrors—"

"Henry, my son!" said Mrs. Bell, interrupting him—"I don't want you to go to Mr. Isett's. It's no place for boys."

Henry's countenance fell. He looked at his mother doubtfully.

"Is our house, isn't it?" he asked after a little while.

"No matter if it is!" replied his mother, speaking with some irritation. "It's no place for boys, and don't let me hear of your being there again."

"Now mind, Henry, you are on no account to go near Isett's saloon."

Her anger pushed him away, and weakened her influence over him.

The neighbor had planted a thorn in Mrs. Bell's pillow, and it kept her awake for most of the night that followed. On the next morning, as her son was leaving for school, she went with him to the door, and gave him this parting injunction:

"Now mind, Henry, you are on no account, to go near Isett's saloon."

"No ma'am!" replied the boy. But the very injunction proved a temptation. The serious way in which his mother treated the matter, magnified it in his thoughts, and kept it before him.

On his way home from school, one of his companions said:

"I've got some money; let's have a glass of beer at Isett's. It's a splendid place."

"I can't go there," replied Henry.

"Why not?"

"Mother won't let me."

"Pooh! She'll never know anything about it. Come along."

Henry still hesitated, but his companion urged, and at length he weakly yielded.

The thought of her son had not been out of Mrs. Bell's mind all the morning. She felt that he was in danger, and her heart trembled for his safety. She noted the hours as they passed, and after the clock struck twelve waited in nervous impatience for Henry to come home. After ten or fifteen minutes had passed, she grew restless, and a feeling of vague concern crept into her heart. What if he had disobeyed her, and gone to Isett's saloon?

It was half past twelve when Henry came in, entering quietly by the back door. But Mrs. Bell's ears were quick to detect the sound of his feet.

"Henry," she called from the sitting room. He answered and came in where she was. Mrs. Bell's keen eyes detected something wrong in his face.

"What has kept you so late?" she asked.

"I stopped at Will Marshall's to look at his rabbits," he answered, covering his disobedience with a falsehood.

As he said this, Mrs. Bell caught the odor of beer on his breath.

"You've been at Isett's!" she exclaimed sharply, and with such confidence in her accusation, that the boy's self-control forsook him, and he turned his crimson face and guilty eyes away, not venturing to stammer a denial.

"And this, after what I said to you when you started for school," said Mrs. Bell, in mingled anger and distress.

"John Toland coaxed me," murmured the boy.

John Toland! Does he go to your school?"

"Yes ma'am. He sits next to me."

A dark shadow, as of some great impending evil, fell over the mother. She was frightened.

"I shall tell your father of this," she said in a helpless kind of way.

"Father goes there himself; I've seen him every day," replied the boy, gaining some courage. "Any how he owns the house, and let's Mr. Isett have it; and I don't see that it can be such a dreadful bad place."

Mrs. Bell was confounded and silent. The visit of her neighbor on the day before, and the plain way in which she had spoken, had started and unnerved her. Her mind was filled with a vague dread. Evil portent was in the very air. Now it began taking a definite shape. The pit, which her neighbor had spoken, stood dark before her imagination, and she saw the feet of both son and husband on the crumbling brink.

Well for her and well for them, if that pit and crumbling brink had only been things of imagination. Alas for her, and also for them, that they were more than figures of speech! A few years, and the neighbor's prophecy that she would rue the day the house on Elm and River streets had been rented for a bar room, was sadly fulfilled. Husband and son were in the pit; how many more had stumbled over the threshold of that new and attractive saloon.

Four hundred dollars a year in six years amounted to the sum of \$2,400. So much gained! And what was lost? Let us see!

We look in upon Mrs. Bell, and find her sitting alone. Her face is greatly changed. Six years make, usually, but light impressions on a woman at her time of life; but here the change is striking, and sad to behold. There are lines of trouble all over her faded countenance. Her eyes are heavy and have a dreary expression. The room in which she was sitting has a neglected air, and the furniture looks worn and faded. There is something in the atmosphere of the place that suggests ill fortune.

She rises and goes to the window, where she stands looking out, her face expectant, but anxious. She starts, then leans her ear to listen. A voice breaks on the air, in a few words of a familiar song. Her face grows pale, and she sinks into a chair.

"Then merrily, merrily sing!"

The voice is thick and muffled. She hears the door open, and stumbling feet in the room below. It is her son Henry. Six years gain of \$400 a year, and this loss! And if this were all! But it is not. Her son has followed in the father's footsteps. The new saloon thrown in his daily path to business, had proved too strong an allurements for Mr. Bell. Public sentiment had been against him, and setting himself in opposition to public sentiment, he had in the beginning given countenance to Mr. Isett's frequent visits to his new saloon, and whenever he went there he drank, of course. He went, alas! too often. Ere he dreamed of danger, the fatal appetite was formed, and his feet were going down into the pit. Neglect of business came, as it always comes in cases like this, and at the end of six years Mr. Bell was a sinking instead of a rising man.

It took but a few more years to complete the work of ruin. In due time the house at Elm and River streets passed, by sheriff's sale, into other hands. Then one piece of property after another went out of his possession. In less than ten years from the time that Mrs. Bell, tempted by her love of money, urged her husband to rent her new house for a drinking saloon, she found herself in poverty, with a drunken husband and a vagabond son; a sharer in the sad evils she had been instrumental in bringing upon her neighbors.

A Canadian lady having caught a troublesome rat in a trap, determined upon having some sport with it. She took the trap into the sitting room, called in a terrier, opened the trap, jumped upon a chair, and the rat commenced. The rat first whipped the dog, and then made away with a tame raccoon, which the lady called to her assistance, then fought another dog and a broom for an hour and fifteen minutes, and finally escaped through the window.

A correspondent avers that while passing a Female College, where young ladies go to receive the last touch of grace and gracefulness, "a feeble lady hanging on her husband's arm was cheerfully saluted from a group of misses in the yard with 'Say! what are you holdin' on to his arm for? He ain't a goin' to run off.' Then in the words of Artemus Ward, they all remarked 'tee-hee.' He thinks they must have nearly finished their education."

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being, on one occasion asked to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, "no, I thank you. I eat only my acquaintances."

She thought she had expressed herself in admirable English.

Some boys at Fort Dodge, Iowa, played European war. The "Prussians" burned a haystack behind which the "French" had taken refuge, and dislodged them. The owner of the haystack says he doesn't know much about this war business, but he'd like to see the man that pays for his fodder.

A lawyer who gets so confused by press of business, frequently mistakes one parchment for another—in fact, he has been known to "take the will for the deed."

Wild geese are so plenty in California that they give as much annoyance to railroad men as do the grasshoppers in summer.

Memory is the only paradise we are sure of always preserving. Even our first parents could not be driven out of it.

May our providence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

I'll be bound, I will, as the book said when it went to the binders.

Weakness is a greater antagonist to virtue than even vice itself.

A blast furnace—Horace Greely on a cussing excursion.

Poets have verses and other people have reverses.

Lawyers do more deeds than most other people.

## Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

J. B. GRAHAM & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc., Market St., Clearfield, Pa.

H. F. HIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware, Groceries, and Manufactures, Third Street, near Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar. 70.

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

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, 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, Groceries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc. June 15, 70.

J. P. IRVIN, Successor to H. B. Swoop, IRVIN & KREBS, (Successors to H. B. Swoop), Law and Collection Office, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 20, 1870.

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.

R. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Kylesburg, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country. Apr. 20, 69.

O. W. 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. Je. 29, 70-3.

C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, near the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

J. B. M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Dorn on 24 street, one door south of Lock & Hotel.

T. ESTEY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend to all legal business entrusted to him in his office in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORBES, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, etc., Market Street, near the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 10.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, 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, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GULICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April-9, 69.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Soap, Liquors, etc., Room on Market Street, below door 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. FRANK FIELDING, W. A. WALLACE. Jan. 5, 70-39.

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of the building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. Jan. 30, '69.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of earthen 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 of the market. JOHN DOUGHERTY, Proprietor.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of bounty claims, etc., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

A. THORN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, having located at Kylesburg, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. (Sep. 29, 1867.)

W. E. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also keeps on hand a large assortment of shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 10th, 1863.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d 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 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 1, 1863.—5m.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor, to locate and run lines at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. May 19, 69.

J. JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, having located at Clearfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtis Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kirk. May 19, 69.

GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he is a man who can be relied upon for his honesty and integrity. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Jan 7-39.

WALLACE & WALTERS, Real Estate Agents and Conveyancers, Clearfield, Pa. Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurances taken. Offices in new building, nearly opposite Court House. Jan. 5, 1870.

REMOVAL-GUN SHOP. The undersigned begs leave to inform his old and new customers, and the public generally, that he has fitted up a new GUN SHOP, on the lot on the corner of Fourth and Market streets, Clearfield, Pa., where he keeps constantly on hand, and makes to order, all kinds of Guns, also, guns repaired and revarnished, and repaired neatly on short notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. JOHN MOORE. June 9, 1869.

## 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 its sinus 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 Mucous. 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 these sources.

GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM.—Pain occurring in the loins 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 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. Physik, 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 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 remedy 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.

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. 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.  
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor Gen. Washington, D.C.  
And many others, if necessary.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers every where. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, N. Y.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of the Chemical Warehouse and signed.

June 15, 70-1y M. T. HELMBOLD.

## J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Frames, from any style of moulding made to order. CHAMBERS A SPECIALTY. Dec. 2, 65; Jy. 14-69-11.

"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE WALL," with its dusty FACE, may now put on a bright new DIAL, and henceforth keep the time of four or five of the great cities of the world, either in Europe or America, as you may desire, and keep your own time as before, also. It may be attached to any ordinary clock, and is both ornamental and useful. In the parlor it is ornamental, in the public house it is a matter of curiosity, and in the school room it is a matter of great utility. Send for a circular to S. H. PURDY, Oct. 19, 70-6m. Westover, Pa.

WEAVING! Mrs. R. CALDWELL. Having engaged in the WEAVING BUSINESS, at her residence near Logan's Mill, desires to inform her friends and the public that she has now and will keep constantly on hand, a well selected stock of COTTON, WOOLLEN and HEMP WARPS, and is prepared to furnish to order Carpet ready made, or warp and weaving. Weaving of all kinds done to order. If desired she can furnish cotton warp of all kinds for linen or woolen fitting. Wool and rags taken in exchange. Address: Mrs. R. CALDWELL, Curwensville, Pa. Oct. 12, 70-1y.

NEW STORE. Corner of Second St. and Hill Road. R. MITCHELL. Has just received and opened, at the above named place, an entire new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which he will sell very cheap for cash.

His stock consists of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready made Clothing, etc. He also keeps choice Flour, Corn Meal, Chop feed, Bacon, Fish and dried Fruits.

Persons desirous of purchasing goods at fair rates are respectfully requested to give him a call.

Approved country produce will be taken, at the highest prices, in exchange for goods. Clearfield, June 17, 1868.

GRAND OPENING THIS WEEK. French Mer