

The Kaffman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 28.

Select Poetry.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

The grass of the field shall be now my theme,
 For when winter is past, and the snow
 Has melted away from the earth like a dream,
 No flowers that in loveliness grow
 More dear, or more beautiful ever can be
 Than the simple grass of the field to me.

It springs up so quick, when showers call
 For every thing glad to come forth;
 And when the sun bursts from his rainbow cloud,
 As the rain passes off to the north—
 It shines in his glory, and laughs in his light,
 The grass of the field, so glistening and bright.

Happy children love in the grass to play,
 Thick and soft for their dancing feet;
 And there the wild bees gather honey all day
 From the clover so blushing and sweet.

And did not you know that the grass can yield
 A richer than those from the grass of the field.
 The lark makes his nest in the twining grass,
 And he makes his nest in the twining grass,
 His gladness most surely arise
 From the lowly content of that innocent nest,
 Which feeds in the grass of the field a safe nest.

There are few who notice the delicate flower
 That blooms in the grass at their feet,
 Yet the proudest plant in the greenhouse or hovey
 Is not so far more complete;
 And to those who observe—it is clearly revealed
 That God clothes with beauty the grass of the field.
 The mower comes out to mow and blithe,
 At the dawn of a summer's day,
 And the waving grass at the stroke of his scythe
 Is cut down and withers away;

But the fragrance it sends over valley and hill
 Makes the grass of the field loved and lovely still,
 And while on the perfume that we look,
 A soft voice in the summer wind
 Will whisper the words of the Holy Book
 To the humble and thoughtful mind—
 "All flesh is as grass," it will seem to say—
 "Like the flower of the grass ye shall pass away."

But oh! we will hope with a faith secure—
 Through the years of this mortal strife—
 On the words of the Lord, which forever endure
 For in them is eternal life.

Thus lessons of truth all our pleasures will yield,
 And wisdom we'll learn from the grass of the field.

THE DROP OF BLOOD.

Doctor N.—one of the most prominent surgeons of Pesh, was summoned at day-break one morning to see a person who pressing sought to be admitted to him. While waiting in the ante-chamber, the visitor desired the servant to add that every moment's delay was dangerous, as he stood in need of instant help.

The surgeon hastily throwing off his night robe, gave orders for him to be shown up at once.

It was an entire stranger, but one whose dress and manner proclaimed him a man belonging to the best class of society. His pallid cheeks spoke of some deep inward laceration of his mind; and his right hand rested in a silken sling. Though he succeeded perfectly in controlling the expression of his countenance, a low murmur of pain, in spite of all his efforts, broke forth repeatedly from his lips.

"Have I the honor of addressing Dr. N.—?" he asked, in a weak, almost fainting voice, as he approached the surgeon.

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon the question. I do not live in Pesh; I came from the country, and know you by reputation only. I regret not to be able to make your acquaintance under happier circumstances—"

The surgeon seeing that his visitor could scarcely stand on his feet, begged him to rest on his divan.

"I am weary; for a whole week I have not closed my eyes. I have been having a pain in my right hand, to which I can give no name. In the beginning I felt only a slight pain, but in a short time it commenced to burn with constantly increasing violence, growing to be a torture beyond the reach of the slightest alleviation. I have tried every obtainable remedy, far and near, but nothing relieves me—there remains the same piercing, cutting dead pain. Finally, I could bear no more; I got in a carriage and hastened here to you, that you might relieve me from my torment by an operation—the knife or iron, for I can support it no longer."

The surgeon here endeavored to encourage him, saying his suffering might be overcome by milder means than the use of the knife.

"No, doctor, neither a plaster nor yet any palliative can relieve it. What I need is the knife. For that alone did I come here."

Doctor N.—asked to be permitted to look at his hand, on which the sufferer, setting his teeth hard, held it forth. The surgeon, using the greatest precaution, began to loosen the bandage.

"Let me entreat you in advance, doctor, not to be overcome by anything you will see. My pain is so strange, so extraordinary, that it will certainly take you unawares. Hesitate at nothing, I pray you."

The surgeon assured the stranger that he was accustomed to everything, in his profession, and pledged himself to hesitate at nothing.

Nevertheless, when the hand appeared, he shrank back involuntarily, letting it fall heavily. The hand was apparently as sound, healthy-looking, and perfect as any other—not a spot was to be seen upon it.

A sharp cry from the sufferer, as he lifted the dropped hand with his left, proved that he had come in no jest, but that he suffered cruelly.

"Where doesn't it pain you?"

"Here, doctor," said the stranger, pointing to a place on the upper surface of his hand, where two veins parted from each other in faint blue lines. The surgeon marked him shuddering as he touched the spot with his finger.

"You feel the pain here?"

"Frightfully!"

"And you suffer from the pressure when I touch the place with my finger?"

The stranger was not in a condition to answer. Tears started to his eyes, so dreadful was the suffering.

"Wonderful! I distinguish nothing here!"

"And yet I experience there so inexpressible a pain that I could dash my head against the wall!"

The surgeon took a microscope, examined the place and shook his head.

"The skin is clear and healthy; the blood courses freely in the veins; there is no inflammation, no apparent hurt. The place is precisely in its natural state."

"I think it is somewhat redder."

"Where?"

"The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book, and drew a line around a spot the size of a half-kewtler."

"Here."

The surgeon carefully looked at this spot, and began to think that his patient was insane.

"Remain here," he said; "I may be able to assist you in a few days."

"I cannot wait. Do not think, sir, that you have a madman before you. This is a misfortune of which you will not like to cure me. The place I have indicated causes me such agony that, I repeat it, I have alone come here to have it cut out."

"Which, however, I will not do!" said the surgeon.

"And why not?"

"Because your hand is perfectly sound; so far as I can see, there is no more the matter with it than there is with my own hand."

"You are therefore, ready to decide that I am mad—you cannot believe me jesting," returned the stranger, taking a note for a thousand guineas out of his pocket-book, and laying it on the table.

"There, see this is no child's play, and that the service which I ask at your hands is of the highest necessity and importance to me. I entreat you, cut this spot from my hand!"

"And I say to you, sir, that all the wealth of the world would not induce me to look on a sound member as diseased, or make the slightest incision in such a one. To do it would be to do what my surgical knowledge condemns—it would put my reputation to shame—in a word, my duty forbids it! The whole world would maintain that you were a lunatic, but of me they would say either that I had been so unprincipled as to profit by your mania, or that I was too ignorant to perceive the error into which you had led me."

"So be it! At least you can accord me this favor. I will perform the operation myself. My left hand will, it is true, be somewhat unskilled, but let that pass. I will soon finish; you will surely have the goodness to dress the wound for me."

The surgeon marked with amazement beyond words that the strange being was in sad earnest, for he laid aside his coat, turned back his sleeves, and took his penknife in his left hand. Another moment and he would have plunged it deep into his right hand.

"Hold!" cried the surgeon, alarmed lest the stranger should sever an artery, "if the operation be really inevitable, then in the name of Heaven, let me perform it!"

On which, taking his surgical instrument in his hand, he laid the patient's right hand straight out in his own, at the same time requesting him to look another way.

"That is not necessary. Allow me to show you how deep the knife shall go."

And truly, during the whole operation, the stranger's resolution did not fail him; he himself directed the surgeon as to the depth of the incision; his hand never moved until the spot represented as the seat of the pain was cut out, when, throwing back his head, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Do you feel no more burning?" questioned the surgeon.

"It is entirely gone," answered the stranger, smiling; the torture has ceased. As for the slight pain which the wound occasions me, it is to the first pain what a warm breeze is compared to insupportable heat."

While the bandage was being applied, the appearance of the stranger totally altered. A calm, pleasant expression met the surgeon's eye, instead of the former look of intense pain; the brow grew clearer, the colorative, a returning love of life replaced the late cruel agitation—the whole man seemed transformed.

As the surgeon re-adjusted the stranger's hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by the left hand of the latter, who pressing it warmly, said to him in the most fervent tones:

"Receive for your most masterly service my most sincere thanks. You have laid me under a real obligation to you—for the remuneration on my part is small indeed, in comparison with the assistance which you have rendered me. I will be indebted to you all my life long."

But the surgeon's estimate of the value of his services was wholly different; he absolutely refused to accept the note for a thousand guineas, which lay on the table. The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had passed out of the door, when seeing the growing displeasure of the surgeon, he turned and begged him at all events to consent to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Dr. N.—visited his patient for a few days at the hotel where he was remaining, until his wound was completely healed. This was rapidly taking place. During the course of this the surgeon had an opportunity to make observations, which resulted in the conviction that he had to deal with a refined, accomplished man; one whose every word evinced not only extensive information but that knowledge of the world so agreeable when united with superiority of mind. Not the slightest trace of any ailment, either bodily or mental, was to be remarked after the operation.

The stranger returned to his estates shortly afterward, perfectly restored.

Three months had passed when the servant was again called upon to announce to the surgeon the arrival of his singular patient. The stranger was instantly admitted, appeared again with a bandaged arm; and so great was his suffering, that at first glance, his features were scarcely recognizable. Sinking into a chair, before the surgeon had time to offer him a seat, he stretched out his hand to him, no longer sufficient master of himself to control his griefs.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough," groaned the stranger; "the pain has returned—burns more fiercely than before. I could not at first bring myself to trouble you again; hoping that death would come and put an end to my existence. But what I longed for came not. The pain was, and still remains, concentrated in this one place. Look at me, and perhaps you will form an idea of my suffering."

The countenance of the stranger was white with agony, and cold drops covered his brow. The wound had healed; everything about the hand appeared sound and healthy as before, and the pulse beat evenly and naturally.

"This touches on the marvelous!" said Dr. N.— "It passes widely beyond everything in my past experience. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now for the cause, doctor, but free me from this torture. Take your instrument and insert it deeper than before; that alone will give relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this prayer. For the second time he performed the same operation; again did he remark the astonishing alteration in the countenance of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the bandage, a fresh color took the place of the patient's pallor, brightening the visage before he was gone. But the smile returned not now as before. Sadly he thanked the surgeon for his assistance.

"Thank you, doctor. Again the pain has ceased. In a few days the wound will heal me. Nevertheless, he not astonished if you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; please that thought out of your mind!" exclaimed the surgeon.

"I have an unerring conviction that that deadly pain will return at the end of a month," said the stranger dejectedly. "Besides, what is to happen to me must happen—till we meet again!"

The surgeon related to his colleagues the particulars of this unaccountable pain. They consulted together, but no one was able to offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explanatory of the case so strange.

Toward the end of the month Dr. N.—began to look forward, not without sadness, to again seeing the stranger; but time passed on, and he did not appear.

Thereupon several weeks elapsed, when the surgeon received a letter dated at his late patient's place of residence.

He opened it. By the first glance at the closely written pages within, he saw that the stranger had written the letter with his own hand, and inferred from this that the pain which assuredly would have prevented him from writing had not returned.

The contents of the letter were as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—I will no longer leave you in doubt concerning the fearful strange malady which I am about to carry with me into the grave. I will give you the origin of this terrible evil. For the third time within a week has this frightful pain returned. I will no longer struggle with it. At this moment I am only enabled to use my pen by placing a piece of burning sponge on the back of my hand, over the affected part. While this burns, I feel only the smarting caused by the intense heat, and that is nothing compared to the former pain."

Six months ago I was a happy man. I lived without care, upon my income, and was in peace and friendship with all the world, enjoying all the pleasure that a man of thirty-five finds to enjoy. A year ago I married—married for love. My choice fell upon a beautiful, accomplished, warm-hearted girl, the protégée of a countess in the neighborhood. This portionless maiden loved me—not from gratitude alone, though through me she had become mistress of my home, and sharer of all I possessed—she had truly a childlike love for me. For half a year each succeeding day brought me more happiness than the last. When I went to the city for a day, my wife could scarcely meet me; when I returned, she came to meet me a mile from home; and once when I had been belated, she never ceased her eyes the whole night long. When I occasionally prevailed upon her to pay a visit to the countess, who loved her tenderly, she always returned the same day; it seemed impossible for her to remain away from home and me more than half a day. Her love for me even went so far, that she gave up dancing, rather than rest her hand in the clasp of another. In a word, my wife was an innocent child, who had no other thought than of me.

I know not what demon one day whispered in my ear, "What if all this happiness?" Thus, man, in the midst of the greatest happiness, too often, experiences an insane desire to look for pain.

My wife had a little work-table, the drawer of which she kept invariably locked. I often noticed that she never left it open; never, by any chance, had forgotten to take out the key. This thought began to trouble me; what had she to conceal from me? I was certainly beside myself. I believed in her innocent countenance, her clear eyes, her kisses no more. What if these were but parts of the deception?

One day the countess visited us. She came to take my wife home with her, over-whelming her with persuasions to go and stay the whole day with her. Our estates lay not far distant from one another, and I gave my wife a promise to follow her soon.

Scarcely had the carriage left my courtyard, when I collected together all the keys I could find, and with them sought to open the drawer. At length I found one.

A looker-on would have taken me, as I drew out the drawer, for one who for the first time in his life was about committing a theft. I was a thief, opening a lock to steal from a weak woman her secrets.

My hand trembled as I came in contact with the different things in the drawer. I carefully avoided creating any disorder that might betray my presence. Suddenly my breast seemed as it crashed by iron hands; I felt on the point of suffocating! under a roll of lace lay a package of papers; quick as thought my heart whispered that they were letters; at the first glance, any one would have known them to be—love letters.

The package was bound together by a rose colored ribbon embroidered with silver. As I touched the ribbon, I thought, "Is this right? Is it not unworthy of an honorable man thus to steal the secrets of his wife—secrets which belonged to her maidenhood alone? Is she answerable to me for her thoughts and feelings before she became my wife? Should I be jealous of the time when she scarcely knew of my existence? But what if those letters date since I have had a right to watch over all her thoughts, to be jealous even of her dreams—since she has been my wife?"

I untied the ribbon. No one was there, no mirror near to point out on my cheek the mounting flush of shame. I opened one letter after another, and read them all through to the end.

Oh, that was a terrible hour!

Shall I tell you what was in those letters? The most despicable treachery ever practiced against a man. My best friend had written them; but in what tone? With what persuasive and passionate eloquence did he speak therein! How he planned and counseled the course a wife might take to deceive her husband! And all these letters were dated since my marriage—while I had been so happy! I had no word to picture what I experienced on reading them. It was a feeling like the working of a deadly poison. I drank this poison to the last drop. I read every one of those letters through by myself. Then I laid them in order, bound them together, covered them with the lace, and locked the drawer.

I was certain that my wife, if I did not go for her, would hasten home before evening. And so it was. How quickly she sprang from the carriage, and ran toward me; how she embraced me! How she kissed me! How happy she was to be with me again!

I allowed her to perceive nothing of the revolution that had taken place within me. We talked together, supped together, and retired as usual to our rooms, which were side by side. I did not close my eyelids. Awake, I continued hourly. As the first quarter past midnight struck, I stood in my chamber. Like a little angel in the midst of snowy clouds, lay her lovely, fair head in peaceful slumber upon the dazzling white pillows. What a monstrous lie of nature, to lead to sin features so innocent! I was as determined, as inflexible as a monomaniac in his fixed idea. The raging passion of jealousy had eaten into my soul. Softly I laid my hands upon her throat, and suddenly I pressed them together. That moment she opened her large, dark blue eyes, saw me with amaze, then closed them slowly. She was dead. She died without having had time to utter one word in her own defense, peaceful as in a dream. As I murdered her, she felt no anger toward me. Only a single drop of blood, pressed out of her mouth, fell on the back of my hand; where, you know but too well, . . .

She had no relations to inquire into the cause of her death, and I purposely delayed sending out to my friends invitations to the funeral, until it was too late for any of them to reach my place in time. No one upon my estate had any suspicion of the truth. Besides, I was master; who had any right to question me?

When all was over, and I was returning to my home, my conscience was not burdened in the least. She had deserved her fate. I thought of her no more.

On reaching my home, I found the countess, my wife's only female friend, just arriving. Like others, she had come after the hour appointed for the funeral. She was painfully agitated. Whether from sorrow or sympathy, I knew not, but the words of consolation with which she assayed to address me, were so confused, that I could scarcely understand them. At last she clasped my hands, and said in faltering tones, that she saw herself obliged to confide to me a secret, which she must entreat me not to reveal. She had given my wife a package of letters to keep for her—the contents were such that she could not keep them by her—she had now to beg me to return them to her. An icy shudder went through me as she spoke these words. With marked coldness I asked her what these

letters contained. The countess shrank back, and answered hastily:

"Oh, sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took these letters into her care, she did not ask me what they contained, but gave me her word to guard them well. And I am sure she has kept her pledge. She had a noble soul; it would have been impossible for her to break her solemn promise."

"Very well," said I; "how am I to know these letters?"

"They are tied together with a rose-colored ribbon embroidered with silver."

"I will look for them immediately."

"With this I took my wife's keys in my hand, and began to search for the package. I knew but too well where to find it."

"Is this it?" said I at last, bringing it to the countess.

"Yes, yes. Only see, here is the same knot I made; your wife never untied it."

I dared not lift my eyes—I feared that the countess would read in them that I had unlocked it—th, that I had gone further, and committed a monstrous crime! I took brief leave of her, excusing myself as best I could. I needed to be alone. The countess returned home. Her husband was in all his actions mean and brutal; his tastes were low, and wholly unworthy of his rank. Had I been such a man, I would have deserved to have such a wife. But my wife was an innocent, spotless angel, who loved me when I murdered her! . . . I remember nothing of what passed for hours; but this I know, that when I returned to consciousness, I was sitting on my wife's coffin in the vault. I was not yet so insane as to believe that I could awake her, but I wanted to speak to her. It seemed to me she would hear my words:

"By the true, upright love with which you once loved me, by the love which you took with you for me, down to the grave, I implore you have mercy on me, and avenge yourself in this life! Leave not my punishment to another world, but let me suffer here on earth—torture me, kill me! Wait not until I am dead, but avenge yourself now!"

Thus madly did I speak to the mortal remains of my wife; whereupon I slept, or rather swooned. I began to dream. Perhaps it was no dream. I seemed to see the lid of the coffin slowly open, and the form of my dead wife therein, as slowly arise. I was on my knees before the coffin, my hand resting on the side. Her lips were pale, but a drop of blood stood on them. Slowly she bent over me, opened her eyes as she had on that last time, and pressed a kiss on my hand. The red drop which had hung on her lips, rested on my hand; she closed her eyes, laid herself back again on her cold pillow, and the coffin closed over her.

Not long after, I was awakened by a frightful pain, like the sting of a scorpion. I hastened home. It was still daylight; no one had noticed my absence or return. The blood had disappeared from off my hand, but in the spot where the drop had rested, it was burning as if a corrosive poison had penetrated therein. This pain increased from hour to hour, without ever ceasing. Even in sleep I felt it. I said nothing of it to any one—no one would have believed it. You know, sir, what I must have suffered, and from what anguish your knife relieved me! Scarcely had the second wound healed, however, when the pain came anew. For the third time it now racks me, and I have not the strength to endure it longer. In an hour, I will say farewell to earth! Only the thought that, since she has been avenged here on earth, she will forgive me on the other side, gives me a ray of consolation.

I thank you for your heartfelt sympathy, and for your aid. God bless you.

TOOTH WASH.—The mouth has a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, warmer than is ever experienced in the shade in the latitude of New England. It is well known that if beef, for example, be exposed in the shade during the warmest of our summer days it will very soon begin to decompose. If we eat beef for dinner, the particles invariably find their way into the spaces between the teeth. Now if these particles of beef are not removed, they will frequently remain till they are softened by decomposition. In most months this process of decomposition is in constant progress. Ought we to be surprised that the gums and teeth against which these decomposing or putrefying masses lie should become subjects of disease? Much has been said *pro* and *con* upon the use of soap with the tooth brush. My own experience and the experience of members of my family is highly favorable to the regular morning and evening use of soap.

Castile or other good soap will answer this purpose. (Whatever is good for the hands and face is good for the teeth.) The slight unpleasant taste which soap has when we begin to use it will be unnoted. You have observed upon the teeth a yellow deposit, sometimes a black substance near the gums. If you examine either of them with a strong microscope, you will find it all alive with animalcules. These small animals live, keep house and raise families of children, and die in your mouths. Nothing that can be safely introduced into the mouth checks them like soap.

A Christian may triumph in the death of Christ! "Oh death! where is thy sting? Oh grave! where is thy victory? Oh hell! where is thy terror? Oh world! where is thy malice? Oh sin! where is thy strength? Oh my soul! where are thine accusers?"

The man who attempted to "clock his sins" could not find a garment large enough.

Business Directory.

- A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,** Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
- WALTER BARNETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW,** Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.
- 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,** dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Rooms in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 10.
- THOMAS J. McULLOUGH, 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, &c. June 19, 70.
- J. P. IRVIN, Successors to H. B. SMOOK** & CO., Law and Collection Office, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 30, 1870.
- A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines,** Fancy Articles, &c., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.
- E. B. REARD, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,** Kylerston, Pa. Specialties, his professional services to the citizens of that place and adjoining country. (Apr. 26—68.)
- OSBORN 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. Dec. 23, 1867.
- J. E. MENALTY, Attorney at Law,** Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building at J. Boyer's corner, 21st Street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.
- TEST, 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. FORCEY, Dealer in Squires and Saws** Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c., Granthamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 16.
- HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs,** Medicines, Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.
- CRATZER & SON, Dealers in Dry Goods,** Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c. Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.
- JOHN GUELLICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Ware,** Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, caskets and other articles generally with a brace. April 29.
- RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,** Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. Apr 27.
- WALLACE FIELDING, ATTORNEY AT LAW** Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace. Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. (Jan. 5, 1870.)
- H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW,** Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank and nearly opposite the Court House. (Jan. 20, 69.)
- FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone Ware,** Clearfield, Pa. Or Derby notified—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware 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. The best 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 the several courts of this county, and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.
- W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods,** Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c. Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sowed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders respectfully solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 18th, 1863.
- D. J. P. BURNFIELD—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 24 and Market Streets. (Oct. 4, 1865—66.)
- SURVEYOR—The undersigned offers** his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lower township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 25, 1867—H. JAMES MITCHELL.
- 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 Court Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Elkin. May 19, 69.
- GEO. 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 or well as well to give him a call, as he entertains himself that he can render satisfaction. Bonds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and ready executed. July 29.
- A GREAT OFFER—Horace Waters,** 481 Broadway, New York, will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of all first class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH. BARGAIN OFFER. FOR TERMS see prospectus mailed on request. 4-13-70.
- 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. Photos from any style of mounting made to order. CHROMOS A SPECIALTY. Dec. 2, 69—J.S. 11-69-71.
- J. BLAKE WALTERS, REAL ESTATE BROKER,** AND DEALER IN Saw Logs and Lumber, CLEARFIELD, PA. Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, etc. Office in Masonic building on Second Street, Room No. 1. Jan. 23, 71.
- SMALL PROFITS and QUICK SALES.** HARTSWICK & IRWIN are constantly replenishing their stock of Drugs, Medicines, &c. School books and Stationery, including the Good and National series of readers. Also—Tobacco and Cigars of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Call and see. Clearfield, Dec. 10, 1869.
- E. D. PERKS & Co's** Store, the best in market, for sale by J. SHAW & CO.

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 sues 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 these sources.

GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM—It is occurring in the loins is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalybeate concretions.

THE GRAVEL—The gravel issues 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—Helmold'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 Lysanti, or difficulty and pain in passing water, Spasmodic, 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

and the 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. HELMOLD, Druggist.

DEAR SIR:—I have been suffering, 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 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 Penn'a.
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 Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
 Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
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 And many others, if necessary.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmold'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. HELMOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 694 Broadway, N. Y.

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

June 15, 70-17 H. T. HELMOLD.