The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1871. VOL. 17.—NO. 32.

Select Poetry.

MAY TIME.

The south wind blows the tender spires
Of the young and fragrant grass,
And joyously, the winged choirs
Of spring-birds, singing, pass.

They pass me by nor leave me lone—
Comes back their sweet refrain,
As sweet as murmur of the brook
Swollen by summer's rain.

And now chimes in the same sweet stream,
Until I scarcely know
Whether the sweeter sing the birds
Or the sparkling waves below.

Anear the jasmin from its perch
Of trellised bars droops low,
And the olden apple-tree abloom
Drops blossoms pure as snow.

The softened hum of the early bee—
A low, sweet undertone—
And the constant tide of the lily-lake
With its cradled buds unblown.

The sigh of the pine on the west hillside—
The graceful boughs of the birch,
And the unmoved arms of the constant oak
That shadows the village church.

Afar, afar behold the hills
In their regal verdure dressed,
Crowned by blue—caressed by clouds
That brood in graceful rest.

My spirit soars as do the clouds—
Clings to the steadfast heights—
Longeth to know the yet unknown
Beyond the sunset lights

The purple shadows steal athwart
The bright, bright shining stream;
The sweet, sweet birds are flown to rest—
The folded roses dream.

And the spicy sweet of the yellow bloom
Of the current fills the air,
Until my soul can only know
That earth is very fair.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

There dwelt in California, some years ago, three friends, wild fellows enough, who had seemingly linked their fortunes for the better or worse, and who, whatsoever their luck, were constantly in each other's company.

These young men were Charles Chester, Harry Bray, and Edward Warren. They were more brotherly than many brothers, more akin than many kinsmen. True to each other, even when women and money were between them. Damon and Pythias, with a twin Damon added. For a long time they had been very poor; at last fortune favored them. Each had a certain sum, by no means contemptible, stowed away in the leathern belt he wore about his waist. Each carried a gold watch, and each wore a suit of clothes supposed by himself to be the latest style and choicest fashion. Moreover their revolvers were perfect; silver mounted, and rejoicing in a multiplicity of barrels; for without these it would be quite impossible to maintain a position in this quarter of the world in any society.

How they came by these possessions we will not inquire too particularly. They were neither burglars nor highwaymen, but dice and betting may have helped them to the winning of their fortunes. They were not over scrupulous, but would have knocked any man down who neglected to address them as gentlemen, and used those wonderful revolvers promptly on any "stranger" who objected to drink with them, and consequently, stood rather high in the community. Certainly, in their conduct to each other they were faultlessly honored and miraculously generous.

One day, soon after "luck" had come to its best, a letter directed in a tremulous, woman's hand to "Charles Chester," was handed to that member of the trio in the presence of the other two. The young fellow seized it eagerly, tore it open, read it through, and, tearing off his belt, spread its contents before him upon the table and counted it over. Having done so, he burst into tears, and very unwisely and profoundly cursed himself for extravagance, and requested for himself all sorts of uncomfortable things here and hereafter, a proceeding which seems to relieve some men extremely, though why it would puzzle the unenlightened to declare. The cause of all this, as his comrades soon discovered, was that his mother had written to him from her little farm in a Southern State, to tell him a doleful tale of sickness, death among the stock, etc., and a final crash. A mortgage was almost due, and, as the old people would find it impossible to meet it, they would be sold out and left homeless in their age. "It will kill your father," wrote the mother, "and I will die with him."

"I did it all," said the young fellow, sobbing openly. "My debts and my wild ways encumbered them at first, and now look."

And he pointed to the gold upon the table, and began his profane litany again. The mortgage was three thousand dollars, and he had but two thousand.

"Is that all?" cried Ned Warren, hauling at his belt.

"Good Heaven! What does he take me for?" cried Harry Bray, furiously. "Five hundred apiece and the expenses of the journey are about the figure. There, go to the old folks. We'll see about your horse while you pack your bag."

This set the other oath again; but in a joyful style this time. They were trumps and bricks, and by everything he could think of he'd do for them if there were any need of it.

"He'd pay them back if he lived, he'd—he'd—bless them;" and so choked off into sobs again, at which they left him to recover, returned with a horse and a well-filled pocket flask, and saw him set forth upon his mission as though the "old folks" had been their old folks also.

They waited for news from him, but none came. They waited quietly at first, then impatiently; at last they heard this: He had never been seen at home, or by any one who knew him, since the day on which they had shook hands with him. Some terrible fate had befallen him in the lonely places over which he had journeyed alone. To doubt him never entered their minds. They must discover his fate, and if it were what they supposed, avenge him.

So one bright morning, well mounted, well armed, and followed by a favorite dog, a hound who would by no means be left behind, the two set forth in search of their lost comrade. They took the road he must have taken, and asked at every tavern and cabin for news of him. One old man remembered him well; another had pointed out the dangerous place in the road leading past a precipice to a man of their lost friend's description, but at that point the clue was lost. After much travel and many inquiries, our comrades began to fear that they should have paused to examine the rocks and ravines at the foot of the precipice alluded to, ere they proceeded further, and determined to turn back and do so. They came to this resolution about nightfall, and just as they reached the borders of a little farm, which bore evidence of careful tillage. Upon this land stood also a farm-house, from the crevices in the shutters of which streamed long bars of ruddy lamplight, and whence the sound of music was plainly heard. It was the only dwelling within sight.

"We will stay here," said one friend to the other, "until dawn and then return."

That the house was not an inn did not matter to either of them. Hospitality was never refused in the land at that day.

They rode boldly up to the gate and gave a loud hallo. In an instant the door opened, and they could see within a sudden panic in a lively dance, as all heads turned to see what had caused this interruption.

"Can you let us sleep here to-night," inquired one of the friends, as one asks who fears no refusal.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said a pleasant voice. "You're welcome. You'll find a stable there, and corn for your horses. Our man Jack is on the floor to-night, but here's a lantern if you'll tend to yourselves."

"All right, stranger," said Harry, "and thank you, too."

And the two men led their horses into a stable, already full. Ned watered them and secured them for the night, and would have left the place at once, but that one of the animals attracted Harry's attention. He turned back to look him, examined him from head to foot, turned red and pale, and suddenly clutched Ned's arm.

"You remember the horse we bought for Charles Chester," he asked.

"Yes," said Ned.

"Look at the fellow," said Harry. "Yes, the very one. The star on his forehead, the scar on his fore-leg, the color, the height, Ned, it's Charley's horse!"

"It is the horse," said Ned, slowly. "Harry, if Charley had lived to go, his horse would have gone with him."

"The owner of this animal may know all we need to hear," said Harry. "It won't be good news, Ned."

Ned shook his head, and sadly and slowly the two went toward the house. They found the dancing at its height, and that this was the home-coming of the farmer's bride, a pretty young woman with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, of whom the stalwart bridegroom seemed very fond and proud.

"Sit down, strangers," said an old man near the door. "You've come at a merry time, and won't get much attention. My son is jest the happiest fellow out, I believe. You see they've been waitin' quite a spell and he had no luck, none at all, and it seemed he'd got to give up; but six months back he had a streak. Wonderful! explained it, but I don't remember, so he sends for her and me from Connecticut. She's an orphan gal; and as soon as her school term was over—she was teaching, ye know—she come. This is their house-warming, and them's the neighbors. They all like Ike. Ike's a good fellow—a real good fellow, though I say it. Take a nip, strangers—don't be afraid of the jug. I'll fill it again. Why, what ails your dog?"

The dog left outside was howling rather fearfully.

"Wants to come in, perhaps," said Ned, "but it mightn't be agreeable to the ladies."

"Bring him in," said the old man; but the dog would not come.

He stood beside a patch of grass in the garden howling wofully, and scratching and tearing with all his might. Leave the spot he would not, and the friends, as they saw him, and remembered the horse in the stable, felt the blood curdle in their veins.

"Whose horse is that with a white scar on his foreleg—a handsome brown horse with wonderful eyes?" whispered Harry to the old man.

"That's my son's horse," said the old man.

"Where did he buy it?" asked the other.

"Don't know," said the old man, laughing childishly. "Come to him with the rest of his good luck six months ago."

Again the dog outside began to howl. Again the friends felt cold chills creep over them.

"Where are we to sleep?" asked Edward of the old man. "We don't want supper—we need rest."

"I'll show you," said the old man. "The house will be full to-night, but you'll not mind roughing it."

And he led the way to an upper room where a rude bed was already spread.

"Just lie down here, strangers," he said. "There's a blanket, if you're cold, and there's a candle. Good night."

And he left them. But not asleep. The two men had sought solitude that they might commune with each other. Yet now they could only say, "What does this mean?" They had said it in as many ways a dozen times, when Harry, by accident, lifted his eyes to a peg in the rough wall. On it hung something which riveted his gaze with horror. Yet it was an object quite common and innocent in itself—only a pair of brown saddle-bags, rather new in appearance, and with the letters "C. C." on the side.

"Look!" he cried. "Look, Edward!"

The other, in turn, stood mute for a time, then gave a spring toward the peg, tore the bags down and opened them. Within they found garments they knew their friend had worn, an empty belt, and the daguerreotype of a young lady of whom they had known him to be very fond.

"His horse in the stable, his saddle-bags and belt here, the dog howling on the turf without—what does it all mean?" cried Harry again.

And Ned answered, "We shall soon see," and strode in to the great room where the dancing was going on, and up to the bridegroom, standing at the head of a Virginia reel, with his bride's hand in his own.

"Stop a bit," cried Ned, furiously. "We have a question to ask. Whose horse is that in the stable—the brown one with a star on the forehead?"

"Mine," said the farmer turning deadly white.

"And the saddle-bags up stairs, marked C. C.?"

The farmer turned paler.

"Gentlemen," he said, "wait until morning and I will explain everything."

"We choose to learn the truth for ourselves," said the young man fiercely.

"You had a mysterious streak of luck six months ago, I understand from the old man there," said Harry Bray.

"Not very mysterious," said the farmer. "I went to the digging and fell in with a nugget, as for the horse I found him and the saddle-bags, too. If you know to whom they belong, he's welcome to them."

"They belong to the man you murdered for his money, and buried in the ground yonder, where the dog stands howling," cried Harry Bray. "We are going to dig there, and Heaven help any man who hinders us!"

"Dig where you choose," said the farmer. "I am too well known here to be afraid of two madmen. *I* murder a man—I! There I am a fool to care for such words! Dig, confound you! Many a horse strays in the woods; many a man found one, as well as I. Come neighbors, set the fiddles going, and let the madmen dig."

And the spades sank into the turf, and the terrified guests gathered around, and the bride clung to her husband's arm, and the music was dumb, and the dog's long melancholy howl filled the air; and, at last, just as the rising moon flung her yellow beams upon the new dug earth, Ned Warren cried in an awful voice, "He is here!" And the two friends lifted from the grave that which had been a man, with long death-grown black hair falling down over his shoulders.

He had been shot in the head and thro' the heart, and there was no doubt in either mind that it was the body of their lost friend. The farmer seemed petrified with horror. The bride fell into a death-like swoon, the guests fell away from their host, and looked at him askance. The father tore his hair and pleaded for mercy. But there was no mercy in any heart there. The avengers were all powerful. The great room adorned for festival and mirth was turned into a court-room. The women thrust from it, the men remained. On the raised stand where the fiddlers had been seated, Harry Bray now took his seat in the character of Judge Lynch. The jury was named, the mock trial hurried on, the accused called upon to answer. He plead not guilty. He denied any knowledge of that a grave lay near his home. He persisted in the repetition of the statement that he had found the horse and the saddle-bags, but he admitted there had been money in the latter.

He stood before them looking very unlike a murderer, calling on them for justice—calling on God to witness the truth of his words; speaking of his young wife and his old father; bidding his neighbors remember that he had never done them any wrong.

Judge Lynch has no mercy, no compassion, belief in the possibility of false accusation; and this Judge Lynch was an avenger of blood. Then was what the end of such a trial generally is; the sentence, the awful one of death; and in less than three hours from the moment on which they first saw the bridegroom happy and blithe, standing at the head of a gay country dance, his body dangled a horrible sight to look upon, from the branch of a tree that shaddowed what all believed his victim's grave.

When all was over they found the old father dead in his chair beside the fire-place, and found among the women a hopeless gibbering maniac, whom they would hardly have known for the rosy-cheeked young bride.

They were revenged, but at what cost? The two men returned to their homes, saddened and altered, and yet not remorseful, for they had but avenged their comrade, and this, to them, seemed common justice. The legal code of border life had been adhered to; but for the last look at the mad bride they could scarcely have recognized how awful all this had been. They lived on together, friends still, speaking of Charley, and fancying that in some other world he might even know how well they had revenged themselves upon his murderer.

And so five years passed. And one day the two went together into a coffee-room kept by an old Frenchman in the city of San Francisco, and, being in low spirits, out of luck, and with slender purses, were sitting disconsolately over their meal, when a hand came down on each shoulder, and a voice cried, "Found at last! I've searched the city for you. Heaven bless you, dear boys!"

It was Charles Chester, handsome and cheerful, well-dressed, and well-to-do looking Charles Chester, whose murderer they believed themselves to have lynched years before.

And this was the story he told them, wondering at their pallid looks and awe-struck silence the while: "The money he had with him being in gold and heavy for his belt, he placed it in his saddle-bags, and had completed many miles of his journey, when, near a new and apparently deserted dwelling, he saw a man lying, groaning terribly. Dismounting, he assisted him, and found that he was a traveler who had been set upon by ruffians, and robbed and wounded. He had crawled to this house for assistance, but found it empty, and now lay dying in the road. Charles Chester had done his best for the poor fellow, without avail. He died in his arms just as the sun went down; and by its fading light, he had dug a grave on the turf before the empty house, and there buried him. There was no one in sight, and his fears of an attack upon himself warned him to hurry on; but when the last sad rites over, and he turned to remount his horse, it was gone. The animal had escaped into the woods, and, with night coming on, all search seemed hopeless. The money in the saddle-bags rendered the loss a maddening one. He threaded his way through the underbrush, calling his steed by name, until total darkness hid all objects; and, at last, striking his head violently against a tree, he fell to the ground insensible. When he came to himself he was lying in a wagon, to which he had been conveyed by a kindly German who could speak no English. In falling he had broken his arm, and was very weak and ill. Before he was able to communicate his story to any one, all hope of recovering either horse or money had deserted him. He was in despair. He could not assist his parents. To return to his friends would be to cast himself upon their bounty. This he would not do; and his struggles had been great at first, but they were over now. He had done well by "the old folks," and had returned to pay his debts and resume his friendship with his old friends."

He was with them—he lived. The farmer had doubtless told the truth. He did not know why the turf had grown so green in the little yard, and he had found the horse at large in the woods, and knew nothing of the rider; but the thing had been done and could not be undone—the dead brought to life, or the maniac's mind restored, or the blood washed from the murderer's hands.

Of course they told their story, and of course they believed their friendship as warm as ever; but it was not so. They never would meet each other again as of yore. The two could not forget the man they had lynched to avenge their friend, and doubted the propriety of returning alive and merry to trouble their consciences, which were quiet enough so long as he seemed dead. As for Charles Chester, he cleared the murdered man's memory among his neighbors, and saw the wild-eyed, white-faced woman, who only shook her head and moaned and muttered when he spoke to her; and then he too was content to say good-bye to those who had done the deed—albeit for his sake.

So the three parted, each going his own way; for thus it seemed easier to forget the deed done by Judge Lynch and his court upon the day of the bride's coming home.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.—The Gridiron.—To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

The Mirror.—If a mirror is broken it is a sign that a good-looking lass will be missed in that house.

Pocket Book.—To lose a pocket book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

Nails.—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky—for her husband.

Roosters.—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is a sign of mo(u)rning.

An itching ear.—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and ill luck will be averted.

A young lady once observed, "When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves."

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

At New York a short time ago, a person applied to the proper court to be divorced from his wife because she would persist in putting her cold feet against him when in bed.

"Money makes the man." Perhaps it does; but *Punch* thinks it particularly necessary that man should make money first.

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.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar '70.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

THO'S J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

WM. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa., Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Good, etc. June 15, 70.

J. P. IRVIN. : : : : D. L. KREBS.

IRVIN & KREBS, (Successors to H. B. Swoope), LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. [Nov. 30, 1870.

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

F. B. READ, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Kylertown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Apr. 20–6m.

ORRIS T. NOBLE, 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–y.

J. B. M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boyn t m, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

I. 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 Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct 10.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationary, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa Dec. 6, 1865.

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

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. Apr 16, '59.

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.

J. J. LINGLE, Attorney at Law, Osceola, Clearfield county, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Clearfield and Centre counties. All business promptly attended to. [Mar 15, 71.

WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace. Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan. 5, '70-yp

WM. A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield Pa., will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank, and directly opposite the Court House. [June 30, '69

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863

MANSION 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 in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

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

W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1868

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. 4, 1865—6mp.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 6th, 1867.-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

DR. W. C. MOORE, Office, (Drug Store) 12 West Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa. Special attention given to the treatment of all forms of *Chronic and Constitutional Diseases* Consultation by letter with parties at a distance. Fee $2.00 for first consultation—subsequent advice free. [Mar 15, 71–6m

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, '69.

GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. 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 flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed je8 70-yp

A GREAT OFFER. Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York.

will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of six first class makers, including Chickering & Sons, AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH DURING THIS MONTH, or will take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid. 4–13–'70–1y

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. Office in Masonic building, on Second Street—Room No. 1. Jan. 25, '71.

BOOTS! BOOTS!! BOOTS!!! BOOTS!!!!

FRENCH KIP,	$6 00
FRENCH CALF,	5 00
LIGHT KIP,	5 00

at KRATZER & LYTLE'S, Sep. 21, 1870. Opposite the Jail

CANNED FRUIT.—Canned Plums, Peaches and canned corn, etc., for sale at the Drug Store of A. I. SHAW.

ED. PERKS & Co's flour, the best in market, for sale by J. SHAW & SON.

MENS', YOUTHS' AND BOYS', CLOTHING.

The undersigned having recently added *READY-MADE CLOTHING* to his former business, would respectfully solicit an examination of his stock. Being a practical Tailor he flatters himself that he is able to offer a better class of ready-made work than has heretofore been brought to this market.

Any one wishing to buy goods in this line would save money by calling at his store, and making their selections. ALSO, a full supply of Gents' furnishing goods always on hand.

Feeling thankful for past favors, he would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

April 23, 1869. H. BRIDGE.

1871. SPRING GOODS! 1871.

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON! THE CHEAPEST IN THIS MARKET!

BUY! BUY!! BUY!!!

OF

KRATZER & LYTLE,

Your Dry Goods, Your Groceries, Your Hardware, Your Queensware, Your Notions, Your Boots & Shoes, Your Leather, Your Shoe Findings, Your Flour and Fish, Your Bacon and Feed, Your Stoves, Your Carpet Chains, Your Hats and Caps, Your Wall Papers, Your Oilcloths, Your Carpets, Your Window Curtains.

SALT! SALT!! SALT!!! at wholesale to country merchants.

OILS, PAINTS, GLASS, &c., A liberal discount to builders.

Everything that you need can be had at great advantage to the buyer, at KRATZER & LYTLE'S, Market Street, Mar. 22, '71. Clearfield, Pa., op. the Jail.

REED Brothers REED Brothers REED Brothers REED Brothers

REED REED BRO'S REED BRO'S REED BRO'S REED BRO'S

Are receiving this week a large and attractive stock of

FANCY DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS, &c.,

to which the attention of buyers is invited.

SPLENDID PLAID DRESS GOODS, 25 and 30 cents.

SPLENDID BLACK ALPACA, 25 and 30 cents.

SPLEFDID SUMMER SHAWLS, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.

SPLENDID LACE POINTS, $4.00 and $4.50.

SPLENDID LINEN DAMASK, 45, 50 & 60 cts. per yard.

ELEGANT MARSEILLES QUILTS, $2.00 and $2.50.

GOOD NAPKINS, 75 cts., 87 cts., $1.00 and $1.25 per dozen.

GOOD TOWELS, 12½ and 18¾ cents each.

GOOD TOWELING, 10 and 12½ cents.

SPLENDID PIQUES, 18, 20, 25 and 31 cents per yard.

GOOD CALICO, 6¼, 7, 8 and 10 cents per yard.

MUSLIN, YARD WIDE, 8 cents yer yard.

HAIR GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

CURLS, 35 cents. BEST SWITCHES, 20 cents.

NEW CHIGNONS, VERY CHEAP.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

New Spring Styles of HATS AND BONNETS!

The choicest line of FLOWERS in the market.

SUNDOWNS, in great variety.

Now Styles LADIES' COATS, &c., &c.,

And thousands of other things of which we would like to tell you but for the want of time, being too busy selling goods.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL!

REED BROTHERS, MARKET ST., CLEARFIELD, PA.

BUTTER, EGGS, WOOL, and all marketable produce taken. March 15, 71.

GROUND AND UNGROUND SPICES, Citron, English Currants, Essence Coffee, and Vinegar of the best quality, for sale by HARTSWICK & IRWIN. Jan. 10.

DRY GOODS—the cheapest in the county, a MOSSOP'S. May 29, '67.

THE KIDNEYS.

The Kidneys are two in number, situated at the upper part of the loin, surrounded by fat, and consisting of three parts, viz: the Anterior, the Interior, and the Exterior.

The anterior absorbs. Interior consists of tissues or veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine and convey it to the exterior. The exterior is a conductor also, terminating in a single tube, and called the Ureter. The ureters are connected with the bladder.

The bladder is composed of various coverings or tissues, divided into parts, viz: the Upper, the Lower, the Nervous, and the 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 Dysurie, 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, [illegible] always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physick, 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 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, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure; knowing then it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections.

M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

Hon. Wm. Bigler, ex-Governor Penn'a.
Hon Thomas B Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor, Penn'a.
Hon. Ellis Levis, 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 everywhere. 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 my Chemical Warehouse and signed

June 15, '70–1y H. T. HELMBOLD.