The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1871. VOL. 17.—NO. 33.

Select Poetry.

SPRING.

A greeness light and tender
Re-clothes each field and plain—
it is the new year's gladness
Returning once again.

It is the spring so welcome
After chill winter's sway,
Bidding each sorrow vanish,
And every heart be gay.

I too awake from dreaming,
For ch! I look on thee!
So is my winter over
And spring revives in me.

APRIL.

Through all her thousand pores.
Old earth awakens from her winter's dream,
And dozing nature feels the quickening pulse
That stirs to life within her torpid breast,
And gushes out in little rills of joy.
Which gently breathe their softly murmured thanks
For all that is, and is so soon to be.
The sun mounts high in his daily course,
And casts his mid-day beams in burning rays;
Yet fails to melt the deeply drifted banks
In sheltered nooks, and shadowy hollows piled.
The swelling bud and the tiny pushing leaf
Shows moving life within its woody veins,
Which by and by shall burst upon the view
In all its glorious wealth of leaves and flowers.
The early birds, so late from southern climes,
Awake us with the r native songs of praise,
And lowing cattle join in the glad refrain
Which man fills up and offers to his God.

THOSE JEROME GIRLS.

Those Jerome girls had a piano, and what Aunt Prissy calls "bristles carpet," on their parlor floor. They had lately introduced into their front door yard, a game, which the good lady persisted in designating as "crocket," with a dim notion that it was an invention made by David Crocket, and therefore disreputable.

There was a little odd cornering window, where Aunt Prissy sat at work; and from there she could look over into the Jerome place, which had been fixed and improved until it was quite a tasteful and pretty residence. The old squat farm house, with its blinking windows and overhanging eaves, faced by that admiration of the ancients, a red barn, had been altered into a tasteful cottage, with a piazza embowered in honeysuckle and rose vines. The barn had been moved out of view, opening a prospect to the river, with its fringy willows. A neat, ornamental fence had been built, and trees and shrubs planted and flower beds laid out.

Aunt Prissy shook her head ruefully over what she called those "doin's" every time she looked out of the little cornering window: and she did look out many times a day, somewhat to the detriment of her reeling and knotting on a little wheel, a reminiscence of her girlhood she had never given up. For Aunt Prissy sighed heavily over the degeneracy of modern stocking yarn; and, if anything, to her mind, was an outward and visible sign of the approaching end of the world, it was "them flimsy bought things through which a person can poke their finger."

"I don't believe Uncle Abner ever would have thought of making such changes in the old place," Aunt Prissy remarked to her sister-in law, Mrs. Babbett, who was fond of good old ways too, and loved the store of nice, old-fashioned things in the Babbett farm house, and yet had thought more and lived more in her time than Aunt Prissy had, "if it hadn't been for the hectorin' of them girls." And the old lady held up a long, cotton sock she was knitting for her favorite nephew, Asa (she always knit Asa's stockings three inches longer in the leg thad she did the others) and she looked at it critically through her glasses.

"It does folks good to get stirred up once in a while," remarked Mrs. Babbett, who was stepping about in her bruskins, to brush up the tidy room, with great patches of sunshine lying on the rag carpet and the braided mats, and lighting up a grain of dust if there had been one; "and Uncle Abner has appeared younger and smarter," she added, "ever since the girls got back from school. The improvements have given him something to think about besides his rheumatiz."

"There they are, crocketing again," cried Aunt Prissy, putting her wrinkled old face out between the dimity curtains with smells of southern wood and sweet clover coming through the open window. "I can't for the life of me see what sense there is in knocking them balls around. They'd a sight better be doing something useful. I'll be bound Uncle Abner don't get his socks mended once a month. Do hear 'em laugh and holler like loons. I must say, Mirandy, that sounds brazen."

"It's only a bit of fun," replied Mrs. Babbett, who was putting up her combs now, before the glass. "And for my part I like to see the young folks enjoy themselves. It carries me back to my own young days."

"There was no such goings on when we were gals," remarked Aunt Prissy, pushing her cap frill more out between the window curtains, and letting her knitting rest in her lap. "It makes me ache, most, when I think how pertickler Miss Jerome was about the house; and now look there at the doors all stretched open, as if it was gen'ral trainin', and the muslin curtins a blowin' out of the front room winders, and the sun streamin' right in on that bristles carpet, and everything speckled with flies."

"Sophy says she won't have anything in the house too good to use every day," put in Mrs. Babbett, sitting down in her favorite rocker, in one of the patches of sunlight and gently oscillating to and fro, with a big, yellow pussy cat at her feet, and basket of the week's mending close by her elbow. "She wants to keep the rooms light and open, because they look pleasant; and her notion is to make life cheerful."

"Well," sighed Aunt Prissy, "I should think poor Miss Jerome would almost groan in her grave. They know how to make the money fly; and a man would need a pretty long puss that would marry one of them girls. To my thinking, they'll stay single many a long day. Sensible young men like our Asa ain't a goin' to be kitched by such highty tighty creatures, with rag bags stuck on the back of their heads. I say them Jerome girls is highty tighty creatures with their new notions; and for my part, I pity Uncle Abner, for I don't believe he has any peace of his life."

"You needn't pity him," quietly remarked Mrs. Babbett. "Bless your heart he likes it. You never saw a good-natured old man yet who wasn't pleased to have his girls pussying around him. It will keep him smart for ten years yet."

"Wall," remarked Aunt Prissy, taking up her knitting needles again and beginning to clank them vigorously. "I guess he'll have a chance to keep them by him yet awhile. They ain't going to marry off so dreadful easy, let me tell you. Our Asa and Henry Fisher love to run there, and they'll fool round as much as you please; but when it comes to marrying that's another story."

"Uncle Abner won't want his girls to marry any more than other folks, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they was old maids after all," said Mrs. Babbett.

A number of days passed, and Aunt Prissy got the notion into her head that there was a mystery going on in the house—something to be hushed and kept out of sight. She had heard her brother Ben and his wife talking late at night; and Asa, her favorite, seemed hardly himself. He hurried in to his meals, and was off again, appearing to have lost all his relish for jokes and fun, although he was unusually particular about his clothes. Nathan, the younger brother, kept nudging and poking Asa; and twice he made him downright vexed, so that Uncle Ben was obliged to speak, although there was a queer, dry smile curling round his lips at the time. Aunt Prissy pricked up her ears and opened her eyes, and wondered what was to pay, but she was too proud to ask.

"I should just like to know what Asa brought home from Milton in that big paper bundle," said she, trotting out after sister-in law into the sweet milk room.

"Why, did he bring home a bundle?" inquired Mrs. Babbett, and looking half guilty at her pretence of ignorance.

"Yes, of course he did; and you know well enough, Mirandy. There's some conjuring going on in this house, that you're all trying to hide from me; but thank the Lord, my curiosity won't kill me!" and she flounced back into the sitting-room before Mrs. Babbett could devise an answer.

In spite of her offended dignity, the old lady kept thinking of that bundle; and at last she opened the chamber door and crept up the stairs, and slipt into Asa's room, softly pulling out the bureau drawer, for fear Mirandy should hear a squeak and guess what she was about.

"I vum!" she exclaimed aloud, "if here ain't a bran new suit of clothes; the finest kind of broadcloth, as smooth and shiny as satin, every bit good enough to be married in, and better than his father ever had since the day he was born. The extravigant young dog! I wonder what he wants of a white vest?"

When Mrs. Babbett came into the sitting room ready to slick up a bit after her morning's work, there Aunt Prissy sat in the cornering window, with the dimity curtains fluttering in the fresh breeze, and breaking the shadows of the morning vines and balsains opening white and red, in the little strip of ground beneath. The Jerome place looked just as open and inviting as usual with dew clinging to the pink roses about the porch and a pair of tripping hands playing a tripping tune on the piano. Aunt Prissy had forgotten her tiff, and thought best to conceal her discovery concerning the clothes.

"Land o' Goshen," said she, all of a sudden, "if there ain't our Asa going into the Jerome's front gate. What arrant can he have at this time o' day? And Henry Fisher has just hitched his horse by the post. I think them girls ought to be ashamed of themselves. Uncle Abner is coming out now, and Matildy has run out after him with that rag-bag stuck on the back of her head, all frizzled and frowzled. I don't see how anybody can call that girl purty. She's fussing round the old man, brushing his coat and quirking up his hair, and he looks as pleased as Cuffy. I do believe Uncle's getting childish. Mercy on us Melindy, Elder Halleck has just arriv' in his shay; and they've brought out into the stoop some chairs, and Uncle Ab has gone round the house with him. I've as good mind as ever I had to eat to happen over and see what it's all about. Couldn't you trump up some excuse for me, Melindy? You know I don't want to have it appear as if I mistrusted anything."

"You might borrow a nutmeg," replied Mrs. Babbett, demurely, looking down at her work. "I thought I should make some cake, and we are just out."

"That's the talk," said Aunt Prissy. So she put on her shaker, and trotted across the road. The moment she was out of the house, Mrs. Babbett burst into a hearty laugh; and Uncle Ben, who appeared to have been lying concealed in the wood-shed, came in, and sitting down, went off into a regular guffaw.

"The cat's out of the bag by this time Melindy," said he, when he could manage to speak. "And won't the old lady steam? I should like to see her."

"I am afraid we have carried the thing too far," returned Mrs. Babbett. "She won't get over it easy."

Meanwhile Aunt Prissy had traversed the pleasant, shady door yard of the Jerome place, and mounted the front steps. The fron't door was standing wide open. She walked in with a neighborly freedom, and tapped at the parlor door which was slightly ajar. A low murmurous, humming, buzzing, cooing sound appeared to issue from the appartment; but still no voice said "walk in." The old lady's impatience grew apace; and at last she gave the door a push and entered the room unbidden. Good gracious! what a sight met her eyes. There sat Harry Andrews "snuggled" as she afterwards expressed it, close up to Tilly Jerome with his arm tucked cosily round her waist; while the young lady herself looked flustered and rosy, with the obnoxious rag-bag somewhat discomposed.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Matildy Jerome," cried Aunt Prissy, pointing her long finger, with righteous indignation expressed on every feature, "to be sparking with that young man right in open daylight?"

"And why shouldn't we be sparking?" cried Harry Andrews, as bold as brass, holding Tilly a little tighter, "when we mean to be married to-morrow?"

Aunt Prissy was stunned, and dazed. She felt as if she had been suddenly taken with the blind staggers. Without another word, she walked out of the room as straight as a candle. Her ideas were so completely obfusticated that, instead of going out of the front door, she proceeded down a little passage way and on to a porch that led into the vegetable garden. Behind a screen of lilac and snowball bushes voices were issuing and merry laughter.

Those were the tones of Asa Babbett her favorite nephew. Aunt Prissy's heart stood still, and then it gave a great jump.

"The old lady don't suspect a thing," said he. "There never was such a sell. Won't she be knocked up when I introduce you as her niece?"

"I'm almost sorry you played such a prank; for I want her to learn to like me." It was Sophy Jerome's voice that uttered these words.

Aunt Prissy waited to hear no more. In a towering rage she flew down the steps and presented herself to the astonished pair, who naturally changed their position in haste and turned a variety of bright colors.

"You ain't fooled the old woman quite so bad as you thought to!" she cried with her eyes flashing and the specs just ready to tumble off the tip of her nose.

Asa saw he must face the music; so he tried to laugh it off. "Don't make too serious a thing of it. Auntie," said he, in a coaxing tone, "Sophy ain't a bit to blame. I did it all for a joke, and meant to confess and beg pardon before I went to bed to-night."

"I didn't think you'd do such a thing, Asa Babbett," and a series of dry twitches began to convulse the old lady's mouth and chin. "I could stand 'most any kind of hectoring, and never minded your putting a bee in my cap, when you was a shaver, and making me an apple pie bed; but to think of your getting promised to one of the Jerome gals, and making a fool of your old Aunt into the bargain!" And Aunt Prissy broke down into a series of hysterical sobs.

Nothing that Asa or Sophy could do or say sufficed to pacify her. She crept back over home much crestfallen, and opened the sitting room door where Mrs. Babbett was at work.

The next morning, which was bright and breezy, a great bustle arose early in the house; and she knew that all hands were getting ready to go to Asa's wedding. She could hear Asa himself tramping about overhead and putting on those new clothes; and although he was immensely happy and busy, he did find time to come and execute one last series of thumps on the old lady's door.

"Come, Aunty, don't hold a grudge against a fellow," he coaxed. "Do come over to the wedding. You always said you would dance at my wedding, and now you're going to give me the cold shoulder. It's too confounded bad."

Not a word did she answer, although her heart thumped hard and fast. By and by Mrs. Babbett was dressed in her black silk, and a tasteful cap, trimmed with pink bows; and Uncle Ben had shaved and donned a clean dickey, and poked his hair up very high in front, and then they all went off, and left the house solitary and alone. Aunt Prissy began to feel very forlorn and more aggrieved than ever. She got up, pushed the bureau away, and stole out into the sitting room in her double-gown and list shoes, and peeped forth from the little cornering window. There was music playing, and the neighbors girls were dotting the green dooryard with their light dresses. She thought with a kind of dumb swelling of the heart that her boy was being married over there, and she, his old doting, fond Aunt, was staying away in a fit of the sulks. Why should she bite off her nose to spite her face? They probably wouldn't miss her at all; but she had half a mind to dress up and walk over there, just for all the world as if nothing had happened.

Accordingly the old lady slipped on her tibinet gown, and donned her gold beads and an amazing head dress belonging to the last century; and just as Elder Halleck was performing the ceremony of the double wedding, with the brides looking as sweet as twin rosebuds, who should come in but Aunt Prissy, for all the world, as Uncle Ben expressed it, "as stiff as buckram."

They had a good old-fashioned merry time; and Aunt Prissy actually danced under the waving apple boughs with Uncle Abner; and Asa put up the old gentleman to give her a hearty smack, which caused her to blush and bridle a good deal, though I rather think she liked it.

"Will Aun't Prissy ever get reconciled to the match?" whispered Deacon Dent's wife to Mrs. Babbett.

"Law, yes. Now Sophie has ceased to be one of those Jerome girls, and has become Asa's wife, the old lady will think her perfection."

A Beautiful Sentiment.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the winding of the grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing around us—are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth, and its inhabitants, until of farther voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

The True Idea of Wealth.—The *Methodist* thus concludes an article on this subject: "We would not have men desist from the lawful pursuit of wealth, but we would have them comprehend the true character of the enterprise in which they are engaged. Riches bring an increase of responsibility which cannot be transferred to another. The faculty to acquire money, which is given to some while denied to others, is a talent, and is subject to the same laws which regulate the possession of other talents. Some men have a gift of public speaking; this gift they are to use only for the promotion of the right, whether in the pulpit, the forum, or at the bar. In like manner others have the gift of money-making. Everything they touch seems to turn into gold. God has bestowed this gift on them that they might bless the world. If they employ it merely to hoard money, or to squander on themselves, they are recreant to a most sacred trust, and must account to God."

Danger from using old Petroleum Barrels.—A case of poisoning has been reported in Germany from the drinking of cider that had been preserved in an old petroleum barrel, although the cask was thoroughly cleansed before using. After the funeral of the first victim the grave diggers returned to the house and partook of the same drink; one of them soon afterwards died, and the others had a narrow escape. It is well for the public to know that petroleum acts as a poison, the symptoms being dizziness and vomiting, and it is unsafe to use the old barrels for the storing of any articles of food or drink.

A Printers' Puzzle.—The following "Printers' Puzzle" was taken from the *Printers' Register*:

Twice NINE of us are EIGHT of us,
TEN of us are THREE!
FIVE of us are FOUR of us,
Who can WE be?

If this be not enough,
Or you incline to more,
Then SEVEN of us are FIVE of us,
FIVE of us are FOUR!

Our little four year old remarked to her mamma going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark."

"No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you."

"But, mamma, I was a *little* afraid once, when I went in the pantry in the dark to get a cookey."

"What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma.

"I was afraid I couldn't find the cookies."

"I don't care much for a quiet baby, but I dote on a squalling one," said an old bachelor. "Why, how strange!" admiringly chorussed all the mothers in the room. "Not at all," responded the bachelor, "because, as soon as a brat begins to squall it's always taken from the room!" The bachelor had no sooner delivered himself thus than he took himself from the room, followed by maternal execrations.

A gentleman traveling on a steamer, one day, at dinner was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by the servant that it was desert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it was a wilderness."

He who toys with time trifles with a frozen serpent, which afterwards turns upon the hand that indulged the sport, and inflicts a deadly wound.

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 vare, 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.

ORRIN 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 n, 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 G Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds o Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa He also makes to order Coffins on short notice and attends funerals with a hearse. Apr 10, '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 nearly 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, 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. 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 28, 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 REED BRO'S
REED BROTHERS,

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.

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

SPLENDID LACE POINTS,
$4.00 and $4.50.

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

ELEGANT MARSEILLES QUILTS,
$2.00 and $2.50.

GOOD NAPKINS,
75 cts., $7 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.

New 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
Jan. 10. HARTSWICK & IRWIN.

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

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 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. 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 Florenae, 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.