

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 34.

Select Poetry.

SOWING.
Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whate'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.
We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow:
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow;
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Headlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.
Whate'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits shall see.

COUSIN JACK'S COURTSHIP.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet bags were all piled up in the corner of a capacious old-fashioned hall. How melancholy they looked, those cumbersome parcels of parting and adieu. Not even the merry laughter of the two or three young girls who were gathered round a staid, handsome fellow of about thirty, could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief-maker, tormentor and tease of the whole family and old Mr. Chester, sitting by the distant window, wiped his spectacles every five minutes, and declared, pettishly, that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to his old eyes.

"Aye, you may laugh, girls," said Jack, applying himself vigorously to the refractory lock of a portmanteau. "Perhaps you may one day discover it isn't such a laughing matter. Think of the lass the whole family is going to sustain in my departure."
"But you'll come back soon, Jack dear," cooed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all his consorts, and the one who kept up a fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense.

There she sat on the biggest trunk of the collection, the brown curls, hanging about her round face, and her eyes flashing with a curious mixture of fun and tears.
"I'm not so certain of that, Miss Minnie," said Jack decisively. "If I succeed in finding a location to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thornville, and turn landed proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!" laughed Minnie appealing to her sisters.

"I don't see anything so very ridiculous in the idea," observed the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his fair relatives. "At all events there is one inestimable advantage that may result from my departure."

"And what is that, Mr. Oracle?"
"The fact that you have played your last freak upon me, you tormenting little minx!"

"Don't be so certain of that, cousin Jack," said Minnie, shaking her long curls. "What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I haven't settled with you for several little pieces of impertinence, but pray don't imagine they are forgotten, sir!"

"My diamond sleeve buttons on your coral necklace that you don't impose upon me within the next three months, Minnie," said Jack gaily.

"Done," said Minnie. "Girls, you all hear the wager don't you? I always covered Jack's diamonds."

"But you won't have them, Mademoiselle! How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I bring for lights, Uncle Chester? And by the way, have you written that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne?"

"All in good time, my boy—all in good time," said the old gentleman, depositing his large silver-bound spectacles in their case. "You young people are all in a desperate hurry. Tell Betsey to carry a light into the library, girls. And Minnie, where is my gold pen? I won't be long about it, and then we will have a nice long evening to gossip about Jack's prospects."

While Mr. Chester sat in fit ease, red curtains library, revising the letter he had been writing to his college friend, Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down as a planter in that vicinity, and requesting Mr. Thorne's aid and co-operation in the selection of the same, Minnie opened the door.

"Papa, there's some one down stairs who wants to see you immediately, for one minute!"

"Very annoying," said the old gentleman. "Just as I was finishing up this letter of Jack's. However, I can seal it afterward. Minnie, suppose you glance over it and dot the i's and cross the t's; I'm not so much of a penman as I used to be."

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique oak table to attend to the claims of his urgent guest. Olive Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant hair before the dressing mirror of her own apartment, two hours later, when Minnie ran in with a countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

"My dear Minnie what has happened?" exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hair brush and letting all her raven tresses ripple down over her shoulders.

"I've won the diamond sleeve buttons, Olive! But, ah! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only knew it—cousin Jack too?"

"Sit down, you little elf," said Olive gently forcing her sister into a chair, "and explain to me this mysterious riddle."

"Well you know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorne, and he was detained longer than he expected, almost an hour in fact, and I could not help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter."

"A parody?"
"Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a handsome daughter Mr. Thorne had, so I wrote Jack was in search of a wife, and he had of Miss Thorne, and all that sort of thing. In short, wherever papa had written land or estate, I wrote wife. Wasn't it fun?" ejaculated the little maiden, her eyes dancing with diabolical glee. "But you know I never once thought of sending the letter. I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well, I signed it with a great flourish of trimpeps, and just then who should come in but papa and the stranger. Of course I fled—and when I came back the letter was sealed, and safe in Jack's pocket, and, Olive, it was the wrong letter!"

"It was rather a dim light, and papa's eyes are not as piercing as they were wont to be, and my impertinent missive was gone, while the real bona fide letter lay there among a heap of discarded papers. And I hadn't the courage to confess my misdeed—papa is opposed to my innocent jokes—and Jack is off with that indescribable letter! I shall certainly win the sleeve buttons, Olive, but what a tornado there will be when my mischief comes out."

And Minnie looked so bewitchingly lovely in her alternative paroxysms of terror and laughter, that Olive, grave elder sister as she was, had not the heart to lecture her as soundly as she deserved.

"I suppose it is healthy?" asked Mr. Lacy, blandly.

"What is healthy?"
"Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds, diseases are apt to prevail, and—"

"Does he suspect my Mary has the fever and ague?" thought Mr. Thorne, leaping briskly out of his chair as though an insect had stung him.

"I'll send my daughter to you, young man, that will settle the business at once."

And before he could suppress his surprise his choleric host had banged the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than that of her father. She was attired in white muslin, with a bouquet of crimson moss-rose buds in her bosom, and a spray of the same excellent flowers in her hair for some rural party or picnic, and at first absolutely refused to enter the parlor.

"What an idea!" she exclaimed blushing to the very tips of those shell-like ears. "To be put on exhibition like one of your prize cattle! No indeed! Let the young man go back where he came from. A pretty impression he must have of the ladies in this quarter of the globe!"

"But my love, Zebedee Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a fine looking fellow, and rich in the bargain. Go in and talk to him a little while, there's a good girl. I can't stand it a minute longer."

And old Jabez wiped the perspiration from his forehead on which it stood in big beads. Mary burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"The whole affair is so ridiculous!" she exclaimed.

But she adjusted the most frills, nevertheless, and tripped demurely into the parlor.

Now, if there was a determined point in Jack's character, it was his aversion to women in general, and if there was any one thing on which he prided himself it was his old bachelorism. Imagine his vexation and dismay, therefore, when, after a formal introduction, old Mr. Thorne withdrew, leaving him tete-a-tete with a pretty creature in white muslin and roses. It was embarrassing every time he looked at her, and she evinced an exceedingly great disposition to laugh.

"Well," thought Jack, "the manners and customs of this locality are rather odd, to say the least of it. I came to consult an old gentleman about purchasing land of him and he bouces out of the room and sends in his daughter. What on earth an I to say to her, I'd like to know?"

And Mary glancing slyly in the direction of her companion, came to the conclusion that he had "beautiful Spanish eyes" and a moustache decidedly in style to the hirsute adornments of the young gentlemen of Thornville.

Mr. Lacy looked up to the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he to escape incontinently by the open French window. That would not be a very dignified proceeding, however; so he resigned himself to destiny by making some original remarks on the weather. It had the much desired effect of breaking the ice, however, and he was greatly surprised with the arch vivacity of Miss Thorne. Only once did he seem confused; it was when she had been describing a fine grove of cedars that belonged to her father's land, regretting at the same time that he contemplated selling it.

"I believe I should like to become the purchaser," said Jack. "Your father has informed me that I had some idea of settling here."

Mary grew scarlet and murmured some incoherent sentence or other. The conversation was effectually checked, and Jack perplexed at the effect for which he could see no really visible cause, rose to take his leave.

"Will you mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him to-morrow morning?"

All the roses in Mr. Thorne's garden could never have rivalled the hot glow on Mary's cheeks as she fled out of the room without a word of reply.

"Very singular family, this," muttered Jack, slowly drawing on his gloves, as he walked down the broad path. "But she is an uncommonly pretty girl, and I certainly will take an early walk through the grove of cedars to-morrow morning before breakfast."

He dreamed of blue-eyed Mary Thorne that night, and rose feeling satisfied that he could have a reasonable excuse for calling at her father's house so soon.

"Certainly can't be in love," quoth he, mentally. "But how Minnie would tease me if she thought I was in danger of not only suing not only for a farm but a wife!"

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves off his pet laurestinus with a gigantic pair of scissors, that morning, when young Lacy sprang over the hedge and saluted him with—

"Good morning! Well, sir," he went on gaily. "I have seen the property, and am perfectly delighted. A fine, healthy investment; no disease about it, I'm convinced."

"Hum," said Mr. Thorne, dubiously. "And I would like to make a second and more thorough inspection in your society, sir, if you please."

"Really, Mr. Lacy," said the old man sharply; "my daughter has not come down stairs, and—"

"What the mischief has the daughter to do with the matter," thought Lacy, but he said:

"Of course I will await any time that may be convenient to you, sir. I observe a

good deal of roughness, but I cannot doubt that there is a very great susceptibility to improvement. A little judicious cultivation will accomplish wonders."

"Let me tell you, young man," began Mr. Thorne, in a towering rage,—but Lacy saw that he had unconsciously committed some arch blunder, and hastened to say:

"In short, sir, I am now determined to secure this rural gem at any price. What is the sum that you demand?"

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down upon the gravelled walk, overpowered with the avalanche of anger which he found impossible to shape into words.

"Upon—my—word—sir!" he began, "you talk as if this was a mere matter of business!"

Jack was puzzled enough. "It is the way I have been accustomed to treat such matters heretofore."

"Heretofore you have been accustomed! And pray, sir, how many such little affairs have you had on your hands?" shrieked old Thorne, growing purple in the face.

"Oh, several, sir; I am not so inexperienced as you suppose," said Jack.

"And you are not ashamed to confess it?"
"No; why should I?"

"Get out of my garden, you young rascal!" screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity. "To come here and try to buy my daughter, as if she was a patch of potatoes! Go I say!"

"Your daughter, Mr. Thorne?"
"Yes, my daughter, you jack a dandy!"

"But, sir, I am not bargaining for your daughter; I am bargaining for the land around the river."

"Don't tell me," ejaculated Mr. Thorne, tugging away at the fastenings of his pocket-book, "your uncle's letter has informed me of your atrocious intention."

"Will you allow me to see that letter, sir?"

Thorne jerked it out of the compartment where it lay, and tossed it angrily toward Lacy. He opened it, and in spite of his annoyance and mortification, burst into laughter at the sight of Minnie's dainty handwriting.

"My dear Mr. Thorne, we have all been the victims of a very ridiculous mistake. My uncle never wrote this letter. It is the work of my mischievous cousin Minnie. The genuine document must have been left behind."

"And you didn't come to look for a wife?"

"I came to purchase real estate."

"Where?" old Jabez whistled loud and long, then offered his hand to his guest with a hearty laugh.

"Well, my boy, I'm heartily sorry that I called you so many opprobrious names, but Mary and I thought you were after her. I must go and tell that little minx what a blunder we've made."

"Stay a moment," said Jack, laying a detaining hand on the old gentleman's shoulder, as his quick eye detected the distant flutter of Miss Thorne's light dress among the trees, "will you allow me to make the necessary explanations myself? I am not at all certain that after I have selected a home I shall not enter into less business like negotiations for a charming wife to preside over it."

"As you please, my lad," said the old man, chucking. "I'll give my consent, if only to note for my villainous treatment of you a while ago."

He resumed his gardening operations, occasionally pausing to laugh to himself, while cousin Jack sprang up the path to seek Mary.

"They were absent a long time; in fact, as old Jabez thought, an unreasonable long time, before he discerned, through the dense foliage of the anemone hedges, their evanescent forms. Mr. Lacy looked exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaned on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed, and her pretty lips wreathed in timid smiles.

"What does she say?" roared *pater familias*.

"She says she will consider it."

A week or two afterward Minnie Chester received a neat little package containing the diamond sleeve buttons and the following bill:

"DEAR MINNIE—I've lost my wager, but I cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stake, for I have won something of infinitely more value—a wife."

From which we may conclude that the result of Miss Mary's "consideration" was favorable.

Our Sunday school children have had their yearly gathering; and what a grand time it was for them. Little William Brown stood by me, drinking in every word that was said. He got a prize too, and held it up over his head so his mother might see it.

After it was all over I said, "Well, Willie, I suppose getting your book was the best thing you do to-day?"

"Ah, no indeed, I don't think so," said Willie.

"What do you think was any better?" I asked.

"I liked Mr. Field's talking best of all."

"Yes, what he said was very good," I replied.

"Oh, I don't mean that exactly," said he, "but he does speak so kind, I guess he don't forget about being a boy, and that it's hard to do just right all the time."

"Yes, William, you are right. Better to speak kind; better to have on our tongue the law of kindness than get twenty prizes. Don't you think so?"—*American Messenger*.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House May 12, 1868.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1868.

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 Court House, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 18.

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

ORRIN T. NORRIS, Attorney at Law, and Alderman, Office on Grove Street, opposite the Post Office, Lock Haven, Pa. Dec. 29, 70.

W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Hosiery, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c. June 15, 70.

J. E. IRVIN, (Successor to H. B. KEENE) 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 Hair Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.

F. R. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Kylesburg, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. (Apr. 20, 67.)

J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 24 street, one door south of Lanier'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. PORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

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

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. Will make to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 30, 67.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, &c., Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. Apr. 27.

J. J. LINGLE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will practice in the courts of Clearfield, Adams, 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.) W. A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on Second Street, building adjoining County National Bank, and newly repaired. (June 30, 69.)

FREDERICK LETTINGER, 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, 1865.

WORTHY HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, will receive the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of Honors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street. Prompt attention given to the securing of County claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

W. I. CURELY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 19th, 1865.

D. R. J. P. BRIDGE, Late Surgeon of the 1st Reg't Penn'a Vol'd B'ns, 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—6my.

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. (Mar. 15, 71.) March 6th, 1867—4f. JAMES MITCHELL.

DR. W. C. MOORE, (Drugg 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—5m.)

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 on Second Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Klise. 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 or will do well to give him a call, as he offers himself that he can render satisfactory. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Jan 7, 70.

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

will dispose of ONE HUNDRED BANGS, MEDICINES 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. 4-12-70-17.

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. 29, 71.

BOOTS! BOOTS! BOOTS! BOOTS!!! BRENNCH KAP, FRENCH KAP, LIGHT KAP, &c., at KRATZER & LITTLE'S, Opposite the Jail. Sep. 21, 1870.

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

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

MEN'S,

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 & LITTLE;

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 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 & LITTLE'S, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa., on the 22nd of Mar. 22, 71.

REED REED REED REED Brothers Brothers Brothers Brothers

REED REED BROTHERS, REED BROS' REED BROS' REED BROS' REED BROS'

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.

ELEGANT SUMMER SHAWLS, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

SPLENDID LACE POINTS, \$4.00 and \$1.50.

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, 121 and 181 cts. each.

GOOD TOWELING, 10 and 121 cts.

SPLENDID PIQUES, 15, 20, 25 and 31 cts. per yard.

GOOD CALICO, 61, 7, 8 and 10 cts. per yard.

MUSLIN, YARD WIDE, 8 cts. per yard.

HAIR GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

CURLS, 35 cts. BEST SWITCHES, 20 cts. NEW CHIFFONS, 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 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, Citrus Oil, English Cinnamon, Essence Coffee, and Vinegar of the best quality, for sale by HARTSWICK & IRWIN. Jan. 10.

DRY GOODS—the cheapest in the county, at MOSSOP'S. May 23, 67.

THE KIDNEYS.

The Kidneys are two tubular, 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 uses or veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine