The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1871. VOL. 17.—NO. 35.

Select Poetry.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings;
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY AT ELMSGLADE.

DEAR RUTH: Did you remember that the 31st of March is my ninetieth birthday? Probably I shall not see another one, and I want all my family to celebrate this. Will you come for a week? I want you all to be here on the 27th or 28th, and to stay some days into April. I believe I can hope to see all excepting Sidney. Lovingly ever,

GRANDMOTHER.

It was just what I wanted, this little holiday, for I had been hard at work all winter, and was feeling very lonely, very homesick, and dreary, when the invitation came like a glimpse of sunshine.

I knew who would be there. Five daughters, and their husbands, with, oh! so many children, most of them young ladies and gentlemen; I, the only child of a sixth daughter, who had joined my father years ago in the better world, and Sylvia.

I must tell you of Sylvia, the only one probably of grandmother's guests was not a child or a grandchild. She was grandma's companion. Nobody knew much about her previous history, excepting that her mother had been one of grandma's scholars in the days when she kept a little school, before grandpa came a-wooing.

I think there was not one of the children who would not gladly have lived at Elmsglade, and been grandma's companion, but she would not have it so.

"Give me your company and your love. Come to me when you can, but never feel *obliged* to stay," she would say. "Sylvia will live with me till she marries or I die."

So it was Sylvia who wrote grandma's letters, who read to her, and performed the thousand little acts of service old people constantly require. Because she was poor, Sylvia received a salary; because grandma liked pretty things about her, Sylvia accepted the wardrobe she provided, and was always exquisitely dressed. She was very beautiful. Not a merely pretty face, that depended upon color and dress for much of its effect, but a rarely beautiful face, full of animation one moment, yet as lovely in repose the next. The pending expression was bright and joyous, for Sylvia's was a happy nature; but at times there would come to her great brown eyes a wistful look, sad and tender, as if some sweet memory of sorrow or unattainable future joy was in her heart.

We all loved her. Maude, stately brunette, our queen of cousins, patronized her; Susie, the youngest of us all, worshipped her; and all the cousins between gave her their love, unmixed with jealousy, for we knew she was grandma's comfort, without depriving us of one loving throb of her true heart.

I fairly counted the hours in my little boarding-house room until I could pack a valise for a week's sojourn at Elmsglade, and I took an early breakfast and early train on the 28th, drawing a long, free breath of delight as the iron horse snorted its way out of the depot.

Such a houseful as I found. Maude, Claire, and Percy, with Aunt Alice and Uncle Joe; Aunt Margery's twin girls and only son, with Uncle Harry promised for the birthday; Aunt Mary, with seven olive branches, and Uncle Walter coming with Uncle Harry; Aunt Sue and Uncle Lewis, with their only child, Hester; and Aunt Polly, with ten children, and, grandma said, Uncle Phil, the biggest baby of the lot; I, all alone, but welcomed heartily. We were all there, as grandma said, all excepting Sydney.

It was a sad gap we knew for grandma. She had never had but one son, and he died one year after his marriage, killed by a lightning stroke. Three days after his wife kissed her baby boy once, and then joined her husband, leaving the hour-old child to grandma.

He was her idol. She loved us all, but she worshipped Sydney, her child of children, her darling of darlings. We were too young when he was at home to speculate about the peculiarities that made older people sigh for the boy's future; but, looking back through the vista of years, I can now understand why older people trembled for Sidney.

Fair as a girl, frail as a flower, beautiful as a dream, this orphan boy inherited from his father an artist's soul, from his mother a sensitive, delicate body. He was a genius, living an ideal life, indulged in every fancy, and causing no other anxiety than that called forth by his feeble health. His mother's large fortune made him independently wealthy when he came of age, for grandma would have no part of it touched for his support or education in boyhood. I think he was seeking for souls or faries in the flowers when his baby hands pulled them into shreds, his great blue eyes looking mournfully and wistfully at every torn petal. Before he could speak, he would sit for hours, watching clouds, raindrops, birds, any of the beauties Nature showered upon Elmsglade.

I think the greatest struggle of his petted life was his choice of a profession. Should he devote himself to music, he must give up his hopes of being a painter; if he elected to be a painter, where were his dreams of one day rivalling the master musicians of the past? Painting finally carried the day, yet to hear Sydney touch a piano or a violin made one sigh for him to spend his life in music.

Need I say he was the idol of aunts and cousins? Everybody joined the compact to spoil Sydney, but he would not be spoiled. He was hard-working and indolent by turns, studying as eagerly as a professor to-day, lying idly on the grass all day to-morrow. His college life brought him no special honors, but its temptations passed him and left him untouched. With his great soul-lit eyes, his white, broad brow, his sensitive mouth, and fine features, his expression was childlike in its innocent sweetness.

I had not been an hour at Elmsglade when my especial pet and crony of cousins, Ella, came to take me up stairs.

"You and I are to have our old room, of course," she whispered. "Come, let's run off for a chat."

We were out of school some years ago; Ella, a fashionable young lady in society, I, a hard-working little music teacher; but, when we were alone, we often curled up girl fashion on our broad sofa to exchange confidences.

"Nell," I said, as soon as we were comfortably settled, "why don't Syd come home for Grandma's birthday? He has been two years in Italy, and we may never all meet here again."

"Sylvia," said Ella, shortly.

Had she struck me I could not have been more astonished.

"How do you know?" I gasped.

"I don't know; I only guess. When were you here last, Ruthy?"

"I have not been here since Sydney left. You know I went to Boston my last holidays, and this visit is fairly stolen. I shall have to give extra lessons for my holiday. But about Sylvia."

"If you were not here when Sydney left, Ruthy, I was sure you had seen Sylvia since."

"No, not even to-day."

"I was here for three months before Syd left. I am sure he was in love with Sylvia; and, from a sort of cousinly regard, such as we all gave him, Sylvia suddenly became a perfect miracle of stately propriety."

"Oh, Nell! who could help loving Sydney?"

"Ruthy, I think she did love him, but she is so proud and so conscientious. You know there was some mystery about her father—"

"No mystery at all, only grandma don't like it talked about. He was mixed up in a trust fund swindle, a scapegoat for an unprincipled lot of men, and, when he found reputation and money both gone, he drank himself into de erium tremens, and so died."

"Is that the story? Bad enough it is, and Sylvia thinks has forever disgraced her. She says nothing, but once, in a sudden burst of confidence, she described to me the angelic being Syd's wife ought to be."

"Nonsense! Syd, being rather too angelic himself for this work-a-day world wants a good, common-sense, practical woman, to worship his genius if she will, and keep him in order. A nice mess the housekeeping would be if Syd married another angel. Sylvia is just the wife for him."

"Mind you, Ruthy, this may be all a notion of my own. All that is certain is, that Sydney went off to Italy like flash of lightning, grandma has grown twenty years older since he left, and Sylvia don't like to talk about it. She is a little sadder, and likes to get off by herself sometimes, but that may mean nothing."

"Or everything. There's the tea bell, and I have not taken off my travelling dress."

"Never mind. Nobody is very fine today. We will all beautify to-morrow. Come.

There is nothing in the conversation given above to tell the reader what a harum-scarum madcap Miss Ella was. Rarely was she so grave as she had been during that little chat. The prime leader of every kind of mischief, full of animal life, overflowing with gay spirits. Nell was the merriest and most mischief-making cousin of the group. Albert, another cousin still, was usually her ally, *aid-de camp*, or prime minister whenever there was any especial trick or fun in prospect. It was impossible to be grave where Al and Nell had any share of a festivity.

It struck me when I entered the room to meet the family at tea haw aged and broken our dear grandmother had become, but a change almost as marked had come to Sylvia. I cannot describe it. She was active in arranging for every one's comfort, as attentive to grandmother, as loving to all, but the old joyous ring was gone from her voice; her eyes had a sad expression in repose; her movements were as graceful as ever, but something of the spring was gone from her step. Subtle differences not easily seen by a casual observer, but I was thinking much of Ella's confidence, and during the evening noted so much change.

The birthday was merrily passed, every one had a gift, and on this occasion grandmother gave us each a keepsake. When all were distributed, she put upon the table where her own presents lay, a diamond ring, that we all knew had belonged to grandfather.

"This is for Sidney," she said to us all. "If I do not see my boy again, this is for him, and for his wife when he marries."

There was a hush in the room for some moments, and I saw Sylvia go softly away. Nearly an hour later I met her in the library crouched down in a corner, white and still.

"I am tired, so tired," she said when I came in.

"You have had all the trouble, while we took the pleasure," I said.

"Yes, that is it," she answered, eagerly, as if anxious for an excuse.

"Grandma has enjoyed it," I said, "but it was very evident she missed Sidney. He ought to come home, or he may never see her again."

"O, Ruth, he ought to come home to her!"

It seemed as if the exclamation was forced from her, for a moment later she said:

"But he is learning a great deal. He writes that he never knew what it was to be an artist till he seen Italy."

"Does he write to you?"

"I answer for his grandmother. You know I read and write all her letters."

"True! If you are so very tired, Sylvia, go lie down till bed-time, or go to bed, and I will undress grandmother and read to her to-night."

She accepted the offer gratefully, and I returned to the drawing-room and made her excuses.

The next day the whole household went crazy. It was April Fool's Day, and every one of the busy bee-hive of young folks tried to outdo the other in the magnitude or mischief of the tricks. Practical jokes was the order of the day. Nobody was safe. Even grandmother joined in the innocent merriment, and gave us for a dessert a wonderful pie made of shavings, white cotton, wool, and crimson worsted, a delectable compound so skilfully concocted that half of us had tasted it before [illegible] of egg was wool, our preserves worsted, and our pie crust wood shavings. Sylvia seemed to catch the merry tone. Nobody's surprises were more startling than hers, but she was so wonderfully on her guard that at dusk nobody could boast of having "fooled" Sylvia. Nell solemnly declared that she would not have a wink of sleep if she did not play one trick on Sylvia, but owned herself puzzled as to the *modus operandi*.

I had gone from the house down to the gardner's lodge some little distance, but on the grounds, on an errand for grandma. Returning, and walking rather rapidly, for it was growing late, I met Ella hurrying towards me.

"Ruth, Syd is here."

"Here!"

"He meant to be here for the birth-day, but the steamer was one day behind time. Ruth, I was right.

"I don't understand you."

"About Sylvia! I did not mean to listen, but I was in grandma's dressing-room, when he came to the bed room. Nobody had seen him, and after a few words of greeting he asked her—what do you think?"

"O Nell, ought you tell!"

"You won't betray me. He don't know whether Sylvia loves him or not, and grandma has not found out in two years. She would be glad, Ruthy, to have Sydney happy in his own way, but she cannot say a word to encourage him to hope."

"It seems too bad."

"He is so thin and so pale, Ruthy. She will kill him, hard-hearted as she is."

"Pshaw! Men don't die of love."

"But Sydney isn't like other men."

We were at the house by this time, and could see the whole party assembled in the drawing-room, excepting grandmother, who was still in her own room with Sydney. Sylvia was at the piano playing a waltz, as we opened the door. Just as we did so, I heard grandmother on the stairs, saying:

"How surprised they will all be to see you, Sydney," and at the same moment Nell whispered to me:

"I'm going to play an April fool's trick on Sylvia, and catch her."

It seemed but a second, and I could still hear grandmother's slowly descending steps, when Nell dashed into the drawing-room crying:

"Oh! have you heard that Sydney is dead?"

Every face paled, and a cry of consternation broke from every one, but there was a more ominous sound still, a heavy fall, and Sylvia lay insensible upon the floor.

It was a cruel experiment. Sydney's self in their midst relieved the other's, but he saw nothing but Sylvia. Only to hear her speak again, only to see her eyes open again, he pleaded as if for his life. We opened the windows and let the cold evening air blow in upon her; we drenched her face and hair with water; and, finally, Nell coaxed everybody away but Sydney and myself.

"Will she ever waken, Ruthy?" he said to me, with stiff, white lips.

"It is only a fainting fit," I answered, chafing the cold, lifeless hands. "You heard Nell's cruel joke?"

"Was it that?" he asked.

Oh, the selfishness of men! His color was returning, and a look creeping into his eyes of fond exultation.

"Sylvia," he said, bending his lips to hers, "you are mine now."

She heard him, for a faint color came to her cheeks, and she tried to move. I saw she was reviving, and I left them together. Nell met me in the hall.

"I have got them all in to tea," she said. "Ruthy, have I killed her?"

"No, indeed. Go tell grandmother all is well now."

"You don't mean—"

"I don't know; I only guess," I said; "but I guess we'll get our wedding."

And I was right. Having betrayed so much, Sylvia gave her love fully and freely as her nature was. She let her pride sleep, and Sydney went no more to Italy, for grandmother pleads for her best beloved child to close her eyes when they shall close to open no more in this world, and Sylvia thinks no home can be like Elmsglade. You can't make Nell believe she did a wrong thing.

"I was awfully frightened," she will own, "but I am glad as can be I caught Sylvia once on April Fool's Day."

Bad Oyster Story.

This is an original story. It originated with somebody else years ago. It is a highly interesting story, said never to have been published before it appeared in some newspaper many years ago, and although not exactly in season, it is good.

SCENE—Steamboat pantry. Enter Frenchman

"Sair, you keep ze raw oystair?"

Steward—"Yes, sir; fine fat Prince Bay."

Frenchman—"Tres bien; I will eat some raw oystair."

The Stewart opens a fine fresh one, and puts it on a plate before the Frenchman; who eyes it for some time, and then says:

"Monsieur, you will call this good oystair?"

"Yes sir; prime."

The Frenchman swallows it, (the first he ever ate,) opens his eyes; puts his hands on his bread-basket, and "bl-a-up," up comes the oyster on the plate.

"Sacratum! by gar, zat is no good oystair!"

"You didn't put salt and pepper on it, sir!"

"Oh, pardon me." Puts on salt and swallows it.

"Bl-a-up!" up it comes again.

"No you tell me zat good oystair?"

"Why, sir, you must use vinegar."

"Oh, oui, certainment, by gar; oui," and swallows the same again.

"Bl-a-up," and up it come again on the plate.

Just then a Bohemian enters.

"Give us a dozen raw."

The Frenchman turns to him.

"Ah, my friend, you eat ze raw oystair?"

"Of course."

"You call zat ze raw oystair?"

"Yes, fine fat one."

"Ha, ha, tink is zat good oystair, suppose you eat him."

"With pleasure, sir," and the man of notes gave it a dash of pepper sauce, and bolted it.

The terrified steward stood aghast; he didn't mind "sawing" a Frenchman, but an old customer was another thing.

The Frenchman turned on his heel.

"My friend, zat may be one good oystair, but I did not like him—I swallow zat oystair three times."

"Bl-a-up," and up came the oyster, and the Frenchman danced with delight.

"Ah monsieur, bad oystair; oui, certainment."

The reporter, speechless with horror, ran to the brandy bottle, swallowed about half and mizzled.

The Frenchman followed, remarking, "zat tam bad oystair."

A NICE SPECULATION.—A cow belonging to a western family recently strayed into a neighbor's garden patch, and he secretly penned her up. The cow's owners were obliged to have milk, and hearing that their neighbor had a good cow, bought their milk of him for three weeks. They then ascertained that they had been buying what was their own, and rushed to law for vengeance. This is equal to the story told of a Yankee out west, who during some excitement which called the neighbors together, raised a tent over a barrel of cider which he had somehow obtained while it was yet a rarity in that quarter, and began selling it at twenty-five cents a glass. For a while his custom was tremendous, and his cider was bringing a heavy revenue, when all of sudden his customers grew fewer. Presently a man came in and asked him how much cider was. When told that it was twenty-five cents a glass, the would-be customer told the cider vender that he could get it around the corner for ten cents a glass. Supposing his was the only cider within hundreds of miles, the man went with the other on a tour of discovery, and found, to his consternation, that some one had pitched a tent immediately to the rear of his, covering the end of his cider barrel which he had left exposed, tapped it, and was doing an extensive business at very little expense.

Gluttony is the source of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of body destroyed by intemperate diet.

Necklaces are still the rage. The newest style is called the "dog collar;" it is very broad, and composed of heavy gold links.

If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

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.

ORRIN T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law, and Alderman. Office on Grove Street, opposite the Post Office, Lock Haven, Pa. Je. 29, '70-y.

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.

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 Goods 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. [J&n. 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 Conrad House, Market Square, 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) 120 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 JeS'70-yp

A GREAT OFFER.
Horace Waters,
481 Broadway, New York.
will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOES, 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.

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 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.

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 HARTSWICK & IRWIN. Jan. 10.

DRY GOODS—the cheapest in the county, at MOSSOP'S. May 20, '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 organic 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 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.