

The Kaffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1870.

VOL. 17.—NO. 2.

Select Poetry.

DON'T CROWD.
Don't crowd; this world is broad enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide—
The realm of thought is free;
Of all earth's places you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from his door,
Of willing hands and honest heart
Alone shall man be proud;
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud Miss, your dainty silk
Will glisten none the less,
Because it shows in contrast with
A beggar's tattered dress.
This lovely world was never made
For you and I alone;
A paper has the right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart,
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such a one,
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right—give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

MISS ALTON'S COMPANION.

"Hurry, Claribel, I am waiting."
Claribel Overtun tipped the jaunty straw
hat a little lower over her waving ringlets,
knotted a bright pink ribbon at the throat
of her simple marcelline walking dress, and
drawing her dainty kid gloves on her dimpled
hands, tripped down the steps after the
impatient Miss Alton, whose silken trailing
robe and elegant point lace shawl quite over-
shadowed the neat costume of little Claribel.
"Hold up your head, miss," admonished
the old maid, tartly, "and don't give your-
self any country flings, and mind when you
go into the stores to shut down your parasol
and not tread on the lady's dresses."

"Yes, ma'am," responded Claribel demurely,
"though I've been brought up in the country, ma'am, I've always been taught
good manners."
"Oh, I dare say," said Miss Alton loftily;
"but you know, my dear, that country girls
are clumsy with their feet, and don't answer
me back child. I've sent off three com-
pansions already who were impatient when
I suffered them good advice."

"I trust that I shall please you better,"
murmured Claribel, shutting down her parasol
as they entered the store, where she
managed to keep her number one boots off
of the ladies' dresses and landed safely back
on the pavement.

Arriving at home Miss Alton met a sur-
prise in the shape of a handsome young man,
who saluted her with a hearty kiss and a
marry "how are you, old sis?"

"Do be quiet, Will," answered his sister,
and stepping back she electrified the young
man by saying, "Will, this is my new com-
panion, Miss Claribel Overtun," and Will
had a charming blow from the young lady,
and a flaming gloupe of her rosy cheeks
and glossy curls, as she hurried up the stair-
way, while Miss Alton lingered a moment to
give a parting admonition to her brother.

"I hardly expected you home for six
months," she said, "and being lonely I pro-
posed a companion; but mind, Will, that I
don't catch you making love to the girl, be-
cause if I do I shall discharge her immedi-
ately."

"Nonsense, sis," said Will good natured-
ly, and she hurried to her room to lay
aside her wrappings.

"Mind, Claribel, that you don't encour-
age any attentions from my brother," she
said to her companion in the seclusion of her
chamber. "He might be attracted by your
pretty face, but of course had never seen
you marry beneath him; so don't en-
courage him, child, for I won't have him
entangled. I'm anxious to see him settled
in life, as he might have been a year ago,
but for an unlucky disappointment."

"Crossed in love?" queried the com-
panion, sympathetically.

"No, not exactly; but you see, Claribel,
when I was a girl I had a friend who married
a wealthy young man, and in course of time
she had a lovely little girl. My brother Will
and the little Edith were playmates to-
gether, and two more affectionate children you
never saw, until my friend moved away to a
distant city. We corresponded regularly,
and after a while the two children were be-
trayed and were to be married when my
brother was twenty-one. But in the mean-
time Edith's parent died, and she was sent
to an uncle and educated at a fashionable
boarding school. She wrote to Will very
regularly until last year, within a few months
of the time set for the wedding, she wrote
that Will had never been to see her, and of
course did not love her, and she vowed she
wouldn't marry a man who only wanted her
money. The part little mix! And so, tho'
Will never answered the letter, I think it
but him considerably, though the little Edith
was not worth regret, seeing how ugly she
became."

"Then of course, since Mr. Alton is in
love with this beauty and heiress, you can-
not apprehend any danger from a country
girl like me," replied Claribel innocently.

"Of course not," answered Miss Alton,
"I'm very pleased at your companion's meek
view of the matter, 'and that's why I wish
you to avoid him, as he might wound your
feelings by being amused at your country
ways, or he might take it into his head to
flirt with you, and break your heart. You
see, my dear, I am thoroughly acquainted

with man's deceitful heart, and that's why
I never married. So you had better take
my advice, and turn a cold shoulder to Will,
for I intend he shall marry some great heiress
just to spite that purple-poued Edith
Howe."

"Certainly, ma'am, I shall follow your
directions," answered the companion, drop-
ping the conversation and biting her coral
lips to keep back an irrepressible smile.

She kept her promise. She avoided Will
Alton. If he sauntered in at one door, she
flitted out at another; if he met her glance
she dropped her languish black eyes in sol-
emn demure propriety. She secluded her-
self in Miss Alton's room all day, and when
she fancied Will was out for his evening
walk she slipped in the quiet drawing room
to the grand piano, and sang her sweetest
songs for his sister, though now and then
there was an emphasis on some tender word,
a plaintive ballad, or exquisite love song
that will not say was not intended for
the brother who placidly smoked his cigar
beneath the window, and thought of Claribel's
bright eyes and mentally anathematized
"some other fellow for whom she might
intend that song."

The truth is, Will was getting desperate.
Miss Howe was quite forgotten. The bright
young beauty of Claribel had won his heart,
and his passion was only increased by her
pretty shyness and studied coquettish avoid-
ance of his presence. Things were getting
unbearable, and sauntering into his sister's
room one day he horrified the good soul by a
cool announcement.

"You needn't say a word, sis; I'm de-
sperately in love with your companion, and I
mean to propose to her the first opportunity
I have."

"What! what!" shrieked Miss Alton in
dismay, "what do you mean?"
"I mean to marry Miss Overtun if she
will accept me."

"Will, you're an ungrateful, deluded
brother, and Miss Overtun is a designing
girl!"

The door swung open suddenly, and Claribel
stood on the threshold, her cheeks
crimson, and her eyes flashing with indig-
nant astonishment. "Will Miss Alton be
good enough to explain the words she used
in reference to me?" she asked proudly.

"You—you've disregarded my wishes and
entrapped my brother thinking to marry him,
but you are mistaken, and you've lost a good
situation, too."

"And found another one," interposed
Will. "Miss Overtun I love you dearly,
and if you will give yourself to me I promise
to make life's pathway as bright and happy
as love can make it for my little com-
panion."

Claribel turned to him blushing and
smiling. "You don't know what you are ask-
ing," she said, "you don't indeed, sir, my
station in life is far inferior to yours, and
besides I have been a second rate actress,
and I'm a country girl, and—"

Miss Alton lifted her eyes in expressive
horror, but Will stopped Claribel's words
with a kiss—"Don't say anything else but
that you love me, Claribel," he pleaded, "I
know that you are everything that is good
and pure and true."

"Oh, my prospects!" groaned Miss Alton.
"Will, I'll disinherit you, that I will
if you persist in this folly. Give up the
girl and I'll settle my whole fortune on you
now. I hate to see you throw yourself away
on a designing girl."

"Hush sister!" said Will, sternly, "Claribel
is innocent of the charge you bring
against her. Have you no womanly feelings
yourself? Have you never loved, sister?"

Miss Alton turned suddenly away. As a
pibble thrown into a stream ruffled the placid
waters, so the simple words of Will had
stirred the depths of her heart's sealed foun-
tain. She, perhaps, had loved "too well,"
but who shall say "not wisely," since even
the memory of a love she had long since put
away from her life had power to change her
ambitious schemes in pity for this young,
loving, helpless girl. With a quick re-
vulsion of feeling she bent and kissed the young
girl's innocent brow. "Forgive me, Claribel,"
she murmured, "I was harsh perhaps,
but you are very dear to me, little one, and
I hope you may be happy!" then turning to
Will she added, "I forgot to tell you, Will,
that I received a letter from Edith
Howe to-day and she is coming to visit us,
and she even hinted that the broken off
wedding might take place after all."

"No it won't," said Will decisively. "I
shall marry my little Claribel. She is dearer
to me than Edith with all her wealth and
accomplishments."

"And Edith will get paid off in her own
coin, too," said Miss Alton, her spirits ris-
ing at the thought of revenge upon Edith
Howe. "On the whole, Will, I'm glad you
are to marry my little companion, for she
will make you a charming wife, and that
concocted Edith will be cleverly sold."

She turned towards Will, but he did not
seem to hear her words. He was looking at
Claribel, with a gaze half vexed and stern.
Claribel had dropped her handkerchief and
Will had picked it up to kiss the name em-
broided in the corner. He held it out
asking gravely, "What does this mean,
Claribel?" Miss Alton bent forward and
read the name in full. It was "Edith Claribel
Howe," but before she could speak
Claribel was explaining with alternate smiles
and tears. "I didn't mean you should
know it yet," she said, "but I've decided
you, Will, and I'm sure you will never for-
give me. Didn't I say I was a second rate
actress? I loved you too well to marry you
until I knew that you loved me for myself
alone, so I took this method of finding out,
you had forgotten that my middle name
was Claribel, and I borrowed the name of

Overtun from a distant relative, so now
that I have proved your love, sir, whatever
you may think I do not regret the decep-
tion."

"And so you are Edith Howe, after all,"
cried Miss Alton, a little mortified at the
"good advice" she had given the "awk-
ward country girl." "To be sure you are
like your mother, child, and I wonder that
I didn't see the resemblance before. But
what a good joke you played on us. Well,
I never!"

The brother and sister were too happy to
be angry, and Will has married her long
ago, so of course he has forgotten her, but
though Claribel is very dear to Miss Alton,
and has named her first daughter after
"Will's darling sister," yet that good lady
still persists that she has never quite for-
gotten Claribel for her provoking masquerade.

THE SECRET OF IT.—An old farmer being
asked why his boys stayed at home when
others did not, replied that it was owing to
the fact that he always tried to make home
pleasant for them. He furnished them with
useful and attractive reading; and when
night comes, and the day's labor is ended,
instead of running with other boys to the
railway station and adjoining towns, they
gather around the great lamp, and become
absorbed in their books and papers. His boys
were still at home when the eldest was twen-
ty-one, while those who were furnished with
no reading at home sought city life and city
dissipation as soon as they were seventeen
or eighteen. All will do well to heed this
testimony of a farmer who has known how
hard the struggle for a footing on a free soil
without a capital is, and how valuable and
comparatively cheap are the aids which
good reading brings to him. In this age of
general intelligence, the mind must be
catered to and books and papers furnished;
and not only this, but, in this age of cheap
and artistic chromos, pictures can also be
brought to use in making home attractive.
The farmer's life is the most independent of
any and there is no reason why it may not
be as attractively surrounded.

A rather bashful young man, after a long
and arduous courtship, found himself one
bright evening the betrothed of a pretty girl,
the very pink of modesty. He was about
to take his departure, and after lingering
about the door for some time he declared
and protested to Miss Sallie that he couldn't
and wouldn't leave until she had kissed him.
Of course Miss Sallie blushed beautifully
red, and vowed in return that she could not
and would not do that—she never had done
such a thing, and never would until she was
married. The altercation became exciting,
until the gentleman got huffed and declared
if she couldn't kiss him he wouldn't have
her, and was marching off. She watched him
to the door, and seeing he was in earnest,
and that she would lose him unless
something was done, she said coaxingly,
"Come back, then; I'll split the difference
with you. You may squeeze my hand!"

"If ever I am married," said Ike, looking
up from the book he was reading, and kick-
ing the stove door to. "If ever I'm married,"
said Mrs. Partington, "I'll be old enough to
understand the bond that binds congealing
souls. People must think of marriage
with impunity. It's the first thing children
think of now a days, and young boys with
their piano fortes, and young girls with
their heads frizzed into spitting curls,
and talking of marriage before they get out
of their teens. Think of such ones get-
ting married!"

A WONDERFUL PLANT.—A specimen of
the wonderful plant, "The Flower of the
Holy Ghost," has been successfully raised
in Norwich, Conn. The flower is a creamy
white cup, nearly as large as half an egg,
and extremely beautiful, and its wonder as
a natural floral growth is the fact that in
this flower is a little pure white dove, with
pink bill and eyes, and its head turned as if
looking over its back. Its wings, feet, bill,
etc., are absolutely perfect as those of the
living dove, whose counterpart the wonderful
flower dove is.

A STRANGE SIGHT.—Peter Cartwright,
the noted Methodist preacher, spoke at Du-
buque, Iowa, a few weeks ago, and a paper
of that city remarks: "It was a strange
sight, and one we never expect to see
again. To behold a man in the pulpit before
who was 86 years old, had been eighty
years a citizen of the West, and who, sixty
years ago, crossed the Mississippi where is
now St. Louis. He preached in the State
of Illinois when Chicago was unknown and
he spent sixty years in saddle riding through
the great West."

In Boston, early on the morning of In-
dependence Day, the neighbors heard a pro-
digious rumbling in a house occupied by a
childless old couple, and on going to see,
found the old man thrashing his wife ter-
rifically. He explained as follows: "Look
a here; I've been livin with this tormentin
old woman on to forty years, and she has
been henpeckin me all the time, and now,
this bein the Fourth of July, by the Lord
I've declared my independence."

A little boy on being reproved by his
mother and showing his displeasure in his
face, when his mother remarked, "Why,
Charlie, I am astonished to see you make
faces at your mother," said "Why," said Char-
lie, brightening up at once, "I meant to
laugh, but my face slipped."

Napoleon's colors after his defeat—Black
and blue.

What is My Own.

I cannot for the life of me feel as if I had
the first right to what I possess. A man
comes to my house and says he wants to be
married. I marry him in four or five min-
utes, and he gives me ten dollars. A few
years ago I would work a week for ten dollars,
and think I had done very well. Or a ly-
cume wants a lecture. I slip down in the
afternoon and come back next day with
a hundred dollars. One month, I remember
when I worked at the anvil, I did every
ounce of work that was in me, and my wages
came to \$73. Now, four times a year I go
to our church treasury and draw as much as
I could earn in three years at my old work
and then plume myself in my secret heart
on my handsome moderation in not deman-
ding more salary. Now, what religion is
there in my saying that this is intrinsically
mine to spend as I will, when Bill and John-
ny are hammering away on the old spot, at
lower prices, if anything? Somebody says
my talent makes this difference. Well, my
talent, my great Teacher says, belongs to God.
It is a trust to use wisely and well, and not
to keep to myself. I look through my
church and city, and I say to a hundred men:
"Why are you not living on twenty acres of
hard-earned? Why are you not sailing
before the mast? Why are you not running
round as a country doctor, the most hope-
less slave in your section except your horse?
Why are you not a school teacher boarding
around? Why are you not a catch-penny-
lawyer, where a lawyer is a nuisance?" I
say this to myself of course, as I see great
merchants and men, with splendid facilities
of all kinds, making their mark and their
money, and I say: "Your money and your
faculty are committed to you for the holiest
uses. God gives you five talents that he
may get ten back again." A rich banker
in heaven has given me a great trust, and
he has sent with it a fair white angel, called
Conscience, to watch and guide, and keep
me right. If I drive that angel back to
heaven, by perpetual insult and injury, its
place will be taken by the fiend Remorse.
Now, I want to keep on good terms with the
angel. Everything beside is dust and ashes
if that leaves me; and I can only be true
to it as I am true to my trust. To be sure that
the gift in me, out of which grows my for-
tune, is God's gift is a vast inspiration to
self-generosity, and turns the steel chain
around my purse to a silken string.—Rev.
Robert Collyer.

Music in Our Public Schools.

This subject is beginning to be more discussed,
and no doubt music has claims to a larger
place among school studies than it has
hitherto occupied. The able address of
Daniel B. Hagar, delivered before the Musi-
cal Convention at the Boston Music Hall,
a few months since, has already excited a
powerful influence in this direction, and in-
quiries are being made with regard to the
best method of adopting the reforms which
have been suggested. Without a doubt
music is the art which is most fostered
among us, and parlors are not considered
fully furnished that lack a piano. We are
not only a musical people, but we are des-
tined eventually to become a great musical
nation. It is necessary, therefore, that we
devise some means of educating, to this
end, the rising generation. In Germany,
no one can be a school teacher who has not
a thorough knowledge of music, and the
divine art there is taught, as here, in the
common schools. We hope that it may
soon be more generally taught among us;
for its influence on physical development
alone is one of the utmost importance by
tending to keep the lungs and vocal organs
in a sound and vigorous condition. It is,
however, in its moral power, that its espe-
cial excellence lies, and this is evident to all
who know its mysterious influence on the
mind and heart. There is no better way of
combining moral culture with intellectual
attainment than by incorporating music as
a branch of common school education.

Sunset on the Adirondacks.

"The hours rolled on, and a Sabbath, such
as we never before had passed, drew to its
close. The sun stooped toward its setting,
and standing on the highest pinnacle we
watched to see the day decline. Never be-
fore had our eyes seen, never again, doubt-
less, will our eyes behold such a sight. The
old guide, whose ax had first blazed a trail
up its steep sides—whose thirty years before
had built him a stone lodge upon its crest,
that he might pass his nights upon this
mountain, whose face was as the gray gran-
ite on which we stood, said, as he crouched
at our feet, wrapped in his blanket, that he
never but three before had seen such a sun-
set. The air was cool and crisp, bearing a
against us with a steady current from the
west. It did not vary. There was no eddy
in it. It seemed as if the whole atmosphere
was moving bodily eastward. With what
words shall I be able to make you see that
spectacle? The air was pure and clear as a
newly-cut diamond; white and colorless as a
perfect lens, through which, with unimpeded
eye, we saw the marvellous transformation
from day to night go on. Seven thousand
feet beneath us Lake Placid slept, verifying
its name. To the south a hundred moun-
tain peaks were ablaze with light. For a
hundred miles the wilderness stretched
away like a deep green sea across whose sur-
face the sun is throwing wide lanes of
crimson. Amid the darker portions eighty
patches of gold flashed, representing so many
lakes, whose surfaces were changed from
steel blue to orange by the warm rays. East-
ward the valley of Champlain lay in deep
shadow. To the north, bounding the vision
like a thread of silver, gleamed the St.
Lawrence. In the valley to the south lay
the martyred dust of him who died on a Vir-
ginia gallows that manhood in America
might not perish. The closing moment now
had come. The heavens in the west were
swarthy in the rich tints of scarlet and orange.
A thousand colors lay on forest and
lake. The mountain summits flamed. The
sun, like a globe of liquid fire, stood as if
balanced on the western pines. Down into
them it burnt its way. Pausing for a mo-
ment, it poured its warm benediction upon
the forest—sent a crimson farewell to the
mountains—kissed the clouds in parting—
then disappeared. And there in the crisp
air we stood and gazed in silence westward
until the shadows deepened above the sky,
the fog filled all the valleys, and the wilder-
ness which had been to me and mine a nurse
and home, and which we feared we should
never see or enter again, lay wrapped in
gloom.—Rev. H. H. Murray.

An Arkansas Father's Advice to His Son.

Bob, you are about leaving home for
strange parts. You are going to throw me
out of the game and go it alone. The odds
are agin you Bob; remember that industry
and perseverance are the winning cards, as
they are the "browsers." Book learning and
all that sort of thing, will do to fill up with,
like small trumps, but you must have the
browsers to back them, or they ain't worth
shucks. If luck is agin you pretty strong,
don't crave and look like a sick chicken on a
rainy day, but hold up your head and make
believe you are flush of trumps; they don't
play so hard agin you. I've lived and trav-
eled around some, Bob, and I've found out
that as soon as folks thought you held a
weak hand, they'd all buck agin you strong.
So when you're sort' weak, keep a bold look
but play cautious; be satisfied with a point.
Many's the hand I've seen 'em euchre cause
they played for too much. Keep your eyes
well skinned, Bob; don't let 'em nig you;
recollect the game lays as much with the
head as with the hands. Be temperate,
never get drunk, for then, no matter how
good your hand, you won't know how to
play it; both browsers and the ace won't save
you; for there's sartin to be a "miss deal,"
or something wrong. And another thing,
Bob, (this was spoken in a low tone), don't
go too much on the women; queens is
kinder poor cards, the more you have of 'em
the worse for you; you might have three
and nary a trump. I don't say discard 'em
all; if you get hold of one that is trump it's
all good, and there's sartin to be one out of
four. And above all, Bob, be honest; never
take a man's trick word don't belong to
you, nor sip cards or nig, for then you
can't look your man in the face, and when
it's the case there's no fun in the game;
it's a regular "cut throat." So, now, Bob,
farewell; remember vot I tell you, and
you'll be sure to win, and if you don't, it
keeps you right if you get "skunked."

Richard Merchand, a young man of Busti, Warren county, Pa., wanted to marry Miss Minnie Ricker of that place, and told her so on Saturday night, July 30th. She said she didn't want to marry anybody. That was sensible, for she was only sixteen years old. He thereupon left the house, took a revolver from his pocket and shot himself in the forehead. That wasn't sensible.

Smith looking over the garden fence of his neighbor Jones, late on Saturday afternoon, saw J. in the act of digging angle worms, "Jones," said he, "I hope you are not going to break the Sabbath." "No," replied J., "I expect to make a whole day of it."

Dubuque, Iowa, is excited over a haunted house. The ghost is said to be of the most thrilling and chilling character. Seven men, a dozen children, and half the women in town, have already been paralyzed with fear.

At a spiritual circle the other evening a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusement was most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was, "Reading our own obituary notices."

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.

J. B. GRAHAM & SONS, DEALERS IN DRY-GOODS,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Wood-
ware, Provisions, etc., Market St. Clearfield, Pa.
Mar. 79.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., DEALERS IN HARDWARE
and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron
ware, South Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar. 79.

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

H. BUCHER SWOPE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth
west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

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

W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions,
Embroideries, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing
Goods, etc. June 13, 70.

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 13, 70.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.
Kylertown, Pa. Respectfully offers his pro-
fessional services to the citizens of that place and
surrounding country. (Apr. 29-30m.)

CHRIS T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law, Lock Ha-
ven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts
of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him
will receive prompt attention. (Jan. 29, 70-71.)

C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing,
& Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provi-
sions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the
Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1863.

J. B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield
J. Pa. Practice in Clearfield and adjoining
counties. Office in new brick building of J. B. Men-
ally, 2d Street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

I. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend promptly to all legal business en-
trusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining coun-
ties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. POLKEY, Dealer in Square and
Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Gro-
ceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., at
the hamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs,
Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfum-
ery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street,
Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1869.

C. KRATZER & SON, Dealers in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groce-
ries, Provisions, &c., Second Street Clearfield,
Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUTELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of
Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Also makes and repairs Coffin-caskets. He also
attends funerals with a hearse. Apr. 15, 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. April 27.

WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW
of all kinds of State-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or-
ders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps
on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen
ware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield
J. Pa. Will attend promptly to business en-
trusted to his care. Office on second floor of new
building adjoining County National Bank, and
nearly opposite the Court House. (June 20, '69)

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

MANSON HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa.—This
well known hotel, near the Court House, is
situated in the business portion of the town, and
will be supplied with the best in the market. The
best of signers kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

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

A. I. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON, having located at Kylertown,
Pa., offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of that place and vicinity. (Sep. 29-31)

W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon,
&c., 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.

D. S. REG, Penna. Vol., a Regular Soldier
from the army, offers his professional services
to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Pro-
fessional calls promptly attended to. Office on
South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets.
Oct. 4, 1863.—6m.

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, Penna. (Sep. 29-31)

THE KIDNEYS.

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

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

The bladder is composed of various coverings
or tissues, divided into parts, viz: the Upper,
Lower, the Nervous, and the Muscular. The upper
expels the lower retains. Many have a desire to
urinate without the ability, others urinate with-
out the ability to retain. This frequently occurs
in children.

To cure these affections, we must bring into ac-
tion the muscles, which are engaged in their
various functions. If they are neglected, Gravel
or Dropsy may ensue.