

THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN," PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, CLEARFIELD, PA. ESTABLISHED IN 1837.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN

GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers. PRINCIPLES; NOT MEN. TERMS—\$2 per annum in Advance. VOL. 47—WHOLE NO 2307. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1873. NEW SERIES—VOL. 14, NO. 7.

Terms of Subscription. If paid in advance, or within 3 months... \$2 00

Rates of Advertising. Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less... \$1 50

Job Work. Blank Books. Single quires... \$1 75. Double quires... \$2 00.

Cards. JOSEPH W. McENALLY. DANIEL W. McCURDY. McENALLY & McCURDY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

G. R. BARRETT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

T. H. MURRAY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

ISRAEL TEST, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

JOHN H. FULFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

T. J. McCULLOUGH & BROTHER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

JOHN L. CUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

J. J. LINGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

ROBERT WALLACE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA.

D. L. KREBS, LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, CLEARFIELD, PA.

ORVIS & ALEXANDER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEVILLE, PA.

J. S. BARNHART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEVILLE, PA.

DR. T. J. BOYER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, CLEARFIELD, PA.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, CLEARFIELD, PA.

DR. W. A. MEANS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, LUTHERSBURG, PA.

J. H. KLINE, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, CLEARFIELD, PA.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, Surgeon of the 4th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

McAUGHEY & CO'S RESTAURANT, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

Blank Book Manufacturers, AND STATIONERS, 218 Market St., Philadelphia. GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer.

JAMES C. BARRETT, Justice of the Peace and Licensed Conveyancer, Clearfield Co., Pa.

DAVID REAMS, SCRIVENER & SURVEYOR, LUTHERSBURG, PA.

J. A. BLATTENBERGER, Claim and Collection Office, OSCEOLA, Clearfield Co., Pa.

F. K. ARNOLD & CO., BANKERS, LUTHERSBURG, Clearfield county, Pa.

JOHN D. THOMPSON, Justice of the Peace and Surveyor, CURWENVILLE, Pa.

E. A. & W. D. IRVIN, DEALERS IN Real Estate, Square Timber, Logs AND LUMBER.

W. ALBERT & BROS., Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c., WOODLAND, PENN'A.

FRANCIS COUFRUIT, MERCHANT, Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.

THOMAS H. FURCEE, DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GRAHAMTON, PA.

CHARLES SCHAFER, LAGER BEER BREWER, CLEARFIELD, PA.

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES CLEARY, BARBER & HAIR DRESSER, SECOND STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.

REUBEN HACKMAN, House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

HENRY RIBLING, HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

G. H. HALL, PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER, NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

ELI BARNAN, PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT, LUTHERSBURG, PA.

E. A. BIGLER & CO., DEALERS IN SQUARE TIMBER, and manufacturers of ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.

JOHN TROUTMAN, Dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE, Market Street, CLEARFIELD, PA.

L. H. REIZENSTEIN & BERLINER, (Successors to D. Gans & Co.) wholesale dealers in GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Dentistry. ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES! BY S. PORTER SHAW, D. D. S.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS: Having succeeded in getting a lighter tariff on material, hence the low and moderate charge for partial and full sets of Teeth.

J. M. STEWART, D. D. S., Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Would say to his patients and the public generally, that having dissolved partnership with Dr. Shaw, he is now doing the entire work of his office himself.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

DR. A. M. HILLS, Office over Irwin's Drug Store, CURWENVILLE, PA.

THE REPUBLICAN. CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEB. 12, 1873. LONG AGO.

The twilight shadows are gathering gray, And the wild wind wafts over the dying lay, As his and his to the river's flow.

The shadows thicken among the trees; Sully, mournfully murmurs the breeze; And forms glide round us that severance

The moon looks out through the mantle of night, Flooding the earth with her bright light; And again I live in the rapture and joy

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

The dreams were all over, and darkened the sky, The winds and the waves waltz-dance lightly by; And back to my dreamy life, daily I go,

On the murmuring river the waltz-dance, Gliding the waves as the waltz-dance glances; The interlude sweet to a tale long told,

vania.—Died of C. M. (too much iron in his blood and too little protection of himself made him an easy victim to the fell destroyer), aged 60.

Wep not, "pigeon" public dear, He is not dead, tho' sleeping here; His father's hand, his eye is dim,

His remains will be "protected" in a metallic casket. A one-horse funeral announced hereafter.

PATTERSON, JAS. W., of New Hampshire.—Died of C. M. (his sufferings drew tears from his friends; he persisted to the end in supposing it was a different complaint), aged 50 years.

Death by Uria's slumber, Sleep-ed he in his rural home, 'Tis it is yours you know.

Mourning by Senators for thirty days the mummy.

SCHEIDT, GLENNI W., of Pennsylvania.—Died of C. M. (passed off quietly), aged 53.

Ex-Anna, the Ancient Mariner, Stopped Nary Souldier's eye, He held him with his glittering eye

Then Souldier did a foolish thing And it did him wrong.

His last shaver clipped him on the wing And laid the Quaker low.

Pennsylvania papers please copy.—Funeral at an early day. Music by the band: "Down in a coal mine."

WILSON, HENRY, of Massachusetts. Diet of C. M. (great hopes were entertained of his recovery), aged 61.

His sinners long time he bore, Like martyr to a rock, Till had those Amen, of sinful games,

Had eared him of his stick, He "puck" had 'er into the red, been cast. Had he "maver" firm and stuck into his "side."

Natick (Mass.) papers please copy. Memorial services at Faneuil Hall.—No Irish need apply.

WILSON, JAMES P., of Iowa.—Died of C. M. (astonished everybody, he had hitherto enjoyed such excellent health), aged 45.

Teat, like tears; 'he knew not what they meant, He counted them three dollars for a share; He thought out a life we thought well spent.

Oh, his sweetest nothing but a snare! By Dr. Newman will conduct the services and preach the panegyric from his campaign notes. Free list entirely suspended.

Fisk's Assassin. CAREER OF EDWARD S. STOKES, NOW UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

The career of Edward S. Stokes, who now occupies the cell of a condemned murderer in the New York Tombs, may be briefly told.

Born in 1829, of wealthy parents, he received every advantage of education, and at the age of twenty was set up in business New York by his father.

By his wild speculations he involved not only the senior Stokes, but others of his wealthy relations, and in the end made them bankrupts.

With the wreck of his fortunes, young Stokes embarked next in the enterprise of re-mining old Hunter's Point, and expended \$300,000 of his own and other people's money on the works, which were of the best class.

MATERIAL INTERESTS. The Fire Brick Works of Woodland. More than half a century ago, when the street now known to our citizens as Presquiere was the loneliest portion of the diurnal old track across the Alleghenies to Erie;—or Presque Isle, in Lake Erie—when the first screw factory in the United States was built in the almost uninhabited wilderness, on the bank of the Moshannon, near what is now the foot of North Front street, and furnished with machinery brought across the Atlantic; when a few German emigrants settled the little clearing in the midst of the Alleghenian forest, that is now Phillipsburg—drawn hither by the persuasions of Henry and John Phillips, of England—who thought that every acre of that forest represented great future wealth, and that the timber which then made a howling wilderness would one day create three towns near the head waters of the West Branch of the Susquehanna and cities near its confluence?

And later still, when logs cut upon the Susquehanna and its tributaries were floating down to enrich mill owners down the river, who thought that a railroad would ever be laid up the mountain side, and that before the pineries were exhausted a thousand miners' picks would be tunnelling in the bowels of the earth for the less exhaustible black diamonds?

And when, over the railway that winds and twists its tortuous way up the rugged mountain, daily passed hundreds of cars laden with bituminous coal, who thought that before the mining for coal should be fairly developed the earth would again be mined for another production no less useful, that production which is just beginning to be put to use variously and extended, the silicious fire-clay?

And who now realizes the importance which this branch of industry is destined to reach, or the magnitude of the wealth to be developed which now lies hidden in veins of fire clay that line our hill sides? Or who believes that the veins of iron ore, known to exist, will ever become a source of production equal to either of the other earth-gifts?

Enterprise is the touchstone of the present property, and while it exists, the lumber may float away, the forests may dwindle, but the coal and the clay—and who shall say the iron will not—will be an ever increasing source of material wealth, even to the sons of the generation which shall come after the present.

Of the manufacturers which work up the lumber we have often spoken, of the collieries we have described one of the largest, and now we propose to give space to a mention of that other factor of our material interests—fire brick works. Ten miles from Phillipsburg, on the Tyrone & Clearfield Railroad, is the little hamlet of Woodland, appropriately named. After a few minutes' ride in one of the coaches of "Billy" Irwin's train, we alighted at the unpretentious depot, over the door of which is painted in the inevitable black shaded with yellow the name, "Woodland." It was meridian, and after a savory dinner at the boarding house, with which we were accommodated, through the kind offices of Mr. L. G. Kessler, with Mr. C. B. Boggs as our escort, we set out to visit the Fire Brick Works of the

WOODLAND FIRE BRICK COMPANY, distant from the depot three-fourths of a mile. The works comprise a large frame building with a floor 80 feet square, paved with tiles made from fire-clay and heated by flues running underneath, the calorific being supplied from the furnace, which is kept burning day and night; an engine house, and mill house, each 30 feet square.—One hundred yards above the works is the draft, from which the clay is mined. The clay as it comes from the mine is a heavy, sticky, yellowish shale, though a little more irregular in formation. The process of mining is precisely similar to that of mining coal, where it has to be blasted. But the clay diggers are covered with white dust, while the diggers of coal are smirched with black. The clay is simply broken into small pieces with a large sled, just as it comes to the mill house from the vein, and these are shoveled into a stout iron pan about six feet in circumference, in which travel two heavy iron wheels, in appearance not unlike mill stones,—the whole weighing twelve tons,—and these ponderous wheels, as the pan revolves under them, crush the flinty clay to a powder. A stream of hot water from the boiler aids in the operation of reducing the mineral to a muddy-looking paste. At the proper stage it is scooped out of the pan, without any slacking of the motion, upon a sort of platform or table, at which stands a man who dexterously plunges his hands into the dust, made for the purpose from broken bricks from the kiln, cuts out a "chuck" of the plastic material, deftly kneads it on the table, sprinkled with dust, before him, drops it into one of the moulds of a set of three placed before him by a boy, and having been immersed in the dust,

and repeats the operation with two more pieces of clay paste; quickly draws a stretched wire across the top and the set of moulds is taken away by the boy, while another brings another set and places them before him, and the process is continued ad infinitum. The moulded bricks are emptied out upon the heated floor. Before they have time to dry they are loaded upon a wheelbarrow, trundled to the press and submitted, one by one, to the pressure required to drive the particles together compactly, the pressure each time wiping carefully the bottom of the press, which contains the stamp, as it appears above the sides after the brick is pressed, in order that it may be taken away.—Two boys take the bricks from the press between two thin strips of wood and stand them on end upon the drying floor, and the moisture is soon escaping from them in clouds of steam. Two of these presses are at work all the time, each turning out 4,000 bricks per day. Having dried sufficiently they are taken to the kiln, where the fire transforms them into artificial stone, as hard and firm as the granite, and with a quality of resistance to heat more great. The mill is driven by a 40 horse power engine, steam being generated in a boiler 42 inches in diameter, and 28 feet in length.

THE KILNS are three in number, each with a capacity of 30,000 bricks. As we saw them, one kiln was being filled, another was burning and a third was burned. This rotation is always observed and thus an empty kiln is constantly ready to receive the bricks from the floor. The bricks are placed upon their edges in the kiln each layer being at right angles with the other, and the bricks were closely piled at the bottom to protect them from the great heat and to resist the weight of those above. When a kiln is full the doors are sealed with cement, the fires lighted and kept up for seventy hours. The work is then done, and from the door unopposed the one which they entered the kiln, the burned bricks are taken to the sheds on the siding for shipment. The facilities for shipping are excellent. About a rod from the door are the kilns, and the other end of the kilns open upon the landing.—Ten thousand bushels—35 tons—of coal are consumed monthly, and the works turn out 200,000 bricks per month, employing a

put. The question of fire proof buildings may yet be solved by fire-brick, and as it can be moulded into any form, ornamental or massive edifices may be built, which will render Chicago or Boston disasters mere matters of history. Two inches of fire-brick would oppose an effective barrier to the greatest conflagration. The material is plenty, our hills are full of it, and if there is such a thing as constructing a fire-proof building, fire-brick is the material with which to do it.

THE COMPANY is composed of Messrs. John McMath, Wm. Albert & Brothers, of Woodland, Isaac & B. F. Reese, of Pittsburg, and Kessler & Dubree, of Phillipsburg. Mr. McMath is General Superintendent, and under his management the Woodland bricks rank with any in the market, and they find it difficult to keep pace with their orders. The works were built in 1870, and are inventoried at \$50,000. Five houses and an office, owned by the company, adjoin the works. To Messrs. McMath, Superintendent, and Boggs, the gentlemanly salesman and accountant we are indebted for our statistics.

But we should have only taken cognizance of a moiety of the fire-clay interest if we omitted to mention the new fire-brick company and its large, newly-erected works.

THE HOPE FIRE-BRICK COMPANY, of which Messrs. L. G. Wial and H. A. Richards, of Philadelphia, Pa., and John McMath and Mr. Albert & Bro., of Woodland, are the members, have erected a two-story BUILDING, 75 by 135 feet, with a drying floor 75 feet square, planned excellently and well-built, with the second story lighted by dormer windows, situated about one hundred rods from the Woodland depot, and built close to the railroad. Near this building are five new houses and an office, the property of the company, and the

LARGEST FIRE BRICK KILN IN THE UNITED STATES. This is a double kiln, 20 feet in diameter, 20 feet in height to crown and 15 feet above the crown, making its total height 35 feet, strongly bandied with heavy iron bands. It contains 88,000 bricks which alone cost \$5,000. The ironing cost \$600, and the total cost of the kiln was over \$5,000.

THE VEIN OF CLAY is of the finest in the State, 5 feet thick, and composed of two strata, the hard and soft clay. It is half a mile from the works and will be connected with them by an iron railway.

THE MACHINERY which has partly arrived, and all of which has been shipped, is the finest to be procured and altogether the works will be difficult to beat. Their cost will not be less than \$50,000.—The works are designed for manufacturing all kinds of fire clay material and terra cotta ware. It is expected that they will be ready for operation in about sixty days, and with the facilities they possess and under the efficient management by which they will undoubtedly be directed there is no room for doubt as to the success of the enterprise.

Here then capital of \$100,000 is invested in this production, and we have the fact as presurvey of an attraction for foreign capital in this direction; and the diverting of local capital into this channel. For the hills upon either side of us, and all around us, almost within the limits of our borough, hold veins of this unrivalled clay.

Of Woodland we have not space to say more than that it has a large, well-kept store, owned by Kessler, McMath & Co., and a large steam saw mill, owned by Wm. Albert. Many new houses have been built there this season, and Mr. Wm. Albert has a hotel in process of erection.—Phillipsburg Journal.

Small-Pox. An exchange gives the following advice: Some simple precautions in cases of small pox will frequently obviate its spread, as well as afford much comfort to the patient himself and his attendants. The first thing in all cases is of course to send for a doctor; the next to select from the members of the family or procure from without the family circle a nurse. A mustard plaster placed on the back at once will be of service. The patient should by all means be removed, as soon as taken, to the highest room in the house. There are three reasons, and all good ones, for this. Such a room is more quiet, the air is fresher and purer, and the risk of infection as to the other parts of the house is much lessened. A sheet now hung before the door, and cloths placed about the room, saturated with bromo-chlorum, or carbolic acid—in both cases one part of the disinfectant to two parts of water—will absorb the poison in a measure, and should never be neglected.—Into all the vessels the patient uses, even into the basin that receives his saliva, the mixture should be poured and kept. The room comparatively dark, and at a moderate temperature, about sixty degrees, remember that the sick man must have a close, stifling room is worse than a tent in the open fields for a small-pox patient. The nurse must not leave the room; all bedding must be burned by her, and all clothes that cannot be boiled. A mattress is far better than a feather bed for the patient to lie on, but if a feather bed is used, it becomes the very rascaliest poison, saturated, and almost impossible to disinfect, and must be burned immediately on recovery.

A merchant advertised for a clerk "who could bear confinement," and received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

Not to be behind the age, Time has thrown aside the hour glass and scythe and now uses a mowing machine and watch.

The man who can't afford to take a newspaper paid three dollars for another dog, Saturday.—Danbury News.

Not to be behind the age, Time has thrown aside the hour glass and scythe and now uses a mowing machine and watch.

The man who can't afford to take a newspaper paid three dollars for another dog, Saturday.—Danbury News.

Not to be behind the age, Time has thrown aside the hour glass and scythe and now uses a mowing machine and watch.

The man who can't afford to take a newspaper paid three dollars for another dog, Saturday.—Danbury News.

Not to be behind the age, Time has thrown aside the hour glass and scythe and now uses a mowing machine and watch.