

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1868.

VOL. 15.—NO. 17.

Select Poetry.

Though Earth May Seem a Happy Spot.

Though earth may seem a happy spot,
Though much of beauty lies
Upon its surface, as might tempt
An angel from the skies,
Yet all its joys, and all its chains,
And all its beauties things,
Are as a heavy downward weight
To clog the spirit's wings.

For all that seems so bright and pure
Will fade and pass away
Like changing clouds of sunset skies,
Or, as the dew of day,
Its brightest hopes, its purest joys,
Must very soon depart,
They cannot last with their bright smiles,
To cheer the drooping heart.

Then, oh, do not your thoughts upon
The passing things of earth,
There nothing can be permanent
That has a mortal birth;
But with faith and hope combined,
Hastenward turn your eye,
For there are joys that never fade
Within that land on high.

GATHERING AS IT GOES.

It was Thanksgiving morning, a bright, old-fashioned Thanksgiving morning. A fall of snow the previous night was joyfully welcomed by a juvenile party in one of our northern cities, some of whom were enjoying the sport of snow-balling each other, while others had, by their united exertions, formed a snow-ball, which by its magnitude, excited the wonder of the younger spectators.

There was, however, one amongst the crowd who gazed at the snow ball with the eyes of a philosopher—a man of the world—say a philosopher, for though Joe Gimber had not seen his twelfth birthday, he was a perfect specimen of the precocious street-boy, whose intellect had been matured by hunger and sharpened by necessity. He had obtained from the "servant" to whom his application had been made through the area of the railings, an order to clear away the snow from the door steps, and, having completed the job to his own satisfaction, was now, while waiting for the remuneration of his labor, watching, with a combination of childish interest and cool calculation, the progress of accumulation in the snow ball as the boys rolled it to and fro in the snow.

"It grows bigger and bigger every turn," said the little fellow to himself, as he leaned contemplatively on his broom. "That's the way to get to be a great man."

The attitude and something in the features of the young spectator attracted the notice of Mr. Maudsley, the owner of the house, who was standing at his parlor window at the moment, and, by his order, a servant intimated to the ragged sweeper that he was to come in to her master, who wished to speak to him. Somewhat surprised but nothing daunted, he followed the servant into the hall, and having carefully deposited his shovel and broom on the door mat, marched directly into the parlor, where he was told he would find Mr. Maudsley.

It would be easy to imagine a mere striking contrast than that which the poor, washed, untended, half-naked and half-starved child offered to every object in the picture to which he was so suddenly introduced. A tattered old fustian jacket, tied for want of buttons, round his waist, with a piece of pack thread, partly concealed an inner garment of dingy blue and dubious material; loose corduroy trousers, made originally for a full grown man, but tucked up around the legs to accommodate the diminutive stature of the actual wearer; a pair of thick solid worn out brogans, and a shapless sort of something like black cloth, which served ordinarily for a cap, but was now twisted up hard between his hands, completed the costume of little Joe as he stood gazing at the hobbled boots in the Turkish carpet in the centre of the room, facing the pleasant looking man who had sought this interview. Notwithstanding the novelty of his situation, Joe retained his self-possession and coolness, and having by a keen glance examined the countenance of Mr. Maudsley, and being apparently satisfied with the result of his investigation, he made a rapid but curious review of the contents of the room, commencing with the French clock on the chimney-piece, and ending with the piano, over which hung the portrait of the fortunate proprietor of all these smiling and looking upon them with an expression of expansive good nature, such as at that moment diffused itself over the features of its original, while examining the odd specimen of humanity before him.

"What's your name, my little fellow?" asked Mr. Maudsley, opening the proceeding in a business manner; and this reminds me I have not yet informed my readers that he was a banker—an honest and indeed excellent man, with a heart large enough at least for a dozen ordinary men.

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"Independent," repeated Mr. Maudsley, looking incredulously at the child. What on earth could you do?"

"Oh, please sir, I could do lots o' things. First I went into the noose line, and sold papers; but that didn't pay me nuffin to speak of, and I was nearly starved afore I left it; then I took to sellin' apples, oranges and vegetables of all sorts; and when there's a fall of snow I have plenty of work, scraping afore the doors, and get well paid for it too."

"Since you have told me so much of your life, Joe, tell me what you were thinking about when I saw you just now watching with such a serious face the making of that snow ball in the street, for you were thinking of something more than the mere collection of a quantity of snow!"

Joe turned his keen eye for a moment on his questioner and appeared to hesitate; then replied with something like a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"I was thinking that a chap who wants to get on in the world ought to be like that snow ball—always gathering as he goes."

"True, quite true," said Maudsley, smiling, "but it is not to worldly wealth alone that the maxim applies; the mind should be equally diligent in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, without which the possession of riches adds nothing to man's happiness. If he be truly great he must be truly good. Patience and perseverance are his handmaids—truth, justice and humanity lie in his path—the wise man makes these as his own, and gathers peace and happiness as he goes."

There was something in the manner in which these few words were spoken which sank into the child's heart. He uttered not a word, but Mr. Maudsley perceived that he felt what had been said, and he secretly determined to make an attempt to rescue the poor outcast from his degraded position.

The little fellow was, by his direction, immediately placed in the hands of servants, and by the application of soap and water, combs and brushes, and an entire change of costume for a suit of Master Maudsley's clothes, was shortly transformed into a respectable looking boy. Being thus rendered presentable, he was introduced into the kitchen, where he quickly ingratiated himself with the members of "the lower house" by his obliging manners. His stories of life among the wandering tribes of New York were immensely relished, and his imitations of some of the fancy young men were declared by the cook and housemaid to be equal to a play.

The Thanksgiving dinner at Mr. Maudsley's was a great affair; for a large party of the relations on both sides of the house had assembled on the occasion. There was the three unmarried sisters of Mr. Maudsley, two rich maternal uncles—who being bachelors, were looked up to with great respect by the family—a married brother of Mr. Maudsley, with his wife and five children, Mr. Maudsley's mother, and aunt, to say nothing of three or four cousins who had a standing engagement for Thanksgiving day. I will briefly pass over the details of the dinner and dessert; but if any of my readers imagine that the roast turkey was not of the largest and fattest that the market could supply, that the sirloin of beef was not the juiciest and primest ever obtained at a first-class prize at the Cattle Show, that the plum pudding was not the richest and rarest, that the mince pies were not the nicest, that the toasts were not the most cordially proposed and the most eloquently responded to; that, in a word, the feast was not the most glorious and the company not the happiest that had ever been known, then I must take the liberty of saying that I entirely differ in opinion with them.

Later in the evening there was a general demand for a dance amongst the young people, and one of Mr. Maudsley's sisters, who "didn't dance," undertook to supply the music on the piano. Little Joe, who heard in the kitchen the beating of the merry feet overhead, expressed a strong desire to witness the dancing, and by the contrivance of one of the servants was smuggled behind a large India screen that had been placed in front of a glass door at the upper end of the room communicating with the conservatory. Mounted on a flower-stand, and hidden from observation by the screen, Joe Gimber peeped through the evergreens with which it was decorated, and beheld a scene which completely bewildered him. As the light and graceful forms of the children flitted before him in the dance, their eyes sparkling with enjoyment, he fancied himself transported to some fairy land; his heart beat violently, and his eyes dazzled with light; he vainly tried to follow the waltzers in their merry round; his head became giddy, and his forgetting for a moment where he was, he clasped his hands in controllable delight, and leaning forward with too little caution to get a nearer view of a pretty little sylphide in a pale blue frock, who had, more than any of the others, attracted his admiration, the screen was thrown down, and Joe Gimber falling with it, rolled suddenly in the midst of the dancers. A general scream greeted the unexpected appearance of this strange guest, who hastily picking himself up, would have made a precipitate retreat had not Mr. Maudsley come forward and called him to remain. The matter was shortly explained, and Joe instead of being ignominiously expelled from the room, became an object of curiosity to the company, by whom his pockets were filled with sweetmeats and fruit. This was Joe Gimber's first introduction into society. That night he slept in a little bed made for him in the garret. Full of most agreeable reflections he fell asleep, to dream that he was transformed into a gigantic snow-ball, rolled by

the pretty sylphide over heaps of sixpences and sugar-plums, which stuck to him on every side. Joe had made the first roll in life.

A few days after the events just narrated Joe was taken into Mr. Maudsley's office, where his duties consisted in sweeping out the office and dusting the desks before the arrival of the clerks in the morning, and in carrying messages and parcels for a few hours during the day. Mr. Maudsley did not, however, stop here with his kindness, for he permitted Joe to attend an evening school, where, true to the maxim which he had made the rule of his life he gathered learning with incredible rapidity. In the house where he lodged there also resided a Frenchman, who had come to prosecute a claim for a legacy which had been left him in this country.

"With this person Joe formed an intimacy, and for some act of civility rendered to him by the boy he undertook to teach him the French tongue; this was what he ardently desired; and a few months' instruction made him so proficient in the language that he could not only write with ease, but converse fluently in it.

Three years had passed away during which time Joe by his assiduity and good temper, had become a prime favorite in the office; the elderly chief clerk, and the heads of the establishment, liked him for his punctuality and integrity, and the young men for the readiness with which he executed their little commissions—but more, perhaps, for the confidence they had that he was neither a "spy" nor a "sneak," and that their harmless "larks" and venal breaches of discipline would never be brought to the ears of the "governor" through Gimber's instrumentality. He was therefore pronounced by common consent "a trump," and when at the end of three years he was promoted to a seat at a desk in their office, he received the warm and sincere congratulations of his fellow clerks. As Joe jerked himself for the first time on to a tall stool which he was thenceforth to occupy in the office, he thought of the snow-ball, and felt that he was then a much greater person than on the evening he rolled amongst the company in Mr. Maudsley's drawing room.

It was some months after Joe's elevation that a case came into the office which required that a confidential agent should be sent to a neighboring city. He was immediately questioned, and being found competent for the duty, he was entrusted with it, and he not only brought the affair to a satisfactory issue, but laid the foundation of a very lucrative business for the office, which was recognized by giving him a considerable increase of salary and an advance in his position in the establishment. Thus, by his roll in this affair, Joe Gimber, true to his rule of life, gathered from it much and lost nothing.

He was now a person of some consequence, and being placed at the head of one of the departments in the office, was invited as a guest to Mr. Maudsley's house. The little sylphide in blue had grown into a beautiful girl, and as Joe—wag his pardon—Mr. Joseph Gimber—was by no means a bad looking fellow, it was not surprising that Kate Maudsley should look with favoring eyes upon him. An incident which I am obliged to confess was singularly unromantic, led to what in affairs of the heart is called "an interesting discovery." It happened in this way:—Kate was engaged at a table near a window in the drawing room, when Joseph entered. "Oh! Mr. Gimber," she cried, "I am so glad you are come, for you can help me string these beads; they have nearly tired me out of patience."

The young man was delighted, and immediately set about his task, but whether from awkwardness or his thoughts being otherwise occupied, he repeatedly pricked his fingers with the needle, and at length the box containing the beads fell on the floor. Gimber, in great confusion, begged pardon for his awkwardness, and stooped to gather the beads which rolled about the carpet at the same instant that Kate had bent forward with the same intention. I can't pretend to say how it occurred, but their cheeks accidentally touched in the same attempt; again they stooped, and again the young lady's curls lightly brushed the gentleman's whiskers; this time however, the blush was accompanied by a smile. The smile was a preface to certain disclosures which I do not feel myself at liberty to repeat. I may, however, state that, although the beads remained scattered on the carpet, Joe had succeeded in obtaining from the lips of the fair Kate the rapturous confession that he was not wholly indifferent to her. In this way did Mr. Joseph Gimber gather to himself the affections of a lovely girl.

My readers must now leap with me over several years, and imagine that we have reached the fifteenth anniversary of the day on which Joe Gimber learnt his great lesson of life from the rolling snow ball. It is night; but a rich, ruddy radiance streams from the crimson curtained windows of Mr. Maudsley's house, upon the cold white snow without. Let us enter, and see what changes time has wrought beneath that roof. Mr. Maudsley, having run an honorable and prosperous career, has retired from active business life, and transferred his interest in the banking business to his son-in-law, Mr. Joseph Gimber, now the second partner in the firm.

Age has, it is true, taken from the old man much of his elasticity of mind and body, but he can still calmly enjoy the pleasures of existence, and mingle in the festivities of Thanksgiving, which are kept up with much genial hospitality by the children, in whom he lives again. Of my hero it is enough to say, that prosperity has not rendered him unmindful of the claims of the poor; for although, as he says, the wise man gathers like the snow-ball as he goes, "the good man who dispenses of his abundance to those who need it."

Educational Column.

W. H. PRIOR, EDITOR.

Professional Reading.
In teaching, as in other departments of life, certain means are requisite to effect the end desired. The individual who assumes the position of teacher, with little or no special preparation, must fail in part, if not altogether, to accomplish the work before him. In all other occupations preparation is indispensable. A person cannot find employment as an artisan, professional man, clerk or laborer, until he has passed through some course of training. No one will commit even an animal to the training of a person who knows nothing about that animal. Why will parents and school officers commit the care and education of their children to those who are ignorant of the methods of training and instructing them? In nearly all other occupations the length of time necessary for preparation varies with the delicacy and value of the materials used. The more costly the material, the longer the preparation required. What material more valuable than the human mind and the human heart? The whole universe is of less value than a single soul. The teacher, therefore, of all others, should have a special preparation for the duties of his profession.

It is not enough that he possess a knowledge of the branches to be taught, or that he be active and diligent in his labors. It is true, these are very important and essential qualifications, but the teacher must know how to teach. He must be able to present truths to the young and tender mind, in such a manner that it can grasp them and understand their meaning. He must know what subjects to present and when to present them, so as to awaken an interest in the minds of his pupils, to rivet their attention to the subject before them, and to make them eager for the acquisition of knowledge, in our estimation, is the essential qualification of the teacher. If this be true, then the necessity on the part of the teacher of a thorough preparation for the duties of his profession. And who does not perceive that this should include, as a leading feature, the careful study of works on teaching? Young teachers, after having secured certificates, too often think they are all sufficient for the responsible duties of their new vocation, without further preparation. They do not seem to realize the fact, in cases of poor qualifications in the branches of instruction, that they are allowed to teach through a necessity caused by a scarcity of properly qualified teachers. In many cases, instead of improving their time in perfecting their knowledge of the common school branches, and reading works relating to their profession, they spend their time in idleness. What is stated here of young teachers is also true of the older ones. We venture to say not one in five, of the one hundred and fifty-three teachers in this county, take the "School Journal," or have works relating to teaching. The mind of a child is by far too important an object to be trifled with to be experimented upon. It is your high privilege to train the immortal mind, to write down deep in the soil of primal consciousness, principles and sentiments that are to bless their possessor and benefit the race; study, therefore, carefully and diligently the experience of those who have been successful as instructors of the young.

Teachers of Clearfield county, you have, in the language of your Superintendent, "attracted the attention of all the surrounding counties, by your zeal and enthusiasm" in your improvement in the common branches; but all must admit, the teachers of this county are behind their profession in regard to reading educational books and educational journals. This should not be so, and we would say to teachers everywhere, prize highly the inheritance you have received from the past. Peruse "Wickersham's School Economy," "Page's Theory," or "North's Teacher and Parent," and the "School Journal," and study diligently the example of others who have won distinction in your profession. Acquaint yourselves thoroughly with the methods of instruction which they have left for your guidance, and thus not only will you become better prepared to meet the responsibilities of your position, but you will, at the same time, be fixed with that zeal in the cause of learning which has enabled them to labor in it so faithfully and so well.

LOST TIME.—Let any man pass an evening in idleness, or in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind, when he goes to sleep or gets up next morning, with its state some other day, when he has spent a few hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasonings, of some of the great doctrines in natural science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself, by careful examination, of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true, and he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being; the difference between time unprofitably wasted, and time spent in self-improvement. He will feel himself, in one case, listless and dissatisfied; in the other comfortable and happy. In the one case, if he did not appear to himself humbled, he at least will not have earned any claim to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having, by his own exertions, become a wiser, and therefore more exalted nature.

Life is divided into three terms; that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

What the Bottom of the Sea is Like.

Professor Huxley, pretty good authority, says: In 1863, Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of his sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg, of Berlin, and to Bailey, of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep sea mud was almost entirely composed of living organisms—the greater proportions of these being just like the Globigerinae already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far the work had been carried on simply in the interests of science, but Lieutenant Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value when the enterprise of laying down the telegraphic cable between Europe and America was undertaken. For it became a matter of immense importance to know not only the depth of the ocean over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth of the whole line of cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young prince in the Fairy tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the princess. However, in the months of June and July, 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great precision, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward of that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.

The result of all these operations is that we know the contours and nature of the surface-soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land.

It is a prodigious plain, one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off you might drive a wagon all the way from Valencia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline, about two hundred miles from Valencia, I am quite sure that it would not even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valencia the road would lie down hill for about two hundred miles, to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of water. Then would come the central plain, more than 1,000 miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it varies from 10,000, to 15,000 feet, and there are places upon which Mount Blane might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads for about three hundred miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a grayish white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are inclined, and to the eye it is quite like very soft, grayish chalk. Examined chemically it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime, and if you make a section of it in the same way as that in which a piece of chalk is made, and view it with the microscope, it presents innumerable Globigerinae embedded in the granular matrix.

BLACK KETTLE.—We learn from General Harney's report, what we more than suspected already, that the story of Superintendent Wynkoop, to the effect that the Indian band attacked and routed by General Custer was a peaceable one, has no foundation in fact. Major Wynkoop, it will be remembered, said that the band, instead of being composed of hostile Cheyennes, as represented by Custer and Sheridan, was in reality the band of Black Kettle, a well disposed Sioux chief on his way to the reservations on the Upper Missouri, and that our brave troops had made the horrible mistake of butchering a tribe of friendly Indians. But Gen. Harney, just from the Upper Missouri, where he has been superintending the placing of the Sioux on their reservations, reports that the bands of "the two Kettles" are already there and quietly settled in their new homes. It is therefore morally certain that our gallant cavalymen did not commit the terrible blunder imputed to them. They could only have done so through the grossest negligence or stupidly malignant; neither of which we would be willing to ascribe to them. The story we fear was gotten up in the interest of the Indian Bureau, in order to prejudice Congress and the people against the proposed transfer of the Indian management to the War Department—a transfer which would crush all the fond anticipations of the Indian ring "at one fell swoop." We are glad to see it exploded.

A Western farmer stopped in at a newspaper office, and seeing the immense piles of books and newspapers around the editor, said: "I am glad I don't have all these to read; I would rather work." The editor made no reply to this wise observation.

Already a man has been frozen to death in Canada.

Prudence in the Young.

The elders in the community, who are of course addicted to retrospection, says the *North American*, as young men are to drawing on the future, look almost with envy on those who are just entering life; for men of experience can see what they might have done, had they possessed in youth the knowledge which they have obtained by years of battling with the world. The old are usually ready enough with counsel; but good advice is one of the commodities which are more freely offered than taken. Indeed, good advice is seldom accepted by those to whom it is offered. We suppose, therefore, that our homily will be ink wasted and paper spoiled. But notwithstanding, here goes! We are at least interested.

Young men do not see the need of economy, and place a higher value on credit than on capital. We do not advise meanness or penurious habits, but do think that such a course as would give a young man on reaching his twenty-fifth or thirtieth year some actual property, however small in amount, would be very much wiser than living up to the total income. Many clerks and salesmen command good salaries. Many journeymen also draw very fair wages, and that, too, while they are unencumbered with any charges beyond their own maintenance. Any young man is delighted with an advance in his income. Now, why can he not secure an advance to himself? If, for instance, he is tempted to an outlay of a hundred or two hundred dollars, or less, for some superfluity, why not invest that money in some mode that it would yield him a profit? which is, in effect, an increase of salary. It would be such an addition to his means as would not depend upon anybody's favor or caprice; and the habit once begun would soon place him in a position above the danger of want or the fear of idleness.

If anybody ask what has turned our editorial pen in this direction, we will state a case. It is a fact, by the way, and we judge one of many like instances. Passing through the public room of a hotel the other day, we saw a young fellow sitting there with the air of a habitué of the place, and in a costume which indicated the "shabby gentile." We knew his story. A year or two ago he was a clerk, upon a salary which enabled him to live, and he lived up to every dollar of it. By the decrease of relatives he came in possession of ten or twelve thousand dollars. If he had put this in Government bonds, or any other security, it would have added eight hundred dollars to his annual income. He might have remained in his clerkship and have been steadily accumulating money not, to be sure, at a rapid rate, but without any risk, and with a feeling of comfortable independence which many a merchant might envy. But to-day he is not worth a dollar, and the shabby suit he wears is not paid for, and never will be.

Legacies ruin many a one, but habits of improvidence ruin more. If the rising youth of our land, in whatever business they may be, would while they have a living secured, look to the future in a judicious manner, saving their surplus, however small, the business of the country would be put on a better basis than at present. There would be more actual capital employed, and less reliance put on credit. Business talents are of high value, even without capital, but, backed by ready money, aptness for business is invaluable. Most clerks do, and all should count on undertaking business for themselves. If they could enter upon it with habits of economy they would be sure of success.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.—A private letter from a prominent and well-known South Carolina Republican, to a gentleman in New York, says: "Our prospects in South Carolina, and I think all over the South, are now very encouraging, both politically and materially. Lawlessness has ceased almost as if by magic since the elections, and every body seems to adopt the motto of Grant, 'Let us have peace.' Good feeling seems rapidly returning between the two parties, and a prominent Republican is treated different from what he was only a month ago. The financial prospects of the State have improved wonderfully within the last two or three weeks."

"The Preservation of Books" is the subject of a correspondence in the *London Builder*. The writer says he was very much annoyed, some twenty-five years ago, by finding the backs of a number of the books in his book-case mildewed; and although they were carefully and frequently wiped off, they were soon discolored again. He then adopted the plan of lightly washing over the backs and covers of his books with spirits of wine, using a goose quill feather as a brush; and he says the mildew never afterwards appeared, and that he has since used spirits of wine to prevent mildew, with equally good effect, in other cases.

A fellow in Decatur, Illinois, the other day thought he had found a long piece of dress goods upon the pavement. He picked up one end of it and commenced wrapping it around his arm, when on looking around the corner he discovered a lady at the other end quietly talking to a friend. He suddenly dropped his prize and started off.

If a seamen should turn back every time he encounters a head-wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make headway in the voyage of life.

At a recent Milwaukee wedding between a bridegroom of 61 and a bride of 87, the couple danced a reel with great spirit, the bride remarking that she always wanted a young husband.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDIES For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, or digestive organs.

Hooiland's German Bitters
Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medically termed, *extracts*) of Roots, Herbs and Barks, making a preparation highly concentrated, and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,
Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol, in admixture, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Nervous Debility, &c., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing with it, as closely as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Faintness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Stinking or Flattering at the Pitt of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Harried or Difficult Breathing, Fluctuating at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensation when in a Lying Position, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Debility of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great depression of Spirits.

The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which is assured from its source to be genuine and unquestioned cures, and benefiting suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectively cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Nervous Debility, Chronic Rheumatism, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY.
Resulting from any cause whatever; prostration of the system induced by over-exertion, hardships, exposure, fevers, &c.

There is no medicine equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE,
And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this Tonic, or Bitters, a powerful agent that will instill new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shattered frames, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.
It is a well established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN
Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARAS-MUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. These it will be observed, are all of good standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. George W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:
Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find 'Hooiland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in all cases of debility, nervousness, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:
Philadelphia, April 22, 1868.

"I consider 'Hooiland's German Bitters' a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Knapp, D. D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to certify my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as one of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hooiland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail, but usually it does not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KNAPP, 8th, bet. Center St.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hooiland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, and a safe and reliable remedy for debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly,
E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.
Hooiland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each D. P. O. bottle, and the counterfeits. Price of each D. P. O. bottle, 50 cents. At the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor.
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.
Hooiland's German Bitters, per bottle, \$1.00
Hooiland's German Tonic, half bottle, 50 cts.
Hooiland's German Tonic put up in quart bottles \$1.50 per bottle, or half dozen for \$7.50.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.
For sale by A. I. SHAW Agent Clearfield Pa.
April 22, 1868-ly