The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1870. VOL. 17.—NO. 10.

Select Poetry.

SOUVENIR DE PARIS.

What's the world without a Paris?
What are all its joys to me?
When that lovely town no longer
Lures me from beyond the sea,
Every journal brings new anguish;
Bursting sobs our grief reveal,
When I dream of days of shopping,
And Jack murmurs—*Ah! Mabille.*

Ah! those vanished days of Paris!
Kneeling counts of ancient birth,
Begging curls by Cherrel twisted—
Rumpling dresses built by Worth.
Oh! the German at the Palace!
Led by that dear Marquis Caux—
With the Empress on the dais,
While Strauss ruled the floor below.

Blissful days with thee Bon Marche!
Gas lit nights with thee, Musard!
How my sad feet die to press thee—
Asphalt of the Boulevard!
How the hours fled, winged with rapture;
Tinged with gold. Time's dropping sands,
In that waste of silks and cashmeres,
In the Compagnie des Indies.

Ah! the Garman's in the palace,
But no more the dancers go,
Swayed by Strauss' magic baton,
And the gloved hand of De Caux,
Paris needs no boots of satin
For the balls that fill the air,
And no more she sings with Schneider,
Ah! que j'aime les militaires!

SOWING AND REAPING.

"Come to the barn with me, sir! I'll learn you to lie to me! I'll tan your jacket for you, sir!"

These words were spoken in my hearing by an angry father to his boy, Jim Thorne, who had told him a lie.

He followed his father, who stopped on his way and cut a whip the size of an ox goad, and soon the sound of stinging blows were heard, mingled with shrieks and cries which pierced me like arrows, which the mother of the child did not heed, nor indeed seemed to hear.

"Good Heaven!" I cried, "Nancy Thorne how can you hear such blows, and such cries and not stop them or go mad?"

"He must learn not to lie to his father," she replied. "He has got to be such a liar that we can place no dependence on a word he says. It has got to be whipped out of him."

Now, reader, don't hold up your hands and say, "Horrible! what cruel, unnatural parents they were!"

They were no such thing; they were pleasant, agreeable people enough, honest and upright as the world goes, and meant to bring up their children right, and would have been angry indeed, had any one said they were harsh or unkind in the treatment of their children, or that they taught them to lie.

When the beating was finished, when Deacon Thorne had demonstrated his power, when he as an earthly father, had done toward his child as he imagined his Heavenly Father would do toward him, the law of revenge was satisfied, and he threw down the rod and bent his steps homeward.

I felt that if I met him, there must surely be a collision, and fled to my chamber and threw myself into a chair at the window that overlooked the porch, where Jimmy's mother was at work.

I watched the father as he walked rapidly down the path. There was no sign of pity or sorrow on his face, but instead, an expression of satisfaction of having done a good thing, vindicated his authority, punished the boy for a sin and set his feet in the path of rectitude.

As he came near to his wife, he said:

"I guess I've given him a trouncing that he will remember one spell. What in the world makes that boy lie so? I am sure I don't know."

I listened with strained ears for some words of condemnation from the mother, but listened vainly. She only worked over her butter the more busily.

I too, wonder what made the boy tell lies, he came of good honest stock; as far back as can be remembered, none of his race had been imprisoned, or hanged; none of them had been remarkable as liars. Jim would lie, there was no question of that, and I resolved to know why.

Deacon Thorne shaved, washed and combed himself, and I heard him ask his wife for a clean shirt. It was not Sunday, and I wondered where he was going, and Yankee like, guessed it out. He belonged to the Baptist church and to-day was "Covenant meeting day. Pretty soon I heard him come out upon the steps and say to his wife:

"Nancy, it seems to me you might get your work done up, so as to go to covenant meeting sometimes. It don't look well for you, and it plagues me to have the brothers and sisters ask where sister Thorne is. What shall I tell 'em, Nancy?"

"You can tell 'em," replied Nancy, in rather a tart tone, "that I've no help about my work and it is as much as I can do to get ready for Sunday."

Deacon Thorne got a flea in his ear. He had told his wife that he thought she could get along without a girl, now that the summer's work was done and the weather cool. She had reluctantly consented to try it, for she, too, was—as Peggotty observed of Barkis, "pretty near," and had an eye to the main chances."

When I saw the old piebald horse hitched to the old green wagon, and the deacon seated therein, and altogether moving thro' the gate, I hurried down stairs and through the woodshed, and took my way to the barn. Pushing open the door, and following the sounds of suppressed sobs, I found Jimmy crouching in the corner, with his head half hidden in a tuft of hay, quivering with excitement and pain.

When I put my hand upon him he shrank from the touch; and when I spoke his name he looked with the look of a dog that had been beaten; when I lifted his head and pillowed it on my lap, floods of tears gushed forth. I let him have a good cry, soothing him and passing my hand over his damp hair.

When he grew calmer I loosened his shirt band and looked at his back, and as I did so, bit my lips to suppress a scream. It was literally covered with livid welts, and in some places the blood came through the skin.

Drawing his shirt band up, fastening it round his neck, and commanding as well as I could, my trembling voice, I proposed to him to go with me to his room and rest awhile.

He rose slowly to his feet, and putting his hands in mine, we proceeded toward the house and gained the chambers in the same manner I left them, unseen by Mrs. Thorne.

I persuaded him to undress and lie down upon the bed, and while I bathed his aching head and bruised back, he told me what the offence was for which his father had beat him. I'll give the story in his own words:

"Last week he"—referring to his father; it was curious to see how he avoided speaking the word father—"told me if I would dig all the 'taters in the South patch, I might go chestnuting the next day; and when I asked him the next day he said he did not promise, but I stuck to it he did, and told him right where he was when he said it. Then he said he didn't care if he did say so, I couldn't for I must pick up cider apples, and if I'd be a good boy and work up right smart I might go to-day; but I knew he wouldn't keep his word, and Silas Bruce was a going to day and I wanted to go too, for the squirrels were carrying off the nuts as fast as they could, and Sile Bruce and all the boys have got as many as I have, and when I asked him if I might go out he said no I shouldn't, and told me to go over in the back lot and get the sheep, and I pretended to go, and went off with the other boys to hunt chestnuts, and he came through the woods hunting the old mare and saw me there, and asked me what I was there for, and I told him I couldn't find the sheep in the lot, and was looking for 'em in the woods, and he said the sheep were in the lot, and he had seen 'em when he was coming through it, and he told me I had lied and he would lick me; but I stuck to it I did not lie, for I know anyhow he had, and I hate him, and I'll runaway; I'd rather live like Robinson Crusoe, and have Friday live with me, than live here and be licked every day."

What could I say? I said nothing; but I sang him fast asleep, and left him sleeping, and went down stairs thinking to talk to his mother about him; but I found her up to her elbows in flour, and her head full of baking for to morrow, and a pursed up expression of her mouth warned me to keep shady. And so I wandered off to the orchard, and sat down among the yellow apples, and held my tongue, but in my heart I thanked God I was an old maid, and no boys to bring up.

At night the deacon came home, turned out his horse, ate his supper, and then inquired where Jimmy was. Mrs. Thorne did not know. He looked surprised, not to say alarmed, took down his hat and went at a quick pace toward the barn.

Soon he came back, and—I'll confess it—I chuckled to see that he looked pale and scared. I had a good mind to keep still and let him get what Theodore Winthrop calls a "prickly scare," but he came direct to me and asked me if I knew where he was. I reluctansly answered:

"Up stair in bed, and asleep," and added maliciously, "sick too, and I shouldn't wonder if he has to have a doctor before he gets through with it."

The deacon shot an inquiry from beneath his shaggy brows, and went up stairs. I would have given all the apples in the orchard to have seen him as he bent over his beaten boy.

He came down with a slow and hesitating step, with a look on his face that I thought boded much good for Jim.

Strange Jim told a lie!
Who taught him?

One day Deacon Frisbie came to Deacon Thorne to buy a cow. The irrepressible Jim was on hand to drive up the cows, with instructions to leave three of the best ones in the field.

They were driven into the milking yard, duly inspected by Deacon Frisbie, praised or depricated by Deacon Thorne, as his anxiety to keep or sell any particular one lay in the scale. At last, by skillful manoeuvering, Frisbie was induced to choose the poorest one in the lot—not only in flesh, but every way. And what think you decided him to take her?

Deacon Thorne said to Jim:

"What do you think mother will say when she finds out I've sold "Old Fill Pail?"

"O, she'll tear," replied Jim.

Did she tear? Not at all; she bore it with most Christian meekness; merely saying to Deacon Thorne, when he and Deacon Frisbie came in to finish business by transferring fifty dollars from one pocket to another:

"You always manage to sell the best cows and keep the poorest. I guess you will find some difference in the butter now 'Old Fill Pail's' going."

At which Jim snickered behind his hat, and was ordered to go and feed the cows.

Strange Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

Deacon Frisbie was invited to stay to dinner. He graciously assented, and the two deacons settled themselves comfortably in their chairs and had a good time talking over church matters.

When dinner was ready we all set down together; and Deacon Frisbie asked a blessing, in which he praised Deacon Thorne, and Mrs. Thorne, and Jim, and "the stranger within the gates." (meaning me,) and I really expected to hear him give thanks for the old spotted cow, but he stopped just short of it.

Dinner done he shook hands all around in a friendly manner, and departed.

When he was safely in the road, Deacon Thorne chuckled audibly, and observed to his wife with a sly poke in her side:

"Old Fill Pail, difference in the butter, eh?"

To which Mrs. Thorne replied with a grave, cunning smile.

Neither chuckle, poke or smile was lost on the ever present Jim.

Strange Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

THE LITTLE BOY'S REBUKE.—There was once a very old man who lived in a house with his son. The old man was deaf, his eyes were dim, and his legs weak and thin. When he was at the table he could hardly hold his spoon, so much did his hand shake; and at times he would spill it on the table-cloth. All this vexed his son's wife; and they made him sit in a corner behind the stove. Then he ate his food from an earthenware dish, and he had not too much to eat, as you may guess.

Well, one day his trembling hand could not hold his dish. It fell to the floor and broke. At this the son's wife was so vexed that she spoke harshly to the old man. His only answer was a deep sigh. Then she bought a bowl of wood, out of which he ate his food. Not long after this his grandson, a boy about seven years of age, was seen at work hollowing out a log of wood. His parents could n't guess what he was trying to do. The little boy said nothing to any one; but kept at his work on the log, and looked very grave, as if he had some work on hand.

"What are you doing there?" asked the boy's father.

The boy did not want to tell. Then his mother asked:

"What are you doing there, my son?"

"O," said he, "I am only making a trough, such as our hogs eat out of."

"But what are you making it for?

"I am making it for you and father to eat out of when I grow up a big man," said the boy.

The parents looked at each other, and burst into tears. From that time they treated the old man well. He had the best place at the table, a nice dish and plenty of food.

AN EQCIVOCAL APOLOGY.—In a certain country town lived two worthy men—neighbors and friends; but they never could agree upon political questions. In dispute one day, one of the disputants lost his temper, and called the other a liar, fool, and so on. This was his weakness. He easily lost his self control; and then he was very abusive; and then repented. On the occasion referred to, he was so chagrined at the exhibition he had made of his passion, that he soon called upon his neighbor, penitent, and purposing an apology. We give, in substance, the apology:

"I am ashamed of myself for being so abusive in my talk with you. To think I should call a neighbor and friend, a liar, fool and knave! I am very sorry, and I have come to apologize. Forgive me, I know not why it is that in my talk with you I lose my temper. But the fact is you talk so much like a jackass, I can't help it!"

AN ALLEGORY.—The old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his own land, and cultivating the promising seed in the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant. I saw its occupation, and learned from that instinct to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," replied the spirit. "Go again to the ant and learn to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

A few Sundays ago, as Mr. Beecher was about commencing his sermon, a stout, fatherly-looking man was endeavoring to make his way through the crowd, to get within a better hearing distance of the distinguished orator. At that moment, Mr. Beecher's voice rang out the words of the text: "Who art thou?" "Who art thou?" again cried out the dramatic preacher. The stout party, thinking himself in the wrong, perhaps, by pressing forward, and believing himself to be personally addressed, startled the brethern and nonplussed the reverend chieftain, by sedately replying: "I'm a pig merchant from Cincinnati, sir. I hope you ain't mad. There ain't nary chair, or else I'd sot down." Plymouth church didn't recover its serenity for ten minutes.

A MOTHER'S WORDS.—A youth of eighteen or nineteen years sat at an open window—a look of painful perplexity in his face, apparently occasioned by a letter he held in his hand. After sitting thus for some minutes, he muttered to himself:

"Yes, I must go, if I don't Brown and Smith will laugh at me, and call me righteous overmuch; and after all there's no great harm in it, for I'll go to church in the morning, and it's only to be a sail down the river and spend the day in the country."

Still, he pressed his hand on his forehead for an instant, then rising hastily, he said:

"There is no use of bothering about it, I must go."

As he arose, his eyes lighted on the setting sun, and as it did so his whole expression changed; a sweet yet sad look played over his face—his thoughts were elsewhere—another scene was before his eyes. The dark street had disappeared, and in its stead a neat country cottage had risen. He tho't he was there. Once more he saw the hills that rose near that cottage door; once more the blue waters of the lake glistened before him, once more he sat in the cottage garden with his widowed mother and watched the setting sun.

Once more that mother's words sounded in his ears—"John don't forget your God and He'll not forget you. 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Though sinners entice you to break it consent thou not. O, when you're tempted to do wrong don't forget to pray! Never let the sun go down on a prayerless day. May the God of the faithful guide you—may the Lord Jesus be your Saviour!"

Yes, six months had passed since he heard these words, and yet they seemed to sound in his ears. Tears filled his eyes, and rising, he folded his hands and kneeled in prayer, and then taking up his pen, he wrote thus;

"Thanks, Brown, for your invitation; but I cannot accept it. My duty to God is to obey his commands, and he hath said: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' Spending the day in idle pleasure is not doing this, and I wish you would think over the subject, and not go yourself."

How great is the influence of a pious mother's words. How wonderful the answers to her earnest prayer.

USE OF LEMONS.—When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated by a metalic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greatest part of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon, and adding more sugar as the acidity increases, from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner, with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort, and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at tea time, as an entire substitute for the ordinary tea of summer, would give many a one a comfortable night's sleep, and an awakening of rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea and a hearty supper.

A dusky Adonis took his Dulcinea to the fair at Bowling Green, Ky., last week, and in rambling through the grounds came to a tank in which a crocodile fresh from the Nile, was disporting himself. "Wat dar ar scaly ting am in dar?" languidly inquired the damsel. "Dat," said Johnsing, momentarily taken back, and scratching his head in perplexity. "Dat, miss, am a concubine from de shores ob de Nile."

Said a loving wife to her husband: "Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?" The husband, tired of politicial economists in petticots; replied: "Ah, yes my dear, I know your great learning and many virtues. That's your real value. But I also know that none of my married friends would exchange wives with me. That's your exchangeable value."

The art of painting on marble, which, if ever known, had been lost for centuries, has at length, after years of experiment, been brought to a high degree of perfection, by a New York artist. In brilliancy of color his specimens are equal to oil painting, while the pigments when once fixed, are permanent, and cannot be injured by the action of the atmosphere, water or acids.

"Well, David," said a poor but worthy citizens to one of the State street magnates, "the world has prospered with you, and they say you are immensely rich." "Well," replied David, "perhaps it is true, but we cannot take our gold with us when we go." "It would melt if you did," was the quick retort.

A young lady fell asleep in a hotel parlor recently, and was awakened, like the "sleeping beauty," by a kiss on her mouth. Her indignation can be imagined when she discovered it was one of the bell boys who had been sent in to clean the windows, and whose excuse was, that he wanted to tell his friends that he had actually "kissed a live lady."

A Toast—The Press: It ex-presses truth, re-presses error, im-presses knowledge, de-presses tyranny, and op-presses none.

A DEMOCRATIC MARRIAGE.—There is a little place called Tonawanda, lying on the Niagara river, Erie canal and Central Railroad, about midway between Buffalo and the Niagara Falls. It is a small place, and yet it requires two counties to contain it. The people there are in a habit of going strong for the Democratic ticket; but we never heard until quite lately that the obligation to do so forms a part of the marriage ceremony in that classic locality.

The following is an exact copy of a scene which took place there within the last week. It is furnished by one who was present, and was so moved by the magnitude of the joke, that he insisted upon its being put in print.

The scene is the office of a well-known and most popular Democratic Justice of the peace and counsellor. Enter two Dutch innocents, of large proportions and countenances, who inform the Squire that they desire to be made one. At the same moment a gentleman from Niagara Falls, is called in by the functionary to witness the ceremony.

The parties being properly called, the ceremony proceeds thus:

"Hans, is there any reason why you shouldn't marry Katrine?"

'Nine.'

'Katrine, is there any reason why you shouldn't marry Hans?'

'Nein, nein.'

'Do you Hans, promise to love, honor and comfort Katrine as your wife?'

'Yaw.'

'Do you, Katrine promise to love, honor and obey Hans, as your husband?'

'Yaw, yaw.'

'Then in the name of the people of the State of New York, I pronounce you man and wife; and you solemnly swear, to support the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of the state of New York, and to vote the Democratic ticket every time it comes around?'

Hans—'Yaw.'

Katerine—'Yaw.'

Squire—(to witness)—'Can you beat that in Niagara Falls?'

Witness—[very positively]—I should think not."—*Oswego Advertiser.*

NOTHING LIKE GRAMMAR.—Nothing like grammar! Better go without a cow than go without that. There are numberless "professors" who go "tramp, tramp, tramp, my boys!" around the country, peddling a weak article, by which "in twenty days" they guarantee to set a man thoroughly up in the English language. An instance in point comes from Greenville, Alabama, where a "professor" had labored with the youth of that people, and taught them to dote on grammar according to "Morris's" system. During one of the lectures the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," was given out to be parsed. Each word had been parsed save one, which fell to Bob L., a sixteen-year-old near the foot of the class, who commenced thus: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and *stands for Mary.*"

"Stands for Mary!" said the excited professor. "How do you make that out?" "Because," answered the noble pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, *how could Mary milk her?*"

Last week the labors of the persons who had been boring for the last eighteen months in Lincoln, the capital city of Nebraska, for salt water, were crowned with success. At the depth of six hundred feet below the surface, in a stratum of sandstone, a lead of the great subterranean sea of salt water was struck, and the briny current came struggling up around the auger and shot up into the air some eight or ten feet. It has since flowed strongly and steadily, and with great force and increasing strength, forming a briny rivulet. It is believed by the experts who have seen the flow, that when the auger is withdrawn and tubing inserted, a stream of water will be projected from the well to the height of fifty feet, making it the most magnificent artesian well of salt water in the world.

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the Profesor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

There is no such thing as a menial office when you put a true man into it. A menial office is an office with a mean man in it; and it makes no difference whether it is a king't office or a scavenger's office.

"Lookee here, Mister. I ain't complainin'; but this ere *mossic* stool you sold to my wife, we've twisted in round" till we've twisted off un's 'ead, an' not a ha'porth o'toon can we get out on un."

There are 82,000 Indian children of school age and though the government has spent $500,000,000 since 1820 in fighting Indians it has only spent $6,000,000 directly in educating them.

Mrs. Partington says that since the invention of the needle gun there is no reason why the woman shouldn't fight as well as men.

Blindman's bluff is said to be genuine human sympathy, because it is a fellow-feeling for a fellow creature.

Justifiable stinginess—grudging a friend the right of laughing at our expense.

Mental abstraction—stealing the ideas of others, and fancying them your own.

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, Woodenware, Provisions, etc., Market St. Clearfield, Pa.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron vare, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar '70.

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

H. BUCHER SWOOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourdoo s west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

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

WM. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa., Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Good, etc. June 15, '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 15, '70.

F. B. READ, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Kylertown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Apr. 20-6m.

ORRIN T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law, Lock Haven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Je. 29, '70-y.

C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

J. B. M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

I. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all Legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct 19.

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

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street Clearfield, Pa. Dec 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds o Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa He also makes to order Coffins on short notice and attends funerals with a hearse. Apr 10, '59.

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

WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Clearfield, Pa. Office in res dence of W. A. Wallace Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan 5, '70 yp
WM. A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield Pa., will attend promptly to busine s entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. [June 30, '69

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

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

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

A. I. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kylertown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. [Sep. 29-1y

W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a. Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attendad to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a.
March 6th, 1867.-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, '69.

GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed je8'70-yp

WALLACE & WALTERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS, Clearfield, Pa

Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurances taken.

Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. [Jan 5 1870.
WM. A. WALLACE. J. BLAKE WALTERS.

REMOVAL—GUN SHOP

The undersigned begs leave to inform his old and new customers, and the public generally, that he has fitted up a new GUN SHOP, on the lot on the corner of Fourth and Market streets, Clearfield, Pa., where he keeps constantly on hand, and makes to order, all kinds of Guns. Also, guns rebored and revarnished, and repaired neatly on short notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
June 9, 1869. JOHN MOORE.

SMALL PROFITS and QUICK SALES.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN

are constantly replenishing their stock of Drugs, Medicines, &c. School books and Stationery, including the Osgood and National series of readers. Also—Tobacco and Cigars, of the best quality, and at the lowest prices. Call and see.
Clearfield, Nov 10, 1869

DRY GOODS—the cheapest in the county, a May 29, '67. MOSSOP'S.

THE KIDNEYS.

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

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

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

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

The reader must also be made aware, that however slight may be the attack, it is sure to affect the bodily health and mental powers, as our flesh and blood are supported from these sources.

GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM.—Pain occurring in the loins is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalky concretions.

THE GRAVEL.—The gravel ensues from neglect or improper treatment of the kidneys. These organs being weak, the water is not expelled from the bladder, but allowed to remain; it becomes feverish, and sediment forms. It is from this deposit that the stone is formed, and gravel ensues.

DROPSY is a collection of water in some parts of the body, and bears different names, according to the parts affected, viz: when generally diffused over the body, it is called Anasarca; when of the Abdomen, Ascites; when of the chest, Hydrothorax.

TREATMENT.—Helmbold's highly concentrated compound Extract Buchu is decidedly one of the best remedies for diseases of the bladder, kidneys, gravel, dropsical swellings, rheumatism, and gouty affections. Under this head we have arranged Dysurie, or difficulty and pain in passing water, Scanty Secretion, or small and frequent discharges of water; Strangury, or stopping of water; Hematuria, or bloody urine; Gout and Rheumatism of the kidneys, without any change in quantity, but increase in color, or dark water. It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physick, in these affections.

This medicine increases the power of digestion and excites the absorbents into healthy exercise by which the watery or calcareous depositions and all unnatural enlargements, as well as pain and inflammation are reduced, and it is taken by men, women and children. Directions for use and diet accompany.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 25, 1867.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist:

DEAR SIR:—I have been a sufferer, for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent Physicians, experiencing but little relief

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections.

M McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

Hon. Wm. Bigler, ex-Governor Penn'a.
Hon Thomas B Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor, Penn'a.
Hon. Ellis Levis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. Grier, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Phil'a.
Hon. John Bigler, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor Gen. Washington, D.C.
And many others, if necessary.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. Price—$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, N Y.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed

June 15, '70-1y H. T. HELMBOLD.