The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1871. VOL. 17.---NO. 23.

DAY AND NIGHT.

"Day," cried the Earth, "Awake!—Awake!"
And with a ruler's power
Summoned its legions to their tasks,
In city, vale and bower.

She bade the weary traveler rise,
And onward wend his way,
And raised the savage hunter's bow
Against the flying prey.

She warned the merchant to his desk,
The student to his tome,
The sailor to his toil and strife
Against the salt seas foam,

She called the farmer to his plough,
Amid the furrowed glade,
The whisker'd soldier from his tent
Forth to his slaughter-trade;

The seamstress to her needle turn'd,
The sad-brow'd laborer bent,
And downward to his cavern dark
The mournful miner went.

The old man leaning on his staff
A quickening mandate feels;
And from its cradle soft and warm,
The tottering infant steals.

Night speaks to Day—"Your tasks are heard—
You've wearied all the race;
I'll fold them in my pitying arms
For downy Sleep's embrace

Of care, I smooth the wrinkling trace
That you so deep have made,
Take from the statesman's breast its load,
From Labor's hand the spade

Of Grief, I soothe the gushing tear,
Of meagre Want the sigh,
And draw a healing curtain o'er
Vexed brain, and bloodshot eye.

I say to Prayer—'Look up to God!'
I point the soul above—"
And thus the holy Night began
Its ministry of love.

THE RESCUE.

The incident about to be related is one of many similar ones which occurred during the early settlement of America. Those who sought a home in the savage wilds, which then covered the land, wedded themselves to a life of peril and hardship. The dangers which continually threatened them called forth all the heroic qualities of their nature, and their lives were marked by many a lofty deed of daring and devotion. Such deeds should not sink into oblivion, for they belong to the history of our country, and as such, should be recorded and remembered.

We would present a picture to the imagination of the reader. There is a broad and beautiful stream, with its deep, still waters, flowing between banks covered by luxuriant foliage; and its bright surface dotted here and there with fairy little isles, where graceful shrubs and fragrant flowers bud and blossom undisturbed in wild and lonely loveliness. Bright plumed birds of many varieties are winging their way over the quiet water, and the surrounding scene echoes with their tuneful minstrelsy. On the borders of the river at the edge of a forest that stretches far away over hill and dale, stands the rude but picturesque dwelling of a backwoodsman; with the blue smoke curling up from its lowly roof, and its humble walls glancing out from the green foliage that surrounds them. There are some indications of taste and refinement near the woodman's home, which give a cheerful appearance to that otherwise wild and lovely scene. A graceful vine curtains the lowly window, and many bright flowers, natives of a distant soil, shed their grateful perfume around. Near the door hangs a cage, containing a rare and beautiful bird, whose song of gladness breaks sweetly upon the stillness of that solitary place.

On a low seat, at the entrance of the dwelling, is seen a young woman, caressing an infant. She has lost the blooming loveliness of early youth—her cheek is pale, and her brow wears that thoughtful expression which is imprinted by the touch of care; yet she is still beautiful in form and feature, and none may look upon her without admiration. As she bends over the child in her arms, her eye fills with that unutterable tenderness and love which are only seen in the eye of a mother and which make the face of a beautiful woman almost angelic. Now and then she turns from the child, to send an anxious glance towards the forest, as if she watched for the approach of some one from that direction. She is momentarily expecting her husband. He left his home at morn; the hour appointed for his return had passed away; the shadows of the trees are lengthening in the rays of the setting sun, and yet he comes not. The fond wife begins to tremble for his safety—a fearful foreboding of evil steals over her mind, and the dark dread of some approaching calamity haunts her imagination.

She has reason to fear; for that portion of country was, at this time, the theatre of many a tragic scene. Sometimes the woodman, in penetrating too far into the pathless recesses of the forest, lost his way, and wandering for days in the dreary wilderness, suffering many miseries, and perishing at last by the pangs of hunger. Sometimes the wily red man, who yet lurked about these lonely wilds, entrapped the white hunter, and from a spirit of revenge, or the thirst for blood, sacrificed his victim with the most barbarous cruelty.

As the anxious wife thought of these things, her fears and forebodings became almost insupportable. Hushing the infant to sleep, she carried it into the dwelling, and deposited it in its cradle-bed. She then hastened forth again, and wandered along the path that led to the forest, anxiously looking forward the while for her husband. She walked onward for some time, fondly hoping to see the object of her search, but her hopes were vain, and sending one more searching glance around, and seeing nothing but the gloomy shadows of the trees, she turned with a heavy heart to retrace her steps. As she was proceeding homeward, a sudden fear for her child, whom she had left alone, crossed her mind and caused her to hasten forward. Drawing nearer to the dwelling, this fear became so intense, that it amounted almost to a conviction of some terrible calamity. Flying, rather than walking, she reached the house and sprang to the cradle—it was empty, and the child nowhere to be seen! With frantic eagerness she rushed to the back door of the dwelling, which she had left closed, and which she now found was open. She was just in time to see a party of Indians making rapidly to the woods. Her heart whispered the fearful assurance that they bore away her treasure. Here was a trying situation for a timid and helpless woman—her husband afar off—perhaps in peril—her child—her first born and only one, torn away by the rude hand of a savage—dread night approaching, and no earthly arm to aid!

Without pausing for reflection, the mother flew along the path which the Indians had taken. Now and then she caught a glimpse of their forms as they moved rapidly through the trees, but as the twilight deepened and surrounding objects became more indistinct, even that slight comfort was denied her, and she traced her gloomy pathway without knowing whether or not it would bring her nearer the object of her pursuit. Yet she paused not a moment in indecision, but hastened onward through the increasing darkness, unconscious of the uncertainty of her search, and the wildness of her expedition. She had but one thought—one hope; and that was to be near her child—to save it, if it could be saved, or perish with it, if perish it must. Strong in this determination, she pushed forward, thoughtless of fatigue, and fearless of peril. As the night advanced, the wind rose and sighed among the trees with a mournful and heart-chilling sound. The stars, that had hitherto shed a faint light through the branches, were now veiled in black clouds that seemed to presage a storm; and ever and anon the shrill croaking of a night bird, or the prolonged howl of some beast of prey, was borne to the ear of the unhappy wanderer, waking fearful thoughts, and warning her of the dangers by which she was surrounded.

Those who have never roamed in a forest at midnight can scarcely realize how much that is terrifying is connected with such a journey. At one time, the howl of the hungry wolf will burst so suddenly and clearly on the ear that we can scarcely persuade ourselves the monster is not close at our side—at another, the falling of a decayed branch will produce such a loud and fearful sound, that we deem it the fatal plunge which must doom us to destruction. Now the wind will come with a full and moaning cadence, so like the human voice, that we for an instant believe it the wail of an agonized being—and again it will sweep by with a rushing sound like a troop of enraged monsters bent on a mission of death. Sometimes an unseen, low drooping branch will softly touch the shoulder, congealing the warm current of life with the idea that a spectral hand has suddenly arrested our progress; and again a black and blasted tree, with one or two sere branches protruding from its side, will, for an instant, still the pulsation of the heart as we behold in it a frightful phantom, stretching forth its arms to grasp our shrinking forms.

All this, and more, must one feel and fear in a lonely midnight pilgrimage through the forest; and all this the mother endured as she pursued her almost hopeless enterprise. She had traveled far, very far, for the darkness of night, and the intricacies of the wood, had scarcely lessened the speed with which she commenced her walk, and she had been many hours on the way. Weariness was beginning to overcome her—hope was departing from her heart, and despair chilling all her energies, when she discovered afar off through the trees, a light. It was but a feeble glimmer, yet oh! how it irradiated the path of the wanderer. The instant she beheld it, hope sprang back to her heart, and strength invigorated her frame. That faint and far off ray seemed the light of returning happiness, and she watched it as eagerly as the mariner watches the star which guides him over ocean's stormy waves. She now hastened onward with redoubled energy, and though her steps sometimes faltered, and her heart sunk within her, as the light disappeared behind some intervening object, she still kept her eye steadily in the direction of the beacon, and soon gained a position where it shone brightly before her, and she could approach without losing sight of it again. As she drew near, she gazed upon the scene which that light revealed, with mingled feeling of astonishment, hope and fear.

There was a large fire built of the dried branches of trees, and around it lay the dusky forms of five or six Indians, reposing upon the ground. Their appearance was savage in the extreme; each with his painted feathers lighted by the fitful glare of the fire, and his tomahawk and scalping knife gleaming at his side. Near them were implements of hunting, and around the fire lay scattered bones and fragments of a recent rude repast. The whole scene was calculated to strike terror into the heart of the delicate being who gazed upon it.

But she scarcely saw the rude savages or their implements of death, for her whole soul was absorbed in contemplating a portion of the scene which we have not yet described, and which rivited her attention with a thrilling and magic power. Bound to a tree was the form of her husband; and at his feet on the cold ground, lay her child. The father's face was pale, and stained with blood; the infant's face was covered by its dress, and its form was motionless as if chilled by the cold hand of death. How felt the fond wife and mother when that sight of horror met her eyes? Repressing by a mighty effort the shriek of agony that rose to her lips and conquering, by the strength of a heroic soul, the almost irresistible desire she felt to rush forward, and clasp those dear ones to her aching heart, she stood gazing upon the scene with feelings which cannot be described. She saw with a throb of sudden joy, that her husband lived, but her heart grew cold again as she watched the motionless form of her child. She longed to fly to its side, and ascertain the truth, for the suspense that preyed upon her spirits was terrible, but again her resolute mind restrained her, and she began to deliberate upon the situation of her husband, and devise means for releasing him.

The vivid light cast by the fire on all things near it, enabled the wife to note the scene distinctly. She saw with a thankful heart, that the savages all slept, and that she could reach the side of her husband without passing near enough to awake them; but she saw that he was bound by strong cords, which she could not hope, in her wearied state to unfasten, and she looked about for something to sever them. There was nothing, save the knives which the Indians wore at their sides. Looking more intently, she saw that one of these had slipped from its place, and lay on the ground by its owner, so near that his hand almost touched the hilt. A pang of intense fear shot through her frame, when she thought of approaching so close to the terrific form of the savage, but another look upon the pale face of the prisoner, reassured her, and she determined to rescue him, or perish in the attempt. She could not approach the Indians without revealing herself to the eyes of her husband, and she feared, in that case, an exclamation of surprise would follow her appearance, and rouse the foe from their slumber. After pondering a moment upon the best mode of proceeding, she determined to steal softly to the back of the tree, place her hand upon the lip of the captive, whisper a few words of explanation, and implore him, not by the slightest murmur, to frustrate her plans. With a throbbing heart, she commenced her perilous undertaking. Noiselessly she made her way to the tree, and accomplished her purpose. There was no time to delay, yet one instant the mother turned to look upon her child, yearning to clasp it to her bosom, but not daring to lift the cloth which concealed its features, and assure herself whether or not it lived. A little while before, she would have given worlds to be able to do this, but now she felt that to behold it wrapped in the slumber of death would unnerve her arm, and render her unfit for the further prosecution of her trying task. With a firmness that would have done honor to a stoic, conquered the promptings of natural love and hastened away. With a step as noiseless as the falling dew, she glided towards the slumbering savages; as she drew near, her frame trembled so violently she could scarcely support herself; and when she put forth her hand to take the knife, the beating of her heart was so audible, she feared it would awake the sleepers, and she pressed her hand convulsively upon it to still its tumultuous throbbings. One terrible instant she thought the eyes of the Indian opened, glared upon her with a fierce and malignant expression; but this was mere fancy for he still slept, and the next moment she was gliding away with the knife firmly grasped in her hand. With a few rapid strokes she liberated her husband, and then bent down and uncovered the child.

To her unspeakable joy she found it in a slumber as sweet and peaceful as though it had been hushed to rest upon its mother's bosom. With a prayer of gratitude upon her lips, she lifted it from its resting place, turned to her companion, and motioned the way to their home. With rapid and noiseless steps they hurried away, speeding onward with tremulous yet hopeful hearts. Not a moment did the fond mother spare to caress her infant—not a word did she utter to greet her husband. The spell of a new found uncertain happiness had settled upon her spirit, and she feared to break its thrilling charm. For a time they traveled thus in silence and darkness; moving as near as they could judge in the direction of their home, and anxious to be farther, still farther away from their enemies. At length weariness compelled them to rest awhile, and as the dawning day began to shed a trembling light abroad, they crept into a thicket and sought repose.

The beams of the rising sun lighted the wanderers on their homeward pathway; and when that sun was sinking to repose, its parting rays fell calmly over the woodman's home, revealing a scene of bliss such as seldom visits the abode of man. How radiant with greatful joy was the face of the fond mother, as she clasped her recovered treasure closer to her bosom; how full of admiring love was the eye of the rescued husband, as it rested upon its fair preserver; and oh! how warm and fervent was the prayer, breathed in that hour of safety bearing up to heaven the deep devotion of thankful happy hearts.

Grass in his Liquor.

A tavern-keeper in Pennsylvania, whose sign swung and croaked at the foot of "Laurel Hill," once received a call from a guest from Virginia, and said guest called for a "mint-julep" to slake his thirst.

"What is a mint-'ulep?" inquired the landlord.

"A mint-julep is a julep with mint in it," replied the Virginian.

"Will you make one yourself? Here are the liquors, the sugar, the spices, but I havn't any mint."

"I will make two, one for each of us, if I can find the mint."

In a few moments the guest returned from a field where he found some mint, and he made the coveted beverage.

The tempting doses were repeated over and over again, and the delighted landlord was grateful for the lesson he had received in mixing liquors and making juleps. The Virginian left the next day and directed his steps homeward. Six months afterward, he had a business call in the neighborhood of "Laurel Hill," and meeting a boy in the road, he inquired the whereabouts of his old friend, the landlord.

"He has gone," said the boy.

"Where has he gone," said the stranger.

"He has gone up," replied the boy.

"What do you mean?"

"Ain't you the man who put grass into father's liquors, some time ago?"

"Yes, I taught your father how to make mint juleps."

"Well, the old man got to be very fond of drinks with grass in them, and kept on taking them from early in the morning until late at night; and he never stopped until he went under."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he kept on taking grass in his liquor until he died."

"Did he die drinking mint-juleps?"

"Yes, he died three months ago; he took too much grass in his liquor."

False Economy.—"About this time," as the almanacs say, "look out for talk of economy." This is well, for there never was a time when there was more need for the practice of that virtue, or when that virtue was more a necessity. Times are hard and business dull, but in retrenchment, don't begin at the wrong end. Let your family newspaper be among the last things touched. You can spare many matters of household use far better than you can spare your paper. It tells you of all that is going on in the world around you; it instructs you in morals and religion; it interests you in your leisure hours; its timely information saves you many dollars, and enables you to earn as many more; it assists your wife in her household duties, you in your farm, or shop, or store; it makes you intelligent among your neighbors; it has its word of encouragement, of aid, of fitness for every condition of life. It is a member of your family, and the most inexpensive one, and "pays its way" a thousand times over. Look well about you before you begrudge the one cent a day that your paper costs; retrench on your table, your clothes, your adornments, your horses, dogs, tobacco, etc., etc., before you give up your paper. And yet, this is the spot where many begin to "economize;" they deprive themselves and their family of what they can spare the least. If any one doubts this, let him take a single number of the family paper and examine it in all its departments, see what it contains, and then think whether for the few cents it costs, he can afford to dispense with it. Many a paper, indeed, almost every paper has some single paragraph which is practically worth the subscription price for several years.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Somebody quietly dropped a hundred dollar bill into the money bag at one of the Wellsburg (Ohio) churches, on Thanksgiving day. He has the satisfaction of hearing his home paper say that his gift was either a mistake or "conscience money."

Peter's Wife.

She was a poor girl when he married her, and Peter himself was the owner of a little farm, with a $500 mortgage on it. You would have thought, to hear Peter's mother and grandmother, and sisters and aunts and female cousins talk, that Peter had been a Prince by birth, or heir to a princely fortune at least, and she the "beggar maid" of the old English ballad, to whom a second "King Cophueta" had stooped and raised her to the throne. In all the five years that succeeded her marriage, I never, by any chance, heard one of Peter's female relatives confess that Susan had said, or done, or looked the right thing in any part of her mortal career. She was lazy, she was shiftless, she was no cook; she could not, she would not mend Peter's clothes properly; she was extravagant; she was the incarnation of all domestic vices; and "poor Peter, who might have done so much better," was the cry on every side. Peter loved his wife, I suppose, in the beginning, but he was but a man, and could not hear this continual chorus of condemnation without feeling in time that "there might be something in it, after all." He began to give himself the airs of a martyr, and to turn Susan into a thorough house and home slave, by way of convincing her of her surpassing good fortune. She was a gentle, meek-faced little thing, acquiescing in the general verdict, and loving Peter with all her heart and soul. Day by day she drudged and drooped, and when I left my native town to journey to far distant lands, I bade her farewell with a peculiar emphasis and tenderness, feeling sure, in my mind, that I should never see her in this world again.

Ten years passed slowly by, and I returned to settle down for life in the familiar town. The very day after my arrival, and before I had time to inquire after my friends of the earlier years, I saw a handsome carriage passing by the house—horses, harness, coachman, livery, and crest on the panels, all in city style. A portly, good lady, with a ruddy, smiling face, sat inside, and I saw several of our most respected citizens on the sidewalk lifting their hats as the carriage passed. No one was near, of whom I could make the inquiry, "Who on earth is that?" and putting on my things I called on the Browns. Peter's grandmother and Peter's maiden cousin lived in that house. Peter's married sister was there making a call, and the carriage was just driving away from the door as I entered.

"Who is it?" was almost my first question.

"Peter's grandmother, who, in old days had headed all the attacks on the faithful little woman whom I supposed to be in her grave, answered me with a beaming smile.

"Don't you remember her? Haven't you seen her? That's Peter's wife!"

"Peter's wife! Then Susan is dead, as I expected, and he has married again," said I.

"Susan dead!" cried the grandmother with a look of horror. "Dear Susan! How came you to think of anything so horrible? Why that was Susan."

"Yes," said the cousin, "that was my dear Susan. But she has grown so handsome that I do not wonder that you do not recognize her."

"Dear Susan," said the married sister. "Such a party as she is to give to-morrow night! and how well she does the honors, and how beautifully she is always dressed!"

"Ah, Peter was a lucky man to get her, and I always said so!" chimed in the old grandmother.

Scarcely believing my ears, I bade them good day. On the steps I met Peter. He had not changed, and he gave me an invitation to that wonderful party on the spot.

"You must come and see how dear Susan has altered and improved!" he exclaimed. "Ah, my dear friend, few men can say they have a wife like mine."

He bolted into the house, and I went on up street. Just at the corner I met Peter's mother, and his maiden aunt. In the old times they would have seen Susan grilled alive with pure pleasure, now and then; but on this day they were ready to sing her praise with the rest.

"Oh—it is so nice to think you are here in time for the party," said Peter's mother. "I want you to see the supper table. Dear Susan arranged the flowers with her own hands. But then dear Susan has such taste!"

"Oh, yes," said the maiden aunt; "I always said that dear Susan had such taste! You must go to the party. Dear Susan will be so delighted to see you back."

When I had escaped from them, I went straight to the house of one of my female relatives, and besought her to read the riddle that was perplexing me so.

"What has 'dear Susan' done," said I, "to be canonized like this? A martyr she was, most certainly, when I went away; but now is a saint and they are all worshiping her. What does it mean?"

My widow cousin looked at me with a slight smile.

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes; grown fat and ruddy, and in a carriage that looks as if it had just driven out of Central Park."

"Well, that is the solution of the riddle, my dear—the carriage and all the rest of it. Susan's uncle died in China last year, and left her, in her own right, a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars."

"Oh!" said I, and then I understood it all.

Society of Women.—There is no society in the world more profitable, because none more refining and promotive of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. The beauty of woman is made to win, her gentle voice to invite, the desire of her favor to persuade men's sterner souls from strife to peace. We honor chivalrous deference paid to woman. It evinces not only respect to virtue, and desire after pure affection, but that our women are worthy of such respect. But women were not made merely to win men to society. To be companions, they should be fitted to be friends; to rule hearts, they should secure the approbation of minds. And a man dishonors them, as well as disgrace himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart.

An old bachelor editor thus, in his spite, comments on a recent moonlight incident: "We left our sanctum at midnight, last night, and on our way home saw a young lady and gentleman holding a gate on its hinges. They were evidently indignant at being out so late, and we saw them bite each other several times."

"Boy, why did you take those shingles last Sunday?" "Because mother needed some kindling wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

A mother's prayer will draw up from the depth of the sea.

MILLWRIGHTING.

H. T. Farnsworth,

Would inform Mill owners, and those desirous of having Mills built, that he is prepared to build and repair either Circular or Muley Saw Mills, and Grist Mills after the latest improved patterns. He has also for sale an improved Water Wheel, which he guarantees to give satisfaction in regard to power and speed. His motto is, to do work so as to give perfect satisfaction. Those wishing further information will be promptly answered by addressing him at Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa. Write your name and address plain.

April 20, 1870-1y.

STUMPS! STUMPS!!

The undersigned have purchased the right of Clearfield county for Enoch Farnsworth's Stump Extractor, patented June 7th, 1870. This is decidedly the most convenient, most durable, and best machine of the day. Wet weather will not effect it, the working part being all of iron. The machine is easily set up, and will work any place that can be plowed. We will sell machines at a small profit on cost, and will try to make it to the advantage of farmers to buy them. We solicit orders from those wanting machines.

H. T. FARNSWORTH, Clearfield, Pa.,
JOB GARRISON, Clearfield, Pa.
GEO. H. HALL, Agent, Curwensville, Pa.
[July 13,'70.

HOME INDUSTRY!

BOOTS AND SHOES

Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market St., nearly opposite Hartswick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line.

Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented.

I have now on hand a stock of extra french calf skins, superb gaiter tops, &c., that I will finish up at the lowest figures.

June 13th, 1866. DANIEL CONNELLY

WE OFFER FOR SALE, AT PAR

The New Masonic Temple Loan,

Bearing 7 3-10 interest,

Redeemable after five (5) and within twenty-one (21) years.

Interest Payable March and September.

The bonds are registered and will be issued in sums to suit.

DEHAVEN & BRO.,

40 SOUTH 3d STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

Stocks bought and sold on commission. Gold and Governments bought and sold. Accounts received and interest allowed, subject to sight drafts.

March 2, 1870-1y.-Jan 4-71

MENS',

YOUTHS'

AND BOYS',

CLOTHING.

The undersigned having recently added

READY-MADE CLOTHING

to his former business, would respectfully solicit an examination of his stock. Being a practical Tailor he flatters himself that he is able to offer a better class of ready-made work than has heretofore been brought to this market.

Any one wishing to buy goods in this line would save money by calling at his store, and making their selections. Also, a full supply of Gents' furnishing goods always on hand.

Feeling thankful for past favors, he would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

April 28, 1869. H. BRIDGE.

C. KRATZER & SONS

are receiving a splendid stock of

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

LACE CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES,

COUNTERPANES AND QUILTS,

LINEN TABLE CLOTHS AND NAPKINS,

LADIES SILK COATS AND OVERSKIRTS,

ELEGANT SHAWLS AND LACE POINTS,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S TRIMMED HATS,

DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS,

BEST KID GLOVES—LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S,

BLACK AND FANCY SILKS,

FINE BLACK ALPACAS,

UNEQUALLED STOCK LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AND GAITERS,

MEN'S CALF AND FRENCH KIP BOOTS,

HEAVY CALF BOOTS, $5,

MEN'S AND BOYS' FINE AND HEAVY SHOES,

BEST STONE TEA SETTS, $5,

CASSIMERES VERY CHEAP,

GROCERIES, FLOUR AND PROVISIONS AT LOWEST RATES,

LIBERAL REDUCTION TO THOSE BUYING IN QUANTITY,

WOOL, MARKETING AND COUNTRY PRODUCE WANTED.

Clearfield, June 30, 1869.

NAILS & SPIKES—the cheapest in the county at MOSSOP'S

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 ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar '70.

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

THO'S J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney-at-Law, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

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

J. P. IRVIN : : : : : D. L. KREBS

IRVIN & KREBS, (Successors to H. B. Swoope), Law and Collection Office, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. [Nov. 30, 1870.

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15,'70.

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

ORRIS 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. Boyton, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

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

THOMAS H. FORCEY Dealer in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct 10.

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

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

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa He also makes to order Coffins on short notice and attends funerals with a hearse. Apr10,'59.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room, on Market street, a few door west of *Journal Office*, Clearfield, Pa. Apr27

WALLACE & FIELDING, Attorneys at Law Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan.5,'70-yp
WM. A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield Pa., will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. [June 32, '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.

ALTHORN, 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 attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

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

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

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

J. K. BOTTORF'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. *CHROMOS A SPECIALITY.*
Dec. 2,'68-jy. 14-62-tf.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

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

Office in Masonic building, on Second Street—Room No. 1. Jan 25, '71.

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

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 Dysuria, or difficulty and pain in passing water, Scanty Secretion, or small and frequent discharges of water; Strangury, or stopping of water; Hematuria, or bloody urine; Gout and Rheumatism of the kidneys, without any change in quantity, but increase in color, or dark water. It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physick, in these affections.

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

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 25, 1867.

H. T. Helmbold, Druggist:

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

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

I did this because I had tried 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.