

# The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 29.

## THE LAST ASSESSMENT.

Dear Editor, etc.—The latest commotion, in regard to a foolish notion, advanced by George, David and Sama, concerning the assessment and tax on lands. The people generally think them wrong, and this is the burden of my song.

Some time ago these wise men thought The day drew near, at which they ought The assessment place within the hands Of the proper ones to assess our lands. By little search they all were found, And they were men we all thought sound. The first they did, it was to take An oath, that they would justly make The assessment of our lands aright, That none might grieve and say 'twere spite. The work was done, the assessors thought, And as such, they had faithfully wrought. And then their assessment did return To those who seldom do return. On examination, George the wise Said, "David, Sama, make 'em revise, 'Til I have my way, or make some trouble. And hence they did the assessment double. George knew the law, and knew it all, They'd power to raise but not to fall. And those who think are assessors too low, They will put up for fear they blow; And those we think are assessors too high, The right to lower, I do deny. And George, the wise, then did proclaim: That we have equalized the same. The assessment having been revised, As they supposed, and equalized, George went to the assessors, saying, "To hold, what they did do, a session Of appeals; for those aggrieved, The young and old, the rich and poor, All made their entrance at the door. And all with one accord pressed round. The three wise men, who there were found. Some were there from the 'Fadder-land, And some from 'Erie's' sea beat strand, Declaring that they would not give Such an unjust thing in the 'old country. There were those who work, for accommodation Asking release from their occupation Tax, imposed on them, they said, Because they happened to have a trade: There were those, who push the plane, And many others I need not name: There were lawyers, doctors, merchants too, And the little man, who asks the shoe To pinch the toes, of some around— And no better shoemaker can be found. Each for himself his grievance told, And some in a spirit very bold Declared, that they would never pay The tax assessed on them that day, And in future, notes would take. Of those who come, their notes to make. And hearing all this, dear Editor, I finally concluded, a Commissioner Had better labor at his trade, Than sit and hear all this debate. About the injustice he had done. To rich and poor, to old and young. You'll find George's notes, with having sought Out the position he took on the road. By representing to those wise men, That the couler labor with his pen, And save our country, by and by. That the necessity of being taxed so high, That he would labor for one half The amount they paid the other 'twelve. That he had something else to do. Than sit about and make an ass, And that, in the paper he did edit, He would there give, those who men credit For all their great and brilliant acts, For making assessments and levying tax, That he would form and print their blanks, For making more, far less than thanks. Now then, examine the settlement made: You'll find George's promise laid in the shade; For surely he gets much more than he did. And if you doubt it, examine and see: For there you'll find, for services rendered By George, the clerk, the sum "Ten Hundred" 'Tis the printing bill, too, comes in as charge, Which of itself is nearly as large: By reference, you'll see it's a mix Between the two papers, some good copy 'tis. Now, reader, if you had the clue, Examine the settlement of "Erie's" magazine. And then, I know, with me you'll agree: That the doctrine of George is carried to a T— That the power to raise in a Commissioner lies; But the power to reduce, George sterner deems— You'll find, reader, that the published amount, "Ten Hundred and twenty," as William's account The printing bill, too, makes an extra charge. But my dear reader, it is not in large Way this great difference, I cannot explain, But to some, I've no doubt, it seems very plain. Recently has raised the tax-payer's ire, And when there is smoke, there sure is fire: The fire will kindle, and the sure be rent. And then good by! "Three Hundred per cent." And then, what loss? It's no doubt, some explain: Give yourselves no alarm, there are two men to educate him, who shall be wiser. Of Samuel the 1st, whom I'll term the progressor. The only way, friends, to set matters right, Is for every tax-payer to enter the fight. To say wide party, and politics too. And pay to him tribute, to whom tribute is due: From from a man your suitable person. Who is fit to do an important position. Do you see for a man who has nothing to do, For no such a man will ever suit you; But for one who has something to show, As the fruit of his labor, and sweat of his brow— A man who has enough education To know how to use simple reduction, And will not say to those who come and lament, Your assessment is raised "three hundred per cent."

Now, dear reader, it has taken some time To say what I've said in kind of blunt rhyme; And as my muse, is about taking her flight, I close with the hope, that all will come right. And in the future, we will take the precaution, That the men we elect, are no foolish nation.

Yours muchly, ANONYMOUS.

## A TERRIBLE FIFTY MINUTES.

In August, 1859, I arrived at Chamounix with one of my friends, a traveler like myself. For about five weeks we had been exploring Switzerland, so that we had had plenty of time to get used to snow and glaciers. We had made several ascents, one of 14,000 feet. I well remember the sensation I felt when I first saw one of those crevasses which seem the surface of the glaciers. Holding firmly by my guide's hand, I leaned over that yawning gulf, and tried to gaze down into its terrible depth. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to meet some two hundred feet below, but I believe it was only the effect of perspective, the rest being probably prolonged as far as the solid rock.

"A man who falls in there is certain never to come out alive," said one of my guides. "True," replied the other; "but I know one who was rescued. A narrow escape indeed it was; he still lives at Grindelwald. He is a chamois hunter; he was returning home; in descending the glacier he made a slip and fell into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting blocks of ice, which yielded, however, beneath his weight when he clung to them. When he reached the bottom, a distance of some hundred feet, he had a leg and an arm broken. Between the earth and the ice he found a hollow place, into which a stream was running; crawling along, suffering terrible pain, he followed the course of the water, and in three hours he was out of the glacier."

Crevasses vary in breadth from two to six feet at the mouth, but the sides approach rapidly as they descend, so that a man may find himself jammed in between two walls of ice a long time before he reaches the bottom, and then if ropes long enough and strong enough are at hand, he may be saved from a dreadful death. But generally the ropes are not long enough, and the traveler perishes of cold or falls lower down into the crevasse during the hours which elapse, while some of the party have gone to the nearest village to fetch longer ropes. Thus an unfortunate Russian nobleman perished in a glacier near Zermatt some years ago.

We had ascended the Brevent; we now led only the Mer de Glace and the Jardin to visit. We went on the Montanvert in the solitary little inn at the foot of the glacier. Next morning we were up at dawn. Furnished with some provisions and two bottles of wine, we started with our guides. It was a splendid morning, and augured well for our excursion. For half an hour we followed a rough path which skirted the Mer de Glace, which displayed below us the seracs, riven with crevasses and covered with rocks and fragments. Our road ended at the glacier, upon which we now began to descend, and to traverse zig zags in the midst of numerous fissures. The Mer de Glace is not considered dangerous, and it is quite the exception to take axes and ropes when crossing it.

Alert and cheerful we hastened on without taking notice of the guide, who, some way behind, cried out to us several times to be cautious and wait for him. We were obliged at last to halt before a vast crevasse with a length of some sixty yards, and ended upon our left in a slope of ice, somewhat steep, but which I thought I could easily mount. Using the iron spikes of my alpen stock as a ladder, I began to cut holes in the ice large enough to put my feet in. At this moment our guide rejoined us. He looked at the slope and at the yawning crevasses below it, and said in a grave tone, "It is dangerous; let us go round it."

With the help of my alpenstock I had already cut half way up this icy hill, and was now quite convinced that it was too steep and slippery to be crossed without an axe. The guide's warning confirmed my opinion. I resolved to retreat my steps. I was cautiously lowering my right leg, seeking for the hole that I had made in the ice; my foot passed it; I felt that I was sliding down; there was nothing rough to stop me, not the least projection by which I could hold myself in. The declivity became perpendicular, and I fell into the gulf.

I heard the cry of despair of my companion and my guide. My own sensations can not be described. I was giddy and half stunned, sent backward and forward from one wall of ice to the other; I felt myself descending to a great depth, convinced to be dashed to pieces, to die by a horrible death. Suddenly something stopped me; I felt myself suspended. I took breath again, and could cry out, "A rope! a rope!"

By God's mercy I had fallen upon a narrow ledge of ice, which formed a sort of bridge across the crevasse. This frail support, as far as I could judge, was about four inches broad and eighteen thick. My head hung from one side of it, my feet from the other. Instinctively and immediately, by what means I know not, I raised myself up and stood upright on this projection, where there was a hollow just large enough for me to plant one foot.

Then I heard my companion say above me, "We never hoped to hear your voice again; trust in God and take courage. The guide has run to Montanvert to seek men and ropes; he will come back directly."

"If he is long," I replied, "I shall not come up alive."

My position was a terrible one; the thin ledge of ice was so narrow that I could not place both feet on it. I could not support myself on one, half resting against one of the ice walls, and pressing the other with my hand. The ice was as smooth as a mirror—there was nothing to grasp. A stream of ice water flowed down upon my shoulders, piercing me to the very bones, above my head I saw the long and narrow streak

of the sky around which the mouth of the crevasse formed a form. The ice, which was of darkest blue color, encircling me on all sides, looked threatening and gloomy. The two walls seemed as if they were about to meet in order to crush me, rather than to release their prey. Numerous water courses streamed down their sides, but in this extent of more than sixty yards I could see no other projection or obstacle except this ledge on which I had so miraculously fallen.

I risked looking for one second only down into the terrible abyss, above which I was suspended. At the spot where I was, the crevasse was not more than two feet wide; lower down it narrowed rapidly, and a hundred yards below the two sides appeared to touch each other. I believe if I had fallen but a few inches on either side from the narrow bridge which had arrested me, I should have been buried and jammed up at a depth where no rope could have reached me.

I had remained about twenty minutes in my perilous position, nerves and muscles stretched to the utmost to keep myself there, looking at the sky above my head and at the ice around me, but not daring again to glance into the gulf below. The blood was flowing from a wound I had received on the cheek, and I felt that my right leg, upon which fortunately I was not resting, was severely bruised; the left leg, however, pained by the effort of standing and the cold, was beginning to give way. It was impossible to change my position without the risk of losing my balance. The cold of the wall of ice against which I was resting more and more numbed me, the water continued to fall and I dared not stir.

I called my companion; no one replied. I called again. Nothing! Nothing! Not a human being within reach of my voice. I was seized with giddiness as a terrible thought crossed my brain.

"He has gone to see if help is coming, and he cannot find the crevasse again, there are hundreds such—I am lost!"

I commended my soul to God. My strength was quite exhausted. I had never yet given up all hope. I was seized with a desire to let myself fall, and thus put an end to this agony.

At the critical moment I heard myself called. My friend had run to look for the rope, but when he wished to return he was horror-struck on perceiving that the surface of the glacier was rent by countless crevasses, and so similar that there was not a single sign by which he could recognize the abyss in which I was buried alive. In this cruel perplexity God guided him to see a little knapsack which the guide had left at the edge of the gulf. I cried to him to look at his watch. Five minutes more had elapsed. The cold was becoming more and more intense, the blood was literally freezing in my veins. I leaped; I asked if any one was in sight. The guide had started thirty-five minutes ago, and not a soul had yet appeared. It was scarcely probable that he could return so quickly, as we had taken three quarters of an hour to get to this spot, and he had to go and return.

I felt that I could hold on but very little longer. The frail support on which my safety alone depended might yield at any moment and break beneath me. I remembered that I had a long knife in my pocket, and I resolved to make use of it to draw myself out. I informed my companion of this project; he implied me to do nothing of the kind; but my situation had become intolerable. I made a notch in the ice high enough for me to reach to it, and large enough for me to insert my hand in it. Then about two feet above the little bridge I dug out a hole sufficient large for me to place my foot in it. I succeeded, and grasping these two points of support, my back resting with all my strength against the opposite wall, I was able to raise myself and pull myself firm in this new position. I descended again upon the bridge and began another notch above the first. I flattered myself that I should be able to escape from my prison, but a single slip, a false step, would precipitate me into the abyss.

I was working diligently at my second step when I heard a joyous cry above me. "Here they are! Three men with ropes—they are running as fast as their legs can carry them."

I steeled myself as firmly as possible upon the narrow and slippery bridge, so as to be able to seize the rope they were about to lower, and die it around me. I saw the end of it swinging about two yards above my head. "May God have mercy upon me! It is too short."

"We have another."

That was fastened to the first and let down. I seized the end of it. I bound it strongly round my waist, and grasping the rope with both hands I gave the signal for them to pull up.

They began—I was saved. A minute afterward I was standing on the glacier. I had passed fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had happily lost neither my confidence in God nor my presence of mind.

When I placed my foot upon firm ground again, an overpowering feeling of deep gratitude to the Almighty who had delivered me in so great a peril filled my breast. I fell on my knees and fainting. When I again became conscious, our party was preparing to start for the Montanvert. Before leaving, I wished to cast one last look into the crevasse where I had nearly been buried alive. I saw how completely impossible it would have been for me to get out of it as I had projected. The opening at the top was too wide to have allowed me as I reached it to lean against the opposite wall, and without that support the most agile of climbing animals would have found it impossible to

scale this perpendicular wall of ice.

The guide had run to the inn, where he could not find a single rope suitable for the purpose. In despair he started for Chamounix; when on his way he met two mule-teers. Their animals were laden with wood, tied on with ropes, which he implored them to give him to save a poor traveler who had fallen into a crevasse. These good people at once unladed their mules, and came with the guide to my assistance. Tying them all together—there were three—the ropes reached the depth of thirty or forty yards, where I had been arrested in my fall.

Assisted by my deliverers, I was able to reach Montanvert, where, in a good hotel and with my bruises attended to, I had leisure to dream about the danger from which I had escaped, and the remembrance of which often haunts me both sleeping and waking. I trust future travelers, profiting by my experience, will not run the risk of penetrating into the midst of these icy regions without providing themselves with axes and ropes, and especially with a firm confidence in God's goodness, the surest of supports, and the best safeguard here below.

An Angel in a Saloon.

One afternoon in the month of June, 1870, a lady in deep mourning, and followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N—. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and impelled by curiosity followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am unable to work."

He glanced at her, and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was somewhat surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but without asking any questions gave her some change, then turning to those present, he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress, can't some of you assist her a little?"

They all cheerfully acceded to this request, and soon a purse of two dollars was raised and placed in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come in saloons? It isn't a proper place for a lady; and why are you driven to such a step?"

Turning her mournful yet expressive eyes upon the speaker with an expression I shall never forget, she replied:

"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and you ask why I am driven to this step. I will tell you in short words. Pointing to a bottle behind the bar labeled 'whisky,' she said, 'that is what has driven me to this—WHISKY. I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist that temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my family home forever broken and desolated, and the kind husband and the wealth some called wine, lost, never to return, and all by the accused wine cup. You see before you only a wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child.' And weeping bitterly she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of your own beloved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons. Did you know that the money you receive in exchange for the vile stuff you sell across this bar, is the same as taking the bread from the mouths of the famishing wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothes from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh, sir, I implore, beseech and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter a business that will not only be profitable to yourself, but your fellow creatures also. Please excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "but thank you from my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child taking her mother's hand, "here's a gentleman who wants me to sing Little Bessie for him. Shall I do it?"

"Yes, darling, if they wish you to."

"They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair she sang, in a sweet childish voice, the following beautiful song:

"I'm in the gloomy night sadly I roam; I have no mother dear, no pleasant home; Nobody cares for me, no one would cry: Even if poor Little Bessie should die, Weary and tired I've been wandering all day, Asking for work, but I'm too small they say: On the damp ground I must now lay my head, Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

"We were so happy till Father drank rum, Then all our sorrow and trouble began; Mother grew pale and wept every day—Baby and I were too hungry to play. Slowly they faded till one summer night: Found their dead faces all silent and white: Then with big tears slowly dropping I said: Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

"Oh, if the temperance men only would find Door, sweetest father and talk very kind; If they would stop him from drinking, why then I should be so very happy again. It is too late! temperance men please cry."

Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die; All the day long I've been begging for bread, Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!"

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as it dropped from her lips, sunk deep into the hearts of those gathered around her. With her golden curls falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, and looking so trustingly and confidently upon the men, her beautiful eyes lighted up with a light that seemed not of this earth, formed a picture worthy of the pen of a poet or painter, although a statue of purity and innocence. The unfinished games of billiards were laid by, the cards thrown aside, the unemptied glass remained upon the counter, and all pressed near, some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some with pity, beaming from their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of a child who seemed better fit to be with angels above than in such a place.

At the close of the song many were weeping—men who had not shed a tear for years now wept like a child. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother and dear friends to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking her hands while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel, you have saved me from ruin and disgrace—from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there ever was an angel on earth you are one. God bless you, God bless you," and placing a bill in the hand of the mother, said, "please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness no wealth can ever repay. And whenever you are in want you will ever find me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address. Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but pausing at the door, said:

"God bless you, gentlemen, and please accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor and friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her," and before any one could reply, she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued which was at last broken by the proprietor exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, that lady is right; I have sold my last glass of whisky, and if any of you want any more you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drunk my last glass of whisky," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare, that he had sunk too low to ever reform. "There is a temperance organization in this city called the Temple of Honor, and at their next meeting I shall send in my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?"

"I!" "I!" and "I!" several exclaimed in chorus, and fifteen names were added to his. True to his word, the owner of the saloon where this strange scene was enacted disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to heaven that lady could have gone into every hamlet and town and city throughout our country, and meet with the same cheering result.

Yes, it is the mothers and wives, and sisters of the drunkard that can tell what whisky has done in doing. You need not follow him to the sumptuous and brilliant palace erected by King Alcohol and his confederate to lure him on the paths of vice, to wealth and usefulness, to that of ruin and disgrace. You need not follow him when his money is gone and he is thrust from the most fashionable resort to those less respectable. You need not follow him to the lowest dens of crime and iniquity, as he daily rooks home or lies in the gutter in a condition lower than the brutes of the field. No! but follow him to the place he calls home, and the hollow cheeks, the dimmed eyes, the tear that rolls down the patient, careworn face of the forsaken wife, and the cries of the starving children, tell their own story in a language inexpressible in words.

"SPOILING A CHILD."—That domestic atrocity known as "spoiling a child," is generally looked upon as a consequence of excessive maternal love; but if a mother hater her little one she could scarcely do anything worse. A spoiled child is one of the most unhappy of living creatures, and generally sickly; for, besides the physical evils which the indulgence of its un disciplined appetites engenders, its temper preys upon its health. To pamper the little folk in all their whims and caprices is a parental sin, and one which is always visited upon the unfortunate ones who have been thus irrationally spoiled. One of the immediate penalties of the offense is the dislike with which spoiled children are universally regarded. But there are worse consequences than this. The young tyrant is too often developed into the overbearing youth, into the unjust and hateful man. Gentleness, kindness and reasonable patience are absolutely essential to the proper management of children. When severity is necessary, it is usually because some error of the past has been anxiously overlooked, or perhaps winked at. In cases of this kind every blow that falls upon the juvenile offender ought, in strict propriety, to be inflicted on the individual who failed to apply the mild remedy of remonstrance and persuasion in due season. Above all things, treat the little ones justly, for their sense of injustice is keen and bitter.

"Love," says Mr. Beecher, "is like persimmons, which require many frosts to ripen and sweeten them."

**Business Directory.**

**A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,** Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

**WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law,** Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1869.

**H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware** and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 19.

**H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker** and Jeweler in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 16.

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

**W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.** Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c. June 15, 70.

**J. P. IRVIN, D. L. KRESS, IRVIN & KRESS, (Successors to J. B. SWOOP)** LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 20, 1870.

**A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines,** &c. &c. Wholesale and Retail, Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.

**F. B. READ, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,** Kyrtown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Apr. 26-6m.]

**OWEN T. NOLK, Attorney at Law,** Lock Haven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Jan. 29, 70-y.

**J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law,** Clearfield, Pa. Resides in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boyer, N. 2d street, one door south of Linnich's Hotel. July 17, 1869.

**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, 1869.

**THOMAS H. BURNEY, Dealer in Square and** Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Stationery, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c. Grahamtown, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 16.

**HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs,** Medicines, Paints, Oil, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c. &c. Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

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

**JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds** of Calumet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Has a fine stock of goods on hand and attends funerals with a hearse. April 19-59.

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

**WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW** &c. &c. Office in residence on North side of Woodland street, opposite the Court House, and newly adjoining County National Bank. Jan 5, 70-y. W. A. WALLACE. PHANE FIELDING.

**H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law,** Clearfield, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county, and in the courts of the State of Pennsylvania. Office in the Court House. June 22, 1869.

**FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of** all kinds of Calumet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Has a fine stock of goods on hand and attends funerals with a hearse. April 19-59.

**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. JOHN BOGHERMeyer. Oct. 1, 1869—6m.

**JOHN H. BULFORD, Attorney at Law,** Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the clearing of County claims, &c. and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

**W. E. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods** &c. &c. Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square lumber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 10th, 1869.

**DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of 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. 1, 1869—6m.

**SURVEYOR**—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He will do work at his residence on Lehigh town, when not engaged, or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penna. May 19, 1869.

**JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,** Having located at Onondaga, 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, 1869.

**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 settles himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Jan 7-69-y.

**A GREAT OFFER.**  
Horace Waters,  
481 Broadway, New York,  
will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PLANES ME LORDES AND ORGANS of six first class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at extremely low prices. Cash, or on terms, \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid. 4-12-70-y.

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**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.

**ED. PERKS & Co's flour, the best in market,** for sale by J. SHAW & SON.

**THE KIDNEYS.**

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

The anterior absorbs. Interior consists of its uses 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 Muscular. 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 joints is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalky concretions.

**THE GRAVEL**—The gravel comes 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 angry dysuria, or difficulty and pain in passing water, Spontaneous, 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. Physics, 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. 26, 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 departed 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, (shews 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 that time I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect and after using it three weeks I 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. McCOCKMICK.

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

Hon. Wm. Bigler, ex-Governor Penna.  
Hon. Thomas B. Florence, Philadelphia.  
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.  
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.  
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And many others, if necessary.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's, Take no other. Price—\$1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

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