

The Rattamann's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 30.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh, the old, old clock, of the household clock
Was the brightest thing and sweetest—
And its chime rang still the sweetest:
Yet they lived, though Nations alter'd;
Twas a monitor too, though its words were few
And its voice, still strong, warn'd old and young,
When the voice of friendship falter'd—
Tick tick, it said; quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning—
Up, up—and go—or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning.
A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And bless'd the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling:
But a cruel voice was the tireless clock
As it call'd at day-break boldly,
When the dawn look'd gray, or the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly:
Tick, tick, it said; quick, quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up in the morning!
Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never:
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever.
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warm'd boat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands were long
As elapsed on earth no longer!
Tick, tick, it said—to the churchyard bed;
The grave hath given warning—
Up—and—and rise to the angel skies—
And enter a heavenly morning!

TWICE MISTAKEN.

A Leaf From a Bachelor's Diary.

Christmas eve. Half past nine. Crumms comes into my room to clear away tea.
"I suppose, sir," he says, as though it were a subject not admitting of a doubt, "I suppose you don't dine home to-morrow."
Both the tone and the remark are unfortunate. I have not an invitation to dine out, and I cannot insist upon dining at home, as my arrangement with the Crummses provides for dinner on Sundays only. I had intended to put my difficulty to my landlady, who is good natured and easily persuaded. I find, instead, I have her husband to deal with, so I close my book slowly and say, "Well," as if I were thinking and not quite certain.
"Most gentlemen dine out on Christmas day," he says, staring at the wall some feet above my head; "and Mrs. Crumms always expects a holiday on that day."
I feel, after that statement, the only thing to be done is to surrender gracefully.
"Of course," quite right. Oh yes! I shall dine out, Crumms."
I ring the bell for some hot water and Crumms answers it in full waiter's dress, white tie, dress coat, and a low-cut waistcoat, showing a large amount of shirt front with an elaborate frill. He walks into the room as if he is very proud of himself, and is more water-like in his manner than usual.
"Why, Crumms," I ask, "where are you going?"
"Our waiter, sir," he pauses for a minute, then becomes less unjust and more confidential. "I always go out waiting on Christmas day," he adds, "and I have been to the same house for the last fourteen years. The gentleman and lady are a couple as came to Crown at Newford the year I married Mrs. Crumms. We were both at the hotel, you know, and were just leaving to come up here. The lady took a great liking to Mrs. Crumms, and one day she said to me, 'So you and your wife are going up to London, Crumms. Now you must come and wait at my house when we want help.' And I have been there every Christmas day since then, not missed one. I go on other days,"—he says this quickly, in an off-hand manner, as if the other days were of no importance—"but they ain't regular."
"You go there and help wait, I suppose?"
"Well, I do most of the waiting; all of it, you may say," he says. "They don't keep a man, and there are only the female servants. They ain't much good, not like Mrs. Crumms. She could wait, she could. She was wonderful handy. That's what first made me look at her."
"And where do you go to?" I inquire.
"Bedford Square. Domville is the gentleman's name."
On the spur of the moment, just to see what Crumms will say, I ask, "Will you take me with you to-day?"
"You, sir?" he replies, in surprise.
"Well, really, sir, I don't think Mr. Domville would—though I have known him those fourteen years, I'm afraid he'd think it rather presumptuous of me to introduce a gentleman into his house."
"I suppose so," I answer; the idea of the waiter introducing a friend as a guest at dinner being very absurd. "But I didn't mean that. Take me with you to wait."
"You go waiting?" said he, holding his breath.
"Yes, if you'll take me."
"Well, I do call that a good joke," he snarped out. "Lord, sir, what an idea!" Then dropping his waiter like manner altogether, and becoming thoroughly human, he burst out laughing.
I had only intended to chaff Crumms, but it strikes me that going out with him will be more lively than spending Christmas day by myself, and I begin to hope that he will take me.
"I dare say Mr. Domville would have no objection to an extra hand," I urge, "and I could go as a young friend of yours, who is

just beginning and wants to learn the business."
"Lord, sir," pants Crumms again, "you ain't serious?"
"By Jove, I am, though," I say. "I don't know what to do with myself all day. I should like to go out waiting."
"But you will be careful, sir, won't you?" says Crumms, yielding. "You won't let Mr. Domville know. There isn't any one likely to be there as will recognize you, I hope."
Three o'clock.—Crumms and I are in the cab on our way to Bedford Square. The whole time he is either laughing at my going out with him or nervous as to the result. In the latter mood he is almost piteous in his entreaties to me to be careful, and repeats over and over again his directions how to wait. We stop the cab at the corner of the street leading to the square, and walk on to the house.
It is a big house with a large hall. There are three servants going about with trays and piles of plates, busy laying out the table. They stare at me as I stand by the side of Crumms, and he introduces me as a young friend who wants to see a little girl waiting, and whom he has made bold enough to bring. Then, as if that settled the matter, he goes off into business, and asks several questions as to the number and names of the guests. I notice that the servants all treat him with great respect, and he, in return, is condescending and polite to them. With me, when they are in the room, he assumes an authoritative air, and all the time he is very grave, and looks as if he cares of his position were too much for him. He smiles once, when we are alone, as I hand him a jelly; and then, his muscles being relaxed, his old fit of laughing suddenly broke out again. He cannot laugh loud, but laughs inwardly, and shakes so tremendously that the jelly rolls and trembles to an alarming degree; and it is only by the means of taking it promptly under my own protection, that I save it from being shaken on the floor.
"Oh, Lor!" to think of you being here," he mutters; and the next instant is gravity itself as Mrs. Domville's voice is heard on the stairs.
She is a middle aged lady, and speaks in a friendly manner to Crumms, and is particular in her inquiries after his wife and children. He points me out as a young friend of his, who has come to help him; and Mrs. Domville seems quite satisfied, and goes up stairs again to the drawing room.
Four o'clock.—The dinner is ready and all the guests have arrived. Crumms stations me behind the door, and goes himself to the head of the table, and I watch the people as they come into the room and take their places.
They are mostly middle-aged like their host and hostess, and evidently old friends; for several nod to Crumms, and one gentleman is quite hearty in his greeting, and says it would not seem like a Christmas dinner without him. Mr. Domville laughs and asks after Mrs. Crumms; but Crumms refuses to be thawed, and replies in a tone as if such trifling questions interfered with the responsibility.
So far everything has gone right. Then comes a slight mishap. Just as everybody is seated and silent, and Mr. Domville is going to say grace, Crumms gives me a signal. I step forward quietly to close the door. The movement attracts the attention of a young lady, who is sitting with her back to me, and she turns round. She evidently had not noticed me before, and her laughing gray eyes seem me with surprise. My face is a new one among the many well known faces round the table. Evidently she thinks I am a guest who has arrived late and just come into the room, and seeing me standing there and no one taking any notice of me, she says, very courteously:
"Isn't there a chair for you?" Then turning to Mrs. Domville, "O, aunt! here is a gentleman left outside in the cold."
Mr. Domville, instead of saying grace, looks up, stares, and half rises from his chair, while the company all turn toward me. It is certainly an embarrassing moment; but Mrs. Domville comes to the rescue and says quietly, "It is quite right, Helen." The young lady looks a little confused, and Crumms spoils everything by rushing up to her and calling out:
"He's come to help me wait, Miss Linton."
My fair champion thereupon blushes very deeply, and begs my pardon; several of the guests have simultaneous twinges of the mouth; Crumms looks half angry, half apologetically, at me; and at last Mr. Domville, in a husky voice, says grace, while Miss Linton bends her head very low and hides her face. The next minute Crumms, serious and imperturbable as ever, removes the cover off the soup, and dinner begins. I believe I acquitted myself creditably. Crumms declared that I did wonderfully well, and is inclined to think I believe, that I have wasted natural talent by not being a waiter. At any rate, I don't spill anything over anybody's dress, or knock anybody on the head, and I carefully watch Crumms for his signals, and, thanks to having been to a dinner before, though not in the capacity of a waiter, I have some idea of what ought to be done, and so remove the right covers, and hand round such dishes as ought to be handed at the proper time. The difficulty I have is to keep my countenance, particularly when I hand anything to Miss Linton. She is so bright looking, and it is such fun to see the sparkle in her eyes, and the way they drop if they meet mine, and a little repressed smile steal over her lips, that it

taxes my powers to the utmost to keep from laughing. I feel that I should very much like to change places with the young fellow sitting by her side. He does not seem to have much to say for himself, and he examines every dish, as if it is handed to him, through an eye-glass. His inspection is so long and his nose so close, that I have a growing inclination each time to lob the dish up in his face. For more than half the dinner he is silent, then he talks a little politics—staunch Conservatism—and Miss Linton immediately connects the strongest radical principles, upholds woman's suffrage, and their having seats in Parliament. This seems to overwhelm him, and he retires from the contest with a sigh.
Later on, he tries again, when the mince pies are being handed round.
"Will you have a happy month?" he asks, with a faint smile, which disturbs his eye glass and brings it down in his lap. He reads it slowly, and not trusting himself to repeat the joke, asks her to have some mince pie.
"No, thank you; I never eat them," she replies.
"Have you never tasted them?" frowning as if he had been a barrister cross-examining a witness, but probably because his glass give a premonitory slip.
"O, yes, I have tasted them, but I don't care about them," she answered.
He has no comment to make upon her reply, so he helps himself in silence.
Six o'clock.—Crumms and I solemnly put on the wine and the glasses, but the dessert dishes a little one way or the other, and leave the room.
"Bravo!" whispered Crumms when we are in the hall. "Bravo, sir! With a little teaching you'd make a capital waiter. And Miss Linton mistaking you for a gentleman, too! What a joke! At least," he adds, as if he suddenly feels that he had made rather a mistake himself, "of course, that is what you are, and a gent is always a gent, I say. But you understand, sir. It was so ludicrous. There ain't anything more for you to do, and I can say you've got an appointment to keep, you know."
Acting upon his advice, we go up stairs to the hall, and Crumms lets me out, shutting the door very quietly behind me.
It is a fine clear night, and I turn my face homeward, and stroll slowly along the deserted square. I go all up the long, straight Gower street without meeting any one. By the University I see a figure advancing quickly. We pass under a gas lamp, and both pull up.
"Herbert, by Jove!"
"Why, Roche, what are you doing here? Going out to dinner?"
"Just had it," he replies, "been to see an old lady home."
He then naturally wonders what I am doing strolling along the streets on Christmas night. I tell him I have been out to dinner.
"They have broken up very early," he says, and then asks suddenly, "You haven't sneaked off to a tone, surely?"
This is said in a tone as if it were a mortal sin for a man to read for an examination on a Christmas day.
"That's right," he says, when I had disclaimed any idea of reading. "Well, you come home with me. My people will be very glad to see you. We always have a carpet dance or something in the evening."
I accept readily, and go back with Roche to his house.
Nine o'clock.—We have cleared the room for dancing, and the first quadrille has just commenced. Not being able to get a partner, I am standing on the landing, when a carriage rolls up to the street door, and there is a loud knock, announcing the arrival of new comers.
Mrs. Roche hurries down and meets them in the hall. I hear her say, as they come up stairs, "You are just too late for the first dance, Helen."
The noise quite makes me start.
"By Jove, if it should be Miss Linton!" is my unuttered thought.
I half hope it may be; I half hope it may not be; and I haven't time to decide which half is the stronger, before Miss Linton herself comes laughing up the stairs.
At the very first glimpse of her, I instinctively drew back into the shade, and she and her mamma pass by without noticing me.
It seems very ridiculous to meet the same young lady twice in one evening, first as a waiter, and then as a guest; but there—it is done, it is *fait accompli*; and Miss Linton and I are once more under the same roof. I wonder if she will recognize me, and I watch her with interest as she goes round the room. Sooner or later we must meet face to face; and the awkward moment comes sooner than I expect.
When Miss Linton reaches the door where Roche is standing with his partner, she steps there and talks to them when they are not dancing.
"Is there any lemonade, Edward?" she asks presently. "I want some if there is."
"There's a bad sign, Nelly, after dining out," he answers with a laugh. "There is some down stairs. I would get you a glass, but you see it is my turn. If you don't mind you will find somebody outside, I think."
Roche leads off with the third figure; Miss Linton comes out upon the landing; and I more from the shadow of the wall into the light.
She gives a quick start with her head and opens her eyes in surprise as she sees me. There is just a little tightening of her lips, a faint blush rises to her lips, and then she asks me quietly to fetch her a glass of lemonade.

Roche had said it was down stairs, and I find it in the dining room. I am rather glad of the excuse to get away and have my laugh out; for the whole thing is more and more absurd, since Miss Linton has made a second mistake, and thinks I am a waiter. It is a very natural error, of course; and to keep up the deception, I put the glass on a tray and go gravely up stairs.
She is quite composed now, and thanks me unconcernedly as I hand her the lemonade. Then we stand side by side—I holding the tray in both hands—till the dance finishes, and Roche comes out to fill.
"Have you got your lemonade?" he asks. "That's right. Now you want a partner for the next dance. Who shall it be? I am engaged till after supper, unfortunately. O, here! Let me introduce you. Miss Linton, Mr. —"
Instead of waiting to hear my name, the young lady puts down the glass quickly and looks indignant.
"Don't be absurd, Edward!" she says, as she walks off.
"Some mistake, old fellow," whispers Roche to me, and catches her up just inside the room.
They are so close I can hear what they say.
"What is the matter, Nelly?" he asks.
"How could you be so ridiculous as to introduce me to him?" she replies.
"Why shouldn't I?"
"Why shouldn't you? He is a waiter; I know that. He was waiting at Mrs. Domville's."
Instead of looking contrite, Roche goes off into a roar of laughter.
"It was very stupid of you," she says, half crossly. "It forced me to be 'tude to him."
"What nonsense, Nelly! I shouldn't play you such a trick as that, of course. That is Herbert; he is in the same office as I am."
"You are not joking, Edward, are you?" she asks him quite seriously.
"No; upon my word, I am not."
"O, I am so sorry, then," she says, immediately. "But there was somebody just like him at the Domville's. What shall I do?"
"Come and be introduced, that's all. I'll put it right," and they came together on to the landing.
"My cousin made a mistake, Herbert," he says, while she stands by him, blushing deeply. Then he adds, laughing, "She mistook you for a —"
"I made a mistake," she breaks in, very quickly, coming a step nearer. "I beg your pardon."
To save her from further embarrassment, I ask her at once for the next dance, and it is immediately granted.
"By the way, Miss Linton," I say, when the dance is over, and we are standing on the landing, "you have never told me what you took me for. An orange?"
"No."
"What, then?"
Her laughing eyes look up with their old merry sparkle into my face. They seem at the same time to question me whether I shall be annoyed if she speaks the truth. She pauses for a moment, and then says, "A waiter," and presses her lips closely together.
"Thank you."
"But it was quite excusable," she begins hurriedly.
"Thank you again," I remark, interrupting her.
"You won't listen," she says, plaintively.
"I want to explain."
"That I look so much like a waiter," I add, breaking in again, "that it was quite excusable taking me for one."
"O, no; I didn't mean that, of course," she says, forced to laugh. "But where I was dining there was a waiter like you—so exactly like you,"—she emphasizes the word "exactly," and glances quickly up at me as she does so,—and I mistook him for a gentleman, and thought he was one of the guests."
"So you make up for it by taking me for a waiter," I answer. "Well, I think the waiter had the best of it."
"But it was excusable, was it not," she asks, "you two being so much alike?"
"You mistaking the waiter for a gentleman? If he was like me, certainly."
"No," with a little stamp of her foot; "my mistaking you for a waiter."
"I can't grant that," I answer.
"Very well," she says, with a laugh. Then she adds mischievously over her shoulder, as her partner comes for the next dance: "I think my first mistake was the more excusable of the two."
"And I think the last by far the worst," I reply.
"Do you? Well, I am very sorry," she answers; but her eyes belie her as she goes off laughing into the drawing room.
Fortunately I secure the dance before supper, and take her down.
"You don't wait so well as your double," she says, as I hand her some mince pies. "I had just put them before her for a minute, and then taken them away."
"I am sorry for that," I answer; "but then, you see, I know you never eat mince pies."
"How do you know that?" she asks, turning round quickly.
"Your cousin has told me a great deal about you," I reply.
"Did he tell you, pray, that I never eat mince pies?"
"How should I know, if he did not?" I say, with amazed simplicity.
She looks very incredulous. "He didn't tell you that, I know; though I believe you men talk a great deal of nonsense; as much nonsense as women do."

"You own that about women, then, and yet you want them to have seats in Parliament?"
"O, now I am certain you must have been at Mr. Domville's," she cries; "for I never said so until to-day at dinner, and then only in opposition to my neighbor. If you were not there, how could you have known what I said?"
"Do you believe in the theory, Miss Linton," I begin, with a grave face, "of a person knowing, by a sort of affinity, the thoughts and actions of another person whom he has never seen, but whom, which is permitted to see, he is at once, by fate, most deeply interested in?"
"No, I don't," she replies, laughing. "How nonsensical you are!"
Before I can go on expounding my impromptu theory, Roche comes up and claps me on the shoulder.
"Well, Herbert, how's Crumms?"
Roche has often been to my rooms, and knows my landlord, of course; but what demon possessed him to come at this moment and pronounce that fatal name, I can't imagine.
"Bravo!" cries Miss Linton, clapping her hands. "Now I know; you went there with Crumms."
"Went where?" asks Roche in surprise.
"To the Domville's," she answers. "Mr. Herbert was there with Crumms, waiting. 'Now weren't you?' she asks, turning to me.
So driven up in a corner, at last I make my confession.
"What fun!" she says. "Won't I laugh at mamma! She read me such a lecture as I came here. And I have not made a mistake, after all."
"Except when you took me for a waiter, Miss Linton."
"O, that was your own fault. I am not a bit sorry for that now."
What Miss Linton did say to her mamma, of course I don't know. If she did laugh at her, Mrs. Linton must have taken it very good naturedly; for when I go up stairs, after supper, she calls me "Mr. Waiter," and the name sticks to me for the rest of the evening. Just as we are leaving, she comes to me and invites me to a party at her house on the following week.
"How shall I come, Miss Linton?" I ask, as I put on her cloak; as a waiter or a guest?
"In the capacity you think suits you the best," she answers. Then she adds, more softly, "We shall be glad to see you in either."
There is a farther note in my diary for that Christmas day—something about Miss Linton—which, perhaps, it will be as well to let remain private. But about two years afterward, and not so very long ago, there was a wedding at Domville's. Crumms was there to wait, and Crumms's feelings had overpowered him, and required soothing. From being usually calm, Crumms became unusually excited, and with difficulty prevented from solemnly blessing the happy couple, and making a speech to the effect that the occasion was brought about by him taking the bridegroom out waiting on a certain Christmas day.

JOHN ON A CONDUCTOR.—The Rutland (Vt.) Herald tells this story: One day last week a well known amateur ventriloquist was a passenger on board a Hudson River Railroad car, which was in charge of conductor Pales. As the train proceeded the ventriloquist began the imitation of a rooster in a sort of "chuck-et-taw" style. A couple of repetitions brought the conductor into the car in a hurry, followed by the brakeman, who insisted that the "rooster" be taken into the baggage car, where he belonged. Of course none of the passengers had a "rooster" with which to accommodate the zealous officers. The conductor and brakeman then waxed wroth and roared they would find that "rooster" anyway. They walked up the aisle, carefully glancing at the feet of each passenger for the basket or parcel in which the "rooster" was roosting. In the middle of the car they found a woman with a big basket in her possession. "Oh! here is the game (rooster)," said the conductor. "Yes, so," says the brakeman, "lets put him out." The ventriloquist sat quietly opposite, and threw his voice apparently into the basket. "It's here, sure," said the conductor, and addressing the lady, he inquired blandly if she had any objections to the removal of the basket and contents to the baggage car. The old lady didn't understand this joke at all, and thinking it against the rule to carry a basket in the passenger car, permitted the conductor to take it away. He hardly started for the door when the "rooster's" voice was heard in the rear of the car. This was too much for conductor F., who suddenly comprehended the joke, and quickly returning the old lady's basket, "pointed" for the nearest door, as if on an important and pressing mission. The passengers set up a loud laugh as he disappeared, and the employees of the road have taken up the "rooster" story at occasional intervals, to the expressed contempt and disgust of the vigilant car conductor.

A child lately born in New York was christened "Washington Fritz Wilhelm Carl Bismark Molke Mantouffell Grant Sherman Sheridan Chaney." As soon as the parents return from the funeral they should be arrested and tried for infanticide.

No man ever took his place in the barber's chair who was not informed by the barber that he will have rain soon, or that the weather would soon be pleasanter. The reason of this is that a barber is a professional barometer.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1863.
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 Jeweler. Clearfield, Pa. Room 18, Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 18.
THO'S 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, etc. June 15, 70.
J. P. IRVIN, D. L. KEES, R. V. KREBS, (Successors to H. B. SWOOP.) LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 20, 1869.
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. Clearfield, Pa. Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. (Apr. 20-69)
ORRIN T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law, Lock Haven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business extending to him will receive prompt attention. Je. 29, 70-71
J. B. MENALTY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21st street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.
J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21st street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 16.
HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, 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 work, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes and orders coffins, on short notice and attends funerals with a hearse. April 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 Jones' Office, Clearfield, Pa. March 27, 1869.
WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Office in Court House. Will do with promptness and fidelity. Jan. 5, 70, 71.
H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank, and newly opened the Court House. March 27, 1869.
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and orders a large assortment of crockery ware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.
MANSON 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 DODDHERTY, Proprietor. March 27, 1869.
JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the settling of probate claims, and to all legal business. JOHN DODDHERTY, Proprietor. March 27, 1869.
W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, &c., 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.
D. R. J. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 8th 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.—JAMES MITCHELL.
JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Having located at Clearfield, 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. Kilmer. May 19, 69.
GEORGE C. KRK, 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 or will do well to give him a call, as he offers himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Job 78-79.

A GREAT OFFER.
481 Broadway, New York.
will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of six first class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES from \$25 to \$100.00. Terms, cash, or on time from \$5 to \$25 monthly unpaid. 45-10-70-71.

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'a.
Negative 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 mounting, made to order. CHROMOS A SPECIALTY. Dec. 2, 68-71-14-99-04.

J. BLAKE WALTERS, REAL ESTATE BROKER, AND DEALER IN Saw Logs and Lumber, CLEARFIELD, PA.
Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, tax 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 Chewing 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 E. 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 sees 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 ailments, 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.
GOVT. OR. FERRISSAW.—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 issues 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.—Helmhold'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. 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 removed, and it is taken by men, women and children. Directions for use and diet accompany.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. Feb. 23, 1867.
DEAR SIR—I have been suffering, 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, cubes 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. Potter, ex-Governor Penn'a.
Hon. Ellis Lewis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. G. C. Grier, Judge, U. S. Court.
Hon. R. 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 Helmhold's. Take no other. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.
Address H. T. HELMHOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, N. Y.
NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with facsimile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed
June 15, 70-71 H. T. HELMHOLD.