

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 39

Select Poetry.

LOVE UP A TREE.

There was a seat in the apple tree,
A most delightful and cozy nook;
And one afternoon about half past three,
Kitty sat there reading a book.
Her fair head bare, with no hat to mar,
And her dress just showed one dainty foot—
And he saw her as he smoked his cigar,
And he came and stood at the ladder's foot.
Kitty half blushed, and smiled and said,
"Won't you come up and sit here now?"
And Kitty's brother, a boy to be read,
Saw and determined to raise a row.
So he crept softly under the tree,
Listening to all they had to say,
Did the impish brother, and, as he could be,
Seized the ladder and bore it away.
Then they saw him—and she, with a frown,
Said, "What will that awful boy do next?"
And she called him the greatest scamp in town,
Yet I don't believe she was very much vexed.
For her lip half smiled, though her eyes half
were
As she saw the position of matters now,
And he came over and sat by her side,
Leaving his place on the opposite bank.
What could they do? They were captives there
Held as if by an iron band.
Kitty looked back her golden hair,
And reflectively scanned her chin on her hand.
"If," said she, "you for such a plight call,
They'd laugh to see us in such a plight,
So we'd better stay here till the shadows fall,
Or till some one or other comes in sight."
And some one did come. It was Kitty's papa,
Who past the tree his footsteps traced,
And saw through the leaves a faint light egle,
And a masculine arm around a feminine waist.
Kitty looked down and blushed at one,
And then looked up and blushed at the other;
Said her father, "These are nice going on,"
Said she, "It was all the fault of my brother."
What was the end? I'll tell you that.
Some months after, "mid air" and "face"
And ribbons and ruffles some ladies sat,
Who were all discussing the time and place
As to when—so ran the debate—
And where a certain wedding should be;
And that impish brother was heard to state,
"It had better come off on the apple tree."

HOW WE HUNG THE MAY BASKETS.

Of all the merry old Saxon sports our
sturdy great grandfathers brought over with
them from "Merry England," which thro' the
whole year could compare with those of
May—with "May-Day" and its flower
seekings, the ribboned "May-pole," and the
pretty flower-crowned May queen, and
last, but not least (in our own times), the
"May-baskets," those rollicksome fittings
in the gathering dusk!
Perhaps some of our town readers never
hung a May-basket—possibly never heard
of such a thing! Sorry for them! They've
lost a deal of fun, and for their benefit I'll
try to explain a little.
A May-basket is—well, I hardly know
how to describe it; but 'tis something to be
hung on a door. Made of paper generally,
It contains almost anything, by way of
small presents, you have a mind to put in
it, together with your respects, best wishes—
love, perhaps. It is hung after dark at
the door of anybody the *luscious* fancies.
Which done, the hanger knucks and scampers.
If a boy, it's a great disgrace to be
caught by a girl. Such a failure implies a
lack of masculine spunk. On the other
hand, it the hanger be a girl, why, she
rather ought to be caught. It disgraces the
sister again not to catch her. And the reward
of catching, as I've always understood it
(from a boy's stand-point), is, if the parties
can thus agree, a kiss in the dark, and the
young lady's society homeward.
Right sorry am I that all these jolly customs
are passing away. They are thought
not quite genteel enough for the young people
of this generation—too romping and
louncing. And are we happier in our
"sets," with our odd nods and airs of in-
difference, than when a whole village joined
hands around its May-pole? Well, I hope
we are.
But I still know a little rustic neighbor-
hood, away back among the mountains,
where as yet the boys and girls have never
dreamed that the dear old May games, with
"baskets" in the veepers, are not the very
pinnacle of gentility. There I love to go
back (if it used to be my home), and when May
night comes I find get out a certain boy
traced of mine, and race and run and "scrim-
mish" up and down, with a troop of merry
girls hard behind us—girls who (I doubt if
I ought to tell it) will get over a five-mile
pace quicker than you can say Jack Robi-
son. Sometimes, despite all our doubling
and dodging, we bring up on a brush heap,
and are caught in woful plight; and then
we are poked and pinched and laughed at.
Or, what is still more rare, by dint of hard
scrampering, we catch, actually catch, the
agle srena flitting on before us. And then
the homeward walk in the warm May evening,
with the broad, red moon peeping up
over the dark, spruce clad ridges; froggy
voices in the swamp below, and the whip-
poorwill chanting from the white ledges up
in the shrubby pasture. Quite romantic,
when done according to programme.
Sometimes, though, it was anything but
romantic. Ah! I still remember a May
night when this same Tom Edwards and I
were boys of twelve. It makes me shrug
to think of it yet. I wonder if two little
chaps ever did get into a scrape and catch
it so before!
As usual there was but one house in the
neighborhood where we really cared to hang
baskets. We hung them elsewhere out of
friendliness; but those going to the Lynch-
es were more carefully prepared than the rest.
For there was Cad and Jess and Lorette,
especially Lorette. Perhaps Tom would
have said "especially Jess."
But, bless you! It was about as much as

a fellow's neck was worth to go there with a
May basket.
For O, they kept a great, fearful dog—
old Scoge, of hateful memory. Wasn't I
glad when the dog law came and cut him off
in the midst of his iniquities! And the old
gentleman head of the family was worse
still.
"Old Jock Lynch," as his neighbors called
him, was a bear—a grizzly one. It had
been a long time, too, since he was a cub;
and he had forgotten all about how he felt
then, I suppose. To this day I haven't
quite got over my amazement that he should
have been the father of Lorette.
He was down on boys and all their "silly
quicks," and had a long-standing antipathy
to the May basket business. Rather than
to have fallen into his hands, we would have
taken "Alvarado's Leap," and risked it.
But the sentiment which urged us on to
brave these dangers was a strong one—
strong enough to carry us through them;
I remember that for a whole week before
the May night in question we had been
spending the nights together laying our
plans. But it was a tough problem. We
couldn't seem to manage it, till along toward
morning of the night before, Tom waked
up all of a sudden.
"Kit, Kit," whispered he, "I've got it
now! I've just thought how we can do it."
"How?" exclaimed I, broad awake at the
happy announcement.
"You know their old corn crib, back of
the buildings, in the garden? Well, we'll
hang 'em, and cut round through the gar-
den, among the lilac bushes, and get into
the corn crib. You know the little door in
the end buttons on the outside and hasps on
the inside. We'll unbutton it, slip in, and
hasp it to; and in the night, so even if they
should come round into the garden, they
won't mistrust we're in there."
"That's just the thing, Tom."
"Yes, and we'll run in there after every
one—we've got three to hang, you know.
They'll think we've run off down the road
toward home, and chase on after us. We
can hear everything they say through those
great wide cracks in the crib. O, won't it
be fun to hear them talk and wonder where
we went?"
"Fun alive! We didn't sleep another wink
that night, the very thoughts of it were so
exciting."
The next evening was warm but moon-
less.
"Just the right sort," said Tom, as we
were taking a last look at the baskets, to
see that the "fixins" had not lost out, and
that the pins were in right for hanging them
to the door.
We waited till ten o'clock, however. It
would be better to let the elder Lynch go to
bed, if he would, before getting too near.
From a safe distance we kept watch; and
when at length a light had been seen to
appear and then shortly after disappear
from a window thought to belong to his
bed room, we entered the premises and
made our way steadily around the corn crib.
At that season it was nearly emptied of
corn. We unbuttoned the door and crept
in. It had rather a musky smell, but, as
Tom had predicted, was just the place to
make our headquarters in.
We listened; all was quiet.
"Now for it," said Tom; leaving two of
the baskets there in the crib, we took Cad's
and stole round to the door. Tom was to
pin them on, and I was to knock; we had
brought an old mortar pestle for that pur-
pose.
"All ready," whispered Tom, pressing in
the pin.
Two ponderous knocks from the pestle
and in the crack of a whip we were round
and safely housed in the old crib. We even
thought it took them some time to get out.
But they came out at last—Cad, Jess, and
Lorette, with Dan, their little brother—and
raced off down the road, while we lay and
snickered.
They were wofully at fault, though, and
by and by came back, wondering and not a
little chagrined.
"Haven't seen a thing of them," said
Jess.
"Not a sound either," said Lorette.
"O, they're round somewhere," said Cad
taking down her basket. "Let's go in and
wait. They'll be back."
We let them wait some time, though.
"Shy is the word now," whispered Tom.
"They'll rush out the moment the pestle
strikes 'em next time."
But after all had been for a long time
still, we ventured round again with the
second basket.
"Guess we've outwitted them," said
Tom. "They're abed by this time."
But with the first stroke of the pestle the
door flew open, and out rushed all three of
the girls at a pop. Coming out of a bright
light, though they were unable to see us
quick enough. Dodging noiselessly back,
we scuttled away among the lilacs, and re-
gained the crib once more. Old Scoge
sprang out, barked, and took a turn thro'
the garden. We trembled; he didn't throp-
pense to nose us out, though, but ran after
Dan and the girls, who were chasing down
the road again.
"A pretty song shave," muttered Tom,
drawing a long breath. And just then the
gruff paternal voice was heard demanding
from his bed-chamber what all that noise
and rumpus was about that time of night.
Here Mother Lynch probably informed him
of the day of the month; for after a pause
he snorted, "First day of May! Little scous-
ers! I'd like to get hold of 'em."
Prayerfully hoping he wouldn't, we wait-
ed for the girls to come back, which they
at last did, utterly non-plussed at their
failure to get the least clue to our where-
abouts.

"I know it's Kit and Tom," said Jess,
"but where did they go to so quick?"
"That's the question," whispered Tom.
"They'll hang another, I guess, said Lo-
rette; I haven't had any yet."
The little mixx doubtless knew she had
good reason to expect one.
Here the father was heard ordering them
into the house—and to bed.
"This time's the rubber," whispered
Tom. "I do hope Old Jock won't come
out; or Scoge either; he almost smelled us
out."
We waited a full half hour. There was
too much at stake to make time any object.
Then, with trembling and palpitation, we
edged round for the third and last time;
but ere Tom could pin on the basket, the
door was opened with a jerk, and a savage
grab made with a big brawny hand. We
sprang away like cats, traversed the garden
and dived into the crib. Scoge was after
us, too, his great ugly head entered with us
but a knock on the nose with the pestle made
him withdraw it; and we got the door to,
and hasped it. But the racket thus made
had betrayed us; and Scoge, too, was now
worrying at the crib.
"Gone into the corn crib!" shouted little
Dan, running up.
"Into my corn crib!" exclaimed his father,
stumbling out through the current bush-
es. "Hold 'em, Scoge! Hold 'em!"
"We're in for it now!" gasped Tom,
"and no mistake."
"And they've hasped the door, too,"
cried Dan, trying it.
"O, they want to stay, do they?" chuck-
led the old man. "Button the door, Dan.
They shall stay till to-morrow. Those boys
are they?"
Dan didn't know.
"Those boys are ye?"
"We kept quiet; it wouldn't mend matters
to confess now."
"Won't talk, will ye? Go get the goat
stick, Dan. I'll make 'em talk."
Dan brought the goat, a long white oak
one, with a fearful brad, made from an old
axle. We knew that goat-stick, and shud-
dered.
"You little skites!" growled Old Jock,
thrusting the goat in through the wide
chinks, and prodding at random. "See it
you won't talk!" Tom got the first pricks,
and squawked and screeched, in spite of
himself.
"Old Zack Edward's boy, if I live," mut-
tered the old wretch. "Voice just like old
Zack's."
"O, don't, father, don't hurt them so!"
pleaded Jess from the window.
"You go to bed, girl. Now, what's another
one?" bradling recklessly into the corner
where I was crouching.
Heaven's how I yelled!
"Oh, ho," laughed he, "the old Deacon's
son, sure's the world. Might have brought
him up better." Bradling again. "Take
that, you Deacon's son! How does that
taste?"
"Now don't, father, please don't!" cried
Cad, coming into the garden.
"Go back, gal! Step!"
Cad vanished.
"Now," continued he, with a few fare-
well prods at us, "you stay here till morn-
ing." And with this pleasant good night
he left us, cribbed.
This was rather rough usage from a man
who we had fond hopes of making our
father-in-law, certainly. But we had to
stand it. We couldn't even get out of the
crib; for it was a staunch one, and couldn't
be burst. And that old button was a most
incurable one. No amount of fingering
through the cracks could stir it a hair's
breadth.
"Kit, we're in a dreadful scrape," said
Tom.
"A dreadful scrape," said I. Several
hours passed. We didn't say much; we
were profoundly taken down, and sat look-
ing at the stars through the cracks. Despite
the general misery of the situation, I was
dropping off to sleep, when a whisper from
Tom roused me. A little dusky figure was
stealing out through the lilacs, stopping to
listen at every step.
"It's Jess," said Tom.
"Lorette," said I.
And it was Lorette. Tip-toeing noise-
lessly up to the door, she hastily turned
the button, then darted away through the
garden into the house.
It is needless to add that the good turn
(turn of the button) was fully appreciated,
and that we made ourselves scarce forth
with.
The likeness of Silas Wright was the
vignette of the new \$50 Treasury bonds,
Edward M. Stanton of the \$100 bonds,
Thomas H. Benton of the \$500 bonds, ex-
President Harrison of the \$1,000 bonds,
Anson Burlingame of the \$5,000 bonds, and
John A. Andrew of the \$10,000 bonds.
REMOVING WAX FROM THE EAR.—From
careful experiments made by a physician of
Lyons, it has been ascertained the old rem-
edy of warm water is the best solvent of
accumulated wax in the ear, being superior
to olive oil, glycerine, &c.
It is pleasant, after the high prices at
which linsens have been sold for a few years,
to know that a fall of twenty five per cent.
has taken place this year, though it is rum-
ored that an advance has taken place abroad.
The tale-bearer and tale-hearer, says Dr.
South, ought to be both hung up together,
back to back, the one by the tongue, the
other by the ear.

Origin of the Rose.
The rose has many fabulous origins. Some
state it to have sprung from the blood of
Venus. The Mohammedans say that the
sweat of the prophet was the source from
which it grew; while the "Ghebers believe
that when Abraham, their great prophet,
was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod,
the flames turned instantly into a bed of ro-
ses, upon which the children sweetly re-
posed." The Christian legend on the same
subject is given by Sir John Mandeville. It
is to the effect that a fair maiden of Beth-
lehem was slandered, and condemned to be
burned; but when the fire began to burn
around her she prayed to our Lord that, as
she was not guilty of that sin, He would
help her and make her innocence manifest
to men. Then was the fire quenched, and
the burning brands became red rose trees
full of roses. "And these were the first
roses, both white and red, that ever any
man saw."
Roses have always figured largely in Chris-
tian tradition from the time when they were
found in the tomb of the Blessed Virgin
until the institution of the rosary by St.
Dominica, in the thirteenth century—the
beads of the rosary now in use having been
symbolized by red and white roses. Of
their connection with the "War of Roses"
it is unnecessary to speak; but it may be
mentioned that at Towton, in Yorkshire,
where one of the most disastrous battles of
that time was fought, there are groups of
roses in the "bloody meadows," which
are said to mark the graves of the slain;
and local tradition states that these roses
will only grow in that field, and that it is
impossible to make them grow if removed
thence. It is stated, however, that a gar-
den at Tadcaster has had one growing in his
larden for four or five years; so that the
latter part of this tradition is scarcely
"founded on fact."
How a Clerk Got Promoted.
The Troy Times tells this story of Col-
onel James H. Hooker, an eccentric charac-
ter, who died in that city some twenty years
ago:
"A remarkable man was Colonel Hooker,
and very eccentric withal. At times he
would fairly boil over with passion, and was
very violent in his speech and action. Yet
he was a just man, and directed his fury
against only what he believed to be wrong
and rascally. It is related of him that hav-
ing a dispute with one of his clerks, the
latter would not yield the point in issue to
him, whereupon the Colonel undertook to
put his stubborn employe out of his office.
But the clerk was too much for the irate
Colonel, and in the middle the old man was
laid upon his back, and his countenance
rather unpleasantly tapped. Raising from
his position, he proceeded to wash his bat-
tered countenance, brushed his clothes care-
fully, and, seating himself, asked the victo-
rious clerk to come to him and report. Said
he: "A pretty thing you've done, sir; got
yourself into a bad scrape; committed as-
sault and battery; licked your employer.
This shows that there's some stuff in you,
miserable sinner, and now, you infernal
scamp, I am going to pay you for it. You
are discharged from the desk you now hold,
and to-morrow morning I want you to take
a place next to me, and hereafter act as my
confidential clerk, with your salary increased
\$250. That's all; now go about your busi-
ness." The clerk thus promoted held the
confidential position assigned him many
years during the remainder of the Colonel's
lifetime, and never had to whip his employ-
er again to get an advance of salary."
A young man wants to know what busi-
ness he had better go into that will enable
him to occupy a high position in society.
Let him go into the roofing business. In
that trade a smart man will soon get to the
top of the ladder.
Some enterprising young man has invent-
ed a pocket in the sleeves of gentlemen's
overcoats, so that a lady can slip her hand
in when she takes a gentleman's arm, in
case her hand should happen to be cold.
The height of pugilistic sarcasm was
reached the other day by Jim Mace, who,
speaking of a rival accused of beating his
wife said: "What, him? He couldn't
lick a postage stamp."
Greely has got it this time. Here is
what he says: "To raise Cashmere shawls
graft a cashmere goat upon Sweet William,
and much with whale oil soap to keep off
the rose bugs."
Fashion gossip has it that in passing a
lady on the street the hat should be raised
during the present season with the left hand,
the little finger and thumb to be placed un-
der the rim.
The Newark Advertiser calls New Jersey
"a tight little State." Surely the editor
does not give it this title because it has so
much "Jersey lightning" in it.
Out in Iowa, fishing parties of thirty or
forty couples take along a brass band to play
on one side of the stream and drive the fish
to the hooks on the other.
The oldest house in Connecticut having
recently been knocked into splinters by a
stroke of lightning, the next oldest house
is jubilant.
An irritable man who was disappointed
in his boots threatened to eat up the shoe-
maker, but compromised by drinking colier.
Pittsburg expects to have silver smelting
furnaces built. Hitherto it has smelt coal
snuff chiefly.

Business Directory.
A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. May 13, 1863.
H. BRIDGE, Merchant Tailor, Market St.,
Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]
P. A. GAULIN, dealer in Books, Stationery,
Envelopes, &c. Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
R. MITCHELL, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Flour and Feed, Fish, Salt, &c. Cor. 2d St.
and Hill road, Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.
H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware
and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron
ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 70.
H. F. SAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker and
Repairer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in
Gram's Row, Market Street, Nov. 10.
A. K. WRIGHT & SONS, dealers in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c. Sec-
ond Street, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]
THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promp-
ly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.
D. FULLERTON, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats
& Caps and Men's Furnishing Goods, Second
St. Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]
D. DENNER, Manufacturer of and dealer in all
kinds of Furniture, corner Market and 5th
Streets, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]
MILLER & POWELL, dealers in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Lumber, &c. Market
Street, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]
O. BRIN T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law, and Alder-
man, Office on Grove Street, opposite the
Post Office, Lock Haven, Pa. Je. 23, 70-71.
REED BROS. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Retail Dry Goods, White Goods, Stationery,
Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing
Goods, &c. June 15, 70.
J. P. ARVIN, D. D. L. KRESS
IRVIN & KRESS, (Successors to H. B. SWOOP),
Law and Collection Office, Market Street,
Clearfield, Pa. [Nov. 30, 1870.]
K. KRATZER & LITTLE, dealers in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Clothing,
&c. Market Street, (opposite the Jail), Clearfield,
Pa. [May 1871.]
SACKETT & SCHRYVER, dealers in Hard-
ware, Stores, &c., and Manufacturers of Tin,
Sheet-iron and Copperware, Market St., Clear-
field, Pa. [May 1871.]
A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines,
&c. Fancy Articles, &c., and Proprietor of Dr.
Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street,
Clearfield, Pa. [June 15, 70.]
RIGLER, YOUNG & CO., Manufacturers of
Steam Engines, Circular and Muley Saw
Mills, Water Wheels, Stoves, &c. Fourth and Pine
Streets, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]
J. B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield,
Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining
counties. Office in new brick building of B. B. B.
on 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 coun-
ties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. POHNEY, Dealer in Sigsbee and
Glenwood Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Gro-
ceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c. Gra-
hamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.
H. HENNING & THOMAS, Dealers in Drugs,
Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Gro-
ceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c. Gra-
hamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.
J. M. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries,
Provisions, &c. Second Street, Clearfield,
Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.
JOHN GUELLICH, 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. April 29, 69.
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Do-
mestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon,
Liquors, &c. Room on Market street, a few doors
west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
J. J. LINGLE, Attorney at Law, Osceola, Clear-
field county, Pa. Will practice in the several
Courts of Clearfield and Centre counties. Al-
l business promptly attended to. [Mar 15, 1871.]
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 20, 70-71]
W. A. WALLACE, PRAC. PHYSICIAN.
H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield,
Pa. Will attend promptly to business en-
trusted to his care. Office on second floor of new
building adjoining County National Bank, and
nearly opposite the Court House. [Jan 20, 69]
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of
all kinds of Stoves, Clearfield, Pa. Or-
ders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps
on hand and for sale an assortment of articles
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 DOUGHERTY.
JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office on Market Street, over
Hartwick & Lewis's Drug Store. Prompt attention
given to the securing of County claims, &c., and to
all legal business. March 27, 1867.
W. I. CURLLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon,
&c. Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also
extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed Lumber
shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited.
Woodland, Pa. Aug. 12th, 1865.
DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the
32d Regt Penn's Vol., having returned
from the army, offers his professional services to
the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Profes-
sional calls promptly attended to. Office on
South-East corner of 24 and Market Streets.
Oct. 4, 1865.
BOOTS! BOOTS! BOOTS!!! BOOTS!!!
FRENCH KIP. \$5 00
FRENCH CALF. \$3 00
LIGHT KIP. 5 00
at KRATZER & LITTLE'S,
Sep. 24, 1870. Opposite the Jail
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. H. JAMES MITCHELL.
DR. W. C. MOORE, Physician, (Drug Store)
12 West Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa. Spe-
cial attention given to the treatment of all
forms of Chronic and Constitutional Diseases.
Consultation by letter with parties at a distance.
Fee \$2.00 for first consultation—subsequent ad-
vice free. [Mar 15, 71-70.]
JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Having located at Osceola, Pa., offers his profes-
sional services to the people of that place and sur-
rounding country. All calls promptly attended to.
Office and residence on Curtin Street, former-
ly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, 70.
GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Sur-
veyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All
business entrusted to him will be promptly at-
tended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor
or who will do well to give him a call as he follows
himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds
of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal
papers promptly and neatly executed. [Jan 70-71]

TO LUMBERMEN!
PERFECTION IN
CANTHOOKS!
The Clearfield Excelsior Canthook will net wear
out or break, being constructed with one solid
band from clip to point.
It is pronounced by all practical Lumbermen
who have examined it to be the most perfect cant-
hook ever invented.
Amos Kennard, Patentee. All orders promptly
attended to.
Manufactured by
AMOS KENNARD & CO.,
Nov 23. Clearfield, Pa. 1870
W. L. KRESS, G. F. HOOP
J. P. WEAVER, F. J. JONES,
W. F. POWELL, W. W. SMITH
NOTICE.
CLEARFIELD PLANING MILL
ALL RIGHT.
Messrs. HOOP, WEAVER & CO., Proprietors,
would respectfully inform the citizens of the
county that they have completely refitted and
supplied their PLANING MILL in this Borough
with the best and latest improved
WOOD WORKING MACHINERY,
and are now prepared to execute all orders in
their line of business, such as
Flooring, Weatherboarding,
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Brackets, and
Moldings, of all kinds.
They have a large stock of dry lumber on hand,
and will pay cash for clear stuff, one-and-a-half
inch nannel plank preferred. [Nov 4, 67.]
ATTENTION,
BUYERS
READ! READ!
Who sells the cheapest goods in the
county?
MOSSOP!
Who sells best calicoes at 12 1/2 cts a yard
MOSSOP!
Who sells best unbleached muslin at 17 cents
MOSSOP!
Who sells Hall's Calf Boots at \$5 00?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Hall's best Coarse Boots at \$4 50?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Hall's best Kip Boots at \$4, 50?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Halls lower than anybody else?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Sagar the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Syrup the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Flour the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Chop and Feed the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Hardware the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Tinware the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Clothing the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Plaster the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who sells Salt the cheapest?
MOSSOP!
Who first brought goods down to the
lowest cash prices?
MOSSOP!
Everybody should buy their goods at
MOSSOP'S!
Clearfield, May 12, 1869.

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 tis-
sues or veins, which serve as a deposit for the
urine and convey it to the exterior. The exter-
ior is a conductor also, terminating in a single
tube, called the Ureter. The ureters are con-
nected with the bladder.
The bladder is composed of various coverings
or tissues, divided into parts, viz: the Upper,
Lower, the Nervous, and the Mucous. The upper
expels the lower retains. Many have a desire to
urinate without the ability, others urinate with-
out the ability to retain. This frequently occurs
in children.
To cure these affections, we must bring into ac-
tion the muscles, which are engaged in their
various functions. If they are neglected, Gravel or
Dropsey may ensue.
The patient must also be made aware, that how-
ever slight may be the attack, it is sure to affect
the bodily health and mental power, 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 ensues from neglect
or improper treatment of the kidneys. These or-
gans being weak, the water is not expelled from
the bladder, but allowed to remain; it becomes
feverish, and sediment forms. It is from this de-
posit 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, Hydrotho-
rax.
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 Rheuma-
tism of the kidneys, without any change in quan-
tity, 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
dose 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 treat-
ment of the most eminent Physicians, experien-
cing but little relief.
Having seen your preparations extensively ad-
vertised, I consulted with my family physician in
regard to using your Extract Buchu.
I did this because I had used all kinds of ad-
vertised remedies, and had found them worthless,
and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of
ever getting well, and determined to use no re-
medies 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 buch-
u, cubeba and juniper berries, it occurred to me and
my physician as an excellent combination, and
with his advice, after an examination of the arti-
cle, 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 astonish-
ed 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
delay and see if it would effect a perfect cure,
knowing then it would be of great 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 H. Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knoc, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor Penn'a.
Hon. Ellis Levin, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. Strier, 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. Be-
ware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's, Take
no other. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for
\$5.00. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms
in all communications.
Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemi-
cal 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 13, 70-ly H. T. HELMBOLD.