

# The Kaffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1869.

VOL. 16.—NO. 8.

## Select Poetry.

**FOOTSTEPS OF DEATH.**  
Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—  
Aroused in senses, and awake  
To see how soon  
Life, in its glories, glide away,  
And the stern footsteps of death  
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,  
Down which our flowing minutes glide  
Away to fast,  
Let us the present hour employ,  
And deem each future day a joy  
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,  
No happier life be sought to find  
To-morrow than to-day.  
Our golden dreams of youth were bright;  
Like them the present shall delight—  
Like them decay.

On life-like hopes our dreams must be,  
That fade as an expiring sea  
Are doomed to fall—  
The sea of death, whose waves roll on  
O'er king and kingdom crown and throne,  
And swallow all.

Like the river's lovely tide,  
Strike the bumble rivulet glides,  
On that sad wave!  
Faintly levee poverty and pride,  
And rich and poor sleep side by side,  
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a stopping place;  
Life is the running of the race,  
And death the goal.  
There all our glittering toys are brought—  
That path above all unsought,  
Is found of all.

See then, how poor and little worth  
All these things gladden to earth.  
That fare us here!  
Treason of a story that death must break;  
Alas! before it bids us wake,  
We disappear.

Long ere the damps of earth can blight,  
The show's pure glow of red and white  
Has passed away;  
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—  
Age comes and laid his finger there,  
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred Jerry,  
The step that roved so light and gay—  
The heart's little tone?  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows wearisome and low!  
When age comes on.

## TOLD FOR TRUTH.

WHAT A HEART MAY CONTAIN.

Sound science has ascended at the idea of the sentimental phrase, "a broken heart," having a literal signification. Yet some authorities have affirmed that such an accident or a real rupture of one of the ventricles of the heart is rare, and even in lower animals may occur under the strain of very sudden or intense emotion, or in consequence of too extreme physical effort, as in leaping, running, climbing, or in lifting heavy weights.

The writer who records the following remarkable facts, will not undertake either to discuss or to repair broken hearts, in this place, but will leave the appreciation of his narrative to those who are familiar with the details of science.

Have a queer sensation and a quiet one among the rocks that overlook the wildest cliffs above W-shawken, and it is haunted by queer people. They all live and move before you every day, good reader, but their names are, probably, not on the list of your fashionable peculiar studies, quaint experiences, varied and often sad adventures, but they are pleasant companions after all, not wretched and soured by the merited or unmerited buffetings of the world, but only quiet and humbled by what they have learned and seen. Their only sorrow is for the ignorance, assumption, and the little selfish affections which bring, position, or the spirit of ostentation, sometimes whips out, like a fish, upon the moral surface of weak people.

All these friends are scientific students and thinkers; most of them polyglot in languages and learned specialties; many of them distinguished as professors and practitioners. Life is too solemn and intricate a mystery for them to trifle with it, and death is too solemn a thing to be forgotten even during their gayest hours. Only the unwarmed or the thoughtless make light of either life or death, or of those inexpressible things that are over, under and around us, continually and forever, whether invisibly be clothed with the flesh or with the spirit only.

Should you feel interested in such companions as you find here dimly suggested, the writer may make you better acquainted with them and their strange but intellectually-delightful meetings at an early age.

A rainy evening in June of the present year, after a sultry day, mists and shadows rising over the Hudson and green heights beyond, while far to the right, on the lowland stretching seaward, and fading into the veil of distance, lay the great city, like a hazy cloud dotted with specks of light. The birds were silent; the house was still; the glowing sunbeams, and the very fire flies seemed languid in the occasional flashes they threw out, like signals among the dripping leaves that hung beyond the edge of the high-perched, covered balcony, where another sat with me, talking of strange things confidingly, in undertones, as real friends may do.

My companion, whom I shall make free to call the "Doctor," slipped his thumb and finger into his waist-coat pocket, and drew something from it which he showed to me. It was a sort of sheath, about two inches in length, half an inch in diameter, and of a steely-gray color.

"Examine that," he said.

I took the article and looked at it, sur-

prising, from its appearance, that it was of platinum.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"In the heart of a man who is dead!"

I started with amazement at so singular a reply; but the doctor sat there beside me, calm and perfectly cool, looking with a grave face toward the dim spires on the horizon.

"I said the heart," he resumed, "in order to strike your attention, without having to explain things at tedious length. In science, however, the expression is a horse. But had I at once said the *plena*, you would not have understood me. Let me now remark that the *plena* proper consists of two substances, one of which lines the interior surface of the ribs, and the other touches the lung. *Plena*, lung, mediastine, and heart, such is the quadruple combination that forms a totality which we term life. This article is in the *plena*."

This explanation had hopelessly darkened the whole affair for me. How could so large an object introduce itself into the heart? How could it be there a moment without causing the most terrible disorder, if not immediate death? Then, above all, what was it?

The doctor continued:

"This deceased friend of mine was fifty years of age. We had gone through college together. Fifteen years ago he fell desperately, sincerely, in love with a young girl. Both were free, but his whole family bitterly opposed the idea of his marrying a lady whose pedigree they asserted was stained with crime, and the condition of affairs surrounding him was such that he had to defer to their opinion, for the time at least, yet under protest, and looking toward the day when he should be absolutely independent, and could make his bride happy in a comfortable home.

"But the poor girl was consumptive, and her elation at the indignity put upon her by the relatives of her preferred lover was such as to hasten the progress of her malady. In a few months, she died, leaving him utterly desolate. Still he did not weep. Alas, the fountains of his tears were sealed by so paralyzing a sorrow. He watched by the dead; assisted with quiet dignity at her burial; and then, turning away from her grave with a face ghastly yet stern, was seen no more in his accustomed haunts for several days. Some said he had gone upon a long journey. But, about a week afterward, he was found lying in a remote part of a wood, some thirty miles from— with a discharged pistol on the grass beside him. Yet there were signs of life about him, and he was brought to the nearest town, where I chanced to be at the country house of an old patient. The local physician and surgeon happened to be absent, and I was summoned in haste to the inn to which the dying man had been conveyed. Brief examination convinced me that not only was the wounded man still living, but that there was even a possibility of his recovery. His hand had not been steady, and the bullet must have passed the most vital portion of the heart without injuring it. I tended him as one tends a favorite brother. He was restored to consciousness, but it was impossible to extract the bullet. A pleurisy set in with the worst symptoms; but I saved him.

His first question was, whether I had removed the bullet. I could but acknowledge that to do so was beyond my power, when, to my surprise, he smiled, and shook me by the hand. After that he recovered sufficiently to move about and mingle with the world; but he, thenceforth, lived utterly retired and alone, never joining in any festive, and hardly ever smiled.

This sort of existence continued for nearly fifteen years, and everybody respected the great sorrow that made him a recluse. At length, a fortnight since, he sent for me, and when I called on him, he said: "I'm going to die, sir; she beckons me to join her."

This peculiar announcement I did not understand, although I knew what he meant when he said "she."

I did my best, but in vain. One day he asked me whether he was dying.

"Yes," I replied, for as I told you, I loved the man and I could not tell him an untruth.

"Then," he replied, "when I am dead you will extract the ball, and—you will keep it won't you?"

I promised that; I would. My friend died, and I did as he had requested.

I searched for the bullet, and found it in the place that I described to you. But, here it is, and, as you see, it is not a bullet in the proper sense of the word, but a sheath, and it is not lead, but soldered platinum. The soldering as you may know, could be effected only at an extraordinary white heat. How was it done? and what mystery does this case conceal? Science must inform us.

By this time night had set in with redoubled gloom, and the chandeliers within having been noisily lighted by a servant, while we were both intent upon the narrative, we withdrew from the balcony and ascended to a den up stairs, where, in the lower tier of a lofty turret of solid masonry, I have all the apparatus and material of a thorough chemical laboratory, and above it telescopes and night-glasses to sweep the starry heavens.

The doctor at once went to work, and quickly succeeded in opening the little cylindrical sheath. Two things fell out of it—a little pinch of whitish dust, and a battered ring. The latter was plainly of pure gold. The electric heat had not reached it directly, but it had softened.

The ring, the whitish dust, the mystery,

were there, palpable and visible before us. The problem of a life had taken shape and form.

The doctor placed the dust under the lens of a microscope.

"This," said he, "is human ashes."

"Then the ring?"

"There are letters engraved upon the ring: 'Remember,' and below this an inscription in very fine text: 'J. L., February 28th, 1854.' But J. L.—those are not the dead lady's initials."

"Journal! perhaps, is the word they designate," I exclaimed.

The doctor glanced at me with a mocking look of surprise.

"You are a jeweler, are you not?" he asked.

"Perhaps," was my reply, "but why may not these letters mean so to register, some moment? There is a date, and nothing agrees better with the idea."

At the same moment, my gaze fell upon some blank books and documents belonging to the deceased, which the doctor had laid with him, and had mentioned to me when he first came that evening. He had laid them down upon the open leaf of my secretary when he began his experiment with the platinum case.

I picked up one of the books and rapidly turned over the leaves. It was a journal regularly dated, and on the last page was written in large letters, "February 28th, 1854."

"I love you," ran the text. "You have just placed the ring of our betrothal on my finger. Should I die before you do, take the ring again and wear it on your heart, for the remainder of your life."

Lower down, were these words in another hand:

"I have obeyed. You died. The ring clung tightly to your finger, and I have taken both ring and finger from your beloved corpse. I shall not keep them on my heart only, but in my heart."

The distracted man had computed the joint above which the ring rested. Then, by whom and how had he caused it to be enclosed in the platinum sheath? No one probably will ever tell. At all events, it was with this strange missile that he had intended to penetrate his heart, and providence had saved him.

This is a peculiar story, but a true one, and the annals of surgery show that hazard has, in the lapse of time and the multiplicity of cases, produced some similar escapes, that appear little less than miracles to the every day reader.

If you would know the name of him who thus bore a love token, literally next his heart for thirteen years, glance at the medalion on the broken marble pillar that counts as the third from the gateway on the left hand side, as you pass up the willow walk in the Cemetery. The device represents a heart, on which is carved a lady's finger bearing a ring, and the inscription as you have previously given it:

"Remember, J. L., February 28th, 1854."

An enterprising business man of Hartford, Conn., runs two branches of trade, to wit: a grocery and fish market. The grocery himself, the fish market by a deputy, and every night the latter makes returns of the proceeds of the day's business to the proprietor. A few days since the grocer found in his fish market returns a counterfeit five dollar bill. He didn't like to lose it, and didn't quite want to take the chances of trying to pass it. So he called an old davey who was hanging about the premises and said to him:

"Sam, here's a five dollar bill that's a little doubtful. If you pass it, I'll give you a dollar of the change."

"Very well," said Sam, and he took the bill and went off. Later in the day he returned, having accomplished the feat, and handed over four dollars in good money to the grocer.

That night the grocer in counting the cash returns from his fish market was more surprised than delighted to find the identical five in the pile.

"Look here!" said he sharply to his fish market clerk, "here's a counterfeit bill—would you take it from? didn't you know 'twas bad?"

The clerk took it and looked at it a moment.

"O, yes," said he, "I remember now; I took it of Sam, the davey. I thought it was a little doubtful and wasn't going to take it, but he said he got it from you, so I tho't it was all right."

Further explanation was unnecessary.

An exchange says somebody whose imagination outruns the facts in this case, thus tells what he would do:

If I was lokel editor,  
I wouldn't have a time,  
I wouldn't print a cussed word  
For less than a \$ a line.

I'd get my grub and licker tree,  
& tickets to the snows,  
I wouldn't pay for buggy hire  
& wouldn't I ware good close?

A man on the day he became one hundred years old, went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial, with plenty of hob nails. The shoemaker suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old gentleman retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

The Admiral of Castile said that he who marries a wife, and he who goes to war, must necessarily submit to all that may happen.

## GRAND CANON OF COLORADO.

From the New York Tribune we take the following extracts from the report of Colonel Powell, the Colorado explorer, who has just returned to his home in Illinois:

My great purpose was to explore for myself this wonderful curiosity—the grand Canon of Colorado. With this end in view I came from the mountains to Chicago last spring to procure outfit and build boats. Four of these were made on a mode devised for the purpose of navigating canon streams; and taking them out to Green River Station, where the Union Pacific Railroad crosses the Green, I was ready to embark. There I had a party of nine men awaiting my arrival and anxious to enter the "great unknown" with me—men all experienced in the wild life of the country, and most of them in boating on dangerous streams. On the 21st of May we started. For a few days our way was through a river of low canyons and small green valleys, until we reached the Utah Mountains. Through this range the river has cut a winding channel, forming the lower end of this series the Yampa river enters the Green by a canon. Further down, in a valley portion of the river, the Utah and White come in. Below this point about thirty miles we enter still another series. Low walls of gray, buff and rust-colored sandstone shut us in. These walls slowly increase in height as we advance. The gray rocks are lost; red sandstones appear; the walls are broken down by lateral canons, increasing in number until we are in the heart of the "Canon of desolation." Sometimes these lateral canons are crowded that the rock between them stands as a narrow wall, hundreds of feet high, the end toward the main canon. Some lateral canons have their own lateral canons—a third series—entering the walls into sections, whose towering summits, though large enough to support cathedrals, seem scarcely to furnish footing for a man. Two thousand feet—three thousand feet overhead is the summit of the walls, white rocks and crags and peaks rise higher, and still higher away back from the river, until they reach an altitude of nearly 5000 feet. These rusty, gray, and dark red sandstones, have no beauty of color. A few greenish gray cedars are seen, looking not like pyramids of evergreen spray, but like clumps of knotty war clubs, belted with spines. These, with a little sage, constitute all the verdure.

We ran through Coal Canon. The river winds through this with a quiet current as if in haste to leave this beautiful canon carved out of the orange sandstone. All a long its walls dined above and amphoteric have been cut out of the solid rock; grottoes and caves abound, narrow lateral canons, channels of rivulets, born of a shower and born again of a shower, are cut as darts in the rock, and at every curve on the inner side, is a spot of willow bordered meadow. Then the walls grow higher, the river swifts, and we glide around to the junction of the Grand and Green. Here the walls are nearly thirteen hundred feet high. But a way back from the river an lateral canon and canon valleys, the floors of which are at about the same altitude as the immediate walls of the main canon, and the walls of this upper set are hundreds of feet high. Lateral to the second there is often a third series, with floors at a greater altitude than the floors of the second; then the country falls out into a labyrinth of canons. The main walls at the junction are not vertical, but have the slope of broken rocks tumbled down, while the lateral canons have mostly vertical walls with a sloping talus at the base. We remained at this point several days and then rowed out into Cataract Canon. Soon we heard the roar of waters, and came upon a succession of rocky rapids and cataracts; over some of these we were compelled to make portages; usually only the cargoes were carried over the rocks, and the boats were let down with lines, but now and then boats and all had to be carried. When these rapids and cataracts were unobstructed by rocks, or when there was any passage, we were able to run them, never finding any fall greater than nineteen feet in this canon. Sometimes the waves below would roll over a boat and fill the open part, but they could not sink it, as each one was decked fore and aft, and so had a water tight compartment at either end. Now and then a boat would roll over, but clinging to its sides until they could right it, the men would swim to the shore towing it with them.

We found much difficulty in the whirlpools below. It was almost impossible to get out of them at times. They would carry us back under the falls, dash us against the rocks, or send us whirling down the river. For twelve days we toiled through this canon, stopping once to measure the altitude of its walls near the highest points, and finding it nearly 2,000 feet. This was at the axis of a vast fold in the strata, and from that point the upper rocks slowly came down to a gentle dip to the southwest until we reached the foot of the canon, forty-five miles from its head. A rocky valley some was found here on the left, and the river made a bend around a sharp point to the right which point was set with ten thousand crags and ragged rocks. We called it Mile Crag bend, and sweeping around this in a rapid current our boats shot into Narrow Canon, down which we glided at almost railroad speed, the walls rising vertically from the water 1,000 feet high at its head, and coming down to high water mark at the foot, seven miles below, where the Dirty Devil, a river of mud, entered from the right. Now we had come again to the red and orange sandstone, and the walls were of beautiful bright rock, low at first, but as we set down through the strata,

rising higher and higher. Now and then, on this and that side, the rocks were vertical from the waters edge; but usually they were cut into mounds, and cones, and hills of solid sandstone, rising one above the other as they stretched back in a gentle slope for miles. These mounds have been cut out by showers, from the bright orange rock, and glitter with resplendent beauty under the midday sun. Hour after hour we gazed entranced on them as they fled in the perspective and retreated to the rear. For the river was swift though gentle, and we had but to steer our boats, and on we went through this land of beauty and glory.

On the 31st of July we reached the mouth of the San Juan, at the foot of Mount Cannon, and went into camp for a day or two's rest. Then we started again. We had now run once more into the dark red and chocolate colored sandstones, with slate colored beds below; these usually formed vertical walls, occasionally terraced or broken down, and from the crest of these orange mounds sloped back, but variegated by monument, now vertical, now terraced, now worn in steep slopes; others still covering these forms and set with towers and pinnacles. These monuments stood alone or in groups, and spread over the landscape as far as the eye could reach. The little valley of the Paria River terminates this canon, making it about 100 miles long. We named it Monument Canon. Here the river cut through the sandstones and reached the time stones below, the same geological formation as that of Cataract Canon, and as we advanced the channel was cut into these new strata. We entered between walls low, but vertical, that gradually increased in altitude the foot, where they were 2,000 feet high, terraced and broken into crags above. Half way down the canon we found the lower strata appearing as marble; they were white, and gray, and slate colored, then pink, and purple, and brown, and other strata variegated with these colors, until at last we had four hundred feet of marble walls, mostly vertical from the waters edge. These were fretted by the waters, embosomed with strange devices, and polished into beauty. Where there were patches of marble floor left bare by low water, basins have been carved out by the whirlpools of the flood season, and were filled with pools of clear water in beautiful contrast to the red mud of the river. Cool springs gushed from the rocks, sparkling, foaming cascades plunged into marble fountains, and in contrast to these, after every shower, cascades of red mud poured over the walls from the red sandstone above, with a fall of hundreds of feet. We called this Marble Canon; it terminated at the mouth of the Little Colorado, and was about thirty-six miles long.

Here a short rest, and then we pulled on the home-stretch—not a very short one, either—nearly 200 miles by river to the mouth of the Virgin. The lower members of this carboniferous formation are of dark, rust-colored sandstone, sometimes almost black. We soon ran through these, and through silurian red sandstone, and about fifteen miles below the mouth of the Little Colorado struck the granite. From the mouth of that stream to the mouth of the Virgin, our objective point, the general course of the river is to the west; but it makes three great curves to the south, and three corresponding curves to the north. At the extremity of the southern curves the walls are granite at the base, reaching to an altitude of 800 feet. This usually rises from the water in almost vertical cliffs, set above with ragged crags; then a sloping terrace 100 to 300 yards wide; then walls of sandstone and marble towering 200 or 300 feet towards the heavens. In the northern bends the marble comes down to the river's edge. In the southern bends the river runs racing through a narrow gorge filled with rapids and cataracts, often falling at a plunge from 5 to 20 feet, the greatest being 22 feet. Over these we usually had to run, as the granite walls rarely gave foothold, though some portages were made. The roar of a cataract could always be heard half a mile or more so that we never came upon them unapprised of danger. In the last great bend to the south, we came upon a series of cataracts and rapids crowded together into a distance of three-fourths of a mile; a stream came down through a narrow canon on either side, and above their mouths we found a foothold to land; so we stopped to examine.

On the river there seemed to be great danger, and no portage could be made. Coming on in the morning, the day was spent in exploring and trying to decide some method of getting over the difficulty. I found that we could climb to the summit of the granite 800 feet high, and passing along the terrace, could descend to a point below; but it would require ten days to get our boats and cargoes over, and we had sent five days rations. When I returned to camp at night I announced to the men that we must attempt to run it. After supper one of them came to me and asked if I was willing that he and two others should leave the river and walk out over the mountains; they thought that they could climb out of the canon, up the channel of the right hand creek. Of course I objected, but they were determined to go. An hour's talk failed to shake their resolution; so I sat up all night and made observations for the latitude and longitude of that point, and then we set up and down a little and beach our morning. On the morning they were still in mind to go, and I hastily fitted out the little party with guns, ammunition, and a small store of rations. In the meantime those going down the river were ready to start. Not being able to man it, I tied up one of the boats and abandoned it. When all was ready we

shook hands, and some tears were started, as each party thought the other was going to destruction. "Good bye," and away went our boats over the first cataract, then among the rocks, and over the second cataract to the left of a huge rock and whirlpool, and over the third, and shot into an eddy below. The boats were half filled with water, but that had happened many times before; we really found it less dangerous than a hundred we had run above. The party that was left sat on the cliffs and watched us over, and we camped and waited two hours, hoping they would join us with the boat tied to the rocks above; but we never saw them again, and they are yet unheard from. The names of these men were, O. G. Howland, S. Howland, and W. H. Dunn. That afternoon we passed one more dangerous rapid, and then had fair sailing to the foot, where the river debouched into Mormon Valley, so named by our party.

This ended the explorations of the Grand Canon of the Colorado; its head at the confluence of the Little Colorado, its foot at the entrance of the river to Mormon Valley—its length about 238 miles, its altitude 2500 to 4000 feet. A number of clear streams flow in from either side; the largest coming down from the Buckskin mountains on the north, which is named Right Angle River. I have mentioned the terraces of the southern bends; these have been the sites of ancient Indian villages inhabited by a race of diminutive people almost extinct. Their little clusters of houses found on the south side of the river were 800 to 1000 feet above the water. They were built of stone laid in mortar, and seem to have had reservoirs of water. Fragments of their pottery are found scattered about in great profusion, and deeply worn foot paths leading from village to village, or down to the river, or up to the summit plain, were frequently seen. On the northern bend their dwellings were near the river. Some of these ruins seem to be centuries old, and others to have been inhabited by the present generation; the latter were found near the mouth of the Little Colorado. Other ruins and fragments of pottery were found in the canons above, and away up in the valley of the Uintah. Only a few villages of these interesting people now remain in the country to the southeast.

Below this canon the river and adjacent country had been explored by Mormon parties, and here ended the "Great Unknown," no longer to be thus designated. The whole region was one of great scenic beauty and grandeur, the constant change in geological structure made a constant change in scenery. The high walls inclosing a tortuous river shut off the view before, and as we advanced, it opened out, ever bringing into view some new beauty of glory. The impression of this scenery was rather a pang of dread ever present to the mind.

CHILLS AND FEVER.—Tom is a queer genius, and gets off some tall ones occasionally. He visited us the other day in our sanatorium with:

"How do you do, old fellow?"

"Hallo, Tom," said we, "where have you been so long?"

"Why, sir, I have been down on Severn river, in Anne Arundel county, taking shag-high notes on chills and fever."

"Ah, indeed," said we, "are they very bad down there?"

"Rather bad," said Tom drily. "There is one place where they have been attempting to build a brick house for eight weeks. Well, the other day, as the hands were putting up the bricks preparatory to finishing it, they were taken with a chill and shook the whole building completely down, and kept on shaking till the bricks were of the finest quality. Just at this juncture the chills came on with renewed force, and they commenced shaking up the dust with such a gusto that they were entirely obscured for two hours, and the people of the neighborhood thought the sun was an eclipse."

"Can't believe anything like that, Tom."

"It's a fact," said Tom, "and there's a farmer down there who in apple picking season hauls his niggers out to the orchard, and sets one up against each tree. In time the chill comes on, and every apple in the orchard is shaken off the trees to the ground."

HOW HE JUMPED.—Bill Jackman had a pretty good opinion of his powers for jumping, and was one day bragging what he could do, when he was rather surprised by hearing our friend George H—, who is remarkably stout—as he weighs over three hundred, say:

"I believe I can jump further than you can, now, if you jump my way."

"Well," replied Bill, "I will jump with you any way you like, if I want to put up a little wager."

This being agreed to the parties stepped out for the trial, when George said:

"My way of jumping is to take my opponent on my back, and of course, if you jump my way, as the arrangement is, you must do so too."

"But I can't lift you, let alone jump with you on my back?" replied Bill.

"Well, then, of course, I beat you, when we jump my way, and so I will take the money," which he accordingly did, much to Bill's disgust.

Mark Twain thinks that soda water is not reliable for a steady drink. It is too gassy. The next morning after drinking thirty-eight bottles he found himself full of gas and as tight as a balloon. He hadn't an article of clothing that he could wear except his umbrella.

## Business Directory.

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

WALTER BARRITT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1862

D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provision, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

DAVID D. SIVLING, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provision, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.

MERRILL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '68.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker and Jeweler, dealer in Watches, Jewelry, etc., Room to Graham's Store, Market Street.

H. RUGHER SWOOPER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Store, Room No. 10.

H. PA. will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. June 20, 1869.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa., June 9th, 1869.

J. B. MCKENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Located in the new brick building of Dr. Boynton, 20 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 on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FOLGER, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham's Store, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Woodstock Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 1865.

H. ARBUTHNOT & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Patent, Gilt Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 8, 1859.

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

JOHN GIELECH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinetware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes and repairs all kinds of wooden and iron stoves, furnaces, etc., etc. July 2.

THOMAS J. MCGILLIVRAY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield Bank. Desires other legal business referred with promptness and accuracy. July 2.

EDWARD MOSSON, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, etc., etc., Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

FREDERICK LEITZNER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of Queensware of his own manufacture. Jan 1, 1855.

N. M. BOYER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Large assortment of pipes, cases, etc., constantly on hand. No. 200 Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1869.

WESTERN HOTEL, 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 on hand. JOHN DUNN, Proprietor. West of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

JOHN H. PULPARD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, in Graham's Store, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the settling of probate claims, etc., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

W. ALBERT & BROS.'S, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, Lard, etc., Woodstock Street, a few doors west of the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. Dealers in extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 19th, 1868.

DR. J. P. BURN (PH.D.)—Late Surgeon of the 8th Regt. Pa. Cavalry. Has secured the services of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 2d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—8mp.

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, Pa. JOHN MITCHELL. March 6th, 1867. JAMES MITCHELL.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician, Clearfield, Pa. Office in his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Court Street, a few doors west of the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1869.

THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. Having recently located in the Borough of Lumber City and resumed the practice of Land Surveying, respectfully solicits his professional services to the owners and speculators in lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Desires conveyance readily executed. Office of residence one door East of Kirk & Spencers Store. Lumber City, Pa. April 14, 1869. Jy.

SOLDIERS BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress and signed by the President, giving soldiers who enlisted prior to 23rd July 1861, seven dollars or more, and were honorably discharged, a bounty of \$100.

Emancipated and Pensions collected by me for those entitled to them. WALTER BARRITT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 15th, 1865.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE, FRONT STREET, PHILIPSBURG, PA. I will employ any one who says I fail to give direct and personal attention to all our customers, or fail to cause them to receive over a well furnished table, with clean rooms and new beds, where all may feel at home and the weary be at rest. New Rooms recently attached. Philadelphia, Pa. J. H. GALEER.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Penna. This old establishment having been leased by J. Morrison, formerly Proprietor of the Morrison House, has been thoroughly renovated and re-furnished and supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences necessary to a first class Hotel. The dining room has been removed to the first floor, and the billiard and billiard rooms are all well ventilated, and the Proprietor will endeavor to make his guests perfectly at home. J. MORRISON, Proprietor. Huntingdon, June 17, 1868.

DENTAL PARTNERSHIP. DR. A. M. HILLS desires to inform his patients and the public generally, that he has associated with him in the practice of Dentistry, S. P. HAWK, D. D. S. who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College and therefore has the highest attainments of his Professional skill.

All work done in the office of Dr. Hill, and is personally responsible for being done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession.

An established practice of twenty-two years in this place enables me to speak to my patrons with confidence.

Engagements for a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient desires coming. Clearfield, Pa. June 9, 1869—Jy.