

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1870.

VOL. 17.—NO. 7.

Select Poetry.

"BY AND BY."

Was the parting very bitter?
Was the hand clasped very tight?
Was the face all sad and white?
Was the tear-drops falling
From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it in the future,
Calmer, fatter days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "by and by."

Was the priestess love you lavished
Sought for played with and then slain?
Was it crushed and quivering remnant
Calmly thrown you back again?
Calmly, too, the remnants gather,
Bring them home without a sigh,
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you,
In a coming "by and by."

Are the eyelids very weary?
Does the tired long for rest?
Are the temples hot and throbbing?
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
And the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper rest is coming,
Rest forever, "by and by."

And when calm'd and cheer'd and freshen'd
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning!
"Cease your wealings and rejoice!"
Cry not for the days departed,
None will hear you, none reply;
But look on where light is breaking
Over a brighter "by and by."

THE OLD HOTEL BILL.

I wonder if one could write a man's history if there remained no record of him beyond his bills? I cannot help thinking that if such a one's bills—receipted or not—for the last quarter of a century were placed before me, I could make a very good guess as to his life; just in the same way as Professor Huxley, on merely seeing one bone, is said to be able to construct the entire animal, antediluvian or otherwise. Certainly, nobody could make more of me than that I was an average Englishman—perhaps I might say a very average Englishman—there were to take the trouble to analyze this pile of old bills that is lying before me now. They are all old hotel bills, pleasant record—being all paid—of easy sojourns in sunny climates; peaceful memories they bring back of careless holidays and well earned recreation, and I would not put them in the fire or consign them to the waste paper basket on any account.

Look at this bill, for instance. Chambray and *diversa* appear largely in it. The operation of changing more than one circular note had to be performed before that reckoning could be discharged. I remember it well. Here, again, is another—perfect contrast. The Sybarite appears, by the items, to have been converted into a hermit. The former bill was incurred at a hotel in my first long vacation after I had successfully passed the intellectual snags and pitfalls of my little boy. Oh! how fearfully I should be plucked if I were to try to pass such an examination now. The latter represents my mode of living with a real reading party in Normandy. We all worked hard—there can be no mistake about that. The pension, I see, was five francs a day; and the wine account must have been considered contemptible by mine host. Here is another batch of a subsequent date. Ah! this was when I was on my honeymoon. The Paris bill is unquestionably heavy; but after that two good fighters—much lighter. Paying for it, it appears, is a very different thing from paying for one. Here is one, merely a slight reckoning at an inn upon a mountain pass in Switzerland. Ah! but as I look at it more attentively, I remember that there hangs a tale—a somewhat romantic tale; and it is briefly this:

Five and twenty years ago my wife and I were crossing over into Italy. "After we had been slowly ascending for some time, we got out of the carriage, thinking we should get on foot as fast, and perhaps more pleasantly, on our way; and by taking short cuts across the zigzags we soon got far ahead of our conveyance. I had been over this same pass twice or three before, when a happy—I mean an unhappy—bachelor, and I remembered the bypaths pretty well; and we were soon in sight of the inn where we intended to pass the night, not very far from the summit of the pass. As we toiled on we overtook a gentleman, apparently an Englishman, and a little boy. I believe that feeling pretty sure, from the appearance of the man, that we were companions—and something or other to him, remarked that it was a fine evening, or that the scenery was very grand—I forget what. He, however, made some monosyllabic reply, and did not appear inclined to fraternize; and we passed on. Still I took a hasty look at him. He was a man apparently of some eight and twenty or thirty years of age, of a delicate frame, and almost feminine countenance. One thing I particularly noticed—he had a slight but peculiar mark under the left eye, what Box or Cox might have called a strawberry mark. The boy that was with him, a child of not more than six years old, was evidently his son, for both I and my wife traced a very strong resemblance between the pair, and the little fellow looked very pale and tired as his father dragged him slowly up the steep ascent. We soon left them far behind, and my wife remarked that it was a curious circumstance that these two should be thus going over the pass; for we could see no other carriage on the road which could belong to them, and she naturally thought it very hard that such a young child should be forced to make such a tedious journey upon foot. However, when we arrived at our destination we thought more of them; and, after a pleasant and appetizing supper, in which red trout—

read them now in the bill—formed no unimportant item, we strolled out again, and watched the white glories of the rising moon spreading over the highland valley in which we were. When we entered the hotel again, and went into the *salle a manger* for some coffee, we discovered the younger of our fellow toilers sitting meekly by himself in a corner of the room. A table was spread for supper before him, and he was patiently awaiting the arrival of his father.

His large blue eyes looked tired and sad; his golden curls hung tangled over his shoulders; no tender hand had cared for him after his weary walk; I saw the tears standing in my wife's eyes as she whispered to me, "He has no mother to take care of him." This, I thought, was a hasty conclusion to arrive at; and I said so. My wife—wiser than I, I suppose—shook her head and calmly disagreed with me.

We lingered over our coffee for some time longer than necessary. The patient child sat silent in the dark corner; now and then the blue eyes wandered inquiringly toward the door, but found no answer there. An hour passed away, but his father—if the man we had no doubt was his father, and of this we had no doubt—never came.

"I can't stand this, John," said Laura to me, indignantly. "If somebody doesn't give that poor child his supper, I'll give it to him myself."

I remonstrated mildly; "I don't think we have any right to interfere, my dear. No doubt his father is taking a nap up stairs, and he will wake up and be down directly."

"Nap, indeed!" retorted Laura, rather savagely. Indeed, I had no idea till then that my sweet bride could be so savage if she chose. "Nap, indeed! with that darling starving in uncomplaining silence! I've half a mind to ask which is his room, and give him a rousing he won't easily forget."

This, I thought, would be a highly improper proceeding upon Laura's part; and I ventured to say so. She contented herself with repeating, with greater vehemence than before, "Nap, indeed!"

At that moment we heard the heavy sound of the diligence, and the gay jingling of the horses' bells, as it stopped at the door of the hotel. Cold and unflinching passengers—for we were seven or eight thousand feet above the sea—came into the room and partook of various drinks; but they soon cleared out again. The horses had been changed; and with a great snaking of whips and loud puffing of bells, the huge diligence pursued its road to Italy.

The pale-faced, golden-haired child still sat quietly in the dark corner. Once or twice the tired head sank upon the little shoulder, and for a moment or two he dropped asleep. Then he would wake up again and stare at the unkind door, which at every opening brought no relief.

After the diligence had been gone some twenty minutes, and Laura had got into a state of fits and starts, threatening to pass all control, the landlord and head waiter came into the room, looked at the little boy, then talked together volubly in a whisper, looked at the little boy again, and shook their heads in a mysterious manner. Then the landlord advanced straight to where we were sitting.

"A thousand pardons for asking the question; but do Monsieur and Madame know anything of the little gentleman yonder?"

"No, nothing; beyond that Monsieur and Madame passed the little gentleman and his father as they ascended the pass."

"Is Monsieur aware that the father is an Englishman?"

"Well, Monsieur had guessed as much, but could not say more."

"Well, it is very strange. It is some time now since these two arrived. The father engaged a room, and ordered supper. The father had said that his luggage would be deposited by the diligence; but the diligence had come and gone, and though particular inquiries were made, the conductor was quite sure there was no luggage such as had been described to be deposited at this hotel."

"There must have been some mistake."

"Not possible. The authorities are very particular in these cases. And where is Monsieur's pere?"

"Gone to sleep in his chamber, probably," I suggested.

"Not at all! It is empty. There is nothing whatever in it. In fact the gentleman was seen to leave the hotel the moment after he had ordered supper and given instructions about his baggage, and has not returned."

Laura was watching the uncomplaining child. The large blue eyes were directed toward us, as if guessing that he was the object of our conversation. She could not restrain herself any longer; and she rose from her seat and went up to the child. He shrank a little, I thought, as she approached, but there was something about her face which speedily reassured him.

"You are a little English boy, are you not?" she said, as she sat down beside him.

He murmured, "Yes." But I could see a working in the little white throat; the poor, tired manikin was striving bravely to keep down his tears.

"You want your supper, do you not?" asked Laura, as with one hand she stroked the golden curls. "You are very tired, and ought to have your supper and go to bed. Where is papa?" Was not that your papa who brought you here?"

"Yes, my papa brought me here; and he said we were to have something to eat; and

I was to wait here quietly until he came back. Very quietly, he told me, and he should soon be back."

"Would you not like to have your supper at once?" said Laura. "Your papa is taking a longer walk than he intended, and he will be very sorry that you should be so hungry. Shall I not ask the gentleman," pointing to the landlord, who had come up to the table, "to bring you something to eat at once?"

"No, thank you, I must wait for my papa."

Entreaties and coaxings were all in vain, and Laura, fearful of distressing him still more, left him alone, and resumed her seat by me.

Nearly another hour passed away. Laura insisted on remaining in the room, and we listlessly studied the *Livre des Etrangers*. By-and-by the silence of the dark corner was broken. The courage of the gallant little man had given way; he was sobbing as if his heart would break. Laura had him in her arms in a moment.

"Oh, papa! papa!" he cried, in his bitter agony. "Oh, papa! papa! how could you leave me so long alone? Oh, papa! come back—come back!"

Above his low, sad wail I heard the sound of persons entering the hotel, and then there was a busy hum of voices, and a minute or two afterward the landlord, with a strange expression in his face, looked in at the door and beckoned to me. I hastily left the room. There, at the entrance of the hotel, I found the waiters and other people gathered. Three peasants had just come in, bringing with them something they had found—something which lay in a disfigured heap upon the ground.

They had found the body of a man. I was quickly told, at the bottom of a low cliff about a quarter of a mile from the hotel. Then they uncovered the face, and I at once recognized the man Laura and I had passed on the ascent. Then, as a cold shiver came over me, I heard a cry within the room I had left.

"My papa has come back—I know he has!" and before any one could interfere the door of the *salle a manger* was thrown open and the pale, weeping child tottered out, followed hastily by Laura.

"Where is papa? I know he is here!" And, checking his violent sobs, he looked eagerly at the solemn faces around him.

"Why won't you tell me where papa is?" "Oh! what's that upon the floor?"

Then, before any one could stop him, he cast himself down and laid his cheek by the cold white lips that nevermore could kiss him or breathe a word of love into his ear.

Gentle hands raised him softly, and bore him away to the room the dead man had prepared, and laid him down upon the bed. He seemed to know his own utter desolation, and the paroxysm of grief was strangely still. Laura remained with him all night; and when the first red lights of the rising sun bathed with deep splendor the silent glaucous and the snowy peaks, the young heart had broken beneath its burden and the weary spirit fled away.

Shortly afterward—at Milan, I think it was—I saw a copy of the Times, and in the second column I saw an advertisement for a man with a red mark under his eye; and when I returned to England I learned the whole story.

This man, who had ever borne the highest character, had got into deep distress, owing principally to the shameful conduct of a friend for whom he had become surety, and in an evil moment he had fallen, and had forged a check for a considerable amount, intending—as such unhappy men always do intend to replace the money.

He failed in doing this, and, conscious that his fraud must infallibly be discovered, he had fled from England, taking with him his motherless child. Whether in a fit of despair, he had thrown himself from the cliff, or whether he had simply missed his footing, it is impossible to say. Father and son rest in one grave in a churchyard on that mountain height; and on every anniversary of the awful tragedy the good peasants place wreaths of immortelles upon the simple white cross that marks the nameless tomb.

One of the amusements at Long Branch is to watch the New Jersey mosquitoes open clam with their bills, on the shores. Several of these useful insects are being domesticated and taught to punch rivets holes in steam boilers.

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that Parson W.—, the laziest man living, writes such interminable long sermons?" "Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing, and is too lazy to stop."

Patience is exemplified in the man who left his wagon while the horse balked, and sat on a stump and read the Bible till the animal was hungry enough to go home.

A tombstone in a Maine graveyard, erected to the memory of a wife, bears the inscription: "Tears cannot restore thee; therefore I weep."

"Waiter, this bit of turbot is not as good as that you gave us last week." Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir, its off the very same fish."

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a hoax.

The man that attempted to look into the future, had the door slammed in his face.

The richer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

COST OF LOAFERISM.—Does the young man who persists in being a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loafing is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time in the first place—days, weeks, months of it—in fact about all the time he has, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting nearly his whole time to it. The occupation, well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, drinking, or doing any thing but loafing, and on reflection we except that. The loafer finds time to drink, whenever invited.

It costs friends. Once fully embarked on the sea of loafing, and you may bid farewell to every friendly sail that floats under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccannery society. It costs money; for though the loafer may not earn a cent, or have one for months, time lost might have produced him much more if devoted to industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort—all the true pleasures of living; honor, dignity, self-respect, and the respect of the world when living, and finally, all regret, or consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

COULDN'T STAND IT.—A steward on an Ohio river steamer was addressed by an uneasy and excited individual, who wanted him to put somebody off the boat. The candidate for a forcible disembarkation was pointed out, but the steward could see nothing out of the way. "You don't eh? Don't you see a man there hugging a woman?" "Well, yes," replied the steward, "but what of that; hasn't a fellow a right to embrace his wife?" "That's just what I want you to run him out for," replied the stranger dancing around "that's my wife, and I've stood it so long that I've got mad!"

An old toper started for home one night in his normal condition, with a turkey he had obtained for a holiday dinner. He found the road very rough, and fell several times over all sorts of obstructions in the path. Each time he fell he dropped the turkey, but contrived to pick it up again. On entering his house he staided himself as well as he was able, and said to his wife, "Horse, wifey, I've got 'leven turkeys for you." "Eleven turkeys! What do you mean?" "There's only one." "There must be 'leven turkeys, wifey, for I fell down 'leven times, and every time I found a turkey."

A "loving" couple eloped to a city in North Carolina last week, for the purpose of becoming one in the flesh. The job was done for them by an obliging clergyman. Still full of romance, they went to the hotel to spend the honeymoon. At dinner the bridegroom accidentally struck the bride with a piece of ice over the left eye. She took the matter as personal, slapped him in the face and returned to her parents on the next train. It is a pity that a single lump of ice should have caused such a sudden "coolness" between them.

"My gracious," said Ike, "if some fairy would give me wings wouldn't I go round among the planets though? I'd go to Mars and Venus, and Jupiter, and all the rest of them."

"And Satan," said Mrs. Partington, striking in, "and I'm afraid you will go there whether you have wings or not."

Ike whistled and turned the subject to an orange the old lady had.

A citizen of Buffalo was passing through one of the back streets of that city Sunday afternoon, when he both observed and heard a little dog crying lustily. Approaching the little arch he kindly asked, "why, little boy, what do you want?" Looking up into the interrogator's face the precocious juvenile responded, in whining accents, "I've got the beller-ache, that's what I want."

A woman over eighty years of age went into one of the dental establishments in Hartford, Conn., to have a set of teeth repaired, and gave as a reason for being particular about the work, that, though she did not expect to live long, she desired her corps to look as well as possible.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, who had just sent his cup forward the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "for I never should have drunk so much water to get a little."

A passenger, having hired a boat to take him across a very rough stream, asked the Irish boatman if any body was lost there. "No," said Pat; "me brother was drowned there the other week, but we found him again the next day."

A rural Englishman had the rightidea, finding himself unable to whip his husband, he shouted to her son who was up stairs in bed: "Bill! come down stairs and lick thy feyther, or else he'll be the misster o' th' whole house!"

Josh Billings says, "Give the Devil his dues" reads well enough in a proverb; but "what will become of you and me if this arrangement is carried out?"

Men don't commit suicide in Memphis. When tired of life they go out and insult some one, and are at once shot dead.

Business Directory.

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

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

J. B. GRAHAM & SONS, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc. Market St. Clearfield, Pa. Mar. 70.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar. 70.

H. F. NAIGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 10.

H. BUCHER-SWOPPE, Attorney at Law. Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

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

W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. mostly Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc. June 15, 70.

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

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Kylestown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Apr. 26-51]

ORRIS T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law. Look Hall, Clearfield, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Fe. 29, 70-y.

C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc. Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1869.

J. B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law. Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, No. 24 street, one door south of Linnich's Hotel.

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

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

H. BARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, 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 to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 19, 69.

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

W. ALLAGE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Offices in residence of A. W. Walters. Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan. 5, 70-71] "W. A. WALLACE, FRANK FIELDING

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 nearly opposite the Court House. [Jan. 30, 69]

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-work. Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1867.

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. Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, corner of Citizens' Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounties, Claims, &c. and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Having located at Kylestown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. [Sep. 29, 69]

W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c. Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealer in all kinds of sawed lumber stables, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of the 3rd Reg't Penn's 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 24 and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—66p.

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, 1867-68.] JAMES MITCHELL.

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

GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. [Feb. 70-71]

W. ALLAGE & WALTERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS. Clearfield, Pa. Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurances taken. Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. [Jan 5, 1870.] W. A. WALLACE. J. BLAKE WALTERS.

REMOVAL—GUN SHOP. The undersigned begs leave to inform his old and new customers, and the public generally, that he has fitted up a new GUN SHOP, on the lot on the corner of Fourth and Market streets, Clearfield, Pa., where he keeps constantly on hand, and makes to order, all kinds of guns, rifles, and shot-guns, and repairs and repairs neatly on short notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. JOHN MOORE. June 9, 1869.

SMALL PROFITS and QUICK SALES. HARTSWICK & IRWIN are constantly replenishing their stock of Drugs, Medicines, School Books and Stationery, including the Osgood and National series of readers. Also—Tobacco and Cigars, of the best quality, and at the lowest prices. Call and see. Clearfield, Nov. 10, 1869.

DRY GOODS.—the cheapest in the county, a May 29, '67. MOSSOP'S.

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Frames, from any style of moulding made, to order. *CHROMOS A SPECIALITY.*
Nos. 2-35-36, 14-69-70.

THE WONDERFUL LINIMENT.—This Liniment having been used, for some years past as a family medicine by the proprietor, and its good effects coming to the notice of his neighbors, has at their suggestion, been sent to manufacture it for the benefit of the afflicted everywhere. It is the best remedy for Croup and Whooping Cough, ever offered to the public; and will cure many other diseases in the human body. It is also a sure cure for Pile and Wind-galls in horses. Directions for its use accompany each bottle. Price, \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Sent to any address by enclosing the price to WM. H. WAGNER, Hard Postoffice, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 6, 1869.

MILLWRIGHTING.
H. T. FARNSWORTH.
Would inform Mill owners, and those desirous of having Mills repaired, that he is prepared to alter and repair either Circular or Muley Saw Mills and Grist Mills after the latest improved patterns. He has also for sale an improved Water Wheel, which he guarantees to give satisfaction in regard to power and speed. His motto is, to do work as give perfect satisfaction. Those wishing further information will be promptly answered, by addressing him at Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa. Write your name and address plain. April 26, 1870-y.

CROCKS! POTS! CROCKS!
Stone and Earthenware, of every description. Fishers' Patent Airtight Self-sealing Fruit Cans. *BUTTER CROCKS WITH LIDS, PICKLE and APPLE-BUTTER CROCKS, CREAM and MILK CROCKS, STEW POTS, FLOWER POTS, PIE DISHES, and a good many other things too numerous to mention.* at the **STONE-WARE POTTERY OF F. LEITZINGER,** Corner of Cherry and Third Streets, CLEARFIELD, PA. Aug. 3, 70-71.

THE NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE EMPIRE.
The extraordinary success of their new and improved manufacturing Machines for light or heavy work, has induced the **EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO.** to manufacture a new Family Machine of the same style and construction, with additional ornamentation, making it equal in beauty and finish with other family machines, and in its construction, it is **OUTSTRIPS ALL COMPETITORS.** The price of this new acknowledged necessary article comes within reach of every class, and the Company is prepared to offer the most liberal inducements to buyers, dealers and agents. Every Machine warranted. Apply for circulars and samples to **EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO.** [Ap. 13-31] No. 294 Bowery, New York.

REMOVAL.
HARTSWICK & IRWIN, DRUGGISTS, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
We beg leave to inform our old and new customers, that we have removed our establishment to the new building just erected on Market Street, nearly adjoining the Market House, and in the west and opposite Graham & Sons' store, where we respectfully invite the public to come and buy their **DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, OILS, PAINTS, VARNISHES.**
Our stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of every thing used, selected with the greatest care, and **WARRANTED STRICTLY PURE!**
We also keep at all times a large lot of Toilet articles, Soaps, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, White Wash Brushes, and every other kind of Brushes. We have a large lot of **White Lard, Turpentine,** Flaxseed Oil, Paints, and in fact everything used in the painting business, which we offer at City prices to cash buyers.

TOBACCO AND SEGARS, Confectionery, Spices, and the largest stock of varieties ever offered in this place, and warranted to be of the best the market affords. J. G. HARTSWICK, JOHN F. IRWIN. Dec. 2, 1868.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR!
Eighth Annual Exhibition OF THE CLEARFIELD COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, WILL BE HELD ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR CLEARFIELD, ON Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, OCTOBER 12, 13 and 14, 1870.
The premium list is published in pamphlet form and can be had by application to the Secretary of the Society, either personally or by letter.
Family Tickets, during Fair, \$2 00
Single Tickets, during Fair, 75
Single admission tickets, 25
THURSDAY, purse of \$100 00 to be trotted for.
FRIDAY, purse of \$50 00 to be trotted for.
For conditions, entries, &c., see Pamphlets.
It is to be hoped that farmers will take an interest in this exhibition. No pains will be spared by the officers of the Society to make it a creditable one. Judges will be announced from the stand on Wednesday. Premiums for stock and cereal grains have been largely increased.
G. R. BARRETT, President.
A. WRIGHT GRAHAM, Secretary.

THE highest market prices paid for Shingles by **J. SHAW & SON.**

THE KIDNEYS.

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

The anterior absorbs. Interior consists of its two sets of veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine and convey it to the exterior. The exterior is a conductor also, terminating in a single tube, and called the Ureter. The ureters are connected with the bladder.

The bladder is composed of various coverings or tissues, divided into parts, viz: the Upper, the Lower, the Nervous and the Muscular. The upper exports the lower retains. Many have a desire to urinate without the ability, others urinate without the ability to retain. This frequently occurs in children.

To cure these affections, we must bring into action the muscles, which are engaged in their various functions. If they are neglected, Gavel or Dropsy may ensue.

The reader must also be made aware, that however slight may be the attack, it is sure to affect the bodily health and mental powers, as our flesh and blood are supported from these sources.

GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM.—Pain occurring in the joints is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalky concretions.

THE GRAVEL.—The gravel ensues from neglect or improper treatment of the kidneys. These organs being weak, the water is not expelled from the bladder, but allowed to remain; it becomes feverish, and sediment forms. It is from this deposit that the stone is formed, and gravel ensues.

DROPSY is a collection of water in some parts of the body, and bears different names, according to the parts affected, viz: when generally diffused over the body it is called Anasarca; when of the Abdomen, Ascites; when of the chest, Hydrothorax.

TREATMENT.—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; Stricture, 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, as dark water. It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physik, in these affections.

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

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 25, 1847.
H. T. HELMOLD, Druggist.
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 see your remedy.

As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubeba and juniper berries, it occurred to me, 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.

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. S. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor, Penn'a.
Hon. Ellis Levis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. Urie, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Phil'a.
Hon. John Bigler, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor Gen. Washington, D.C.
And many others, if necessary.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmhold's. Take no other. Price—\$1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.00. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address H. T. HELMOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, N. Y.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed
June 13, 70-ly H. T. HELMOLD.