

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1870.

VOL. 17.—NO. 8.

Select Poetry.

PRINTER'S LOVE.

We love to see the blooming rose,
In all its beauty dress;
We love to hear our friends disclose
The emotions of the breast.
We love to see the ship arrive,
Well laden to our shore;
We love to see our neighbors thrive,
And love to bless the poor.
We love to see domestic life,
With uninterrupted joy;
We love to see a happy wife,
With cheerful girls and boys.
We love all these—yet far above
All that we ever said,
We love—what every printer loves—
To have subscription paid.

THE STONE VAULT.

I have been with Morris and Grinby five-and-thirty years come the first of next month. I was forty when I came here, and so—I have a habit of being exact about dates—I am within a few weeks of seventy-five; but as for being old, bless you, I am younger than the youngest clerk, Tom Codger, who with late suppers and hard drinking, has a hand that shakes like those of a halberd leaves blowing in the wind by the open window yonder.

Old water, early hours, and temperance in all things, keep a man hale in his life through. If you don't believe that, look at me; I am an example, sir. Yes, I've seen changes here. The firm was "Morris, Grinby & Bloom," when I came, though young Bloom died three months after, and young Grinby was taken into partnership. We had a fire here, too, and the offices here built on a different plan.

At first changes enough, sad and pleasant; but the strangest and saddest of all was what happened to poor Ben Wade.

Oh, dear me! It did seem hard, looking at it with human eyes, and forgetting as we are apt to, that God does everything for the best.

Perhaps you don't know how this place is built. It's an old place, although the front and offices are new, these great balustrades were only put up last year. Down below you will find how very old it is. Such a solid, six-massive walls, and all paved with stones; and below the cellar a small stone vault, which Codger, who looks at serious things, says the old Ben built to be buried in. My own opinion is that it was intended to conceal valuables, for it had a great planed floor and three locks, each fastened with a different key—that is if they were intended at all. The vault was closed long before my time. Well, sir, I hadn't been there six months, when one day or rather one evening, Ben was near six—merchants kept their hours those days—I had occasion to go down into the cellar here for the porter about some bales to be sent up in the early morning next day.

Mike and I were up at the north end of the cellar, where the bales were, and I was giving him my orders, when, at my elbow, as it seemed, I heard an odd sound, a kind of wheezing cough, smothered in a moment.

I looked around, there was nobody there, not a soul, and I thought how curious, deceiving, to-be-sure, and funny talking. But I give you my word, I hadn't spoke three words, when it was that sound again. It quite startled me.

"Mike," said I, "did you cough?" "No, sir," said Mike, "I thought you heard it."

"It must be imagination, or some sound from the office overhead," I said, but just then a cough—ough. We both heard it.

"It's no good, your honor," said Mike, "there is some one hiding in the cellar," said I.

So with Mike's lantern, we went over the great stone-paved place, looking behind boxes and bales, and under the steps and up the coal slide. But there a soul did we find, until, passing the door of the vault, I heard it this time very faint and strange, and called out to Mike—

"Whoever it is, is hiding in this vault."

ing his desk and buttoning his overcoat. He stared at us through his glasses, and ejaculated,

"Bless me, Humphries, is the house on fire?"

"No, sir," said I, "but there is some one hidden in the stone vault."

"Bah!" said Mr. Grinby, "I tho't you had more sense, Mr. Humphries. No one could exist ten minutes in the stone vault. It is next thing to air tight."

"It is my belief, sir, that whoever it is, may be choking to death, sir," I said, "but there is some one there. Mike heard a cough as well as I."

"Very well," said Mr. Grinby; "call the nearest constable, Mike, and—Mr. Morris, are you in your office, sir? Perhaps you'll come down and assist in the capture of a burglar Mr. Humphries has discovered in the air-tight stone vault below the cellar."

He was very satirical; so was Mr. Morris. But we all went down together, the constable with us, and stopped before the stone vault. The door was shut so tight that it took all Mike's strength to force it open. And Mr. Grinby, looking straight before him shouted:

"Ha—ha! nobody, as I told you."

But the next minute he saw what the rest of us had already seen—a bundle of rags in one corner of the vault, down on the floor, and amidst the rags was a white face and thin hands, a bare, bruised and bleeding foot; and we dragged out into such air as there was in the cellar, a miserable wretch of a little boy, who seemed quite dead.

Up in the office, however, we bro't him to life, and got the story from him. He lived, it seems, among thieves, and they had planned to rob us that night, and he, poor little midget, had slipped in somehow and hidden in the cellar to open the door for them, never thinking any one would come there that night.

But when Mike and I went down, he took to the vault, and there would have smothered but for my hearing him. I do not care to tell you how we kept him, and filled the place with constables, who when the burglars came, pounced out upon them, and took them into custody. You can guess all that. It's the boy I have to tell you about—poor Ben Wade. It came out during the investigation consequent upon the arrest that the poor child was kept among the thieves by force, and that they used him cruelly. Once a ruffian of the gang had broken his leg in a drunken fury, and he limped yet from the injury. He was such a pale, worn, miserable thing that every one felt merciful to him, and it was decided to pardon him and send him to the poor house.

But that very morning, Grinby, Junior, a young man, came into the office where his father sat, and put his hand upon his arm.

"Father," said he, "I want to ask you a favor. I want my own way in one thing."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "let me hear you."

"I want to take Ben Wade into the house as an errand boy," said young Grinby.

"Hey?" said the old gentleman. "What a young housebreaker as an errand boy? Bless my soul!"

"Father," said young Grinby, "the boy is naturally a good boy. I like him; I want to save him. Perhaps, if I had not so good a father to guide me, to take care of me, I might have been worse than he. I don't ask you to trust him, sir. I only ask leave to trust him myself. I am sure he will prove deserving of confidence."

Old Mr. Grinby took out his snuff box, and looked at Mr. Morris.

"I've noticed the lad's eye; it's a good one," said Mr. Morris.

"It's a risk," said Mr. Grinby, "but we'll consider."

And I suppose the result was what young Grinby wanted, for little Ben Wade came to us on the next Monday.

Now he was clean and whole, he didn't look so bad, and good food and no abuse made a difference in him in a week.

In a month or so, people stopped predicting that young Grinby would repent some day, and in a year I don't think there was one in the office who didn't love that boy—so grateful and trustworthy, and so ready to do everything for every one. Young Mr. Grin-

by had him taught, and well taught, too. The lightning calculator might beat him, but I doubt it; and I never knew that lad to forget to dot his i's and cross his t's in all my acquaintance with him, after he learned to write at all.

At twenty he was one of the best clerks in our establishment, besides being as fine a looking young fellow as one would wish to see. On the whole, I did not wonder that Miss Lucy Evans took a fancy to him—a sister, sir, of one of the young fellows at our place, and a girl who looked like a queen, and was as good as she was handsome.

I used to meet them walking on the battery, where lovers used to walk in those days. He was so fond and proud of her, and she had such a tender way of looking at him, that they made my old heart young again, as I often told Mrs. Humphries, to whom I always confide everything. And how he revered her—why a ribbon or faded flower, that she had worn, were cherished by him as a miser cherishes his gold.

At last he told me in confidence—for her name was sacred, and not to be spoken before every one—that they were to be married.

"And when I look back, sir," said he, "and remember the miserable days of my wretched childhood, and think how friendless and forlorn I was, and how there was nothing before me but a prison or gallows, and think now I have every thing to make man's life blessed—the power to win a respectable livelihood by reputable labor, the respect of men, and the love of such a girl as Lucy—I can never be too grateful to the kind friend who saved me from a life I dare not contemplate. God bless Mr. Grinby!" said he, lifting his hat reverentially as he might in church, and there was a prayer in his dark eyes as he looked upward.

Those were the last words I ever heard him speak, except "Good night." Ah, dear me, it should have been good bye. Ten minutes later I went one way home, and he, as it seemed afterwards, walked just two blocks, and then came back here. At twelve o'clock that night I awoke Mrs. Humphries.

"My dear," said I, "I must have had the nightmare or something."

"Goodness!" said she, "it seems so. Your hands are like ice. What gave it to you, love? That lobster, I'll be bound."

"Perhaps," said I, "I admit I ate a hearty supper. And nothing else could make me fancy young Wade at my bed side, white as a ghost, with both hands on my breast."

"Ah, but the nightmare is always black, not white," said my wife. And then she went to a little cupboard and brought me a glass of wine. After that I went to sleep again.

I did not rise early, and was quite behind my usual time. When I reached our place I found it in a great commotion. Clerks running hither and thither, the heads of the firm standing about in the most unbusiness-like manner, and three constables on the premises.

"What is the matter?" I said, addressing Mr. Grinby.

"Matter enough," said he. "We've been heavily robbed."

"I fancied that couldn't happen here," said I. "I really believe it would be impossible for burglars to break into Morris, Grinby & Son's, sir."

"Ah," said he, "they did break in. The door has been quietly opened from the inside."

"And I believe—" began Mr. Morris.

"Sir," cried young Grinby, out of breath, "I beg as a gentleman, as a man, of principle, you will not give utterance to your unfounded suspicions—totally unfounded and unworthy of you."

"Prove them so, sir," said Mr. Morris coolly, "and I'll apologize."

I looked an inquiry.

"Don't ask explanations, I beg, Mr. Humphries," said Mr. Grinby. "Something has been said the speaker will regret. Ah! there comes my messenger."

And in ran one of our boys.

"Well, Tom?" said Mr. Grinby.

"Mr. Wade ain't been home all night, sir," said Tom.

"I told you so," said Mr. Morris.

"And I tell you even yet, I will not hear my dear friend's—yes, my very

dear friend's character aspersed," said young Grinby. "Humphries, I know you love Ben Wade as I do. Fancy imagining him connected with this robbery. As well suspect my father, or myself, or you."

"He's missing," said Mr. Morris, shutting the door upon us three. "He was seen to return late in the evening. He was one of a band of house-breakers when we took him in, and many declare the character to be formed at six years old. He was nine. I believe he has been won back to his old ways."

"You will not express your belief to others," said Mr. Grinby.

"Not as yet, most certainly," said Mr. Morris.

Well, sir, that was a bitter day to me—a bitter day. We could learn nothing of young Wade, after eight o'clock on the previous night. Then several had seen him. He had taken tea at a little coffee-house, as he sometimes did, and when he did not return home till late, and had said to said some one there: "I must go back to the office. I have forgotten something."

Half an hour afterwards, Mike, the porter, had passed him in the street, and young Wade had said:

"What's the time, Mike?"

The porter told him.

"I shall be too late," he said. "I have an engagement, and must go back to our place for a parcel I've forgotten."

An apple woman on the corner had seen him enter. He often bought fruit from her for lunch, and she knew him well by sight.

There the news ended, until Mike going in to light the fires, found the place a scene of confusion—desks riddled, papers strewn about, and every mark of systematic burglary.

Later in the day, Lucy Evans had come down. Her brother had sent her word of what had occurred. She believed some terrible accident had happened to Ben, and begged the firm to spare no efforts to discover him. She was almost distracted; and who can wonder? They had been going together, it seemed, to some play the night before, and she had been sufficiently alarmed by his failing to keep the appointment, to be, in a measure, prepared for the worst. She knew he intended to bring her a book. He had spoken of it. That must have been the parcel he went back for. Of course she never doubted him, and no one dared to hint at what had been whispered, in her presence.

For a week, sir, the authorities were at work. Immense rewards were offered for the burglars, and for the recovery, alive or dead, of young Benjamin Wade, but without the least effect.

We were notified of everybody washed ashore, and of every unknown man found dead for months, and at last there were few who did not laugh at poor Ben's friends for their credulity.

It seemed plain to them—and may Heaven not judge them as they judged their brother—Ben Wade was guilty! Poor Lucy never looked up. It was easy enough to see that her heart was broken, and in a year she died, just a week too soon to hear what I shall tell you.

One morning I was busy at my desk in the office, when a gentleman came in and asked for either Mr. Morris or Mr. Grinby. Old Mr. Grinby was at home with the gout, and Mr. Morris and the young gentleman were in. I saw that the gentleman was a clergyman, and fancied he had called to solicit a subscription for some mission to the heathen, or Sunday School, or new church. But his first words made me start. They were these:

"You remember, of course, a burglary committed here a year ago or more."

I could not keep my seat, but went forward trembling like a leaf.

Young Mr. Grinby had turned quite faint, and was leaning against the wall for support.

"You are agitated," said the clergyman; "I fear you will be still more affected by what you must soon hear. A person now in custody, condemned to execution, has a confession to make to you in regard to that affair—a very horrible one, I fear."

He took a card from his pocket and wrote a few lines.

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.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware, Groceries, and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron Ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 79.

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

H. BECHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's room, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

T. MO'S J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c. June 13, 79.

A. I. SHAW Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 13, 79.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Kyrtown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. Apr. 29, 69.

ORRIS T. NOLLE, Attorney at Law, Look Haven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield and adjoining counties. Business cards will receive prompt attention. Je. 29, 70-71.

C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d Street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel. Oct. 10.

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. FORNEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c., Granton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

H. HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Stationery, Perfumery, &c. Room on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 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 and Millinery Goods, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, short notice and attends generally with a horse. April, 59.

NICHOLAS MOSELEY, Dealer in Groceries, Flour, Bacon, &c. Room on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. West of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

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. 5, 70-71.

W. A. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. June 30, '69.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1862.

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 DODD, PROPRIETOR.

JOHN H. FULLERTON, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, opposite Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c. and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kyrtown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. (Sep. 29, 71.)

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

D. J. P. BURGHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 8th Reg't Penn'a. Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1863—Gump. JAMES MITCHELL.

SURVEYOR—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in the town of township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 6th, 1867—St. JAMES MITCHELL.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, having located at Kyrtown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. (Sep. 29, 71.)

GEO. C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Clearfield, 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 offers himself that he can render satisfaction. Deals of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Feb 79-70.

WALLACE & WALTERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS, Clearfield, Pa. Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurance taken. Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. Jan 5 1870.

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. Also, guns repaired and rebarreled, and repaired ready on short notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. JOHN MOORE. June 9, 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 its own veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine and convey it to the exterior. The exterior is a conductor also, terminating in a single tube, and called the Ureter. The ureters are connected with the bladder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TREATMENT—Helmhold's highly concentrated compound Extract of Buchu is decidedly one of the best remedies for Diseases of the bladder, kidneys, gravel, dropsical swellings, rheumatism, and gouty affections. Under this head we have arranged Dysuria, or difficulty and pain in passing water, Scanty secretion, or small and frequent discharges of water; Strangury, or stopping of water; Hematuria, or bloody urine; Gout and Rheumatism of the kidneys, without any change in quantity, but increase in color, or dark water. It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physick, in these affections.

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

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 25, 1867. H. T. HELMHOLD, Druggist.

DEAR SIR—I have been a sufferer, for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent Physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of Buchu, cubebs and Juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not require to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections. M. McCOMBICK.

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

Hon. Wm. Bigler, ex-Governor Penn'a.
Hon. Thomas B. Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor, Penn'a.
Hon. Ellis Lewis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. Greig, 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. Bank's, Auditor Gen. Washington, D.C.
And many others, if necessary.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmhold's. Take no other. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

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

NOTE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed.

DRY GOODS—the cheapest in the county. MOSELEY.

DRY GOODS—the cheapest in the county. MOSELEY.