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IN THE SOUTHLAND.

Alex Bird Tells of His Trip Over Vir-
ginia Battlefields.

Passing up the plank road to the west of Salem church, the clearings are smaller and the country poorer. We met quite a number of teams drawing oak railroad ties to Fredericksburg, all being hauled from the vicinity of the Chancellorsville and Wilderness battlefields. The price they were receiving for the ties was 50 cents each.

About two miles east of the Chan- cellor house it is an unbroken wilder- ness except for the many wood roads. The timber is that same scrubby oak and pine principally, and shows the effect of fire through the woods.

On nearing the Chancellor house we began to strike the old rifle pits and breastworks, and after crossing the road they extended in a northerly direction towards the Rappahannock river. As we came in sight of the old Chancellorsville battlefield we recognized it at once. The brick house where Hooker had his headquarters stands there today; part of the same old building, although on the east side an addition had been built. There is no one living in the house or the vicinity, and the old landmark is crumbling away. Not a window left in the house, nor a door; even the stair railings have been taken away by relic hunters.

The west end of the building shows the fierce storm of shot and shell that struck the building on that Sunday, May 3, 1863, part of the building being burned at that time. The out- buildings that were there during the battle have all disappeared.

There are thousands of names writ- ten on the walls inside the building; both Union and Confederate have written their names and regiments, and among them we found the name of Captain Arthur Hotchkiss, 154th N. Y., May 3, 1863, and again with his wife in 1905.

From the roof of the building we had a good view of that part of the battlefield. Back of the building to the north there is an orchard of apple, peach, and pear trees, where so many cannon were massed on Sunday, May 3, 1863. Looking to the southwest over the large field known as Fairview is the Chancellor family burying ground, enclosed by a heavy oak post fence. The whole field is one of desolation as it has not been cultivated in many years.

Along the edge of the field on the west side reaching from the old plank road for nearly half a mile, is a con- tinuous line of circular lunette where the batteries were planted. About half a mile to the west of the clear-

with a friend about five miles south- west of there, and that placed her on the field of battle at the Wilderness under Grant; and she saw all the hor- rors of that battlefield.

Coming back to the Dowdal farm where the 154th N. Y. received its baptism of fire. The house has been burned twice since the war, but one of the outbuilding stands as it did during the battle. That part of the field where the Buschbeck line formed is now and for several years has been used as a pasture, and the farm is owned by a Pennsylvanian by the name of Ramsey, and he and his wife and son were very courteous to us and went over the field with us. We readily recognized the rise of ground where the 154th went forward to take a better position and the higher ground across the road where our batteries got in their work.

We took the same course on which we retreated from the field, and just in the edge of the woods a farm road leads southeast to Hazel Grove, about one mile, where the line was formed and Pleasanton's batteries with some of the 11th corps guns assisted in the stopping of Jackson, that night.

R. D. Henley now owns the farm at Hazel Grove, and that part of the field to the south is a large cornfield. We readily recognized that part of the field where the batteries did such effective work that night, and where we spent the night of May 2nd on picket with Co. G, near the little creek.

After eating dinner at the house of Mr. Henley, who, by the way, is an- other Pennsylvanian, we crossed the little creek and found the rise of ground where Co. G fell in with Green's brigade of the 12th corps on Sunday morning, and saw the Con- federate batteries drive the Union troops from that part of the field. The distance from where we lay, that Sunday morning, across to the Rebel batteries is only about 600 yards, and those of the 154th who lay there for two mortal long hours and stood the fire of those brass Napoleons will never forget it.

From this point we followed our line of retreat through the woods to the Chancellorsville clearings, about one mile. Many evidences of the bat- tle are yet to be seen in the shape of old bits of leather, old tins from the inside of the cartridge boxes, brass belt clasps, and many bullets can yet be picked up on some parts of the field.

It was a very interesting day to myself and brothers, especially Jim, as we readily recognized the different points on the field. We had kept to- gether during the two days' battle, and the scenes we saw at that time were so indelibly graven on our mem-

Mystery No Longer.

The clearing up of a mystery of many years' standing in Churchville, this state, occurred a few days ago with the discovery of a wheel from an old cannon carriage in Black creek pond. The find was made by Bert Egleston and Ethan Webater, two village youths, who were enjoying a ride in a small boat, and it was recovered after an hour's hard work.

The story of the old cannon is as fol- lows: Long before the civil war it was decided by a local committee, consist- ing of men whose names are now un- obtainable, to mould a cannon to use for protective purposes and for firing salutes on Independence Day. Ac- cordingly, the cannon, a cumbersome piece of ordnance of large caliber, was cast and, later, mounted on a high- wheeled carriage.

At the outbreak of the civil strife the cannon was a factor at general train- ings, and inspired many young sol- diers. After some years the old gun was pronounced unsafe, and was pul- away by the elders; but the young men of that generation would not be batted, as they were strongly im- pressed with the idea that the reason the village fathers wanted to condemn the gun was because its discharge shat- tered the windows in its immediate vicinity, so great was the concussion. This sentiment led to the capture of the cannon, which was secured by chains and under lock and key, and young America again prevailed with resounding booms, which waked the populace for many miles.

A plot was then concocted by a self- chosen committee, which, sworn to secrecy, again took the cannon into custody and at night disposed of it in manner hitherto unknown. Although rumor had it that the cannon was thrown into the pond, nothing has ever been determined, and the secret was supposed to have been buried with the late James Dennis, who for many years was a trusted and efficient officer of the town.

For 40 years the mystery of the dis- appearance of the old Churchville can- non has been unsolved, and its history has become a legend to the present generation. The action of the cur- rents and ice has resulted in the dis- covery of a part of the equipment, but it is doubtful that the cannon itself will ever be recovered, as a persist- ent probing with poles in the soft bot- tom of the pond in the vicinity of the wheel failed to disclose its whereabouts.

Smiling as a Business Asset.

Keep smiling. These words, which greet the eye from many desks and office-walls, are a good reminder that a smiling face and a bright appearance are essential to business succe

Sept. 2, 1908
Ellcottville Post

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destroyed Nets.

rning, Game Protectors nd Salisbury went to the Cattaraugus creek and nets which they found the Cattaraugus creek. e trap nets and three ap nets were burned on lake while the seines y and shipped to the for use during spawning

known who these nets at the time they were been generally supposed ad the right to hunt and servations just as they less of state regulations. bury brought a test suit ersy and Judge Vreeland union of the matter in that "The Indian was police regulations of the he lived just as much as , and that the state had ct her game, fish and h manner as she chose." up this ruling he has e Indians on the Cattar- tion for dynamiting and the vicious practice has dly stopped. Any man Indian to draw a seine is a misdemeanor.—Silver

CATTARAUGUS.

annual fair at Franklinville success

another \$2,700 automo- to Glenn last Wednesday, reportedly damaged before

road for nearly half a mile, is a continuous line of circular lunettes where the batteries were planted. About half a mile to the west of the clearing a small stream crosses the road, and on the north side is a large rock that was placed on the exact spot where Stonewall Jackson fell, and a few rods further west, on a little higher ground, is a monument with a plain shaft with the words "Jackson, May 2, 1863" on it.

Nearly opposite and to the south of the road is the only Union monument on the battlefield. It is of granite, and on it is this inscription: "114th Pa., 1st Brig., 1st Div., 3d Corps." There is also a bronze tablet with the names of the members of that regiment who fell in that battle. From the Fairview clearings to the Dowdal clearings it is about one mile directly west, and there is but little change in the appearance of the country during the past 45 years.

Going to the westerly side of the field where Jackson struck the 11th corps; the little Wilderness church is gone, and a larger wooden building stands on the same spot in that oak grove just opposite where the Orange plank road and the old pike intersect. A short distance to the west on the south side of the road is the Talley farm house where Gen. Devan had his headquarters at the time of the attack. The same battle-scarred house and outbuildings stand there today, and the same family lives there. Mrs. Talley told us that Gen. Devan had his headquarters there, and when the attack began he told her she had better seek some place of safety as there would be a battle fought there. She told us she was married then and her husband was in Jackson's command. Knowing there was a cellar at the Hawkins house, the farm across the road, she went there for safety, and her husband being in Jackson's advanced line saw her at the Hawkins house and ran to meet her. The Confederate bullets were flying so fast she took the table cloth from the table and went to the door and waved it to see if they would not stop shooting, and as she stepped to the door with her "flag of truce," one bullet went through the door and another pierced the casing near her head, and she made up her mind the time she was as bad as the Yanks about getting away. They all went into the cellar. When the battle was over, the Hawkins lived through the war, but she was wounded and died three years after the following year. Mrs. Talley said they had nothing to live on but what they had bought everything

points on the field. We had kept together during the two days' battle, and the scenes we saw at that time were so indelibly graven on our memories that it seemed as if it were but yesterday.

We left Fredericksburg that evening for Washington on our way to Gettysburg where we arrived the next day, and next week will tell of our trip there.

ALEX BIRD.

Another "Mary Ann" Problem.

A London paper, which is far enough away to be safe, started a Mary Ann problem thus: In the United States the Mexican dollar has exchange value of 90 cents. In Mexico the American dollar has the same value. On the frontier of the United States where Texas joins Mexico there are two saloons, one on each side of the frontier. A man buys a 10-cent drink of whisky at the American saloon and pays for it with an American dollar, receiving a Mexican dollar as change. With this he crosses the border, goes into the Mexican saloon, hands over the Mexican dollar for a 10-cent drink and receives an American dollar as change. It is evident that the limit of his purchasing power is the length of time he can stand. He finally wakes up with a bad headache and the American dollar with which he started. Who paid for the whisky?—American Grocer.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is 10 fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A clever, popular Candy Cold Cure Tablet—called Preventics—is being dispensed by druggists everywhere. In a few hours, Preventics are said to break any cold—completely. And Preventics, being so safe and toothsome, are very fine for children. No Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Box of 48—25c. Sold by Glenn N. Alexander.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Doan's Regulator. Ask your druggist for them, 25 cents a box.

CASTORIA.

Small text advertisement for Castoria, mentioning its benefits and manufacturer information.

great the eye from many desks at office-walls, are a good reminder that smiling face and a bright appearance are essential to business success. Neither the salesman nor the buyer can afford to be a grumbler, because buyers are averse to salesmen who to them their troubles and talk hard times, and salesmen give the grumbler a wide berth.

Many men have come into public life through their courteous manners. Two representatives of the Russian government who came to this country to inspect our locomotive-works were paid scant attention by the large manufacturers. Ross Winans, however, whose plant was small, but whose manners were large, received them cordially and explained how his plant was run. His guests were captivated by his graciousness, and in a year or two the Czar invited him to transfer his labors to Russia. He did so, and in a short time his income reached over a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Cheerfulness is a valuable acquisition. A young salesman in a jobbing house, who never mentioned anything but bright things and was always happy and good-natured, was surprised one day to hear one of the firm's best customers ask for Mr. Easy Times. When he was called a moment later to wait on the customer he was still more surprised to learn that the name had been applied to him. The value of his appellation was made manifest when he was made head of the sales department and given a large interest in the business.

If you have troubles and annoyances, go off quietly and talk them over with yourself, but when you go out into the street and meet people, smile. They all have their troubles, and will appreciate your cheerful greeting. Help yourself and to help others; keep smiling.—Alfred S. Day in the Circle

Big Money.

Sodus, in Wayne county, reports good profits received by some farmer Isaac Vandermill, from less than three acres of land, has sold 11,000 quarts of Columbia raspberries, receiving for them \$770.42, that being at the rate of \$285.14 an acre of land used. His net profit will be more than paid for the land.

From less than two acres of vine Andrew G. Walkner is delivering about one hundred bushels of cucumbers to the pickle factory at Wallington, weekly. As the season for picking is about six weeks and he receives 45 cents a bushel for cucumbers of good size, it will be seen that the raising of cucumbers for pickles is also profitable.

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