

Boyer & Shaw,
NEW AND FIRST CLASS
DRUG STORE,
Market St., Clearfield, Pa.,
(Opposite store of H. Meyer.)

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.
PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.
VOL. 41—WHOLE NO. 2125.
CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1869.
NEW SERIES—VOL. 9, NO. 50.
TERMS—\$2 per annum, in Advance.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.
H. Meyer has purchased the above Store, Room and re-fitted it entirely, making it as comfortable as a FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE. We are now opening, to offer to the public, a FULL COMPLETE, and STRICTLY PURE assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Patents, Dry Goods, Ac., consisting of Oil, Patents, Varieties, DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, Dye Stuffs, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectioneries, Stationery, Ac.

REMOVAL.
HARTSWICK & IRWIN,
DRUGGISTS,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

FOOTZ'S MIXTURE
The Great External Remedy.
FOR MAN AND BEAST.
IT WILL CURE RHEUMATISM

THE LAST ARRIVAL
AND OF COURSE THE CHEAPEST!
A Proclamation against High Prices!

Attention, Afflicted!
THE subscriber gives notice that he has removed the practice of Medicine in Luthersburg, where he intends to devote his attention to the treatment of CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA in general.

McKnight & Jannot,
Wagon and Sleigh Makers,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

REMOVAL!
C. KRATZER & SONS,
To the large and elegant room, on SECOND STREET, adjoining Marvel Light's hardware store, where they will be pleased to sell their old and new customers.

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Scalped Alive at Washita.
A VICTIM GIVES HIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE—PREMATURELY KILLED.
A victim of Indian vengeance in the present struggle along the borders arrived in Detroit recently, on his way to his home in New York, near Buffalo, Monroe county. His name is Delos G. Sandertson, and he lost his scalp at the battle of Washita. He had been so intimate of Isramic Hospital since that event, and was discharged about ten days ago by reason of the expiration of his term of service. He allowed the surgeon to examine his head, and gave the following account of his experience:
I was in the infantry. Oyster had command of the troops. There was quite a force of cavalry with us, but they were about a mile in the rear when we first discovered the reds. Some of the troops had been sent around so as to attack from the other side. The reds were camped in a sort of valley, and we were within 80 rods of them for half an hour before day-break. Just in the gray of morning, the brig commenced on both sides, and we had it all our own way for a few minutes, the cursed snakes being much confused and not knowing what was up. At length they rallied, and we could hear Black Kettle shouting and ordering. The reds got into holes and behind rocks—anywhere they could find a place, and began to fight back with a will. We fired whenever we could see a top-knot, and shot squaws—there was lots of them—just as quick as Indians.
When it was fully daylight, we all got a big squaw charged right down on the reds. The reds were all standing yet, and lots of Indians in them. We ran through the alleys a big red jumped out at me from behind a tent, and before I could shorten up enough to run him through with my bayonet, a squaw grabbed me around the legs and twisted me down. The camp was full of men fighting, and everybody seemed yelling as loud as he could. When I fell I went over backward, dropping my gun, and I had just got partly up again, when the squaw, who had been behind me, came and struck me across the neck. The blow stunned me; the squaw kept screaming and pulling my hair out by handfuls. I heard some of our boys shouting close by, and the squaw started and ran, one of the boys killing her not three rods off. The Indian stepped one foot on my chest, and with his hand gathered up the hair near the crown of my head. He wasn't very tender about it, but jerked my hair, this way and that, until I could see the back-work and trimmings of his leggings. Suddenly I felt the awfulest biting, sawing, cutting flash go round my head, and then it seemed to me as if my whole head had been jerked clean off. I never felt such pain in all my life. It was like pulling my brains right out. I didn't know any more for two or three days, and when I came to I had the sorest head of any human being that ever lived. If the squaw killed the viper, they didn't get my hair, but I got it all in the snow. I was shipped down to Laramie after a bit, and all the nursing I got hadn't made the hair grow out on this spot yet.—Detroit Free Press.

"Not Now."—James W. sat in his father's office reading an interesting paper. His father sat at a desk opposite, usually engaged in writing. In a few moments he looked up and said, "My son, I want you to go down to the postoffice for me." "O father! not now. I am busy reading." His father made no reply, then, but in a few moments when his mother and sister came in the carriage to the door, as James was about to step in after his father, the latter replied, "Not now, my son, you may finish your reading."
This incident brought to my remembrance a picture which I had seen in my early childhood, which made a lasting impression on my mind. The artist represented an old man climbing on a chair, and endeavoring to reach a book on a high shelf. But before the desired object is attained the old man sinks down overcome with the exertion. His history has often been written. In his youth, kind friends and the voice of conscience urged him to read his Bible, but his answer was, "Not now. On entering manhood, I received the reply, "Not now. At last, old age and disease overtook him, poverty and affliction visited him, and his former numerous friends deserted him. And now when all has failed, he remembers his long neglected Bible, and comes to look for it, to see if it will afford any comfort. He climbs to get the Bible, but his answer was, "Not now. He hears a voice, the awful voice of Death, saying, "Not now."

There never was a time in the history of this country when extravagance was carried to such a dizzy height as now, not in dress alone, but in houses, in carriages, in horses, in entertainments, in balls, in parties, in every way in which money can be expended, it is poured out like water. The result is dress without taste, houses without happiness, and social intercourse without enjoyment.
A Colorado mine—the following concise but hopeful letter to his true love: "Leaven mine is rather low to keri a gal, but he have you yet, Cate."
An old tobacco chewer finds that the Bible contains his favorite habit. He quotes: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."
Vanity ruins more people than vice, though in a more general way. One comes from weakness of the mind, the other from a life defect in the morals.
Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had for Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a big turkey."