Hardware, Tinware, &c.

SACKETT & SCHRYVER,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

and manufacturers of

Tin, Copper & Sheet Iron Ware,

Second Street,

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Having largely increased our stock of Hardware, we invite the public to examine our stock and prices.

Carpenters and persons who contemplate building will do well to examine our

TOOLS & BUILDING HARDWARE

which is new and of the best manufacture, and will be sold low for cash.

NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, GLUE, LOCKS, LATCHES, HINGES, SCREWS

All kinds of Bench Planes, Saws, Chisels, Squares, Hammers, Hatchets, Plumbs and Levels, Mortised & Thumb Gauges, Bevels, Brace & Bitts, Wood and Iron Bench Screws, and the best Boring Machine in the market.

Double and Single Bitt Axes,

POCKET CUTLERY, &c.

Agents for Burnell's Iron Corn Sheller, warranted.

Also, agents for the celebrated

GOTHIC FLUE TOPS,

which effectually cure Smoky Flues.

Farmers' Implements and Garden Tools of every description.

A large variety of

COOK STOVES,

which we warrant to give satisfaction.

Portable Ranges and Furnaces.

☞ Roofing, Spouting and Job Work done on reasonable terms. All orders will receive prompt attention. June 11, 1873.

BIGLER, YOUNG & REED,

(Successors to Boynton & Young,)

FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS

Manufacturers of

PORTABLE & STATIONARY

STEAM ENGINES

Corner of Fourth and Pine Streets,

CLEARFIELD, PA.

HAVING engaged in the manufacture of first-class MACHINERY, we respectfully inform the public that we are now prepared to fill all orders as cheaply and as promptly as can be done in any of the cities. We manufacture and deal in

Mulay and Circular Saw-Mills,

Head Blocks, Water Wheels, Shafting Pulleys, Gearing, Injector, Steam Gauges, Steam Whistles, Oilers, Tallow Cups, Oil Cups, Gauge Cocks, Air Cocks, Globe Valves, Check Valves, wrought iron Pipes, Steam Pumps, Boiler Feed Pumps, Anti-Friction Metres, Soap Stone Packing, Gum Packing, and all kinds of MILL WORK; together with Plows, Sled Soles.

COOK AND PARLOR STOVES,

and other CASTINGS of all kinds.

☞ Orders solicited and filled at fair prices. All letters of inquiry with reference to machinery of our manufacture promptly answered by addressing us at Clearfield, Pa.

jan1'74-tf BIGLER, YOUNG & REED.

TERRA COTTA STANDING VASES,

HANGING VASES,

Stove Lining and Fire Brick,

kept constantly on hand.

STONE AND EARTHEN-WARE

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

CROCKS! POTS! CROCKS!

Fisher's Patent Airtight Self-Sealing Fruit Cans!

BUTTER CROCKS, with lids,
CREAM CROCKS, MILK CROCKS,
APPLE-BUTTER CROCKS,
PICKLE CROCKS,
FLOWER POTS, PIE DISHES,
STEW POTS,
And a great many other things too numerous to mention, to be had at

FRED'K. LEITZINGER'S STONE-WARE POTTERY,

Corner of Cherry and Third Streets,
CLEARFIELD, PA. aug7

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

FOR SALE BY

H. F. Bigler & Co.

IRON DOUBLE-SHOVEL PLOWS.
WOOD DOUBLE-SHOVEL PLOWS.
WOOD SINGLE-SHOVEL PLOWS.
IRON CULTIVATORS.
WOOD CULTIVATORS.
GOWANDA & IRON BEAM PLOWS.
PITTSBURG STEEL PLOWS.
HAUPT'S BELLEFONTE PLOWS.
ROBESON'S and THOMPSON'S PLOWS.

☞ Shares for all of the above Plows constantly on hand. my28-73

Down! Down!!

THE LAST ARRIVAL

AND OF COURSE THE CHEAPEST!

A Proclamation against High Prices!

WE are now opening up a fresh stock of Cheap and most reasonable Goods and Wares ever offered in this market, and at prices that rivalled one of the good old days of cheap things. Those who lack faith upon this point, or deem our allegations superfluous, need but

CALL AT OUR STORE,

Corner Front and Market streets,

Where they can see, feel, hear and know for them selves. To fully understand what are cheap goods this must be done. We do not deem it necessary to enumerate and itemize our stock. It is enough for us to state that

We have Everything that is Needed

and consumed in this market, and at prices that astonish both old and young.

dec20 JOSEPH SHAW & SON.

Clearfield Nursery.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (Standard and Dwarf,) Evergreens, Gooseberry, Grape Vines, Gooseberries, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Rutherge Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early market Strawberry &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address

J. D. WHORT.
Curwensville, Pa.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Etc.

J. F. WEAVER & W. H. BETTS.

WEAVER & BETTS

CLEARFIELD, PA.,

Are offering, at the old stand of G. L. Reed & Co., their stock of goods, consisting of—

DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS, HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

FLOUR, FEED, SALT, &c., &c.,

At the most reasonable rates for CASH or in exchange for

Square Timber, Boards, Shingles,

OR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

☞ Advances made to those engaged in getting out square timber on the most advantageous terms. apl1jan73

T. A. FLECK & CO.

(Two doors east of the Shaw House,)

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Millinery and Fancy Goods

AND NOTIONS.

NECK RUFFLING.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

GLOVES, all kinds and sizes.

COTTON STOCKINGS, unsurpassed both in quality and cheapness.

WHITE AND SWISS GOODS, all varieties.

CORSETS AND HOOP SKIRTS, of the latest pattern and lower than the lowest.

HAIR GOODS, of all varieties.

Call and examine our stock before you buy elsewhere. Glad to show our goods on all occasions. Our motto is—

"SMALL PROFITS & QUICK SALES."

"A Nimble Sixpence is Better than a Slow Shilling."

Remember the place—opposite Mosser's, in Weaver & Betts' old stand.

T. A. FLECK,
A. M. HILLS.
april13'71

KRATZER & LYTLE,

MARKET STREET,

CLEARFIELD, PA.

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

☞ Shoemakers supplied with LEATHER and SHOE FINDINGS at reduced rates.

SALT! SALT! SALT! at wholesale and retail—very cheap.

PAINTS, OILS, CALCINED PLASTER, &c. A liberal discount to builders.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS, CARPETS, WINDOW SHADES, OIL CLOTHS—in large quantities.

FISH, FLOUR, BACON, CORN MEAL and CHOP, always on hand.

☞ All of the above goods are purchased exclusively for cash, and therefore can and will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. april1,74

PEACE IN EUROPE!

GREAT EXCITEMENT

IN FRENCHVILLE!

The bloody conical Calvary, France and Prussia is at an end for the present, so far as the slaughtering of men and the destruction of property is concerned. The Royal Jugglers for double pride themselves and rejoice over the result, but how insignificant is their work when compared with the humane and christian efforts of

L. M. COUDRIET,

who has undertaken to supply all the citizens in the lower end of the county with food and raiment at exceedingly low rates from his commodious store in MCCONNELLSBURG, where he can always be found ready to wait upon sellers and supply them with

Dry Goods of all Kinds,

Such as Cloths, Satinetts, Cassimeres, Muslins, Delaines, Linsh, Drillings, Calicoes, Trimmings, Ribbons, Lace,

Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps—all of the best materials and made to order—Hose, Socks, Gloves, Mittens, Laces, Ribbons, &c.

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Molasses, Fish, Salt, Pork, Linseed Oil, Fish Oil, Carbon Oil.

Hardware, Queensware, Tinware, Castings, Irons and Steel, Nails, Spikes, Cross Cut Saws, Cider Presses, and all kinds of Axes.

Perfumery, Paints, Varnish, Glass, and a general assortment of Stationery.

GOOD FLOUR,

Of different brands, always on hand, and will be sold at the lowest possible figures.

LIQUORS, such as Brandy, Wine, Gin, Whisky, Jayne's Medicines, Hostetter's and Hoofland's Bitters.

5000 pounds of Wool wanted for which the highest price will be paid. Checkered or Red and Yellow stripe flannel, the most sought for goods.

☞ Call and see for yourselves. You will find everything usually kept in a country store.

L. M. COUDRIET.
Pennsville P. O., March 1, 1871.

DANIEL GOODLANDER,

LUTHERSBURG, PA.

Dealer in

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

HOSIERY & GLOVES,

HATS, CAPS AND BOOTS & SHOES,

Tobacco, Groceries and Fish, Nails, Hardware, Queensware and Glassware, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Drugs, Paints, Oils, School Books,

a large lot of Patent Medicines,

Calcined, Rock & Grind Plaster, Cheese and Crackers, Rock and Rifle Powder,

Flour, Grain and Potatoes,

Clover and Timothy Seed,

Sole Leather, Morocco, Linings, Findings and Thread, Shoemakers' Tools and Shoe Findings.

Negroes' variety of goods in any store in the county. All for sale very low for cash or country produce at the Cheap Corner. Aug. 27, 1873.

STOVE DEALERS, ATTENTION!

We desire to call your attention to our extensive Commission business and to our facilities for disposing of such produce as our consignees and we, having a large trade with city stoves, we are enabled to make quick returns, at full prices.

Storekeepers having Chickens, Butter, Eggs, or other produce will do well to give us a trial. When Groceries are taken in exchange, no commission will be charged.

REED, KIRK, SON & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants, No. 138 N. Third street, Philad'a. apr13

PINE, WHITE & ROAN LINING SKINS—Just received and for sale by

April 26, 1871. H. F. BIGLER & CO.

Drugs and Medicines.

THE LATEST MOVE!

HARTSWICK & IRWIN'S

DRUG STORE,

In their new building on Second Street, nearly opposite the store of Weaver & Betts,

CLEARFIELD, PA.,

Where they will continue to supply their old and as many new customers as may come, with

PURE DRUGS!

CHEMICALS!

PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS,

(Including all new remedies,)

Paint Medicines, Paints and Oils, Glass and Putty, School Books, Stationery, Paper, &c., also, a full line of Druggists' Sundries, Hair Tonics,

Cosmetics, Perfumeries, Toilet Articles, Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Pocket Books, &c., all of the best quality.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS,

for medical & sacramental purposes only.

Pure White Lead, Colors of all kinds, Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, Varnishes, Turpentine, Coal Oil, Paint & Varnish Brushes, Flavoring Extracts,

Confectioneries, Bird Seed, Spice, ground and unground, of all kinds.

SMOKERS AND CHEWERS

Will find our stock of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Imported and Domestic Cigars, Snuff and Fine-cut to be of the very best brands in the market.

LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS,

All kinds of GLASS WARE

GARDEN SEEDS,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

and Musical Trimmings of every variety.

Having a long experience in the business, and an extensive and well selected stock of medicines, we are enabled to fill Physicians' prescriptions at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, day and night.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN.
Clearfield, Pa., May 31, 1871-tf.

Miscellaneous.

READ THIS!

FLOUR & FEED DEPOT!

The attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity is directed to the fact that Goodfellow & Son are the agents of M. Nicos & Co., and have just received a half dozen car loads of Flour and Feed, which they offer at the lowest possible figures. A large supply of

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, CHOP,

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, BRAN,

Potatoes, Shelled Corn, Corn in ear, &c., &c.

Particular attention is called to M. Nicos & Co.'s brand of Family Flour, which is the best in the market.

Flour and Feed can and will be sold cheaper than it can be obtained elsewhere in Clearfield county.

☞ Store on Market street, next door to Hon. Alexander Irvin's residence.

GOODFELLOW & SON,
Agents for M. Nicos & Co.
jan18tf

MARBLE AND STONE YARD!

MRS. S. S. LIDDELL,

Having engaged in the Marble business, desires to inform her friends and the public that she has now and will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of ITALIAN AND VERMONT MARBLE, and is prepared to furnish to order

TOMBSTONES,

BOX AND CRADLE TOMBS,

MONUMENTS,

Curbs and Posts for Cemetery Lots, Window Sills and Caps, also

BUREAU, TABLE AND WASH STAND TOPS, &c., &c.

☞ Yard on Reed street, near the R. R. Depot, Clearfield, Pa. apr27

SAWS! SAWS! SAWS!

DISTON'S CROSS-CUT, MILL, DRAG AND CIRCULAR SAWS.

Boynton's Lightning Cross-cut Saw.

ALSO,

PATENT PERFORATED & ELECTRIC SAWS.

For sale by

oct12,70 H. F. BIGLER & CO.

LEATHER BREAST-STRAPS

SUPERSEDED BY

COVERT'S PATENT METALLIC

BREAST HOLD-BACK

Made of the best Malleable Iron, and is attached to the Harness by the best Snap ever invented. It is easily and quickly put on, and prevents the whipping of the horses by the pole. Not liable to get out of repair. Will last for years. All we asks is fair trial, to convince all parties using them that they are unsurpassed in value for the purpose for which they are intended.

SACKETT & SCHRYVER.
Clearfield, April 15, 1874.

KRATZER & LYTLE

Turpentine, Paints, Oils, } WILL SELL YOU { Nails, Glass, Putty.

French, Richards & Co.'s

Buck Lead

AND

Calcined Plaster

VERY CHEAP.

Immense stock on hand.
Clearfield, Pa., April 1, 1874-3m

READ THIS!

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting.

The undersigned, having moved to Curwensville, respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity as a House, Sign and Ornamental Painter.

Paper Hanging and Glazing done on the shortest notice, with neatness and despatch.

All work done with care, and at prices to suit the times.

Shop on Market street, opposite the Allegheny House.

J. L. KRAGLE.
April 1, 1874. 6m.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1874.

ONLY A WHILE.

Only a little while to work,
And a long, long time to rest;
Then drive the cloud from the aching brow,
The sigh from the troubled breast.

Up, with a strong and hopeful heart;
Up, with a sunny face;
Shoulder your burdens cheerfully;
Bear it with patient grace.

Only a while the feet must bleed,
And the burdened back must bend;
Suffer in silence and steadily,
Help others who suffer, friend.

Only a while our tears must drip,
Drop after drop, like rain;
And our lips grow white with pain of heart,
The very gall of pain.

Only a very little while,
As short as the going down
Of the setting sun, to weekly bear,
The cross and the thorny crown.

Only a while to watch and pray,
And a long, long time to praise;
Our God, the father, knows each hour,
Then question not his ways.

Only a little while to sow,
And a long, long time to reap;
Let's sow in faith with an open hand,
And tears from the good seed keep.

Only a little time to live,
All Eternity to find,
The jewels death has robbed us of,
The friends we will leave behind.

Only a while to trim our lamps
Ere the Bridegroom cometh by;
Then fill them well with the oil of love,
Let the flames rise pure and high.

Only a while—what matters it
If our life be short or long?
If we only sing a few short notes
Or the whole of the changing song?

The missing notes will all be found,
And the song be wholly sung,
In Heaven where God's own hand will tune
The harps He has strung.

WHAT IT IS TO BE BASHFUL.

It is not a pleasant thing to be bashful. If anybody thinks it is, let him observe the misery, the utter wretchedness of a bashful man in company, and he will be convinced of his mistake.

I have a friend who is, perhaps, the most bashful man ever produced by this or any other country. He will walk a mile out of his way any time rather than meet a lady he knows. He has been known to threaten suicide to avoid the agony of an introduction to a young lady.

Once, in the excitement occasioned by a lady's speaking to him, he sat down on a hot stove. Persons who were present say that they never saw a man manifest so strong an aversion to any object as Jenkins did to that stove. He seemed animated by a strong desire to go through the wall on the opposite side of the room.

A few days ago he allowed himself to be entrapped into accepting an invitation to a private entertainment, with the understanding that he was to go after a certain young lady and take her to the house. When the eventful evening arrived, he was, of course, detained at the store an hour longer than usual. At last he left and hurried home, haunted by the reflection that he would be too late—he would incur the everlasting enmity of the young lady—and other thoughts equally well calculated to quiet a disturbed mind. When he reached home he found that he had forgotten to stop at a barber's to be shaved. That operation he had to perform himself. He stabbed around promiscuously, and as he had not shaved himself since he was a baby, it is not to be wondered at that he cut several beautiful gashes across one side of his face, forgetting altogether in his hurry to shave the other side.

Having at length, as he thought, completed his toilet, he started off in the direction of the house wherein dwelt the young lady whose escort he had been forced to become. After he had reached the house he walked by it several times before he could summon the courage to go in. At last he walked up the steps and pulled the bell gently. It was not answered, and he rang it again. Still no response to the door. Then he got mad and jerked it wildly. This time it was heard quite distinctly. When the servant opened the door, Jenkins was sitting quietly and calmly on the pavement, leaning against a tree in front of the steps. The bell-knob was still in his hand. The servant looked and whispered to some one behind her. The gentle breeze wafted to the ears of Jenkins these few but expressive words: "Drunk as a fool."

Now, Jenkins was strongly averse to having that servant entertain any such opinion respecting his condition, and to convince her that he had not reached that state of intoxication supposed to be peculiar to fools, he jumped up and walked steadily up the steps. His appearance, however, was not such as to impress her with a belief in his sobriety. The suddenness with which he had taken his seat on the pavement, had made a rent of considerable size in a tender portion of his pantaloons, and from this rent a quarter of a yard of "canvas" fluttered gaily in the wind. Of this he was fortunately ignorant, and consequently, unable to account for the half-smothered laugh that broke from the servant as she closed the parlor door.

The young lady was at once informed of the supposed condition of Jenkins, and he was in a few minutes informed that the young lady was suffering with a severe headache and couldn't accompany him. Jenkins had a vague suspicion that the headache was due to the first remark of that servant. It can hardly be said that he was disappointed in being deprived of the company of the young lady, but then it was not pleasant for one of the most sober, moral and church-going men in the world to be supposed to be drunk, and on such an occasion. His feelings toward the servant were not such as should be indulged in by a meek and lowly Christian.

He started off alone and in a few minutes reached the house whither he had been invited. Here he had no trouble with the bell, and after divesting himself of hat, overcoat, etc., was invited into the parlor.

Now, Jenkins has a peculiar horror of entering a room where there is more than one person, and he'd much rather that one were somewhere else.

From the amount of laughing, talking, piano playing, etc., going on in the parlor, he judged there were about seventy-five persons in there, and the very thought of going in there almost made his hair stand on end. It was too late, however, to back out, and he opened the door to go in. The look of surprise on everybody's countenance and the tittering that he heard in some parts of the room did not restore his tranquility. Suddenly Jenkins's hat is to his rescue, and proceeded to introduce him to the company. While he was thus pleasantly engaged, another fellow entered the hall, and while Jenkins was engaged on his seventh bow, and just as he had brought his head into the most convenient position for looking through his legs, the door opened. The door was brought in contact with the rear end of Jenkins' pants, and he at once assumed a praying position.

He was a beautiful object to contemplate, as he lay reclining gracefully on the floor, the feet stretched widely apart, his hands clutching at the floor, his nose mashed into the carpet, and that white flag spread out in all its beauty.

He didn't stay there long, however, but by the united exertions of the crowd he was enabled to rise, and was invited to "take a seat" (most anybody, to judge from appearances, would have thought he had a seat.) He made a rush for the nearest chair, and turned to sit down. As he did so, some play fully disposed youth removed the chair. He did sit down, but with such force as to shake the whole house. The old folks in room were actually thrown out of bed by the force of the "sat down." As his body descended to the floor, his feet flew heavenward. A young lady was sitting in front of him. At the moment she, too, was on the floor, and her chin bore the mark of a boot.

Again he was assisted to his feet, and seeing a chair in the farthest corner of the room, he went for it. While crossing the room he stepped suddenly on a lady's dress. In trying to get off, he stepped on the lady's other foot and fell full length on the floor, about two yards of the train. Then he backed off and into another lady's lap. Those who were present say the sadness with which he left his seat reminded them of their school days when they used to sit in the laughing chair to see the boys go through the ceiling.

After his clean Jenkins brought up against a centre table. In an instant that table was no more. He had made about nine marble slabs out of one. Fragments of glass, flowers, etc., were scattered about in the greatest profusion.

Just about this time he caught a glimpse of himself in an opposite glass. He grew scarey, and for a moment she was transfixed with horror, wonder, amazement, and every thing of that sort. His eyes assumed the size of ordinary saucers. And no wonder; for in the glass he saw his face, one side of which was covered with bloody scratches, the other with a beard of a week's growth; he saw his head which had not been combed since morning; he saw his shirt put on hind side before; he saw his vest, the bottom button fastened in the top hole; then, as he turned, he saw that flag floating in the breeze.

All this he saw, and with a cry, which was a howl, a shriek and a yell altogether, he made a rush for the door and then for the street. He ran about three miles and stopped on a corner to commune with a lamp post. It grieves me to say that, for a time, he forgot his Sunday-school teaching. It is hardly necessary to repeat what he said. Some of the expressions he used are familiar to most persons; but most of them he manufactured for the occasion. Those in ordinary use, he thought would not do the subject justice.—*Danbury News.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

On Tuesday, a woman, who resides at Ferry village, and who comes to the city frequently to assist families in their house cleaning, started to return to the cape in the evening, but was too late to catch the last ferry-boat. Although a young woman of considerable personal attraction, she is not devoid of pluck, and, she determined to walk home by way of Portland bridge. The hour was late, between ten and eleven, but the woman trudged along, carrying a large bundle that had been given her by the family with whom she had been working. As she passed the little clump of woods on the cross-road that connects the Cape Elizabeth road with ferry village, a man suddenly stepped forth with the remark: "Good evening, miss; allow me to escort you home." "Thank you, sir," said the woman—bold as a lion, where most women would have been scared to death—"but unless you have had the small pox I would advise you not to approach me. I am only allowed to go out in the evening and am now taking some soiled linen from a patient to be washed." It may be unnecessary to remark that the individual in question gasped out an "O, Lord!" and the last seen of him was a pair of coat tails making good time toward Portland bridge.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

DON'T WANT IT.—Railroad conductors come in contact with many verdant specimens of the human family, and all of them can tell amusing incidents connected with their ticket duties. A conductor on the P. R. R. related to us the following: At an eastern station he received on board a fine looking specimen of an old country gentleman. When he went through the cars, the old gentleman handed up his ticket, which was duly punched and returned to him. After passing the next call station, the conductor again called for the old gentleman's ticket. He looked up in surprise, and very honestly informed the puncher of tickets that he had thrown it out of the window. "Why did you do that?" asked the conductor. The old man replied, "why, I thought if you didn't want it, I didn't." The face of the old man was so honest, and his knowledge of railroad traveling evidently so limited, that the conductor accepted his word, and carried him to his destination.

It wasn't at Chesaning, but a little further up the country, that J. E. Warner, the Michigan showman, picked up an item one day two or three years ago. The affair shows that partnerships are not always pleasant, even if they are profitable. Joe was advertising agent for Van Amburgh then, and he reached a town and mounted the stairs of a printing office to make a contract for advertising. He heard a great rumpus as he ascended the stairs, and upon opening the door found two men struggling on the floor as if they meant to destroy each other. "Here! what's all this row about?" he inquired as he stood over them. The men paused, breathing like "heavy" horses, and one of them said: "We're partners, and we're trying to decide who is boss.—Well, who is boss?" asked Joe—I want to get some advertising done." "I can't tell you just yet, stranger," replied the man commencing to claw again; "take a chair until this little wrestle is decided."—*Detroit Free Press.*

DONALDSON'S BLOOD-CURDLING FEAT.—Donaldson has added another frightful trick to his evolutions in the clouds on the trapeze bar. He says the regular drop is very uninteresting now.—Now he does something worth doing, he says. The ring to which the trapeze bar is attached affords him an enlarged opportunity. He hangs on his toes on this ring, and when away up half a mile above the housetops he lets go entirely, and drops headlong down and again catches himself with his toes on the bar. This dropping act is pronounced the most frightful and blood-curdling sight ever witnessed. The acrobat hangs down his full length and stiff, and all of a sudden he drops and comes swooping down, only to catch himself nicely at the proper time. A wave of the hands and a graceful salute from the man hanging head downwards hits the awestricken multitude below quiet their fears, for he is all safe and sound.

BLOW YOUR NOSE.—A few words on blowing noses, says the *Louisville Commercial*, cannot be considered untimely at this season. We are moved to utter them in order that you may have a chance to pay a deserved tribute to the Japanese. Your Japanese is the only decent nose-blower among the nations. He carries a supply of handkerchiefs in proportion to the stage of influenza which afflicts him, and when he blows his nose he throws his handkerchief away, as a decent man should. Your eyed Christian, on the contrary, copes his nasal rheum into his linen handkerchief, and vilely puts it in his pocket. Paper collars and other paper articles of dress, but half as meritorious as paper handkerchiefs, have secured a firm footing among us. Can't somebody in the interest of real cleanliness, import a few cargoes of Japanese handkerchiefs, or learn the process of making them, and give us a home supply?

There is one town in Connecticut that is not afraid of measles. It's Haddam.

STREET SPRINKLING PERILS.

The reporter for the Cincinnati *Commercial* is responsible for the following:

A man living on Main street, not over a thousand yards from the court house, whose name our reporter, after a diligent search in the directory, has not found, but which is supposed to be Snoozer, went home last evening filled up to the collar with benzine.

Feeling rather "warm for the season," Mr. Snoozer took off his coat and boots, put on slippers, and getting the garden hose, went out to sprinkle the street, so as to make things cool round there. Now, it takes a quick, discerning, calculating eye and a steady hand to properly manipulate a hose in the day time.

At night the difficulties are multiplied. But Mr. Snoozer's mind was simply on the subject of sprinkling. He gave the hydrant wrench several twists, and had a full head. After a few crackles and spits, a steady stream was let fly right on the boots and white linen pants of a man with a red rosebud on the left lapel of his coat, who was coming up from a call on Fourth street. The man stopped suddenly in surprise, and Mr. Snoozer, noticing the mishap, in the true spirit of a perfect gentleman, advanced to render an apology, when the nozzle was turned a quarter of an inch to the larboard, and poured a stream right against the stranger's immaculate bosom. The latter might have got red hot at this treatment, and shown fight, were it not impossible to do so under the cooling influences brought to bear, and to avoid further disaster, the rosebud and linen pants popped around the corner into an alley.

Mr. Snoozer was then proceeding quietly to cool off the bricks of the pavement, when a gentleman with two ladies, two shawls and one sore boil walked up from a Vine street beer garden. To prevent another catastrophe, the hoseman turned the squirt-apparatus toward the open street, without the least intention of pouring about four gallons of Ohio river water down the backs of a lady and gentleman who were riding by in a tilted-top buggy. The gentleman, in words usually expressed in print in dashes, told his displeasure and uttered threats against Snoozer's life. Mr. Snoozer said it was purely accidental—that he was willing to take it back—that there was no use in crying over spilled water.

While thus engaged in an explanation he was perfectly oblivious of the nozzle in his hand. He was as innocent as an unborn babe of knowing that a stream, running at the rate of forty knots an hour, was sailing in at the open window of a second-story bed-room in the adjoining house, where a man and his wife were sleeping. He never dreamed of such a thing until female shrieks were heard and a man in white raiment appeared at the window and fired off seven shots from a revolver. Then Mr. Snoozer thought he would shut off steam. But he had mislaid the wrench. He however kept the gathering crowd at bay until his wife rushed out, hauled him into the house and thus prevented riot and bloodshed.

A BLACK SAMSON.

There is a negro Samson named Nelson de Lisle in New Orleans. He is a horse dealer by profession, and the trick of his trade is to take possession of horses in an unauthorized manner. He was denominated a horse thief before a court in New Orleans in 1869 and sent to the State prison, where he stayed only six days of the five years awarded him. He broke jail by snapping iron bars as if they had been pine sticks, and carrying the outer gate, and fled and hid. The police have been on the lookout for him, and afraid they would find him. The other day two or three of them got hold of him, but he broke loose and laid them out on the pavement with one blow each of his mighty arm. De Lisle then ran, and the cry of "stop thief" was raised, and a gathering crowd surged in pursuit. A policeman fired three shots without any apparent effect, and he was at length brought to a halt by running as it were in a crowd of a thousand men that had collected about him, both before and behind in his flight.

The friction of such a mass was too much for him, and he saw the living wall close around him. He had no jawbone of an ass or any modern weapon to wield, or he might have waded through that thousand men and been free. It took twelve muscular white Americans to take him to the station house, as he kept up a skirmishing fight all the way. He was put in the stocks, and it was found that a pistol ball had passed through the thigh, and a club had indented his forehead over the eye. His vitals, which were covered with a thick coating of upper leather, were unharmed. The authorities are thinking of putting De Lisle to performing feats of strength for their amusement, as the Philistines did Samson of old. He is not of exaggerated size, but his mould is Herculean and his endurance is equal to that of a steam engine of twenty horse power.

THE ALLIGATOR.

In many parts of the Southern States men have so far conquered their antipathy towards these reptiles as to tame them and keep them in confinement. In this semi-domestic state the beast is said to exhibit more intelligence then would be expected from its appearance. An alligator was once the cause of a curious case being tried at New Orleans. A young lady brought an action against a neighbor for keeping an alligator in his yard, asserting that the beast was of extraordinary size and ferocity, that she had frequently occasion to enter his premises, and that whenever compelled to do so, she was in fear of her life. The defendant, who had been kept arrested, being required to plead, stated that he kept the animal as a kind of house dog, or night watchman, and that unless provoked, it was a quiet peaceable reptile; furthermore, that the plaintiff had been in the habit of teasing the alligator, and exciting his anger by tickling him in the ribs with a long pole, throwing brickbats at him, and on one occasion going so far as to scar his back with a red-hot iron. Upon this the defendant was discharged, while the lady was bound over to keep the peace towards the alligator and its owners. The reporters on the New Orleans press do not inform us whether the alligator wept when its back was seared with a hot iron; but we are able to assert that, although Shakspeare informs us that the "tears of it are wet," their lachrymal founts have been sought in vain by equal though somewhat scientific planters, who have actually squirted the juice and blown the smoke of tobacco into their eyes, in order to test the truth of the old fable.

A little fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the others had been too small. Our six year old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awfully lonesome in this shirt."

The other day, a Saratoga clergyman asked a stupid fellow, who was digging by the road side, if he could tell him where Mr. J—— lived. "Wal, no," was the reply; "but if you'll ask the chap that keeps the simmitary he kin tell you, 'cause he knows where everybody lives, whether they're dead or alive."

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

MARKET STREET,

CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

We desire to call the attention of the citizens of Clearfield county to the fact that we have opened a

MUSIC STORE IN CLEARFIELD,

Where we intend to constantly keep on hand a full supply of

PIANOS, ORGANS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

Our stock of PIANOS will consist of

GEORGE STECK & CO'S PIANOS,
STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS,
HAINES BROTHERS' PIANOS.

We are prepared at all times to furnish any of the cheaper makes of Pianos to order on the most favorable terms as to prices and terms of payment.

Our stock of ORGANS will consist of the new and popular

RYNDER ORGAN, (with Rynder's Knee Tremolo and downward Octave Coupler,)
The SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN CO.'S ORGANS,
MASON & HAMLIN'S ORGANS, and the
NEW HAVEN MELODEON CO.'S JUBILEE, TEMPLE and CHURCH ORGANS.

Besides these we furnish to order Organs from any factory desired.

We sell on every plan known to the trade, either CHEAP FOR CASH, ON NOTES, or on the POPULAR AND EASY LEASE PLAN.

On our easy terms every one can have a good instrument, and no other investment of like amount will tend so much to MAKE HOME HAPPY.

☞ We shall be glad to have you call and see us, whether you desire to purchase or not.

oct23-'72-1y RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE.

Miscellaneous.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE!

IN GIRARD TOWNSHIP.

The undersigned offers for sale the farm on which he now resides, situate in Girard township, Clearfield county, Pa., formerly owned by Justin J. Fox. The farm contains 120 acres, and is very densely wooded. The buildings are all new, and consist of a large frame house, having good cellar underneath, and good water convenient; large frame barn, blacksmith shop, wagon shed, spring house, &c. The buildings on this farm are as good, if not better, than on any farm in Clearfield county. The land is of superior quality and in a good state of cultivation.

Possession will be given in the spring, or at any time most convenient to the purchaser. The terms will be reasonable. Persons desirous of purchasing can address the subscriber at Lemont's Mills P. O., Clearfield county, Pa., or apply in person on the premises.

Any persons wanting any information in regard to the quality of the land, the kind of buildings thereon, &c., &c., can get the information by calling on Harvey Fox, in Clearfield, or he owned the farm for a number of years, and of course knows all about it.

WENDELL ENDRES,
Lemont's Mills, Clearfield Co., Pa.
January 21, 1874.

FAIRBANKS'

STANDARD

SCALES,

OF ALL KINDS;

Baggage Barrows, Warehouse Trucks, Copying Presses, Improved Money Drawer, &c.

FOR SALE BY

H. F. BIGLER & CO.,

Dealers in Hardware.

mch20,'73-tf Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.

HUEY & CHRIST,

Successors to

KRYDER & CO.

TO THOSE INTERESTED IN THE PURCHASE OF A STRICTLY

PURE RYE WHISKY,

For Medicinal Purposes we offer

Bailey's Pure Rye,

Price $2 to $8 per gallon, and will ship in package to suit purchasers.

We also handle largely a

COPPER DISTILLED WHISKY,

Price from $2.50 to $1.75.

We import

FINE WINES, BRANDIES AND GIN,

And are also manufacturers of

DR. STEVER'S

TONIC HERB BITTERS.

Send for price list.

HUEY & CHRIST,
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TO LUMBERMEN!

PERFECTION IN

CANTHOOKS!

The Clearfield Excelsior Canthook will not wear out or break, being constructed with one solid band from clip to point.

It is pronounced by all practical lumbermen who have examined it to be the most perfect Canthook ever invented.

Amos Kennard, Patentee.

Manufactured by AMOS KENNARD & Co., at

CLEARFIELD, PA.

☞ All orders promptly attended to. a22'70

THE CLEARFIELD

WOOD-CHOPPERS' AXE!

Manufactured especially for

THE CLEARFIELD TRADE,

FOR SALE BY

aug27'74 H. F. BIGLER & CO.

FOR SALE!

A large and well-finished Brick Dwelling, situate on the river bank, in the borough of Clearfield, containing eleven rooms, with good cellar, water in the kitchen, and all the modern conveniences. Pantries, Bath-room, Clothes presses, &c. Lot sixty feet front and two hundred and thirty feet back, with a twenty foot alley on the east side. Said building, with all the appurtenances, will be sold cheap, with payments to suit purchaser. Application can be made to the undersigned, or to A. C. Tate, Esq., who will give all necessary information to those who desire to inspect the property.

THOS. J. McCULLOUGH.
May 21st, 1873, tf.

Beale's Embrocation,

(LATE POWELL'S,)

For all diseases incident to Horses, Cattle, and Human Flesh, requiring the use of an external application.

This Embrocation was extensively used by the Government during the war.

For sale by Hartswick & Irwin, Clearfield; Joseph R. Irwin, Curwensville, Daniel Goodlander, Luthersburg. tf.

Attention, Lumbermen!

WE are now manufacturing our IMPROVED STEEL SOCKET DRIVING CANT-HOOKS, superior to any other in use. We have also in store a large quantity of Canthooks suitable for rafting purposes, which we are selling cheap for cash. AMOS & R. KENNARD.
Clearfield, Pa., March 18, 1872.

GUNSMITHING.

G. W. WOLFE,

PRACTICAL GUNSMITH.

Shop on Third street, over Riley's Blacksmith shop, CLEARFIELD, PA.

All kinds of Rifles and Shot Guns on hand. Repairing done in a first-class manner and at fair prices. 1,23'73

JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES

We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty five cents, mail a copy to any address. my28

Miscellaneous