

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1866.

VOL. 13.—NO. 14.

## Select Poetry.

### THE SINEMAHONING.

"Some years ago," there were but a few improvements of civilization on Sinemahoning Creek, Pa. The upper end of the West Branch Valley was little controlled by Christian influence. The first (known) preacher sent among them had a rough and unpromising time. His early experiences have been put in rhyme by some one, and perhaps most of the readers of the Journal would be pleased to peruse them, as follows:

### "All is Vanity," saith the Preacher.

There is a place, called "Sinemahoning," of which but little good is known; For sinning, 'till must be its name, Since "Sin" begins its very name; So well, indeed, its fame is known, That people think they should begin To drop the useless word, "Mahoning," And call the country simply "Sin."

But to my tale. Some years ago, The Presbytery—having heard Of the sad state of "Sin,"—resolved To send some one to preach the Word, And Mr. Thompson was bid to see then To drop the useless word, "Mahoning," I shall not linger long to tell Of all that on the way befell— How he was lost among the bushes, And wandered through the reeds and rushes; Or how, when hungry, down he sat To feast on cobs fried in possum fat; How his black coat's unusual hue Caused a grim huntsman to pursue And seek his gun to blow him through, Believing (so he did declare) Our missionary was a bear!

"'Tis true," he said, "I never counted On seeing such a thing as a bear Upon a good stout pony mounted, But yet I can't say I was not wondrous That such a very wondrous sight We might expect, by day or night, Rather than, in our hills, to note A person with a rail black coat!"

The news soon spread around the land, That Parson Thompson, on next Sunday, Would in the school-house take his stand, And preach to them at least for one day. The Sunday dawned, and with it came All of the ragged population— Men, women, children—"for to hear" The tidings of salvation; The women came in lindy woolsey, And soon-akin-hair increased their stature; The children in a state of nature, The men in shirts and leather leggings, And some, who seldom stop for trifles, Brought dogs and tomahawks and rifles.

Service began. The parson wondered To hear the singing that they made— Some, Yankee Doodle; some, Old Hundred; The hounds, astonished, howled and thundered Until the forest shook with tread. The singing o'er, the parson was said, But scarcely had the text been read, When, panting with fatigue and fear, Rushed past the door a hunted deer; Prayer, hymn and text were all forgot, And for the sermon mattered not; Forth dashed the eyes—not one was mute— Men, women, children followed suit, The men prepared the deer to slaughter, The girls, to lead in the water.

Some shyed, some lame old Billy French, Who sat uneasy on his bench— Not for the sake of hymn or prayer, But for a key the text had been read. But, as he said, with rusted phis, "For a bad spell of rheumatism!"

The parson groaned with inward pain, And lifting up his hands again Cried, dolefully, "Tis all in vain!"

Up starting nimbly from his bench, "Tis not in vain," quoth Billy French; "When my good bound, old Never-fail, Gets his nose upon the trail, There's not a spike-huck anywhere, Can get away from him, 'I'll swear."

### The Best Fun.

"Now, boys, I'll tell you how we can have some fun," said Freddie B—, to his companions, who had assembled on a beautiful moonlight evening, for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"How?" "Where?" "What is it?" asked several eager voices all at once.

"I heard vicar M— tell a man a little while ago," replied Freddie, "that she would go over and sit up with a sick child to-night. She said she would be over about eight o'clock. Now, as soon as she is gone, let's go and make a big snow man on her door steps, so that when she comes back in the morning, she can not get into her house, without first knocking him over."

"Capital!" "First-rate!" "Hoora!" shouted some of the boys.

"See here," said Charlie N—, "I'll tell you the best fun."

"What is it?" again inquired several voices at once.

"Wait a while," said Charlie, "Who's got a wood-saw?"

"I have," "So have I," "And I," answered three of the boys. "But what in the world do you want a wood-saw for?"

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "It is almost eight o'clock now, so go and get your saws. You, Freddie and Nathan, each go and get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us all be back here in fifteen minutes, and I'll show you the fun."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering what the fun could be, and what possible use could be made of wood-saws and axes in their play. But Charlie was not only a good favorite with them all, but also an acknowledged leader, and they fully believed in him and his promise. Their curiosity gave elasticity to their steps, and they were soon assembled.

"Now," said Charlie, "Mrs. M— is gone, for I met her when I was coming back, so let's be off at once."

"But what are you going to do?" inquired several impatient members of the party.

"You shall see directly," replied the leader, as they approached the humble residence of Mrs. M—

"Now, boys," said Charlie, "you see that pile of wood; a man hauled it here this afternoon, and I heard Mrs. M— tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she should have hardly anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we can saw and split that pile of wood just about as easy as we could build a great snow man, and when Mrs. M. comes home from her

watching, she will be full as much surprised to find her wood sawed, as she would to find a snow man on her doorsteps, and a great deal more pleasantly, too. What say you? Will you do it?"

One or two of the boys rather demurred at first. They didn't like to saw wood, they said. But the majority were in favor of Charlie's project, so they finally joined in, and went to work with a will.

"I'll go around to the back of the shed," said Charlie, "and crawl through the window and unfasten the door. Then we'll take turns in sawing, splitting and carrying in the wood; and I want to pile it up real nice, and to shovel all the snow away from the door; and a good wide path, too, from the door to the street—won't it be fun, when she comes home and sees it?"

The boys began to appreciate the fun, for they felt they were doing a good deed, and individually experienced that self-satisfaction and joy which always results from well doing.

It was not a long or wearisome job, for seven robust and healthy boys, to saw, split and pile up the poor widow's half cord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when it was done, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of the boys who objected to work at first, proposed that they should go to neighboring carpenter's shop—where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away—and each bring an armful of kindling wood. The proposition was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their several homes, all of them more than satisfied with the "fun" of the evening. And next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick bed, and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterwards, when a neighbor, who had, unobserved, witnessed the labor of the boys, told her it was done, her fervent invocation—"God bless the boys," of itself, if they could but have heard it, was an abundant reward for their labors.

Ah, boys and girls, the best fun is always found in doing something that is kind and useful. This is the deliberate opinion of a gray-headed old man; but if you doubt it in the least, just try it for yourselves, and be convinced.

### A Beautiful Sentiment.

Sixteen years ago Rev. John W. Maffet, then in his prime, delivered a lecture which closed with the following fine passage: "The Phoenix, a fabled bird of antiquity, when it felt the advancing chill of age, built its own funeral urn, and fired his pyre by means which nature's instincts taught. All its plumage and its form of beauty became ashes; but then would rise the young—beautiful from the urn of death and chamber of decay would the fledgling come, with its eyes turned toward the sun, and essaying its dark velvet wings sprinkled with gold and fringed with silver, on the balmy air, rising a little higher, until at length, in the full confidence of flight, it gives a cry of joy, and soon becomes a glittering speck on the bosom of the aerial ocean. Lovely voyager of earth, bound on its heavenward journey to the sun! So rises the spirit bird from the ruins of the body, the funeral urn which its Maker built; the death fires. So towers away to its home in the pure elements of spirituality, intellect Phoenix, to dip its proud wings into the fountain of eternal bliss. So shall dear precious humanity survive from its ashes of the burning world. So beautifully shall the unchanged soul soar within the disc of eternity's luminary, with undazzled eye and unscorched wings—the Phoenix of immortality—taken to its rainbow home, and cradled on the beating bosom of eternal love."

### A Mammoth Corporation.

The mail and express companies west of the Missouri river have been consolidated under the name of Wells, Fargo & Co. The capital is \$10,000,000. Louis McLean, Esq., formerly of San Francisco, and chief manager for Wells, Fargo & Co., is President of the new company and will hereafter reside in New York. The companies consolidated are Holladay's Mail and Express lines west of the Missouri river, extending to Salt Lake City, and north to Montana and Idaho; the Overland Mail Company between Salt Lake and Virginia City, Nevada; the Pioneer Stage Company between Virginia City and Sacramento, or rather to the Eastern end of the Central Pacific Railway. The company will cover some four thousand miles of stage and express lines. Wells, Fargo & Co. embrace the whole Pacific coast with their express business, and will extend their lines by the new steamers to the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, and Eastern Asia. The new company have purchased all the interests of the American and United States Express companies west of the Missouri river, so that with the "exception of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company and the railways, they control the passenger and express business of the entire Continent west of the Missouri river.

Mrs. John Morrissey attended a wedding in Troy on Wednesday, and was gotten up, according to local Jenkins, regardless of expense. He says: The lady was certainly attracted far in advance of any of her sex who were present, and it has been said that the value of the precious stones which adorned her person would purchase not all the dresses worn in the church, but the edifice and its entire furniture. Mrs. Morrissey wore a pearl-colored corded silk dress, with black thread-lace flounces, over which was thrown a black-lace shawl. Her hair was arranged for full dress, and upon her head was a silver crown, or wreath, thickly studded with diamond stars. Upon her neck was a coral and diamond necklace of great value. Diamond bracelets also encircled her wrists. Upon her feet were slippers of gold color. In addition to this gorgeous display, the lady's hair fairly glittered with diamonds.

### "Breaking up" a Setting Hen.

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's setting agin," said Mrs. Hayes to her son, one morning at breakfast.

"Well, let her set," remarked Timothy. "I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"Now, Timothy, as soon as you've done eating, I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's setting on an old axe and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign, something allers happens after that. There was Jennings' folks, their gray top-knot hatched the last week in May, and Miss Jenkins she had the conjunction on the lungs, and would have died if they hadn't killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while its warm. That was all that saved her."

Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn, from which he soon returned, bearing the squalling Biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, mother? She'll get agin, and she's as cross as bedlam—she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could get loose."

"I've hear 'n it said that it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air," said Mrs. Hayes. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spose 'n you try it."

"Up she goes—head or tail?" cried Tim, as he tossed her skyward.

"Land-o-massy!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayes, "she's coming down into the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise. Tim, 'tis strange that you can't do nothing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sung out Tim, elevating Biddy again with less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me! wuss and wuss!" cried Mrs. Hayes, and Tim agreed with her, for the hen had come down on the well polished tile of Squire Bennett, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamored.

The spire looked daggers, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but its going up again," said Tim, spitefully, seizing the clucking biped and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her own individuality, and with a loud scream she started against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage, and landed plump in the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Gray screamed with terror, and starting up, dislodged Biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered and down came the hen, astonished above measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling knocked over the stand dish, and deluged with ink and water a pair of slippers, which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and viewing the ruin, she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his step behind her, and flung the unfortunate hen full in his face.

There was a smothered oath, and the hen came back with the force of a 12-pound shot. Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathered dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with true feminine zeal. She broke his watch-guard into a dozen pieces, crushed his dickey, and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots, when she suddenly remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer she perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw. Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heretics; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, returned to the barn to establish herself on her nest, sullenly determined to set if the heavens fell. Three weeks later she made her appearance with eleven chickens. While Mrs. Hayes and Tim did not succeed in "breaking up" the setting hen, the hen had broken up two matches—for Miss Bennett was "not at home" the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

### Caught in His Own Trap.

A girl, young, pretty, and above all very gifted, lately presented herself before a Parisian lawyer, to ascertain how to oblige a man she loved to marry her in spite of himself. The desired information was given—she was simply to remain on three occasions alone with him and then swear before a Judge that he was her lover, producing witnesses who would make oath to having seen them together, &c. She afterwards called for further information and to report progress, and a fortnight afterwards the young lady again knocked at the door of the counsel's room. No sooner was she within than she flung herself into a chair, saying the walk had made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to reassure her, made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unloose her garments. "It is useless, Monsieur," she said, "I am much better." "Well, now, tell me the name of the fortunate mortal." "Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself," said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you; I have been here three times tete-a-tete with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany me to a magistrate," gravely continued the narrator. The lawyer, thus caught had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all, that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

### A Little of Everything.

—Wanted, by a confectioner, a candid young woman.

—Words are often signs of ideas, and as often the want of them.

—"Matchless misery!"—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

—Domestic Magazines: Wives who are always *blowing up* their husbands.

—The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be quartz.

—Ladies of Brazil, on being introduced to a stranger, insist upon being embraced.

—No white person is allowed to own land in Liberia or become a citizen of the Republic.

—It is said that Charles O'Comer, of New York, received a fee of \$50,000 in the Jewel market case.

—A drunkard, upon hearing that the earth was round, said that that accounted for his rolling so much.

—John C. Breckinridge is still living at Niagara, Canada. His hair has grown very white and his nose extra red.

—Aunt Betsey says, "a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own." Aunt Betsey is right.

—At Salt Lake City, Lieut. Fred. Weed, a nephew of Thurlow's, wooded himself out of this life by taking laudanum.

—If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cent's worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel?

—MASTER OWEN.—"O, Aunt, make Freddy behave himself; every time I hit him on the head with the mallet he bursts out crying!" Smart boy, that Owen.

—The Chicago tunnel for supplying the city with water is now ready to be punched through—both ends meeting. The ceremony of punching will take place this week.

—An organized band of horse thieves, counterfeit passers and rascals are now acting conjointly in Northwestern Missouri, Eastern Kansas, and Southeastern Nebraska.

—"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician to an Irishman. "Be jaters! I had a brother," said Pat, "that went to Botany Bay, and faith I know it was greatly against his will."

—A gentleman having a horse that ran away and broke his wife's neck, was told by a neighbor that he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the wretch, "I intend to marry again myself!"

—Among the wealthiest oil men of Pennsylvania is old John Bennehoff, whose income, estimated from the present production of his oil farm, is not less than \$500,000 a year. He still lives in his antiquated Dutch homestead, near the head of Bennehoff Run.

—It was said in the hearing of a New Jersey Quaker lady, that Mr. Johnson threatened to kick out all office holders who do not also hold "My Policy." "But, John," she inquired with delightful naïveté, "but John, can he do it? Does he think he can stand on one leg long enough to kick anybody?"

—A man in Decatur thinks he has found Paradise. Hear him: "No income tax; no internal revenue; no spies to see if you treat a friend on Sunday; no special police; no dog tax; no poll tax; no school tax or bounty fund. And, to end it with, the Indians and half-breeds can't tell one greenback from another, so all our ones are tens."

—A few Sabbaths since a teacher of a Sunday-school was engaged in questioning his pupils upon the subjects connected with their previous study of the Bible. At length, turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked, "What did Adam lose by the fall? Pat for a moment was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened, as he interrogatively replied: "An' was it his hat, sir?"

—Andrew Brockman, one of the victims of the Indian massacre at New Ulm Mountain, in 1863, has arrived in St. Louis. He experienced the torture of seeing his cabin burned and his wife and four children murdered before his eyes, and was then horribly mutilated; his tongue cut out, hamstring severed, his fingers cut, his hands maimed, his scalp torn reeking from his head, which had previously been perforated with three bullets; but despite these wounds the unfortunate man survived, and was carried to Salt Lake City, where he has remained in the hospital for three years.

William Baling, a wealthy Chicagoan, and for some time an inmate of the lunatic asylum, appeared in Court in that city a few days ago and presented a petition for the guardianship of his property, on the ground that he had recovered his reason. Drs. Wickersham and Smith were appointed to examine the man, and reported him mentally sound; when, in response to a question by the Judge, he said he was worth \$200,000 in gold, which God had given him, but of which he had been robbed by the authorities at the asylum. God, he said, visited him one day and talked the matter over. When asked to describe his personal appearance, he stated that he was a very old man and entirely naked. The learned doctors were non-plussed and the man was sent back to his old quarters.

The reputed richest man in St. Louis is J. H. Lucas, whose income is \$103,281. Forty years ago, a considerable amount of property in land was left him by an uncle. He was at that time living in Kentucky. He repaired to St. Louis, and since then has done nothing but improve his possessions and pay taxes. As a large portion of his property consists of unproductive real estate, his income returns give no correct idea of his wealth, which is estimated all the way from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, and is daily growing in value.

## Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

IRVIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., &c., Burnside St., Sept. 23, 1863.

MERRILL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1863.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store, May 25.

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

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

FOURCEY & GRAHAM, Dealers in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamtown, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c. Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1855.

KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c. Front Street (above the Academy), Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

WILLIAM F. IRWIN, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Groceries, and family articles generally. Nov. 10.

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 10, '59.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

J. B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new block, building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of Landis' Hotel.

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

S. A. FULTON, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in M. Bird's building, on Main Street. Prompt attention given to the securing and collection of claims, and to all legal business. November 14, 1866.

DENTISTRY.—J. P. CORNETT, Dentist, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Office in Drug Store, corner Main and Thompson Streets. May 24, 1866.

J. BLAKE WALTERS, Scrivener and Conveyancer, and Agent for the purchase and sale of Lands, Clearfield, Pa. Prompt attention given to all business connected with the county offices. Office with W. A. Wallace. Jan. 3.

D. T. B. METZ, Surgeon Dentist, Glen Hope, Clearfield county, Pa. Teeth put up on gold, silver, and vulcanite bases. Full sets from \$10 to twenty-five dollars. Warranted equal to any in the State. May 30th, 1866.

G. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c. Woodland, Clearfield county, Penn. A. S. extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1865.

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa. May 16th, 1866.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE FRANK FIELDING, J. BLAKE WALTERS.

D. R. J. P. BURGHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Regt 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 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

FURNITURE ROOMS.

JOHN GUELICH.

Desires to inform his old friends and customers that having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand at his "Furniture Rooms," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is, BUREAUS AND SIDEBOARDS, Wardrobes and Book-cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor, Breakfast and Dining extension Tables. Common, French-posts, Cottage, Jenny-Lind and other Bedsteads. SOFAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK-STANDS, HAT RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c. Spring-seat, Cane-bottom, and Parlor Chairs; and common and other Chairs. LOOKING-GLASSES Of every description on hand, and new glasses for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms, on short notice. He also keeps on hand, or furnishes to order, Hair, Corn-brush, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.

COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND, Made to order, and funerals attended with a Hearse, whenever desirable. Also, House painting done to order.

The above, and many other articles are furnished to customers cheap for cash or exchanged for approved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar, Lin-wood and other Lumber suitable for the business, taken in exchange for furniture. Remember the shop is on Market street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store." December 4, 1861. JOHN GUELICH.

FOODER CUTTERS—of a superior make—for sale at reasonable prices. A MERRELL and BIGLER'S, Clearfield, Pa.

BEST Family Flour, for sale at H. W. SMITH & CO'S. Sept. 10.

## EAGLE HOTEL.

CURWENVILLE, PENN. LEWIS W. TEN EyCK, Proprietor. Having leased and refitted the above hotel, he is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. His bar contains the choicest brands of liquors. He solicits a share of public patronage. July 11th, 1866.

## NEW TINWARE ESTABLISHMENT

At Uthsville, Pa. The undersigned having opened a Tin and Sheet iron ware establishment in Uthsville, Clearfield county, Pa., would respectfully inform the public that they are prepared to furnish everything in their line of business, as low as they can be purchased elsewhere. Give them a call. Oct. 3, 1866. WELD & DONELLY.

## SCOTT HOUSE.

MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. A. ROW & CO., PROPRIETORS. This house having been refitted and elegantly furnished, is now open for the reception and entertainment of guests. The proprietors by long experience in hotel keeping, feel confident they can satisfy a discriminating public. Their bar is supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and wine. July 4th, 1866.

## EYRE & LANDELL,

FOURTH AND ARCH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA. Have now complete of their improvement and are now offering on the best of terms—FULL STOCK OF FALL DRY GOODS. Fine stock of Shawls, Silks, Dress goods, Woollens, Staple goods, Fancy goods, &c., &c. New and desirable goods daily received, and sold at small advance wholesale! Sept. 25, 1866.

## LUMBER-CITY RACES AGAIN!

KIRK & SPENCER. KEEP THE INSIDE TRACK! Their celebrated thorough bred Steed, "CHEAPEST FOR CASH," the Peoples' favorite!

Remember this, and when in want of SEASONABLE GOODS, AT THE VERY LOWEST POSSIBLE CASH PRICE, call at the store of KIRK & SPENCER, in Lumber City. You will not fail to be suited. Dress Goods and Notions in great variety. We study to please.

KIRK & SPENCER, Lumber City, Pa. July 1, 1865.

## KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,

THAT THOS. J. MECAULEY, Manufacturer of STOVE, TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE, Has on hand at his Store and Factory, MARKET STREET, EAST OF SECOND STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.

The largest and best assortment of Tin-ware, and other goods, which will be sold, Wholesale and Retail, cheap for cash. Stove-pipe, all sizes, always on hand, and at low prices. House work, such as gutters and conductors, furnished and put up on short notice, very cheap. Clearfield, November 14, 1866.

## NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS!

G. S. PERRY. Announces to his friends that he has just received and is opening at OSCEOLA, Clearfield county, a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising:

Shawls, Delaines, Calicoes, Stockings, Mullins, Flannels, Cassimeres, Plaids, Ready-made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, and every thing usually kept in a country store, which he offers to sell at prices astonishing to all.

Persons wishing to buy would do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. Osceola, Nov. 7, 1866—Sm. G. S. PERRY.

## NEW STORE AT MARYSVILLE,

CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA. The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield county that he has opened a new store in Marysville, and that he is now receiving a large and splendid assortment of reasonable goods, such as:

DRY-GOODS AND NOTIONS, Hard-ware, Queens-ware, Groceries, Drugs, Oils, Paints and Glass, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, and Stationery, and in fact a general assortment of goods, such as are generally kept in a country store. Desires of pleasing the public, he will use his best endeavors to keep on hand the best of goods, and thereby hopes to merit a liberal share of patronage. Call before purchasing elsewhere, as I am determined to sell goods at moderate prices for cash, or exchange them for every description of Lumber, at market prices. Sept. 27, 1865. STACY W. THOMPSON.

## ATTENTION! BUYERS!!

HIPPLE & FAUST, DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY-GOODS, &c. MAIN STREET, CURWENVILLE, PA.

Having just returned from the east with a general assortment of goods, to which they desire to invite the attention of their old customers and friends. Their stock consists of:

Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tinware, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, Notions, &c., in great variety, which they now offer at prices—far cash—to suit the times.

They also deal in Grain, Pork, Shingles, Boards, and other lumber, which will be received at the highest market prices in exchange for goods. Persons desirous of purchasing goods at fair rates are respectfully requested to give us a call. Remember you can find us at the old stand on Main Street where we are prepared to accommodate customers with anything in our line of business. Sept. 6, 1865. HIPPLE & FAUST.