

Raffsmann's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1866.

VOL. 13.—NO. 16.

Select Poetry.

FATE.

These withered hands are weak,
But they shall do my bidding, though so frail;
These lips are thin and white, but shall not fail
The appointed words to speak.
The sneer I can forgive
Because I know the strength of destiny;
Until my task is done I cannot die,
And then I would not live.

UNCLE ZACHARIAH'S COURTSHIP; Or, Widow Julip and the Woodchuck.

It was a dark, stormy night—dark as the
ace of spades—and the rain was beating a
regular tattoo against the window panes of
an old, half-crazy shell of a tavern, wherein
a number of us, way-worn, dirt-bespattered
travellers were seated around the fire, got
up expressly for the occasion by our land-
lord, who, if not as corpulent as Falstaff,
was, to say the least, as jolly, and endeavored
to the best of his ability to make us merry
by making rum punches.

Now, reader, I am not a drinking man—
oh, no, not by any means—but then I do
take a drop sometimes, when I am traveling
—just to keep off the fever and ague, you
understand—and as the night in question
was damp and chilly, and as everything was
rather free, why, maybe I did take a little
more than was usual with me on such occa-
sions, as in fact I presume the most of my
companions did.

My companions for the night were a
strange medley of Dutch, Irish, Hoosier
and Yankee; what I myself am I leave for
you to guess. We had taken a horn or two
round, and had just begun to feel, as Pat
said, "like a wee bit o' row," when the
Yankee proposed that each should relate a
story of some kind, in order as he said, "to
let the evening slide right down just as slick
as the hicker."

No sooner had the proposition
been made, than "a story! a story!" was
reounded on all sides—the hand timing
in to bring up the rear—and of course, as
the Yankee had proposed, he was the propo-
ner to set the example. So getting our
tumblers once more replenished, we spread
ourselves around the table, lit our cigars,
(the Dutchman smoked a pipe), and then
signified to the Yankee that we were ready.

"Wal," returned he taking a sip at the
punch and throwing himself back in his
chair—(and he was a mighty long man, and
a mighty thin one, and had a rather peaked
face, sharp nose, large mouth, and small,
laughing grey eyes)—"wal, I guess I'm just
about as ready as any of ye, so—"

"Well, be jabbers! don't be after makin'
them preliminaries, Mistor Yankee, and
don't be after gitting thrunk till ye've
told the story!" interrupted Pat, who had
just enough liquor in him to make him feel
consequential.

"Yaw, dat ish right—dat ish goot!"
chimed in the Dutchman.

"Hold your tongues, you tanel!"
"The story! the story!" cried I.
"Whoop! the story, be jabbers!" said Pat.
"Yaw, dat ish right!" went the Dutch-
man.

The Yankee scratched his head and then
commenced:

"Wal, you see, gentlemen, my name is
Zebediah—Zebediah Tucker is the whole
of it—wal, ye see, I have an uncle, and his
name is Zachariah—they call him Zack—he's a
curious kind of a chap, I guess, as ever you
see; he wouldn't no more mind lickin' a
man than nothing; and he's as heavy as a
log round the waist; and he's as heavy as a
log of maple with the sap in it; and he's
as strong as a bull calf; and he's a great
chap, I tell ye.

"Wal, ye see, my uncle's an old bach of
forty, who never got married, cause he was
either too bashful, or else cause he couldn't
git nobody to have him, which is just about
as bad. I know he'd like to git married—
the tanel critter—cause he's allers casting
sheep's eyes at every gal he sees, and kinder
edgin' up to her side ways, like.

"Wal, ye see, my uncle lives in the neigh-
borhood of Swampdown—a mighty sick
place, tew, I tell ye—near Runfast Mill,
right in the hollow. There ain't many gals
there now, cause the young fellers kept a
courtin' and marryin' 'em off all the time,
so that the place is pooty much thinned out,
and what is left on 'em are mighty scary like,
so that a feller don't stand much sight of
catchin' one, unless he can put a gold ball
on his hook, which ain't quite easy to do in
these ere times, you know. 'Bout five years
ago, there cum a widdar there, from some
place way down near Stonypint—a real-sick,
boxum widdar, she was tew, I tell ye—but
as spiteful, when she got mad, as an old hen
with chickens. Some folks said she'd run
away from her husband; but I don't be-
lieve it—cause she wa'n't the critter to run
away from any man; and some said she
hadn't never been married; and there was
all sorts of stories about her, which she didn't
seem to mind no more 'nothing at all.

"Wal, ye see, 'bout two years ago come
hayting time, Uncle Zack took a notion into
his head that he'd go and see the widdar,
cause he kinder felt as if he oughter git
married, and all the gals round there had
git the sack. Now uncle Zack had three
poked his nose into my mess two or three
times, and spilt a courtin' for me, and I'd
made up my mind the first time I got a
chance I'd pay him off. And so when I
found that Uncle Zack was a goin' to see
the widdar, it tickled me amazing; and says
I to myself, 'I'll pay you, old feller—if I
don't darn my buttons!'

"Now, I'd heard that the widdar had
taken a desperate liking to rabbits, but hated
a woodchuck as bad as a temperance man
does to be caught drunk—which is tanel
bad, you know—and so I went to work and
studied up a plan to fix 'em. Ye see, the
reason the widdar hated woodchucks was,
cause a feller that used to kum to see her,

as she said, fore she's married, got mad or
huffy 'bout suthin' and sent her a mitten
rolled up in one of these critter's skins, and
ever since that she'd been a mortal enemy
of 'em.

"I mistrusted that Uncle Zack would be
coming over to ax my opinion 'bout things
and how to proceed—(ye see I lived right
t'other side of a four acre field from Uncle
Zack's)—as he always wanted to git my ad-
vice, cause it didn't cost nothing—for Uncle
Zack was a tanel stingy man—so stingy he'd
sometimes walk barefoot and carry his shoes
for fear he'd wear 'em out tew soon.

"Wal, sure enough, one morning, 'fore
breakfast, as I were sitting on the door-sill,
whittling down the little end of a pine shingle
to a pint, who should come up but Uncle
Zack. I didn't let on I seen him at all, but
kept a whittling away and singing,

"O, Widdar Julip, a beautiful bird,
She's got the sweetest voice that ever Zebediah
heard.
And the poetest foot that ever was put down on
the green sward."

"Ye see I'm a poet, and I made this right
up just as I went along, cause I knew it'd
make Uncle Zack feel kinder bad and bring
him right to the pint.

"Zebediah," says Uncle Zack, coming up
in a great flutteration; "Zebediah!" I jump-
ing up, "is this ere you? How d'ye do!"

"I ain't seen ye for a long time. And then
I went right up and got the old feller by the
hand, so affectionate like, and says I, 'Unc-
cle, you look pale,'—(his face were as red
as a beet)—'indeed you do!' and I put
my fingers to my eyes and tried to find tears,
but they wa'n't there.

"Don't cry, Zeb—don't!" says Uncle
Zack; "the fact is, I ain't felt so well of
late; but I guess nait nothing of conse-
quence. But I thought I heard you singing
suthin' 'bout Widdar Julip. I just come
over to ax you 'bout her, Zeb—for ye see,
to tell the truth, I've got in love with her."

"She's an angel, Uncle Zack," says I.
"So she are, Zeb, so she are!" says Uncle
Zack; "and now how d' I better proceed
to git her?"

"How d'ye proceed to git sheep?" says I.
"I puts suthin' in a dish and goes out
and coaxes 'em," says Uncle Zack; "and
when I gits 'em close enough, I just grabs
right hold on 'em."

"Wal," says I, "Widders is caught in the
same way. Only jest git suthin' nice to
jingle in the way of a present, and they'll
cum right to ye, the tanel critters! and
then you can lay right hold on their affec-
tions. Sometimes they're as docile as a
pigeon, and sometimes as slippery as a
greased pig—so when you git one cornered,
you must throw the matrimonial noose right
around her, or maybe she'll be off like
streak of lightnin' in a thunder shower."

"When I told Uncle Zack this, he fairly
groaned—for he hated to pay out anything
like darnation; and he couldn't bear to
think of the widdar's slipping off, nother;
and says he, says Uncle Zack—

"Ain't there no other way of doing it,
Zeb, my boy? It's so tanel expensive if a
feller should happen to git the slip."

"There ain't no other way," says I; "but
I can tell you how you can do in this case,
and it won't cost much, nother."

"Uncle Zack's eyes brightened, they did;
and he caught right hold of me; and says
he, says Uncle Zack:

"What is it, Zeb? I'm dying to know."

"Wal," says I, "you know the widdar's
fond of rabbits?"

"Yes! yes!" says Uncle Zack—looking
as good natured as the inside of an apple
dumpling—"yes, I know—she told me so,
the angel, with her own sweet lips;" and
Uncle Zack fairly looked water-eyed round
the mouth.

"Wal, now," says I, "jest take my ad-
vice—'twon't cost much"—(Uncle Zack
fairly laffed, he felt so tickled to think it
was agoing to be so cheap)—"and jest you
go and kill a rabbit, a plump one, and take
it down to the widdar; but you must keep
it covered up, so she won't know nothing
about it till you git ready for her; and you
must work her up like, telling her how
much you love her, and all them things you
know how to do so wal"—(Uncle Zack laffed
again, he did.)—"and when you git her
in the right place, you must undo the rab-
bit, and present it to her, and say that goes
for itself to show her that you don't forget
her when you're away, and all such nice
things; and then jest feller it up, pop the
question, and you've got her like a hooked
mud turtle."

"Uncle Zack bust right out a laffing; he
couldn't help it—he felt so tickled to think
how easy 'twas to do it, and grabbing hold
of my hand, he shuk it like sissars; and
says he, 'I'll do it this very night coming,'
and then started right off him, and never
said another word.

"Wal, I knowed Uncle Zack 'ud keep
his word; and so I went right straight to
work that day, and killed a woodchuck; and
then covering it up nice, I went over to
Uncle Zack's toward night, and there I seen
the rabbit all covered over slick with cloth,
and fixed on to the hind end of the saddle
—(Uncle Zack always rid when he went a-
courtin', cause it made a show and didn't
cost nothing)—and I watched my chance,
got it out, and got the woodchuck in; and
then says I to myself, 'I guess maybe there
won't be no fun now;' and then I laffed,
I did.

"Wal, arter I'd done that, I started
for the widdar's, to see how it 'ud cum out.
The widdar lived 'bout four mile off, and I
got there jest at dusk, and seen Uncle Zack
cumming up at the same time, straddle of
his boss, with his Sunday-go-to-meeting-long
tailed-blue coat and breeches on; and I felt
particular pleased when I seen him git off
and take the rabbit (as he thought) into
the house. I waited out back till it got to
be dark, and the widdar had lighted up,
and then I went and peeped into the win-
der—and there I see Uncle Zack, a sittin'

right opposite the widdar at the table—eat-
ing supper, and talking and laffing almighty
slick—and then I laffed tew think as how
I'd laff last. Now jest by me, was a barrel
of soft soap, and a tub; and I thought I
might jest as wal have a good deal of sport
as a little—'seeing,' as Uncle Zack would
say, 'it wouldn't cost no more;' and so I
jest got the tub, and filled it partly with
soap, and sot it right on the door-step, and
then went back to look at the critters.

"Wal, the widdar she'd say suthin'g
funny, and Uncle Zack he'd laff; and then
Uncle Zack he'd say suthin'g funny, and the
widdar she'd laff; and then that tickled
me, and I'd laff. Wal, arter awhile, it got
to growing more serious—and the widdar
she'd look down and blush—jest like a baby
that's been coughing, and then look up and
kinder smile; and Uncle Zack he'd sorter
twist round in his chair, like he had the
figgers, and talk very low, and so I knew
the matter was coming to a foks right fast.

Arter awhile, Uncle Zack he got up, and
wiped the perspiration from his face—for
ye see it's tanel hot work making love to a
widdar—and then he went and got the
bundle, and I jest fairly held my breath, I
were so excited.

"I couldn't bear exactly what he said,
when he undid it; but I guess it were suth-
in'g very nice, cause the widdar she looked
so affectionate like, she did, and Uncle Zack
so earnest. At last the whole thing cum
out, as the papers say; and Uncle Zack he
laid it on the table as the Congressmen say;
and then he pinto it to triumph—with
ever once looking at it himself—with
his eyes fixed right steady on the widdar,
which tickled me so I couldn't hold in. The
widdar she looked fust at that and then at
him—and then at that and then at him;
and then she turned red in the face,
and then white; and then she looked a lit-
tle of both mixed together; and then she
jumped up and down, and screamed right
out:

"Oh, you imp! you rascal! you tanel
scoundrel, you! what do you mean by
bringing a wood chuck here for to insult
me?"

"Taint a woodchuck!" said Uncle Zack,
staring at it with mouth wide open, and
eyes sticking right out; "taint—"

"You lie!" screamed the widdar, jest as
Uncle Zack was going to say suthin'g
more; and she up with a tea-cup, and took
him co-chug, right in the mouth—

"It's all a mistake!" said Uncle Zack.
"You lie!" hollered the widdar; and
then come the shugger-bowl, co-chug, right
in his face—just as if the widdar were ago-
ing to sweeten him.

"Will you listen to me, marm?" roared
Uncle Zack.

"You're willin'!" hollered the widdar agin
and then she throwed a hull custard pie,
that took Uncle Zack right on the chin,
and splattered his clean shirt-collar all over.

"Git out of my house!" hollered the widdar
agin; and then she run to git the broom,
and Uncle Zack he run for the door, and I
lay right down on the grass, and rolled over
and laffed, and laffed, and laffed; and I
told the door open, and I riz right up on the
grass to see the fun; and jest as he was
cumming out (Uncle Zack) he turned round
to say suthin'g; and the widdar by this
time had got so mad that she pitched right
into him; and then his foot slipped, and he
fello co-souse right into the tub of soft soap;
and the widdar she fello co-chug right on to
him; and the tub and the soap, Uncle Zack
and the widdar, all rolled off the door stoop
together; and I rolled right over agin on
to the grass, and laffed, and laffed, and laffed,
till I didn't feel bigger round the waist
nor a yaller wasp.

"Oh, Lord!" says Uncle Zack.
"Oh, my!" says the widdar.
"This ere's the evil one's work!" says
Uncle Zack.

"And you're the evil one!" says the widdar;
and then she up and slung a hull hand-
full of soft soap right into his mouth.

"I couldn't stand it no longer, and I hol-
lered right out:

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" cried Uncle Zack,
gitting on his knees, awful skearcd.

"Run, Zackariah!" cried I, in a hoiler
voice.

And Uncle Zack did run; and he run on
one way and I run t'other; and we left the
Widdar Julip to fight it out with the wood-
chuck and soft soap.

Next day I seen Uncle Zack. He looked
very solemncholy, he did; and says Uncle
Zack:

"Zeb, I don't b'lieve I'll ever git a wife
—I've got t'off the notion."

"What's the matter, Uncle Zack?" says I.
"Why, ye see, Zeb, I don't b'lieve this
ere rural conjugal felicity—as some folks
call it—is wat they think it is—I don't in-
deed;" and Uncle Zack shook his head and
walked off; and I couldn't never git him to
say nothing more 'bout marryin', or the
widdar, never arter that I guess that night
was enough, and he gin it all right up."

When the Yankee had finished his story,
I found myself rolling on the floor, mimi-
ng several buttons, and most of my compan-
ions in a like predicament.

As fast as we recovered, we each and all
stood treat in turn; and when the Yankee
retired that night, he couldn't tell himself
from a "pile of bricks."

An ex-rebel Major General in the South-
west declines to converse on political mat-
ters, because he considers himself a paroled
prisoner, and as such has not the right to
dictate what the policy of Congress or the
President should be. How much better it
would be for the country if all who served
in the army of treason thought and acted as
this officer does.

A man in Toledo, Ohio, who had the
small-pox, was denied admittance to any
house, and died in a buggy; under a shed.

A Little of Everything.

—A cow belle—a pretty milkmaid.

—John Shultz, aged 117, is the oldest
Methodist alive.

—Snow to the depth of two feet fell in
Buffalo on Dec. 11th.

—Door-knobs, bell-ropes, and rascal's
noses were made to pull.

—Why is a lady's bonnet like a cupola?
Because it covers the belle.

—In Montana, all log houses must be of
hewn timber. That's the law.

—Why do "birds in their nests agree?"
Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

—John Nickerson, of Chambersburg, Pa.,
ran a nail into his foot and died from lock-
jaw.

—A Maine gentleman in Boston inhaled
gas for a bronchial complaint, and almost
died. He says he won't try it again.

—A man who covers himself with costly
apparel and neglects his mind, is like one
who illuminates the outside of his house and
sits within in the dark.

—There are a multitude of people who de-
stroy themselves through irresolution. They
are eternally telling about what they mean
to do, but they never do it.

—Indian remains and relics have been ex-
humed in Columbia, Pa., by the laborers
engaged in making the excavations for the
Reading and Columbia Railroad depot.

—Misery assails riches as lightning does
the highest towers; or as a tree that is heavy
laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so
do riches destroy the virtue of their posses-
sors.

—The estate of the late George Trussel,
former owner of Dexter, who was murdered
by his mistress, Fannie Trussel, at Chicago,
a month ago, is valued at between \$50,000
and \$60,000.

—A nice young man went into a gambling
house in Bresham, Texas, and after losing
all his money, jewelry, &c., staked his
clothes, and finally walked out of the den
a *Adam* before the fall.

—A young lawyer, arrested for hacking a
friend with a pen knife could say nothing
criminal in what he had done. He thought
it was a well established rule that any one
could cut an acquaintance without incurring
a penalty.

—An artist invited a gentleman to criticise
a portrait of Mr. Smith, who was some-
what addicted to drink. Putting his hand
towards it, the artist exclaimed, "Don't
touch it, it's not dry." "Then," said he,
"it cannot be like my friend Smith."

—The following order, *verbatim*, at litera-
tum, is said to have been received by an un-
derwriter from an afflicted widower: "Sir:
My wife is dead and wants to be buried to-
morrow. At Wunner klok. U know wair to
dig the hole—in the side av mi too other
wives. Let it be deep."

—Mr. Jones, have you got a match?
"Yes, sir, a match for the devil; there she
is, mixing up the dough." Jones pointing
to his wife, and then "slid" for the front
door. The last was the work of Jones. He
was "kiting" it down the road, holy pursued
by his "amiable" wife with a broom-stick.

—The Methodist centenary contributions
continue to flow into the treasury in liberal
volume. Last week, according to the
Methodist, the sums reported reached half
a million for the week. Six Baltimore
churches contributed over \$40,000. In De-
troit, \$20,000; in Columbus, Ohio, one
church, \$17,550.

—A few days since a gentleman called on
some lady friends, and was shown into the
parlor by a servant girl. She asked him
what name she should announce, and he,
wishing to take them by surprise, replied,
"Amicus!" (a friend.) The girl seemed at
first a little puzzled, but quickly regained
her composure, and in the blandest manner
possible, observed, "What kind of a cus did
you say, sir?"

"La me!" sighed Mrs. Partington.
"here I have been sufferin' the bigamies of
death three mortal weeks. Fust I was seized
with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemi-
sphere of the brain, which was exceeded
by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the
heart. This gave me an information of the
borax, and now I'm sick with the chloro-
form morbus. There's no blessin' like that
of health, particularly when one's sick."

"Tim, how's yer law shoot gits on?
down at the court, as they met on Camp
street. 'Oh, an troth its gettin on just like
a crab or a crawfish, for it comes on a little
now, and then it goes back agin. Now
my lawyer gets up, made by some fellow
from an old book, and thin the other lawyer gits
call'd Chitney, and thin he back agin from anoth-
er old book, made by some fellow called
Coke. I suppose Coke took his degrees in
a gas house, for he has twice as much gas as
him, and God knows there's twice more
than is wanted between them. Och, mur-
der, Tim, how mighty aisy it would be to
get at the truth only for the lawyers."

—Governor Fletcher, of Missouri, has is-
sued a proclamation stating that a portion
of that State is infested with murderers and
robbers, who defy civil authority, and who
have the sympathy and aid of such numbers
of the people of the counties where they
have their haunts, and have so intimidated
or obtained the sympathy of the local au-
thorities that peaceable law abiding citizens
are not secure in either person or property.
He therefore calls for twenty-four companies
of infantry, to be organized in the regular
way, to preserve the peace, protect the citi-
zens and execute the legal process on all
villains of the law, and bring them to trial.
Adjutant General Simpson issued a general
order for the organization and proper equip-
ment of this force.

Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. May 13, 1863.

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

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware
and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron
ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '64.

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

ROBERT J. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market
street, opposite Nangle's Jewelry store. May 26.

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

H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth floor,
west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

F. G. GRAHAM, Dealers in Square and
Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Gro-
ceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., 61
Market street, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

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

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs,
Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfum-
ery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street,
Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

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

WILLIAM F. IRWIN, Market street, Clearfield,
Pa. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Mar-
hanise, Hardware, Queensware, 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 1867.

THOMAS J. M'ULLOY, Attorney at Law,
Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield"
bank. Deeds and other legal instruments pre-
pared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

J. B. M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield,
Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining
counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton,
2d street, one door south of Lankin's Hotel.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Do-
mestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon,
Liquors, &c. Room on Market street, a few doors
west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

S. A. FULTON, Attorney at Law, Curwen-
sville, Pa. Office in M'Brice's building, on
Main Street. Prompt attention given to the se-
curing and collection of claims, and to all legal
business. November 14, 1865-66.

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

J. BLAKE WALTERS, Scrivener and Convey-
ancer, and Agent for the purchase and sale of
lands, Clearfield, Pa. Prompt attention given
to all business connected with the county offi-
ces. Office with W. A. Wallace. Jan. 3.

D. T. B. METZ, Surgeon, Dentist, Glen Hope,
Pa. Clearfield county, Pa. Teeth put up on gold,
silver, and vulcanite base. Full sets from five 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, etc. Woodland, Clearfield county, Penn'a.
Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lum-
ber, 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, WILLIAM D. BIGLER,
J. BLAKE WALTERS, FRANK FIELDING.

D. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the
81st Reg't Penn'a. Vols., having returned
from the army, offers his professional services to
the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Profes-
sional calls promptly attended to. Office on
South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets.
Oct. 4, 1865—66p.

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 de-
sired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He
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, Jen-
ny-Lind and other Bedsteads.

SOFAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK-STANDS, HAT
RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c.

Spring-seats, Cane-bottom, and Parlor Chairs;
And common and other Chairs.</