

RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1866.

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Select Poetry.

OUR EARLIER DAYS.

When gathered at the hearth-fire light
An evening close round,
When mid its crackling embers bright,
Old pictured things are found;
Then memory steals across the brain,
And while the fitful blaze
Reveals wild images—again
She brings back earlier days.
How oft, together, side by side,
Have other eyes with mine,
Marked a proud vessel proudly ride,
Where those bright flame-wreaths shine;
Have seen a far-spreading battle-field,
Start up before our gaze,
And now fond memory bids them yield,
The scenes of earlier days.
The warm imaginings of youth,
Within our hearts are o'er,
But yet one gleam like rainbow truth,
Still whispers us of yore;
And thus in long, after years,
When looking in its rays,
We see—'tis but a sorrow's tears,
Still bright our earlier days.
And oft when tempest-winds o'ercloud,
And all within is death,
Old recollections thickly crowd
Around the fire-lit hearth.
And tho' in time-worn brows it seems
Like childhood's simple plays,
Yet do I love those pictured gleams,
That tell of earlier days.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

It was New Year's Eve; a cold, blustering night. The wind dashed the frozen snow furiously against the sturdy walls of the Red Stone Farm-house, making the bright fire that was burning in the large, old-fashioned kitchen seem doubly grateful, and around which were gathered father Williams, his wife and his four children.
The weather-bronzed face of the farmer had a care-worn and a discontented look. He was one of those who "make haste to be rich," and though he is surrounded by many blessings, and every reasonable want is supplied, as the close of the old year finds no surplus in his purse, his heart, instead of being lifted up with gratitude, is filled with repinings.
His gentle, week-browned wife is sitting beside, and her countenance wears a look of chastened sorrow, and tears glisten in her eyes as they wander to the corner of the room where stands a vacant cradle, from which smiled, a week ago, the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy, upon whose little grave to-night the snow is drifting heavily.
The silence was broken by a heavy knock at the door.
Farmer Williams immediately opened it, revealing a respectable, middle-aged colored man, who held carefully in his hand a covered basket.
"Does Mrs. Williams live here?" he inquired.
"She does."
"The lady who buried a little child yesterday?"
"Yes."
"Well, here is a New Year's present for her."
Thrusting the basket into the farmer's hands, he turned and walked quickly down the road, where would be dimly seen the outlines of a covered sleigh, from which could be distinctly heard the sound of stifled sobs.
Bewildered and astonished, Farmer Williams carried the basket into the kitchen, and carefully set it down upon the table.
As he did so, he was startled by a plaintive cry; and upon opening it, there lay a lovely boy, apparently about three months old.

Farmer Williams sprang to the door, but the sleigh and its occupants were nowhere to be seen.
In the meantime Mrs. Williams and the children gathered around the basket with exclamations of surprise and pleasure. As the babe saw the sweet gentle face that bent over it, it suddenly stopped crying, and smiling stretched out its little hands to her.
The heart of the bereaved mother now yearned toward the child, and taking it in her arms she pressed it fondly to her bosom. Just then the husband came back from his fruitless search.
"I declare it's an imposition!" he exclaimed, stamping the snow off his boots. "But I won't submit to it. I'll take it over to the town farm the very first thing in the morning."
"I can't bear the idea of it's going there, John," said his wife. "Just see what a sweet babe it is!"
"I don't see but what it looks like all other babies," returned John, gruffly, doing his best to steel his heart against the little stranger, in which he only partly succeeded, for, rough as was the farmer's way, he had a kindly nature if one could only reach it.
"Any way the authorities will have to take care of it," Farmer Williams continued. "We can't—we have got more mouths to fill now than we can find bread for."
Mrs. Williams' lip quivered as her thoughts reverted to the little grave in the churchyard. Ah, to her heart was one too few!

"Dear John," said Mrs. Williams, pleadingly, "it seems as though God had sent this babe to take the place of our own little Willie, whom he has taken to himself. Let me keep it. It will not fail to bring a blessing upon us, you may be sure."
Farmer Williams' countenance relaxed somewhat as he looked into those tearful eyes.
"Well, well, Mary," he said in a softened voice, "I'll think about it. If we do, you and the children will have to go without a good many things, for these are hard times and likely to be harder. So you had better weigh the thing well before deciding."
Mrs. Williams did so, and the result was that the New Year's present became a fixture in the Red Stone Farm-house. He grew up a merry, winsome boy, twining even around the farmer's rugged nature, and taking in the heart of his adopted mother the

place of her lost darling, and loved and cherished by her with equal tenderness.
Many sacrifices did Mrs. Williams make, many toilsome hours did she spend, in order that her husband might not feel the expense of his maintenance too heavily. And well did his growing intelligence and beauty, and the ardent affection he evinced for her, repay her for all. There was nothing about him that would give the slightest clue to his parentage. Simply a bit of white paper pinned to his frock, on which were these words, evidently written by a woman, in a graceful but unsteady hand:
"ARTHUR, born Sept. 23. I was a stranger and ye took me in."

Farmer Williams made some inquiries in the neighborhood, and learned that a lady with an infant, accompanied by a servant, had been stopping for a week past at the village tavern; that she was very beautiful, but very pale and sad, and kept her room most of the time. But they had disappeared from there almost as suddenly as they came.

It is just ten years since Mrs. Williams received her New Year's gift. Let us take another peep into the Red Stone Farm-house. The group is smaller than then. The farmer who murmured that he had so many mouths to feed, has now only one child left him—the little flaxen-haired girl that is sitting by his knee. The rest are sleeping in the little churchyard.

A heavy misfortune has befallen him: the thirst for riches has brought its usual curse. Possessed with the mania for speculation, he mortgaged his farm-house and all it contained. The gilded bubble burst, and the dawning of the New Year found him a ruined and homeless man. This was the last night that he and his wife were to stay in the old homestead, that had been in the family for four generations, and was linked to his heart by so many tender memories. On the morrow they knew not whither to go. It is true, that many of the old neighbors—kind, good souls—had offered him a temporary home; but it was offered for the proud, self-reliant man to accept charity from any.

"What can we do? Where can we go to?" he groaned as he thought of the morrow.

"The Lord will provide, John," said his wife, lifting her patient eyes to his. "He never has forsaken us. Neither will he forsake any who trust in him."
But the farmer lacked the christian resignation that made the gentle heart such a haven of peace and love.
"Aye, that's what you've always said, wife," he returned, impatiently, "and you see what we've come to. For my part, I don't think the Lord troubles himself much about us any way."

Mrs. Williams might have said that he had brought this upon himself, but she wisely forbore. Just then came the sound of a quick, buoyant step, and there burst into the room a fine, sturdy lad of about ten, his eyes bright, and his cheeks glowing from the keen, frosty air.
"It's bitter cold, I tell you!" he exclaimed, flinging his cap boy-fashion upon the kitchen settee and stepping up to the kitchen fire. "Not but what I've been as warm as a toast, all but my ears and fingers," he added, blowing up the latter as he spoke.
"Here is something for you mother," he said, seating himself on a stool at her feet, and tossing into her lap a shining piece of gold.

"Why, Arthur, where did you get this?"
"The strange gentleman down at the tavern gave it to me, mother. He asked me into his room and gave me as many nuts and raisins as I could eat, beside."

"I wonder who he is," she said musingly.
"I can tell you," exclaimed her husband, his eyes flashing angrily. "He is the owner of the Red Stone Farmhouse! He is the man who bid against me on the few articles I wanted to reserve. The curse of the homeless rests upon him!"
"Nay, John," interposed his wife, gently, "perhaps he did not know how highly you prized them."
"Yes he did; Parson Brown stepped up and told him, but he only smiled and said he wanted to buy everything just as it stood."

"Well," said the boy, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "I can't help pitying him, he looked so sorrowful. He asked me a great many questions about you, mother, and all the rest of us, and kept walking up and down the room, wringing his hands and groaning as if he was in great trouble."
"I will buy you a new coat with this, Arthur," said Mrs. Williams, as she examined anew the gold coin. "You need one badly enough," she added, glancing with a sigh, at his well-patched roundabout.
"You shall do nothing of the sort, mother," said the generous-hearted boy. "You shall buy yourself and sissy a nice warm shawl."

Before Mrs. Williams could reply there was a quick knock at the door. Farmer Williams opened it. It was only a boy who brought a small parcel for Mrs. Williams.
"Another New Year's gift, I suppose," he said bitterly, as he handed it to her, for he was in a bitter mood. Mrs. Williams glanced reproachfully at her husband.

"God grant that it may bring us much comfort," she said, laying her hand fondly upon the head that was resting against her knee.
As she opened it she uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was a deed of Red Stone Farm-house, made out in her name. On the inside wrapper were these words:
"Inasmuch as ye did unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."
There were grateful and happy hearts beneath the roof of the homestead that night, though with Mrs. Williams' joy there was mingled and uneasy feeling. She was well assured that it was in some way connected with Arthur, and trembled with apprehension lest some one should appear who had stronger claims to him. This fear was dis-

sipated the next morning by a letter that came to her in the first mail. It contained a check for five thousand dollars, together with these words:

"The boy that you so generously received ten years ago, and have so tenderly cherished since, will never be taken from you. The mother, forced to relinquish the babe, dearer to her than life, is now in heaven. The father, who so basely torsook his child, and her whom he had sworn to cherish, is unworthy of so sacred a trust. In the S-Bank you will find the sum of twenty thousand dollars deposited in the name of your adopted son, of which he is to come into possession when he is legally of age, and the interest of which is to be appropriated to his support and education during his minority."

To this singular letter there was neither date nor signature. There were various conjectures in regard to the stranger, who had been in the village for some days, and from whom it was evident this letter came, as well as the package received the night before.

But when Arthur recalled to his mind the look of sad, remorseful tenderness with which he had regarded him, he felt that it must have been his father. Yet he often said, as he looked into the face of his adopted mother, that he wanted no dearer friends than those he had already had. And as for Mrs. Williams, among all the blessings that surrounded her, there was not one that brought her a purer joy than he whom she had taken to the heart, when a friendless babe, as her New Year's Gift.

Child's Pocket Etiquette.

Always say, Yes, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good night. Good morning. Use no slang terms. Remember that correct spelling, reading, writing and grammar, are the base of education.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean fingers indicate a good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything and everything in its place.

Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company.

Never enter a private room or public place with your cap on.

Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Let your companions enter the carriage or room first.

At the table, eat with your fork; sit up straight; never use your toothpick, and when leaving ask to be excused.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or table.

Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading. When conversing, listen attentively, and do not interrupt or reply till the other is finished.

Never talk or whisper aloud in church or any place of amusement, or especially in a private room, where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Load coughing, yawning, sneezing and blowing are ill-mannered. In every case, cover your mouth with your handkerchief (which never examine—nothing is more vulgar, except spitting on the floor).

Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, maimed, the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds or animals.

A boy whose honesty is to be more commended than his ingenuity, once carried some butter to a merchant in exchange for goods. The butter having a beautiful appearance and the merchant desirous of procuring such for his own use, invited the boy to bring him all the butter his mother could spare. "I don't think she can spare any more," said the boy, "for she said she would not have spared this, only a rat fell into the cream and she did like to use it herself."

A person meeting with an acquaintance after a long absence, told him he was surprised to see him, for he had heard that he was dead.

"But," says the other, "you find the report false."

"This hard to determine," he replied. "For the man who told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

Jennie Hamilton, a fast young girl of Milwaukee, was lately married to her burglar lover, John Craig, by the Chief of Police, and together they started on a bridal tour to the State Prison, where, after a honeymoon of two years they will be set at liberty to commence the labor of life and love with new views.

Old Elwes, the miser, having listened to a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms-giving that—I've almost a mind to beg."

To see a young lady walking as though a flea was biting her on each hip, is so fascinating. She is just a match for a dandy who steps like an open-winged turkey over a bed of hot ashes.

"Did the minister put a stamp on you when you were married, Mary?" "A stamp, Charlie! What for, pray?" "Why, matches ain't legal without a stamp, you know."

A little girl in school, being asked what a cataract or waterfall was, replied that it was hair flowing over something, she didn't know what it was.

What kind of leather would a naked Moor remind you of? Undressed morocco.

In Connecticut the woolen mills are running on half time.

A Happy Woman.

"What are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know ma'am, without it is because my heart feels so happy."

"Happy, are you happy? Why let me see, you don't own a foot of land in the world."

"Foot of land is it?" she cried with a loud laugh; "Oh, what a hand ye are after a joke. Why, sure, I've niver a penny, let alone a foot of land."

"Your mother is dead?"
"God rest her soul, yis," replied Mary, with a touch of genuine pathos.

"The Heavens be her bed."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose?"

"Ye may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, and bate his wife—poor creature."

"You have to pay your sister's board?"
"Sure, the bit crature! and she is a good little girl, is Hinney, willin' to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money that goes for that."

"And you havn't any fashionable dresses, either?"
"Fash'nable, is it? Oh, yis, I put a bit of whalebone in me skirt, and me calico gown spreads as the laddies. But then ye say true; I have but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and no bunnit, barrin' me old ho-d."

"You haven't any lover?"
"Oh, be off wid ye! catch Mary Maloney wid a lover these days when the hard times is come."

"What on earth have you to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no love—why where do you get all your happiness?"

"The Lord be praised, miss, it grew up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing. And then, if troubles come, I try to keep my heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGuire should take it in his head to ax me; but, the Lord willing, I would try to bear up under it."

The Split Pig.

Somewhere near Camden lives a man who is not smart enough for Jersey.

Last Fall he wanted to leave home for a month or more, but had no one to take charge of his pig; so he proposed to a neighbor that he should take the animal home and fatten it, and then keep one half when it was time to kill.

The bargain was agreed to. The pig was transferred to Smith's pen, and off went our friend on his journey.

He was gone for a week, and the day of his return walked over to see his pig.

He found Mr. Smith with his shirt sleeves rolled up, hard at work dressing a hog.

"Halloo!" cried our friend, and a slight suspicion entered his mind that he had been sold.

"What have you been killing?"

"Our pig," answered Smith, as cool as an iceberg.

"Our pig?" faltered the victim.

"Yes, I thought it fat enough to kill. But you needn't be alarmed; you will get your half."

Our friend returned home a sadder and a wiser man. He had paid about twenty-five dollars for a week's board for his pig.

The Right Collar at Last.

"Let me look at some collars," said a gaunt, rough looking fellow, addressing the proprietor of a country store not a hundred miles from Montreal.

"With pleasure, sir," was the response; and the stock of collars was shown to the customer, who fumbled them over, and then, with a gesture of contempt, turned away with the remark that they were not the kind he wanted.

"What kind do you want?" queried the shop keeper. "We have almost every kind."

"Well it's scotch collars—them's the style for me."

"Walk right this way; we have that kind too," was the response, as the shop-keeper unrolled about eight feet of hempen cord, and quickly twisting it into a loop, held it up before the astonished gaze of the "scotchman."

He had no more to say, but quietly took his departure.

A Streak Ahead of Noah.

A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen named Campbell and McLean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world.

Campbell had a little more biblical knowledge than his antagonist and asked him if the clan of McLeans was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood?" asked McLean.

"The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flock," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said McLean, "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark!"

"Noah's ark!" retorted McLean, in contempt, "who ever heard of a McLean that hadn't a boat of his ain."

Business Directory.

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

IRVIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawed 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 '66.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of 11 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 Nangle's Jewelry store. May 26.

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

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

FORCEY & GRAHAM, Dealers in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, &c., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1863.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationary, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1863.

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, &c., Front Street, (above the Academy,) Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1863.

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

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 10, '69.

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. 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 Leach's Hotel.

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

S. A. FULTON, Attorney at Law, Curwensville, Pa. Office in M'Brice's building, on Main Street. Prompt attention given to the securing and collection of claims, and to all legal business. November 14, 1866-67.

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 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 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, &c., Woodland, Clearfield county, Penn'a. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1863.

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. T. B. METZ, Surgeon, Dentist, Glen Hope, 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.

D. R. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a. 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—66.

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 SIDEBORDS, 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, Cabin-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-hair, Bunk 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, Linwood 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.

CARPETINGS.—Brussels, Ingrain, Venetian, hemp and cotton carpets, for sale at Dec. 5, 1866. J. P. KRATZER'S.

SPEAR'S Anti-Dust Parlor Stoves, the only perfect arrangement for burning coal, for sale at J. P. KRATZER'S.

EAGLE HOTEL.

CURWENSVILLE, PENN'A. 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.

SOMETHING NEW IN CLEARFIELD.

Carriage and Wagon Shop, Immediately in rear of Machine shop. The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield, and the public in general, that he is prepared to do all kinds of work on carriages, buggies, wagons, sleighs, sleds, &c., on short notice and in a workmanlike manner. Orders promptly attended to. WM. M'KNIGHT. Clearfield, Feb. 7, 1866-y.

SCOTT HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. A. ROW & CO., PROPRIETORS.

This house having been refitted and elegantly furnished, is now open for 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.

THE "CORNER STORE."

CURWENSVILLE, PA. Is the place to purchase goods of every description, and at the most advantageous terms. A large and well selected stock of seasonal goods has been added to that already on hand, which we are prepared to sell to customers at prices as low as the lowest. The highest market rates paid for lumber of all descriptions. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

E. A. IRVIN, W. R. HARTSHORN, Curwensville, July 17, 1865.

LUMBER-CITY RACES AGAIN!!

KIRK & SPENCER

KEEP THE INSIDE TRACK!

Their celebrated thorough bred Steed, "CHIEFEST FOR CASH," the Peoples' favorite!

Remember this and when in want of SPANISH-BRED 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, 1866-67.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS!

G. S. PERRY

Announces to his friends that he has just received and is opening at OSCOLA, Clearfield county, a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, COMPRISING

Alpacas, Delaines, Calicos, Sheetings, Muslins, Flannels, Cassimeres, Plaids, Ready-made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions,