

Hoffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 26.

Select Poetry.

THE LOVED NOT LOST.

How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of that circle now—
The dear home-faces whereupon
That faded freight paled and shone.
Remember, hasten as we will,
The voices of that earth are still;
Look where we may the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces shine no more,
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear like them the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn.
We turn the pages they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No rays are heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since he who knows our need is just:
Thy name, somewhere, meet we must,
Thy form who never sees
Alas! thy shine through the cypress trees!
Who, hope, as, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day,
Across the mournful marble play!
Who, faith, not learn'd in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own!

A FATAL MISTAKE.

It was a pretty little brown house, with plate-glass windows, and fancifully carved cornice, while the green plumes of the Alanthus trees brushed softly against the roof, as if tremulously anxious to remind people that summer was in its golden prime. At least such was the impression conveyed by their unshakable murmur to Adrian Morley, as he came up the steps, and dexterously fitted his right key into the paneled rosewood door.

"Well," quoth Adrian to himself, "it is pleasant to have a home to come to when the day's weary work is over!"

And a home-like room is what he entered. And Mrs. Morley, in her delicate little sewing chair, with rainbow-hued avalanche of Berlin wools about her, was toying with her needle while her thoughts were far away.

She was a rosy, brown-eyed little creature, with full red lips, cheeks round and smooth as early peaches, and silky brown hair waving over her forehead in natural ripples—a wreath of whom a tolerably reasonable man might well be proud. But just at this moment there was a discontented curl to the mouth, a drop in the fringed eyelids, that Mr. Morley understood too well.

"Gracie, what's the matter?"

"Matter? nothing—only I'm tired to death of being penned up here in the city when everybody one knows is off having a season of change."

Adrian Morley sat down by the window, rather despondent and began fanning himself with a cover of a book.

"I thought we had discussed and decided that matter long ago, Grace?"

No answer; Grace's eyelids only fell a degree lower.

"Grace, I say—don't you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"Well, then, do pay a little attention when a fellow is speaking to you?" Adrian's sunny good temper was becoming a little chilled. "You remember that I told you how very inconvenient it would be for me to leave town this season—nay almost impossible?"

"The Grangers have gone."

"Possibly—but Granger is not in business."

"And Mrs. Erhardt?"

"Yes; her husband don't care whether his law office is open or shut, as long as he can help himself from the long purse."

"Adrian how can you be so ill-natured?"

"I am only speaking the truth, my dear."

"But it is so stupid here—and all my dresses are hanging useless in the wardrobe."

"Can't you dress here as well as at a fashionable watering place?"

"Nonsense, Adrian—you know what I mean perfectly well. There's nobody in town to appreciate a handsome toilette, and—"

Adrian Morley sprang to his feet and began pacing impatiently up and down the room.

"Grace—you're not ridiculous enough to cry over such an absurd grievance as this?"

"It's too bad to cramp me up here when—"

Grace did not say as she thought, when my pretty face and winning manners would create such a sensation in fashionable circles—she stopped short, instead, and retreated behind her embroidered pocket handkerchief in a flood of tears.

"But Grace, aren't you very happy here, in our snug little home?"

"You may be, but I am miserable."

"Miserable! Oh Grace! when I should wish no greater happiness than to sit down here by your side, night after night, and listen as I used to do in the court days. You did not think it so monotonous then. Grace—my little wife—are we less dear to each other now?"

"I am wearied to death by this humdrum life, Adrian," pouted Grace, "and some change I must and will have!"

"Change may not be for the better, Grace."

"I don't care whether it is or not."

"And you know what very disastrous circumstances may ensue from my neglect of business just now."

"That's what you men always say. I don't believe there's a word of truth in it."

Adrian was silent for a moment. He stood with contracted brow evidently considering.

"I am sorry I have not made home a little more pleasant to you, Grace."

"Home," repeated Mrs. Morley petulently. "Anything but a man who is always harping about home; I often wish there was no such word."

"Would it really add so much to your happiness to spend a month at Saratoga or Newport?"

"Oh, Adrian, I should enjoy it so much!" Her eyes were sparkling now and the soft color rose to her cheek. "Will you take me there, Adrian?"

"If you insist upon it—but remember that I don't at all approve of the arrangement."

"Oh, I'll assume all the responsibility," laughed Grace, merrily. "And when shall we go?"

"When you please."

"I could be ready by Monday."

"You are in a great haste to leave your pleasant home, Grace; I wish I could summon up an equal fervor of enthusiasm."

Grace put her hand on his shoulder, and leaned down to peep archly into his face.

"What a darling, old-fashioned fellow you are, Adrian! I shall spend this summer in trying to make a modern husband of you."

"Do you think the modern article would be preferable?" smiled Adrian.

"Oh, infinitely! And now don't talk to me; I must make out a list of things to be purchased. Only think that I'm really equipping for a summer at the Springs!"

And she clasped her hands so gleefully, that Adrian had not the heart to damp her bright anticipations with his own indefinite misgivings.

"The prettiest woman at the Springs, by all odds."

"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Morley, of New York. Nobody ever heard of her before, but she has flashed into society like a meteor. The young fellows are all infatuated about her, and not without good reason."

Grace Morley's cheek flushed with conscious triumph, as she heard these words, half spoken, half whispered, in her stately sweep through the long piazza from a moonlight drive with the most stylish young cavalier at the hotel. And she did look very lovely in her dress of deep blue grenadine, floating around her like azure billows, with a fleecy white shawl drooping from her shoulders and the showy plume of a jaunty little Spanish hat hanging low over the rippled luxuriance of her golden brown hair.

Yes, Mrs. Morley was a belle at last! and most completely did she enjoy the intoxicating atmosphere of flattery and adulation that surrounded her every footstep.

"Well, Grace, what sort of a time have you had?"

Adrian was lunging under the gaslight in their room with a half read volume in his lap, looking the very victim of hopeless ennui.

"Oh, delightful! But Adrian, how bored you look!"

"No more so than I feel, I am quite certain."

"I wish you would try and enjoy yourself a little."

"How?"

"Play billiards—smoke—do as other gentlemen do."

Adrian Morley opened his book once more with a tremulous yawn, as Grace began to unfasten her hat and brush out the disordered masses of her hair. To him Saratoga was nothing more nor less than vexation of spirit; but for Grace's sake he was patiently willing to be bored.

"Don't you think it is almost time to return home, Grace?"

"Adrian, what an idea! Not for two weeks yet. The gayest season is yet to come."

"Two weeks!" sighed poor Adrian. "It is a long time."

"No time at all," said Grace, positively. "It will soon pass."

Alas! had Grace Morley but dreamed of the years of anguish and despair that were to hinge upon those two weeks!

As the days passed on she saw less and less of her husband. He was no longer wearily awaiting the coming of her footsteps from drive or walk—no longer leaning dreamily against the window of the ball room, watching her flying figure as she floated by him in waltz or polka; nor did Mrs. Morley regret the gradual change.

"I am so glad he has found some way of amusing himself," she thought. "It was such a nuisance to have him every few minutes asking if I were not ready to go home."

She was returning from an evening stroll, a night or two subsequently, in her pretentious toilette of blue silk and white opera cloak, with her little hand resting lightly on Mr. Ardenham's arm, when she suddenly stopped close to the dense wall of shrubbery that half concealed the brilliant sparkle of lighted windows and doors of a show building just on the outskirts of the grounds.

"I have dropped my fan, Mr. Ardenham; how could I be so careless?"

"Rest yourself a moment on this rustic seat Mrs. Morley," said Ardenham gallantly, "and I will go back for it in half a minute."

Frank Ardenham went off, vowing that Mrs. Morley's fan was worth any degree of trouble that could by any possibility be bestowed upon it; and Grace waiting his return, mechanically playing with the fastening of her pale blue glove.

Suddenly the loud, discordant tumult of voices struck upon her ear as a party of men issued from a lighted door beyond the shrubbery. In the moonlight she could see their flushed faces quite plainly—and she involuntarily recoiled further back into the shadow, although she was aware of being quite invisible.

"Hush! what's that?" said one pausing as a loud fierce shout rose high above the bedlam of voices within the gambling house, for such Mrs. Morley knew it to be.

"It's only Morley," returned another, deliberately biting off the end of a cigar.

"I fancy he's pretty well over the bay tonight."

"Drunk, is he?"

"Just that—and playing as if there was an evil spirit at his elbow. The thousands are slipping out of his hands like quicksilver to-night."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Morley," said Mr.

Ardenham, coming to her side a moment afterward; but I cannot find the fan anywhere. I will take a second look for it to-morrow."

"It—is it of no consequence," said Grace, in a low, strange voice. "Please take me home, Mr. Ardenham."

And Frank Ardenham obeyed, marveling much at the sudden change that had come over his beautiful companion's spirits.

Her adieux in the parlor were brief enough ere she hurried up stairs, with her feverish blood beating like pulses of fire in her veins. She sat down, sick and trembling, under the white glare of the gaslight, and tried to realize the full horror of her situation.

Adrian Morley, her husband, was a drunkard and a gambler! Was it all a dream or was it indeed true that she had wakened to this horrible reality of grief and shame and yet live on?

As she bowed her head on her hand with a low shivering groan, a new phantom of remorseful agony rose solemnly up before the accusing judgment seat of her open conscience.

"It has been my fault—all my own fault," she wailed aloud. "If I had not torn him from the home to which he was so tenderly attached—if I had not kept him here to gratify my own individual vanity, this would never have been. O, God! the punishment is greater than I can bear."

And she remembered with a sick heart the arguments she had used to win him away from home—the eagerness with which she had resumed all the responsibility of the change—the very words she had spoken in her reckless folly.

"I told him that I was miserable at home," she thought. "Miserable! if I had known the meaning of the word. But to-morrow I will beg him on my bended knees to return once more—I will tell him how foolish I have been—how mad. And perhaps—perhaps we may be happy in our quiet home once more. Oh! if I had never left it."

"One, two, three!"

As the little clock sharply spoke out the hour, Grace Morley started to her feet.

"What retains him so? What can keep him away from me? I will go myself and look for him."

She drew the white opera cloak round her shoulders, and hurried with trembling limbs towards the door.

But while her touch was on the handle, it swung rudely open, and a group of men came in bearing something prone and lifeless in their midst.

And Grace Morley, while all the blood in her veins seemed frozen into ice, knew that she was looking into her dead husband's face!

"Take care of the lady—she's fainted," said a rude voice. "Doctor you better see to her."

But she had not fainted. White, speechless, powerless as she was, the blessed relief of insensibility had been denied the bereaved wife; she saw and heard with agonizing distinctness, all that passed around her.

"His wife!" said the young surgeon, pityingly. "I did not know that he was a married man. She should have been prepared for this. Poor creature—poor crushed creature! Lay down the dead man, Somers, and come here. He is past help now. Call in the women and take away that mob of staring men."

As the pungent breath of some powerful restorative crossed her senses, Grace fainted in the young surgeon's supporting arms—life and consciousness could not uphold their domain against the great billows of agony that were sweeping across her soul.

When she came to her senses the first object on which her eyes rested was the kind face of the young doctor. With a convulsive effort she strove to start from her couch.

"Gently—gently," said the young man. "Lie still a little longer; you are hardly strong enough to rise yet."

"Tell me!" she gasped with colorless lips, "tell me all."

"Not yet; you will be stronger presently."

"I know it all," she moaned. "He's dead, but how?"

The surgeon saw that concealment would be in vain; he bent over her sofa with a pitying gentleness.

"Your husband had lost everything he possessed at the gambling table, and in a fit of despair, partially aggravated by the influence of liquor, shot himself through the temples. Your friends have been telegraphed for, and will soon arrive. In the meantime, perfect quiet is what you most need—it may avert the symptoms of brain fever that are impending."

Contrary to the doctor's expectations, she neither screamed nor wept, but lay silent and voiceless as a statue.

"She takes it easily," thought he. Ah, could he have seen into the depth of her broken, crushed heart.

A few days afterwards she returned to the home she had been so eager to abandon, only to mourn with the bitterest remorse that one fatal mistake which had darkened her whole existence with its baneful shadow.

A Little of Everything.

—Enjoy your little while the fool is seeking more.

—What goes most against a farmers grain? His reaping machine.

—Why is the letter D like a naughty little boy? It makes ma mad.

—Blessed is the man that maketh a short speech; he will be invited to come again.

—The storms of adversity are wholesome, though, like snow-storms, their drifts are not always seen.

—Forgive and forget the injuries of the past. When you bury animosity don't set a stone over its grave.

—When there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

—A huge silver brick, pure metal, was exhibited on 'Change in Chicago last week. It was half a yard long and a foot wide.

—Five thousand unemployed sailors are now in New York, and more persons looking for work there than for five years past.

—A superstitious madman in Hungary killed four children and ate their hearts, believing that by so doing he would have power to become invisible.

—An awning on Broadway, New York, fell and killed one pedestrian, and seriously injured four others who were passing under at the time of the fall.

—Statistics show that the Northwest contains one-sixth of the improved land of the country, and produces one-half of the entire bulk of the products of the United States.

—A Chicago man who had not been out of the city for years, fainted away in the pure air of the country. He was only resurrected by putting a dead fish to his nose, when he slowly revived, exclaiming: "That's good—it smells like home!"

—An exchange says that the style of bonnet which has just made its appearance is called the "Revenue Cutter," and consists of a two cent Internal Revenue stamp, worn on the top of the head, and tied under each ear with a shoe string. It presents a very pretty appearance at a distance, and must be very comfortable at this season of the year.

Laying up for Children.

Parental affection naturally inquires what can best be done for the welfare of its children in future years, and when the bosom which now throbs with love to its offspring shall be cold in death. Many plans are laid, and many hours of anxious solicitude are spent in contriving ways and means of rendering children prosperous and happy in future life. But parents are not always wise in the provisions which they seek to make for their children; nor do they always seek direction and counsel from God in this matter. The best inheritance for children, beyond all covetous traditions, is true piety towards God, the salutary truths and principles of religion laid up in the hearts of children—a good education—good and virtuous habits—unbending principles of moral conduct—the fear of God, and the hope of heaven. This is the inheritance for children, and which all parents should be most anxious to lay up for them.

Many an unwise parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives, is like trying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose the bladders, or go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders.

Give your children a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be more valuable than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessing of God the better.

AN UNPUBLISHED INCIDENT OF THE REBEL CONGRESS.—It is stated that a few months before the fall of Richmond, Va., while the rebel Congress was deeply concerned about the cruelty and barbarity of the North, a woman of that city walked into the House of Representatives and attacked three members with a cowhide, castigating them mercilessly. At last the Speaker caught the virago in his arms, and held her until she went into hysterics. She said her intention was to chastise the entire body because of its abuse of the North, and she made a very good commencement certainly. After her departure the House passed a resolution that the body reconmend to the press the impropriety of making public the unhappy incident, as a matter calculated to bring reproach upon the dignity of Southern legislators. The Richmond papers never mentioned the unhappy circumstance, and only recently was the story told by a reconstructed member of the defunct House.

A boy near Buffalo accidentally shot himself, and the ball remained nine months in his brain, when he began to recover from the almost death-like condition into which he was thrown. It was some time before consciousness returned to the boy, but gradually his senses came back, and he recognized his friends. But his power of speech was gone—he could not, with the exception of a disjointed word or two, talk at all, and the power to read was gone entirely from him: yet, strange to say, his arithmetical powers were not only preserved, but appeared to be increased wonderfully. He could figure up, 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.

SWAIM'S PANACEA, Kennedy's Medical Discovery, Hamboldt's Balm, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Jayne's and Ayer's Medicines, for sale by
Jan. 10
HARTSWICK & IRWIN.

BUFFALO OVER SHOES 36 pairs, best quality, just received and for sale at \$2 a pair at
December 12, 1866.
MOSSOP'S.

ALL—a good article, and very cheap at the store of
WM. F. IRWIN, Clearfield.

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

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, four door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

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

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

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

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, 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, '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. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 24 street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.

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

DENTISTRY.—J. P. CORNETT, Dentist, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Office in Drug Store, corner Main and Thompson Sts. May 2, 1866.

S. A. FULTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in M'Bride's building, on Main Street. Prompt attention given to the securing and collection of claims, and to all legal business. November 14, 1866-67.

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

D. R. T. B. METZ, Surgeon, Dentist, Glen Hope, Clearfield county, Pa. Teeth put up on gold, silver, and vulcanite bases. Full sets from five to twenty-five dollars. Warranted equal to any in the State. May 30, 1865.

G. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c., Woodland, Pa., 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. R. J. P. BURGHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't 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—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 desirable, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He now 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 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, Linwood and other Lumber suitable for the business, taken in exchange for furniture.

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EAGLE HOTEL, CURVENSVILLE, PENN. LEWIS W. TEN YCK, 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 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.

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.

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 seasonable goods, such as

DRY-GOODS AND NOTIONS, Hard-ware, Queens-ware, Groceries, Drugs, Oils, Paints and Glass, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, and Stationary and in fact a general assortment of goods, such as are generally kept in a country store. Desirous 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.

NEW WINTER GOODS. C. KRATZER & SON, Are just opening at the Old Stand above the Academy, A large and splendid assortment of Fall Goods, which they are selling at greatly reduced prices.

Particular attention is invited to their stock of CARPETS, (Cottage, common Ingrains, and superior English Ingrains, and Brussels) Floor and Table Oil-cloth, Window Shades and Wall Papers. Especial pains has been taken in the selection of Ladies' Dress Goods, White Goods, Embroideries and Millinery goods. They have also a large stock of Ready-made clothing, and Boots and Shoes, which they will sell at a small advance on city cost.

Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt and Plaster, Apples, Peaches and Prunes kept constantly on hand. Also, some pure Brandy, Whiskey and Wines for medicinal uses. Also in store a quantity of large and small clover seed. We intend to make it an object for Farmers and Mechanics to buy from us, because we will sell our goods as low as they can be bought in the county; and will pay the very highest price for all kinds of country produce. We will also exchange goods for School, Road and County orders; Shingles, Boards and every kind of manufactured Lumber. March 14, 1866.

WRIGHT & FLANIGAN, CLEARFIELD, PA., Have just received another supply of Fall and Winter Goods.

Having just returned from the eastern cities we are now opening a full stock of seasonable goods, at our rooms on Second street, to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public generally. Our assortment is unsurpassed in this section, and is being sold very low for cash. The stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS of the best quality, such as Prints, Delaines, Alpaca, Merinos, Gingham; Muslin, bleached and unbleached; Drillings Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Cassimers, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Nubias, Hoods, Hoop skirts, Balmoral, &c., &c., all of which will be sold Low FOR CASH. Also, a fine assortment of the best of

MEN'S WEAR, consisting of Drawers and Shirts, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Handkerchiefs cravats, &c., &c.

Also, Raft Rope, Dog Rope, Battina Augurs and Axes, Nails and Spikes, Tinware, Lamps and Lamp wicks and chimneys, &c., &c.

Also, Queensware, Glassware, Hardware, Groceries, and spices of all kinds. In short, a general assortment of everything usually kept in a retail store, all cheap for cash, or approved country produce. Nov. 25-10 WRIGHT & FLANIGAN.

CANNED PEACHES, Dried cherries and apples for sale by WRIGHT & FLANIGAN.

HARNESSES, Trimmings, and Shoe-findings for sale at MERRELL & BIGLER'S

DARLES for 1867, for sale at WRIGHT & FLANIGAN'S. Nov. 28.