

Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 30.

Select Poetry.

THE LONG AGO.

On that deep retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie.
Where the passion waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrow that are sorrows still
Less the bitter taste of woe:
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of long ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years.
Death, to those who trust in God,
Vindicates his hardest blow.
Oh! we would not, if we could
Wake the sleep of long ago.

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life was strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and over long,
Still the weight will find a heaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven
And the past its long ago.

Another Fiendish Murder.

On Monday evening March 16th, a most diabolical murder was committed near Sleight's Mills, in Cecil township, Washington county. About eight o'clock in the evening three mercenary devils visited the house of Mr. David Sproul, and butchered him for his money—the paltry sum of about one hundred and twenty dollars, and two silver watches. As Mr. Sproul went out of his door for some purpose, one of these devils stepped forward and asked him if he could direct him to the nearest station on the railroad. He said yes, and very obligingly went with the stranger along the lane to a pair of bars near the barn, about 15 rods from the house, to show him the way across the fields to the township road. When they had gone about ten rods, the two others came round the corner of the house and followed after. When at the bars they had knocked him down, and probably struck him when down, as there is a large pool of blood there, and a considerable quantity of hair sticking in the mud close by it. They then led him back to the house, one supporting him on each side. As he entered the door he was bleeding profusely about the face, and said to his maiden sister (who is about fifty years of age, and the only person living with him), "I am badly hurt." One of the villains then seized her by the arm, took her out of the house, and around it into the other house, took her up stairs and tied her hands behind her back; tied her feet together; laid her on the bed and strapped her tight to the bedstead; told her to tell where the money was or he would shoot her. She told him all she knew, and then he went to work ransacking. This one had his face blacked. He brought her out of the house as the others entered. She heard them beating him with the tongs. He halted, and they said, "Give us your money, then." They continued to beat and cut him until life was extinct. Then these two black hearted fiends joined their black faced brother in the search for money. They then demanded hers. She said it was in the house from which they had brought her. (The two houses stand ten feet apart, a roof between them). They went back to the place of murder, took her money, helped themselves to bread and cream, went to the spring and washed, then left—leaving Miss Sproul tied on the bed up stairs in one house, and the corpse of Mr. Sproul on the floor in the other. Thus things remained for twenty hours—until four o'clock in evening of the next day, when a neighbor came in and found Miss Sproul tied on the bed. He cut her loose. She hastened to the other house in search of her brother, and there, O God! Such a scene as met her wondering gaze. As she entered the door, there lay the tongs, covered with blood and hair. The chairs, the table, the dishes, the walls, all sprinkled with blood, and the door literally painted with it. From the centre could be traced a channel of blood to one end of the room, and there it stood, a sordid heap, so lately the heart's blood of her brother. As she turned her eye to the right, there lay covered with bed clothes. When they were removed—O horror of horrors! No less than 15 separate and distinct gashes on his head and face; his skull split open; his windpipe and jugular veins cut; every inch covered with blood, and his clothing saturated with it. Here we drop the curtain. I ask, why this hellish deed? Mr. Sproul was a man sixty-five or seventy years of age and in feeble health. Any two men of ordinary muscular strength could have tied him without any risk of bodily harm. The only solution we can give is, that some one of the party was known to Mr. Sproul, and when they discovered that fact, the only alternative was, murder or exposure.

The safest plan hereafter will be to shoot every stranger who comes to your door, between the hours of dark and daylight.

Our Legislature should pass a law making it the imperative duty of the commissioners of every county, in the Commonwealth, to offer a reward of, say five thousand dollars, for the arrest and conviction of every murderer in this section. There would then be some inducement to policemen to engage in the pursuit.

A horrible murder occurred recently in Kingston, Wisconsin. The victim was a widow lady, the mother of seven children, and the murderer a tenant of hers, who, having been threatened with prosecution for stealing her turkeys, crept up behind her as she was sitting at a window and blew out her brains with a gun. His foot-prints betrayed him, and he was arrested.

Mrs. John C. Fremont continues to be very active, in New York, in procuring money and supplies for the suffering South.

Talmage on Dancing.

The following most eloquent passage is from a sermon delivered by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, in his church in Philadelphia, recently:

I come to-night to exhibit a group of what might be termed the dissipations of the ball-room. They swing an awful scythe of death, and are ministers to stand idly by and allow this evil to go on without saying a word for fear of trampling on the trail of some popular vanity? The whirlpool of the ball-room draws down from to-day half the life and the moral worth of a city. In this whirlwind of imported silks the existence of multitudes goes out. Bodies and souls of thousands are annually consumed in this great conflagration of ribbons. They are the abettors of pride, the inciters to jealousies, the sacrificial altars of truth, and the avenues of lust.

The tread of this wild, indiscriminate, heated midnight dance is dangerous to the purity of the heartstones of a city. Physical ruin is evident. What is to become of those who work all day and dance all night? A few years will turn them into coughing, cadaverous, exhausted imbeciles. In the book of God, those who have given up mid-night to spiced wines, to hot liquors, and ride home through the winter's cold un-wrapped from the elements, will be recorded as suicides. There is but a short step from the ball-room to the graveyard. A sepulchral breath floats up amid the perfumes of the ball-room, and the froth of Death's lip bubbles in the champagne.

Many of our brightest homes are being desolated; many of them have broken up keeping house and gone to boarding in order to devote themselves more exclusively to the higher duties of the ball-room.

Farwell to books, to quiet culture, to all the amenities of home. The father will, after a while, go lower down into dissipation. The son will be tossed about in society a nonentity. The daughter will elope with some French dancing-master, and the mother, still trying to keep within the glittering circle by every art, coaxes color to her cheek and the wrinkles from her brow, attempting all the arts of the belle without success—an old flirt, a miserable butterfly without wings.

The first time that you find one of the faithful attendants at the ball-room suddenly engaged in home duties, let me know. I would like to see such a one, go a great ways. They have no home. Their children unwashed, the china closet upset, the furniture dirty, the house a scene of misrule, confusion, cheerlessness and dirt. You can almost discover the sickening odors of unwashed, unclean, and unventilated apartments, even amid the witcheries of the domestic ball-room.

This gilded sphere is utterly bedwaring the intellect and soul. This constant study of little things; this harrowing anxiety about dress; this shoe pinched, hair-flecked, strange speckered group; this shriveling up of all man's moral dignity, until it is no more discernible with the naked eye; this taking of one's heart, that God meant to be filled with all amenities, and paring it until it is a heartless heart, lost; this wrapping of all the mind in the griefs of a spotted cravat; this trampling down of a soul that God meant for great upliftings, under the feet of the ball-room dance.

I prophesy the spiritual ruin of all continuous participants in this dissipation. For the white-polished biads attending have been once on the road to heaven, but the flash of the ball-room chandelier lighted a torch for eternity.

From the table spread at the close of that beswated scene, who went home to say his prayers? Who? Who went about with acts of charity? Who? Who dressed the wounds of the soldier? Who? Not one! How multitudes waste and lose their souls! Ah! to many this life is but a masquerade ball. As at such entertainments, gentlemen and ladies appear in dress as queens and kings and clowns, and mountebanks, and move to and fro in thorough disguise, so in this life all unclean passions move in disguise. Across the floor they trip merrily: The music throbs, diamonds glitter, lights bubble, the foot board, gemmed hands outstretched clasp gemmed hands—tinkling feet respond to tinkling feet. On with the dance! Flash, and rustle, and laughter immeasurable! But the languor of death comes over the limbs and blurs the sight. Lights lower! Music saddens into wail! Lights lower! Masquers can hardly be seen! The fragrance of flowers is exchanged for the sickening odors of garlands wrapped long in the tomb? A breath of air sweeps through the hall! The wreaths shake! Lights lower! Sighs seem caught among the curtains! Glasses shaken by solemn thunders rattle loudly together! The scarf falls from the shoulders a shroud! The masks fall off, and to and fro on the slippery boards dances Death; in gliding jealousies, disappointments, despair! Torn leaves and withered garlands half hide the naked feet! The stench of lampwicks almost quenches! choking damp! chillness! feet still! hands folded! voices hushed! eyes shut!—LIGHTS OUT!

The members of the Legislature are thinking of increasing their own pay to \$1,500 for each session. If they would only make their pay so high that the people would be content with biennial or triennial sessions; their rapacity might be pardoned.

To cure a felon, shave the finger so as to nearly start the blood, then apply a poultice made of linseed oil and white lead. It will kill the felon within twenty-four hours, without the additional pain caused by other remedies.

The license-money paid for houses of prostitution in New York will go to the support of the house for the reformation of fallen women.

A Child Devoured by Snakes.

The Oswego (N. Y.) *Palladium* of the 16th, inst., relates the following: "In the early part of August last a little girl named Eliza Drummond, about eleven years of age, whose parents live near the town of West Monroe, in this county, left her home one morning for the purpose of picking berries, and never returned. The most diligent search was made for her by the parents and neighbors, but no traces could be found. The event, which created a profound sensation at the time, had almost passed from the minds of all save the stricken parents, when it was painfully recalled by a recent occurrence. On Tuesday last five or six lads went out hunting in the vicinity, and, during the day, came upon a spot where a large number of black snakes were discovered and killed. The appearance of the reptiles in such numbers, and at this season of the year, was considered remarkable, and it was suggested by one of the party that a breeding den must be somewhere near. A search was immediately commenced, which resulted in a manner far different from their expectations.

In the side of a little hill near the edge of a swamp was found a sort of opening, which, in the summer, was concealed by fall grass and bushes. In this opening was found a human skeleton, from which every particle of flesh had been taken. The bones were as white as ivory, and all perfect. Near by was a tin pail, in a rusted condition, and a tin cup. The boys were terribly frightened, and gave the alarm. The remains were taken from the mouth of the den, and an examination showed that the place had been, and probably then was, a breeding place for black snakes. The boldest hesitated to enter. The entrance, which was large enough for the admission of a man's body, grew smaller and tended downward. Lighted balls of hay soaked in kerosene were thrown into the cavity, and in less than fifteen minutes eighty-two snakes, ranging in length from one and a half to four feet, were killed. The pail and cup were recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Drummond as those taken by their child when she went away for the last time. The physicians pronounced the remains those of a female child, and there can be no doubt but that the poor little girl, while picking berries in the vicinity of the spot, became tired, seated herself in the shade of the opening to this horrid den, was attacked by the reptiles in numbers and killed. The discovery has shocked the whole community.

Fort Phil. Kearny Massacre.

The *Republican's* St. Joseph special of March 26th, gives the following account of the Fort Phil. Kearny massacre, derived by the Commission from some of the Crow Indians, who received it from the Sioux. "The Sioux drew our men out of the fort and killed them. All our men fought like tigers and could not have been mastered so easily had they not kept so closely together. The combatants were so mixed up that the Indians shot arrows and killed several of their own party. The bravery of our bugler is much admired, he having killed several Indians by beating them on the head with his bugle. They say there were only sixteen Sioux and four Cheyennes killed on the field, but after they encamped ninety-four warriors died of their wounds, and three hundred others would die, half of whom they expected would die. One big Sioux Chief was among the killed. They mention one man, on a white horse, who cut off an Indian's head with a single stroke of his sabre, and they say that when reinforcements left for the battle-field, they, the Indians, left, having had enough fighting. There were 2,200 Indians engaged in the fight, and the strength of the concentrated tribes is reported at 2,800 lodges, which are now moving towards the Yellow Stone and Missouri rivers.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Thursday, March Mrs. Joshua Rankin, of North Strabane township, Washington county, started with her babe, a child five months old, to visit a neighbor named Hixon, some quarter of a mile distant. When she crossed the second field from her home, and was about to cross the fence, the child cried a little, and gave signs of uneasiness. The mother paused a moment at the fence, to give suckle to the babe, after which it became quiet again. Upon reaching the house of her friend, the lady reached out her arms for the baby when to her surprise and the almost frantic grief of the mother it was found to be dead. A physician was called, who failed to discover the cause of its sudden death but assuring the mother, at the same time, that it had not been smothered by a too close wrapping. The name of the boy was Joseph Lawrence, son of Joshua Rankin, Post Master at Beck's Mills, Washington county.

This time the tables are turned. A coquette in Ashland, Ohio, was made to return \$2,300 worth of presents and pay six cents damages to the blighted object that she had jilted.

The prison agent at Philadelphia states that of the 19,468 commitments, last year, 14,861 were on account of offences traceable directly or indirectly to the use of intoxicating liquors.

The act of Congress giving to every inmate of a Soldiers' Home a new suit of clothes each year has been approved by the President and is now the law.

The friends of Gen. Banks have raised a sufficient sum of money to relieve his homestead at Waltham from debt, and to refit and refurnish the house.

The Colony of exiles from Poland, established in Virginia, ask assistance from lovers of liberty, to place themselves on a firm pecuniary basis.

A Little of Everything.

—A dog-mat is the maternal parent of puppies.

—It is very well for little children to be lambs, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

—The merit of our actions consists not in doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions extraordinarily well.

—"If, sir," said a hospital Irishman to his friend, "you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there."

—Nature, when she makes a beautiful head, is often so absorbed with admiration of her own work that she forgets the brains.

—A chap at Davenport has been fined five dollars and costs, sixteen dollars and forty-five cents, for a kiss, to which the kisser had objected.

—A young lady says the reason that she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand its ardent glances.

—Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself—particularly being free from flatterers.

—Lizards, scorpions, and other deadly and nasty creatures named *epithoracic volubiles* are said to be generated in sauerkraut. Shouldn't wonder.

—A chap advertises in Boston for board, to be paid for in "first-class dentistry." He wants to insert his own teeth and pull out the teeth of somebody else.

—"Wouldn't you call this the calf of the leg?" asked Bob, pointing to one of his nether limbs. "No," replied Pat, "I should say it was the leg of a calf."

—Two ears, and but a single tongue, By Nature's laws to man belong; The lesson she would teach is clear, "Repeat but half of what you hear."

—When Judge Russell, of Boston, addressed the School Ship boys, on Sunday, he asked where St. Patrick was born, and one of the boys shouted at once, "In a stable in Bethlehem."

—The advantages of an old coat are numerous. People will not think it worth while to pick your pockets; the ladies will not bother you with their insatiable love; and you will not be teased to take tea with your acquaintances.

—A Western editor getting warm with his subject, exclaimed, "There is not a man, woman or child in the house who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through their minds for centuries!"

—"Sir," said an indignant husband to his reckless friend, "you have abused my hospitality, you have kicked me down stairs, and you have kissed my wife before my face. Beware, sir! A few more such outrages and, by Jove, you'll rouse the British lion!"

—As a schoolmaster was employed, a short time since, in his delightful task of teaching a chary urchin to cypher on the slate the precocious pupil put the following tough question to his instructor: "Whaur did a' the figures gang till when they're rubb'it out?"

—A lawyer, neither young nor handsome when examining a young lady witness in court, desiring to perplex her, said, "Miss, upon my word, you are very pretty." The young lady promptly replied, "I would regard the compliment, sir, if I were not under oath."

—A blundering or wilful compositor and proof-reader on the Davenport, (Iowa) *Gazette* recently caused that *Journal* to appear with the following despatch: "The Committee of Ways and Means have decided to put Chase and Butler on the free list." It should have read "cheese and butter."

—Wade Hampton to the freedmen: Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom; There, there, hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou, thou hast the franchise, Vote for old massa alone.

Yes, yes, yes, certainly; Am I not fondly thine own? —One of the curiosities shown at an exhibition, some time since, professed to be a skull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman present observed that it could not be Cromwell's as he had a very large head, and this was a small skull. "O, I know all that," said the exhibitor undisturbed, "but you see this was his skull when he was a boy."

—A gentleman dining at a hotel in Chestnut street, a few days since, asked one of the waiters, an Irish girl, just from the Emerald Isle, and as green as grass, for a napkin. She, not knowing what was meant, replied, "Not one left, sir; all gone. The red-headed gentleman ate the last." "The deuce he did," said the other, "then ask him if he want have a fried towel."

—A bootblack accosted a returned soldier with the usual salutation—"Black your boots, sir? Make 'em shine!" Looking at his unpolished "gunboats" in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied: "Well, I don't care if you do—fall in promptly, though." The urchin gazed a moment at the soldier, surveying him from his leathers upwards, and then turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say, Bill, lend us a spit, will yer? I've got an army contract."

—A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* says that rats dislike coal tar very much, and that he is in the habit of daubing it about their holes and runs with good results. Taking a hint from the suggestion to dip rats in red paint, he proposes to dip some in coal tar and let them go. Mr. Gilbert J. Green says: "Coal tar mixed with sand to the consistency of thick mortar, is an effectual stopper to rat-holes. The process is not patented, and a sure cure is warranted."

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., Ac., 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 SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

MORCEY & GRAHAM, Dealers in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c. Granton, 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, Stationary, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c. 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, Marketstreet, 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 6, '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, at 21 street, one door south of Lanich'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 Court House, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

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

S. A. FULTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Curwensville, Pa. Office in W. B. B. building, on Main Street. Prompt attention given to the securing and collection of claims, and to all legal business. November 14, 1866-6mp.

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.

G. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c., Woodland, Clearfield county Pa. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. 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. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 3rd 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, 1865-6mp.

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, at cheap rates, for cash. He 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, 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-husk, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses. **COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND,** Made to order, and funerals attended with a Hearse, whenever required. 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.

PALMER'S Patent unloading hay-forks, to be had at MERRELL & BIGLER'S. LADIES FURS, and Gents' fur caps, for sale at the "corner" store, Curwensville, Pa. FLOUR.—A quantity of Extra Family Flour, in 5 Barrels, for sale by W. F. IRWIN. IRON, IRON!!—Best bar iron, for sale at the store of MERRELL & BIGLER. OIL, Putty, Paints Glass and Nails, for sale at June '66. MERRELL & BIGLER'S. CLOVER SEED and Timothy seed, just received 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. MCKNIGHT, 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, "CHAMPNEY 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, &c. &c. 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.

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-cloths, 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, Ginghams; Muslins, bleached and unbleached; Drillings Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Cassimers, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Nightgowns, Hoods, Hoop skirts, Balmorals, &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.

Also, Raff Rope, Dog Rope, Rattina Angurs 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 every thing usually kept in a retail store, all cheap for cash, or approved country produce. Nov. 28-1866

WRIGHT & FLANIGAN, GROUND AND UNGROUND SPICES, Citron, English Currants, Essence Coffee, and Vinegar of the best quality, for sale by HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Jan. 10.

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