

# Raffzmann's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 34.

## Select Poetry.

### MORNING.

When the golden beams are kindling  
Along the orient sky,  
And o'er the distance, sleeping,  
The snowy vapors lie;  
How fresh the springing zephyr,  
By frolic echo led,  
Comes piping by the tear-drops  
The dewing night hath shed.

Low murmurs from the valleys,  
With wood notes from the dell,  
Upon its sickle pinions  
In gentle music swell;  
And waters fast and prattle  
Through mossy banks along,  
With liquid numbers joining  
The new awakened song.

I love this dewy hour,  
Its gladome song of love,  
The azure of its mountains  
Bleat with the y above;  
The early flowers blowing,  
Burn with a brighter blush,  
And lucid waters flowing  
With wilder cadence gush.

Then groves, whose swaying branches  
The wild harp strings between,  
Seem in the mol'w radiance,  
Arranged in brighter green;  
And pours a richer fragrance  
From every budding spray,  
And larger wealth of honey  
The wild bee bears away.

Oh! then this heart beats wilder,  
And thoughts unbidden rise,  
As song birds from the valleys,  
That seek the far off skies,  
And hopes once fondly cherished,  
With feelings long repressed,  
Come back, with music stealing,  
As light winds from the west.

## PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"O, Mother, Mother, I am so tired!"  
The dew drops quivered like imperial diamonds upon the broad green plumes of the corn-field by the way-side; the grass that bent over the foot-path was heavy with evening moisture, and the solitary pine tree at the curve of the road upheld its black-trimmed arms against a sunset sky, where the ruddy crimsons had long since faded into some grey. Birds were warbling their last notes under the shadow of softly moving leaves; blossoms were closing their cups along the course of a thousand daisy-voiced streams; sleeping little ones were gathered softly around every hearthstone, yet these two wanderers clung together, homeless and alone, in the falling shadows of the night.

"Cheer up my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer, let me brush the dew from your curls. Now take my hand."

But the little child hung back, sobbing with weariness and exhaustion, and the pale young mother bending over her in a vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of the approaching wheels until they passed close to her, and a rough hearty voice exclaimed:

"What ails the little girl. Ain't sick, is she?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen Farmer Raynesford before—yet the moment her eyes rested on the wrinkled, sun-burned face with the shaggy brows overhanging kind eyes, she felt that he was a friend, and made answer promptly.

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We have walked a long way to-day."

"Got much further to go?" asked the farmer, tugging the horses ear with the end of his whip.

"To Breton."

Mr. Raynesford gave a low whistle.

"I know it," said the woman with a sigh, "but I have no money to hire a lodging nearer. In Breton I hope to obtain work in the factory."

Farmer Raynesford gave the seat of his wagon a thump with his whip handle, that made old Bony drop the mouthful of clover he was nipping from the roadside, and prick up his ears in astonishment.

"I won't hear to no such thing! Why, that child can't go twenty rods further! Here, get in along with me. You won't be none the worse for a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll scold, as he lifted the little girl to his side, and extended his hand to his mother; "but I can't see folks perishin' by the way-side and never help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the rest of the house."

He drove rapidly along, making occasional interjectional remarks to his horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her thin shawl around the little golden head that already drooped heavily upon her shoulder, and thought with a deep sensation of gratitude upon the shelter Heaven had provided for her in her greatest strait.

It was an oddly shaped old farm house, green with the storms of nearly a century, with a broad door-stone, over hung by giant like bushes, and a kitchen, there, even in the blowy month of June, a great fire roared up the wide throated chimney, and shining rows of tin winked and glittered at every upward leap of the flames. Such a neat kitchen it was. The floorboards white as snow, the windows clear as diamonds, the hearth trimly brushed up, and the table spread for supper in the middle of the room. Mrs. Ellsworth's heart involuntarily warmed at the genial sight.

Mr. R. jumped out of the wagon, threw the reins over a post, and went in to conciliate his domestic peasant.

"Look here, Hannah," said he, to a tall, angular looking female who emerged from a pantry near by, at the sound of his footsteps, her face nearly as sour as the pickles she was carrying. "Just set a couple more plates on the table will you? I've brought home a woman and a little gal that I found a piece below here, on a most tired to death. They was calculatin' to walk on to Breton, but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to keep them over night."

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford," said his better half in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "We might just as well hang out a tavern sign at once, and done with it,

you're always bringing home some poor, miserable creature or other, and—"

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted Mr. R. "I'm always willing to hear to you when you're any ways reasonable, but it goes against me to see poor folks a sufferin' and never stretch out a helping hand. Taint Scripture nor it taint human nature."

"Well, go your own gait, Job Raynesford," responded his wife tartly, "only mark my words, if you don't end your days in the poor house, twon't be through no fault of yourn."

She shut the pantry door with a bang that made the jelly cups and milk pails rattle, while Job with an odd grimace, went out to help his guests alight.

"Don't mind the woman," said he apologetically, "she's kind of sharp spoken, but she means well arter all. We ain't all just alike in our notions, you know."

"If all the world were like you," said the young widow, with tears in her eyes, "there would be less walt and sufferin' by far."

Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear—he was busy lifting little Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah," said he towards the close of their evening meal, "the little gal's so tired she can't eat nothin' solid."

"I was calculating the blackberries for the donation party to-morrow," said Mrs. R., rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense, quoth the farmer with a broad laugh, "I'm having a donation party of my own to-night. Here, little one, see if these berries don't put the color in your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth, with her hands in her mother's and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the kind farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dearest?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth. She drew a long sigh and whispered:

"O, mamma, he is so kind to us."

The top of the far off eastern woods began to turn gold by that wondrous alchemist, the rising sun, when Mrs. Ellsworth and her little girl set out upon their long walk to Breton. Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling unusually in his pocket and glancing guiltily around, to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say a thankful good bye, to her astonishment a bank bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, and if you don't chance to get work in the factory right away, it may be of a good deal of use to you. Needn't thank me—you're as welcome as flowers in May." He bent over and kissed the child's forehead, and stood watching them until the two slight figures disappeared, and only the golden sky and the moving crest of the summer woods remained.

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford who had witnessed this episode from behind the curtains of her milk room window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy? To give ten dollars to a poor strolling vagrant? If he don't get a piece of my mind."

And she hastened out, her cap border fairly standing on end with horror. Job awaited the coming tempest with philosophic coolness, his hands in his pockets, and his lips parted in a good humored smile. It was not the first piece of Mrs. Hannah's "mind" that had been bestowed upon him, nor did he suppose it was likely to be the last.

"She means well," he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head and Mrs. R. had returned to her better making, "but she has got the greatest faculty for scoldin' of any woman I ever saw."

The years flitted by, sprinkling the steep old farmhouse roof with the crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with the dazzling ermine of January snows many and many a time. Grey hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farmer Raynesford, care-worn wrinkles began to gather around his mouth and brow. Alas! those swift-footed years brought troubles innumerable to the kind old man.

"Twenty years!" nuzzed he one bright June morning, "it don't seem possible. Hannah, that it was twenty years ago this very day, that I caught that ugly fall from the hay rack and got lame for life."

He looked down at the crutches by his side as he spoke, and sighed to the very depths of his heart.

Hannah stood in the doorway, tossing corn to a forlorn little colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect—she was gaunter, bonier, and more vinegar-faced than ever.

"Yes," said she slowly, "and perhaps you don't remember that it was just twenty years ago to-day that you threw ten dollars away on that woman and her child. I said that you would end your days in the poor house, and I don't see but what my prediction is likely to come true. Didn't I say you'd live to repent it?"

"I won't deny, Hannah," said the old man, "but that I've done things I've been sorry for—we ain't none of us perfect, you know, wife—but that is not one of them. No, I never for a minute repented being kind to the widow and the fatherless."

Hannah shrugged her shoulders, but made no answer.

"Didn't you say you were going up to see that rich lawyer about the five thousand dollar note to-day?" she asked presently.

"Yes; but I don't suppose it'll be of much use. If he'd wait a little, I'd do my best to pay him. Jones says he'll be sure to sell the old place over our heads however; they tell me he is a hard man. I mean to explain to him just how the matter stands, and—"

"I told you how it would be long ago! ejaculated Hannah, unable to retain her vexation. What an airth ever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?"

"I s'posed he was an honest man, and wouldn't see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynesford; "that's just your calculation, Job! There—Zeke has brought the wagon; do start off, or you'll be too late for the New York train!"

And Job obeyed meekly, only too happy to escape from the endless discord of his wife's railing tongue.

The rays of the noontid sun streamed brightly through the stained glass casement of Mr. Everleigh's superb Gothic library. The room was decorated with every appearance of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs, with tall backs of dainty rosewood, were scattered here and there; marble vases occupied niches beside the doorway, and the rarest pictures hung on the paneled and gilded walls. But the prettiest object of all—the one which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from his writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection—was a lovely woman in a white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with velvet, who stood opposite, arranging flowers in a bouquet. She wore a spray of berries, carved of pink Neapolitan coral, at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her small shell-like ears, and the slender waist was tied round with a broad pink ribbon.

"There, Walter, isn't that pretty?" she asked, holding up her completed bouquet.

"Very pretty," he answered, looking not at the roses and geraniums, but directly at the blue eyes and golden curls of his beautiful young wife.

"You're not even noticing it," she pouted.

"Because I see something much better worth looking at," said he playfully.

"Do you really love me so very much?" she asked, throwing down the flowers, and coming round to his side.

He rose and drew her caressingly towards him.

"My dearest, you are more precious to me than the whole world beside!"

She let her head rest for a moment on his shoulder, and when she raised it, there was a tear on her eyelashes.

"Oh, Walter, if mamma could only have lived to see how happy we are."

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arm, with the prettiest blush in the world, and was very busy with her flowers when the rich lawyer's right hand man put his grizzled head into the room.

"The old man to see you about the Jesse Fairweather business, sir."

"Show him in. Don't look so disappointed, love," he said to his wife, as the grizzled head disappeared. "I shall not be detained three minutes, and the horses are at the door."

Mary Everleigh never troubled her pretty little head about business matters, so she never looked up at the faltering sound of old Job Raynesford's crutch echoed on the carpet. But the instant he spoke she started as if an arrow had smote her, and stood with her large eyes dilated and her slender hands clasped together, listening as intently as if her life depended on hearing every word. The man was politely inflexible. At length Job Raynesford turned to go.

"Well, sir," said he in a subdued tone, "I don't know much about the law and law books, but it does seem hard that an old man should be turned out of the home that has sheltered him for sixty years, and all for no fault of his own. They say you're a very rich gentleman, sir—five thousand dollars may seem a small sum to you, but it is my all!"

Mrs. Everleigh's voice broke the momentary silence that succeeded this appeal.

"Walter, come here one minute—I want to speak to you."

He obeyed, somewhat surprised; she drew him into the deep recess of the stained glass bay window, and standing there, with the rosy and amber shadows playing about her lovely brow, like some fair pictured saint, she told him how, twenty years ago, a wearied child and its mother were fed and sheltered by a kind-hearted stranger; how he had given them money and kind wishes when they were utterly alone and desolate in the world.

"But, my love, what has this to do with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter; I am that little child."

"You, my dearest!"

"I, my husband; and the noble man, who I am persuaded, saved my life that night, standing yonder, with grey, bowed head and sinking heart!"

"Mary, you must surely be mistaken."

"I cannot be mistaken, Walter. I should know him among a thousand. You said you loved me this morning—now grant me one little boon?"

"What is it, dearest?"

"Give me the note he spoke of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She gazed up to the old man, who had been gazing out of the window, and placed a soft hand on his arm.

"Do you remember the little golden-haired Mary whom you found with her mother, wearied out upon the roadside, twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her, body? It was but this morning I was recalling the whole scene?"

"And don't you recognize me?" she asked, smiling up into his face, as she threw back the drooping curls. "I am little Mary!"

He stood in bewildered silence; all of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hands upon her head with a tearful blessing.

"And your mother, my child?"

"She has been dead for years; but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you endorsed—my husband has given it to me—see!"

A small spirit lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held the bit of paper over its flame until it tell a cloud of light ashes upon the floor.

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford as

she met her husband at the door, at the instant his crutches sounded on the gravel path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course I know you've nothing but bad news to tell, but I may as well hear it at once. Have you seen the gentleman? What did he say?"

"Hannah!" said old Job Raynesford slowly folding up his gloves, "do you remember the ten dollars I gave that poor young wanderer a score of years ago to-day?"

"Why, of course I do; didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours since? What has that to do with our troubles, pray?"

"Just this—to-day I received payment, principal and interest."

"What do you mean, Job Raynesford?"

"The little golden-haired child that sat beside our hearthstone that June evening is lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that has hung like a millstone round my neck these many years. She said it was but the discharging of a sacred debt of gratitude; but Heaven knows I looked for no such reward."

There was a moment's silence. The old man was pondering over the past, and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by surprise that she really could not speak.

"And now, wife, what have you to say about my financial mistakes?" said Job, archly.

Mrs. Raynesford had no argument suited to the emergencies of the case, so very wisely said nothing.

## Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 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, 1865.

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

H. BUCHER SWOOPÉ, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors 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., Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, H. 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, 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 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, 2d 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 Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 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.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McEnally, Esq., over First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

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 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, 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, J. BLAKE WALTERS, WILLIAM B. BIGLER, FRANK FIELDING.

D. J. 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—6pm.

## 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 has mostly on hand at his "Furniture Room" a varied assortment of furniture, among which is, a

## 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-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.

To 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."

JOHN GUELICH.

DELOUR—A quantity of Extra Family Flour, in 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.

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

A LARGE LOT OF GLASS, white lead, paints, oils, &c. at IRVIN & HARTSHORN'S.

FALL STYLES of Bonnets and Hats just received by MRS. WELF.

COOK STOVES with improved ash pan for burning coal, at J. P. KRATZER'S.

SADDLES, Bridles, harness, collars &c., for sale at MERRELL & BIGLER'S.

## EAGLE HOTEL.

CURWENVILLE, 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. W. 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 1 quors and wine. July 4th, 1866.

## LUMBER-CITY RACES AGAIN!

KIRK & SPENCER

KEEP THE INSIDE TRACK!

Their celebrated thorough bred Steed, "CHAMPION FOR CASH," the People's 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 reasonable goods, such as

## DRY-GOODS AND NOTIONS,

Hardware, Queensware, 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. Persons desiring to purchase, or in need of the best endevours 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

Special 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 reasonable 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; Drilling, Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Cassimers, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Nubias, Hoods, Hosiery, 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, Raft Rope, Dec. Rope, Ballina 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 every thing usually kept in a retail store, all cheap for cash, or approved country produce. Nov. 28-1860 WRIGHT & FLANIGAN.

## ROUND AND UNROUND SPICES, Citron, English Currants, Essence Coffee, and Vinegar of the best quality, for sale by Jan. 10. HARTSWICK & IRWIN.

STOVES of all sorts and sizes, constantly on hand at MERRELL & BIGLER'S.