

# Kraftsmann's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 36.

## Select Poetry.

### HONEYSUCKLES.

Oh! honeysuckles, dainty sweet,  
My heart is filled with love of you,  
With never dying love of you,  
You mind me of that afternoon  
In rosy, sunny, dreamy June,  
When all the air was full of you  
And every wind was faint with you;  
We sat beneath the leafy shade,  
The heavy twisted grape vine made,  
And here and there among its green  
You graceful hung and graceful swung  
Your blossoms lit to look a queen;  
But one bright sun ray ventured in,  
And lay upon the cool stone floor,  
Looking as though a band of gold  
Had fallen from a beauteous arm,  
And still with life and beauty warm,  
Defied the time to make it cold.  
He said the same, thing o'er and o'er,  
Fond words that braided in with you  
And your rare fragrance, crimson flowers,  
Oh, you were part of those dear hours,  
When all the air was full of you,  
When every wind was faint with you  
And my heart grew in love with you!

### MY NEWSPAPER.

Who can estimate the value of a newspaper? No one, until he has lost it—until the pleasant, periodical visits, like the face of a dear friend, bringing such a fund of wit, news and general intelligence, that he is always greeted with a hearty welcome, are withdrawn. It is in one sense, the light of the world, without which the mental universe would be as much in darkness as the terrestrial is without the sun.

There are books, it is true, good, wise, entertaining; but they do not tell what we want to know of passing events, or direct us to the best place of business. Neither do they inform us who our friends are, passing away or getting married; or who is doing a driving business, or who is bankrupt, or who has sailed from the Eastern Continent, or who has returned from a tour thither, etc.

I did not think of this until I had formed a foolish resolve not to take my paper another year. The pressure of the time was severe, business dull, my family expensive, and it really seemed necessary to retrench somewhere in order to make "both ends meet" at the end of the year. So I thought, as I sat one evening in dressing gown and slippers, with my feet upon the fender. I had my last paper in hand which I perused with a greater interest than ever before, it may be because I had resolved to part with it.

"I tell you, Katie," said I to my wife, "it won't do, we must curtail expenses, and I will begin by withdrawing my advertisements from the paper and ordering it discontinued. Taxes will soon be due, which must be paid; wood is enormously high, but we can't do without it—nor groceries and provisions, lights or clothing, nor many other incidental expenses. We have plenty of books and magazines, old to be sure, still they are all reliable; we must do without a paper for the year to come."

"It is only two dollars a year," said my wife quietly.

"I know it, but every dollar counts nowadays," I replied.

"But do you not believe that it will have a tendency to render business still more dull and to advertise?" she asked.

"Nonsense! A place so well established needs not so questionable a lever to help it on. I do not suppose it will make any difference, while the cost of advertising is considerable." I replied a little impatient.

"But what will you do for the news?" she ventured again.

"Oh, I can gain enough of that by intercourse with others, and can occasionally buy or borrow a copy."

"John Smith," said my wife, now fully aroused, "I'm ashamed of you. What! the poor to take a paper yourself, and yet willing to file information from others whose money is paid for what they learn, and at the same time, defraud the honest publisher, who is constantly laboring with head and hand for others' good! Talk about retrenchment! You had better stop your bills at the saloon for ale and cider—your needless expenditures for yourself, alone, while the newspaper is a perpetual intellectual feast for the family, yourself not excepted; and it costs but a mere trifle in comparison to the money you spend every week for tobacco and drink. You have not spoken on the increased price for these articles. Stop the paper, indeed!" and my wife jerked her chair around with not a very graceful movement, and sat with her back towards me in utter contempt of my "penny wise and pound foolish" resolution.

Now, I make it a point never to yield to my wife or any of my family, if I can help it, as, in case I should, I would become a secondary consideration in my own family—a position I by no means intended to occupy. So I said nothing, but sat and puffed my fragrant Havana, watching the graceful folds of the smoke as it wound itself in little wreaths about my head. I resolved that come what would, I would not yield indulgence in the delicious weed for the sake of a newspaper. The next day I called on the publisher, settled my accounts, and ordered my paper discontinued.

"On what ground?" he asked in some surprise.

"Nothing," I said, "only I can't afford it," and walked away, leaving him to his own reflections.

Time passed on, and on the day when it was due, I could not feel quite contented at the non-appearance of my newspaper. I missed the bright cheerful face of the little carrier and the interesting news that he was wont to bring in return of each week through fair and foul weather. There were other papers about, for I bought one occasionally, but these were published in Eastern cities, and contained no local news of my home. At night when I reached home my eldest daughter, Mary, met me in the hall.

"Where is the paper, papa," said she.

"Oh, I'm in such a hurry to see it, Mattie Truworth's marriage is in it, and the editor has published such an appropriate verse in connection I am told."

"But I put her aside, saying, 'The paper will not come any more. I have ordered it discontinued.'"

"Why, father," she exclaimed, "how can we do without it?"

"We must learn to do without it," I replied, as we passed to the supper room.

"After supper, instead of reading to my family—sometimes leading their minds away off to other scenes and distant regions, beautiful countries that others have explored at great expense—and some risk of life, sometimes to the fierce fields of battle, blood and carnage pictured so vividly that they seemed, indeed, before us, while we were safe and comfortable in our little home, or singing over the stray waifs of real poetry which often find their way into the newspaper, touching a tender chord in every heart—as I was wont to do, I stretched myself upon the sofa and tried to sleep.

"Tommy," whispered Mary, "run over to Mr. Wild's and see if you can borrow his paper."

But Tommy soon returned with the answer that "Mr. W. was reading it himself."

"Then go to Mr. Brown's, and if you cannot get his go to Mr. Gates."

But Tommy was not more successful at either of these places. Mr. Brown had taken his down town, and Mr. Gates "did not like to lend his. Thought his father took it." A disappointed sigh was Mary's only answer.

"The particulars of that murder affair are in the paper this week," said my wife with a slight frown upon her brow, "and I really would like to see it."

"And Willie Milford's new story was to come out in this week's paper. I really wish I could borrow it," said Mary.

"Here Tommy," said I taking five cents from my pocket, "run down to the news office and buy a paper, if it's not too late, or the publishing office."

Tommy soon returned out of breath.

"I've run enough after that old newspaper, with just a touch of his father's spunk, and I won't go again. The publishing office was closed, and the news office had not a number left. I would like to find out when that celebration is coming off. Nobody can tell for sure, but the paper."

"It is in that, Tommy," he added. The child, of all, as well as myself, were on the missing paper, but I was thoroughly out of patience with myself and with them. "I tell you I don't know anything about it," I replied in a not very amiable tone. I fear "Seems to me you are all wonderfully exercised in that confounded paper since you know it's stopped. I don't want to hear another word about it."

"This put a quietus on the subject, at least for a time."

However, as time passed on I began to think I had made very little progress toward bettering my condition, and that gathering information of current events by intercourse with others was a very unreliable source. Every one gave a coloring peculiarly his own, and every one needs to read for himself to have a correct idea of what is going on around him.

Besides this, my business from dull became duller, eventually duller, while my neighbor across the way, with no better qualifications or facilities than myself, succeeded in doing a thriving business. Could it be because he advertised in locals—that which nobody took the trouble to read? Doubtful.

One day I met an old friend and customer whom I had not seen for a long time. I had often wondered what had become of him, as well as some others of his neighborhood, who were once good paying customers of mine.

"How are you?" said he, giving me his hand. "How do you prosper? Going down hill, eh?"

"I hope not," I replied with a faint smile.

"Well, I see you have stopped advertising, and I supposed you had closed or smashed up, and as I am usually in a hurry when I come to town, I go where they advertise to do work promptly and well. This is why I have not seen you lately. Good-bye, sir; if you are still in the business let us see your card, and know where you are, and what you are doing."

I began to think better of advertising than before and on my way home I gave the publisher of the paper a call.

"I begin to think, friend," said I, "I began in the wrong direction to curtail expenses; that I was, indeed, penny wise and pound foolish, when I withdrew my patronage. Our interests are more intimately connected than I could have believed, until I made the experiment."

Thereupon I was again enrolled upon his list of subscribers, and half a column was devoted to my affairs. And I freely confess that I had no occasion to regret the expenditure. My old customers, and many new ones, began to make their appearance, business began to revive, and ere long I felt warranted in the expediency of securing an assistant. My family were gratified at the reappearance of their old friend, the newspaper, and I am resolved that sooner than part with it again, I will give up ale and cigars, which for me would be quite a sacrifice. I prize more highly than ever before my newspaper.

Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, is now living at his home, near the Cumberland Iron Works, a few hours steamboat travel below Nashville, on the Cumberland river. He is about seventy-three years old, badly broken down, physically and pecuniarily. Before the war he owned six hundred negroes, worth a quarter of a million at least, and was the principal owner in the large iron works at Chattanooga, which were burned in 1862. He is very much disgusted with politics and affairs generally, and has no sympathy with the new condition of affairs.

A CROW STORY.—The Albany Knickerbocker narrates the following: Our friend Chris. Rapp owns a small farm on the Schenectady turnpike, just this side of the junction. Upon the farm is a small but dense wood. He recently leased the farm to a bone dealer, who purchased from all the bone dealers in the city and ships his stock to other sections. At times immense quantities of bones are accumulated. This was the case a short time since, and, as a consequence, many crows were attracted to the spot. Imagine the surprise of Mr. Rapp, who visited the farm a day or two since, to find on the group of the wood the bodies of about two thousand dead crows. In fact the ground was literally covered. It was supposed, of course, that the birds had been attracted by the smell of the bones; a snow storm set in, which covered the bones, and the crows lingered in hope of securing prey. A cold snap followed, and the death of the large number above recorded was the result.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the celebrated gun which bears his name, was at the Watervliet Arsenal on Wednesday, and tested the piece in the presence of the officers of the post. The gun, carriage included weighs about seven hundred pounds, has six barrels, and revolves in a manner similar to the old-fashioned "pepper-box" revolvers. The balls used on this occasion were of the ordinary musket size, with a metallic cartridge attached. The solid oak target was placed at a distance of one hundred yards from the gun, and the discharges were at the rate of about one hundred per minute, the balls penetrating the target to the depth of two inches. The cartridges are placed in a hopper, and by turning a crank the piece is revolved, the cartridges placed in the barrels and fired. If desirable, a lateral train motion may be kept up while the gun is being discharged, so that one perfect sheet of balls can be made to sweep a section of any circle within its range.

Chancellor Livingston, fifty-six years ago wrote a letter expressing doubts as to the practicability of railroads. "The wall on which they are placed must be at least four feet below the surface and three above, and must be clamped with iron, and even then would hardly sustain so heavy a weight as you propose moving at the rate of four miles an hour, on wheels. As to wood, it would not last a week. They must be covered with iron, and that, too, very thick and strong. The means of stopping these heavy carriages without a great shock, and of preventing them running into each other—for there would be many running upon the road at once—would be very difficult. In case of accidental stops, or necessary stops to take wood and water, &c., many accidents would happen. The carriage of condensing water would be very troublesome. Upon the whole, I fear the expense would be much greater than that of canals, without being so convenient."

Too GOOD TO BE LOST.—A good joke is related of a couple of members of the West Virginia Legislature, which is worth relating. In conversation one day on the subject of the Lord's Prayer, one offered to bet the other five dollars that he did not know it. The bet was accepted, and, by agreement, the Legislature was to repeat it. He commenced as follows:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the astonished Legislature, "you have won the bet, but I'll be hanged if I thought you knew it," and forthwith handed over the five dollars, to the great amusement of a number of gentlemen present.

A plant, which has all the qualities of fine silk, has recently been discovered in Peru. Preparations are being made to cultivate it upon an extensive scale. The shrub is three or four feet in height. The silk is inclosed in a pod, of which each plant gives a great number, and is declared to be superior in fineness and quality, to the production of the silk worm. It is a wild perennial, the seed small and easily separated from the fibre. The stems of the plant produce a long and very brilliant fibre superior in strength and beauty to the finest linen thread. Small quantities have been woven in the rude manner of the Indians, and the texture and brilliancy is said to be unsurpassed.

The Paris letter in the Tribune of the 2d contains by far the best and most complete description of the exhibition that has appeared. The writer says "The United States Department is found on examination to fall below the expectations of foreigners and friends." The great Patterson locomotive is the most noticeable American contribution. Of the Exposition itself, the writer says "it is a success," excelling that of London in 1862. He predicts there will be no disappointment.

The Lansingburg, New York, clergy have a novel way of doing things. At a recent public wedding, the officiating clergymen, after the knot had been successfully tied, announced that if there were any others in the church who desired to be united in wedlock, they should step forward, and forthwith another couple approached the altar as candidates for the matrimonial degree.

An Irish lad having been asked if the man who had last flogged him was his own father, replied: "Yes, sure he is the parent of me; but he treats me as if I was his son by another father and mother, bad luck to him."

Why are country girls' cheeks like French calves? Because they are warranted to retain their color.

## POOR ECONOMY.

Maury a man for love of self,  
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;  
Lazars, accumulates and spares,  
To lay up ruin for his heirs;  
Grudges the poor their scanty dole,  
Saves everything—except his soul!

A haughty general who had risen from obscurity to the rank which he enjoyed, one day reviewing his troops took notice of a man in the ranks who was excessively dirty. Going up to him, he said: "How dare you appear on parade with that dirty shirt? It is as black as ink. Did you ever see me so nasty, and such a dirty shirt on when I was a private man?" "No, your honor, to be sure I never did," answered the man, "but your honor will please recollect, that your honor's mother was a washer-woman."

The Lynchburg News states that a revolutionary hero yet survives in the person of Mr. James Earner, who lives in the Yellow Branch neighborhood, in Campbell county, Virginia. This patriarch is now in his 106th year, and served during the last campaign of the war which established the liberty of America.

There is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persian: "In all thy quarrels leave open the door of reconciliation." We should never forget it.

It is supposed that the Lord made women smaller than men, to enable the latter to lift them over the gutters when it rains.

The migration of tenants in New York, on the first day of May, cost about \$200,000. Cartmen, count up your "piles."

Wisconsin has a law which disqualifies liquor sellers from holding office of justice of the peace.

A woman in Mason, Mich., poisoned her third husband by putting arsenic in his coffee.

A decrease of 1,401 took place in the population of Ireland in the last quarter of 1866.

Lizards of a lovely bronze color in Detroit have found their way into human dwellings.

"I feel rather dull to-day," as the razor said after it had been used to open oysters.

The man who can demand advice is often superior to him who can give it.

Five hundred new buildings are going up at Scranton, Pa.

Tune the old cow died in England—the cattle disease.

Berkshire still enjoys snow banks twenty feet deep.

Queen Victoria has ten grandchildren.

## Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1867.

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Repairer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 16.

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 Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c., Graham, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

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

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., 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 15, '67.

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. MENALLY, 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. Apr. 27.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1865.

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

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.

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.

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.

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa., Mar. 16th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, WILLIAM J. BIGLER, J. BLAKE WALTERS, FRANK FIELDING

D. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Sergeant of the 83d Reg't Penna'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—5m-p.

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-Bush, 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.

Remember the shop is on Market street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store." December 4, 1861. JOHN GUELICH.

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 18th, 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 has 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.

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,

Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Drugs, Oils, Paints and Glass, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, and Stationery.

and in fact a general assortment of goods, such as are generally kept in a country store.

Desiring 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.

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, Muslins, bleached and unbleached, Drillings, Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Cassimere, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Nunas, Hoods, Hoop skirts, Balmorals, &c. &c. all of which will be sold low for cash. Also, a fine assortment of the best of

MENS' WEAR,

consisting of Drawers and Shirts, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Handkerchiefs cravats, etc.

Also, Raff Rope, Doy Rope, Rattina Augers and Axes, Nails and Spikes, Tinware, Lamps and Lamp wicks and chimneys, etc., etc.

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. 29-julio WRIGHT & FLANIGAN,

## CHAIRS! CHAIRS!! CHAIRS!!!

JOHN TROUTMAN

Having resumed the manufacture of chairs, at his shop located on the lot in the rear of his residence on Market street, and a short distance west of the Foundry, is prepared to accommodate his old friends, and all others who may favor him with a call, with every description of Windsor chairs. He has a good assortment on hand to which he directs the attention of purchasers. They are made of the very best material, well painted, and finished in a workmanlike manner, and will be sold at prices to suit the times. Examine them before purchasing elsewhere. Clearfield, Pa., March 28, 1866

ALWAYS NEW

WITHOUT FAIL.

JOHN IRVIN,

Has just received and opened at the old stand in Curwensville, an entire new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which he will sell very cheap for cash. His stock consists of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ready made Clothing, etc.

The public generally is respectfully invited to give him a call; see his stock and hear his prices, and purchase from him if you find it will be to your advantage. Nov. 15, 1866

## HOME INDUSTRY!

BOOTS AND SHOES

Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market St., nearly opposite Hartwick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line.

Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented.

I have now on hand a stock of extra french calf skins, superb gaiter tops, &c., that I will finish up at the lowest prices. June 13th, 1866. DANIEL CONNELLY

## LIFE INSURANCE AT HOME.

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., 924 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILA.

Insures Lives on favorable terms, and will issue Policies on any of the approved plans of insurance.

Assets liable to losses \$1,221,289 71.

Surplus divided Annually. Losses paid promptly. Premiums may be paid in cash, annually, semi-annually or quarterly; or one-half in cash, and one-half in note. By a supplement to the charter, notes hereafter received will participate in all Dividends or Surplus. Scrip certificates up to January, 1859, inclusive, are now receivable in payment of premiums.

Agency, at the office of H. E. Swoopes, Clearfield, Pa. Dr. J. G. Hartwick, Medical Examiner. August 24, 1864.

## H. BRIDGE, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

[One door East of the Clearfield House.]

Keeps on hand a full assortment of Gents' Furnishing goods, such as Shirts, (linen and woolen, Undershirts, Drawers and Socks; Neckties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Umbrellas, Hats, etc., in great variety. Of piece goods he keeps the

Best Cloth, (of all shades) Black Doe-Skin Cassimeres of the best make, Fancy Cassimeres, in great variety.

Also, French Costings; Beaver, Pilot, Chinchilla, and Triest Over-coating, all of which will be sold cheap for cash, and made up, according to the latest styles, by experienced workmen. Also, agent for Clearfield county, for I. M. Singer & Co's Sewing Machines. November 1, 1865.

## SOMETHING NEW IN CURWENSVILLE.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he has opened a Drug Store, in the room recently fitted up in the house