

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 41.

## Select Poetry.

### WOMAN.

Proud man may climb ambition's height,  
And seek to win the meed of fame;  
Yes, he may feel his breast beat light  
When glory beams around his name;  
But not for these does woman seek—  
Far humbler her ambition's show;  
At home she reigns a sovereign meek—  
A woman lives for love alone.

Still in her daily duty moves,  
With thoughtful brow and steadfast mind;  
She proves her faith in him she loves,  
By gentle blood and accents kind;  
The praise of one dear voice alone  
Is all she claims—without it not,  
Oh! ye to whom her heart hath flown,  
For 'tis the sun that lights her lot.

If cold neglect or anger strange  
Should prove her portion, yet the ray  
Of her pure love will never change,  
Through hope and health and bliss decay;  
By patient smiles and kinder tone  
The trait gently she recalls;  
Or, if perchance, reproach is shown,  
'Tis in the tear that silent falls.

Woman has faults and weakness, too,  
But stronger man, oh! blame them not;  
Believe me, her affection true  
Through changeful life shall cheer thy lot.  
Home-ties, Home-love, let none disdain—  
More dear than wealth or fame could prove,  
They o'er the heart triumphant reign,  
And all are blest in woman's love.

### BETSEY'S BONNET.

"Well, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home, I suppose; trading all done, crops all bargained for, eh?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain country farmer in a suit of home-spun gray.

"Wa'al, no, not quite, John. I want to get Betsey a bunnet, a real nice one, just as good a one as a Yorker might want. 'Cause Betsey's worked awful hard this summer. Times are good, too, so I guess we'll see if my Betsey shan't look as good as any body. 'Spose you don't want to go along with me do, you."

"Let me see—four o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you won't mind that. Come on." So they walked off down the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at the same time were to be seen in the spare room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carelessness. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blonde moustache, and setting of close brown curls—to the bronzed and beardless one with the few locks, spare and gray, beneath the well-brushed hat; but the clear blue eye was the same in both, and like those that were closed forever under the sod by the apple orchard on Uncle Abel's farm, where his dear sister was laid when John was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman. In spite of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand his heart was true and led to the good friend of his boyhood, and the inquiring glances of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madame Rozette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and straightway engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the prettiest face among all the girls in attendance. Josie Mollett, radiant with smiles and—and, I think, a little artificial bloom, came forward with her most bewitching glances to wait upon the old farmer who brought so attractive a person with him; and, fancying that she would show her superior ability by so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel unmercifully. Poor old man! In Hoptown he would have had no trouble whatever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have told him at once what to get, and her little gray eyes would not have confused him in the least.

But here was a fine lady with a great circumference of black silk trailing out along the carpet, a waist no bigger than a wisp, a head on which the hair seemed struggling in curls and curls to get away from shining bands strapped tightly around it, and a pair of great black eyes looking straight at him. While the damsel held up one style after another, or tried them on coquettishly, Uncle Abel looked at John imploringly, but derived no help from him.

"Now, young woman, show me some of your best bonnets—real good ones. None of your old-fashioned, poor things for my wife."

Having said this Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly and should have no further trouble.

Miss Josie sailed about and returned with a white chip gypsy, trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin, with a red rose on it, and a gray straw trimmed with scarlet poppies.

"Now this will be just what you want, I am sure; only twenty-five dollars, too—so cheap and so becoming."

Uncle Abel confessed afterward that he felt quite confounded at the great price, but did not mean to let that Frenchified girl know it, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh? It ain't a bit like Betsey's old one, though."

"Oh, no, sir, the fashion has changed entirely. Now this gypsy is just the newest thing out, and your wife would set the fashion in the town. I don't doubt."

She looked up at John Dare merrily, but could not interpret the look in his eyes; so taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain.

"Just fresh from Paris; I am sure your wife would like that. Shall I try it on for you?"

"Wa'al, yes, I can tell better how it looks than. Now it just looks like a dish."

"There—it goes on in this way," and Josie pitched the little thing over her rosiness, tied the strings in a big knot, and

swept down the length of the room. "Do you like it?"

"Wa'al, it's kind a purty, but it's awful queer, ain't it, John?"

John thus appealed to could only answer that he "knew nothin' in the world about women's bonnets;" and took up his reverie, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing themselves at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale, quiet girl, with smooth brown hair looked up from her work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard her say, "for shame," and grow crimson as she spoke.

His own face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking so admiringly at the fabrics incomprehensible to him, his old heart only full of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed, for as he said, truly, he knew nothing about all that mysterious and bewildering arrangement of dress that he saw every day.

Still, he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks, thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not for the life of him see whereabouts on that dear old head any of these gypsies or fanchions would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her movements, and that this operation resulted in a hard knob at the back of her head, like a door handle, which certainly would not harmonize with these capeless head-dresses.

Just as his brow overcast with this thought the pale girl came toward Uncle Abel, her cheek flushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Lehigh bonnet, trimmed with violet ribbon. She wore a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat held a lock of gray hair.

"I think that this might suit you, sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions those bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head and neck."

"Wa'al, no, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things that I don't know one from 't'other. I want to get a nice bunnet for Betsey, and I mean to. Now just tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this? Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see," and he touched the sleeve of her black dress. "I—I am so sorry!"

The young lady brushed off a tear quickly as she said, "I have no mother now; but if you trust me, sir, I think this will suit."

She had stood hitherto, just out of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Something in the sound of her voice attracted him, perhaps, and when Uncle Abel called: "Here, John Dare," he stepped hastily enough towards them. The girl thrust the bonnet in Uncle Abel's hand, and would have been out of sight if her dress had not caught in one of the branching stands and held her fast.

"Amy!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand and so detained her. "Amy Egbert, have I found you at last?"

The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and the words she spoke came so low and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and still holding the bonnet in his hand, looked, open-mouthed, from one to the other.

"I guess you must have known this young woman afore, didn't you?" but John was too busy with eager questions, and Amy was trembling and blushing as she tried to speak calmly, and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between a new customer and the strange scene beside her, and between anger and mortification she looked in no need of help from rouge as she tossed her head and muttered various uncoarted remarks in regard to "Amy Egbert and her bean."

Uncle Abel held the bonnet a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed, and then he said:

"I'll take the bunnet. Twenty dollars is a good deal, but Betsey's worth it, ain't she, John?"

"John need not have started so, or said 'twenty,' which wasn't a sensible answer at all; but Uncle Abel laughed a little to himself, and said softly: "Oh, boys will be boys!" He was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the directions over twice, too, and felt quite uneasy lest it should not arrive at his hotel in time.

Outside the door John turned to leave his Uncle and looked as shy as a girl, as he said: "It's all right, Uncle Abel. You've found a new bonnet, and I've found an old friend!"

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looked a moment without speaking in John's face, in a wistful way, then said, looking in the young man's eyes, "She's a motherless girl, John."

"Uncle Abel!" and John turned angrily away, or would have done so, if the detaining hand had not stopped him with a grasp which sixty years had not weakened. "Look here, my boy, I mean no offense. None of my blood turn villains," he added proudly; "but you see she's a young and purty and forlorn, and, maybe, if you see too much of her, she might get to thinkin' more of you than would be good for her, and if you ain't in earnest I guess 'twould break her heart. Shake hands with your old Uncle, my boy, I mean no harm, but I promised 'Liza, when she was on her dyin' bed, that I would allus try to give you good advice, and the last words a most that she spoke, says she, 'Abel, watch over my boy.'"

"My dear, kind Uncle, I thank you—in deed I do—for all your kindness, but I could not bear to think that you should misjudge me. I knew Amy long ago, when her parents were both living, and she had all that wealth could give her. I loved her then in a quiet way, but I was too poor to tell her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her poverty and pride the girl hid herself from me resolutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by her accomplishments but failed, and gladly took this means to do so. Now I can win her for my wife, I shall bring Mrs. John Dare to see you, some fine day this summer—may I, Uncle Abel?"

So they parted, and the passers-by little dreamed of all that hand-grasp spoke. "Wa'al, wa'al, if things don't turn out queer!" soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward bound, with a hand-box safely placed on the seat before him. "To think how near I came to gettin' one of them gypsies for Betsey. Why, she would have laughed a week about it. And then to think that painted picture of a girl was making game of me all the while. And then the other one, with her gentle way, taking the trouble to tell a stupid old fellow like me what was the right thing to buy. I guess she would make our John a nice wife; and after Betsey and me have passed away there'll be a nice bit of property comin' to John, and that'll help him on."

How pleased Aunt Betsey was, to be sure, when the old man gave her the new bonnet. How "fair and young" she looked in the fresh ribbons and soft blond around her face. And how she laughed at the idea of wearing one of them dish-covered on her head.

Just when the country was in its June glory John Dare brought his bride to the farm-house where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the familiar spots, from the wicker in the brook to the grave by the orchard. But as long as straw and ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought Betsey's bonnet.

Railways are symbolical of modern civilization. No other contrivance is, to anything like so high a degree. The Indians have been aroused by what they regard as the intrusion of two railway lines into their final retreat. Rightly enough, they infer that the completion of these two lines will speedily make an end of the primitive barbarism. The present gathering of the tribes, in warlike array, has for its object the dispersion of the railway builders and the permanent frustration of the enterprises. Of course, such efforts come in consequence of inadequately comprehending the resources of the white race. But it seems probable that the work on the lines may be retarded during the summer by the forays of the savages.

In St. Louis a man who had been false to his wife, with whom he had lived twenty-four years, in a fit of repentance resolved to marry her over again, although not divorced. The ceremony was said, using her maiden name. His enemy not understanding the state of affairs, arrested him for bigamy, and imprisoned him. The Judge was sick and he could not be released, and so celebrated his silver wedding by a few days in the lock up.

A gentleman who wanted to make a taking speech to a Sunday School, thought he would adopt the colloquial style, and this was what happened: "Now, boys, what does a man want when he goes a-fishing?" A shrill voice in the crowd went directly to the point with—"Wants a bite."

"I say, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbow?" Jones (impressively and significantly)—"You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the Gazette of Fashion and I dress according to my Ledger."

Neal Dow is a century plant. Behold his effluence. An Englishman asked of Neal "When will you pay the Confederate bonds?" To him straightway Neal made answer, "When you pay the Fenian bonds," and then his petals closed.

Fun has the following: As a compliment to the leading journal for the skill it has shown in adapting its politics to the popular feeling of the hour, it is suggested that in future it should be known as "The Winding Sheet."

How the Fenians are to get across the Atlantic is a matter that puzzles the minds of many. We presume they will accomplish the task when they go to *Bridge-it*.

It is announced that three hundred of Gen. CUSTAR's cavalry, instead of fighting the Indians, have deserted, taking their horses and equipments with them.

A young lady, on being asked where was her native place, replied, "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

Speaking of Indians and scalping, an exchange says: "Saints alive, what would a thorough-bred say to a chignon?"

The Kansas ladies are sure they will get suffrage. The single ones would prefer to get husbands.

In China there are seven grounds of divorce, of which the fourth is talkativeness in women.

The biggest rat in the world, the Russian auto-rat, is merrily whisking his tail in Paris.

An immense peach crop is expected in Delaware, perhaps two millions of baskets.

One clothing firm, in Boston, did a business of over \$2,000,000 last year.

## Starvation on the Oars.

The Dayton (O.) Journal of June 1, says: Yesterday morning a family of Germans, consisting of a man and his wife and three children, evidently in very poor circumstances, arrived here on the Atlantic and Great Western train, en route for Cincinnati, to which place they had secured transportation from New York. As the train failed to connect with the forenoon train on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, the family was obliged to lay over here for the evening train.

For a while the poor family remained on the platform, until some one invited them to go into the ladies' room and be seated. The people seemed to shrink from observation, and were grouped together in one corner of the room. The woman was holding an infant in her arms, and a lady who happened to pass close to her noticed that it looked like a corpse, and, as she could speak the German language, she asked the poor woman what was the matter with her child. At this question the poor woman burst into uncontrollable lamentation, declaring that her child was dead.

As soon as the grief-stricken mother could partially control herself, she informed the lady that they were very poor; that they had just means enough to get to New York and purchase a second class ticket to Cincinnati, where they had friends; that they had no money to purchase food, and were afraid to ask anybody for something to eat; and that they had suffered in silence, without a morsel of food for themselves or children from the time they left New York till they reached this city.

About three hours before they reached here their babe—a child about a year old—died from starvation! And that poor, starving mother carried her child upon her bosom, hoping to reach their friends in Cincinnati before they should all be starved.

The countenances of the man and wife bore painful evidence of the progress of starvation, and their uncomplaining children looked little better than the corpse of the little sufferer that had just passed through the gate of death into the land of plenty.

The moment the terrible condition of this poor family was made known, they found friends in everybody around them. The mother was instantly relieved of her dead babe, and while a messenger was dispatched for an undertaker, the surviving members of the sorrowing family were taken to the waiting room in the depot, and given all they could eat. By-standers tell us that the scene in the depot, when the suffering mother gave vent to her pent up grief, was one of the most affecting and harrowing they ever witnessed. Every one was affected to tears.

Mr. Richard Lane, the Infirmary Director, took charge of the infant of the child; and Mr. Snyder, the central baggage master, collected some twenty-five dollars from the by-standers, and presented it to the poor man, who was utterly overwhelmed by this unlooked for generosity.

The child was buried yesterday afternoon, and the bereaved family, after being made as comfortable as possible, were sent on by the evening train to their friends in Cincinnati. A word about their situation at any point on the route would have secured these suffering people all the food they desired; but they were actually so diffident among strangers that they would all have starved to death before they would have made their situation known or asked for food.

## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$2 per annum in advance. If not paid at the beginning of the year, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid before the close of the year.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1.50 per square, for three or less insertions—Ten lines (or less) counting a square. For every additional insertion 50 cents will be charged. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

No subscription taken for a shorter time than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. S. J. ROW.

## 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.

## DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between C. R. FOSTER, J. D. M'GIRK, EDWARD PERKS, G. L. REED, RICHARD SHAW, A. K. WRIGHT, J. T. LEONARD, JAS. B. GRAHAM and W. A. WALLACE, in the Banking business, at Philipsburg, Centre county, Pa., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be conducted as heretofore at the same place, under the title of FOSTER, PERKS & CO.

## 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,  
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 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. WM. STACY W. THOMPSON. Sept. 27, 1865.

## Business Directory.

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

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 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.

ROBEY & GRAHAM, Dealers in Squares and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c., Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, 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., 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, 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 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, on 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.

REDEKER LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.

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.

G. ALBERT & BRO'S, 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. 15th, 1865.

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.

BLAKE WALTERS, Surveyor 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.

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

D. R. 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, Pa. Prompt attention given to all cases 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 and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand at his "Furniture Room," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is, BUREAUS AND SIDEBOARDS, 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 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, 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.

## EAGLE HOTEL.

CURWENSVILLE, PENN'A.  
LEWIS W. TENEYCK, 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.

## 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, &c.

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 & Lewin'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. He also keeps on hand a stock of extra french calf skins, superb gaiters, &c., that I will finish up at the lowest figures. Nov. 15th, 1866. DANIEL CONNELLY.

## LIFE INSURANCE AT HOME.

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., 921 Chestnut Street, Phil'a.

Insures Lives on favorable terms, and will issue Policies on any of the approved plans of insurance. Assets liable to losses \$1,221,280 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. B. Swoop, Clearfield, Pa. Dr. J. G. Hartwick, Medical Examiner. August 2, 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, Neck-ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Umbrellas, Hats, &c., in great variety. Of piece goods he keeps the Best Cloths, (of all shades) Black Doe-Skin Cassimeres of the best make, French Cassimeres, in great variety.

Also, Fancy Castings; Beaver, Pilot, Chinchilla, and Tricot 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 of George Kittleberger, on Main street, Curwensville, Pa., one door west of Hippie & Faust's store, where he intends to keep a general assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Goods, Confectionaries, Spices, Canned Fruit, Tobacco and Cigars, Books, Stationery, Penicils, Pens, Inks, and a general variety of Notions; Glass, Putty, &c., &c.

The want of a Drug Store has long been felt in Curwensville, and as that want is now supplied, the undersigned hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

His stock embraces most articles needed in a community, is entirely new, and of the best quality, which he will dispose of at reasonable prices. Call and examine the goods, which cannot fail to please. JOSEPH R. IRWIN. November 8, 1865.

FALL STYLES of Bonnets and Hats just received at 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.