

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 42.

## Select Poetry.

### HOW I LIVE.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,  
Acting fairly to all men,  
Seeking to do that to others  
They may do to me again;  
Hating no man, scorning no man,  
Wrangling none by word or deed;  
But forbearing, soothing, serving,  
Thus I live—and thus my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contending,  
Is of little Christian use,  
One soft word of kindly peace  
Is worth a torrent of abuse;  
Calling things bad, calling men bad,  
Adds but darkness to their night;  
If thou wouldst improve thy brother,  
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world—  
Every room round me frozen,  
Not an eye with pity peered;  
Still my heart with pity teeming—  
Glad when others hearts are glad—  
And my eyes a tear-drop findeth  
At the sight of others sad.

Man is man, through all gradation,  
Little rocks it where he stands,  
In whatever walk you find him,  
Scattered over many lands;  
Man is man by form and feature,  
Man by voice and virtue too—  
And in all one common nature  
Speaks and bids us to be true.

### MINNIE, THE ORPHAN.

It was a large, light room, with half a dozen maps hanging around the walls, and a few still backed chairs ranged in geometrical precision—a room with not one home association lingering in any of its four corners. You might have told with one glance at its cleanly swept green carpet and coldly polished, curtainless windows, that it was the parlor of a public institution; and so, indeed it was.

The brisk and spectacled little matron of the orphan asylum sat leaning back in her comfortable rocking chair, while four or five little girls, with closely cut hair and downcast eyes, stood in a row before her, their long blue aprons and flaxen light hair giving them an odd resemblance to a crew of blue-bells in a flower garden; while Mrs. Philo Parker, in her rustling robes of golden green silk, and the cherry colored bonnet strings, might have passed for a gaudy and full blown specimen of the tribe peony.

"I think she'll answer my purpose very well," said Mrs. Parker. "What did you say her name was—Minnie?"

"Minnie Grove. Step forward, child," said the matron, nodding encouragingly at a slender little creature of about thirteen whose blue eyes dilated, and her cheek blanched with a sort of shy terror. And Minnie stepped forward under the full fire of Mrs. Parker's searching gray eyes.

"I hope she hasn't any relations," went on Mrs. Parker. "I never want a girl with forty uncles and aunts and cousins, running after her the whole time!"

"You will have no trouble in that respect," said the matron, with a sigh. "I do not think Minnie has a soul belonging to her in the wide world. Her mother died in great poverty about three years ago in New York, and Minnie knows nothing whatever about herself, poor child."

"That's just as it should be," said Mrs. Parker, with a self-satisfied air. "Poor people have no business to have any relations. Well, I guess I'll take her."

"You will be kind to the poor little orphan, ma'am," said the matron wistfully.

"Of course I shall," said Mrs. Parker, tossing the cherry colored ribbons. "She will have the best of homes in my family."

"I should like to have her go to church at least once every Sunday, and—"

"To be sure—to be sure," said Mrs. Parker, rising, as though she did not care to prolong the conversation. "She shall have every opportunity; I hope you don't take her for a heathen. Is that child crying? I hope she is not one of the whimpering kind."

The matron's cheek flushed a little as she whispered one or two cheering words to Minnie.

And so Minnie Grove's little parcel was packed, and her pink colored sunbonnet tied on, and she meekly followed Mrs. Parker out of the wide gateway that had sheltered her orphanage so long.

"Minnie?"

"What are you doing this morning? Why haven't you cracked the nuts, and polished the stove, and cleared the ashes out of the parlor grate, when you know we're going to have company for dinner?"

"I should be late at church, ma'am—I have only just got ready now, and the bells have stopped ringing. I'll see that the work is done when I return."

Mrs. Parker's eyes flashed balefully.

"Take off your things, Miss, and remain at home. I have had quite enough of this ranting to church, and this shall be the last of it."

Minnie's cheek flushed, and then grew pale.

"But, Mrs. Parker, you promised—"

"I don't care what I promised. You are indebted to me until you are eighteen years old, and I intend that you shall earn your own living. Not another word, but obey me."

And Mrs. Parker marched out of the damp, mouldy kitchen, with the air of a tragedy queen, while Minnie sat down among the pots and pans and cried bitterly. During all her trials and tribulations the sweet sunshine of the sabbath day had cast its light through all the dreary ensuing week—it had been something to look forward to think of and to anticipate. Now its genial influence was withdrawn roughly and abruptly, and Minnie felt that she was indeed alone.

Minnie was dusting the parlor chairs the next morning, as Miss Angelina Parker sauntered into the parlor in a tumbling silk wrapper.

"Mamma," she drawled languidly, "I

left my parasol down at Waters' on Saturday. Can't Minnie go after it?"

"It's raining," said Mrs. Parker looking doubtfully out of the window, "but—"

"It isn't raining very hard, and I am afraid it will be stolen."

"Minnie," said Mrs. Parker authoritatively, "put on your hat and shawl, and go to Waters' lace store at once for Miss Angelina's parasol."

Minnie glanced out into the driving torrent of rain with sinking heart.

"If I might wait till after the shower, ma'am," she pleaded in a low voice.

"Obey me this instant," ejaculated Mrs. Parker, with an imperative stamp of the foot. So Minnie went.

"Mamma," said Angelina, a day or two afterward, "I didn't sleep two winks last night with Minnie's coughing. I do wish you would put a stop to it."

"Minnie!" exclaimed Mrs. Parker, turning around to the pale young girl, who was polishing the windows, "what do you mean by disturbing Miss Angelina?"

"Indeed ma'am, I could not help it," faltered poor Minnie, "but my cough was very bad indeed. I got so drenched with the rain the other day that—"

"Pooh—nonsense! it is all affectation, every bit of it," said Mrs. Parker petulantly. "The idea of putting on airs, and pretending to be an invalid—but I will not endure any such trumpery. Do not let us have reason to complain again."

All that night Minnie tossed to and fro, trying to stifle her hectic cough in the scant pillow, lest Miss Angelina's pampered slumbers should be disturbed, and wondering if all the world was as joyless and dreary as the brief glimpse she had already had of it.

When she rose in the morning, pale and unsteady, with dark circles round her eyes and a dizzy feeling in her brain, the snow was piled high against the attic window panes, and the wind was shrieking in shrill gusts down the street.

"Minnie! Minnie!" echoed Mrs. Parker's sharp discordant voice up the stairway, "get your broom and the snow shovel and clear the snow off the side walk. Those loafing men charge a quarter for doing it, and you may as well save the money for me. Come, make haste."

"It's very cold, ma'am," pleaded poor Minnie, "and my head aches terribly."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Parker. "I won't have any fine lady airs, the fresh air is all you want. Be quick, now, and you'll finish before it's time to get the breakfast table."

Half an hour subsequently, Mrs. Parker was startled by a brisk peal of her front door.

"Well, what's wanting now?" she demanded, putting her pink cap ribbons gingerly into the snow. "Bless me, what's the matter?"

For a stalwart policeman stood there, his hat and shoulders thickly powdered with snow, and a drooping figure supported in his arms.

"Matter? your girl's fainted away or something. It's a shame to send such a white faced thing out in a storm like this."

And Mrs. Parker took poor Minnie in, secretly gnashing her teeth at the idea of bound girls having mortal frailty and weakness. Truly, it was a great presumption.

"What a pity that Minnie should take it into her ridiculous head to be sick at such a time as this," groaned Mrs. Parker as she took up her silver and cut glass for the decoration of a gala dinner table. "And that rich East India client of your father's coming to dinner, too."

"Isn't Minnie any better to-day?" asked Angelina, yawning.

"No, I suppose not; any way, she won't get up."

"Pshaw!" said Angelina spitefully, "she's as well as I am, if she only chose to say so."

"Your father was saying something about sending for a doctor if she didn't get better."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Angelina. "A doctor, indeed! it's only that she lies lying in bed better than working. Mamma, what dress shall I wear? It's a great shame that Minnie can't curl my hair for me."

"Put on your blue silk, Angelina, with the white lace trimming; it is so becoming to your fair head and delicate complexion. Those old bachelors are unaccountable creatures, and there is no saying but that he will put the whole of his business into your father's hands if you succeed in making a favorable impression."

Accordingly, Mrs. and Miss Parker were attired in their best that afternoon, as the door opened and the two gentlemen came in—Mr. Parker tall and thin, with green spectacles and a cadaverous countenance, and Mr. Elliott a portly, brown-faced man, with fiery black eyes and a mobile mouth, but partially concealed by a heavy gray moustache.

"Delighted to see you, I am sure, Mr. Elliott," said Mrs. Parker, sweetly, while Angelina courted nearly to the floor.

"Pray take the easy chair."

"Yes, yes, I—I dare say," spluttered the East Indian, beginning a nervous trot up and down the room. "but I don't want to sit down. Parker don't keep me in suspense any longer."

Mrs. Parker looked at her husband in surprise. Mr. Parker was polishing his spectacles.

"My dear, here's a very singular state of things—very, indeed. Mr. Elliott has been making inquiries, since his return, after an only sister he had somehow managed to lose sight of—married against his wishes, I believe—and he learns that she died in this city about five years ago, in very indigent circumstances."

"How very sad!" sighed Mrs. Parker, sympathetically.

"Leaving," went on Mr. Parker, "a daughter, who was sent to the Medbrook Orphan Asylum."

Mrs. Parker opened her gray eyes very wide.

"And who was named Minnie—or Mary—Grove?"

"Minnie Grove!" ejaculated Mrs. Parker in a sort of a scream.

"And now," echoed Angelina.

"Our Minnie!" interrupted the choleric stranger, bringing his foot emphatically down on the velvet tulips and lilies of the heart rug. "I want my niece, Minnie—where is she?"

Mrs. Parker stood rooted to the floor in discomfiture and amazement, while Angelina sank back on the sofa, not forgetting to be as picturesque as possible in the midst of her dismay and chagrin.

"I say where is she?" roared the East Indian. "I want my niece."

"She—she isn't feeling very well to-day," faltered Mrs. Parker, "and she is up in her own room. I advised her to rest awhile."

"Then take me to her."

"Yes—but I'm not exactly sure—that is, I think she ought to be kept perfectly quiet," stammered Mrs. Parker thinking of poor Minnie's carpetless floor and rickety cot bed, with a thrill of apprehension.

"Perfectly quiet! I tell you I will see my niece! Parker show me the way to her room or I'll find it myself."

Mrs. Parker looked appealingly to her husband, but that gentleman's sharp legal eye saw no outlet of escape.

"My dear, show Mr. Elliott up," he said meekly, and Mrs. Parker had no choice but to obey.

It was a dismal little attic room, with a sloping roof and one dormer window, half hidden with high piled snow. And upon the narrow cot bed, entirely alone, lay the only relative that Walter Elliott, the wealthy East Indian, could claim in all the wide world.

She did not turn her head as they entered. Mrs. Parker approached the bedside with an insinuating air.

"Minnie dear—are you asleep?"

Asleep—yes she was asleep, but it was that deep dreamless slumber that never knows waking to mortal trials or sorrows.

"Good heavens!" shrieked Mrs. Parker, recoiling, "she is dead!"

"Dead!" screamed Miss Angelina.

"Dead!" sternly repeated Walter Elliott, growing very pale. "Dead, and in this hole!"

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed Mr. Parker. "It must be a mistake."

But there was no possibility of mistaking the seal of the great Destroyer upon that white forehead, around the marble lips.

Walter Elliott's head had come too late. Solitary and unfriended, Minnie Grove had passed into the land where God's children shall nevermore say "I am alone."

She was buried under the most solemn malediction that gold could purchase, with a chiselled angel hovering over her dust, as if it mattered how or where she was laid to rest. And Walter Elliott went back to the tropics without placing his business in Mr. Parker's hands.

"You have murdered my niece!" he said sternly, when the various reports of Minnie's wretched life reached his ears—reports that would not be suppressed, in spite of Mrs. Parker's endeavors to still the tongue of popular gossip.

Thus ended the brief, sad life of Minnie, the orphan. Would to Heaven there were not too many such lives in our midst!

**SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.**—The following story is told in relation to the popular pernicious vice of "fortune telling." "Not many evenings since, it is recorded that a sinner who had escaped hanging for lo these many years, was in company with several ladies. The subject of fortune telling was introduced. Several of the "angels" pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment of having written to Madame This and Madame That to furnish leaves for their future history. Instances of some remarkable developments in a certain case hereabouts were mentioned. Old R— was asked for his opinion. He replied, "So far as I am personally concerned, I know more about myself than I wish to. I don't think any good comes of these things. I had a friend who dressed in lady's apparel and called upon a celebrated prophetess. He did not believe she would discover the disguise, but he heard what made him exceedingly unhappy." Here the old reprobate ceased. A lady who was much interested asked:

"What did she tell him?"

"She told him he was to marry soon, and become the mother of ten children."

**NEVER KISSED A WHITE GIRL.**—Some time ago a planter, a short distance from Memphis gave a party to the young folks in the neighborhood. It was a gay one, and in the course of the evening the boys and girls played forfeits. While this was going on, it chanced that a son of the planter, a nice, modest fellow, had to claim a forfeit of some of the girls, but was overcome with diffidence. "Go ahead, John," said the planter, "and kiss some of the girls." John hunched from one foot to the other, blushed, and finally blurted out, "I—I never kissed a white girl, father." The laughter that ensued may be imagined.

A Paris paper has this clever satire on the present high prices: "A devout lady who attends the church of St. Roche, has been in the habit of giving a half franc every Saturday to an old man who sits at the door with a box to receive alms. The other day when she proffered the usual sum to him, he said, 'I beg your pardon, Madame, during the Exhibition it is a franc.'"

Albert Pike has performed one great achievement. In a recent editorial he produced a single sentence of two hundred and ten words without any other stop than a few commas.

If one could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man, indeed.

## EDUCATION.

For the "Raftsmen's Journal."

Education is cultivation, discipline, information, and training. It relates to the growth of the body, as well as the mind, and must be imparted to the youth with a view to the development of both, and consequently the necessity of its being based on Physiology, or the laws of health.

The successful teacher knows the necessity of having a joyous activity maintained among his pupils, and this can only be obtained by a careful attention to the health, comfort, recreation, and exercise of those placed under his charge. Attention must be the ruling force, happiness the constant excitement.

It is to be lamented that the schools, in most country places, are in the condition in which they are too often found. Numbers of children are crowded, for six hours in the day, into small rooms, badly lighted, worse ventilated, and in a majority of cases, devoid of comfort, beauty, and attraction. Here they are cramped in tiresome positions, and study till learning becomes a wearisome task; and, for weeks and months this monotonous work goes on, with the loss of health and ambition, and the pupil, while at school, is devoid of all that is attractive to youth.

The teacher ought always to study the interest of his pupils, and change the exercises in such a manner that they will take pleasure in their studies, and look upon them as a pleasing recreation.

I am of the opinion that two-thirds of the trouble teachers have in governing their schools, originate from the above mentioned evils.

In school rooms which are not properly ventilated, the pupils become dull and languid, and hence their uneasiness and inability to remain quiet; they become cross and ill-natured. And the same is true in regard to the teacher. The pupils become inattentive and restless; the teacher threatens, scolds, and flogs, all for want of proper attention paid to the physical necessities of the pupils. Most teachers seem to think they have nothing to do with the pupils in this respect, and allow them to form habits of sitting and standing, just as it happens.

The results of such carelessness, on the part of the teacher, are truly lamentable. It is easier to maintain an erect position than any other, while it is more conducive to health. It should be the chief care of the teacher to see that every pupil maintains a proper position; that is, they should stand with head erect, chest brought forward, and shoulders thrown back.

The teacher, who will attend to the position of his pupils, will find that they speak plainer and more distinctly, while in this position, than in any other, for the more air inhaled and retained in the lungs, the fuller and more sonorous will be the voice; consequently the necessity of attending to the expansion of the chest.

Great care should be taken that the pupils pronounce each word distinctly, giving each syllable its full sound.

There is one thing more in which the teacher should not forget to instruct his pupils—Morality. It is the base on which the principle of the man, in after life, is founded. He should teach them obedience to God, kindness towards their companions, and love for their country. W. A. S.

There is one old man in the Kansas penitentiary, pious and conscientious sentenced for thirty years. He is named Joseph Drummond. He was a soldier in the Union army of Tennessee. He came to Kansas after the war, having buried his wife, who died during the terrible scenes of strife in the Border States. He married again of late, and found to his misery that he had made a mistake. His wife was faithless, and her paramour threatened him, the husband, in his own house. An accidental discharge of a gun, for which the husband and the betrayer were contending, killed an innocent third party. For this, a Kansas court gave the old man thirty years. The villain who caused it all is living with the wife. The Governor will pardon Joseph Drummond in a short time, and then the old man will walk away as calmly as he entered, innocent all the time, free and innocent hereafter. He is allowed the largest liberty, being frequently permitted to visit Leavenworth, guarded only by his suit of stripes and a pass.

The Chicago journals have failed to clearly establish the density of the population of that city by calculations drawn from election returns, now fall back on a recently published Directory to claim 267,309 inhabitants. The aforesaid directory contains 89,103 names, which multiplied by 3 gives the result stated.

A young limb of the law, lately married, said to his wife: "My dear, here is to-night's paper, I am tired; if there are any news, please read it." Wife—"An exchange paper says: 'The girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands—that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.'"

The new Dominion of Canada wants a design for a flag. A large number of our Irish fellow citizens suggest a field of green with a golden harp in the centre as the most appropriate banner for that country. They have the will to force such a flag on our neighbors, but lack the way to do it.

The Boston Post facetiously remarks: "Thad. Stevens is whetting his teeth to devour Attorney General Stanbery, having failed to masticate President Johnson with impeachment sauce." In the milk of human kindness that berry might prove palatable to lovers of small fruit.

Hanging, in Montana, is styled "Climbing the pine limb."

**TO PREVENT RUTS IN ROADS.**—The art of road-making is yet in its infancy in this country. The roads are not laid out, made, or repaired with reference to economy of draft in using them. Deep ruts are soon worn in them by the common vehicles that pass over them; and these grow worse and worse, until they are almost impassable in spring. Broad cart tires are a partial remedy for these. Longer yokes, both for oxen, and for double horse wagons and carts, compelling the teams to walk in the same line with the wheels that come after them, would be a still better remedy. On most country roads there are two toe-paths and two ruts, and it is noticeable that the toe-paths are always in much the better order. Longer yokes would bring the paths and ruts together. The feet of the teams would break down the sides of the ruts, and fill them as fast as they were formed. This would improve the road bed, and make the draft of loads easier. We cannot shorten the axle trees without increasing the danger of upsetting; but we can lengthen the yokes with safety.—*Agriculturist.*

The New Orleans Republican propounds the following:

Why is General Sheridan a hard laboring man?

Because he follows the trade of boring Wells, and when in Virginia was at his work Early in the morning.

The Kansas papers express much alarm for the crops in that section, as the army grasshopper is steadily gaining strength. At Leavenworth a day of fasting and prayer will be held to beseech from the Almighty an early deliverance from the plague.

The feeling in Ireland for the Fenian cause is evidenced in the imposing funeral demonstration, at Waterford, awarded a victim to the recent riot. Fully five thousand persons, wearing the green, followed the corpse to its last resting place.

A number of silver coins, several gold pieces and some articles of jewelry, have been found on the farm of James Jones, near Downingtown, Chester county, Pa. The coins were all over 100 years old.

The following curious advertisement appears in a newspaper in Paris: "Agency, general, for international marriages. Happiness guaranteed for a year."

The New York Constitutional Convention has got fairly to work. Among other radical measures proposed is that of rendering education compulsory.

The Cable of 1865, severed by an iceberg some weeks ago, has been recovered, spliced, and communication through it to Europe restored.

A "great brute of a husband" advertised in the morning papers for a stout, albedoid man to hold his wife's tongue.

Boston has 200,000 inhabitants, church accommodations, for 50,000, and 40,000, regular attendants.

Five bank officials, in Mobile, were poisoned with ice cream that had been made in a copper freezer.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln has given \$600 to the association for the relief of destitute colored women.

There are one thousand acres of strawberries on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Watermelons can be bought at Columbus, Georgia, for the refrigerating price of 84 each.

Nearly all the battle fields around Richmond are sown with grain.

### TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

THE RAFTSMEN'S JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$2.00 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 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.

**CLEARFIELD NURSERY.**—ENCOURAGED HOME INDUSTRY.—The undersigned has established a Nursery on the Pike, half way between Curwensville and Clearfield Boroughs, is prepared to furnish all kinds of Fruit trees, (Standard and dwarf) Evergreen, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawson Blackberry, Strawberry and Raspberry trees. Also, Siberian Crab trees, Quince and early Scarlet Ribb. Orders promptly attended to. Address Aug. 31, 1864. J. D. WRIGHT, Curwensville.

**DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.**—The co-partnership heretofore existing between C. R. Foster, J. D. McGirk, 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 Phillipsburg, 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.

RICHARD SHAW,  
C. R. FOSTER, J. T. LEONARD,  
J. D. MCGIRK, EDWARD PERKS,  
J. B. GRAHAM, W. A. WALLACE,  
G. L. REED, A. K. WRIGHT.

March 5, 1867.—22

## 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.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and 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 Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c., Graham street, 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.

HARTWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 5, 1865.

Y. 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, '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. 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. April 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.

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. 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, Scrivener 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., May 16th, 1866.

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

D. R. J. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of the 33d Reg't Penn's Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—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 demanded, 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, 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-hair, 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, Elm-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. 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, Pa. 7, 1866-y.