

Rafferty's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 43.

Select Poetry.

"THERE IS A SPOT."

There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain.
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven,
But when I first my Saviour found
I felt my sins forgiven.
Hark was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean,
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror
In that dark hour, how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.
Sighing and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
Tired, Oh, save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me!
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me!
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted Glory! Glory!
O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me,
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee!
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I send my eyes once more
Where first I was forgiven.

JACK SPROUT'S CONVERSION.

Jack Sprout swore a terrible oath. In fact, he swore quite a number of oaths, for he was very angry. It was nothing wonderful for Jack Sprout to swear, even in the presence of his wife, for he was sadly given to the habit of using profane language. And yet Jack was a good husband, an indulgent father, an honest, industrious man, an accommodating neighbor, and he possessed many other excellences of character which might have made him a valuable member of society, had it not been for certain loose habits which had marked his course from childhood. His parents had been careless and profane before him; his father had been a rough, tough customer, so Jack, naturally enough, came up in the same track. But he was good looking, and kind hearted, genial and social, and so he had gained for a wife one of the very best maidens of our town, as well as one of the handsomest.

Master Freddy Sprout, aged five years, stood by his mother's side, with a sadly begrimed and tear-streaked face, and his story was that Solomon Gordon had whipped him with a stick, and the boy's legs still bore a few slight tokens of the castigation. Two other boys had come home with Master Freddy, and their testimony corroborated that which the sufferer had given. Freddy, with some of his playmates, had been throwing stones at Mr. Gordon's dog, and one of the missiles hurled by Freddy had hit the animal and caused him to howl with pain. Of course, the stone thrown by such a tiny hand, could not have inflicted much injury upon the canine brute; but Solomon Gordon loved his dog, and when he saw what had been done he caught Master Freddy and gave him a thrashing; for, he it is known, Solomon Gordon was just such another man as Jack Sprout—warm-hearted, generous, and neighborly; but rough, uneducated, strong-willed, and impulsive.

Jack Sprout put on his hat and prepared to sally forth. His lips were pale and tightly compressed, and the huge muscles in his arms worked like bundles of ropes.

"Dear Jack," pleaded his wife, "don't go out now."

"Let me alone, Abby. No man shall strike a child of mine without having a chance to strike me. I shall go and see Sol. Gordon, and I'll give him such a flogging as he won't forget in a hurry." And Jack went with this sentiment with a terrible oath.

"No, no, Jack—don't go. What good will it do? Wait until you are more cool!"

"Pshaw! Go away, Abby. There is not power enough on earth to save Sol. Gordon from a drubbing, and I'll give it to him before the sun goes down."

And as Jack Sprout looked at that moment he gave awful evidence that he was physically able to make good his word; for a more magnificent structure of frame-work and muscle was not to be found in the town.

"Dear Jack," said his wife, taking her husband by the arm, "do listen to me one moment. Freddy is not much hurt, and he ought not to have thrown stones at Gordon's dog. You know both Solomon and his wife set every thing by the little animal, and he would not bark at the boys if they did not plague him. If you go and find Gordon as you are now, it will only make matters worse. Oh, I wish you would drop it."

Jack only shook his head, and smiled one of those smiles which are terrible upon the face of an angry man.

"O, Jack, if you only try the effect of kindness upon Solomon! He is a good man at heart—"

Jack interrupted his wife with a derisive sneer.

"Don't laugh at me, Jack. I tell you it will be better to do so than to resort to blows. If you were attacked I should not blame you for fighting to protect yourself; but this is not a case that calls for your strength of muscle. There is a higher and nobler strength that you can use now."

"Oh!" uttered Jack, "you are preaching. You are giving me some of your Sunday school lessons. But I don't want 'em. You can experience religion as much as you please, but you must not preach the stuff to me."

my solemn pledge that you will feel a thousand times better than you will if you—"

But Jack would not hear his wife out. He had sworn that he would thrash Solomon Gordon, and he would keep his word. His temper was at the boiling point, and he was fairly aching to get his hands upon the man who dared to strike his boy, for Freddy was his pet, and every blow that had been laid upon the child's body had left a mark of fire upon his own heart. So he put his wife away from him and hurried from the house slamming the door after him.

Away went Jack Sprout with rapid, heavy strides, and had Solomon Gordon fallen in his way just then he would most assuredly have been severely beaten; for though Solomon was a stout, bold man, yet Jack was a very Hercules.

But Jack was destined to get thoroughly cooled off before he met the object of his wrath. As he approached the bridge that spanned the river just below the falls, he heard loud cries of alarm, and upon hurrying forward he found that a boy had fallen from the projecting timbers into the water. He looked over the railing and saw a little fellow coming to the surface of the foaming, boiling flood—a curly-headed boy, just about the age of his own darling Freddy—stretching forth his tiny arms in agony of despair. It was a terrible place, that scolding, roaring pool, where the waters of the great river came pouring down from over the high dam, but Jack did not hesitate a moment, he leaped out and threw aside his coat, he leaped down into the angry flood. He caught the boy in his arms, and then struck for the shore; it was a mighty conflict but the strong man persevered. More than once those who had gathered upon the bridge and upon the rocks had reason to fear that neither the man nor child would come forth alive; but Jack held his own against the mad torrent, and finally reached the shore where many hands were ready to help him. As for himself, a few minutes rest so far restored him that he was able to walk, and he had sustained no injury save a few trifling bruises. And as for the boy, he had come forth in safety, for Jack had held him high above the water, during all the time of his struggle. When Jack regained his strength and was able to speak, he looked to see the boy he had saved, and he saw that it was Andy Gordon, a bright-eyed, curly-haired boy, not a year older than was his son Freddy.

"Where's papa?" asked the dripping child.

"He is coming," answered some one in the crowd.

Jack looked up, and saw Solomon Gordon coming—Solomon, pale and terror-stricken, and with all possible haste Jack seized his coat and boots, and hurried away. He could not meet Solomon Gordon then.

"Merely! what is it Jack?"

Mrs. Sprout was alarmed. Her husband was dripping wet, his step was tottering, his breath labored, and there was a livid mark upon his forehead as though he had received a heavy blow.

"It is nothing, Abby."

"Has Solomon—"

"Pshaw! D'ye think Sol. Gordon could have done this? I have been in the river. A little boy had fallen from the bridge right into the flood beneath the falls, and I jumped in and brought him out."

"Yes, alive and unhurt."

"Oh thank God! Whose child was it, Jack?"

Jack hesitated.

"Don't stop to ask questions now, Abby, but make me a cup of hot, strong tea, while I get on some dry clothes. My soul! I think I had a narrow dodge of it."

Jack put on his dry garments, and when he had rested awhile he drank his tea, and in the course of an hour all traces of exhaustion had passed away.

"I tell you, Abby, I have had a good many tough jobs in my day, but I never had one like that before. A weaker man than I could not have brought that child out alive."

"O, how grand it is, to use one's strength in such a cause. But whose child was it? Do you not know?"

Before Jack could answer, the outer door was unceremoniously opened, and Solomon Gordon entered the apartment. Abby shrank back in alarm when she saw how pale and excited the man looked, and how he trembled, for she did not notice the moist brimming light that shone in his swollen eyes.

"Jack!" spoke the new comer, in a gasping manner, at the same time holding out both his hands. He choked and stammered, but presently gained strength to add, "O, my God, what can I say? Jack! Jack! Here the stout man broke fairly down, and burst into tears."

Jack, almost as much affected as was his visitor, arose and took the extended hand.

"Never mind, Sol, it's all right."

"No, no," cried Gordon, "it isn't right. It never can be right. O, what can I do? Jack, if I could only go back to where I was this morning! My God! I beat your child for a trifling thing, and you have saved him from a terrible death, saved him almost at the expense of your own life. Kill me if you will; beat me Jack. Do any thing you like, only—forgive me for what I did to your little Freddy—forgive me, so that this saving act of yours shall always be as a heap of coals upon my head!"

And then with a sudden impulse—under the influence of an emotion such as he had never before experienced—Jack Sprout said: "Solomon, I tell you it's all right. You have no more reason to thank God that I saved your child than I have. When I went from my house I was full of wrath; madness and curses were upon my heart. I would have had such revenge as the wild beast seeks. Is it not better that I found your little Andy in the flood? And is it not better that my strength was used in sav-

ing his life? I forgive you, Sol, from the bottom of my heart. And now, I say, it's all right."

And so was cemented a friendship, holy and lasting.

Seemingly slight perturbations in the current of a man's life sometimes work marvelous changes for good or ill.

"Abby," said Jack Sprout—it was late in the evening, and they had been sitting for some time without speaking—"I believe I am converted."

"Yes, Abby, I am converted. Saul of Tarsus, that you read about, to Freddy, last Sunday, was not more suddenly brought to light than I have been. Really and truly, there is more virtue in kindness than in enmity; it blesses every thing and every body. He who bestows it is as much blessed as he who receives it."

And then the wife, with her arm around her husband's neck, gently, kindly, said: "Dear Jack, would I we both be happier laid down by the Savior? Oh, I know that they were given by One who sought our highest good, and I think we should find much joy in trying to square our lives by the golden rule."

And Jack, with a kiss, made answer: "My darling, we will try."

WEATHER GUIDE.—If the moon changes at 12 o'clock noon, the weather immediately afterwards will be very rainy, if in summer, and snow and rain in winter.

If between 2 and 4 o'clock, p. m., changeable in summer, fair and mild in winter.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock, p. m., fair in both summer and winter.

Between 6 and 10 o'clock, p. m., in summer fair, if the wind is northwest; rain if south or southwest.

Between 10 and 12 p. m., fair in summer and fair and frosty in winter.

Between 12 at night and 2 a. m., fair in summer and frosty in winter, unless the wind is from the south or southwest.

Between 2 and 4 a. m., cold and showery in summer, snow-storm in winter.

Between 4 and 5 a. m., rainy both in winter and summer.

Between 6 and 8 a. m., wind and rain in summer, stormy in winter.

Between 8 and 10 a. m., changeable in summer; rain with a westerly, snow with an easterly wind in winter.

Between 10 and 12 a. m., showery in summer and cold and windy in winter.

To people who take a special fondness in the marvelous, the prodigious, and the Paranesque, this little story which comes from Jacksonville may be of some interest: "A puny little fellow named Peter Bangan, who is sixteen years old, yet who only weighs 443 pounds, was yesterday in our city, and gazed upon with wonder by many. This poor boy was born and raised in Cass county, where his family still reside. He has some seven brothers and sisters, all of whom are of ordinary size, except one sister, who now, at the age of eight, weighs 275 pounds. Peter is now on his way to St. Louis, where an agent is waiting to take him to New York for exhibition. To give our readers some idea of his flesh, we noticed that yesterday, while he was sitting in one of the largest chairs to be found, more of his body was hanging over the edges of the chair than there was in it."

DUST AND GIRLS.—A few Sabbaths since, Eda was, at her own request, allowed to go to Sabbath school her first time, and there she learned the startling intelligence that she was made of dust. Little Eda's mind was fully impressed with the importance of the great truth, as was evinced by her frequent reference to the subject, in the shape of questions answerable. This morning, however, she pronounced a stunner, which brought down the house. Intently watching her mother sweeping, as if to learn the art she must finally practice, saying not a word, her eyes rested on the little pile of dirt accumulated by her mother's broom.

Just as the dirt was to be swept into the street, the little philosopher burst forth with, "Ma, ma, why don't you save the dust to make some more little girls?"

A FELINE AVENGER.—An old woman who died in Ireland had a nephew to whom she left by will, all she possessed. She happened to have a favorite cat, who never left her, and even remained by the corpse after death. After the will was read, in the adjoining room, on opening the door, the cat sprang at the nephew, seized him by the throat, and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him. This man died about eighteen months after this scene, and on his death-bed confessed that he had murdered his aunt to get possession of her property.

The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

Little deeds of love and kindness cheer the downcast spirit, and fill the aching hearts with gladness. Minutes, hours and days make the year; so the smaller acts and thoughts of life prepare us for eternity.

The noblest spirits are those which turn to Heaven not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy; like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse to soar up into their native element.

"Briek" Pomeroy, the leader of Democracy in the West, says that within five years the National Debt will be repudiated "as it should be." That is what the Cops generally are driving at.

The Dwarf's Wedding

It is well known that ice is capable of such great solidity as to retain in cold countries any desired shape for a long time; and houses have been constructed of it which have resisted the elements, not only through the winter, but far into the succeeding summer, and in some instances, even during several years. In illustration of this fact, the Courrier des Etats Unis tells the following story:

Peter the Great of Russia had in his service a buffoon, named Nickoleff, a dwarf in size, and particularly ugly in appearance, but possessed of a mind full of intelligence and overflowing with wit and sarcasm, in the exercise of which even the sacred majesty of the Czar was not always respected. He one day approached his master and requested permission to marry.

"And who do you suppose would marry you?" demanded the Czar.

"Catherine Italivaski," responded the dwarf.

Catherine Italivaski! that majestic, beautiful creature attached as fille de chamber to one of the Empress' ladies in waiting? Impossible, my poor Nickoleff! She is young and beautiful, and you are old and ugly."

"She loves me," said Nickoleff, swelling with offended pride. "Everybody does not look upon me with the unfavorable eyes of your majesty."

"You must be very rich, then, or she would not love you," said the Czar.

"Allowing that to be, I should not be the first one who has been loved for his wealth," replied the buffoon with a cynical smile. "I know of one far more rich and more powerful than I am, who has thought himself loved for himself alone, instead of the piles of yellow gold, and was so plainly deceived that he alone was unsuspecting of the true object."

The Emperor turned pale with anger, and bit his lip until the blood flowed, for the buffoon alluded to a love adventure of the monarch well known at court, but of which none had dared to speak above a whisper.

"Very well," said he, controlling his rage by a violent effort, "since you desire to marry Catherine Italivaski, you shall do so. I charge myself with the whole expense of the nuptials, and you will receive from me the palace which you will occupy with your charming bride. Meantime you are forbidden to leave your chamber, under penalty of being made acquainted with the knout, in comparison with which the blows of your wife, which have often made your shoulders ache, are mere love caresses."

Fifteen days after, the first day of January, 1720, the buffoon was awakened at day-break by the sounds of music at the door of the chamber which served him as a prison. A number of the servants of the Czar entered, clothed him in a magnificent suit of garments, then placed him on a sledge, to which were attached four of the most beautiful horses in the imperial stables, and surrounded by a cortege composed of the greatest lords and ladies of the imperial court, conducted him to the Cathedral Notre Dame de Kazan, where the nuptial ceremony was celebrated with a splendor and extravagance which not only reassured, but delighted the proud Nickoleff.

The nuptial benediction pronounced, the happy couple were placed upon the sledges, and conducted to an isolated place, a short distance from the city, on the banks of the Neva, where had been built a palace like of which never existed, except in fairy tales.

The palace, which seemed to be constructed of chrysalis, and which reflected in thousands of luminous rays the blazing torches of ice, cut out as if from stone and fastened with water in place of cement. The dwarf and his wife were introduced into an immense hall, the furniture of which, tables, chairs, chandeliers, everything was made of ice, and were served, in the presence of the Emperor and his attendants, with a feast of regal sumptuousness. The choicest and most delicate wines were served in abundance, and the goblets of Nickoleff and Catherine—also carved from blocks of ice—were kept constantly filled, until, at a signal from Peter, the spouses, stupefied with wine, were carried to the nuptial chamber and placed upon a bed of solid ice, richly carved and gilded, and there left, without fire or sufficient clothing, in the frigid temperature of a Russian winter. The doors of the chamber and palace were then sealed by pouring water over them, which immediately congealed, rendering them equally solid with the walls themselves. As the cortege withdrew the cruel Emperor remarked:

"Behold! a nuptial night such as was never witnessed before."

Eight months after the fatal night, says the historian Leveque—that is, at the close of the month of August—this palace and tomb of ice still existed, and in an almost perfect state. Certain portions of the exterior only had yielded to the influence of the warm winds and sun, and melting, had formed about a species of opaque stalactites. The monument itself gradually lost its transparency, and became a dirty, tarnished mass, through which it was no longer possible, thanks to God, to distinguish the bodies of the frozen lovers, of whom the very features had been so long visible. Another winter passed, consolidating the fearful tomb anew, so that two years later, under the combination of frost, hail, snow, dust, sun and rain, this fairy palace was completely transformed into a hillock, and hideous to behold.

When, at last, Peter the Great gave orders to demolish the frightful witness to his barbarity, the pickaxe and bar were found insufficient for the purpose, and recourse to blasting was necessary to relieve the shores of the beautiful Neva of the villainous object which recalled so disgraceful a history.

A jewel of an uncle—a carb-uncle.

WANTED TO KNOW.—The color of the mind's eye? The flavor of the cup of bitterness? The size of a piece of chalk? The weight of a load of sorrow? Is it murder to drown your sorrows or to kill time? Is it bigamy for a married man to be wedded to his opinions? Is it desertion of family for a man to forsake his evil ways? Is it suicide if you bury yourself in thought, or smother yourself in grief?

AFTER much training of quite a youngster to keep him still at the table long enough for "the blessing," he sat very quiet one day till near the close of the service, his mother beginning inwardly to congratulate herself that for once he had kept still, when he suddenly called out, "at'll do, papa; pass plates now."

"Boss, I want 25 cents," said a jour printer recently to his employer. "25 cents! How soon do you want it, Jake?" "Next Tuesday a week." "As soon as that? You can't get it. I've told you so often that when you are in want of so large a sum of money, you must give me at least four weeks notice."

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said a "brute" to his wife, after breakfast, recently. "A set of women philosophers have just sprung up." "Indeed," said Jane, "and what do they hold?" "The strangest thing in nature," said he; "they hold their tongues."

To kill roaches—Put your roaches in a barrel, put on a pair of heavy boots and get in and dance. To render mosquitos harmless—Pull out their bills with a pair of tongs. To kill fleas—Tie them to the bed-post with log-chains, and let the dogs finish them.

A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a happy married man replied: "she is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."

Henry A. Wise once thanked God that there was not a railroad or newspaper in his Congressional district, to harass the minds, endanger the lives, and disturb the mighty slumbers of his inhabitants.

An exchange paper says: "Never let people work for you gratis. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us, and we have been lending him twenty-five cents a week ever since."

Why is a woman mending her stockings deformed? Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.

Has any person ever tried Rarey's system of horse-taming on the night-mare? In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

Tranquility of mind tends to the health of the body. A man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.—The RAFFERTY'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 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 14, 1866.

CLEARFIELD NURSERY.—ENCOURAGED having 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, Lawin Blackberry, Strawberry and Raspberry vines. Also Siberian Crab trees, Quince and early Scarlet Rhubarb, &c. 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 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. 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—20.

NEW STORE AT MARYSVILLE, CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA. The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield county, that he has opened a new store in Marysville, and that he is now receiving a large and splendid assortment of reasonable goods, such as

DRY-GOODS AND NOTIONS, Hardware, 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.

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.

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 16.

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

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

F. MORREY & GRAHAM, Dealers in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c. Granthamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

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

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationary, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c. &c. Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

C. 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 10, 1867.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield Bank. Deals and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

J. B. MURNALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21st street, one door south of Lantz'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. Murnally, 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, Servicer and Conveyancer, and Agent for the purchase and sale of real estate, 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.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penna. Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

FURNITURE ROOMS. JOHN GUELICH. Desires to inform his old friends and customers that having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style 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. SOPAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK-STANDS, HAT RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c. Spring-seat, Cabin-bottom, and Parlor Chairs; Arm and common and other Chairs.

LOOKING-GLASSES. Of every description on hand, and new glasses for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms, on short notice. He also keeps on hand, or furnishes to order, Hair, Corn-brush, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.

COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND. Made to order, and funerals attended with a Hearse, whenever desirable. Also, House painting done to order. 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. 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. MCKNIGHT, Clearfield, Feb. 7, 1866-y.