

Raftsmen's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 45.

Select Poetry.

A LESSON IN ITSELF SUBLIME.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this:—I take no note of time,
Save when the sun is shining,
These motto-words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore,
Than this short sentence teaches
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its pain and care,
And note its bright side only.

There is no grave on earth's broad chart,
But has some bird to cheer it;
No hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it,
And if to-day a heavy yoke
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing,
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter;
We take the cup of life and taste,
No portion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

LITTLE CHERRY'S MISSION.

Little Cherry, homeless and forlorn, wanders through the streets of New York one cold December day, did not seem of much importance to anybody. She had begged a few pennies, and bought some hard cakes at a corner stall; she had stood over the grating of a restaurant and warmed her chilled limbs, comforting herself with the savory steam rising from the room below. And now night had come. The shop windows sparkled with light; the rows of lamps on every corner twinkled like stars. People hurried home to pleasant houses and warm suppers; Cherry stood and shivered until she was tired, walked a block or two, and paused to hang about some brilliant show-window. She could remember how happy she had been in her mother's time. She had borne a warm affection toward Old Granny, as they called her, because she had been so kind to this dear mother in her last illness. Even now Cherry's eyes filled with tears thinking it over. And then she had lived with "Gran," who went about the streets with a hand organ, while Cherry sang. But now "Gran" was dead. She had staid a day or two with a good-natured Irish woman, but her seven children were as many as she could feed. And on Saturday some one was coming to take her to Ward's Island, where homeless children are cared for.

Cherry didn't want to go. She confused it somehow with Blackwell's Island and a prison, and the thieves she knew went there. She had never stolen so much as a penny in all her life. And she had run away that morning, and here she was, a wanderer. She glanced into the window, thinking it all over. And something else came to her in a vague, childish way—the pleasant talk she had heard at Sunday school, how God cared for every little child, and helped each one to be strong and good, and not to lie, nor steal, nor swear; and how that each one in his turn had some mission to perform. Was it true? There didn't seem anything for her but to starve, or to perish with the cold, or to go to Ward's Island. No wonder she shivered and drew her thin shawl close around her shoulders.

Julian Evans, walking briskly along, just gave her a glance. His bright eye and rosy cheeks looked so nice; his warm coat was buttoned up to a round, dimpled chin, and his curly chestnut hair fell over his ears. Such a brisk, healthy, spirited fellow!

He entered, and Cherry saw him talking energetically to the storekeeper. Then the light of his eyes went down suddenly, and the corners of his mouth lost their smile. Cherry felt so sorry for him.

"The lowest is twelve dollars," and the man placed some curious boxes down on the counter. "We have had cheaper ones, but they were not satisfactory—continual getting out of order. This is a very good article let me wind it up."

Such music as it made! Julian listened with a throbbing heart. He wanted it so for little pale Alice at home, whose only change now from the bed was being bolstered up in a great arm chair. She loved music so dearly! And if he could do any thing to make her happier this little while! He swallowed down a great sob, and winked away a tear. A sturdy boy of fifteen—to-day was his birthday. People generally received presents instead, at such times; but he had been doing a little over-work, and saving up his money to buy a music-box for Alice. He had only eight dollars, and it would take so long to earn the rest in this slow way! O, if he was only a man! what a pretty home they should all have! Pictures, and birds, and flowers, and music for Alice. Now nothing. He brushed away a tear.

"I'll put it at eleven," said the man. "And it's a bargain."
Julian's heart swelled. If the man would trust him for the rest! But he was a stranger—that was foolish.
The little music-box rang out its tunes all this while. Presently it came to "Home,

sweet Home." Cherry, standing at the window, homeless and hungry, joined it with her voice. Why, she could not tell, for she was almost crying.

A few persons stopped to listen. Julian walked out to the door. What a voice the child had—like a bird.

After the last note died away, he went up to her. She looked wistfully at him out of her large blue eyes.

"Who taught you to sing?" he asked directly.

"No one."
"Where do you live?"
"I haven't any home now. I did live with Granny, but she's dead. She went round with an organ."

"What's your name?"
"Cherry."
"A rather blue cherry," Julian said, "unless it's the end of your nose." And then he gave such a warm, honest smile that Cherry smiled too, albeit the tears ran over her pale cheeks.

"Where are you going to-night?"
"I don't know." She glanced furtively down the street.

Julian looked in the window again. Not at music-boxes this time. He was thinking, in a sort of crude, boyish fashion, of this poor child, and the other little one at home. Just the same age, may be. What if he took her home? She could sing to Alice and amuse her; she could save his mother many steps, thereby giving her more time for sewing. It would cost something to take care of her, and they were poor; but then his eight dollars would last a while. And since he couldn't have the music-box—

"Do you know any other songs?" he asked.

"O, lots; ever so many. I wish I could sing 'em for you. You look so kind."
"I have a little sick sister at home; Mother hasn't a voice, and Alice is so fond of music. Would you like to go and sing to her?"

"O, so much, but to-morrow will be Sunday, and I don't know many Sunday tunes."
"We'll manage that. Poor Alice! I wish she could run about like you; but I wouldn't want her out here in the cold. Come along."

When they turned into a darker by-street, Julian wanted to put his arm around her to help keep her warm, but he did not have the courage. How this frosty air must blow through her thin clothing. One more corner and they were there. Through a long, dark hall, up a flight of stairs. The light from the open door almost blinded Cherry, and the warmth was so nice.

"I've brought home a poor little girl, mother, who must have been taken to the Station-house, for she hasn't any friends. And I want Alice to hear her sing."

Alice raised her head from the pillow. Her hair was fair and golden, as was Cherry's when she pulled off the old hood. You might almost fancy they were sisters, save that Alice had a bright red spot in her cheeks, while Cherry's were blue as Julian had said.

They warmed and fed her. She thawed into a charming sunniness; she sang some wonderful ballads, and made the room ring to the music of her voice. Alice drew long breaths of enjoyment. She told them her story, and of her own dear mamma, who had first called her Cherry. Mrs. Evans' tears fell silently on her work.

When both girls had been dismissed to bed, Julian related how he had been saving his money for the music-box. "And I thought we'd have a little birthday feast over it," he said; "but now I'll give it to you. It will help to take care of Cherry a while. If I was only a man, mother; but boys seem such great useless things, earning so little, and wanting so much."

His mother kissed him for his birthday. It was all the gift she had.

They kept little Cherry. She grew round and rosy, and deserved her name. She did errands, swept the house, and was so useful they wondered how they had ever managed without her. Always bright, singing like a bird, and full of tender care for Alice. The sick child was so happy that they hardly noticed how much weaker she grew. And at last she lay in her mother's arms, waiting patiently until the angel of God came and took her up to heaven.

Poor little Cherry! This seemed harder than even mamma's death, so long ago.

And now that Alice was gone where other voices would sing to her day and night, no one needed her. O, if the world wasn't quite so wide and dreary. So she crept about with her sad, silent face, and asked mute questions with her pitiful eyes.

"Mother," Julian said, one night, "have you thought about Cherry? The poor child is breaking her heart."
"She loved Alice so," the mother responded.
"I know it. And I don't feel as if I could ever part with her. I'll work for her as I would have for Alice. She will not be much trouble, mother. Let us keep her."

"Part with her!" Mrs. Evans re-echoed. "Why, she seems almost like Alice."
"I don't know how I could have given up my own child, if God had not sent Cherry to take her place. Every day she has grown more and more into my heart."
"I'm glad you feel so. Up in heaven her mother has our little Alice," and Julian made a great effort to steady his voice.

And so even little Cherry had her mission. Growing up into womanhood tenderly cared for, she never forgot the cold night in the street, when, homeless and friendless, in the very depths of her childish despair, she had sung because her heart was strangely moved, and she could not help it. The true truth she had been taught proved even so. God cares for us all.

A lively Hibernian exclaimed at a party where Theodore Hook shone the star of the evening: "Och Master Theodore, but you're the hook that nobody can bite!"

What is Life?

For the "Raftsmen's Journal."

"Life is real, life is earnest;" life is a stern and solemn reality. We are travelers upon its highway; we are cast forth by other means than our own. Everything is hurrying us onward. We can neither stop nor turn back. Forward we are pressed. Resistance is in vain. Therefore, the necessity of making our voyage as pleasant, delightful, and happy as we can. Life is full of beauty, and ought to be of constant gladness.

Every man is the architect of his own fame and fortune. If he arrive to honor and distinction the merit is his. If he be dishonored and disgraced to him alone the shame and misery belong.

Man's success is the result of his actions. He is a free agent, acting from a certain impulse of the mind, which is varied according to certain surrounding circumstances. Luck and fortune are mere words without a meaning. What is called good luck, is the result of sound and correct judgment. Bad luck is the reverse of this. There are some who never prosper in their undertakings. They are too impulsive, too changeable, and they ascribe their disappointments to Providence. We are all too ready and willing to blame others for our misfortune, instead of considering it the result of our own actions. Man is placed in the world for a purpose; he has a certain duty to perform.

Now, let me ask you my youthful readers, for what purpose do you live? What is your aim in life? Consider that this world, with all its greatness, its riches, its honors, will soon be placed in the hands of the youth of to-day; and are you preparing yourself to fulfill any of the duties, which may be imposed upon you as one of the actors, in the great drama of life? Or, are you living as hundreds of others are, who merely sustain life through a natural instinctiveness to live? They have no aim; they live for no purpose. And what are they? To themselves, little; to the world, nothing. They may be honest and well-meaning persons, but they lack one thing, energy. There is many a bright talent lying dormant for want of cultivation. They forget that practice makes perfect. Our most talented and eminent men can attribute their greatness to something which they said or did, at some particular time, which gave them encouragement to try again. The mind is changeable. A word, a look, or an action, may produce a combination of circumstances, which may effect the future course of a man's life. It may hurry him on to honor and distinction, or it may hasten his ruin and destruction. Therefore, those who can exert an influence over others, can not be too careful what they say or do; for often great results arise from minor causes. It is the change in the mind, which produces the change in the person, and man's happiness is, more or less, effected by this change, not only in this world, but in the world to come. The mind is immortal. The powers of thought, with which man is endowed, not only live for an hour, a day, or a year, but for eternity. The thoughts which arise within us leave imperishable momentoes behind. Every cultivated improvement we may make is not only additional to our happiness here, but in eternity. The cultivation of our intellect exercises our abilities to do good, and we are all made happier in trying to promote the happiness of others. Uncultivated intellect has but few pleasures, and these are low and vulgar.

Man is a singular being. We read that, "God is love." We also read that man is formed in his image. If he were not love he would not have formed within us the property of loving. The heart was made to love. Well has the poet said:

The heart like the tender, acoustem'd to eling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone;
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself and make closely its own.

If, then, it must and will exercise its natural powers, it is evident that our affections should be so directed that they may yield us the greatest possible amount of joy; for the result of the natural exercise of the affection is happiness—pure and thrilling. This is always the case, when not fixed upon unworthy objects. The mother who wasted her affections upon her undutiful and unworthy child, feels a pain more severe when her love is not appreciated, than any other which is possible for her to feel. The same is true of any other affection.

Attachments must be formed, friendship must be cultivated, companions must be selected from the circle of our acquaintance; there is no avoiding this. Then the duty of every one is to be wise, and seek the companionship of those, and those only, who are pure and good. The basis of true and lasting affection is, *real worth*. He who builds upon, or confides in aught else, will most assuredly feel a wreck of heart and blighted hopes.

W. A. S.

A dray horse, while standing in front of a store in Dayton, Ohio, last week, was startled by the fall of a hay-rake upon his rump. He started to run, and, being blind, ran headlong against the side of a frame house, crashed through the weatherboarding, turned over an embankment, smashed the crockery, and—broke his neck.

The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is 96,000,000 miles, and the least distance something over 94,000,000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in running, and reduce the expense very materially.

Carlyle, in his advice to young men, says: "If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt."

If I had a boy who didn't lie well enough to suit me, I would set him to tending a retail dry goods store.

A Martyr Bird.

The following beautiful incident is recorded in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

The noble deeds of robin-red-breast have been celebrated for generations in both song and story, and the tender sympathy which this bird is supposed to feel for stray babes has gained for it the highest opinion of the occupants of the nursery. A painful little circumstance, which will interest our young readers, and at the same time serve to confirm their regard for the robin, was brought to light after the fire at the residence of Mr. M. Callum a week or two ago. In a tree near by, a robin had built her nest, and hatched her brood. The birdlings were too young to fly, and although the flames progressed, and the heat became more and more intense, the mother bird refused to leave her nest, and perished in her efforts to protect her little ones from harm. The nest was afterwards discovered, and the parent bird was found, with her little brood still under her, but all were dead. What a wonderful instinct has the Creator bestowed upon this little creature, that would impel it to thus sacrifice its own life, in a manner so peculiarly painful, in its efforts to shield the helpless little ones committed to its charge! Surely, many men and women might learn a lesson of wisdom from this martyr bird.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—Somebody gets off the following beautiful paragraph on the closing night of the week. There is a volume of truth and sense in it:

"Saturday night makes people human; sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them in to war drums and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a bang; the iron doored vaults come to with a bang; the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all week gently closes behind him, the world is all shut out. Shut out? Shut in, rather. Here are his treasures, after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family bible—and not in the bank. May he be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue eyed or black eyed, but, above all, true eyed; get a little home, no matter how little, and a little sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get the two, or two and a half in it, of a Saturday night, and thread this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, thank God and take courage."

A FATHER DIES FOR HIS SON.—There has been a terrible fire in Evansville, in which some of the best merchant's houses were burned down. The Evansville Courier says, and it is nobler and braver than Casbahian:

"We regret to chronicle the loss of a useful man, a loving and kind husband, a brave father—for in the act of saving his son's life the father was buried beneath the burning ruins. Mr. Magennis was employed in the factory as an assistant, his son, a lad some sixteen years old. These two were working in the upper story when the alarm was given, and, seeking to make an exit, found their retreat cut off. The father helped his son to reach a window, and, pushing him from it, sank back exhausted into the raging furnace beneath. The body was badly burned, and when the fire was somewhat subdued, there was gathered from near where the door had been, a heap of shriveled blackened remains—all that was left of a noble man who had died while striving to save a life that was dearer than his own."

AN "UNSUSPICIOUS NATURE."—During the cross examination of a false witness at the Tombs the other day, the District Attorney asked him where his father was, to which the witness responded with a melancholy air: "Dead sir; dropped off very suddenly sir." "How came he to drop off suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir; the sheriff imposed on his unsuspecting nature, sir, and getting him to go on a platform to take a look at a select audience, suddenly knocked a trap-door out from under him, sir."

"I tell you what, Pomp, dat Massy Thad Stevens is a big fish."

"Go long wid you self, you unrevenerent contraband, for speaking thus ob de friend ob your race as a fish."

"Why, you fool, all members ob Congress are more like fishes dan any oder living crechals."

"How so?"
"Why, because dey is fond ob de bate" (debate).

"Illustrated with cuts," said an urchin, as he drew his pocket-knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," reiterated the teacher, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

Thomas Kealey has been arrested in New York, charged with being one of the murderers of Col. O'Brien, who, it will be remembered, was killed in the draft riots which occurred in that city in 1863.

In Vicksburg the burnt district is being rebuilt, and the activity of building in other parts of the city shows that the people are rapidly recovering from the stagnation caused by the war.

When you see a good looking young widow promading the streets daily don't imagine she wants a second husband. Oh, such an idea never enters her head.

How an old maid always eyes a single gentleman. She looks at him just as she would at a dog in dog-days—wondering whether he intends to bite.

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

F. SAWED 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, Provision, &c., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

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

KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, &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 19, '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, at 21 street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liqueurs, &c. Room, on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, having removed to George J. Kyler's old, near William's Grove, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 10, 1867.

FRANK BARRETT, Conveyancer and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Second Street, with Walter Barrett, Esq., Agent for Plantation and Gold Territory in South Carolina. Clearfield July 10, 1867.

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, 1863.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. Menally, 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.

CURWENVILLE.—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 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
J. BLAKE WALTERS

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 8th Regt Penna's Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6m.

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 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, Cabin-bottom, and Parlor Chairs; and Common and other Chairs.

LOOKING-GLASSES
Of every description on hand, and new glasses for old frames, which will be put in a 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.

CURWENVILLE, PENN. A.

LEWIS W. TEN YCK, 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.

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.

SOMETHING NEW IN CLEARFIELD.

Carriage and Wagon Shop.

Immediately in rear of Machine shop.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield and the public in general, that he is prepared to do all kinds of work on carriages, buggies, wagons, sleighs, sleds, &c., on short notice and in a workmanlike manner. Orders promptly attended to. W. M. KNIGHT. Clearfield, Feb. 7, 1866-y.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE, CLEARFIELD, PA.

The subscriber would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of his old friends and customers at the "Clearfield House." Having made many improvements, he is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom. Every department of the house is conducted in a manner to give general satisfaction. Give him a call. Nov. 4, 1866. GEO. N. COLBURN.

THE WESTERN HOTEL,

Clearfield, Penna.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the above named Hotel, generally known as "The Lanich House," situate on the corner of Market and Second Streets Clearfield, Pa., desires to inform the public that he is now prepared to accommodate those who may favor him with a call. The house has been refitted and re-furnished, and hence he flatters himself that he will be able to entertain customers in a satisfactory manner. A liberal share of patronage is solicited. June 12, 1867. J. A. STINE.

CLEARFIELD NURSERY.—ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

The undersigned 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, Lawton 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, Pa.

THE "CORNER STORE,"

CURWENVILLE, PA.

Is the place to purchase goods of every description, and at the most advantageous terms. A large and well selected stock of seasonable goods, has been added to that already on hand, which we are prepared to sell to customers at prices as low as the lowest. The highest market rates paid for lumber of all descriptions. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

E. A. IRVIN.
W. R. HARTSHORN.
Curwensville, July 17, 1865.

DISOLUTION 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 Philadelphia, 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.

C. R. FOSTER, J. T. LEONARD,
J. D. M'GIRK, EDWARD PERKS,
J. B. GRAHAM, W. A. WALLACE,
G. L. REED, A. K. WRIGHT.

March 5, 1867—m20.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFTSMAN'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 arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

S. J. ROW.

ON HIS OWN HOOK.

W. F. CLARK,

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity that he has taken the rooms formerly occupied by P. A. Gaultin, in Graham's Row, immediately over H. F. Naugle's jewelry store, and will continue the tailoring business in all its various branches. A full assortment of cloths, cassimeres, and vestings, constantly on hand and made up to order on the shortest notice. Particular attention will be given to cutting mens' boys' and children's clothing,