

Rafferty's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1867.

VOL. 13.—NO. 46.

Select Poetry.

WHEN THE BABY DIED.

When the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, secret dread,
"Death, be merciful, and pass—
Leave the other"—but alas!

While we watched, he waited there—
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence to go;
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That your loss is but their gain."

Ah, the parents think of this!
But remember more the kiss
From the little rose-red lips,
And the print of finger tips,

Left upon a broken toy,
Will remind him how the boy,
And his sister, charmed the days
With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief—
God's sweet ministrations
These shall sing of loss and gain.

TIT FOR TAT.

"Was there ever such a jealous fellow,
always contriving some new test to subject
my affections to?" said Julia Harvy to her
sister, Mrs. Fanny Markham, as she handed
her a letter.

It was from Julia's lover, Captain Paul
Wilcox, an officer in an infantry regiment,
who wrote to prepare her to receive him. He
told her that she would find him much
changed, for he had been wounded in the
leg and lost his left arm; that he had
felt it his duty to say that he should not
hold her to her engagement, though he
loved her as devotedly as ever. Now it
happened that Julia had a correspondent in
the army; from whom she discovered that
the captain had received no injuries; and
that his story was concocted purely as an
additional test of the devotedness of the
fair one.

"We'll pay him off for this trick, Julia,"
said Mrs. Markham. "Come with me and
I'll instruct you how to give him change in
his own coin."

Shortly after the ladies had retired, Cap-
tain Wilcox planning himself on his stratagem,
was alone in the drawing room. He
had buttoned his arm up in his coat, and
the left sleeve hung empty, while he coun-
terfeited a halting gait, and put a large
piece of plaster on his left cheek to cover
an imaginary salve out.

In a few minutes Mrs. Markham appear-
ed.

"Returned at last," cried she, warmly
shaking his hand. "My dear Paul,"

"There's not much left of me—little
better than half," said the soldier. "I left
my poor arm in the West Indies."

"Poor, dear Paul," said the lady. "And
how is your leg?"

"Very poorly, I am troubled with daily
exfoliation of the bone."

"Poor Julia!" she sighed.

"She will be much affected in the change
in me, will she not?" asked the brave Cap-
tain.

"Oh, dear, no! I was thinking of the
change in her."

"Change in her?"

"What haven't you heard?"

"Not a word."

"Ah! I see—she was afraid to write to
you. She has lost all her beauty."

"Possible?"

"Yes—you know she was never vaccina-
ted."

"No—and she has had the small-pox ver-
y badly. Poor Julia. She has lost the
sight of her right eye. Her face is very
much discolored. Her nose is terribly red."

"A red nose?"

"Yes. It doesn't matter so much about
her eyes—she wears blue spectacles."

"Blue spectacles and a red nose!" ex-
claimed the Captain.

"But you don't mind that. Beauty is
nothing," said Mrs. Markham, who was
rejoicing heartily herself. "You love
Julia for her heart; you always told her so.
And as you are so maimed and disfigured
yourself, why, you can sympathize with and
console each other. You will be a very
well assorted couple—three arms and three
eyes between you."

"And a red nose and blue spectacles!"
groaned the Captain.

"Hush! here comes Julia," said Mrs.
Markham, "don't appear shocked. Julia,
my dear here's the Captain."

The door opened and Julia entered. She
had painted her face most artistically; a
pair of blue spectacles concealed her fine
black eyes, but the marvelous feature of her
face was her nose—it glowed with all the
brilliance of a carbuncle.

"Oh, dear Paul," said she, "poor dear
Paul, how much you must have suffered."
"I have one arm left for you to lean up-
on," said the Captain.

"But you are lame. We can never dance
the Schottische any more."
"I don't know how I can manage it, all
but the side steps and hops," said the Cap-
tain, ruefully.

"But don't you find me hideous?" ask-
ed the fair one.

"Not exactly," said the poor Captain.

"The tip of your nose is rather a warm col-
or, to be sure."

"Oh, the doctor says it will settle into a
purple by-and-by."

"Oh, he does; does he?" said the Cap-
tain abstractively.

"Do you think I should look better with
purple nose?"

"Speak not of it," said the Captain.

"But tell me, when you heard of my in-
juries, were you not inclined to relinquish
my hand?"

"Not for a moment."

"Then forgive my deception," said the
Captain. "Here's my left arm as sound

as ever. I have no wound upon my cheek;
I can dance from dark till dawn."

"How could you be so cruel!" said Julia.
"It is my turn to ask you whether you are
still willing to fulfill your engagement with
me!"

"With all my heart," said the Captain.
"I am grieved for the loss of your beauty,
I confess; but your heart and mind are
dearer than your person."

"Excuse me for a moment," said the la-
dy. "I must retire for a few moments."

In an instant she returned, radiant in all
the glory of her charms.

"Paul," said she, "How do you like me
now?"

"You are an angel," said the Captain,
holding her in his arms. "How could you
treat me so cruelly with the red nose and
spectacles?"

"Not a word of that," said the beauty.
"We have friends in camp who exposed
your jealous folly, and it was only 'tit for
tat.'"

"I deserve it all," said the Captain;
"and here I avow I am cured of jealousy
forever."

When they were married, which followed
as a matter of course, they were pronoun-
ced the handsomest couple that ever sub-
mitted to the matrimonial noose.

Examining a Teacher.

Mr. Trustee Snickles was sitting in his
drawing room, on day, when Saunders, presented
himself before him, a perfect stranger, in
search of a school to keep for the winter.

"Have you ever kept a school?"

"No sir," replied Saunders.

"What are your qualifications?" asked
Snickles.

"I have been through the rule of three
and interest, and can read and spell any
word in the spelling book; and I reckon I
can flog any boy who won't mind."

"No, you have no recommendations?"

"No, sir, I thought you would examine
me, and if I was qualified, I could hire out."

"What do you ask a month?"

"What do you pay, old chap?"

"Well according to the qualifications of
the teacher."

"I'd like to be examined then. If you'll
bring on your books you may begin."

"O, I can tell all about a teacher by see-
ing him walk."

"That's easily done," said the candidate
with an air.

"Well, then," said Snickles, "you set out
and walk up the road," pointing in the di-
rection which Saunders came, and when I'm
satisfied, I'll call you to stop."

The teacher started off at a brisk pace,
and Snickles shut the door and went into the
house.

When Saunders reached the top of the
hill half a mile away; it began to occur to
him that his examination had passed.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—During the late
war, while the army of Tennessee, under
Gen. Johnston, lay encamped near Dalton,
the following rich scene occurred:—There
was a very popular dealer in newspapers, a
perfect Broidignab in size, rivaling Daniel
Lambert in rotundity of stomach. A regi-
ment was there about to leave for Mobile,
and our massive friend had some business
to transact with the Colonel. So, puffing
and blowing, he came up a few minutes be-
fore the train started. As he came up a
soldier spied him and cried out:—Boys,
here he is. Instantly the whole regiment
was on the alert, and shout after shout went
up:—Here he is, here he is! Looking dum-
b-founded, the fat man said: "What's up
with you gentlemen? What have I done?"

"You're the very man that stole our big
drum and swallowed it," went up simultane-
ously. Struck with surprise, he did not
know whether to laugh or get mad, but finally
said: "Well, boys, if you'll stay till
evening, I'll eat you."

NEWSPAPERS.—Of all the amusements
that can possibly be imagined for a hard
working man, after a day's toil, or in its in-
tervals, there is nothing like reading an en-
tertaining paper. It relieves his home of
its dullness or sameness, which, in nine cas-
es out of ten, is what drives him to the al-
house, to the ruin of both himself and family.
He is transported into graver, livelier
and more diversified and interesting scenes;
and while he enjoys himself there he for-
gets the evils of the moment fully as much
as if he were ever so drunk, with the great
advantage of his money in his pocket, or at
least laid out in real necessities and comforts
for his wife and family, and without a head-
ache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next
day's work, and gives him something else
to think of beside the mechanical drudgery
of his every day's operations, something he
can enjoy while absent.

TRICK OF AN INSANE MAN.—Recently,
a Milwaukee police officer was detailed to
take an insane man to an asylum. The man
went along quietly until the end was reach-
ed, when, instead of being delivered to the
officers of the asylum, he very quietly deliv-
ered the astonished officer; who, before he
had an opportunity for an explanation,
found himself locked up in a cell, and was
told that a strait jacket awaited him if he
made any demonstrations. It was some
time before the officer could get his story
believed and exchange places with the lunatic,
who went off boasting of his skill in out-
witting his keeper.

The drunkard exhibits one phase of a life
of pleasure. He drinks for the pleasure
of drinking. The social glass is the seed
of his life of pleasure. He drinks to friend-
ship, drinks to mirth, drinks to beauty,
drinks to chivalry, honor and glory; drinks
to pleasure in all her forms. The slow-tut-
ting tortures that pierce him through tell
that pleasure is but a fading rose, which
serves only to hide long, sharp, poisonous
thorns.

A Kind-Hearted Tanner.

William Savery, an eminent minister
among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade.
One night a quantity of hides was stolen
from his tannery, and he had reason to be-
lieve that the thief was a quarrelsome,
drunken neighbor, called John Smith.

Next week the following advertisement ap-
peared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on
the fifth of this month, is hereby informed
that the owner has a sincere desire to be
his friend. If poverty tempted him to this
false step, the owner will keep the whole
transaction secret, and will gladly put him
on the way of obtaining money by means more
likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted
considerable attention; but the culprit alone
knew who had made the kind offer. When
he read it, his heart melted within him, and
he was filled with sorrow for what he had
done. A few nights afterwards, as the tan-
ner's family were about retiring to rest,
they heard a timid knock, and when the
door opened there stood John Smith with
a load of hides on his shoulders. Without
looking up, he said: "I have brought these
back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will
go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then
perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me
how this happened. We will see what can
be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife
prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies
and meat on the table. When they return-
ed from the barn, she said: "Neighbor
Smith, I thought some hot supper would
be good for thee." He turned his back to-
ward her, and did not speak. After leaning
against the fire-place in silence a few mo-
ments, he said in a choked voice: "It is
the first time I ever stole anything, and I
have felt very bad about it. I am sure I
didn't once think I should ever come to
what I am. But I took to drinking and
then to quarreling. Since I began to go
down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You
are the first man that has ever offered me
a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my
children starving. You have sent them
many a meal. God bless you! but yet I
stole the hides. But I tell you the truth
when I say it is the first time I was ever
a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend,"
replied William Savery. "The secret lies
between ourselves. Thou art still young,
and it is in thy power to make up for lost
time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink
any intoxicating liquor for a year, and to-
morrow I will employ thee on good wages.
Thy little boy can pick up stones. But eat
a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; per-
haps it will keep thee from craving any-
thing stronger to-night. Doubtless thou
wilt find it hard at first, but keep up a brave
heart for the sake of thy wife and children,
and it will become easy. When thou hast
need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give
it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink,
but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly
trying to compose his feelings, he bowed
his head on the table, and wept like a child.
After while he ate and drank, and his host
parted with him for the night with the
friendly words, "try to do well, John, and
thou wilt always find a friend in me." John
entered into his employment the next day,
and remained with him many years, a sober,
honest, and steady man. The secret of the
hoof was kept between them; but after
John's death, William Savery told the story,
to prove that evil might be overcome
with good.

THE CHEAPEST THING IN THE MAR-
KET.—Many articles in this world are dear,
says the Memphis Avalanche. Eggs are
always dear about Christmas times, and
chickens in the first of the chicken season.
But however high are meats, birds, fish and
vegetables, there is one commodity that is
always cheap, dirt cheap—loyalty!—It
costs literally nothing. It certainly does
not cost money, for the poorest sot in the
lowest grocery who has not a copper to in-
vest for his favorite grog, can prate about
his loyalty. Dr. Johnson very truthfully
remarked that "patriotism was the last re-
fuge of the scoundrel." The same may now
be said of loyalty, for the biggest scound-
rels—the men who are producing strife,
disorder, disunion and anarchy, claim to be
the par excellence of loyalty, as is instanced
by the copperheads of the North.

EVERY WORD TRUE.—It is a great and
prevalent error, that children may be left
to run wild in every sort of company and
temptations for several years, and then it
will be time enough to break them in. This
mistake makes half our spendthrifts,
gamblers, thieves and drunkards. No man
would deal so with a graven image; no man
would raise a colt or a puppy on such a
principle. Take notice, parents—unless
you till the new soil and throw in the good
seed, the devil will have a crop of weeds be-
fore you know what is taking place. Look
at the poor children, and think whether you
will leave their safety or ruin at hazard, or
whether you shall not train them up in the
way they should go.

"Mary," said George to his sweetheart
one evening as he met her at the door, and
before their usual embrace, "Mary, why are
we like the printers in the Journal office
when the matter for the paper is all made
up?" "Why, I don't know, George, dear,"
said Mary, with a puzzled look. "Why, it's
because we are just going to press," said
George, opening his arms with a confident
smile.

There is a great deal of permanent truth
in what Martin Luther said to his wife
Catherine, when she was weeping convul-
sively, over the body of their dead daugh-
ter: "Do not take on so, dear wife; remem-
ber that this is a very hard world for girls,
and say, 'God's will be done.'"

A Washington Story.

Mr. Gay, senior of the National Hotel
Washington, bears quite a resemblance to
the late Gen. Cass, upon which is told a
good story.

A stranger who supposed that he knew
Mr. Gay well, put up at the National.
Since this house has become a crack hotel
at the Capitol, it is quite full all the time,
and the new comer was necessarily for the
first night sent to the up-floor to sleep.
Coming down stairs in the morning a little
cross, met Gen. Cass there, who had a fine
suit of rooms in the hall. He stepped up
to him and said:

"I'll not stand it! You have put me at
the top of the house. I must have a room
somewhere else, lower down."

Gen. Cass interposing nervously; "Sir,
you are mistaken in the personage; you are
addressing Gen. Cass of Michigan."

Stranger, confusedly, "Beg your pardon,
General—thought it was my old friend Gay.
Beg a thousand pardons, sir. All a mistake
—all a mistake I assure you."

The General passed out of the building,
but soon returned; but as luck would have
it, the stranger met him full in the face
again, but in another position. This time
he was sure he had met Mr. Gay, for the
Senator from Michigan he knew had just
gone out. So the stranger stepped boldly
up, slapped the General familiarly on the
shoulder, exclaiming:

"By heaven, Gay, I've got a rich joke
to relate. I met old Cass up stairs just now;
thought it was you, and began cursing him
about my room."

General Cass, with emphasis, "Well
young man, you have met old Cass again."
Stranger, sloped, and he has not been
heard of since.

AN HONEST ANSWER.—Recently a clergyman
was preaching in Belfast when a young
man in the congregation, getting weary
of the sermon, looked at his watch. Just
as he was in the act of examining his time-
piece for the fourth or fifth time, the
pastor, with great earnestness, was urging
the truth upon the consciences of his hear-
ers. "Young man," said he, "how is it
with you?" Whereupon the young man
with the gold repeater bawled out, in hear-
ing of nearly all the congregation, "A quar-
ter past eight." As may be supposed, the
gravity of the assembly was much distur-
bed for a time.

A clergyman in Boston recommends put-
ting pictures into churches, asking the rich
to adorn them as they do their own dwell-
ings, and then open them to all. The best
music in town should be the church music—
a part of the debt the rich owe to the poor,
and bless themselves doubly in paying. At
the same time a Unitarian clergyman, in
the interior of Massachusetts, says: "It is
doubtful whether, with our modern tendency
God can send upon society a greater com-
bination of curses than a truly eloquent
preacher, a ten thousand dollar organ, and
a superb opera choir."

A French journal gives an amusing illus-
tration of the familiar truth that "accounts
differ." By careful study of Cretan des-
patches it has ascertained that the total loss
of the Turks during the present insurrec-
tion has become one million five hundred thou-
sand men; of the insurgents, forty men. A
similar computation, founded upon the
Turkish despatches, gives a Cretan loss of
three million men at the lowest figures,
against a Turkish loss of five. One does
not often have to split a wider difference
than that.

OLD DR. A.—was a quack, and a very
ignorant one. On one occasion he was cal-
led, by mistake, to attend a council of phy-
sicians in a critical case. After considerable
discussion, the opinion was expressed by
one that the patient was convalescent.
When it came to Dr. A.—stern to speak:
"Convalescent!" said he; "Why that's
nothing serious; I have cured Convalescence
in twenty-four hours!"

He who is sore pressed with temptation
need not flatter himself that by and by the
temptation will cease, and he is to be deliv-
ered from sin; for temptation will not cease;
and help must come, not from change in
outward circumstances, but from strength
given to the inner man, lifting the soul above
all temptation. Thus may help come, if it
comes at all.

Mrs. Partington cannot understand either
Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, that they
should be so anxious to pass a bill in Parlia-
ment to give the people universal suffering.
For her part she thinks there is suffering
enough among the poor people without mak-
ing it universal. Reform, indeed! they
should reform themselves first, without
thinking to reform the people.

A good thing is told of the President in
Raleigh. While responding in a feeling
manner to the welcome given him he used
the expression, "Let us, my friends, repair
the breaches"—and before he could add
"made by the war," an old woman exclaim-
ed, with perfect delight, "bless the dear
man, he has come home again to work at
his old trade."

If you saw a man digging for ores in a
snowdrift, you would say at once he was
crazy. But in what respect does this man
differ from you while you sow the seed of
idleness and dissipation in your youth, and
expect elevated affections and good princi-
ples in advancing years.

Once at a coronation scene, a person who
was impressed with the majesty of human
sovereignty, said to a gentleman beside him:
"Our emperor is very great." The gentle-
man replied, "But God is greater." "Yes,"
said the sycophant, "but the emperor is
young yet."

Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. May 13, 1866.

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 SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth
west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

I. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will
attend promptly to all legal business entrusted
to his care in Clearfield and adjoining coun-
ties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.

FORNEY & GRAHAM, Dealers in Square and
Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Gro-
ceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Gra-
ham's row, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing,
&c. Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provi-
sions, &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.

K. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries,
Provisions, &c. Front Street, (above the Aca-
demy,) Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of
Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa.
He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice,
and attends funerals with a hearse. April 10, '59.

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

J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield,
Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining
counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton,
2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

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

E. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,
having removed to George J. Kyle's dec'd
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 Sec-
ond Street, with Walter Barrett, Esq., Agent for
Plantation and Gold Territory in South Carolina.
Clearfield July 10, 1867.

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

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

G. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Ba-
con, &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
Clearfield and vicinity. Office in Drug Store,
corner Main and Thompson Sts. May 2, 1866.

J. BLAKE WALTERS, Scrivener and Convey-
ancer, and Agent for the purchase and sale
of Lands, Clearfield, Pa. Prompt attention given
to all business connected with the county offi-
ces. Office with W. A. Wallace. Jan. 5.

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attor-
neys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business
of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to.
Clearfield, Pa., May 16th, 1866.

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

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

FURNITURE ROOMS.

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, Jen-
ny-Lind and other Bedsteads.
SOFAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK-STANDS, HAT
RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c.

Spring-seat, Cabin-bottom, and Parlor Chairs;
And eoum 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