

Raffsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1867.

VOL. 14.—NO. 6.

Select Poetry.

AUTUMN.

The dying year! the dying year!
The heaven is clear and mild,
And withering all the fields appear
Where once the verdure smiled.
The summer ends its short career,
Theephy breathes farewell;
And now upon the closing year
The yellow glories dwell.
The radiant clouds float slow above
The lake's transparent breast;
In splendid foliage all the grove
Is fantastically dressed.
On many a tree the autumn throws
Its brilliant robes of red;
As if the lights of the cheeks of those
It hastens to the dead.
That time is fleeting and bright,
But time of death like this,
And they, that see its gathering light
Their lingering hopes dismiss.
O, thus serene, and free from fear,
Shall be our last repose;
Thus, like the sabbath of the year,
Our latest evening close.

FRANK'S STRATAGEM.

Miss Amanda Melbourne was forty—or pressed to be. With a lady, veracity on that point is generally good; so we will chronicle her as four times ten. Forty summers had left a wonderful bloom upon her cheeks—or else it was rabbit's paw lightly touched to a mysterious powder, in an oval box with lid all covered with guilts and French words, and conveyed therefrom to the sallow cheek of the youthful Miss Amanda. Her teeth looked splendidly. She said it was natural to the family; her father's teeth were all sound when he died at the advanced age of seventy. So most people envied that natural beauty of her family—a set of splendid teeth, but I learned she paid money for them; and spirits, that walk when "Night driven along by the hours, has reached the middle of its orbit."

Would back me up in the assertion, had they taken an airy stroll thro' Miss Melbourne's chamber, at the hobgoblin hour, for there they reposed in a tumbler of cold water, every night, on a table near her bed. She was very cautious to place the stand near her bed, in case of fire I suppose, for I verily believe she would have perished in the flames rather than let the world know her strong, sound teeth decayed and dropped out in a single night!

And then those tresses! black, glossy and heavy. She sported a waterfall, too, Miss Amanda did, voluminous as any girl of seventeen; but the waterfall, with its beaded net, decked the aforesaid stand each night also, and a front piece coiled itself around the aforesaid tumbler.

There was another article that mingled with the group of "make-ups," on that stand. There was a pair of them. I will tell you how I learned the above. One morning I had risen early, and stepped from my window to the roof of the piazza, and went around to her sleeping room window. It was very warm weather, and Miss Melbourne had been so indiscreet as to leave her window open and curtain up. So I opened the blinds to bid her good morning, and O horror! there laid an old lady, white-headed, toothless, cheekless I might almost say, for there were two deep holes where cheeks usually were. The sun shone full upon her sallow face, and kissed her white eye-brows, and I hastily closed the blinds for fear of awakening her, and hurried back to my apartment. The array on the stand had not escaped my eye, and had I not seen them, I should have been in great doubt whether that great-grand-mother looking woman was Miss Melbourne, forty, or some ancient, dilapidated relation of whose arrival I had not returned. But I knew the teeth, graduated heads on that net, etc., but what in the name of Art, was that pair of things beside them?

Curiosity was strong at eighteen, so taking off my slippers, I glided round to her window again and peered through the blinds. Miss Melbourne was sitting on the edge of the bed, trying to shake off "death's counterfeits," by rubbing her eyes and giving musical little yawns—occasionally varying the performance by stroking her shoulders, as if coaxing off the rheumatism.

At this juncture, my hankercloth had almost disappeared in my mouth, and both hands were clapped to my sides, to prevent explosion which might give warning to the enemy that I was in ambush; for I was bound to discover where that pair of pear-shaped gutta-percha articles went, on Miss Melbourne. While waiting for that denouement, I beheld what surprised me still more. As I live, Miss Melbourne reached down and brought from under the bed—an artificial leg! I always noticed a fault about her walk, but I thought it an attempt at the "Grecian waddle," so fashionable now-a-days.

At this juncture I was shaking visibly, and the hankercloth performed but half duty, for he was audible several times. Just then appeared my dear Frank, in the garden below, and commenced pelting me with gravel stones. Sassy fellow! to take advantage of my powerless position.

"Good morning," he shouted; but I only shook my head at him, and placed my finger on my lips.

"What are you doing at this window? where's your slippers?" were questions which followed, when I enjoined a silence.

Turning round to give him a frown, and show my displeasure in the most efficient and silent manner, I beheld him climbing up the trellis, saying:

"If there is anything special to see, I'll see it."

I leaned over the edge of the piazza and took out my pen-knife and embroidery scissors, my only weapons.

"Now, Frank," I whispered, "if you don't get down immediately, I'll cut your fingers and clip your moustache." And as he was

still rebellious, I suited the action to the word and drew blood on that dear hand, and clipped off the turning up hairs at the extremity of his moustache.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, and he wiped the wounded hand on his span clean white wrapper. With that I gave him a gentle push that considerably accelerated his downward movement.

Once safe on the ground he looked up, his face filled with alarm.

"What ails you, Kate! gone crazy? looking in people's windows, slashing off, without mercy, a fellow's whiskers, and chopping up his hands! what in time is up?"

"Now, Frank," I whispered, "go away, be a good boy. I am making a discovery. I will tell you all about it by-and-by," and back I tripped to the blinds.

Miss Melbourne was now adding the finishing touch to her head gear, and my heart sank for fear those mysterious articles had gone to their duty. No; there they were, on the bureau, and Miss Melbourne took them and slipped them both into her mouth—one each side! Then I beheld a sudden plumpness to her face and the mystery was out; and I left just as the rabbit's paw descended to the oval box.

"Humph!" I ejaculated as I entered my own window; "she stretches her cheeks over them to paint more easily, just as an artist stretches his canvass in a frame."

But what a predicament I was in! My wrapper where little slivers in the blinds had caught it; my pet handkerchief, with its red stripe and fluted border, very much resembled a dishcloth; it was worth it—the discovery I had made was of inestimable value to me.

Frank was my lover, and a dear good soul. My uncle Henry was Miss Melbourne's lover. This was my uncle's house, and Miss Melbourne was here on a visit. Uncle Henry met her at some watering place, and she had captivated his bachelor heart, and, tho' he was fifty-five he appeared as foolish over her as my Frank did over me. She was very rich, and I sometimes thought her estate on the banks of the Hudson, where he had visited her several times, weighed something in the balance, with uncle's love; but, if so, he didn't betray. They were soon to be married, and she had shown considerable authority in the house whose mistress I had been so long; and moreover, had turned up her nose a little higher than nature made it, at my Frank.

"A graceless scamp!" I heard her say, one evening, to Uncle Henry, "is that boy who visits Kate?" Explanation: Frank covered her poodle with burs, and Miss Melbourne's maid was two days extricating them from his fleecy covering—and she knew the culprit. "Yes," she continued, "a graceless scamp! and Harry dear, (my dignified uncle, Harry dear!) if he is to become a member of your family, I think I shall go back to Maple Hall (her home), and resign my sweet hope."

A short argument here ensued, but uncle got the best of it. Seeing which way the wind blew, she finally sided round, and concluded to look over Frank's misdeeds, with the final burst of:

"I always did hate a West Point popinjay! there were several at Saratoga last summer; but I'll never leave one cent of property to her, if she marries him. I haven't a relation in the world, but I'll found a hospital, before he shall squander my money, after I am gone."

A flood of tears would have followed if she had not been afraid of the paint, as it was she carried her handkerchief to her eyes, and gave a couple of hysterical sobs that would have done justice to a first-class actress upon the stage.

Hersup on Uncle Henry stroked that "I wish it had dropped off!"—and said: "I'll see about it."

So we were enemies, she and I, from that moment. If I could get her out of the house and uncle disenchanted!

That evening, Uncle Henry ordered his prospects to Frank, and we knew, in words, many a military plan to rout the enemy and gain our old ground with uncle, for he certainly showed signs of going over with the old maid, in opinion. He even called my dear Frank, Mr. Thornton, on several occasions.

Now, if there was anything uncle despised, it was deception.

"Don't!" he exclaimed, once, to me, when he caught me crimping my hair. "You can't add to the beauty of those heavy black braids, by the frivolous crimps, stuck up on your head. Be natural, girl."

And he was going to marry a woman so natural! What would he do, the first morn of the honeymoon, to find Miss Melbourne so transformed! bald-headed, one-legged, bleached eye-winkers and without those—the—the—pair of things!

So I thought, as I donned a fresh dress, smoothed my hair and opened my drawer for a clean handkerchief. And then I went below stairs.

No one about yet, save the servant letting the sunlight into the drawing room, and dusting the furniture, so I stepped out to find Frank, and disclose. I caught the glitter of brass buttons through the shrubbery, and ran round a turn in the walk to meet him.

"O Frank!" I began, but suddenly stopped, for that was not my Frank.

"Beg pardon," he said, bowing low. "but is Mr. Thornton in?" And then he grabbed me, and kissed me.

I was on the point of screaming for Frank. Uncle Henry, Miss Melbourne, and the whole household, as visions of murder, abduction, etc., flitted through my brain, when Frank's old, musical laugh rang out, and he exclaimed:

"How do you like a kiss without a moustache?"

"Mersey!" I exclaimed, "are you really Frank Thornton? Such a homely man, my dear Frank! O dear! how you look without a moustache—and I've invited my cousin

Madeline, from New York, on a visit—and she will see you—and I've told her how much you look like Louis Napoleon! O dear! what made you do it?"

"I only cut off half," he smilingly answered; it was a real sweet smile he had; I never had seen the whole of it before; "this side," and he pointed to the left side on his upper lip. "You cut the other yourself. Do you suppose I was going about one-sided?"

"Now I got used to it," and I stopped to take a criticising view. "I don't mind it so much—but grow it as soon as possible, for it was your moustache I fell in love with."

He knew I liked it, and cut it off to plague me, I know; for I shall always declare I only clipped the ends—and why did not he trim the other side to match?"

"Never mind you now, I've got something to tell you," I said, as I sat down on the grass.

Frank sat down opposite, and commenced to rock to and fro, putting out his tongue, exclaiming "and-er, and-er," in imitation of the way young ladies tell a confidential story to each other.

"Well," I said, "you tell the story."

"Dear Kate! I am all attention," and he leaned back nonchalantly and stroked his upper lip!

"Bless me, Kate, I wish I had a moustache; I shan't know what to do with my hands."

"Well," I began, "Miss Melbourne is not Miss Melbourne."

"Who in the deuce is she then? Mrs. Henry Wayland?" And Frank started up in alarm.

"No, never will be," I answered, and Frank fell back on his elbow. "She is an old woman of sixty! and she paints."

"I always knew that," he interrupted. "I asked her to smell the new, delicious perfume on my handkerchief, and pressed it against her cheek, to see what was what."

"No wonder she hates you, you saucy fellow; and," I resumed, "she wears false teeth—upper and lower set—and—"

"I knew that, too," he again interrupted. "The upper fell down the other day, at the table, and clicked on the teacup, while she was drinking."

"And," I commenced again, "she wears false hair—"

"I knew that, too," he exclaimed. That sort of bandoline she wears got moved a little, and the wig slipped a little, and I saw a little patch of shaved head here," and he pointed to that portion of his forehead where the parting commenced.

"And," I said, holding my patience, for a woman gets vexed, when she finds she cannot astonish in such an instance, "she wears two things in her mouth!" And I paused to witness the effect of such an announcement.

"Plumpers, by Jove!" And Frank rolled over on the grass, and roared.

"Well," I exclaimed, thoroughly vexed, "if you know so much about Miss Melbourne you tell the rest."

"Dear Kate, go on. False hair, teeth, paint and whitewash I knew she had—but the plumpers, and she indulged in another roar till I warned him not to burst off every one of his brass buttons."

"But," said he, sobering, "of the plumpers, and anything further I was entirely ignorant."

"Well," I said, rising, "I shall tell you the rest." And I just walked off into the house, and Frank came rather crest-fallen, after.

Breakfast was ready, and Uncle Wayland already escorting Miss Melbourne to the breakfast room. A crisp good morning was all he deigned Frank and I.

Miss Melbourne could afford to smile a little, as uncle was gradually being won over to her side; so she looked over her shoulder as she passed through the door and said:

"A beautiful morning, Mr. Thornton."

"But no more lovely than yourself, Miss Melbourne," he answered, gallantly, bowing low to keep from laughing; for I pinched his elbow, and asked him if he knew how much the plumpers were, a set.

A compliment told on Miss Melbourne. It almost counter-balanced the poodle, burs, etc., and when he invited her and Uncle to join us in a sail, that afternoon, she exclaimed herself as "very happy!"

During breakfast I could not keep my eyes from off her, wondering how she engineered all those things. Bless me! how could she eat, toast, talk and laugh, all at the same time, with thirty-two bought teeth and those other things; all to be kept straight! I should sit still and decline food on the plea of sickness, and try the power of suction to its utmost. She began to look like a woman of genius to me.

As we arose from the table, I saw by various signs, such as pointing your thumb over your shoulder, jerking your head in a certain direction, that Frank wanted me to step out into the garden again, instead of joining Miss Melbourne; as I usually did for an hour or two, each morning.

"Now," said Frank, as we stooped down ostensibly to examine a certain flower within in the border, for Uncle Henry and Miss Melbourne came out immediately behind us, the morning was so tempting. "I've got a splendid plan, and we'll make it work like a charm." Then he hurriedly told me it, and the part I was to perform, and I clapped my hands, exclaiming, "Good! good!"

"What is it pleases you so, Miss Kate?" simpered Miss Melbourne, as she swept by on uncle's arm.

"O, nothing," I answered, "only Frank says you look younger than I do; and I know I am twenty-two years your junior."

Frank, sotto voce, "If not fifty."

Miss Melbourne smiled sweetly on Frank, but uncle frowned. He knew Frank thought anything but that, and did not relish the "Joak."

But the plan! let it unfold itself.

We had dined; and I was in my chamber attiring for the sail. Usually, I should have

worn my pretty laced boots, and made Frank carry me over the wet places, but now I put on my rubber ones. Usually, I should have worn my new gipsy hat with its vine of green leaves; but now I wore last summer's ancient affair, and took off my empire head-dress, rings, and watch; for I had a part to perform that afternoon.

I met Miss Melbourne in the drawing room radiant with a fresh paint, and a rich Indian shawl wrapped about her. My conscience smote me.

"Why do you wear that shawl, madam?" I asked. "You may soil it."

Frank got behind her, and shook his head disapprovingly at me.

"She is rich enough to get another," he whispered, as Miss Melbourne took a parting survey of herself before the mirror; and if you say anything else like that, you'll explode the whole concern."

"You don't look near so pretty in that hat," said Miss Melbourne to me, drawing on her lavender kids.

"I don't care," I replied. "If Frank don't, I was afraid if we lingered till nightfall, the dampness might take the stiffness out of my other."

What a lie! but it was necessary to our plan. So we crossed the fields and came in sight of the river. Miss Melbourne and Uncle Wayland ahead, and we culprits bringing up the rear, several paces behind.

"Kate," said my companion, "you can fit it with the most innocent look of any one I ever saw. See Miss Melbourne's silk, and that pattern hat. How is your courage now, good?"

"My courage is all right, but its kind of too bad, isn't it?" and I looked rather waveringly up to his face.

"Now," Kate said he gravely, "we've planned and must execute. We both hate her—she hates us. If we can hurry her back to Maple Hall, let's do it. Once placed in such a ridiculous light before Mr. Wayland, and his love will go down to zero, if not lower."

"Well," I assented, "go ahead. I'll be prepared."

We were now at the boat. Miss Melbourne was handed in and seated, and I sat down rather demurely by her side. Frank and uncle were using all their strength to push off. Soon we glided down the stream, sailing till the pile of clouds in the west were crimson-tinted by the setting sun.

Miss Melbourne hinted at return, as already the early dews began to tell on her bonnet strings; and so we turned about.

We now were within a half mile of landing. The wind seemed suddenly to get fresh and flap our sails which was very propitious for our plan.

Nearer and nearer we came to the shore, and I knew the moment was fast approaching by the stern look that settled on Frank's face. Another flap of wind, a mismanagement of the sail, only known to Frank, and over went the boat.

A scream from Miss Melbourne, and she was splashing in the water! I was an expert swimmer and grasped Miss Melbourne about her waist with one hand, while Frank righted the boat and clambered in. Uncle came up on Miss Melbourne's other side. His sole anxiety was for her, knowing I was a perfect duck in the water. Frank grabbed Miss Melbourne first by the waterfall, but alas! her one hundred and ten avoirdupois could not be held by a dozen hairpins; and there Frank stood in the boat, with a waterfall in his hand, minus a head! Quick as thought he threw it overboard and grabbed Miss Melbourne's front hair. Alas! off they came, and Frank standing in the boat, looking like an Indian chief fresh from a scalping expedition; and Miss Melbourne looked like anything but a water sprite, threw her head back on the bosom of uncle's white coat, which was already pink with the fast-disappearing bloom of Miss Melbourne's cheeks, and fainted.

Her mouth opened and Frank, in his frantic endeavors to save her, some how or other got his finger in her mouth and extracted both sets of her teeth, and Miss Melbourne, incapable longer of suction, left the plumpers roll out on uncle's breast!

I guess the spark of uncle's love went out with the plumpers, for he actually smiled and said:

"Frank, if you can find a place that will hold, pull her in."

"Better let her drop!" ventured the saucy Frank, pausing a moment as if for consent, and then took her in his arms and laid her in the boat's bottom.

Uncle and I were in a jiffy, with a helping hand of Frank. There laid Miss Melbourne, shorn of her glory; and I was just thinking I would tell uncle about the other artificial article, some time, when Frank exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, what is that?"

There was Miss Melbourne's artificial leg lying two feet away from her, on the bottom of the boat and under uncle's feet! In the rush it had become unfastened.

"Good heaven's!" exclaimed uncle, "will this woman come all to pieces before we can get her home?"

"I'll run home and bring down a bushel basket to convey her in," said the cruel Frank. "I guess there is about two pecks of her, when we come to gather up the fragments."

We landed before Miss Melbourne came to herself. Uncle had gone for the carriage. I guess he did not care to be present when she revived. She partially opened her eyes, saying, "where am I?"

"I am yourself, dear madam," said Frank soothingly. "A part of you is here—a part drowned, and—"

but she heard no more, for clapping her hands upon her head and grasping her gums she collapsed again.

Uncle came in a few moments, and we entered the carriage and were driven rapidly homeward. She revived coming up the avenue, but "phantasy her phelinks," as uncle lifted her to the house, to see Frank come

ing along with the leg on his shoulder and saying, gallantly:

"I am sorry, my dear madam, this accident occurred. That flap of wind took me unawares. But, thank heaven, you are safe."

It is needless to add, Miss Melbourne departed as soon as recuperated energies came; refused to see uncle at all, of which he was heartily glad; and I don't think he has since y looked at a woman since.

A few days after, Frank came in and threw something into my lap. I took it up thinking it was some pretty shell, and, lo! it was a glass eye!

"Where did this come from?" I exclaimed, dropping it.

"Why, I was bailing out the boat and I found that in the bottom. I guess she feigned fainting to hide the hole this fitted," said he, placing it among the shells on the what-not.

"As a work of art I admire that woman," after a pause he added, "but as one of nature's own beauties, I admire my Kate." And he dropped on his knees at my side.

Christmas came and a wedding. We would have been married before, but I waited for a husband with a moustache. It had got back to its old proportions, and I had the felicity of hearing Cousin Madeline say: "Oh, isn't he handsome?"

ENGLISH LAND MONOPOLISTS.—In Ireland, a deputation of progressive men have been holding energetic assemblies, and have, through Mr. Ernest Jones, caused a stirring revival of the "land question." Mr. Jones shows, among other interesting facts, that the 71,000,000 acres of land in the three kingdoms are wholly in possession of 32,000 owners; and adds some not more important, but rather more suggestive, details, proving the enormous power now wielded by an extremely limited number of property holders; such as that the Marquis of Breadalbane can any day "ride one hundred miles in a straight line through his property from his own door;" that the Duke of Cleveland may do likewise for a distance of twenty-three miles; that the Duke of Richmond holds 340,000 acres in the heart of England; and that the Marchioness of Stafford not long ago wielded her power so unwisely as to deprive her tenants of nearly 800,000 acres, for the selfish purpose of turning their farms into deer forests or sheep walks.

MISCEGENATION IN A TREE.—On the Woodville road, about five miles from Liberty, Miss., there is, or was a short time ago, a singular freak of nature in the vegetable creation. This is nothing more nor less than two trees, the one an oak and the other pine, growing from the same trunk or parent stem. From the ground up some four or five feet to the fork, the body of the tree is covered with alternate rows of oak and pine bark, and then the pine tree shoots up to a distance of about 30 feet, while the oak is perhaps 10 feet shorter. Both of these trees are 16 or 18 inches in diameter at the point where they leave the parent stem.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY.—The earnings of the Central Pacific Railroad, for September, were \$200,400 in gold, and the operating expenses \$38,762, leaving a net profit of \$161,638. This was with the track open for business to the summit of the Sierra Nevada. During this month thirty-five miles will be added to the running portion, which will bring it fairly into the Salt Lake basin, and materially add to its revenue.

A witness being called to give evidence, in a court in Connecticut, respecting the loss of a shirt, gave the following: "Mother said that Ruth said, that Nell said that Poll told her, that she seen a man that seen a boy that seen a boy's shirt all checker, checker, checker; and our gals won't lie for mother has whipped them a thousand times for lying."

A chap inquired at the post office, in Erie, the other day, for a letter for "Enery Hogen." He was told there was none. "Look ere," he replied, a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hudd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch! It begins with a ho! Look in the 'ole what's got in the ho's!"

A Scotchman put a crown piece into "the plate" in an Edinburgh church on a late Sunday morning instead of a penny, and asked to have it back, but was refused. "In once, in forever," "A-weel," granted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven."

"Na, na," said the collector, "you'll get credit only for the penny you meant to gi."

Nothing like love and hunger to drive a man mad, or make him happy. Next to a feast upon a seventeen-year old pair of sweet lips under grape-vines by moonlight, is a fishy upon a platter of cold beans, after fishing for suckers all day. The one fills a poetic heart, and the other an empty stomach.

If your mother's mother was my mother's aunt, what relation would your great-grandfather's nephew be to my eldest brother's son-in-law?

SOLDIER'S BOUNTIES.—The new bill equalizing bounties has passed both Houses, was approved by the President, and is now a law. A three years' soldier gets \$100 and a two years' soldier \$50. Bounties and Pensions are collected by me for those entitled to them. Bring forward your applications.

J. E. McENALLY, Atty. at Law, Clearfield, Pa.

August 1, 1866.

SUSQUEHANNA HOUSE, Curwensville, Pa. EXPRESS AND STAGE OFFICE. This well known Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open for the accommodation of travelers, and the public in general. Charges moderate.

WM. M. JEFFRIES, Proprietor.

August 14, 1867-M

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 SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

D. R. A. M. HILLS, DENTIST.—Office corner of Front and Market streets, opposite the 'Clearfield House,' Clearfield, Penna. July 1, 1867-ly.

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

THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c. Graham's, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 16.

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

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

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Front Street, (above the Academy,) 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 30, '66.

THOMAS J. M'CALL, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the 'Clearfield' Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

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

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

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.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, having removed to George J. Kyler'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 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. Or, dross collected—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.

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

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.

G. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.

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 WILLIAM D. BIGLER J. BLAKE WALTERS FRANK FIELDING

D. R. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 8th 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 Room,' a varied assortment of furniture, among which is:

BUREAUS AND SIDEBOARDS, Wardrobes and Book-cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor, Breakfast and Dining extension Tables.

Common, French-posts, Cottage, Jenny-Lind and other Bedsteads.

SOFAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK STANDS, HAT RACKS, WASH STANDS, &c.

Spring-seat, Cane-bottom, and Parlor Chairs; And common and other Chairs.

LOOKING GLASSES Of every description on hand, and new glasses for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms, on short notice.

He also keeps on hand, or furnishes to order, Hair, Corn-husk, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.

COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND, Made to order, and funerals attended with a Hearse, whenever desirable.

Also, House painting done to order.

The above, and many other articles are furnished to customers cheap for cash or exchanged for approved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar, 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.

SWAIM'S PANACEA, Kennedy's Medical Discovery. Hembold's Buchu, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Jayne's and Ayer's Medicines, for sale by Jan. 10. HARTSWICK & IRWIN.

O. L. PATTY, Paints, Glazes and Nails, for sale at Jan. '66. MERRELL & BIGLER'S.