

Roafman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1867.

VOL. 14.—NO. 10.

Select Poetry.

GOING HOME.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple,
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ surge
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers chanting dirges—
"Heimgang!" He is going home!

Heimgang! quaint and tender saying,
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying,
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed be our loving Maker,
That, where'er our feet may roam,
Still we journey toward "God's Acre"—
"Heimgang!" Always going home!

Heimgang! Day is short, my Brother,
And its light will soon be o'er,
Sighing, waiting, like our Mother,
Sitting at the sunset door,
O'er the dust of silent sleepers,
Toward the churchyard's broken loam,
Wend the long, long train of weepers—
"Heimgang!" They are going home!

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly drary,
Woe us to the tranquil grave,
Where the golden bowl is broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken—
"Heimgang!" We are going home!

EARNING A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Blifkins, removing the pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir, I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you take my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away—as it is in thousands of instances—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

This style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, caused him to stare blankly at the questions without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir, I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to you, and I'll tell you what I'll do: go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; then come to me and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Blifkins was waiting to see her lover down by the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he's right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added softly:

"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried in his exile these words, and which were a tower of strength to his soul. "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as Farmer Blifkins was propping up the grape vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxuriant burden, a neat-looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his formerly easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blifkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter-tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some here that will suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the

old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride; "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Blifkins examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Blifkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round, white arms were bare above the elbows, and bare traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man—maybe you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em; but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Blifkins said this, he considerably stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

KIND INQUIRIES.—Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty about seventeen, and she took it in her head to go down on Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. A. among those relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and, seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza, where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends. The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the spell with—

"How's your father?" which was answered much after the same fashion as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

SOME TIME.—It is a sweet song flowing to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and fill the whole air with such joy and gladness as the birds do, when the summer morning comes out of the darkness, and the day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call "sometime." Beautiful and sweet singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear, except in far off strains, the other. But, oh, reader, be of good cheer, for to all the good there is a golden "sometime!" When the hills and valleys of time are all passed, when the wear and the fever, the disappointment and the sorrow of life is over, then there is the peace and the rest, appointed of God. Oh, homestead, over whose blessed roof falls no shadow of even clouds, across whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow, nor pain, nor the sound of weeping.

WHAT IS A DARLING.—It is a dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the door-step; who flings her arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat; who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano and warbles forth unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard-of questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face, and on whose light flossy curls, one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her!" as the fairy form departs. But there is an angel following her footsteps who is not visible to us, but who is anxious to bear our darling from us, and in the mind's eye its white shadow flits between us and the darling of our hearts.

Bengal Jugglers.

In the autobiography of the Emperor Jahangier is an account of the wonderful feats of some Indian conjurers, exhibited for the amusement of the imperial court, which throw in the shade all the efforts of our Hellenes, Hartzes and Hornmans. The following are some of their performances as related by the emperor:

The jugglers were first desired to produce upon the spot, from the seeds one hundred mulberry trees. They immediately sowed in separate places, seeds in the ground, and in a few minutes after a mulberry plant was seen springing from each of the seeds, each plant as it rose in the air shooting forth leaves and branches, and yielding excellent fruit.

In the same manner, by a similar magical process, apple trees, mangoes, fig trees, almond and walnut trees were created, all producing fruit, which, Jahangier assures us, was exquisite to the taste.

Before the trees were removed there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty in color, shape, and melody of song, as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its variegated tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring. One night, and in the very middle of the night, when half this globe was wrapped in darkness, one of these seven men stripped himself almost naked, and having spun himself round several times, he took a sheet, with which he covered himself, and from beneath the sheet drew out a resplendent mirror, by the radiance of which a light so powerful was produced as to have illuminated the hemisphere to an incredible distance round—to such a distance, indeed, that we have the attestation of travelers to the fact, who declared that on a particular night, the same night on which the exhibition took place, and at the distance of ten days' journey, they saw the atmosphere so powerfully illuminated as to exceed the brightness of the brightest day they had ever seen.

They placed in my presence a large seething pot or cauldron, and filling it partly with water, they threw into it eight of the smaller manna of irak of rice; when, without application of the smallest spark of fire, the cauldron forthwith began to boil; in a little while they took off the lid, and drew from it nearly a hundred platters, each with a stewed fowl at the top.

They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing his head from his body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time.

They then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot, and one of the men, putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received wound or injury whatever. They caused two tents to be set up, the one at a distance of bowshot from the other, the doors or entrance being exactly opposite; they raised the tent walls around, and desired that they might be particularly observed that they were entirely empty. Then, fixing the tent walls to the ground, two of the seven men entered, one into each tent. Thus prepared, they said they would undertake to bring out of the tents any animal we chose to mention, whether bird or beast, and set them in conflict with each other. Khaune-Jahann, with a smile of incredulity, ordered them to show us a battle between two ostriches. In a few minutes, two ostriches of the largest size issued one from either tent, and attacked each other with such fury that the blood was seen streaming from their heads; and they were at the same time so equally matched that neither could get the better of the other, and they were, therefore, separated by the men, and conveyed within the tents.

In short, they continued to produce from either tent any animal we chose to name, and before our eyes set them to fight in the manner I have attempted to describe; and, although I have exerted my utmost to discover the secret of the contrivance, it has been so far entirely without success.

They were furnished with a bow and about fifty steel pointed arrows. One of the seven men took the bow in hand, and shooting an arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height; he shot a second arrow, which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with every one of the remaining arrows, to the last of all, which, striking the shaft suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder and came to the earth.

They produced a chain fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it toward the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air.

A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, instantly ran up, and reached the upper end, immediately disappeared in the air.

In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain.

At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one even discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air, in the mysterious manner above described. This I may venture to affirm, was beyond measures strange and surprising.

A young lady, possessing more vanity than personal charms, remarked in a jesting tone, but with an earnest glance that she "travelled on her good looks. A rejected lover being present, remarked that he could "now account for the young lady never having been far from home."

The editor who said that his mouth never uttered a lie, probably spoke through his nose.

The Plea for Beautiful Churches.

The Bishop of Cork, in preaching at the opening of a new church in his diocese, made the following plea for beautiful churches: "I feel personally, of course, as a Bishop, very much gratified at what I see, and I am very glad that this pleasing specimen of architecture is by one of our own communion and an architect of our own town. The Almighty Creator himself, we may say without irreverence, delights in beauty. All the forms of nature are beautiful; the shape of the heavens is beautiful; the moon walking in her brightness is beautiful; the sun rises and sets in beauty. All creation is formed in beauty; and, my Christian friends, there is no reason why we should not use beautiful forms too. What is architecture? Nothing but the beauty of order, the beauty of shape, the beauty of size, the beauty of proportion. What is music? Nothing but the beauty of sound. What is painting? The beauty of color. What is oratory? The beauty of speech. What are the higher sciences? The beauty of reason. It is contrary to God's design, and contrary to our nature, that we should not make use of those things that God seems to delight in."

He added: "Any new church erected in the united diocese must be submitted to me before it can be opened for divine service, and I would cut off my right arm before I would sanction anything that would lessen the benefits to be conferred upon the people committed to our ministers' charge; but if we desire to have, as we have, our houses not only sufficient to protect us from the weather, and convenient, but well furnished in every part and beautifully arranged, are we to except the house of God? If we could build a house to God, with stupendous architecture, we ought to do so—with the loveliest shapes, and forms, and colors. I would I could have all our churches beautiful and sound. The house is for God's honor and the benefit of his people; and the pleasant sounds uttered in it, whether formed by instruments, or that most exquisite of all instruments—the human tongue—are dedicated to the service of God. I think it exceedingly desirable that we should have such churches as this."

THE ROYAL PLATE.—The London Sun gives prominence to the following statement: It appears that the gold and silver plate at Windsor Castle, for the use of her Majesty and the court, weighs nearly thirty tons, and that its value may be roughly estimated at £3,000,000 pounds. It is secured in stone chambers with vaulted ceilings, which form part of the original buildings, and are thoroughly proof against burglars. Among the plate is a single dish, not of silver gilt, but of solid gold, made by order of George IV, and representing all the orders, both domestic and foreign, which that sovereign wore, or was entitled to wear: it is estimated at £8,000 pounds. Grand and magnificent as the assortment of plate is, our readers will be astonished to hear that very little of it indeed, is old or curious, most of the plate used by former sovereigns having been melted down and remodeled by George IV; very much of it, consequently, is tawdry and roccoco, as might naturally be expected from the author of the Pavilion of Brighton.

HOW MANY MILES A PRINTER'S HAND TRAVELS.—Although a printer may be sitting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveler, (or at least his hands) as we shall prove. A good printer will set 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance traveled by his hand will average one foot per letter going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet for every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet or more than nine miles, and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, the member travels about 3,000 miles. Truly this is hand power.

A DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and decrepit condition can sustain.

I leave my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children ignorance, and low character, and the remembrance that their father was a low brute.

AN IRISH VALENTINE.—Oh, Paddy, swate Paddy, if I was ye daddy, I'd kil ye wid kisses intirely; if I was ye brother and likewise ye're muther, I'd see that ye went to bed early. To feel ye're sweet breath I would starve me to death, and lay off me hopes altogether; to joost have a taste of ye're arm round me waist, I'd laug at the meanness of weather. Dear Paddy, be mine, me own Valentine—ye'll find me both gentle and civil; our life we will spend to an illegant ind, and care may go dance wid the devil.

A wag entered a grocer's shop some years ago, which had for its sign "The Two Baboons," and addressing himself to the proprietor, said, "I wish to see your partner."

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you will excuse the mistake." "O, there's no harm done; but what made you think there were two of us?" "Your sign," he replied, "The Two Baboons."

MEN AND WOMEN.—The skeptic sometimes asks why so many more women than men join the church, with an air that intimates that he thinks it is because the latter are more strong-minded. Some one proposes to answer it when the skeptic shall explain why so many more men than women are found in our penitentiaries.

The only nickel mine in North America, is near Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

A Wonderful Watch.

The Mechanics Magazine says: A remarkable mechanical curiosity has recently been constructed in London. It is a watch belonging to a member of Parliament, and made expressly for him by Jas. Ferguson Cole, the celebrated London watchmaker. This unique pocket chronometer has a silver dial, on which are nine hands, indicating respectively the hours, minutes and seconds, the days of the week, the days of the month, and the months of the year. It corrects itself for unequal months—that is to say, changes when they have thirty and when thirty-one days, and also corrects itself for leap year. It is so constructed that any slight agitation of the watch, such as the ordinary exercise of walking, winds it up. Thus it may be worn and will go perfectly for years without requiring even to be opened, although it can also be wound by a key in the usual manner. The dial is arranged in five circles, and within the largest (the hour circle) there is a semi-circle showing the moon's age and phases by means of gold on a ground of blue steel. At the back of the watch is a gold indicator for ascertaining the time in the dark by touch. The complication of the mechanism may be imagined, and yet the watch is of ordinary dimensions, and may be conveniently worn in a gentleman's pocket. It cost the sum of three hundred guineas.

EUROPEAN meteorologists are predicting an early and hard winter this year, for the reason that the birds of passage have begun their migration southward at least a month earlier than usual. Storks, wild ducks and other birds are reported to be passing southward over France and Belgium in large numbers.

A retired English sea captain, who had made the tour of Continental Europe and the Holy Land, was asked how he was impressed by his visit to Jerusalem.

"Jerusalem," said he, "is the meanest place I visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the whole town fit to drink."

The Dutch peasants, who suffered much by the rinderpest, have been inspired by their misfortunes to cultivate geese and all other sorts of poultry. Large numbers of these now occupy the fields where cattle used to graze, and both birds and eggs are destined for the London market.

The State of Massachusetts, has now a very efficient system of aid to invalid soldiers and their families. Each disabled soldier receives six dollars a month, and the families of dead or disabled soldiers get not exceeding eight dollars a month.

Teach a child that there is harm in everything, however innocent, and as soon as it discovers the cheat it won't see sin in anything. That's the reason deacons's sons don't turn out well, and preachers daughters are married through a window.

Scene on the street—Jubilant Democrat: Do you hear those guns? I tell you we can afford to burn powder over such victories as these! Touchy Republican—That's so! You didn't burn much during the war and haven't burned much since.

The Wellsboro Agitator prescribes for a "nice young man" in financial distress, "one spade, one hoe, one saw and saw-buck, to be kept bright, and taken alternately, or to suit demand."

Such as have virtue always in their mouths and neglect in their practice are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the music.

Says Fanny Fern: "I am fifty-five, and I feel half the time as if I was just made." So do a great many of our ladies, and they keep the milliner shops going too.

A cavern with a fathomless lake has been found in Wyandot county, Ohio. A "fathomless lake" generally means one which can't be sounded with a fish line.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

A Mrs. Leonard shot a bear near Katabdin, Maine, the other day, that weighed, when dressed, over three hundred pounds. A brave sportswoman.

Out of a total of twenty-six members of the New Orleans military band, twenty-four have had the yellow fever, and nine have died.

Central Illinois is parched up by the continued droughts. The farmers were busy digging for water, but with little success.

Peter M. Traugh, near Berwick, has raised this year, 1,500 bushels of onions, from two and three quarter acres of ground.

"The World's End" is the name of one of the low liquor saloons in New York, and "Hell Gate Pilot Office" another.

Our lives are truly at an end when we are beloved no longer; the chilliness of the grave has been passed through.

If ill-luck befall you, think that it may be a blessing to somebody else, and that your turn may come next.

Mutilated notes of the National Banks must be presented for redemption to the banks which issued them.

"A winter's tale," as the church warden said when the pauper asked for some coal.

What tree represents a person who persist in incurring debts? Willow.

Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

D. R. A. M. HILLS, DENTIST.—Office, corner of Front and Market streets, opposite the Clearfield House, Clearfield, Pa. July 1, 1867-17.

E. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodenware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

W. L. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodenware, Provisions, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Sep 23.

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1868.

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.

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, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

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

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, 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, &c., 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 18, 1867.

THOMAS J. MULLOUGH, 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's, 24 street, one door south of Leach's Hotel.

RICHARD MORRIS, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, &c., Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 7.

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 5, 1868.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, having removed to George J. Kyle's old residence, 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 Mining Property 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 earthen-ware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1868.

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.

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. 8.

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. MCGRAW, J. BLAKE WALTERS, FRANK FIELDING.

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

FURNITURE ROOMS.

JOHN GUELICH.

Desires to inform his old friends and customers that, having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand and in his "Furniture Room," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is:

BUREAUS AND SIDEBOARDS.

Wardrobes and Book-cases; Canes, Sofa, Parlor, Breakfast and Dining extension Tables.

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

SOFA OF ALL KINDS, WORK-STANDS, MAT RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c.

Spring-seats, 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, Lin-wood and other Lumber suitable for the business, taken in exchange for furniture.

Remember the shop is at "Market street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the 'OH, Fanny Fern'." December 4, 1861. JOHN GUELICH.