

# Raffsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1867.

VOL. 14.—NO. 12.

## Select Poetry.

### GONE ARE THE DAYS.

Gone are the days of summer fair,  
Their warm and genial glow,  
And cooler now the autumn air  
Across the plain does blow.  
There is a sadness in the tone  
Of this most constant "lover,  
A sort of melancholy moan,  
That tells of summer over.  
Yes, gone are all the summer days,  
That brought so much of bliss,  
Its mellow skies of purple haze  
The summer sun did kiss.  
The birds that sang the summer long,  
Our saddened hearts a cheering,  
Have hushed awhile their welcome song,  
Which speaks of winter nearing.  
Gone, too, are all the roses sweet,  
That made dame Nature gay,  
As passed the summer hours so fleet  
Upon their tireless way.  
They grace no more the green earth sod,  
Or scent the wind's low sighing,  
Nor gayly in the breezes nod,  
The flowers, their hues outvying.  
These, like the "roses, too, are dead,  
Gone from their vision here,  
And now no longer fragrance shed  
O'er summer's dying bier.  
But they will deck the earth again,  
When smiles the spring returning,  
And beauty burst on hill and plain,  
When summer's suns are burning.

### ONLY A DOLLAR.

"She sews very nicely," said Mrs. Wharton; "really, very nicely indeed. And if you have any work you wish done well and cheaply, I would advise you to employ her."  
Mrs. Wharton was sitting before the bright fire of anthracite coal, in her crimson silk morning wrapper, with her glossy hair smooth as satin, and her pretty hands, loaded with rich rings, lying on her lap. She felt that she was doing a charitable deed in employing this poor and deserving soldier's widow, and a still greater one in recommending her to her friends.  
It is easy to be a good Christian, under some circumstances!  
"Well, I shall certainly send for her," said Mrs. J. Arvin. "What did you tell me her name and address was?"  
"Oh, she is called Mrs. Leggett, and she lives in one of those horrid musty tenement houses, No. —, street, the back room in the third story."  
Mrs. Marvin entered the details in her little pearl-bound tablets, and took her leave, internally convinced that Mrs. Wharton was a "good Samaritan," of the very highest class.  
Meanwhile, the latter lady was gazing dreamily into the fire, and wondering what toilets would be most appropriate for the morrow evening's soiree.  
"There's my pea-green satin," mused Mrs. Wharton, checking off the various garments on the tips of her white fingers; "but I've worn it there already. And there is my Marie Louise blue silk, if the skirt was only gored a little more. The lemon-colored brocade is not becoming to me. I'm sorry I bought it. And the white grenadine got torn at Mrs. Armin's. My wine-colored silk, with the ruby set, would look well, if that odious Fanny Palmer hadn't got one just like it. And purple velvet didn't light up well at night. Oh, dear! I really think I must have something new. A rose-colored tissue, perhaps, or a white Indian muslin. My wardrobe is getting behindhand. Dear me! Who's that? How you startled me, Mrs. Leggett!"  
"I beg your pardon, ma'am, I am sure," said the slender, meek-looking little seamstress, rustling softly forward, in her garments of shabby, well-worn black; "but I knocked twice, and you did not answer."  
"Then you should knock louder the next time," said the irritable, fine lady. "However, now that you are here, you may as well sit down. Good gracious how wet you are—positively dripping!"  
"Yes, ma'am; it rains very hard, and I have no umbrella."  
"No umbrella? Dear me, how shocking! Well, did you bring home those things?"  
"Yes, ma'am; here they are."  
"And the seamstress produced a neat packet from beneath her shawl.  
"I hope to goodness you didn't get them wet? No; they seem tolerably dry. What is the bill?"  
"Six dollars, ma'am."  
"Six dollars? Isn't that high, Mrs. Leggett?" said Mrs. Wharton, discontentedly.  
"I worked eleven days faithfully on them, ma'am."  
"Well, I suppose I must pay you what you ask?" said Mrs. Wharton, opening her purse, and slowly examining its compartments. "Dear me! I have only a five-dollar bill. I suppose you couldn't change a twenty?"  
Mrs. Leggett smiled bitterly.  
"No, ma'am, I could not."  
"Well, then, we'll call it five dollars, won't we? A dollar isn't much either way, and the five is all I've got."  
"A dollar is a great deal to me, Mrs. Wharton."  
The lady's smooth brow contracted. "I have given you a great deal of work, Mrs. Leggett."  
"I know it, ma'am, and I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."  
"And I should be sorry to have so trifling a thing as a dollar to part us, now."  
Mrs. Leggett was silent; she did not know what to say.  
"Call it five dollars," said Mrs. Wharton, tossing the bill into the lap of the poor soldier's widow; "a dollar don't signify, that I recommended my friend Mrs. Marvin to employ you only this morning."  
"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor woman, faintly, as she took the money, feeling inwardly that she had been defrauded, yet perfectly aware that she had no means of redress.  
And she went forth once more into the

rain and tempest of the dismal November morning.

"Ma'am, if you please," said Mary the waitress, "here's the newspaper boy—he says master told him you would pay the bill this week."  
"How much is it, Mary?"  
"A dollar, ma'am."  
"How provoking!—I haven't a dollar in the house."  
"He says he has orders not to leave the house until he is paid."  
"He is very impertinent," said the lady, coloring up, and, for the first time in her petted life feeling the want of a dollar.  
Mrs. Clarence Fitzgerald was the next person announced—lady of the utmost style, whose acquaintance Mrs. Wharton had just succeeded in making.  
"You will stare at my being out in this storm, my dear," said she, floating gracefully into the apartment, "but I am raising a dollar subscription for a poor musician who has just broken his arm. Of course I may depend on you?"  
Mrs. Wharton colored: "I will send it round in the morning."  
"That won't do," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, shrugging her shoulders. "I am determined to settle the business to-day."  
"I am very sorry," said our mortified heroine, "but I have not a dollar."  
Mrs. Fitzgerald bowed coldly—evidently she did not believe the pretension—and Mrs. Wharton saw her enter her coupe and drive away, with the comfortable consciousness that she would be invited to no more of Mrs. Clarence Fitzgerald's delightfully exclusive parties.  
"Mrs. Wharton," said the cook, "there's a boy at the door from the fruiteries—he has an ill-gotten pine-apple Mrs. Pepper sent round."  
"It will be the very thing I want for dessert," said Mrs. Wharton; "how much is it?"  
"A dollar, ma'am."  
"Once more the everlasting dollar! Mrs. Wharton bit her lip with vexation.  
"Tell him to leave it, Bridget, and I'll call and settle to-morrow."  
"He says, ma'am, Mrs. Dalton wants it, if you don't happen to have the money handy. Pine-apples doesn't go beggin' this season of the year."  
"Let Mrs. Dalton have it, then; I will never buy another article of Pepper."  
Mrs. Wharton was considerably annoyed: "To think a dollar should be such a useful thing!" she muttered to herself, taking up her portfolio.  
A half-finished letter lay there—one to her sister, who was the wife of a clergyman out West, with a flock of little children around her. The last words she had written were "I send you a dollar to buy a doll for the baby, my little namesake."  
"How provoking!" she exclaimed. "I can't even finish the letter, for lack of the everlasting dollar!"  
She leaned back in the velvet cushion of her chair, and, drowsily watching the blaze and listening to the pattering of the rain against the window, fell fast asleep.  
Where was she? In the spectre-boat of Charon, gliding across the river Styx—and as the bark touched the shores of the other world, the ghastly toll-gatherer extended his hand, relentlessly: "Your fare, if you please, ma'am."  
Mrs. Wharton had her fare ready—she handed it up, eager to pass through the Gates where she could see the musical wave of palm trees, and the sparkle of glittering tides that flowed beneath their shadow.  
"Short, by a dollar, ma'am—short by the single dollar that you cheated the poor seamstress out of. You can not enter!"  
Mrs. Wharton drew a hundred dollar bill out. The grim Cerberus shook his head: "If you had ten thousand, it wouldn't do! Nothing will serve our purpose but that one dollar!"  
Charon turned the boat briskly round—Mrs. Wharton was just opening her lips to utter a wild cry of anguish pleading—when she woke up!  
"I have been dreaming," said Mrs. Wharton, looking round the cozy room; "but dear me, what a frightful dream it was. That one dollar! Will the recording angel really set it down against me, in the latter-day accounts?"  
She shuddered; somehow the dollar had assumed preternaturally large dimensions!  
"Charles! Charles!" How welcome was the footsteps of her husband, upon the stairs.  
"Well, what is it?"  
"Have you a dollar?"  
"Half a dozen of 'em, if you want."  
"But I only want one—one dollar bill."  
He gave it to her—she rang the bell.  
"John I want you to put on your Indian-rubber cloak and take this bill round to Mrs. Leggett! Tell her it is what I owe her!"  
John departed, and Mrs. Wharton breathed more easily.  
"Perhaps they will let me into the Gates, now!" she said, dreamily.  
"My dear, what do you mean?" demanded her astonished husband.  
"And Mrs. Wharton told him the story of her day's adventures, and the dream that had closed them.  
"Hellen," said her husband, gravely, "let this be a lesson to you never to neglect the just dues of the poor. A dollar is not much, to us—to them, it may be the last frail bulwark between them and starvation!"  
But there was no danger of Mrs. Wharton's forgetting the lesson she had received.  
A Senator to take the place of Mr. Buckalew will not be elected until 1869. Some of our contemporaries have fallen into the error that such an election would devolve on the Legislature just elected.  
Ten thousand Lutherans joined in the jubilee procession, in St. Louis, last week.

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CLEARFIELD, PA., NOV. 20, 1867.

**HONESTY IN POLITICS.**—The Buffalo Express holds the following language: "We hope to live to see the day when American politics shall be elevated above many influences and characteristics which surround it, and yet we may not. So wrong as the human heart is, as prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward, it may not be possible to infuse the principles of common honesty, a respect for honorable obligation, a principle of patriotism that does not seek reward in filthy lucre, of good faith into our political campaigns. Men who are regarded as honest in the common walks and business relations of life seem to be ready to lay that principle of action down when they enter the political arena, and resort to statements and actions that do not square by any principle of right and fairness. We hold that a sense of political obligation should be as strong in party action as in any other relation of life, and yet men often seem to regard it as a thing to be laid aside, and assumed at pleasure, with impunity and without responsibility even."  
**WHAT DOES IT MEAN?**—The Harrisburg Telegraph says: "It is a singular fact that, while prominent Democratic leaders like Augustus Belmont of New York, are purchasing the depreciated securities of the late rebel confederacy, leading Copperhead politicians are laboring in harmony to break down the credit of the United States Government, to depreciate United States securities, and thus to involve the country in bankruptcy. May it not be inferred from this that the Democracy intend some day to repudiate the national, and assume the rebel debt, in order that they may verify the justice of their position, claiming that the rebellion was right and that the war to put it down was illegal, hence rendering it just to pay the debts of a right cause and repudiate those of an unrighteous cause. The subject is well worthy the consideration of the people."  
From all parts of the South the intelligence is the same, that the colored rebel never behaved with more moderation, decency, good sense and loyalty, than they are conducting themselves under their present trials. They lose no time when work can be had from men who will not cheat them. They indulge in no violence notwithstanding they are hourly menaced with attacks. Such are the real facts concerning a people whom traitors and Copperheads hate because they cheerfully bore a portion of the burden of the work to save the Government from destruction.  
The President again finds himself in a dilemma. He recently commanded Gen. Grant to suppress the unauthorized military companies of the District, thinking to strike at the colored people, but Grant finds more white conservative Johnson men in such companies than there are negroes thus organized, and under the Civil Rights Act he must disband all or none. The whites protest against being "ripped out," but the negroes may be, because this is a "white man's government."  
Justice in Maryland is only for rebels. Some time ago a woman—whether black or white we do not know—a teacher of colored children, was knocked down, kicked and badly hurt by a brute named Robert Galloway, for no offence whatever. The case came up in the U. S. Circuit Court at Baltimore, on Friday, Nov. 8th, and the evidence was strong in favor of the plaintiff. The rebel jury, however, brought in a verdict of one cent damages.  
The people have, of course, noted the fact that all the soldiers who have come in contact with Southern communities as military governors, differ with the President as to the policy of governing that section, and agree among themselves that it is too soon to trust traitors with a voice in the Government. Congress will, of course, give this fact close attention.  
The Democracy of Maryland and Virginia, who hoisted rebel flags as a testimony of their joy on receiving election returns from the North and East, had a correct idea of what Democratic victories really mean. It would have been out of place to have hoisted the stars and stripes, as that flag is never carried in a Northern Democratic procession.  
The Memphis Avalanche advises the people to utterly disregard the President's Thanksgiving. The Avalanche tenders this advice, not in disrespect to A. J., but because the people of the South, having been frustrated in establishing a government of their choice, "have no reason to be thankful to God or man."  
The soldiers of Fort Jefferson ask the liberation of Dr. Mudd, at the Dry Tortugas, as a reward for his courage and humanity in treating yellow fever patients during the season. Mudd might as well be liberated as Jeff. Davis, Bob Lee, Vallandigham or any of the other traitors and Copperheads in the land.  
Sommes, the rebel pirate, is delivering a course of lectures in the South. Subject: *My cruise and captures with the Alabama*. His descriptions of the manner in which he burned and robbed the merchantmen of the North are listened to with delight by the chivalry.  
Jerry Black is "playing broker in pardons at Washington. He procured the pardon of the noted counterfeiter, Johnson. This is now the pleasant work of leading Democrats, letting criminals loose on the community.  
A numismatologist of New York, had the pleasure of purchasing an American silver dollar of 1804 for \$736, at a sale of rare coins last week. There is but one of the same issue known to be in any collection.  
Mr. Bradley has been finally excluded from the Supreme Court, District of Columbia, for contempt.

## Regarding Work and Rest.

Now and then, when I am tired, when I have worked long and wearily, and have had some experience of the attrition of man with man, and have gained some new light respecting the moral condition of imperfect and unsanctified men, I say to myself: "Well, you have worked more than the ordinary allotted period of man's life, and would it not be better for you now to withdraw and give place to younger men, and spend in elegant leisure the declining period of your life?" It is a temptation of the devil. And when I get rested, when I get one night's sound sleep, and my nervous energy is restored again, and my system is reinvigorated, I am amazed at myself, and in the morning I flagellate the man that I know last night. Retire from life? I observe that trees keep all their beauty to the closing periods. How beautiful is the tree when it comes out of winter and puts on all its delicate tints and shades of green. We then look upon the tree as though it was a new creation, and we say: "Surely, God never made anything so beautiful as these trees;" and yet when summer deepens their hues, and they have become more robust, and we see what vigor and freshness, and succulence there is in them, we say: "After all give me the summer tints. They are far better than the spring delicacies." And yet, when the October days have come, and the last part of the tree-life for the year is enacted, and we see the gorgeous yellows, the rich browns and the magnificent scarlets; we say: "There, the last is the best." And might we not take pattern from the tree? Might we not follow up our youth and manhood with fair colors and delicate tints to the end of life?  
I do not think a man ought to want to rest in this world. He may desire to achieve the means of setting himself free from physical taxation. He may say: "I will relinquish, in a measure, this, that I may transfer my activity to other spheres." That is proper for a man to do. But for a man to retire from life and society after he has been an active force therein, and filled his sphere with usefulness, and seen the fruits of his labor multiplied at his hand, and known the satisfaction of well-spent years—nature itself rebukes it. But many a man at the age of forty-five years, says to himself: "I am worth \$500,000, and what a fool I am to work any longer! I am going to buy me an estate in the country, and be a gentleman." He buys him an estate, and undertakes to be a gentleman; but a man who has nothing to do is not a gentleman. He goes into the country, and learns how to gape, and learns how to wish he knew what to do. He goes into the country in order to take the cars every morning, and come to the city every day to see what is going on. And he soon discovers that he has made a mistake, and says: "What a fool I was! I thought I was unhappy, but I see that I was not." And he becomes discontented, and before two years have gone he sells his country place for fifty per cent less than he gave, and goes back to the city and enters into a new partnership, and says: "I have learned that a man had better not give up business so long as he is able to attend to it." He could, I think, have learned it without going through that practice. A man ought not to be obliged to stumble upon every evil of life in order to find it out. Something ought to be learned from other people's blunders. There is enough of them.—H. W. Beecher.  
**OUR PURCHASE FROM DENMARK.**—The Copenhagen telegram which affirms the oft-asserted, oft-denied purchase by the United States of the Danish possessions in the West Indies, may be accepted as substantially true. The three chief islands, Santa Cruz, St. Thomas and St. Jan or St. John, with the series of lesser islets appurtenant thereto, will probably soon pass under the dominion of the Republic, and the event will mark a new era in our political history. The acquisition of Russian America was a step in a familiar direction, that of territorial growth on the mainland of America. This is not a continental, but an insular annexation, and a planting of our flag in the Lesser Antilles at the entrance of the Caribbean Sea. The European press, from London to St. Petersburg and from St. Petersburg to Rome, have already spoken of this negotiation as an excellent bargain for the United States. It is likely to be received with equal favor here at home.  
**THE GREAT SACRIFICE.**—An act of Congress, passed February 22, 1867, appropriated \$750,000 for inclosing the National Cemetery and placing a stone over every grave. The commissioners appointed to carry out the law have nearly completed the necessary arrangements, and have ascertained that three hundred and thirty thousand commemorative tablets will be required. Terrible as the amount of this list is, it by no means comprises all those brave patriots who laid down their lives for their country. Nameless graves are scattered all over the country, and in addition to this must be added those who, though dying at home, have had their natural term of existence shortened by the wounds received in battle or the diseases contracted in camp. Summing up the losses on both sides, from all causes, one million and a half of men have been sacrificed to the demon of slavery.  
A clerk in the Pittsburg post office was dismissed, recently, by order of the Postmaster General, for addressing a grossly insulting epistle to "Brick" Pomroy, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, and signing it a "Loyal Clerk in the Pittsburg post office." Pomroy made complaint to the Department; an investigation was ordered, and the imprudent clerk dismissed. Moral: Courtesy in public officials is of more value than partisan bitterness.  
Peru is again convulsed with civil war.

## 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-ly.  
E. D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.  
N. W. INGALL & SHOWERS, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep23  
M. R. R. & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '68.  
H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c., Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.  
H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.  
J. 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., Grahamston, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.  
J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.  
H. ARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.  
J. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Front Street, (above the A. Cadamy's) Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.  
JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, and dealer in fancy goods, and also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 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. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, N. 2d street, one door south of Lanch'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. Apr 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 W. L. 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. FULLORD, 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 office. Office with W. A. Wallace. Jan. 2.  
C. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Pa. Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of agricultural 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 FRANK FIELDING, J. BLAKE WALTERS FRANK FIELDING.  
DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn's Volk., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.  
**FURNITURE ROOMS.**  
JOHN GUELICH,  
Desires to inform his old friends and customers that, having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand at his "Furniture Rooms," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is,  
**BUREAUS AND SIDEBARDS,**  
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 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 on Market street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store." December 4, 1867. JOHN GUELICH.

**PURE BUCK LEAD,** equal in quality to English white lead; Oils, Paints and Varnishes of all kinds; Gold leaf in books and bronzes, for sale by CLEARFIELD, October 23, 1867.  
**SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.**—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving three years' soldiers \$100 and two years' soldiers \$50, bounty. Soldiers wounded in line of duty, who did not serve two or three years, are entitled to the bounty. Bounties and Pensions collected by me for those entitled to them.  
WALTER BARRETT, Att'y at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 15th, 1866.  
**CLEARFIELD NURSERY.**—ENCOURAGED having established a Nursery, on the Pike, half way between Curwensville and Clearfield Boroughs, is prepared to furnish all kinds of Fruit trees, (Standard and dwarf), Evergreen, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawson Black Berry, Strawberry and Raspberry vines, also, Siberian Crab trees, Quince and early Scarlet Rheubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address Aug. 21, 1864. J. D. WRIGHT, Curwensville, Pa.  
**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.  
August 14, 1867-1/2 W. M. JEFFRIES, Proprietor.  
**H O ! T H I S W A Y !**  
NEW STORE IN MADERA!  
JAMES FORREST & SON, would respectfully inform the public, that they have just opened, in Madera, Clearfield county, Pa., an entire new stock of  
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,  
which they are prepared to sell as cheap as the cheapest. Their stock consists of Alpaca, Delaines, Prints and Muslins, of all varieties; Cassimeres, Satinets and Flannels, too numerous to mention; Ready-made clothing of the best quality; Boots and Shoes of the very best make; a complete stock of Groceries, &c. In short, everything usually kept in a country store.  
Customers! Look to your interests. Call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Lumber and grain of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.  
Remember the place, Madera, Clearfield county, Oct. 30, '67. JAMES FORREST & SON.  
**S O M E T H I N G N E W** IN ANSONVILLE, Clearfield county, Penn'a.  
The undersigned having erected, during the past summer, a large and commodious store room, is now engaged in filling it up with a new and select assortment of Fall and Winter goods, which he offers to the public at prices to suit the times. His stock of Mens' and boys' clothing is unusually extensive, and is offered to customers at from \$10 to \$20 for a whole suit. Flour, Salt, and Groceries, of every kind, a complete assortment; Stoves and Stove-pipe, heavy cast-iron; Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, in great variety; Ladies dress goods, furs, and other fancy goods, together with an endless assortment of notions too tedious to enumerate, always on hand, and for sale very cheap. Prints at 10 cents a yard, and other goods in proportion. Now is the time to buy.  
Country produce of every kind, at the highest market prices, will be taken in exchange for goods; and even Greenbacks will not be refused for any article in store. Examine my stock before you buy elsewhere.  
October 30, 1867. H. SWAN.  
**TRIENNIAL ASSESSMENT APPEALS.**—Notice is hereby given, that the Commissioners of Clearfield county, Pa., will hold at the following places, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of each day named for the purpose of hearing Appeals from the Triennial Assessment, to wit:  
For the township of Goshen, at Shawaville school house, on Monday, November 25th, 1867.  
For the township of Bradford, at the school house in Bradford, on Tuesday, November 26th, 1867.  
For the township of Covington, at the house of Jacob Maurer, on Wednesday, November 27th, 1867.  
For the township of Karthaus, at the house of R. J. Heine's, on Thursday, November 28th, 1867.  
For the township of Morris, at the house formerly occupied by J. P. Nelson, on Friday, Nov. 29th, 1867.  
For the township of Graham, at the house of Jacob Hubler, on Saturday, November 30th, 1867.  
For the township of Bradford, at the house of Jacob Pearce, on Monday, December 2d, 1867.  
For the township of Boggs, at the house of Edward Albert, on Tuesday, December 3d, 1867.  
For the Borough of Coscola, at the house of Milo Hoyt, on Wednesday, December 4th, 1867.  
For the township of Decatur, at Centre school house, on Thursday, December 5th, 1867.  
For the township of Woodward, at the house of Thos. Henderson, on Friday, December 6th, 1867.  
For the township of Union, at the school house in Janesville, on Saturday, December 7th, 1867.  
For the township of Becerra, at the house of D. Paulhams, in Glen Hope, on Monday, December 9th, 1867.  
For the township of Knox, at Ames' school house, on Tuesday, December 10th, 1867.  
For the township of Jordan, at the school house, in Ansonville, on Wednesday, December 11th, 1867.  
For the township of Curwensville, at the school house, formerly occupied by John Gregory, on Thursday, December 12th, 1867.  
For the township of Chest, at the school house near Simon Borabough's, on Friday, December 13th, 1867.  
For the Borough of New Washington, at the school house, on Saturday, December 14th, 1867.  
For the township of Burside, at the election house, on Monday, December 16th, 1867.  
For the township of Bell, at the election house, on Tuesday, December 17th, 1867.  
For the Borough of Lumber City, at the public house of James Curry, on Wednesday, December 18th, 1867.  
For the township of Penn, at the house of S. C. Hepburn, on Thursday, December 19th, 1867.  
For the township of Pike, at the house of Leah Bloom, in Curwensville, on Friday, Dec. 20th, 1867.  
For the Borough of Curwensville, at the house of Leah Bloom, on Saturday, Dec. 21st, 1867.  
For the township of Bloom, at the house of Al-gernon Holden, on Monday, December 23rd, 1867.  
For the township of Brady, at the house of Wm. Schwem, on Tuesday, December 24th, 1867.  
For the township of Union, at the house of Daniel Brubaker, on Wednesday, Dec. 25th, 1867.  
For the township of Fox, at the house of John I. Bundy, on Thursday, December 26th, 1867.  
For the township of Huston, at the house of West Woodard, on Friday, December 27th, 1867.  
For the township of Lawrence, at the Commissioners Office, on Monday, December 30th, 1867.  
For the Borough of Clearfield, at the Commissioners Office, on Tuesday, December 31st, 1867.  
An Appeal from the valuation of Unsettled Lands will be held at the Commissioners Office, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th days of February, A. D. 1868, at which time all persons interested will please attend, as no appeal can be taken after that date.  
By order of the Board of Commissioners, Nov. 13, 1867. W. S. BRADLEY, Clerk.