

Kaffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1868.

VOL. 14.—NO. 20.

LINES:

To the memory of our Willie, who departed this life July 14th, 1867, aged 18 years, after a severe illness of nearly one year:

Lie gently, on our Willie, earth,
Press gently on his side;
Nineteen years he numbered from his birth,
Then laid him down and died.

And let his sleep be peaceful there,
Whose life was wrung with pain;
For sweet his spirit was, and fair
His talk, like gentle rain.

Aid he was brave of soul, and true;
His thoughts they knew no guile;
Nor ever tell more soft the dew,
Than did his loving smile.

Patient he was, from murmur free,
Though hard his youthful lot;
'T would grieve you much his pangs to see,
And yet he murmured not.

For on his trusting spirit fell
The peace that passeth thought,
He knew the love of Christ full
And thence sweet wisdom caught.

"Thy rod and staff my comfort are,"
Thus sang our precious boy;
"Christ leads me forth with tender care;
Christ lights my path with joy."

"What though the vale be dark and drear,"
So ran our Willie's song;
"I'll pass it still, and feel no fear,
For Christ will make me strong."

Such was our Willie, such his plan,
And such the breath he drew;
Thus was he, our little man,
Though sad his days, and few.

So grew the leaf, the bud, the flower:
And house and walk and shade,
Were bright and happy, with the power
Of love and sweetness made.

And grief, it was a grief most rare,
To see our blossom fall;
We miss him here, we miss him there,
But hope brings strength to all.

We call, he answers not the while;
His thoughts we cannot measure;
"This home is best," he seems to smile,
Our last yet living treasure.

Then lightly press, O earth, his breast,
And o'er him softly blow
Ye winds, and peaceful be his rest
Down in the grave so low.

Calverton, N.Y., Jan. 1, 1868. HARRIS.

Solomon's Throne.

The following account of this remarkable piece of mechanism purports to be taken from the Persian manuscript, called "The History of Jerusalem."

The sides of it were of pure gold; the feet of emeralds and rubies intermixed with pearls, each of which were as large as an ostrich's egg. The throne had seven sides; on each side were delineated orchards full of trees, the branches of which were of precious stones, representing fruit, ripe and unripe; on the tops of the trees were to be seen figures of plumage birds, particularly the peacock, the eagle and the eagle. All these birds were hollowed within artificially, so as to occasionally utter melodious sounds, such as the ear of mortal never heard. On the first step were delineated vine branches having large bunches of grapes, composed of precious stones of various kinds, fashioned in such a manner as to represent the various colors of purple, violet, green and red, so as to render the appearance of real fruit. On the second step, on each side of the throne, were two lions of terrible aspect, large as life and formed of cast gold.

The nature of this remarkable throne was such that when Solomon placed his foot on the first step, the birds spread their wings and made a fluttering noise in the air. On his reaching the third step, the whole assemblage of demons, and fairies, and men repeated the praises of the Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step, voices were heard addressing him in the following manner: "Son of David, be thankful for the blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon us." The same was repeated on his reaching the fifth step. On his reaching the sixth step, all of the children of Israel joined them; and on his arrival at the seventh, all the birds and animals became in motion, and ceased not until he had placed himself on the royal seat, when the birds, lions and other animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfumes on Solomon, after which two of the kings descended and placed the golden crown upon his head.

Before the throne was a column of burnished gold, on the top of which was a golden dove, which held in its beak a volume bound in silver. In this book were written the Psalms of David, and the dove having presented the book to the King, he read aloud a portion of it to the children of Israel. It is further related that on the approach of evil persons to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrible roar, and to lash their tails with violence: the birds also, and the demons and genii utter horrid cries; so, for fear of them, no one dared be guilty of falsehood, but all confessed their crimes. Such was the throne of Solomon, the son of David.

A VENERABLE MAN.—There is now living, in a cabin standing on a narrow alley in a poor quarter of Detroit, a man who has celebrated his one hundred and thirteenth birthday. "Old Father Robinson" was born on the plantation of Col Du Chiel, of Eastern Maryland, in 1753. The Colonel served in the Revolutionary army. Robinson accompanied him as body-servant, losing a forefinger and receiving a sabre cut on the head. He was present at the surrender of Cornwallis. He also had the luck to be in the battle of New Orleans, in 1815. Until a fortnight ago, he kept his memory, and told his stories of the wars to many of the rich ladies of Detroit. Robinson was manumitted nearly forty years ago. Very recently, his eyesight and hearing have begun to fail. He himself says: "The stock is almost run down."

Rich beds of iron ore and coal have recently been developed in Tennessee along the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad.

FELIX AND THE FIRE-FLY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the evening of a sultry Summer's day, Mary, a poor widow, was seated by the window of her little room, and was looking out on the orchard that surrounded her cottage. The grass, which had been mown that morning, was made up into cocks, and the delightful and refreshing perfume was wafted in at the window. The sky was clear and cloudless, and moon shone into the room, casting the shadow of the windows and the vines which surrounded them on the floor.

Her little Felix, a child of six years old, was standing near her, and his blooming face and golden hair were lighted by the moon.

The poor young widow sat there to rest herself, but great as the labor of this hot day had been to her body, a still greater pain oppressed her mind, and made her forgetful of her weariness. There stood by her a basin of milk and bread, of which she had scarcely tasted a spoonful. Felix was quite disturbed, and did not play or make any noise, because he saw his mother so unhappy. He also, on observing that she wept bitterly, instead of eating his supper, had laid his spoon aside, and his little earthen basin stood nearly full on the table.

Mary had become a widow in the beginning of the Spring. Her husband, one of the best young men in the village, had laid by so much money by his industry, and frugality that he had bought this little cottage and orchard, but had not quite enough to pay for them. The poor man had planted the green with young fruit-trees, which already bore fine fruit. He had chosen for his wife, Mary, an orphan, a pious and industrious young woman, who had been well brought up. They were living happily together when the typhus fever came, and the husband died. Mary too, who had nursed him through his illness with the greatest care, took the fever, and was very near joining him in death.

On recovering from her illness she found her circumstances were very bad. Still she hoped not to be obliged to quit her cottage. Her husband had long been in the service of a rich farmer, who had valued and respected him for his industry, fidelity, and good character, and who when he bought this house and garden, had lent him 300 florins, on condition of being repaid twenty-five florins yearly. This had been punctually paid every year until the time of his illness, and the debt now only amounted to fifty florins, as Mary knew very well. The farmer also died of the fever. His heir, the daughter's husband, found the bond for 300 florins among his father-in-law's papers. He knew nothing of the circumstances, and demanded the whole sum of the widow.

The poor woman assured him that her husband had paid 250 florins, but this availed her nothing. The young farmer did not believe her, and took her before a magistrate. As she could give no proof that any part of the sum had been paid, the young farmer was impatient for his money, and as poor Mary had nothing but her cottage and garden, these must be sold to meet the demand. She had implored the farmer to have pity on her; her little Felix joined his entreaties to hers, but all in vain, and she had now, just an hour before her day's work was ended, learned from a neighbor that the sale was appointed for the following morning.

It was on this account that she was sitting so mournfully at the window, looking sometimes up to heaven, and then again at her little boy; at one moment weeping bitterly, and the next plunged in the deepest melancholy.

"Ah," said she within herself, "I have made hay to-day for the last time in my little garden; the first yellow plums which I plucked to-day for my Felix are the last that my child will ever enjoy from the tree which his father planted for him; perhaps this is the last night we shall spend under this roof. To-morrow the house will be the property of another; and who knows whether we may not be turned out immediately? Where shall we find shelter to-morrow? Perhaps we may have no roof to cover us?" And she began to sob violently.

Felix, who till now had not stirred, came nearer, and said, "Mother, do not weep so bitterly. Do you not know what my father said when he lay dying on his bed? 'Do not weep,' said he; 'God is the father of the widow and the orphan; call upon Him in the time of trouble, and He will take care of you.' He said so; is it not true?"

"Yes dear child," said Mary, "it is indeed true."

"Well then," said Felix, "why do you cry so? Pray to God, and He will help you. O, when I was with my father in the forests and he was cutting wood, if I was hungry, or if a thorn had run into me, I did not cry a good deal; I went to my father (for he was then alive), and he gave me bread, or he took out the thorn. And God is our Father, and will He not help us, His children?"

"Yes," said the poor mother, still crying. "My father often said the whole world was God's; then why should we weep? Come, mother, let us pray to God: He will certainly help us."

"My dear child, you are in the right," said Mary, and her tears were somewhat moderated, and comfort began to take the place of grief. She knelt down and raised her eyes and hands to heaven; and the little child did so too. Mary began to pray, and Felix repeated each word after her.

"Holy and Heavenly Father," said she, "look upon the widow and her child. A poor widow and a poor orphan look up to Thee; we are in great want, and have no refuge on earth. We pray to Thee that Thou wilt not suffer us to sink under our sorrows; but if, in Thy wisdom, Thou seest fit to afflict us, help us at least to find another home; and give us comfort in our hearts, and true confidence in Thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mary's sobs prevented her from proceeding; she looked towards heaven, and wept silently; when Felix who was still by her side in the attitude of prayer, jumped up, and stretching out his hands exclaimed: "O mother, what is that? There is a little light hovering there; it is a star flying. See it is coming in! How beautiful it shines! It is like a green light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Look, now it is hovering about the ceiling. It is very wonderful!"

"That is a fire-fly, my child," said Mary; "by day it is a mean little insect; and by night it is very beautiful."

"May I catch it?" said the child. "Will it not hurt me, and shall I not be hurt by the light?"

"It will not burn you," said Mary, and she smiled through her tears; "catch it and examine it carefully without hurting it: it is one of the wonderful works of God."

Felix had now forgotten all his sorrow, and tried to catch the glittering fly, which was at one moment under the table, and at another under the chair, and sometimes near the floor.

"But, O dear!" said the child, for the fly had crept behind the great chest that stood against the wall, at the moment when he held out his hand to catch it.

He looked under the chest. "I see it very plainly," said he, "there it sits, close to the wall; and the white wall and the floor and the dust shine quite bright around it, just as if the moon were shining on them. But I cannot reach it, my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said Mary; "it will soon come out again."

The child waited a little while, and then went to his mother, and in a gentle entreating tone of voice said, "O mother, do reach it for me, or move out the chest a little from the wall, and then I can easily catch it."

Mary stood up and moved the chest, and Felix took the fire-fly, and looked at it as he held it in the hollow of his hand, and it gave him as much pleasure as another would have derived from the purest diamond.

But Mary's attention was directed to another object. In moving the chest, something which was between it and the wall had fallen to the ground. She picked it up, and uttered a loud cry, and said, "God has brought us through our troubles! This is the last year's almanac which I had sought for so long in vain. I thought it had been destroyed by some of those who were here during my long illness, and who, during the time that I lay almost without recollection did not take the best care of my house. We shall now find that my husband paid the money that he demanded of me. Who would ever have thought that the almanac lay behind the chest that he bought with the house, and which has probably never been moved since it was first placed where it stands?"

She instantly lighted a candle, and looked over the almanac with tears of thankfulness running down her cheeks. All was regularly entered; what her husband still owed at the beginning of the year, and what he had paid off by his work and in cash. At the end of the account were a few words written by the old farmer:—"At Martinmas I settled accounts with John Blum, and he only owes me fifty florins." Mary clasped her hands with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with rapture, "O Felix, thank God with me, for we shall not be turned out; we shall not have to quit our home."

"Did I not say so?" said the child; "now this is owing to me. If I had not begged you to move the chest you would never have found the almanac."

But Mary said, "My child, it is God's doings, not yours. I feel overpowered with awe and thankfulness when I think of it. Even whilst we were praying He sent that brilliant fly, and by its light pointed out to us the very place where those papers lay concealed. Yes, God indeed directs all things. Without His knowledge not a hair falls from our heads. Remember this as long as you live, and trust to Him always, especially in times of distress. He does not require an angel to help Him, but can use a little fly as a messenger of His mercy. And how soon has He answered our prayer! O my child, let us never forget to pray to Him!"

Early the next morning Mary went to the magistrate, who caused the farmer to be brought before him. When he saw the paper, he could not help feeling ashamed of his unkind behavior; and when the poor woman proceeded to relate the whole story of her prayer, and the entrance of the fire-fly, he became much affected, and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Yes, it is indeed true that God is the Father of the widow and the fatherless. He is also their avenger. Forgive the cruelty I have used towards you. And now to recompense the injury I have done you, keep the remaining fifty florins, and if ever you should be in want, come to me, and I will always help you. I see clearly that whoever trusts in God will never be forsaken."

Only love and fear the Lord,
Serve Him still in faith and prayer,
Do His will, and keep His word,
God will for His children care.

A DOWN EAST CAT.—The owner of a cat in Lewiston, Me., taught Tom to trade mice for meat, receiving from his master a piece for every mouse presented. One day a mouse was brought and laid down before the clerk who did not understand the arrangement. Tom determined not to be balked of the reward, carried the captive up stairs and laid it before his mistress, who, not liking such a present, scolded him for bringing it into the house, and threw it out of the window. The cat then ran down stairs, went out and found his mouse and kept it until night, till his master came home, when once more the mouse was brought in and kitty claimed his reward and received it.

Ought in my Own Trap.

Dora and I had been silent fully fifteen minutes—an unusual occurrence for us—when she suddenly broke out into one of her gayest, sweetest peals of laughter. The cars were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, Dora's laugh rang out above all their noise and confusion.

"What is it Dora, you witch you?" I said, half piqued that she had not at first told me what pleased her, and laughed afterwards.

"Nothing, Nell, only I was just thinking of something funny. Do you see that gentleman just in front of us with the beautiful black whiskers and dreamy brown eyes? Well, he's been watching you behind that book for the last half hour, looking as if he would love to take a bit of the red roses on your cheeks. Don't blush, but he's in love with you; I'll bet my gold thimble on it."

I was just thinking of some of the stories I have read about young ladies mistaking handsome young fellows for their brothers, &c., and thought what fun it would be if you could only manage to mistake that gentleman for your brother Fred.

I was ready for fun in a moment.

"Tell you what I'll do," I broke out eagerly. "You know I haven't seen Fred since I went to school three years ago, and of course he's changed a great deal since then. Well, if that literary gentleman with brown eyes (he is handsome, isn't he, Dora?) should get off at our station, I'll wait till he gets waked up in the crowd, see him suddenly for the first time, rush up to him in a flutter of delight, call him brother Fred, and give him such a kissing as he hasn't had since he saw his sweetheart."

"Yes, I would, if I were you," said Dora, sarcastically. "You aren't you know."

"Don't I dare though! Wait and see."

And so I dropped back into the cushion in silence till the train stopped at our station.

Dora gave me a wicked look, and whispered that she knew my courage would fail me, for the gentleman was really getting off. I was not to be tripped over though; and so, as we stepped out on the platform, I saw the literary gentleman standing amid the crowd, and with a little bound threw myself in his arms and kissed him full in the mouth, hysterically exclaiming:

"Fred, my dear brother, how do you do?"

I caught a glimpse of Dora—she was in danger of going into convulsions. I was expecting to hear the stranger say, "confusedly," that there was some mistake; but to my surprise, he gave me a hearty embrace, kissed me two or three times, said he was well, and that I had grown a great deal, inquired for my little friend Dora—who, all this time was exciting the sympathies of the crowd, as they supposed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

"Father and mother are expecting you, Nellie, and are so impatient they can scarcely wait to see you. I was afraid you would not know me, but I am really glad that my image has been treasured up so carefully in my sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It really was Fred, then, and I had not known him! I felt slightly ridiculous, and while introducing Dora to my brother, whispered her to keep quiet in reference to my intended trick.

I was too much confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing me; so we all went to the carriage which was in waiting for us, and drove rapidly to our home.

I had never known Fred to be so affectionate. He held my hands in his own all the time, kissed me at unnecessary intervals; but, to tell the truth I had never loved him half so well before—never thought him half so handsome.

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me; father repeated it; and finally a frank, hearty voice spoke out with, "Hallo, sis! aren't you going to notice your scapegrace of a brother at all?"

And to my astonishment a handsome fellow I had not yet seen gave me a genuine hug and kiss that you could have heard across the yard.

"There is some mistake," I murmured; "are you my brother Fred? I thought that gentleman was," pointing at the handsome gentleman I had embraced at the depot.

"Why, sis, you are crazy! Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow there is my college chum, Archie Winters, who went half way up the line to meet you. What are you blushing at, Nell? I didn't have time to go, and let him take your picture with him, so that he would be sure and know you. He's been playing off some of his mad pranks, and passing himself off for me I'll warrant."

I looked at Archie Winters beseechingly; and as they were all going into the house I whispered to him:

"For pity's sake, do not speak of that mistake. How could it have happened?"

"I overheard you in the cars, and will keep your secret only on one condition."

He whispered something to me that made my face flush scarlet; but I was at his mercy, and said that I would think of it, reader, and to the delight of the whole family—Dora and Fred in particular—Archie and I were married in less than two months.

Dora said to me as I bade her good bye, that it would give unspeakable delight to Fred and herself if I would attend their wedding in a month, and I did so.

A new use for our distinguished fellow-citizen, Gen. Hancock, has just been found by a Southern paper: "The Albany (Georgia) News" thinks that Gen. Hancock was probably born to redeem the character of Yankee commanders from infamy, and the South from the thralldom of scalawags and negro supremacy."

Mrs. Littlefield, aged 106 years, died in Maine last week.

Business Directory.

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

D. 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, Woodenware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

NIVLING & SHOWERS, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep25

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 Jeweler, 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. FORCIE, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., 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.

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

KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., etc., Market street, (above the Academy,) Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 15, 1867.

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. McNALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of 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. April 27.

DENTISTRY.—J. P. CORNETT, Dentist, offers his services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Office in Drug Store, corner Main and Thompson Sts. May 2, 1866.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 10th, 1867, ff.

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. PULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McNally, Esq., over First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., 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.

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. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a 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 Rooms" a varied assortment of furniture, among which is, a

BUREAU AND SIDEBORDS, 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-bush, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.

COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND, Made to order, and funerals attended with a hearse, whenever desirable. Also, House painting done to order.

The above, and many other articles are furnished to customers cheap for cash or exchanged for approved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar, Lin-wood and other Lumber suitable for the business, taken in exchange for furniture. Remember the shop is on Market street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the 'Old Jew Store.' December 4, 1861. JOHN GUELICH

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

WOOLEN FACTORY!

Having purchased an interest in the Union Mills, in Union township, Clearfield county, we are prepared to card wool, manufacture and finish cloth, and do all kinds of work in our line on short notice, in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms. Flour, feed, and lumber, also manufactured and for sale. Terms, cash. F. K. & J. R. ARNOLD. Rockton, June 28, 1857.

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-ff

CHAIRS! CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!!

JOHN TROUTMAN Having resumed the manufacture of chairs, at his shop located on the lot in the rear of his residence on Market street, and a short distance west of the Foundry, is prepared to accommodate his old friends and all others who may favor him with a call, with every description of Windsor chairs. He has a good assortment on hand to which he directs the attention of purchasers. They are made of the very best material, well painted, and finished in a workmanlike manner, and will be sold at prices to suit the times. Examine them before purchasing elsewhere. Clearfield, Pa., March 28, 1866.

HOME INDUSTRY!

BOOTS AND SHOES Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market St., nearly opposite Hartwick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line. Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented. I have now on hand a stock of extra french calf skins, superb gaiter tops, &c., that I will finish up at the lowest figures. June 13th, 1866. DANIEL CONNELLY

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

ADOLPH SCHOLPP, MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN CIGARS AND TOBACCO, CLEARFIELD, PA.

Would respectfully announce that, he has recently commenced the above business, in Clearfield, and solicits a share of patronage. His cigars are made of the very best material, and in style of manufacture will compare with those of any other establishment.

For the convenience of the public he has opened a sales-stand in Mr. Bridge's Merchant Tailoring establishment, where all can be accommodated who may favor him with a call.

He has always on hand a superior article of chewing and smoking tobacco, to which he directs the attention of "lovers of the weed." Merchants and Dealers, throughout the county supplied at the lowest wholesale prices. Call and examine his stock when you come to Clearfield. Nov. 20, 1867.

NEW STORE AND SAW MILL, AT BALD HILLS, Clearfield county.

The undersigned, having opened a large and well selected stock of goods, at Bald Hills, Clearfield county, respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Their stock embraces Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tin-ware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, gentry made Clothing, and a general assortment of Notions, etc. They always keep on hand the best quality of Flour, and a variety of Feed.

All goods sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for approved country produce. Having also erected a Steam Saw Mill, they are prepared to saw all kinds of lumber to order. Orders solicited, and punctually filled. Nov. 26, 1867. JAMES IRWIN & SONS.

LATEST STYLES.

for Fall and Winter, Just received at the store of

MRS. H. D. WELSH & CO., Dealers in Fancy Goods Millinery, Notions, Toys, Music and Musical Instruments.

Second Street, next door to First National Bank, Clearfield, Penn'a.

They also make to order Silk and Velvet Bonnets for : : : \$1 00 Straw Bonnets for : : : : : 75 All kinds of Hats for : : : : : 50

Materials furnished on as reasonable terms as they can be had in the county. Call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. [November, 6, 1867.]

ATTENTION! BUYERS!!

HIPPLE