# Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1868. VOL. 14.--NO. 42.


## Select Poetry.

### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

A rose-bud blossomed in my bower,
A bird sang in my garden;
The rose-bud was its fairest flower,
The bird its gentlest warden.

And a child behind the linden tree
Sang, "Think no more of sorrow,
But let us smile and sing to-day,
For we must weep to-morrow."

I asked the bird, "Oh, did'st thou hear
The song that she would sing thee?
And can it be that thou should'st fear
What the next morn would bring thee?"

He answered with triumphant strain,
Saying, "I know not sorrow;
But I must sing my best to-day,
For I may die to-morrow."

I asked the rose, "Oh, tell me, sweet,
In thy first beauty's dawning,
Thou can'st not fear, from this retreat,
The coming of the morning?"

She flung her fragrant leaves apart,
The lovlier for her sorrow,
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to-day,
For I may droop to-morrow."

I said, "The bloom upon my cheek
Is fleeting as the roses;
My voice no more shall sing or speak
When dust in dust reposes.

And from these soulless monitors
One lesson I may borrow—
That we should sing and smile to-day,
For we may weep to-morrow

### JEROME FENWICK'S CURE.

"Don't go out to-night, Jerome—stay with me. Oh, Jerome! it is so lonely when you are away." The little kitchen had been swept and scoured until every board glistened like polished ivory—the red moreen curtains were drawn over the tiny paned window and the great chestnut logs in the fire-place were simmering and singing and bursting into scarlet sheets of flame, with capricious alternations. A little Christmas cross of hemlock sprigs and black ivy yet hung between the two windows, while Rosa Fenwick's monthly roses and scented geraniums tossed their delicate blossoms among the red-peppers and bunches of pennyroyal and catnip on the smoke-browned mantle above the chimney. Rosa, our heroine, was nothing more dignified than a farmer's wife.

Jerome Fenwick, a tall, stalwart young fellow of some seven or eight and twenty, but his lip, as Rosa still kept urging:

"Stay with me this evening—only this once."

"Nonsense, Rosa; how ridiculous you are. A man can't stay at home forever."

"But you were out last night and the night before."

"Well, what then? Now, my love, don't you see how very absurd it is to expect me to be dangling at your apron strings? I tell you that I am going down to the Columbian to look at the papers and talk over the news."

"To the Columbian!" echoed Aunt Tryphosa Fenwick, suddenly appearing out of a trap door, very much like a ghost upon the stage, only that she bore a pan of glossy red apples in one hand and brandished a formidable knife in the other.

"Ah-h-h! you're going to the Columbian, be ye, Jerome Fenwick?"

"Yes, I am—and what then?" returned the young man, a spice of sullen defiance beginning to mingle with the playful tone he had assumed towards his wife.

"And I s'pose you're coming back stupid as a fool, like you came last night. Or perhaps you're coming with Peter Stryker at your head and Sam Gerney at your heels, as you came last week; pretty doings for a feller that hain't been married a year yet."

"Dear Jerome," pleaded Rosa, looking through sparkling tears, "please do not go out to-night."

"What d'ye s'pose you are coming to," went on Aunt Tryphosa, digging away at the apples as spiteful as if every one had been a modern Marsyas, and she a spectacled Apollo; "perhaps you have forgot how Pilkingham froze to death, year ago, coming February, down by the hemlock hollow, with the snow two feet deep on the ground. He'd read the papers and talked over the news! He'd been to the Columbian too! And mebbe you don't remember how Josiah Hopkins went off in the delirium tremens last June, all along o' that same Columbian. He hadn't no pretty young wife at home to cry out her eyes after him, good-for-nothing bones, though, Josiah Hopkins hadn't. Oh, I wish the Maine law was enforced. Better stay at home, Jerome Fenwick, afore bad comes to worse."

Jerome Fenwick's brow flushed and his face became crimson.

"I shall do precisely as I please, Aunt Tryphosa. Where is my hat?"

"Tain't for myself I'm speaking," went on the wrathful old lady, "though you be my brother's son. It's for Rosa! Do you s'pose she ain't got no feelins when you come home night after night as intoxicated as a fool? Good land o' Goshen! if I was Rosa I'd go down to the Columbian and drink along with you. She's got just as good a right to be a fool as you have. How'd you like that, Jerome Fenwick?"

He went out, giving the unconscious door a bang that made the cat start in her cosy corner on the red brick hearth, and brought a fresh torrent of tears to Rosa's blue eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Tryphosa," she sobbed, hiding her flushed face among the apples in the good spinster's lap, "what shall we do? He is being ruined—and I-I have no power to hold him back."

"Sarve him right! an obstinate fool!" muttered the irate old lady. Yet, even while the words were on her lips, the bony fingers caressed Rosa's hair with a strangely loving touch.

"For your sake, Rosa, I'm vexed; for your sake, my pretty one."

"If I had but known—yet he was so different in the days when we used to take those twilight walks, in the days before we were married. My husband a drunkard! Oh, Aunt Tryphosa! I would sooner we were both in our graves."

"Don't talk so, pet," murmured Aunt Tryphosa. "The Lord knows what's best for us all, but—"

"Hush!" ejaculated Rosa, springing to her feet, "I hear the gate click! Aunt Tryphosa, he has thought better of it—he has come back."

No; the fair, almost girlish-looking young fellow in the Lieutenant's uniform was not Jerome Fenwick—and there was a touch of bitterness even in the welcoming tears that Rosa poured out on the breast of the soldier brother she had not seen for three years.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Charley Warner. "Why I thought you were so happy, Rosa. And where is my new brother-in-law?"

"He-isn't at home," sobbed Rosa. "Oh, Charles, I am very, very, miserable."

"Well, this is a queer welcome," quoth the Lieutenant, sitting down in front of the blazing chestnut logs, and drawing Rosa upon his knee. "Now, puss, tell me all about it—and somebody hold my hands, for I feel very much like giving my unknown brother-in-law a thrashing, before I know anything of the merits of the case."

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"Well, I reckon its about time for me to be moving," said Jerome.

Now Jerome Fenwick was none the worse for the frequent libations in which he indulged; at least not in his own estimation, for he had firmly resolved, on entering the doors of the Columbian Hotel not to drink too much, and he fancied he had kept the resolution. Only, to be sure, the sanded floor did surge to and fro a little, and the great logs in the chimney seemed to change places with the door in a most unaccountable manner, and the voices around him now sounded close to his ear, now far away, as if the speakers were receding into dim distance. Yet Jerome Fenwick, with very wide open eyes, and turbid amiability upon his features reiterated to himself that he "was all right—as right as a trivet."

"Because, you see," soliloquised Jerome, "I'm a married man—and—and duties I owe to society—I can't be drunk, because—" He caught at the arm of his chair, as it seemed to give a sudden lurch ceiling-ward. "I guess I'll go back to Rosa."

In the same moment a sudden electric thrill seemed to send the hot blood back to his heart. Rosa! yes, it was her voice, speaking in the bar room beyond. Her voice and in what words!

"A glass of gin-sling, and be quick about it. Pshaw! none of your dishwater compounds; make it hot and strong, man!"

"Mrs. Fenwick!" ejaculated mine host, in dismay.

"Yes, Mrs. Fenwick. What are you staring at? My husband is here, and I have come to keep him company; I am tired of staying at home by myself. If he is going to make a regular practice of getting drunk here, why he may as well do it in his wife's company, and I'll be drunk too."

"Rosa!"

"Yes, my dear. Good evening to you gentlemen," she said, nodding to the staring assemblage and taking a long draught. Upon my word, this feels warming after the night air. You are right; it is better than crouching over the fire at home. You're right, my dear you're always right, and hereafter I'm going to follow your example."

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"Another glass, landlord!" ejaculated the Amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know it was good. Try a taste of it, Jerome!"

"Rosa, I command you to come away."

"What for? Haven't I as much right here as any one? You said you did not care whether I come or not—and here I am!"

Jerome wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow and upper lip.

"Do not mortify me thus, Rosa," he whispered. "Remember these spectators."

"Well, you have mortified me enough times; and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Landlord, I think—I'll—take—

She paused abruptly, the two glasses of fiery liquid apparently beginning to tell on her female brain. Her head fell on her breast, the blue eyes stared stonily into space, and the arms fell heavily at her side.

"She's gone!" exclaimed Joe Hyde, who had watched the crisis with interest.

"I will trouble you to mind your own business, sir, if you please," returned Jerome Fenwick, haughtily. Ah, his pride was touched to the quick now.

"Clark Tiffany, will you help me carry my—my wife home? She is quite unable to walk. Good heavens, that I should have lived to see this day."

Clark Tiffany advanced, with a grin upon his face, to assist his boon companion. But it was no easy task they had undertaken. Never was so totally limp and helpless a burden before; from the tip of the pink worsted hood to the fur-edged moccasin there was no spark of elasticity or animation, as the two men dragged their slow way over the hard frozen ground.

"Abomination! disgraceful!" muttered Jerome Fenwick, wiping his streaming forehead.

"Just what you've done yourself a dozen times," remarked Tiffany, changing the arm that supported the laden shoulder. "Jupiter! who'd suppose a woman could be so heavy!"

"Myself! Of course I have—more shame to me!" retorted Fenwick. "But a woman—and my wife!"

"I don't know that it's any worse for a woman than a man," said Tiffany; "only it's not customary."

"One thing is certain," resumed Fenwick, after a moment's silence, and his tone was full of deep, passionate earnestness, "after this night's work, I will cut off my right hand before I will re-enter that accursed bar-room. I've drank my last liquor."

"That, that's not fair!" sleepily muttered the burden. "Just when I've begun to enjoy myself!—it—it—I say it's not fair!"

A smothered groan escaped from Fenwick's lips.

"Before heaven I register the vow!" he exclaimed. "From this hour I will never touch intoxicating draughts more, so help me God!"

As he spoke, the red, flickering stream of light from the moreen-curtined window glanced athwarth their path.

"Home at last!" he exclaimed, with an accent of relief, as Aunt Tryphosa hung open the door.

The fire was blazing brightly, the cat was purring contentedly on the burnished bricks of the old fashioned hearth, and wonder of wonders! Rosa sat by the table in the dark brown calico and coquettish silk apron stitching at a narrow strip of linen.

"Rosa!" gasped Jerome, in open-mouthed astonishment, "you here?"

"Where else should I be, Jerome?" demanded Mrs. Fenwick, with exemplary calmness.

"Do you live in an age of witchcraft? Am I dreaming, or am I wide awake and in full possession of my ordinary senses?" exclaimed Fenwick, turning to the limp figure on the kitchen settee.

No longer limp, however. It had suddenly risen up, straight and vigorous as a young pine, and throwing back the gingham draperies and pink worsted hood stood before them in the uniform of a federal Lieutenant.

"At your service, Mr. Fenwick," said Charley Warner, with dancing eyes and defiant brow.

"Rosa," said Jerome, still bewildered "who is this?"

"It is my brother, Jerome—my brother Charley," faltered Rosa; "don't be angry please—indeed, I couldn't stop him—he would go, and Aunt Tryphosa encouraged him."

"Well, I'm heartily glad it's not my wife!" said Jerome, extending his hand. "Welcome home from the wars, brother-in-law, but I question whether any victory in which you have been concerned during the three years of your absence—

Jerome!" exclaimed Rosa, "surely you have not—"

"But he has though!" interposed Lieutenant Charley, leisurely lighting a cigar at the smouldering chestnut, "I bear witness that he has this night solemnly pledged himself to abstain forever more from the Columbian and all that appertains thereto. Isn't it so, my friend, that so kindly held up my head?"

"Well, I thought you were rather heavy," acknowledged Clark Tiffany. "But no offence, sir. I really don't see how your head stands those two glasses of gin."

"Ah, that's because I've been in the army," responded Lieutenant Warner, with charming frankness. "What, little Rosa, crying again?"

"Don't mind me, Charley; it's only because I'm so happy."

"Happy, eh? Well it isn't my way of expressing happyness," observed Warner. "And Aunt Tryphosa is crying too! Well, I've read a good many puzzles in my day, but a woman is the most unaccountable of 'em all!"

Lieutenant Warner did not know that upon that bright flood of tears, all Rosa Fenwick's doubts, fears and inward distresses were swept away into the past. She was crying only because she was happy.

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AMERICAN HUMOR.—Col. Isaac Bands, of Boston, died a few days ago, was an officer under the U. S. Government. He was a man of great wit and humor, full of rare and racy stories, which he always told with the most imperturbable gravity, while his listeners were convulsed with laughter. His stories always received a flavor from his peculiar voice, which was quite thin and pitched upon a high key, and, in his later years, "turned towards a childish treble."

In his last sickness, he illustrated Pope's well-known line of the

"Ruling passion strong in death."

His physician came in, an evening or two before he died, and asked him how he was feeling.

"Shan't live till morning," said the Colonel feebly.

"Oh, yes, I think you will; you don't seem to be near your end."

"Yes I am," piped out the Colonel.

The Doctor then felt his feet, and finding them quite warm, said, "I think there is no danger."

"Can't help it; shan't live till morning," said he.

"But," said the Doctor, "your extremities are warm. Did you ever know one to be very near dying whose feet were as warm as yours?"

"That's nothing to do with it. I shan't live till morning," wheezed out the Colonel, as if he was determined to die.

"You are quite unreasonable, Colonel," said the doctor. "I never knew a man to be very near his end, whose feet were as warm as yours."

"Well, I have."

"Who, pray?"

Turning toward the Doctor, with a droll look in his eyes, he gasped out "*John Rogers.*"

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The ram Stonewall has reached Japanese waters, only to find, in the revolutionary state of the country, no government to receive her. Her voyage took nine months; the distance was 20,000 miles; 2,050 tons of coal were consumed; she is the only iron-clad that ever made the distance without a convoy. She was in several gales, but rode them all out finely.

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A sailor, in attempting to kiss a pretty girl, got a violent box on the ear. "There," he exclaimed, "just my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs."


HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
THE GREAT REMEDIES
For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, or digestive organs.

Hoofland's German Bitters

Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, *extracts*) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

*HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,*

Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum*, Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use

*HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.*

Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use

*HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.*

They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.

The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as closely as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant imaginings of Evil, and great depression of Spirits.

The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which he is assured from his investigations and inquiries possesses true merit, or is skilfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies—

*Hoofland's German Bitters, and Hoofland's German Tonic, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Twenty-two years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefitted suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from any cause whatever; prostration of the system, induced by severe labor, hardships, exposure, fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthed, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

*PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE,*

And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

*NOTICE.*

It is a well established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

*WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN*

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must believed.

*TESTIMONIALS.*

*Hon. George W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Penn'a, writes:*

Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

"I find Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous action in the system.

Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."

*Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania:*

Philadelphia, April 28, 1866.

"I consider Hoofland's German Bitters' a *valuable medicine* in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON.

*From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.*

*Dr. Jackson*—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail, but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD, 8th, bel Coates st.

*From Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.*

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hooflands German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

*CAUTION.*

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit. Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor.
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle, | $1 00 |
| Hoofland's German Bitters, half dozen, | 5 00 |

Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, $1 50 per bottle, or half dozen for $7 50.

☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

For sale by A. I. SHAW, Agent, Clearfield Pa.
April 22, 1868-1y


## Business Directory.


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

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

ED. 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 vare, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

H. BUCHER SWOOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors 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 Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamton, 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, Stationary, 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. April0,'59.

THOMAS J. M'CULLOUGH, 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 M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boyn-

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. Apr27.

DENTISTRY.—I. 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, William's Grove, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 10th, 1867.-tf.

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

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

ALBERT, GEARY & CO., 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.

DR. 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.

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE
OF
McGIRK & PERKS.
Successors to Foster, Perks, Wright & Co.,
PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE Co., PA.

Where all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. March 20.-tf.
J. D. M'GIRK. EWD. PERKS.

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 SIDEBOARDS,

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

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

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

Spring-seat, Cain-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, 1861 JOHN GUELICH

THE OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM,
J. J. RICHARDSON & CO.,
126 Market Street, Philadelphia, are the largest Manufacturing Confectioners and Wholesale Dealers in Fruits, Nuts, &c., in the United States.
March 4, 1868-1y.

S. B. MEYER,
PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT,
MILESBURG, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A.
Also agent for all the latest Improved Water Wheels and Portable Saw Mills. Jan.8'68-1yp.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE, CLEARFIELD, PA.—The subscriber would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of his old friends and customers at the "Clearfield House." Having made many improvements, he is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom. Every department connected with the house is conducted in a manner to give general satisfaction. Give him a call.
Nov. 4 1866. GEO. N. COLBURN.

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,
August 14, 1867-tf Proprietor.

CLEARFIELD NURSERY.—ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.—The undersigned 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,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry and Raspberry vines. Also Sibrian Crab trees, Quince and early Scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address
Aug 31, 1864. J. D. WRIGHT urwensville

HARTSWICK & IRWIN,
DRUGGISTS,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Having refitted and removed to the room lately occupied by Richard Mossop, on Market St., now offer low for CASH, a well selected assortment of
DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.
Also, Patent Medicines of all kinds, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Dye-stuffs, Stationary, Tobacco and Segars, Confectionary, Spices, and a larger stock [illegible] this place, and warranted to be of the best the market affords. Inspect their stock before purchasing elsewhere, and they feel warranted in saying that you will be pleased with the quality and price of their goods. Remember the place—Mossop's old stand, on Market St. Dec. 6, 1865.

NEW SPRING GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED AT
KIRK & SPENCERS,
Lumber City, Pa.,
The undersigned would respectfully inform their customers, and the public in general, that they have just received their Spring stock of goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Fish, Salt, Flour, Bacon, Nails, Paints, Oils, Stoneware, Hardware, Queensware, Baskets, Tubs, Churns, Carpet, Oil cloth, and a general variety of such articles as are usually kept in a country store, all of which they will sell CHEAP FOR CASH.
They would also direct attention to their large stock of Ready-made Clothing, which they offer for sale at a small advance upon cost.
KIRK & SPENCER.
Lumber City, Pa., May 8, 1867.
N. B.—We also manufacture to order, and constantly keep on hand, a general assortment of Boots and Shoes, for men, women and children.
KIRK & SPENCER.

ATTENTION! BUYERS!!
HIPPLE & FAUST
DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY-GOODS, &C
MAIN STREET, CURWENSVILLE, PA.,
Having just returned from the east with a general assortment of goods, to which they desire to invite the attention of their old customers and friends. Their stock consists of
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tinware, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,
Clothing, Notions, etc., in great variety, which they now offer at prices—for cash—to suit the times.
They also deal in Grain, Pork, Shingles, Boards, and other lumber, which will be received at the highest market prices in exchange for goods.
Persons desirous of purchasing goods at fair rates are respectfully requested to give us a call.
Remember you can find us at the old stand on Main Street where we are prepared to accomodate customers with anything in our line of business.
Sept. 3, 1865. HIPPLE & FAUST.

H. F. NAUGLE
WATCH MAKER,
GRAHAM'S ROW, CLEARFIELD.
The undersigned respectfully informs his old customers and the public, that he has on hand, (and constantly receiving new additions,) a large stock of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.
*CLOCKS*, a large variety from the best Manufactory, consisting of Eight-day and thirty-hour spring and Weight, and Levers, Time, Strike and Alarm clocks.
*WATCHES*—a fine assortment, of Silver Hunting and open case American patent Levers, plain and full jeweled.
*GOLD PENS*, an elegant assortment, of the best quality. Also, in silver extension and desk holders.
*SPECTACLES*, a large assortment, far and near sight, colored and plain glass.
*JEWELRY* of every variety, from a single piece to a full set.
*ALSO*, a fine assortment of Spoons, Forks, butter knives, etc., plated on genuine Alabata.
All kinds of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired and *Warranted*.
A continuance of patronage is solicited.
Nov. 28th, 1865. H. F. NAUGLE