

The Raftsmen's Home

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1868.

VOL. 15.—NO. 1.

Select Poetry.

WALLACE AND HIS COFFEE-POT
In the Political Campaign of 1867.

Two centuries—past supper time—
The shanty table cleared;
When to the door a pilgrim came,
With dust upon his beard.
He asked if Collins' house was in,
And could he with him speak?
Was entered in—politely told
There is the man you seek.
The host inquired who he was—
"I am," said he, "a pilgrim."
"Pray, what is to befall us?"
He said: "I bring no evil news;
My name is William Wallace."
I want two hundred votes to vote
The Democratic ticket;
The number needed to call
From this secluded thicket.
The host replied: "Sir, all my gang
Are from Ben Brin's side,
And have no better right to vote
Than Aaron's magic rod."
"I have that fact," the pilgrim said,
The papers signed and sealed;
There's aught to do but write their names,
When ballots they are wield.
And as the documents are fresh
And have no badge of age,
I've brought my coffee-pot along,
To tan the shanty page.
We'll hold them for a little while
In coffee strong as life,
When they will pass official gaze—
Detection will defy.
Like Barney, then, the cook was told
To put the kettle on;
From the check rolls were transcribed
The names that stood thereon.
The host and pilgrim boiled them well,
To look like copperheads;
And then rejoiced—nor felt the tramp
Of conscience's stealthy tread.
The job well done, the pilgrim said:
Amen and swear them through;
The chance for victory depends
On what you thus may do."
And starting off for other fields—
His coffee pot in hand—
Fasting said: "Alas! my leap
Did nothing half so grand."
Let others speeches make,
And editors indite;
With his good coffee-pot I can
Revivify in the fight.
Two hundred votes in the gallies,
In support are and more;
Not whippers, in his palmist days,
Such splendid trophies bore.
Thus on his pilgrimage he went
From Centre to Luzerne;
Fighting in the wilderness
With coffee from his urn.
As he went he sang this song:
My magic coffee-pot—
Two or three in up thousand votes—
My bubbling coffee-pot—
"Bubba," he yelled; but as the voice
Carried among the trees—
He heard in his secret world
Be borne upon the breeze.
Like Palmer from the holy land,
The Keystone Club he sought;
He had no palm in his hand,
But had his coffee-pot.
October seventh in the night,
They heard his glowing story—
And straightway 'neath his word
The laurel wreath of glory.
With thundering shouts that shook the house—
With gin and joy so hot—
They thronged, beside Columbia's Eagle,
The glorious coffee-pot.
Not quite settled—Pitts is a fast man,
A sharp man, a business man, and when
He goes into a store to trade he always gets
The lowest cash price, and he says, "Well,
I'll look about, and if I can't find anything
that suits me better, I'll call and take this."
Pitts is partial to women, and young ones
in particular. Now, quite lately, Pitts said
to himself, "I am getting rather 'long in
years and years I get married."
His business qualities would not let him
put off his travels, and calling upon a
business friend, opened conversation by remark-
ing that he would like to know what he
thought about his getting married. "Oh,
Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am
not very greatly interested, and I prefer
to leave it to yourself." "But," said
Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear
friend, will you marry me?"
The young lady blushed very red, hesita-
ted, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do
in the world, and morally, financially, and
politically, of good standing in society, she
accepted him; whereupon the matter of fact
Pitts responded, "Well, well, I'll look about
and if I don't find any body that suits me
better than you, I'll come back."

THE OLD GARDENER'S ROSEBUD.

"Ah! Miss Issy—you're looking as fresh
and swate as the roses this morning."
"Oh! not near so nice as they, Jimmy.
See, here's a white one all covered with
dew; the first. Oh! may I have it, Jimmy?"
"Shure you've a right to yer own, Miss;
shure you can have it if you wish; here, let
me cut it for ye;" the old man bent forward,
taking his garden shears, and carefully and
tenderly severed the beautiful flower.
"It's like a little child, though, a swate
little child—oh! shure an' it's no wonder I
love the roses," he murmured, as he held
it toward the white, dimpled fingers of the
pretty Issy.
"O! isn't it lovely! God is good, isn't He,
to make these beautiful flowers just for us?
It makes me love God," she said, fervently.

"Ah! well ye may say, Miss—well ye may
say," replied the gardener, leaning on his
spade. "Once was the time, Miss Issy, I
cared as little for the flowers as I did for
the sod, and worked it because it brought
me my weekly wages. But now I don't do
that, miss," and the blue eyes of the old
man traveled up along the calm heavens,
while a gentle smile hovered upon the edges
of his thin lips.

"What are you doing this morning, Jim-
my?" queried the child.
"Doin' miss? transplanting some slips
of the same kind o' roses ye're holdin' in yer
hands, Miss Issy. By next summer, the
Lord willin' if I'm still alive, I'll cut ye off
some flowers as pretty as the one ye have."
"Jimmy, how old are you?" asked the in-
quisitive child, hovering about the old man
and watching every movement that he made.
"How could I, miss?" Come next
Christmas I'll be seventy-one years, glory
be to His name," answered the old man,
talking of his battered hat and smoothing
back the white, curling locks from a seamed
forehead.

"And is that really your child?" still
queried the little one.
"My child it is? Bridget my child?" he
laughed, a derisive kind of laugh under his
breath—"oh! no, miss—the Lord forbid—
none of mine could be of that sort, miss."
"There, I thought so. Mrs. Hall heard
Bridget calling you father when she came in
the yard yesterday, and she asked mother
if it was possible that such a homely, blowsy
girl could be the daughter of handsome old
Jimmy."

"Did she say that, miss?" cried Jimmy,
his dim eyes brightening, while he laughed
again in a pleased way. "Ah! well, poor
Bridget's a misfortunate thing, and ain't to
blame for the fact that God give her, though
she might have manners more decent."
"But Jimmy, didn't you never have a
little girl of your own?" persisted the child,
her bright eyes twinkling in his face like
two stars.

"O! didn't I, then?" the old man panted
again in his work, and his glance took that
far off, spiritual expression that those who
saw him often admired and wondered at.
"Miss Issy, the Lord gave me a child—it
was only one, an' never did I see the beauty
in anything human there was in that.
Sometimes, Miss Issy, I've seen something
in the look of your eyes that minded me of
her, but tell ye from the first she was one
of God's angels, and she used her wings to
fly away from me—but this she was needed
in the better country. Who could blame
the wee birdie?"

"O! Jimmy, do tell me about her?"
"Tell ye about her, miss," responded the
old man, the tears were few and large, that
had gathered in his eyes, dropping one by
one over his pale cheeks.

"O! yes, do, Jimmy, if it won't make
you feel weary," pleaded the child. "Tell
me when she was born, and where; who
was her mother, and—and what took her
down to press the moist earth closer against
the root he was transplanting; 'it were a
time," he added, shaking his gray locks,
"when that hadn't no hope to flo to was
worse of than the haythen—but God is
merciful, glory be to his name."

"O! Jimmy, if you only would tell me
please do—that's a good man. There, that's
the luncheon bell—now I'll manage it, Jim-
my, Bridget will bring your lunch, and I'll
tell her to go and get mine, and we'll sit
in the arbor; so while we're eating you can
tell me the story, Jimmy—oh? do—please
do!"

Who could withstand a child's winning
earnestness! surely not Irish Jimmy, for
that pleading look made him like her
the little angel that had come made
his home a heaven. So Bridget was sent
to bring another lunch, and the old man
leaned his spade against the garden rail,
and taking one white hand, holding lightly,
yet tenderly, the two wended their way to
the vine-covered arbor.

"There! here's my little cricket; you sit
on the seat and I'll sit right here. Now tell
me all about it."
"Oh! honey, ye have the winnow' way
wid ye, shure now; for it's a thing I've not
spoken of to any mortal for these ten years
at all. Sometimes, you see the soreness in
my heart to this day when I brood over it;
but God's been gracious, and made it
mostly a pleasure to think of them both up
in the shining courts of glory. Sometimes
I says to myself, Miss Issy, as them that
is dead does a bigger work for them that
are livin' than if they'd been spared to grow
up in this troublous world. You see I were
very glad when a boy, miss. The foolish
people gave me a sort of title, as it were,

and from the first I knowed they called me
'handsome Jimmy.' Me parents, I spoke
was proud of me, and they let me have my
own wild way too much—shure Miss Issy,
I was like a colt that's never broken or
trained, and like such a creeper, I've done
my 'mount o' mischief. But the Lord blis-
sed be His name, knows me heart's been
right afore Him these many years. 'Twere
a long time afore I got married, Miss Issy.
I were thirty when I first saw Mary Mae,
Donough. Her father were agent for one o'
the English Lords that oppress the poor Irish
to this day—the rich spalpeens! and would 'nt
a' no more noticed me than the dirt under
his feet. But Mary took to me from the
time she first saw me, an' that was at the
gran' weddin' in a great church in Cork. I
was nigh her, and her swate face—or the
look in it—went clear to me heart, and there
it staid ever since—come Christmas forty-
one years. After that I managed to see
her again, and as I had a decent situation as
head gardener for the Earl O'Conner, I be-
gan to save me wages and grow careful, for
the sake of that swate face. To make short
on it—I got a little house ready, and thin I
made bold to ask her father might I have
his daughter. O! to see the rage on him! He
called me basty names, and all but put
his fat to me to kick me out o' the house.
It were terrible to hear the oaths that he
took, and how he threatened me my life if I
so much as come past the place any more.
Well, I bore it quietly for Mary's sake,
though I shook inside till my heart felt
loose; but I made a vow, too, that I'd have
the girl—an' I kept it. I've been sorry since,
but the Lord knows how I were puni-
shed till I put me hand to me mouth and me
mouth in the dust, and cried out in me suf-
ferings that it were more than I could bear.

"Well, Miss Issy, I married her, and I'll
only say to ye that her father didn't know
it, and when he did he put his curse upon
us both. Well, little I cared for it at that
time, for I were prosperin'; but me poor
Mary—poor girl, she took it hard. She
grew pale and spindlin' like, and secretly
worried about her father's curse. But she
was a nate housekeeper, was my Mary, and
my little cabin always looked clean and
swate. It was happier nor a king, and work-
ed hard, early and late, for the sake of show-
ing her proud father how well I could sup-
port the woman he grudging to me. When
her pale cheeks would worrit me, shurely,
I used to say, she'd be all right when the
bright spring comes."

"So by that time little Elsie were born.
O! it made me a better man to see the
innocent little face, and the wee bit hands
so helpless. If I'd never loved the flowers
for their own sake before, I loved 'em for
hers, now. I was as tender of the bit bud
as if I'd were my nurlin' a'most. It seemed
as if I'd a flower at home—a new bud with
the dew or the morn of its life upon it, I'd
fly to me home like a bird let loose out of
its cage."

"It seemed to me, Mary grew a little
better after this. There did a color come
to her pale cheeks, and a light into her eyes,
and I never loved her so well. Besides that,
I was a layin' up of money, and felt as
if I'd be a land owner myself if I kept on at
the rate I were in."

"Me little Elsie, she just grewed a beauty.
I'd sit an' wonder if the delicate creature be-
longed to me. Ye wouldn't believe, Miss
Issy, what large sparklin' eyes she had, and
the white of her skin—oh! I think that
lily hanging 'nother'd look dark to it. Peo-
ple said that it couldn't be that she were well,
an' so white, and even the very ladies would
stop to look at her, and wonder at her
beauty. Then she had the curls for ye, Miss
Issy; I don't say as they were handsome
than your'n, but they were such tiny things,
five rings of yellow light shining in the sun
like bits of gold. Many's the time I've kissed
and called 'em my best beauties."

"Sometimes we'd hear from Mary's father,
but never good. Once I met her mother
when I had the child. She minded to turn
off and go across, but the woman's heart in
her give way, an' she all but knelt down
and kissed the little darlin', though she
never so much as noticed me. But I never
cared. Wasn't the child mine? wasn't Mary
mine?"

"Elsie were just turned four when the
faster came. It was stealthy enough at first,
only a case here, an' a few cases there, but
when people harked they didn't care much,
but the hot summer came on, and the rains
every day, an' the mists by night, and the
copper sky, that looked as if it would hiss
it a shower came, always at the nightfall—
and oh! the woe! There began to be many
processions—then the rich and the great
folks, they hurried from the cities, then the
shopkeepers, an' so one after another all
left but the poor an' the midlin', an' a few
of the good gentry as wasn't afeard. Pretty
soon, Miss Issy, it come marching along.
We'd hear of it in the street near by, and
thin it'd be in the next house, and I were
all but crazy for fear o' we write an' child
ketched off. At last it come news that
Mary's father were sick, and the poor girl
want to see him. I hadn't the heart to say
no, though I wish I had, for his last words
were bitter, bitter. So she come away father-
less and motherless—for the pestilence had
taken both of them. O! but that awful
time! I went to and fro to me work, but I
didn't dare expect to see mother and child
alive every night when I'd come home. The
faster swept like a hurrikane, ye see, Miss
Issy. It didn't take one or two, and stop;
no—it just reaped em down—whole families
to a time. The cabins were deserted—the
grass grewed among the stones in the street,
sometimes doors swung wide open into
houses, and nobody cared—nobody went to

see what was left. One night, I'll never for-
git, I come home later nor usual, for I had
been huntin' for herbs that I heard were
good to prevent fever, when I come across
a little bundle in the street. I touched it
with my foot, when up comes a head and I
see it were an ugly little child. With that
it begin to cry, such a cry, it set me heart
to aching.

"Says I, 'what are ye doin' here?'
"Says she, 'they're all gone—mammy,
daddy, aunty, and grand'her. Susie died,
too, last night, and now I aint got nobody.'"
"Poor wee thing? I couldn't stan' that,
speciely when she said she were hungry, so
I told her to come home with me, and O!
woe, we went home to see—what?"

"O! Jimmy!" cried the little girl, clasp-
ing his hands, while her lips quivered and
her eyes were moist—"what did you see?"
"I see my Mary, my beautiful Mary—
dead!" sobbed the old man, "and Elsie—"
"I'm so sorry," planned Issy, laying her
cheek against his, the tears running freely.

"And Elsie just going," quivered on his
trembling lips.

"Poor Jimmy!" sobbed the listener.
"Yes, I went to her, I took her in my two
arms. She gave a smile, though she didn't
know me. She was saying something; I
held my ear down close, she was whispering,
'pretty roses! pretty flowers!' and saying
'pretty roses lookin' as though she saw 'em
in some shinin' garden—she laid her head
closer to my bosom—and—"

"O! Jimmy, didn't you cry?" she went
on to heaven, you know," quivered from
Issy's read lips.

"O! child, I'm sure of that," said the
old man, huskily. "It were all right, though
I couldn't feel it then. She is in God's gar-
den, and I never see a rose that I don't
think of it, and aint tender to it. Her
name comes to me when I talk to them, as
if they heard me. Yes, Miss Issy—the
old man gave his eyes a final rub, and smooth-
ed back his white hair—"that's why I love
the flowers, not as I were used in the old
country—as utas somethin' made by the great
God—and her swate sake, who died blis-
sin' 'em, as it were. Now, child, we've her
longer nor we should—your mother'll
be callin' for ye."

"But Jimmy," said the child, thought-
fully, "was that poor little girl Bridget?"

"Yes, miss, I brought her wid me to
Ameriky, and done the best I could by her.
She was a quare child, but she loved me,
an' would go to the end o' the world to serve
me."

"Poor thing!" said Issy, in a low voice.
"I'll always be kind to her. How dreadful
it must be to have nobody left!"

An hour after that Jimmy was working
vigorously at a vine that needed his care.
There was a shade of sadness tinting the
grave beauty of his features, and sometimes
he sighed in a weary way. But following
that sigh came a trusting glance heaven-
ward, and if he turned to the roses a smile
rarely bright glorified his face.

A RICH SELL—A few days since, an ex-
tra train, loaded with jackasses, was trans-
ported over the Louisville and New Albany
railroad. The Telegraph operator at Salem,
a boy, getting wind of it, set about a rumor
that a large delegation of Democrats would
pass through at a certain hour. Rumor in-
creasing as it flew, said that many eloquent
speakers were aboard, and that bands of
music accompanied the expedition. Imme-
nse crowds of enthusiastic Seymour men
repaired to the depot, hat in hand, ready
for the expected cheer. When the train
thundered in, and an aged and reverend
owner of a pair of fabulous ears stuck his
head out of a stock car, and gave vent to a
long, agonizing heehaw, that fairly shook
the hills, consternation seized the crowd, and
in two minutes not a Democrat was to be
seen within a mile of the depot. Complaint
has been made against the operator and he is
in momentary expectation of a notice to
quit.—*Lafayette Journal.*

"I WILL!"—We like that strong, robust
expression. No one, having uttered it in
sincerity, was ever a mean, crying man. The
pignies of the world did not trouble him,
although they rose in masses to pull him
down. He speaks and the indomitable pre-
vails. His enemies fall before him. He
rides forth a conqueror. Would you be
great? Would you be distinguished for your
scientific or literary attainments? Look not
mournfully at your lot, but with "I will!"
breathing from your lips and bursting from
a great heart, you can not but prevail. Show
us the man that never rose higher than a
roadstool, and whose influence died with his
breath, and we will point you to a groping,
cowering wretch, who trembles at the ap-
proach of a spider, and faints beneath a
thunder cloud. Let the fires of energy
play through your veins, and if your thoughts
are directed in right channels you will star-
tle the slumbering universe.

The following was a speech by a success-
ful competitor for the prize of a foot race:
"Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the
use of my legs; I trust I may never lose
the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

A London paper has advertised more than
once: "Two sisters want washing." "We
hope they may get it," was the disrespectful
remark of all who read the notice.

There is said to be a great similarity be-
tween a vain young lady and a confirmed
drunkard, in that neither of them can get
enough of the glass.

Scarcely politicians who don't want offices
and maidens who don't want husbands.

A writ of error—a slip of the pen.

The Pen of Heaven.

The day grows yet more solemn. Its so-
lemnity reaches its highest point and culmi-
nates in the momentous issue of judgment.
It is the day of God's settlement with the
world, which has had long credit. It is the
winding up of this earth's bankrupt estate,
and each man's individual interest. It is
the closing of an open account that has been
running on ever since the fall. It is the
day when the balance is struck, and our
fate is heaven or hell; and by the manner
in which we walked in these statutes, and
kept these judgments, and did them, our
destiny is determined.

The most common action of life, in
every hour, is invested with a solemn grand-
eur when we think how they extend their
issues into eternity. Our hands are now
sowing the seed for that great harvest. We
shall meet again all we are doing and have
done. The graves shall give up their dead,
and from the tombs of oblivion the past
shall give up all that it holds in keeping to
be witnesses for or against. Oh! think of
that, and in yonder hall of the Inquisitions,
see what its effect on us should be! Within
those blood-stained walls, for those atroc-
ious cruelties Rome has yet to answer, one
is under examination. He has been as-
sured that nothing he reveals shall be written
for the purpose of being used against him.
While making frank and ingenious confession,
he suddenly stops. He is dumb—a
mute. They ply him with questions, danger
him—his answers not a word. Danger
makes the senses quick; his ear has caught
a sound; he listens; it ties his tongue. An
arm hangs beside him, and behind it he
hears a pen running along the pages. The
scribes scribble, committing to the fatal page
every word that he says, and he shall meet it
again on the day of trial.

Al! how solemn to think there is such a
pen going in Heaven, and entering on the
books of judgment all that we say or wish,
and all we think or do. Would to God we
heard it! What a check! and what a stim-
ulus! Are you about to sin, how strong a
curb! If slow to duty, how strong a spur!

What a motive to pray for the blood that
blots out a guilty past, and for such grace
as the army offers his professional services to
the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Pro-
fessional calls promptly attended to. Office on
South corner of 3d and Market Streets.
Oct 4 1867.—JAMES MITCHELL.

How to Become a Millionaire.
John M. Donoghue, the millionaire of New
Orleans, had engraved upon his tomb a se-
ries of maxims he had prescribed as the
rule for his guidance through life, and to
which his success in business is mainly at-
tributed. They contain so much wisdom
that we copy them:

RECEIPTS FOR GUIDANCE OF MY LIFE IN
1864.—Remember always that labor is one
of the conditions of our existence. Time
is gold; throw not one minute away, but
place each one to account. Do unto others
as you would be done by. Never put off
till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Nev-
er bid another do what you can do your-
self. Never covet what is not your own.
Never think any matter so trifling as not to
deserve notice. Never give out that which
did not first come in. Never spend but to
produce. Let the greatest order regulate the
transactions of your life. Study in your
course of life to do the greatest amount of
good. Deprive yourself of nothing nec-
essary to your comfort, but live in an hon-
orable simplicity. Labor, then, to the last
moment of your existence. Pursue strictly
the above rules, and the Divine blessing and
riches of every kind will flow upon you to
your heart's content; but first of all, re-
member that the chief and great duty of
your life should be to tend, by all means in
your power, to the honor and glory of our
Divine Creator.

The conclusion to which I have arrived is,
that without temperance there is no health;
without virtue no order; without religion
no happiness; and that the aim of our be-
ing is to live wisely, soberly, and religiously.

JOHN M. DONOGHUE.
New Orleans, March 9, 1864.

ADVICE TO AFRICAN WOMEN.—Dr. Hall,
speaking of the frail health and early fading
of African women, especially in cities and
large towns, says they live too luxuriously,
and their habits of eating and sleeping are
too artificial and irregular. Our young
women are often trained in female boarding
schools, which, with rare exceptions, are
academies of mental, moral and physical
deprivations; while novel reading in secret
and a smattering of everything in public,
they leave school to marriage, nothing is
done to establish the constitution, to make
firm the health—no instructions given as to
how that health may be preserved; no ac-
tive teaching as to household duties, no in-
vigorating morning walks, no wholesome,
elegant, and graceful exercise on horseback.
The days are spent in eating, in easy loung-
ing, in ceremonial visitings, in luxurious
dreamings over sentimental fictions; their
nights in heated rooms or crowded assem-
blies of hot and poisoned, if not putrid, air.
No wonder that, with educations like these,
the girls of our cities and large towns fade
away into the grave long before they reach
the maturity of womanhood.

Dr. Chalmers was wont to say, "a house-
going minister makes a church-going people
as the people are sure to show the courtesy
of returning the minister's week-day visits
by their Sabbath-day attendance."

Why is a blade of grass like a note of
hand? Because it is maturated by a note of
falling dew.

Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. May 13, 1863.

E. D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Hardware, Queensware, WOODENWARE,
Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

N. Y. L. & S. H. BOWERS, Dealers in Dry Goods,
Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots,
Shoes, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Sept 23.

M. REILLY & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware
and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron
ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 66.

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

H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth floor
west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

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

THOMAS H. FORNEY, Dealer in Square and
Sawed Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groce-
ries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, etc., at G.
Graham's row, Market Street. Dec. 37, 1865.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provi-
sions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the
Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 1865.

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groce-
ries, Provisions, etc., Front Street, above the A
cademy, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 37, 1865.

J. H. GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of
Cabinetware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa.
He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and
attends funerals with a hearse. April 30, 59.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law,
Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield"
Building, between the legal instrument store
and with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

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

F. W. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon
William's Grove, Pa. offers his professional ser-
vices to the citizens of the surrounding coun-
try. July 10th, 1867, etc.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of
all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or-
ders solicited—wholesale or retail. He keeps
on hand for sale an assortment of sawed lumber,
shingles and square timber. Orders solicited.
Jan. 1, 1863.

JOHN H. PULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office with J. B. McNally, Esq.,
over First National Bank. Prompt attention given
to the securing of Bounty claims, etc., and to
all legal business. March 27, 1867.

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attor-
neys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of
all kinds promptly and accurately attended to.
Clearfield, Pa. May 16th, 1866.

WILLIAM A. WILSON, WILKIN D. BIGLER
J. BLAKE WALTERS FRANK FIELDING

ALBERT GEARY & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour Ba-
con, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also
deal in the sale of all kinds of sawed lumber,
shingles and square timber. Orders solicited.
Woodland, Pa. Aug. 19th, 1863.

D. J. D. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of the
8th Reg't Penn'a. Vols., having recently returned
from the army, offers his professional services to
the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Pro-
fessional calls promptly attended to. Office on
South corner of 3d and Market Streets.
Oct 4 1867.—JAMES MITCHELL.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers
his services to the public, as a Surveyor.
He may be found at his residence in Lawrence
township, or may be engaged; or addressed by
letter at Clearfield, Penn'a.
March 18th 1867.—JAMES MITCHELL.

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE
OF
MORTIMER & PERKS,
Successors to ESTES, PERKS, WRIGHT & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, CENTRE CO., PA.

Where all the business of a Banking House
will be transacted promptly and on the most
favorable terms. March 20—J.
J. D. MORTIMER, E. W. PERKS

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 pre-
pared to accommodate all who may favor him with
their custom. Every department connected with
the house has been conducted in a manner to give
general satisfaction. Give him a call.
Nov. 4, 1866. GEO. N. COLBURN.

SCOTT HOUSE,
MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.
A. ROW & CO., PROPRIETORS.

This house having been refitted and elegantly
furnished, is now open for the reception of
tourists, and is situated on the corner of Mar-
ket and Second streets, Clearfield, Pa. It is
in the public that he is now prepared to accom-
modate those who may favor him with their
custom. The house has been refitted and re-
furnished, and hence he flatters himself that he will be able
to entertain customers in a satisfactory manner.
A liberal share of patronage is his guest's
earnest desire.
June 12, 1867. J. A. STINE.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Huntingdon, Penn'a.
This old establishment having been leased by
J. Morrison, formerly proprietor of the "Marion
House," has been thoroughly renovated and re-
furnished, and supplied with all the modern im-
provements and conveniences necessary to a first
class Hotel. The dining room has been removed
to the first floor, and is now spacious and airy.
The chambers are all well ventilated, and the
Proprietor will endeavor to make his guests per-
fectly comfortable.
Huntingdon, June 17, 1868. J. MORRISON.

J. P. KRATZER,
Clearfield, Penn'a.

Dealer in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Millinery
Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Stone-
ware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Flour,
Bacon, Fish, Salt, etc., etc., constantly receiving new
goods from the cities, which he will dispose of
at the lowest market prices, to customers. Before
purchasing elsewhere, examine his stock.
Clearfield, August 28, 1867.

DENTAL PARTNERSHIP.
DR. A. M. HILLS desires to inform his patients
and the public generally, that he has associated
with him in the practice of Dentistry, S. P. SHAW,
D. D., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia
Dental College, and