

The Raftsmen

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1868.

VOL. 15.—NO. 2.

Campaign Song.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Come all ye loyal Democrats,
Whose hearts are right and true,
Who rallied around the Union flag,
And battled for the blue.

When treason raised its impious hand
To rend that flag in two,
You rallied with the Union band,
And battled for the blue.

When under Grant the day was won,
And rebels got their due,
You helped to gain the victory,
And showed for the blue.

And when our honored President
The bold assassin slew,
You mourned the sad calamity,
And sorrow draped the blue.

Fresh courage than the traitors took,
Their treason to renew,
And by the ballot and the Klan
To fight against the blue.

The contest wages now as fierce
As that of sixty-two,
And Grant is in the field again
To battle for the blue.

The Copperhead and Rattlesnake
Lead on the traitor crew,
But Grant and Colfax are the chiefs
That lead the boys in blue.

Come, rally round the flag again,
Till victory ensue,
And let your ballots at the polls
Do battle for the blue.

A KIND HEART REWARDED.

Knowing that many readers are more interested in tales founded upon fact than fiction, we give the following sketch, which, although rivaling many of those romantic pictures drawn by fiction writers, is vouchered for by an old English journal as being founded upon a real life occurrence, and merely polished by the pen of the writer. The newly married couple had just come from the altar, and were about starting on a bridal tour as the following conversation took place.

The newly married husband took one of his bride's hands in his own. "Allow me," said he, "to hold your hand; for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which in the hour of happiness some malignant fairy steps even in to throw the victim into grief and despair."

"Reassure yourself, my dear Frederick," said the lady, "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not fiction, but history."

Frederick de la Tour had indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and wealth, beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called to him.

"Monsieur," she said.

At the same time on a given signal, the footman leaped down, opened the door, and invited Frederick to enter. He did so though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage at once started off at full speed.

"I have received your note, sir," said she in a very soft and sweet voice; "and in spite of refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me! Madame?" exclaimed Frederick.

"Yes, sir, you—Ah? a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion. "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so like a particular friend! What can you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederick replied politely to these apologies.

Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no more than offer his arm to Lady Melton as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, she was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed him, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton looked him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation to the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed, and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitor at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and beautiful widow, was encircled with admirers.

One by one, they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, amongst her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederick used to look sometimes at the glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He was not till looking, certainly, but he had not the vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from doing credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue—could he hesitate?

his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of large property, both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet as has been stated, Frederick felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest it should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her being spirited away.

"My dear Frederick," said the lady, "sit down beside me and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but he did not quit her hand. She began, "Once on a time"—Frederick started, and half seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!" "Listen to me, foolish boy," said she. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well-born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hope sprung up and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled hard against poverty, but at last died in a hospital."

"The mother soon followed, and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with the story this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging."

"She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and stopping so as to simulate age, she went out into the street. When there she held out her hand; alas! the hand was white and youthful and delicate. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out her hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself—and asked, 'a son—a single son to get bread?' The petition was unheard. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that the experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened, his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the street clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and, diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw at her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, the police said to the girl:

"Ah, I have caught you, I have!—you are begging. To the office with you! Come along!"

"The young man interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, of her whom he had before seemed to be afraid to touch, and addressing himself to the policeman, said, reprovingly: 'This woman is not a beggar. No; she is—the one whom I know.' 'But, sir,' said the officer—'I tell you that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued:

"Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of this street." Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying: 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have—take it poor woman.'

"The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand into mine," continued the lady, "and as you walked along supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure."

"My figure!" said Frederick, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife. "It was to me that you gave alms on that night. It was my life—my honor, perhaps, that you saved."

"You a mendicant—yes, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich," cried Frederick.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity enabled me to enter as seamstress in a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with the mistress whom I served, and indeed I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day Sir James Melton, an Englishman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learned that I was of good family; in short, learned my whole history. The result was that one day he sat down with me and asked me plainly if I would marry him."

"Marry you!" cried I, in surprise.

Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale and feeble looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife. I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care, that is not to be bought of servants. Excellent toes—tomatoes.'

Mythologists tell us that Io was turned into a heifer, but a doctor's prescription has the following piece of information respecting the doom of that young person: "Io died of potassium."

Jonah wrote to his father, after the whale first swallowed him, stating that he had found a good opening for a young man going into the oil business; but afterwards wrote for money to bring him home, stating that he had been "sucked in."

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to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you agree to it."

"At that time, Frederick," continued the lady, "I loved you; I had seen you but once, and that once was too memorable for me to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept of the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal. This part of the story, Frederick, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless, became the wife of one of the richest barons of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets where a few months before I had stood, in the rain and darkness—a mendicant!"

"Happy Sir James?" cried M. de la Tour at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"He was happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely asserted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his own comfort than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements, of pin money, would have been necessary. Never, I believe did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the sake of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, in deed, as I could prevail on myself to accept. I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting him who had succeeded me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man? Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love and enrich you! I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies and theatres. You were not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you!"

"As the lady spoke she took from her neck a ribbon to which was a tumbled piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederick; "by pledging it to a neighbor I got a little bread, and I earned enough a terward in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part with it."

"Ah, how happy I was, Frederick, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to mind. But what tremors, I felt afterward, lest you should have been already married! In that case you should never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England and there spent my days, in regret, perhaps, but still in peace. But happily it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederick de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full capacity of his happiness. What he could not before look upon but as a sort of freak proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for some moments to speak. His wife first broke the silence.

"So, Frederick," said she gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

NATURE.—We stand in the presence of nature and exclaim, "it is grand," or "it is beautiful" through mere courtesy, but how seldom do we take possession of the prospect. We rarely indeed ever truly participate; our thoughts are too much engrossed in the picture. Nature invites us to every one of her high festivals and gala days, and if our attendance be prevented it is none of her fault. The feast is spread and the seat is ready. In the calm Sabbaths and holy communings with the Eternal, we can always find a place if the soul is willing. To the braided and wounded spirit she has ever words of soothing and peace, and her solace is of that genuine sort which may be constantly relied upon. When the cares and sorrows and cruelties of the world have wronged the heart into anguish, let us go out to nature. We have but to touch the hem of her garment in a pure faith, and we become healed. Not a leaf but will whisper comfort, not a flower but will shed its tear of sympathy. The voice of the streamlet will sing our souls into peace; the wide heavens refresh us with smiles of joy. The mountain breeze will lift away our sorrow, and the clouds canopy us with love, for "Nature is the shadow of God." Happiness may be ours when the spirit slowly wings its viewless flight from the confines of earth to the blissful regions.

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An Irishman's view of the Bond Question.

The *Declarator* reports the following conversation that occurred between a prominent Democrat and an Irishman of that City, recently. For convenience it designates the parties as Jack and Pat:

Jack—How do you like the Democratic platform?

Pat—I can't understand it; would ye be after explaining it to me—all about the bond question?

Jack—Oh, yes, with pleasure. You see the rich men own all the bonds, and the poor men have to pay for them.

Pat—The devil, is that the way?

Jack—Yes; and now the Democratic party propose to pay off the bonds in greenbacks, and thus everybody will be treated equally.

Pat—Is that our platform?

Jack—Not in so many words—but that is what it all means; and now, Pat, I want you to do all that you can for our party—bring the boys out to all the meetings, and—

Pat—Hould on, Jack; will ye paying the bonds off in greenbacks make the poor man as rich as the bondholder?

Jack—Not exactly; the bondholder will have his greenbacks where we can tax them.

Pat—Then there will be all greenbacks and money will be plenty, and we'll get gold for our greenbacks, if we can elect Seymour?

Jack—Not exactly; there is not gold enough in the country.

Pat—Then we are not to have gold at all. How in the devil are ye goin' to pay off the greenbacks?

Jack—A part of it will be paid off by taxation, and as the greenbacks get worn by constant handling we will print new ones.

Pat—I see; you propose to take the debt now carried by the rich bondholder and divide it among the people, rich and poor alike, by forcing the bondholder to spend his money for property.

Jack—Exactly—you are learning fast, and you see—

Pat—Hould on—an idee strikes me. If the Government debt is all in greenbacks, and thing in circulation, how many cords of 'em will it take to buy a cord of wood?

Jack—I cannot exactly say what they would be worth—that will regulate itself. But by the way, Pat, could you pay me that little note you owe me? 'Twas due yesterday. I need it very much.

Pat—Yes, I know it is due, and I'll pay you according to the Democratic platform.

Jack—What do you mean?

Pat—I mean I'll give you a fresh note for the one you have.

Jack—There's nothing about giving fresh notes in the Democratic platform.

Pat—Yes, ye said we'd pay the bonds off in greenbacks, and both of them are promises to pay of the same government. Ye've given me one promise to pay for another one, and I'll give you a fresh promise to pay for the one you have now. The note you have now says 10 per cent. interest; the new one will say without interest, and no time set for its payment.

Jack—But that is an individual matter, and the other is a government matter. You honestly owe me, and promised to pay me yesterday. Your proposition is to cheat me out of my money.

Pat—An it's cheatin' ye out of your money, is it? An haven't I as good a right to chate ye as the Government has to chate the widder's an' orphans whose money is all in government bonds? I'll pay ye on the Democratic platform!

SELF-DEPENDENCE.—Many an unwise parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying a bladder under the arm of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladder and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will not need the bladder. Give your child a good education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you will have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessings of God, the better.

A gallant soldier of the old Army of West Virginia was approached by an insidious Copperhead the other day, when this colloquy took place: "How are you, John? I reckon you are going to vote with us this fall, ain't you?" "Do you think I'm fool enough to vote with you after fighting you for four years?" was John's reply. "But you don't mean to say all Democrats are rebels?" "No, but there are mighty few rebels who are not Democrats." This was a settler. John intends to vote as he shot.

Dr. Gross, the justly celebrated surgeon of Philadelphia, was once dangerously ill. Shortly after his recovery he met one of his lady patients—they are not always patient ladies—who said: "Oh, Doctor, I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you our good people would have died by the dozen." "Thank you, madam," replied the affable doctor, "but now I fear they will die by the Gross."

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Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of the Post Office, No. 19.

E. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Wootenware, Provision, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

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

MERRILL & 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. 19.

B. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of the Post Office, No. 19.

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. FORNEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, etc., Graham & Boynton's Store, No. 19.

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

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

J. P. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Front Street, (above the Academy), Clearfield, Pa. Dec 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Also makes and repairs all kinds of carriages and stoves (inserts with a heater). April 18, 1867.

THOMAS J. MCGILLIVRAY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, 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 services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 10th, 1867, etc.

FREDERICK LETZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Ornaments, household articles, etc., etc., on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1867.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McEally, Esq., over First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of County Bonds, etc., on 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 19th, 1867. J. A. STINE.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, WILLIAM D. BOILER, J. BLAKE WALTERS, FRANK FIELDING, JAMES MITCHELL.

ALBERT GEARY & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.

D. R. J. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of the 1st Reg't Penna. Vol. Inf., 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 3rd and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence street, Clearfield, Pa., or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penna. March 8th, 1867. JAMES MITCHELL.

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE OF MCGIRK & PERKS, Successors to Foster, Parks, Wright & Co., PHILADELPHIA, CENTER CO., PA. Where all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. March 29. J. D. MCGIRK, J. 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 prepared to accommodate his guests in a style which will give them satisfaction. Every department connected with the house is conducted in a manner to give general satisfaction. Give him a call. J. A. STINE, Proprietor. Nov. 4, 1865.

SCOTT HOUSE, MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. A. ROW & CO., PROPRIETORS. This house having been refitted and elegantly furnished, is now open for the reception and entertainment of guests. The proprietors by long experience in hotel keeping, feel confident they can accommodate every gentleman who may favor them with a call. The house has been refitted and refurnished, and hence heatters himself that he will be able to accommodate his customers in a satisfactory manner. A liberal share of patronage is solicited. J. A. STINE, Proprietor. Nov. 4, 1865.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Penna. This old establishment having been leased by J. Morrison, formerly proprietor of the "Morris Hotel," has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and supplied with all the modern improvements 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 perfectly at home. J. MORRISON, Proprietor. Huntingdon, June 17, 1868.

J. P. KRATZER, Clearfield, Penna. Dealer in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Millinery Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Stone-ware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, etc. Is constantly receiving new arrivals from the city, 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. S., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest attainments of his Professional Skill. All work done in the office will hold myself personally responsible, he not being in the manner satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession. An established practice of twenty two years in this place enables me to speak to my patrons with confidence. Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient designs coming. (Clearfield, June 3, 1868-17.)

WAGON MAKERS and Blacksmiths.

will find a large assortment of Hubbs, Spokes, Fellos, Axles, Thimble Skeins, Buggy Springs, Bar, Sealing and Rod Iron, Nail Rod, Cast Steel Horse and Mule Shoes, Horse Saws, etc., at the large Hardware Store of ZIEGLER & CO., July 15, 1868. Philadelphia, Pa. This Store and Pipe Boxes sold cheaper than anywhere in the country.

SOMETHING NEW.

FRANK & STOUGHTON, Merchant Tailors, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Having opened their new establishment, in Shaw's Row, one door east of the Post Office, and having just returned from the eastern cities with a large and elegant assortment of
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Beavers, etc., and all kinds of goods for men and boys' wear, are now prepared to make up to order CLOTHING, from a single article to a full suit, in the latest styles and most workmanlike manner. Special attention given to custom work and cutting out for men and boys. We offer great bargains to customers and warrant entire satisfaction. A liberal share of public patronage is solicited. Call and examine our goods. M. A. FRANK, E. R. L. STOUGHTON. Oct. 16, 1867.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, DRUGGISTS, CLEARFIELD, PA.

Having refitted and removed to the room lately occupied by Richard Mossop, on Market St., now over low for CASH, a well selected assortment of
DRUGS AND CHEMICALS. Also, Patent Medicines of all kinds. Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Dye-stuffs, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars, Confectionary, Spices and a large stock of varieties than ever before offered in 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.

ITALIAN AND VERMONT MARBLE FINISHED IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF THE ART.

The subscribers beg leave to announce to the citizens of Clearfield county, that they have opened an extensive Marble Yard, on the Southwest corner of Market and Fourth streets, Clearfield, Pa., where they are prepared to make Tomb Stones, Monuments, Tablets, Boxes and Side Tombs, Cradle Tombs, Cemetery Posts, Mantles, Shelves, Brackets, etc., etc., on very short notice. They always keep on hand a large quantity of work finished, except the lettering, so that people can call and select for themselves the style desired. They will also make to order any other style of work that may be desired; and they flatter themselves that they can compete with the manufacturers outside of the county either in workmanship or price as they only employ the best of workmen. All inquiries by letter promptly answered. JOHN GUELICH, HENRY GUELICH, May 22, 1867.

H. F. NAUGLE WATCHMAKER, 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 Watches, plain and full jeweled. GOLD PENS: an elegant assortment of the best quality. Also, in silver extension and desk pens. SPECTACLES: a large assortment far and near sight, colored and plain glass. Also, a variety of variety, from a single eye to a full set. Also, a fine assortment of Spoons, Forks, butler knives, etc., plated on genuine Alabama. All kinds of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. A continuance of patronage is solicited. Nov. 28th, 1865. H. F. NAUGLE.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! GOOD AND CHEAP!

Men, Youths and Boys can be supplied with full suits of seasonable and fashionable clothing at REIZENSTEIN BROS' & CO. where it is sold at prices that will induce their purchase. The universal satisfaction which has been given, has induced them to increase their stock, which is now not surpassed by any establishment of the kind in this part of the State. Reizenstein Bro's & Co., Sell goods at a very small profit, for cash; Their goods are well made and fashionable. They give every one the worth of his money. They treat their customers all alike. They sell cheaper than every body else. Their store is conveniently situated. They having purchased their stock at reduced prices they can sell cheaper than others. For these and other reasons persons should buy their clothing at REIZENSTEIN BROS' & CO. Produce of every kind taken at the highest market prices. May 18, 1864.

NEW SPRING STOCK! J. SHAW & SON.

Have just returned from the east and are now opening an entire new stock of goods in the room formerly occupied by Wm. F. Irwin, on Market Street, which they now offer to the public at the lowest cash prices. Their stock consists of a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Dress Goods, Fruit, Candles, Fish, Salt, Brooms, Nails, etc. In fact, everything usually kept in a retail store, can be had by calling at this store, or will be procured to order. Their stock is well selected, and consists of the newest goods, of the best quality, for the latest styles, and will be sold at lowest prices for cash, or exchange for approved country produce. Be sure and call and examine our stock before making your purchases, as we are determined to leave all who may favor us with their custom. May 8, 1867. J. SHAW & SON.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDIES For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, or digestive organs.

Hooftland's German Bitters Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, *extracts*) of Herbs and Barks, making a preparation highly concentrated, 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 Swiss Green Wine, 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 being therefore to be made of a more 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 become indolent, and the Liver, sympathizing, or, as it were, in sympathy 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, Feltness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Headache, or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dropsy, Swelling of the Feet, Dull Pain in the Head, Debility of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin, and Suffering in the Side, Back, Heat, Limbs, etc., Evident flushings of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant imaginations 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 is assured for his relief, and which is guaranteed to possess true merit. It is skillfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

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

Twenty-two years since they were first introduced into the world, and since that time which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Dropsy, Nervous Debility, Nervousness, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

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 the relief of nervous debility arising from the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes clear and healthy, the yellow skin 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 their spirits, and who are desirous of finding in the use of the BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instill 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 population of our population are suffering in the enjoyment of good health; or to use their own expressive "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. One 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 MARASMOUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will not allow of the publication of but a few. Those that will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.
Hon. George W. Woodward, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:
Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.
"I find Hooftland's German Bitters to be a good tonic, useful in a variety of cases of debility, and of great benefit in cases of depression, and want of nervous action in the system."
Yours truly, GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:
Philadelphia, April 25, 1866.
"I consider Hooftland's German Bitters a valuable medicine in cases of indigestion or dyspepsia, and of great benefit to my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D., Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia,
Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir, I have been frequently requested to connect my name with testimonials of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as one of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hooftland'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 Complaints, 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, bet Coates.

From Rev. E. D. Kendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia,
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hooftland's 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. KENDALL.

CAUTION. Hooftland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. Those who are counterfeited. Print and published and Manufactured at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Hooftland's German Bitters, per bottle, \$1.