

# The Roffman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 29.

## Select Poetry.

### MARCH.

Trampet of Spring, with your clarion ring!  
Blow as the storm winter closes;  
Call in the songsters with throats all a-tune,  
Gayly rehearsing the carols of June,  
Sung at the feast of the roses.

Under the ledges where yesterday hung  
Fingers of silvery splendour,  
Ladle borders and crystalline gems,  
Mead little daisies with emerald stems  
Send forth their choicest young and tender.

Beautiful violets, fragrant and fair,  
How with the sunbeams they dally!  
Though the fierce March winds so cruelly blow,  
Early they venture to peep through the snow,  
Sweet pioneers of the valley!

Where the whistling of the forest hath held away  
Where he hath scattered his treasures,  
Soon the fresh colour will spring up again,  
Dotted with buttercups over the plain,  
Herald of summer's bright pleasures.

### Girls Should Learn to keep House.

No young lady can be too well instructed in anything which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less personally over the cooking stove and pantry. Indeed, I have thought it was more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular that they do not like to give up any part of the care of their children. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with labor and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful; to assist their parents every way in their power, and to consider it a privilege to do so.

Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery; but those who have suffered the inconvenience and mortification of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to be active and experiment in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help that they afford; still it is a great advantage to them. I know a little girl who at nine years old made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast, salt and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making simple cakes or pies, she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson.

Her mother calls her little housekeeper, and often permits her to get what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical is the jingling to her ears. I think before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered, that she will have some idea how to cook.

Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping, each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement and a most useful part of their education. Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant, accomplished women I have known have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their husbands by so doing.

Economy, taste, skill in cooking, and neatness of the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. The charm of good housekeeping is in order, economy and taste displayed in attention to little things; and these things have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to seek comfort and happiness elsewhere. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.—Presbyterian.

### Home Politeness.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best, your very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse your "never mind—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised.

All these are little things, say you! They tell nothing on the heart, let us assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it all in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such matters—everything is all right," cold room, crying children, "perfectly comfortable."

He goes home, his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and worked her life almost out. "Don't see why things can't be in better order, there never was such a crowd in the kitchen before." No apologies except away from home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not sweep the golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or "you are very kind." Doubly, yes, trebly sweet from the lips of one who, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow up at your approach, to bound away to your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

## A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

I peeped in timidly, but to my great delight, he was entirely alone.

"My dear Miss Bernice!" he exclaimed, warmly taking me by both hands; "this is indeed a pleasure! Sit right down here, and tell me what is the matter, for I know you never would have bearded the old fellow in his den for nothing."

"There is a great deal the matter," said I desperately, as I began to feel my nicely prepared speech slipping entirely away from me.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied, looking grave immediately, and evidently expected some overwhelming communication.

I tried to begin as I had intended, but it would not come, and exhausted with nervous excitement burst into tears. Then everything came out in a perfect stream, without being "sorted" at all; and there was the strangest mixture of my hopes and fears and project, and my intention of buying a house in the same breath that I acknowledged myself unable to pay for one room, until my hearer looked quite stunned, and evidently began to wonder if I had lost my senses.

Then he looked amused, and presently he said: "My dear girl, there is no need of crying; let us examine this matter rationally. You wish, you say, to buy a small house, that you may have a more desirable room for your school, and lessen the expense of rent; strikes me as a particularly sensible idea. As to the money part you will not be obliged to pay the whole sum down; how much have you at your command?"

"I have just one thousand dollars in the world," I replied, shortly.

"One thousand dollars!" repeated Mr. Portman, in amazement. "You can not really mean it! The daughter of my old friend Edward Mapleton reduced to this! Why did you not let me know it before?"

"I would not have told you now," said I proudly, "had you not asked me."

The old gentleman walked about the office, shaking his head in a very disapproving way. "Poor child!" said he, "poor child!" "I am not so very much to be pitied," said I, determined to assert myself to the last; "I have youth and health, and although I do labor under the disadvantage of being a woman, I intend to accomplish something yet. I will never be dependent on any one except for kindness; but if you are willing, Mr. Portman, to lend me whatever is required above my thousand—"

"Willing!" he exclaimed warmly; "I would be willing, Bernice, to do far more but if this is the only assistance you will accept, let us go at once and look at the house."

My heart was considerably lightened as we set forth, and directed our steps to No. 40 Plum street. We found Messrs. Broad and Long in the shape of one hard-looking gentleman, who was neither broad nor long, excepting by name.

He eyed us critically, and then said in an indifferent way: "Yes—neat little house—owner going West. No. 99 Lumbago Street."

Mr. Portman examined every part of the house very critically, and when the agent left us for a moment he told me that it was very well built, and that the price, \$4000, was exceedingly moderate.

"You could probably get \$5000 for it, after a little time, if you wished to sell," said he.

This was a new view of the case; and it set me thinking more desperately than ever. Make a clear \$1000, after paying Mr. Portman what I owed him, and thus double my money! It was quite exciting; and I felt disposed to get at once into the real estate business.

The end of all was that the house became mine at least nominally, for I always felt that it really belonged to Mr. Portman; and when the deed was executed and placed in my hands I almost doubted my own identity. My aesthetic soul, however, received a severe shock in the wording of the document, wherein I was stigmatized as "Bernice Mapleton, spinster!" How much more agreeable to my feelings the term "damsel" or "maiden" would have been! I tried to remember that I was twenty-four; but "spinster" sounded like forty, at least. Spinster or not, though the house was mine; and I, almost a pauper, was actually a property-holder.

"Now," said Mr. Portman, cheerfully, when the matter was all arranged, "I really think Miss Bernice, this is the brightest thing you have done for many a day."

"That you have done, you mean," I murmured.

"No," he replied stoutly, "my nodde didn't hatch out the plan at all; the credit of it belongs to you. And, unless I am a false prophet, your fortunes will turn this very day."

Mr. Portman knew of a young married couple, just from Maine, who would be glad to occupy the remainder of my house; and before long they were installed there, at a rent that covered all expense, and left my school room rent free! I began to have quite a respect for my business qualities. The bride was just the sweetest little thing that I ever saw; and she would bring her sewing into the school-room, and listen to my style of teaching, and declare that she ought to be regularly entered as a pupil, and pay her tuition fee like the others.

I took great pride in my new school-room; and two new scholars from the neighborhood came to supply the place of those I had lost. Every one prophesied brilliant success for me in the spring, and I looked quite hopefully forward.

writing—deep in a story that promised to be a great success. My hair was somewhat tumbled about, but rather picturesquely so; and quite forgetful of my little apron, I concluded to go down just as I was. Probably some pompous-looking father of a family awaited me, with a string of questions about my school; and trying to assume a proper expression of dignity, I walked quietly into the room.

Rather a tall gentleman was bending over Miss Pidget's photograph album—the grand ornament of the center table, and although the gas was miserably low, I could see that he was just then occupied by my picture, or with that of Miss Pidget herself which was just opposite to it. He seemed quite absorbed, and did not hear me when I came in.

The visitor was young and fine looking, with a frank, determined face, that would win its way anywhere. On the card that I received was written "Geo. Helmwod." Surely he could not have any children to place at school? What could he possibly wish with me?

He looked around surprised when I turned up the gas, and glanced hastily from me to the album again. He bowed to me politely as he said, "I called to see Miss Mapleton—I was told that she lives here."

"I am Miss Mapleton," I replied rather surprised.

"A lady who has a school on Lumbago street," he continued, hesitatingly, "who owns a house there."

I pleaded guilty to both these charges, and the gentleman looked both amused and embarrassed.

"Pardon me," he said, presently, with a smile, "I—I expected to see an older lady. I scarcely know how to begin."

"Is it anything about the school?" I asked, by way of helping him.

"No," was the reply; "it is about the house. The truth is, Miss Mapleton, I want to buy the house—or rather my father does—and he has authorized me to negotiate for it. Have you any desire to sell it?"

"I have only just bought it," said I, scarcely knowing what else to say; "and my school is there. Besides, it is rented for a year."

"Will you let my father call and see you about it?" asked my visitor, after a pause.

"The truth is, I—I do not understand such business very well. My father is willing to give \$10,000 for the property—he must have it, if possible."

Was I really in my sober senses? Ten thousand dollars! I must have looked and acted in an expressly silly manner, for Mr. Helmwod soon took his leave without arriving at any understanding whatever, except that I was to receive a visit from his father.

The next day I rushed down to Mr. Portman for instructions.

"Bravo! Miss Bernice," said he, laughing, when he had heard my story, "you will turn out a woman of fortune yet. I know the Helmwods well—very nice people indeed—and the son, I will tell you is particularly nice. Father and son are in business together, and their large importing warehouse is on the street back of your premises."

By extending their place they will probably realize a few hundred thousand from increased business; and they can there fore well afford to pay you \$10,000 to get you out of the way. Let them do it, by all means."

Thus fortified I was quite ready for Mr. Helmwod, senior, who was a remarkably fine-looking old gentleman, not unlike his son, and who stared at me during the interview as though he had a dim recollection of having seen me before. He was quite at ease, and I felt much less embarrassed in discussing business matters with him than with his son; there was, moreover, a warmth and urbanity in his manner that quite charmed me.

"Now, my dear young lady!" said he in a quick, earnest way, "the facts of the case are just these: I do not wish to be regarded by you in the light of a filibuster, nor as coveting what is legally and properly yours; but I have had my eye on that property for some time past; and it was only lately, while in a neighboring city on a matter of business that I was informed it was for sale. I immediately wrote to George to secure it at once; but he wrote back that it had been bought by a single lady for a school. (And here I may as well say in parenthesis that you do not at all answer the idea we had formed of the single lady in question, and I cannot help looking on you in some sort as an impostor.) I then marched George immediately off to this elderly maiden of our imaginations to see if she could be prevailed upon to sell at an advance. The young man, however, returned in an unsettled mood, and having evidently failed to bring you to terms, and coolly requested me to finish the business myself. I believe Miss Mapleton that you paid \$4,000 for the house. I will double that amount."

I hit my lip to keep from smiling. Truly the son was unbusiness-like. "I did not buy the house to sell again," I replied, very quietly.

"I know it, and I suppose it just suits you; but, unfortunately, it just suits me too. Would \$9,000 tempt you?"

laughing. "Pray, how did he word his offer, if you can recall it?"

"To the best of my recollection he said; 'My father is willing to give \$10,000 for the property—he must have it, if possible.'"

"And you have been quietly laughing at me in your sleeve all this time!" said my visitor. "I am willing to give \$10,000 for the property, but I preferred it for \$8,000, which is considerably above its value to any one but myself. Is it a bargain, then, at \$10,000?"

Mr. Helmwod," said I, as I felt the color rising in my face, "one thing you will please remember in this matter—I did not offer my property for sale, nor had I any idea of disposing of it; but much to my surprise, I was solicited by you to part with it. I am not a 'sharp woman'—a character that I particularly detest—as I have lost nearly all the little I possessed in foolish ventures; and after your son's visit to me I went, much perplexed, to consult my friend, Mr. Portman, through whose assistance I was enabled to buy the house. He advised me to accept Mr. George Helmwod's offer, and explained to me that you would be an immense gainer by purchasing my little property, even at this extravagant price. I have a great horror of taking advantage of any one, and I was afraid that it might not be quite right to receive so much more for a thing that I had given so little for."

"My dear Miss Mapleton," replied Mr. Helmwod, with a manner of great respect, "I should never think of fastening upon you the term of a sharp woman; but you will not object, I hope, to my regarding you as a remarkably clever young lady. You are quite right in saying that the property is worth more than \$10,000 to me; and I give it to you more cheerfully since I have seen the owner. But I shall certainly have a good laugh at George for his style of doing business. Perhaps, however, had I been his age instead of mine, I should not have acquired myself any better."

This was rather embarrassing, and I hastened to say: "Mr. George Helmwod could not have mentioned to you that I have rented the premises."

"Oh, yes; he did say something of the kind. But I will undertake to reconcile the inmates to a change of residence, provided I have your consent to proceed in the matter."

Finally I gave it; it seemed to be the best thing I could do; and just as he was leaving, Mr. Helmwod scrutinized me closely, as he asked:

"Will you allow me to inquire, Miss Mapleton, if Mr. Sylvester Willingdest is a relative of yours?"

"He was my grandfather," I replied.

"I am very glad to hear it!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand warmly. "He was one of the old merchants of this city, and a valued friend of mine. Many a pleasant hour have I passed in his hospitable mansion where, besides entertaining his equals, there was an especial table set for the poor every day. The grand daughter of such a man should not—"

"Be earning her own living!" said I, seeing that he hesitated. "His grand-daughter, sir, does not consider that she is disgracing either him or herself by such a course."

I knew my head went up an inch or two, and that my eyes flashed; for he said, kindly: "You have just his look—a little laugh to times, for he was a thorough bred old aristocrat. I was troubled the first moment I saw you to decide whom you resembled so strongly. And now, my dear young lady, you will, I hope, allow us to look upon you as a friend. My wife will call at once; and I hope very soon to welcome you at our house, as I have been so often welcomed at your grandfather's."

"Well, Bernice Mapleton," said I, when I found myself alone with that individual, "I do not think of myself now? Are you really yourself or somebody else? Or have you been dreaming all these bewildering things?"

Mr. Portman congratulated me on my good fortune, laughing heartily at my account of the interview with Mr. Helmwod; and by the next morning I was so fully persuaded that things were what they seemed that I bought a pound of French candy to celebrate the event, and tried to inveigle Miss Pidget into sharing the feast with me.

But that wary female, who was given to dyspepsia and other absurdities, solemnly worked her way through one sugar plum, analyzing it all the while, as though it had been a fragment of quartz, or something else equally indigestible, and then absolutely refused to touch any more.

I was engaged in exploring the recesses of the neat little bonbon bag when Mrs. Helmwod was announced; and I went to receive a warm embrace from the most elegant-looking old lady, but middle-aged lady, I had ever seen. Her features were regular and beautiful, she was perfectly dressed, and had the air of a dowager duchess. She insisted upon my going home with her at once on a visit; declared, in answer to my objections, that I was not a stranger, as she had known my grandfather well; and finally, I was deposited in a lovely square room, surrounded by every luxury, and expected to remain for an indefinite period.

There were no daughters, and only that one son; so Mrs. Helmwod declared that it was a real charity for a young lady to enlighten his dullness. It was certainly a very pleasant task, as I enriched my own at the same time; and I felt very thankful for the advantage of having had a grandfather.

Master George and I were rather shy of each other at first; but this gradually wore off—and somehow or other we found ourselves alone together very frequently. I tried to avoid this, for I had no desire to repay these people's kindness to me by ta-

king their son from them, for whom, they probably had some grander match in store. But one day the young gentleman made some exceedingly incoherent remarks to me, and drew a highly colored picture of our first meeting—in which "my careless hair" and "coquettish little apron" (it had a great blot of ink in one corner but fortunately he did not see that) figured largely, and the "exquisite picture" in Miss Pidget's album came in for a share of the general enthusiasm, and I conducted myself in consequence very much like an idiot, and came very near forgetting everything, until I suddenly remembered to assure him that his father and mother would probably be anything but pleased at such arrangement, and that I could never consent to enter a family that was not desirous of receiving me.

My lover suddenly disappeared, and returned with his father.

"It seems to me a young lady," said the older gentlemen with a very quizzical look, "that in all George's transactions with you I have brought in to finish the business. I would have nothing to do with such a stupid fellow. Your very honorable conduct, my dear little girl, only makes me more anxious than ever to welcome you as a daughter; and if I had entertained any objections to such a finale, do you think I would have been weak enough to expose my son to the peril of daily contact with a girl like you?"

I had nothing to say to this; and Mr. Helmwod took me in his arms and kissed me, and then led me to his wife, from whom I received an equally warm welcome.

It is needless to say that those five infants on whom I had expended so much surplus energy, were turned out to pasture without any compunctions of conscience; and the young couple from Maine were provided with a larger domicile, and some very nice furniture to put in it.

Mr. Portman would not allow me to pay my debt to him, but insisted upon its being appropriated to my trousseau; and my identical gold bonds were returned to me just as I had given them to him. He had the pleasure of giving me away; but he said that the fact of my never having belonged to him made this considerable easier.

My father-in-law declared that he had rather outwitted me, after all, as the money was all in the family.

Live Sugar.

We treated our readers some time since to a short paragraph on the recent discoveries of annual life in all sugar of low grades. Since then we have seen several confirmatory statements, from scientific men and others, but none conveying a livelier sense of the facts we set forth in our former article than the following from the N. Y. Sun, which we are satisfied does not give the picture a higher coloring than it deserves:

Last night we saw the hidden wonders of raw sugar as they were revealed to us by a microscope of uncommon power and great detective ability, which will forever set us against all sweets in that form with an intensity of horror, such as no man can conceive who has not been behind the scenes.

We saw the living hell itself in less than a quarter of an ounce of raw sugar. There were myriads, apparently, of horrible insects as large as beetles, and having the appearance of crabs. Four dreadful legs with claw pinners at the end of them, jointed in four parts as with armor, and bristling with sharp-pointed spines, were in front of the monster, and his head was a long pyramidal form in two joints, with finger tips at the terminus where the mouth ought to have been. The body was oval-shaped, and marked almost exactly like that of a crab, only upon the rim of an inner circle upon the back there were twelve more of these long sharp spines, with two at the tail, and four snake-like tentacles, exceedingly fine in articulation, and no doubt intended like puss's whiskers to be feelers, to warn the hinder end parts of contiguous danger. The reverse side showed the ugliness of the beast even more than the obverse, but it also showed the wondrous mechanical genius of the maker of it. Each limb was padded by a mass of muscle at the base, which gave the impression of immense (relative) power and over the muscle there was a case of armor through which it showed.

Talk about lively beasts, and lively they were. Eager, restless, ravenous; always falling foul of each other, or attacking great joints of sugar, as large in reality, as a mathematical point. With the pinners attached to the end of each proboscis, they caught hold of one another, and tore one another, repeating in their small way the enormous tragedies of Tennyson's primal monsters.

The way these marvels came to light was this: A spoonful of raw, coarse sugar was dissolved in about three times the quantity of water, when, as with a conjuror's rod, the animalcules sprang to the surface, and floated like the beasts that wriggle in soft water tubs, and finally turn into flies resembling mosquitoes, but harmless. These sugar animalcules, or *ocarus sacchari*, as the scientific men call them, were then gathered up in a spoon, and placed under a glass magnifying about 200 times. They could be seen, however, with the naked eye, to begin with, but not in their entire hideousness until the object glass brought it out. It has been proved that in every pound of unrefined raw sugar, there are 100,000 of these near. In 15 grains weight, Dr. Hassall, of London found one hundred of these insects; and Dr. Barker, of the Royal college of surgeons, Ireland, found 1400 in 45 grains weight, or 268,000 in a pound.

Worse still, as a matter of aesthetics, this is the very same insect that bores into the skin of its victims in Scotch beds, and treats them to a taste of the "Scotch fiddle," alias the itch.

GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.—All the leading hardy varieties of first quality. Concord Cuttings, \$1.00 per hundred. Orders solicited as soon as convenient and filled in rotation by A. I. SHAW.

PURE BUCK LEAD, equal in quality to English white lead; zinc, paints and varnishes of all kinds; gold leaf in books, and bronzes for sale by A. I. SHAW. Clearfield, October 28, 1867.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM, J. J. RICHARDSON & CO., 126 Market Street, Philadelphia are the largest Manufacturers of Crockery and Wholesale Dealers in Fruit, Cuts, &c., in the United States. March 4, 1868-ly.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE, FRONT STREET, PHILIPSBURG, PA.

I will impend any one who says I fell to give direct and personal attention to all our customers, or fail to cause them to receive a well furnished table, with clean rooms, and beds, where all may feel at home and the weary be at rest. New stable attached. JAS. H. GALER. Philadelphia, Sept. 2, 68.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, EDWARD MACK, Market Street, opposite the residence of H. B. SWOOP, Esq., Clearfield, Pa.

World respectfully announces to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity that he has opened a BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, in the building lately occupied by J. L. CUTLER, a law office, and that he is determined not to be outdone either in quality of work or price. Special attention given to the manufacture of sewed work. French Kip and Call Skins, of the best quality, always on hand. Give him a call. June 22, '68.

HOME INDUSTRY! BOOTS AND SHOES Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market St., nearly opposite Hartwick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line. Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted and represented. He has now on hand a stock of extra french calf skins, superb gaiter tops, &c., that will finish up at the lowest prices. June 15th, 1868. DANIEL CONNELLY

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

World respectfully announces that he has removed to the large and commodious store-room, opposite the residence of H. B. SWOOP, Esq., where he has opened a cigar and tobacco shop, and is prepared to supply the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity with the best quality of cigars, and in style of manufacture will compare with those of any other establishment. His cigars are made of the very best material, and in style of manufacture will compare with those of any other establishment. He has always on hand an extensive article of chewing and smoking tobacco, to which he directs the attention of "lovers of the weed."

Merchants and Dealers, throughout the county, are invited to call at his store, where he will be pleased to call and examine his stock when you come to Clearfield. June 10, 1868.

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

The undersigned, having opened a large and well selected stock of goods, at Bald Hills, Clearfield county, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Their stock embraces Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, ready-made Clothing, and a general assortment of notions, etc.

They also keep on hand the best quality of Flour, and a variety of Feed. All goods sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for approved country produce. His saw-mill, situated on Steam Saw Mill, they are prepared to saw all kinds of lumber to order. Orders solicited, and punctually filled. Nov. 29, 1867. E. A. IRWIN.

SOMETHING NEW IN ANSONVILLE, Clearfield county, Penn'a.

The undersigned, having erected, during the past summer, a large and commodious store room, is now engaged in filling it up with a new and select assortment of goods, and Winter goods, which he offers to the public at prices to suit. His stock of Men's and boys' clothing is unusually extensive, and is offered to customers at from \$10 to \$20 for a whole suit. Flour, Salt and groceries, of every kind, a complete assortment. Stoves and Stove-pipe, a heavy stock; Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, in great variety; Ladies' dress goods, furs, and other fancy goods, together with an endless assortment of notions too tedious to enumerate, always on hand, and for sale very cheap. Prices at 10 cents a yard and other goods in proportion. Now is the time to buy.

Country produce of every kind, at the highest market prices, will be taken in exchange for goods; and even Greenbacks will not be refused for any article in store. Examine my stock before you buy elsewhere. October 30, 1867. H. SWAN.

JUST IN TIME! THE NEW GOODS AT A. K. WRIGHT & SONS, CLEARFIELD, PA.

Having just returned from the eastern cities we are now opening a full stock of seasonable goods, at our rooms on Second street, to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public generally. Our assortment is unsurpassed in this section, and is being sold very low for cash. The stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS of the best quality, such as Prints, Delaines, Alpaca, Merino, Ginghams, Madras, hosiery, and unbleached; Drillings, Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Cassimeres, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Neckties, Hoop skirts, Baltimore, &c. &c. all of which will be sold low for cash. Also, a fine assortment of the best of

MENS' WEAR, consisting of Drawers and Shirts, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Handkerchiefs, cravats, etc.

Also, Ruff Rope, Dog Rope, Ballins Agur and Axes, Nails and Spikes, Fire-axe, Lamps and Lamp wicks and chimneys, etc., etc.

Also, Queensware, Glassware, Hardware, Groceries, Merino, Ginghams, Madras, hosiery, and unbleached; Drillings, Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Cassimeres, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Neckties, Hoop skirts, Baltimore, &c. &c. all of which will be sold low for cash. Also, a fine assortment of the best of

GROUND AND UNGROUND SPICES, City of England Cinnamon, Essence Coffee, and Vinegar of the best quality, for sale by Jan 10. HARTSWICK & IRWIN.

MUSICAL GOODS, violins, flutes, steel-clarinets, accordions, Italian strings, guitar strings, clarinet reeds, music paper, instruction books for sale by J. P. KRATZBERGER, for Piano and organs. January 6, 1869

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, Bark, making a preparation free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitter, with the purest quality of Sweetened Orange Juice, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol to administer, will use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. Those who have 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 left to the taste of the patient, the Tonic being the most palatable.

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

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Debility of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Digestion, Pain, or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Harried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at