

# The Rattaman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 33.

## Select Poetry.

### DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The heart of home is beaming  
With rays of rosy light;  
And lovely eyes are gleaming  
As falls the shade of night;  
And while thy steps are leaving  
The circle pure and bright,  
A tender voice, half grieving,  
Says, "don't stay late to-night."  
The world in which thou movest,  
Is busy, brave and wide;  
The world of her thou lovest  
Is at the angle side:  
She waits for thy warm greeting,  
Thy smile is her delight;  
Her gentle voice entreating,  
Says, "don't stay late to-night."  
The world, so cold, inhuman,  
Will spurn thee, if thou fall;  
The love of one poor woman  
Outlasts and shames them all;  
Thy children will cling round thee,  
Let fate be dark or bright;  
At home no shaft will wound thee,  
Then, "don't stay late to-night."

### NOT AT HOME.

An elderly man, shabbily attired, was seen walking through one of the fashionable streets in a large city one cold December day. His coat was of coarse grey, and had evidently seen hard service, though still perfectly whole and neat. The traveller walked slowly along as I have said, examining carefully as he passed the names on the plates. He finally paused before a dwelling of showy exterior, which if we may credit the testimony of the plate upon the door, was occupied by Alexander Beaumont.

"Alexander Beaumont! yes, that's the house," murmured the traveller to himself as he ascended the steps and rang the door bell.

His summons was answered by a servant who, after a moment's scrutiny, which apparently was not of a very favorable character, said roughly,—"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Is Mr. Beaumont at home?" asked the old man, without heeding the intentional rudeness.

"No, sir, he is not."  
"Then perhaps I can see his wife?"  
"I think it very doubtful, but I will go and see."

The servant withdrew without asking the old man to enter, though the day was very cold, and his clothing seemed to be hardly sufficient to protect him from its inclemency.

Mrs. Beaumont was reclining on a fanciful in a room handsomely furnished. The last new magazine was in her hand, and her eyes were listlessly glancing over its pages. She was interrupted in her reading by the entrance of the servant.

"Well, what now, Betty?" she inquired.  
"There is a man down stairs wants to see you, ma'am."

"And a gentleman you mean?"  
"No, ma'am," said Betty, stoutly, for she well understood what made up gentlemen in the conventional sense of the term; "it isn't a gentleman at all, for he has got on an old gray coat and he has not got any gloves on."

"What can he want of me?"  
"I don't know," he inquired after Mr. Beaumont first.

"You did not bring him in the parlor, did you?"  
"The girl shook her head."  
"You did right, and you had better tell him I'm not at home."  
"Mrs. Beaumont is not at home," said Betty, repeating at the door.

"I suppose that means she is engaged," said the old man; "I think she will see me when she learns who I am. Tell her I am her husband's uncle, and my name is Henry Beaumont."  
"That old rag-tag master's uncle," said Betty, wondering as she ascended the stairs.

his second visit might be as unwelcome as his first appeared to be.

"Betty," said Mrs. Beaumont, as she closed the door, "if that old fool comes again, be sure and not forget to tell him I am not at home."

Norton street was not a fashionable street nor was the two-story dwelling occupied by William Lowe either handsome or costly. It was marked, however, by an air of neatness which indicated that its tenants were not regardless of outward appearance.

We will take the liberty of introducing you into a little sitting room, where Mrs. Lowe and her three children were even now seated. A plain, serviceable carpet covered the floor, and the remainder of the furniture, though of a kind which would hardly be selected for a drawing-room, had a comfortable, homelike appearance, which simply satisfied the desire of those who derived their happiness from a higher and less mutable force than outside show. Mrs. Lowe was seated in a rocking chair, engaged in an employment which I am aware is tabooed in all fashionable society. I mean darn ing stockings.

Emma, a girl of ten, was brushing up the hearth, which the ashes from the grate, in which a blazing fire was now burning, had somewhat disordered. While Mary, who was two years younger, was reading. Charles, a little rosy of five, with a smiling face, which could not help looking roguish, was stroking the cat the wrong way, much to the disturbance of poor tabby, who had quietly settled herself down to the pleasant dreams upon the hearth rug.

All at once a loud knock was heard at the door.  
"Emma!" said the mother, "you may go to the door and see who it is, and invite him in, for it is a cold day."  
Emma immediately obeyed the mother's direction:

"Is Mrs. Lowe at home?" inquired Henry Beaumont—for it was he.  
"Yes, sir," said Emma; "please walk in, and you may see her."  
She ushered the old man into the comfortable sitting room.

Mrs. Lowe arose to receive him.  
"I believe," he said, "I'm not mistaken in thinking that your name before marriage was Anna Beaumont?"  
"You are right, sir, that was my name."  
"And you have no recollection of an uncle that wandered away from home and friends and from whom no tidings have come for many a long year?"

"Yes, sir, I remember him well—my uncle Henry, and I have many times wished I could hear something from him. Can you give me any information?"  
"I can, for I am he."  
"You my uncle?" said Mrs. Lowe, in surprise, "then you are indeed welcome. Emma bring your uncle the arm chair and place it close to the fire; and Mary, bring your father's slippers, for I am sure your dear uncle must long to get off those heavy boots. And now, uncle, when you are quite rested, I must demand a recital of your adventures."

"But your brother, Alexander," interrupted Mr. Beaumont, "let me first inquire about him. He lives in the city now, does he not?"  
A light cloud came over Mrs. Lowe's face.

"Yes," she said, "he does live in the city; yet, strange as it may appear, I seldom or never see him. He has succeeded well and is wealthy; but ever since he married a wife with a small property and greater pride, he has kept aloof from us. I do not blame him so much as his wife, who is said to have great influence over him. I have called once but she treated me so coldly that I have not felt a disposition to renew my visit."

"I can easily believe it," was the reply, "for I, too, have been repulsed."  
"You repulsed? Did you give your name and inform her of your relation to her husband?"  
"I did, but she did not invite me to enter; and she was evidently impatient for me to be gone; I took the hint, and here I am."

"At least, uncle," said Mrs. Lowe, smiling, "you need not be afraid of any repulse here."  
"Of that I am quite sure," said the old gentleman, looking affectionately into the face of his niece. "But you have not told me of your husband. Let me know whether you have a good match," he added playfully.

"That depends upon what is meant by the term. If it implies rich husband, then I failed, most certainly, for William's salary is only eight hundred dollars a year, and that is what we have to depend upon. But for all that I care not, for a kind, affectionate husband is of far more worth than a magnificent house and the most costly furniture."

"You are right, said her uncle warmly, and I infer that your husband is of such a character."  
"He is in truth."  
"Still," continued her uncle, "there must be something which your limited income will not permit you to obtain, but which would be desirable, is there not?"  
"Yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "I am anxious to give Emma and Mary a musical education, but William's means will not allow of such extravagance as the purchase of a piano; so that is one of the things which we must be content to deny ourselves."

Mr. Lowe then entered, and being informed of the character of his visitor he extended a hearty welcome.  
A comfortable repast was soon spread of which Mr. Beaumont readily partook. His spirits rose, and he seemed to grow younger

as he saw the cheerful faces around him, and felt himself at home. Soon after the evening meal he arose to depart.  
"Surely, you are not going?" said his niece, "you must henceforth take up your abode with us."  
"We will see about that, and if you don't think you will get tired of me perhaps I will come. But I have had a lodging and must undoubtedly remain in it for a few days."

"But you must call in every day and make yourself perfectly at home even before you come here to stay, persisted his niece."  
"Be sure of that."

In accordance with his promise Mr. Beaumont made his appearance next day at eleven o'clock, and was received as cordially as before. He had hardly been in the house a quarter of an hour when a loud rap was heard at the door. She beheld two men who had just driven up in a wagon.

"Where is this piano to be put, ma'am," they inquired.  
"Piano! You have made a mistake; we have not purchased a piano."  
"Isn't your name Lowe?"  
"Yes."  
"Then it is all right. Jim bear a hand for its confounded heavy."

"But I am quite sure there must be some mistake," still insisted the perplexed Mrs. Lowe.  
"Not at all," said a loud voice behind her. She turned around in amazement.

"You know, continued the uncle, that I am going to come and live with you, and I thought I would pay my board in advance, that is all. As you expressed a wish yesterday for a piano, I thought it would be as acceptable a way as any."

"You, uncle! Why—excuse me—but I thought from—from?"  
"You mean," said he smiling, "that you thought from my appearance that I could not afford it. And I confess," said he, casting a glance at himself in the glass that my dress is not in the extreme of the fashion, and in fact I was obliged to look sometime when I called at the second hand clothing store the other day before I could find these. However, as I have got all the service I wished out of them, I shall throw them aside to-morrow, and appear more respectably clad."

"What! are you wealthy, uncle?"  
"Depend upon it, Anna, I didn't spend ten years in the East Indies for nothing," was the reply. I had a mind however, to put on the appearance of a poor man and so test the affection and disinterestedness of my relations. One of them, however I found not at home; I am happy to find myself at home with the other."

Let us turn to the aristocratic Mrs. B., who in a few evenings succeeding the events here recorded, was in her dawning room receiving calls.  
"By the way," said a fashionable visitor, "I am to have your relatives, the Lowes for my next door neighbors."  
"Next door neighbors!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of their good fortune? Mrs. Lowe's uncle has just returned from the East Indies with an immense fortune."  
"He has taken a house in the same block with ours, and when they have moved into it, will take up his residence with them. Meanwhile he is stopping at the R—House."  
"What! Henry Beaumont?"  
"The very same, but I thought you knew it."

When the visitor withdrew, Mrs. Beaumont ordered her carriage, and immediately drove to the hotel where her husband's uncle was stopping. She sent up her card and requested an audience.

The servant soon returned with another card on which were traced the significant words "not at home."

LANGUAGE OF THE CLOUDS.—Soft looking delicate clouds foretell the fine weather with moderate or light breezes; hard edged, oily looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy blue sky is fine weather. Generally the softer clouds look the less wind, but perhaps more again may be expected; and the harder, more "greasy," rolled, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale, yellow, wet; and a greenish, sickly looking cloud, wind and rain. Thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow or other tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly. Small, inkly looking clouds foretell rain, light colored clouds driving across heavy masses show wind and rain; but if alone, may indicate wind only.

Chicago is, as usual, ahead. A young woman of that city has invented a new branch of female usefulness. She advertises that she will "give lessons in etiquette, and the way of conversing with ladies, to any young gentlemen who do not feel at ease in the society of the opposite sex. Tuition to lovers extra." She has been quite successful, and makes a specialty of proposals in various forms. From all accounts the male sex of the Lake city have been getting along very well with the fair sex, but of course, after instruction in the art, they will do much better. Will the number of divorce suits be increased or decreased in consequence?

A petulant old lady having refused a suit or to her niece, he expostulated with her, and requested her plainly to divulge her reasons. "I see the villain in your face," said she. "That is a personal reflection, madam," answered the lover.

If you spend the day profitably, you will have cause to rejoice in the evening.

### ALVAH'S LOVE AFFAIR.

Elmwood was a pretty little town, and its large and beautiful grove was the favorite resort of picnic parties. One pleasant afternoon, Alvah Everett, with his sister, left their homes, and wandered towards the grove, to see the merry party gathered there.

Alvah Everett was a tall, well-formed young man, with a pleasing countenance, and blue, expressive eyes. His blonde hair clustered around his high brow in little curls, and his features were good, if not handsome. He was the embodiment of wit and good nature, and an especial favorite with the ladies; but as yet his heart was untouched by the marriageable belles. He was the only son of a wealthy gentleman, and himself the sole possessor of a large fortune, left to him by a deceased aunt. His sister was entirely different, being of medium size, and a brunette, with sparkling black eyes, denoting mischief and mirth, and black hair which played about her head in natural curls.

"Well Isabel," said her brother, as they walked along side by side, "do you know aught of these pleasure seekers?"  
"Yes."  
"Then it is all right. Jim bear a hand for its confounded heavy."

"But I am quite sure there must be some mistake," still insisted the perplexed Mrs. Lowe.  
"Not at all," said a loud voice behind her. She turned around in amazement.

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finding it difficult to believe his senses, and then sought his sister in her apartment. Isabel looked up as her brother entered, and then started from her chair anxiously asking him if anything had happened, as she noticed the sad, dejected countenance.

"Read that," he said, in a hard, bitter tone, and he handed her the letter, standing with folded arms before her while she read.

After she had finished she crushed the letter in her hand saying,—  
"Alvah, some enemy wrote these lines, I am sure; I do not believe Clara Marsh did it."  
Her brother's face brightened.

"None but Clara could have an object in doing this," he said. "We have no foe who could be benefited by an estrangement."  
"I am not so sure," was the reply of Isabel; but she strove vainly to obtain a satisfactory conclusion to the mysterious affair.

"Clara has not written to me since her departure," said Alvah, relapsing into his former melancholy mood.  
"I cannot account for that," murmured his sister thoughtfully.

Alvah sighed; now as he viewed his betrothed's portrait, he was almost convinced of her fickleness.

"Well, Alvah, what do you intend to do," inquired Isabel, after a pause.  
"Write to her immediately, and relinquish my claims, of course."  
"Do you mean it, Alvah?"  
"Certainly."  
"I would advise you to go and see her."  
"What would that avail me?"  
"It certainly would not do any harm," replied his sister. "Come go and see her to-morrow," she added, coaxingly.

The young man leaned his head upon his hand and for some time remained in deep thought; at length he looked up and said,—  
"Isabel, I am resolved to do as you desire me to."  
"Thank you," returned the girl earnestly. "I feel that you will be the winner by it."  
"Perhaps I may," murmured her brother doubtfully, as he left the room. He spent the remainder of the day wandering around the neighboring pastures and groves, where he had spent so many happy hours with his betrothed, and he often wondered if he should ever experience them again. Certainly the future did not present a very promising appearance, and when he returned to his home he was in a very uncomfortable frame of mind.

The next day Alvah Everett departed for the city. He had considerable difficulty in finding the residence of Clara; but finally his perseverance was rewarded, and he stood upon the steps of an unpretending house. He rang the bell with a quick, nervous jerk, and gave his name to the servant, who immediately retired to inform her young mistress.

In a few moments the girl came back and conducted the visitor into a little parlor. Clara was there and arose to meet him, her eyes swimming with tears, and her frame trembling violently. The young man had determined to be firm and unyielding; but his resolutions utterly failed him, and he clasped the form of the unresisting girl close to his throbbing heart.

"O Alvah, why did you not come before?" she said, with a gentle, reproving look, as she disengaged herself from his embrace.  
For an answer he took the crumpled letter from his pocket, and handed it to her.

She perused it, and her face paled perceptibly, as she returned it, saying—  
"What does it mean? Did you believe that I wrote this letter, Alvah?"  
"Did you not?"  
"No; I never saw it before."  
The impulsive lover uttered an irrepressible exclamation of thanksgiving, and imparted a fervent kiss upon the girl's fair brow.

"I received this letter yesterday, and that it came from you, dearest. Who could have written it, and what was its object?"  
"I think it must have been Cyrus Wheeler," said Clara, the perplexed expression leaving her face after a moment's thought.  
"He was a friendless orphan whom my aunt brought up, but he proved ungrateful for her kindness, and twice he stole a considerable sum of money from her. He was awfully angry when he learned that my aunt had left him penniless, and since her death he has several times asked me to marry him; because I refused him, he resorted to this base means to gain his purpose."

"Let us be thankful, dearest, that he did not succeed; for if he had our mutual happiness would have been destroyed forever. Would it not, Clara?" he added, with a merry smile.  
"Certainly," responded his betrothed, with blushing cheeks and downcast face.

During the afternoon Alvah returned to his home, and Clara accompanied him. One beautiful day, not many months later, a wedding was celebrated, and Isabel had the pleasure of addressing her blushing schoolmate as Mrs. Alvah Everett.

Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with everything nature can demand than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

### HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

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

It is composed of the purest juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, extracts) of Roots, Herbs, and Bark, making a preparation of a most palatable and agreeable nature, and free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.  
It is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Sanin Cræo Rum*, Orange, &c. making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcohol admixture, will use  
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.  
Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use  
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable. *Sanin Cræo Rum*, is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, &c. &c. &c. as closely as it does with the Stomach, then he comes as a result of the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or all of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Digestion, Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Headache, Biliousness, Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc. Sudden flushings of Heat, Burning in the Face, 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 from its true origin. It is skillfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well known remedies—  
*Hoofland's German Bitters and Hoofland's German Tonic*, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Twenty years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during 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 Complaint, Jaundice, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Chronic Catarrhs, Dropsy of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is taken with pleasure, the circulation of the blood is purified, the complexion becomes round and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE.  
And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS or the TONIC, an elixir that will give 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.

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

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN  
Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those that will be observed, are of a high 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 Hoofland's German Bitters a good tonic, useful in all diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility, and want of nervous action in the system. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

Hon. James Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:  
Philadelphia, April 25, 1868.  
I consider Hoofland's German Bitters a reliable medicine in cases of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, truly, JAMES THOMPSON.

From Rev. Joseph H. Kusner, D. D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.  
Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear conscience, in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for one from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail, but I doubt not it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,  
J. H. KENSARD, 218 1/2 Chestnut St.

### COAL AND LIME.

The undersigned having perfected arrangements to now prepared in full orders for either coal-burnt or wood-burnt lime, and Anthracite coal, Yard at the Railroad depot. R. B. TAYLOR  
Feb. 24, 1869.

### NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

EDWARD MACK,  
Market Street, nearly opposite the residence of H. B. SWOOP, Esq.,  
CINCINNATI, O.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has opened a BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, in the building lately occupied by L. C. Cullis, as a law office, and that he is determined not to be outdone either in quality of work or prices. Special attention given to the manufacture of sewing machine Feet, French Sole and Calif Skins, of the best quality, always on hand. Give him a call. June 24, '69.

### 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 at the lowest figures. I have now on hand a stock of extra French calf skins, superb gaiter tops, &c., that I will finish up at the lowest figures. DANIEL CONNELLY  
June 15th, 1868.

### CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

#### ADOLPH SCHOLPP,

MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Clearfield, Pa.  
Would respectfully announce that he has removed to the large and commodious store-room opposite the residence of H. B. SWOOP, Esq., where he has opened a general assortment of Tobacco, Cigars, &c., which he is prepared to sell, wholesale or retail, at reasonable prices.

His cigars are made of the very best material, and for quality of manufacture will compare with those of any other establishment.

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

Their stock embraces Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tin-ware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, ready made clothing, and a general assortment of the most desirable articles. They always keep on hand the best quality of Flour, and a variety of Feed.

All goods sold on credit, or exchanged for approved country produce.

Having also erected a Steam Saw Mill, they are prepared to cut all kinds of lumber to order. Orders solicited, and punctually filled.  
Nov. 29, 1867. F. D. A. IRWIN.

### SOMETHING NEW

#### IN ANSONVILLE,

Clearfield county, Penna.

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 Fall and Winter goods, which he offers to the public at prices in exchange for 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. Stores and Store-keepers, in great variety: Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, in heavy styles: Ladies' dress goods, furs, and other fancy goods, together with an endless assortment of notions too tedious to enumerate, always on hand, and sold 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.

### 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 Bros' & Co.,