The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1869. VOL. 15.—NO. 36.

Select Poetry.

HE'S GOING TO PROPOSE.

He went up town to-day, girls,
With a very business air,
He'd oiled up his mustache, girls,
And parted well his hair.
There's something in the wind, girls,
Whichever way it blows,
And I'll tell you what it is, girls,
He's going to propose.

He's taken to curious ways, girls,
Sighing and looking "blue,"
And—only think of this, girls—
He's writing poems, too.
At times he'll even think, girls,
And then he sober grows—
I know the reason why, girls:
He's going to propose.

Sometimes he's confidential,
And says Maria's fair,
And praises Bessie's hazel eyes,
And Jennie's flowing hair;
Says Alice is angelic, too,
Admires Lucinda's nose—
I knew how it would end, girls,
He's going to propose.

THE LITTLE DRESS-MAKER.

"Do you really love me, Charley?"

"Do I really live and breathe?" Now Ruth, what's the use of asking such an absurd question as that, when you know perfectly well that I don't belong to myself at all. I'm a slave—a miserable, abject captive, in the chains of your sweet eyes and gentle words—and, what's more, I haven't the least desire for a grain of my lost freedom."

"Nonsense, Charley."

But Ruth Murray said "Nonsense" in a tone that clearly meant the very best of sense; and Mr. Charles Trevor took advantage of the coquettish syllables accordingly.

They were sitting in the library of the fine old country house, with a bright fire blazing on the hearth, and the bay window, curtained with warm, crimson folds, just revealed a glimpse of clear orange twilight belted with the silver crescent of the new moon. You could not distinguish much from the flickering uncertain light; but the eye of a romancist is supposed to be preternaturally gifted and the pen of the romancist in no way deviates from the truth in saying that Charles Trevor was tall, and dark, and handsome, with wavy black hair, and frank lips, and eyes where the brown shadows melted almost imperceptibly into velvet blackness.

And Ruth Murray—what shall we say of her, as she sits there on the sofa with the capricious fire gleams darting in lines of light up and down the bugle trimming of her piquant velvet jacket, and occasionally pausing to mirror themselves reflectively in the liquid blue depths of her lovely eyes? What can we say? Only that she was very small and very plump, with long brown eyelashes, and lips red and ripe as strawberries, and hair like golden water stirred into fantastic ripples by summer evening winds. Only that she was wonderfully pretty and coquettish withal, as most pretty girls are apt to be. Isn't that enough?

"Charley," she said, thoughtfully playing with one of the sparkling buttons of her jacket—"I do believe that you love me—but I am afraid that your sentiments will undergo an alteration when you know—that—that—"

"That what?"

"I ought to have told you before," faltered Ruth, coloring vividly, and seeming to shrink away from the ruddy shine of the fire only.

"Tell me what, darling?"

"That I am only a dressmaker."

"You a dressmaker! And visiting at Wardley Place?"

"Kate Wardley and I were school companions, Charley, and she was very kind, and she promised to tell nobody, lest people should be cold to me!"

"Stop a minute, Ruth," said Mr. Trevor. "I didn't ask the question because the fact made one whit's difference in our relations toward one another, only I was taken a little by surprise as it were. A dressmaker, are you? Well, Ruth, I shouldn't care if you were a crossing sweeper. I love you, and that's quite enough for me."

"But, Charley, I am poor and obscure."

"What of that? I'm not rich by any means; but I am fully capable of working for both of us; and as for being poor and obscure, why, we'll try and see if we cannot make ourselves a name in the world, Ruth."

"But you are not obscure, Charles. The Trevors stand high in the circles of fashion, I know that, humble little dressmaker tho' I am."

"What then?"

"Why, the world will say that you made a *mesalliance*."

"And what care I for the world's verdict, as long as I am happy in your love? Little Ruth, what sort of a mercenary do you take me for? I love you and I'm going to marry you!"

There was a glitter suspiciously like tears on the long eyelashes, as Ruth felt Charles Trevor's loving glance resting on her face, and the little hand stole softly into his with an unconscious confiding movement.

"Charley," said Ruth, in a soft, stifled voice, "I'll try to be a good wife to you."

And then—oh, strange, inscrutable heart of woman—Ruth Murray cried, just because she was so very happy.

And the next day the gay country house coterie broke up, all the guests going their several ways, and owning, one to another, that "they had a delightful time," and the next chapter in their book of fashionable dissipation commenced, while Ruth Murray went home to a house with a shop, where a plate bore the words, "Miss Mackensie, Dressmaker." . . . . .

The bright January sunshine was turning the crusted snow to diamonds, and making Miss Mackensie's shabby carpet look half a dozen degrees shabbier than ever—the clock had just struck eleven, and Ruth Murray, in a blue delane dress, and a trim linen collar, was tacking together the breadths of a gold-colored glace silk, with her rosy mouth full of pins. Miss Mackensie stood watching her, with a skirt lining depending from her bony arm.

"Ruth," said the old maid, dubiously, "I don't understand you at all."

"Don't you Hetty? Well, that's not at all strange, for half the time I don't understand myself."

"No, but—Ruth, this arrangement seems to be so unsatisfactory—so unsuitable—"

"Don't my work give satisfaction?"

"I never had an apprentice learn half so quickly. Those white little fingers of yours seem gifted by magic."

"Thank you," said Ruth, sewing demurely. "The yellow silk, please? Didn't you tell me that Miss Trevor was coming here at eleven to try on her dress?"

"So she said—and there is the carriage dashing up to the door now. It's a fine thing to be rich. Are you sure the dress is ready, Ruth?"

"Quite."

Perhaps Ruth Murray's cheek was a trifle pinker than usual as Miss Trevor rustled loftily into the room; but otherwise there was no shade of difference in her manner or demeanor.

"I'm afraid I'm a little behind time," began the imperious young lady, throwing off her costly ermine cape: "but—why, Ruth Murray! this surely cannot be you!"

"It is I, Miss Trevor."

Maria Trevor started.

"Oh, you've come to have a dress fitted; Miss Mackensie has such success."

"No," said Ruth quietly; "I am Miss Mackensie's assistant."

"A dressmaker!" almost shrieked Miss Trevor.

"Yes, a dressmkaer."

Maria drew herself up haughtily.

"This is very strange," she said rigidly—"nay it is quite unaccountable. I thought you were a visitor at Wardley Place?"

"I was."

"And did Kate Wardley know—"

"Who I was? Perfectly."

Maria tossed her head.

"Upon—my—word! this was really too gratuitous an insult to her other guests! Kate Wardley shall know my opinion of her conduct!"

Ruth had grown pale and then red, but the next moment a score of laughing dimples broke out around her mouth.

"It was dreadful to admit a dressmaker into the circle of her aristocratic friends—and it was unheard of audacity in the dressmaker to venture within the charmed limits. Will you allow me to try on your dress, Miss Trevor?"

Maria stood haughtily silent in the middle of the room, while Ruth mounted on a stool to bring her nearer Miss Trevor's height, put in pins here and there, and laid little folds, and basted refractory seams.

"She is pretty," thought Maria, as the sunlight glanced athwart Ruth's golden hair and showed the exquisitely fine texture of her rose leaf skin. "No pearl powder there! I wonder if there was any truth in the report that Charles fancied her! The idea of our brother flirting with a dressmaker! for of course it was nothing but a flirtation!"

And Miss Maria unconsciously gave herself such a jerk that two pins flew half across the room, and Ruth arched her eyebrows.

"Dear me, Miss Trevor, I shall never get your dress fitted if you don't stand still!"

"Home!" said Maria imperatively to the coachman, as she folded the gay Afghan over her silken skirts. The promised turn in the park must stand aside now—Miss Trevor was anxious to impart to others the choice bit of gossip she had gleaned.

Mrs. Trevor was dreaming over a bit of embroidery by the fire, and Charles Trevor, standing in the bay window, was glancing up and down the columns of the morning paper, as Maria entered. It was a magnificent drawing room, with ceilings of fresco and gold, and carpets soft and rich as the finest moss, while plate-glass windows, hung with massive satin draperies, let in a softened light, and rich pictures glimmered on the walls. The Trevors were not rich, but they were very wordly, and knew exactly how to make appearances their tool.

"Mamma, what do you think?" exclaimed Maria, breathless and eager; "that Ruth Murray, whom we met at Wardley Place—the pretty blonde I told of—"

"What of her?" asked Mrs. Trevor, as Maria stopped for breath, and Charles looked up quickly, with a deep color on his cheek.

"She's nothing but a dressmaker!"

"Nonsense, Maria, you must surely be mistaken."

"But I'm not mistaken, mamma. I saw her this very morning at Miss Mackensie's, and she tried my dress on with her own hands!"

"Surely, my loye, Kate Wardley would never invite a young person in that social position to—"

"But, mamma, the Wardley's are so odd, you never know what freaks they may be guilty of. The idea of a common dressmaker presuming to associate with those who are so far above her!"

"Stop a moment, Maria," said Charles Trevor advancing into the room. "I have yet to learn in what respect Miss Murray is at all inferior to any of the guests at Wardley Place. In my estimation, her beauty, grace and intellect place her far above any young lady there."

"There, mamma, I told you just how it was!" said Maria, turning to her mother. "Charles has been just foolish enough to become infatuated with her baby face. I wish we had never gone to Wardley Place."

"My dear boy," urged Mrs. Trevor, "you surely cannot be in earnest?"

"Mother," said Charles quickly, "I am so deeply and entirely in earnest that I shall ask you in a few days to welcome Ruth as your son's wife."

"Charles!" gasped the mother, "are you insane?"

"Will you receive her as a second daughter mother?"

"Never!"

"And I never, never, will recognize her as one of the family," exclaimed Maria, actually white with anger. "Charles, how dare you degrade us?"

"It is an honor," returned her brother calmly. "Ruth is a jewel of the first water—more's the pity that you are blind to its sparkle."

"But, Charles, my son," pleaded the mother, "we have so depended on your making a wealthy alliance."

"Mother, I am so sick of this scheming and maneuvering," passionately spoke out the young man. "Depend upon it, I never will become the hanger-on to a rich wife. I have too much respect for myself to be bought and sold in the matrimonial market. I love Ruth Murray, and I shall marry her!"

And from this position no storm of tears, reproaches or upbraidings could induce him to swerve one hair breadth. It was not pleasant to be seen, this domestic whirlwind; but was not Ruth Murray worth it all? . . . . . .

"And when will you be my wife, Ruth?"

"Only wait until February, Charles," pleaded the blue-eyed little damsel "I have but one relation in the world—my uncle—and he is coming home from abroad. I should like him to be present at my marriage."

So Charles Trevor waited, much against his will.

Maria Trevor came into the drawing room one evening, full charged with the fashionable *on dit* of the day.

"Mamma, everybody is talking about this Sir William Murray who arrived from India. Mr. Lacy says he was Commander-in-Chief there, and is immensely rich; moreover that he is an old bachelor, and his niece is to be sole heiress. Couldn't we contrive to make her acquaintance? O, it Charles was not such an infatuated madman about this dress maker girl!"

"It's the same name," mused Mrs. Trevor; "surely, they cannot be connected?"

Maria laughed contemptously.

"General Murray connected with a dressmaker! that looks likely, don't it?"

And Mrs. Trevor owned to herself that the idea had been a very vague and visionary one.

The wedding was to be very quiet—Ruth had insisted upon this—and as she walked to the church dressed in a neat traveling guise, leaning confidently on the arm of her future husband, a sudden memory flashed across Charles Trevor's brain

"I thought you expected an uncle to be here, Ruth?"

"He will meet us at the church, Charles."

"And you've never even told me his name."

"His name?—General Sir William Murray."

"What?—not *the* General Sir William Murray?"

"I think there is but one General Sir William Murray," said Ruth, smiling at her lover's astonishment.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Charles, stopping short and staring down into the blue eyes—"and are you the heiress that half the world is gossiping about?"

"I believe so, Charles."

Charles Trevor never spoke another word until the marriage ceremony required his voice, and hardly knew whether he was awake or dreaming, when his little wife introduced him to the tall, white-haired old gentleman, who had given her away as "uncle William."

"Young man," said the General, "My niece tells me she has married you under false pretenses—do you regret the transaction?"

"Not a bit of it," said Charles, heartily, "I don't care whether she is a dress maker or an heiress, as long as she is my own little Ruth."

"It was her own caprice," said the veteran, laughing. "The fact is, Ruth was so afraid of becoming the victim of some devouring fortune hunter—"

"That she turned dress-maker in self-defence," said Ruth finishing her uncle's sentence for him. "Kate Wardley and Miss McKensie—who had once been my mother's maid—were alone cognizant of the secret; and they have kept it well. Now it is no longer a secret. Oh, Charley, how I trembled that night at Wardley Place, lest you should withdraw your love when I told you I was only a dress-maker."

"I love you, Ruth," said honest Charles, all unconscious that any other explanation were possible.

And Ruth looked triumphantly at her uncle, with eyes that said, "Have not I won a prize?"

Uncle William wiped his spectacles and smiled, but said nothing. To him Ruth was the dearest thing in all the world, and he could fully symathize with Mr Charles Trevor.

Mrs. Ruth welcomed her mother and sister-in-law to her palace home with a sweet frankness and cordial welcome that almost persuaded Maria into the belief that she had entirely forgotten the little episode in Miss Mackensie's room, and Maria loves dearly to talk to her fashionable friends about "darling little sister Ruth—the heiress, you know that Charlie married!"

The "Dollar" Store Humbug.

A subscriber of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* invests his money at a "dollar store," and being cheated, complains to that newspaper, which pities him after this fashion:

Every man of common sense knows that one dollar will not purchase ten dollars' worth of anything. Men as green as our correspondent do often give a dollar for ten cents' worth of brass jewelry or kindred toys; but even such as they would not give ten dollars' worth of desirable merchandise for a one dollar greenback. Our correspondent hopes that his "experience will benefit some fellow man," but it will do nothing of the kind. It will not even keep himself from falling into the next tray baited for this class of humanity. No amount of warning or entreaty will keep this generation of fools from supporting those whose business it is to dupe the greedy and simple. For, let it be well understood, it is not honest simplicity that is victimized. It is dishonest folly that is enticed into the trap. A rogue stuffs a pocket-book with bogus bills, resembling genuine bank notes of large denominations, and drops it on the sidewalk. A confederate picks it up in the presence of an honest simpleton, and asks him if it is his. The innoceno answers "No," and cannot be made a victim. The dishonest fool says "Yes," and gives the finder a liberal reward out of good money from his own pocket. He may persuade himself that he does this expecting to return the lost property to the true owner; but the real motive is the hope of gain at somebody else's expense. So in the "dollar trade," if the buyer really thinks he will get ten times the value of his money, he can only hope to do it at the cost of another. The last victim of this kind who called on us explained that the storekeeper promised to give him ten dollars' worth of something for a dollar, as an advertisement to decoy other purchasers. He was thus willing to become himself a partner in the fraud. Honest, simple folk are not so easily cheated, but a greedy fool is sure to be entrapped.

I Can't Afford It.

With all the courage of the American, which is unquestionable, to do and to dare, there is one thing he is unequal to, and that is to say *I can't afford it*, and act in accordance with such a declaration. If by any hazard he is forced to check his inordinate consumption for want of a dollar, he will submit as patiently perhaps as others to the constraint, but never confess the motive. His ingenuity will supply him with every possible device for dodging an acknowledgement of the real cause of his compulsory economy. The confession of a want of money will never be forced from his lips. This would require too great a deduction from his self-complacent assertion of American omnipotence. It is preposterous for one of his mighty stride to be brought to a stop by want of means to pay the day's reckoning. He will never acknowledge so humiliating a check, but will contrive plausible and more dignified cause for stoppage.

This disinclination to say *I can't afford it* leads inevitably to an undue strain of expenditure upon means. No one being willing to confess the weakness of poverty, all make a brave show of the power of wealth. Thus the general expense is out of all proportion to the common prosperity.

The unwillingness to utter *I can't afford it* implies an undue regard for wealth, and seems to affix the stigma of disgrace to poverty. Hence the pecuniary estimate of human success, by which character is valued in dollars and cents, and man is nothing or something, according to the balance in his ledger.

This common aversion to the frankness of *I can't afford it* is a perpetual provocative of pretense. Hence a life of artifice, where we conceal ourselves from each other in the masks of pretended wealth and showy disguises of fashion. No one will be able to assert his true independence of character until he dares to say *I can't afford it.*

TRANSPLANTING MOUNTAIN PEAKS.—Professor Gunning delivered a lecture in Hartford, Connecticut, on the last glacial period, during which he stated that he had seen in Stamford, Vermont, a mountain of granite as peculiar as that of Superior, but of different type. The crystals were foliated. Science can find that granite at home only in Stamford. The mountain is a truncated cone. The top has been clipped off. North of the Mountain there was not a single boulder of foliated granite. South of the Mountain there were multitudes of such boulders. Perched on the very top of Hoosac Mountain the tourist may see a boulder, about seventy feet in circumference, and fifteen feet high. If he looks at the boulder, then at the mountain, he will see that the boulder has no kinship with the mountain. The boulder is that same Stamford granite—a Vermont carpet bagger ensconced on one of the highest peaks of Massachusetts. The tourist may look south westward over Deerfield Valley thirteen hundred feet deep, and see far in the distance the outlines of Stamford mountain from whose top that boulder was torn.

If a lady wants to touch the feelings of a gentleman in a tender spot let her sit—with deliberate carelessness if she can continue to do so—upon his new silk hat. Simultaneously with its crush will be the emotions of its terrified owner.

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass," was her brother's reply.

To Young Men.

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to business, and add to the profit and reputation of your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore more speedily and correctly. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting round stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct with regularity, promptness and liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy any article simply because the man that sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of buisness pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on customers.

Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks, to those in your employ; for to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend time in idlenes. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal that than to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidents, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead, rather than behind the time.

Young men, cut this out; and if there is folly in the argument, let us know.

"HOW I HATE THE RAIN."—Thus exclaimed a little girl in our hearing last evening, as the big drops pattered on the window pane, and she looked out almost sobbing at her inability to enjoy a promenade. It was a foolish thought of the child; but many a grown up person is just as foolish in their wishes. They would rejoice to exclude every cloud from their social horizon. They then would be blest if they could be insured continuous good fortune—no griefs, no melancholy, no vicissitudes of condition. Ah, what a great mistake They would die of *ennui* in a month! The monotony of satisfaction would be unendurable. Our little afflictions are actually a relief. They enable us to enjoy again that pleasure which, if uninterrupted, would sicken us to satiety and sorrow. Trouble and pain are the clouds and the rain which give variety to our social existence, and fructify our social nature. The world was not made for incessant light or darkness, nor man for incessant joy or woe. Change is at once our annoyance and ou benefactor.

A youngster being shown at a toy shop a *paper mache* mouse which, when wound up, ran about in a very life-like manner, exclaimed, with contempt, "O, mamma, I don't want that; we've got lots of 'em at home, and don't have to wind 'em up, either."

A Milesian hearing sundry reports, rather against his character for veracity, exclaimed, in an honest burst of indignation, "Thank forten, half the lies that are told about are not true."

A cynical journalist says the reason such a number of marriages occur immediately after a great war is that bachelors become so accustomed to strife that they learn to like it.

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and wants to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw-bone.

The land of canine—where they don't have any of their dogs muzzled, and where butchers don't make Bologna sausage.

An Irishman being asked to define hard drink, said: "It is sitting on a rock and sipping cold water."

A country dentist advertises that he "spares no pains to render his operations satisfactory."

Judy announces that the "grog blossom" is the product of the "rum shrub."

The Cheapest of Lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

Sure way to stop a woman's mouth—Kiss it.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

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

ED. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodenware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

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

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

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

H. BUCHER SWOOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

J. B. M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

I. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all Legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct 10.

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

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationary, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa Dec. 6, 1865.

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street Clearfield, Pa. Dec 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 9, '59.

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

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room, on Market street, a few doors west of *Journal Office*, Clearfield, Pa. Apr27

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, William's Grove, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 10th, 1867, tf.

WESTERN HOTEL, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

DR. J. F. WOODS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Having removed to ANSONVILLE, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Dec. 2 1868-6mp.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863

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

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attorneys at Law Clearfield, Pa., Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa., May 16th, 1866.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE WILLIAM D. BIGLER
J. BLAKE WALTERS FRANK FIELDING

W. ALBERT, & BRO'S., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

W. T. GIBSON, PRACTICAL DENTIST, having permanently located in the town of Janesville, tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. All work entrusted to his care will be done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession Nov. 18, 1868—6m

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a.
March 6th, 1867.-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. Having recently located in the Borough of Lumber City, and resumsumed the practice of Land Surveying, respectfully tenders his professional services to the owners and speculators in lands in Clearfield and adjoing counties. Deeds of Conveyance neatly executed. Office and residence one door East of Kirk & Spencers Store
Lumber City, April 14, 1867-1y.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving soldiers who enlisted prior to 22d July, 1861, served one year or more and were honorably discharged, a bounty of $100.
☞ Bounties and Pensions collected by me for those entitled to them.
WALTER BARRETT, Att'y at Law.
Aug. 15th, 1866. Clearfield, Pa.

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

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 attestations of his Professional skill.
All work done in the office I will hold myself personally responsible for being done in the most 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, 1868-1y.

PURE BUCK LEAD, equal in quality to English white lead; Oils, Paints and Varnishes of all kinds; Gold leaf in books, and bronzes, for sale by A. I. SHAW.
Clearfield, October 23, 1867.

GRAIN WANTED.—Wheat, Rye, Corn, Buckwheat and Oats wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid by J. P. KRATZER, Market Street, opposite the Jail, Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. CUNNINGHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Real Estate Agent and Conveyancer, TYRONE, BLAIR COUNTY, PA. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Tyron, Pa., January 27, 1869-tf.

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE OF McGIRK & PERKS, Successors to Foster, Perks, Wright & Co., PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO., PA.
Where all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. March 20.-tf.
J. D. M'GIRK. EWD. PERKS.

J. P. KRATZER, Clearfield, Penn'a, Dealer in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Millinery Goods, Groceries, Hard-ware, Queens-ware, Stone-ware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, etc., is constantly receiving new supplies from the cities, which he will dispose of at the lowest market prices, to customers. Before purchasing elsewhere, examine his stock. Clearfield, August 28, 1867.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!
GOOD AND CHEAP!!!
Men, Youths and Boys can be suplpied 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 BRO'S & 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, Fruits, Candies, 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, is of the best quality, of the latest styles, and will be sold at lowest prices for cash, or exchanged for approved country produce.
Be sure and call and examine our stock before making your purchases, as we are determined to please all who may favor us with their custom.
May 8, 1867. J. SHAW & SON.

CLEARFIELD ACADEMY.
The Fourth Session of the present Scholastic year of this Institution, will commence on Monday, the 26th day of April, 1869.
Pupils can enter at any time. They will be charged with tuition from the time they enter to the close of the session.
The course of instruction embraces everything included in a thorough, practical and accomplished education of both sexes.
The Principal having had the advantage of much experience in his profession, assures parents and guardians that his entire ability and energies will be devoted to the mental and moral training of the youth placed under his charge.
TERMS OF TUITION:
Orthography, Reading, Writing and Primary Arithmetic, per session, (11 weeks.) $5 00
Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, and History. $6.00
Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mensuration Surveying, Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry Book-keeping, Botany, and Physical Geography. $9.00
Latin, Greek and French, with any of the above branches. $12.00
Music, Piano, (30 lessons.) $10.00
☞ No deduction will be made for absence.
For further particulars inquire of
REV. P. L. HARRISON, A. M.
July 31, 1867. Principal.

G. L. REED, J. F. WEAVER, W. POWELL, NOTICE. G. F. HOOP, J. JONES, W. W. BETTS.
CLEARFIELD PLANING MILL
ALL RIGHT.
MESSRS. HOOP, WEAVER & CO., Proprietors, would respectfully inform the citizens of the county that they have completely refitted and supplied their PLANING MILL, in this Borough, with the best and latest improved
WOOD WORKING MACHINERY,
and are now prepared to execute all orders in their line of business, such as
Flooring, Weatherboarding, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Brackets, and Moldings, of all kinds.
They have a large stock of dry lumber on hand, and will pay cash for clear stuff, one-and-a-half inch pannel plank preferred [Nov 6, '67.