

# The Kaffyman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 40.

## Select Poetry.

### THE OLD HOUSE.

Oh, farmhouse old, with gables gray,  
Round which the woodbine droop and cling,  
Where swallows twitter all the day,  
And rust-coated robins sing,  
I cross your threshold worn and old,  
Half hidden by the tangled grass,  
That seems to think my footsteps bold,  
And nods and shivers as I pass.  
How still and lone the empty room!  
No voice to speak a kindly word,  
No laugh to drive away the gloom,  
Where often happy echoes stirred,  
When, in the far off long ago,  
Glad footsteps rang along the hall,  
And voices spoke, in accents low,  
The words most dear and sweet of all.  
How bare and cold the lonely hearth,  
Where happy faces once were seen,  
And voices rang in merry mirth,  
The cheerful song and jest between,  
Where are the ones who gathered here,  
In that glad, happy time of old?  
Ah, me! no answer greets my ear—  
All lonely, silent, bare and cold!  
Here sat our mother, tender-eyed,  
The peace of Heaven in her sweet face;  
We used to linger at her side,  
And count this spot a hallowed place.  
How lonely seems this empty room,  
Where mother's face no more I see!  
Perhaps, from out the shadowy gloom,  
Her loving spirit looks on me.  
Here father sat at close of day;  
I see his kindly features yet.  
Though he has gone so far away,  
His face I never shall forget.  
Beneath the churched flowers and grass  
His form was hidden, long ago,  
Where daisies watch the sunbeams pass  
Across the graves so green and low.  
How sad! how still! the churched gloom  
Is not more sorrowful than this!  
Dead faces haunt the empty room,  
The forms and faces that I miss.  
They whisper to my lonely heart;  
The unbidden tears will fill my eye;  
The years have drifted me apart—  
Old lonely, lonely house, good-bye!

### OUT WEST.

"Ruined!" exclaimed Mr. Buel, and he clasped his grey hair in his hands and dropped it on the dining table, with a motion of despairing helplessness.  
Mrs. Buel arose and left the room. She was not strong enough to offer consolation to her bowed and stricken husband.  
Ellen got up, too, in sore distress, and went over to the table, and touched her father's arm with her slight girlish fingers, on one of which sparkled a diamond ring.  
"Don't grieve so, dear father. It cannot be quite as bad as you think."  
"It is a thousand times worse, child, than you imagine. Every cent of my property has been sunk in oil speculations. A month ago I thought myself a rich man, but to-day I am a beggar. Do you know what that means?"  
"I only know you suffer, dear father," said Ellen, tearfully, getting down on her knees beside him; "and I pity you from the bottom of my heart."  
"Pity yourself and your poor mother."  
"I must think of you now because you feel this blow more keenly than we can. Is there nothing to hope for in the future?"  
"What can I hope for?" repeated Mr. Buel, almost querulously. "As an honorable man I must abandon every cent I am worth to my creditors. Nothing remains but your Uncle Lathrop's offer of a western agency. He has a farm out in Egypt which he would allow us to occupy rent free as long as we cared to stay there. It is a desirable, out-of-the-way place, ten miles or more from any town or railway station. Haven't the heart to propose such a change to your poor mother. Her nerves are terribly shattered already."  
"It would be a thousand times better to go out there and live independently," said Ellen, catching at the plan, "than to starve gently here in New York, or to live on any of our relations. The boys are growing up, and a few years of genuine country life will injure them none. Fortunately I have just finished school, and am blessed with excellent health. Mother is the only one to be considered, and I think I can win her over to the plan."  
"You little know, child, what you are consenting to," said Mr. Buel, in a softened tone, as he touched Ellen's forehead, pityingly. "You will be cut off from every social advantage, and doomed to hard work and all manner of privations."  
"I would gladly work for you, father," cried Ellen, impulsively. "You have screamed and sheltered me ever since I was born, and studied in every way to make me happy. It is high time that I begin to pay you back; so let us think about going west, as soon as we can sell the house and wind up matters here."  
"You are a good girl, Ellen, and I lean on you, in this hour of trouble, more than on any body else. Perhaps I never should have found out what a brave, strong heart you carry in your bosom, if we had lived on, prosperous and happy."  
Ellen Buel had heretofore scarcely shown herself different from other New York girls of her class. Born and brought up in the city, with luxurious surroundings, and no care for the morrow, her girlish tastes had blossomed in a kindly air. There were a thousand pleasures, a thousand agreeable excitements at hand. Each season brought the dress maker and an inundation of new goods, and Ellen was measured and fitted for becoming and pretty dresses, of which she felt no scorn. For each summer vacation a trip was planned to Cape May, Saratoga, or the White Mountains. Life was like a fairy book. She was fond of school, and came forth with a bran-new parchment of the sciences and of one or two modern languages, but no available knowledge of any branch of learning. Ellen had

never bothered her head about great aims and aspirations. She expected to appear in society like other girls, and by and by to marry, and settle down in a home of her own.

Such was Ellen Buel when ruin overwhelmed her father. Being the eldest of the family, she had always lived like a boarder at home—not even dusting her own pretty room, with its pictures and nicknacks. Three of them were away at boarding school, and the youngest, a curly-pated darling, was scarcely out of frocks.

For the first time now Ellen took her natural place in the family, and decided, with a promptness and energy no one had dreamed of her possessing, that the removal out West should be accomplished as speedily as possible. Mrs. Buel's nerves would not allow her to think or act. She retired to her bed, had the room darkened, and every breath of fresh air rigorously excluded. Mr. Buel was stunned by the blow, and Ellen was obliged to be head and hands for everybody. Before the day of the auction sale came round she had disposed of her watch and diamond ring, both of them birthday presents, and a friend bid in for her a few of the articles her mother most heartily prized.

It was a cold, drizzly evening, late in the fall, when the Buel family assembled at the cars in Jersey City, prepared to take their flight into Egypt. Mrs. Buel sat in the sleeping-car, with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, surrounded by a few condoling friends. The healthy animal spirits of the boys made a little breeze through the place, while they stowed away their bags and bundles. Life in the Western wilds, as they pictured it, did not seem so dreadful after all. Fred, the eldest, strapped up his gun-case, containing a capital rifle, which his uncle Lathrop had given him, with visions of wild turkey shooting and buffalo hunts.

Ellen had hung her hat upon a hook and made herself at home. She was talking to Char'e Morton; and during the last minute or two had grown quite confidential, and had acknowledged that the figure looked very dismal to her young eyes. She hardly knew why Charley Morton had appeared at the cars that day, and she had dated and danced together a score of times during the past winter, nothing like intimacy had sprung up between them. Charley Morton certainly had an idea or two in his head; and Ellen thought him the most sensible, manly young fellow she knew, although he was rather savage on modern young girls, and without mercy aimed his sarcasms at the frivolous, half-dressed creatures who float through New York society.

"I think you are acting very bravely," Charley remarked with a little flourish.

"Oh, you would not say so," replied Ellen, looking up at him with her frank eyes, "if you knew how much this exile costs me, and what hard work it is to keep cheerful!"

"The more a thing costs the more precious it is," returned Charley, putting up his hand to cough. Then he added, abruptly, changing the subject: "I am going to take a run out West myself one of these days, and I shall surely look you up."  
"Beware of Egyptian darkness," and Ellen laughed, with something of the old pleasant ring to her voice.

"I shall have a bright particular star to guide me on my way," responded Charley; and he bent his tall person down towards Ellen, and whispered some earnest words, which brought a bright flush into her cheek, while a little bouquet of Le Mark rosebuds and heliotrope fell upon her lap. Afterward Charley pulled out his note-book, and wrote down a post-office address with special care; and then there was a warm hand-shaking all round, until the last screech of the steam whistle gave him notice to depart.

Some weeks later we see Ellen established in her new abode—a staring, boardy, unpainted pine tenement, dropped by accident, as it seemed, on the brown waste of the prairie. Nothing more desolate can well be imagined. The frost was late in closing in this year. The roads were still deep with mire. Everything was contaminated with black mud. Taken from the heart of the great city, teeming with life, the Buels were stranded on the treeless flat prairie, with its monotonous horizon, and here and there a corn stack or an Irish cabin visible from the windows.

As soon as the moving from the distant railway station was partially over, Mr. Buel departed on a collecting tour for the New York mercantile firm which had employed him. He left Ellen what little money he could spare, then he clasped her close in his arms.

"Be a good girl, Ellen, and comfort your mother. I might better have died long ago than have lived to lay this burden on your young shoulders."

"How can you say such dreadful words, father, when it is only money that we have lost? There are better things in this world than money, though I don't despise it. Mother will come up, I am sure, as soon as we get put to rights; and, for my part, I am of so much importance to everybody just now, I could not be unhappy if I should try."

The parting over, Ellen sat down and cried; and then she washed the red from her eyes, and went into her mother's room. It was the best of the ill-contrived, frail dwelling afforded; and she had fitted it up with the few comfortable luxuries articles bro't from their old city home. Mrs. Buel lay in a semi-twilight, utterly prostrated and with her eyes closed.

"Cheer up, mother," said Ellen, taking her white, listless hand and fondling it. "Mrs. O'Rooney, our next neighbor, has

been in this morning, with offers of assistance. She has promised to show me how to boil a potato and to make corn bread. Her skill doesn't go much beyond that point, I imagine; but Miss Beecher's cookery book will prove my good fairy, and before long you shall have something to tempt your poor appetite."

"It is dreadful," moaned Mrs. Buel, "to think of your doing the work of a servant."  
"Oh, no, it isn't a bit dreadful!" responded Ellen, with vivacity. "Every day I am learning something new, and I quite enjoy it. I have found out what a splendid thing it is to be useful. Any kind of work can be made pleasant if we go about it in the right spirit. The boys are very hopeful, and I see how I am going to gain great influence over them. Arthur has promised to wipe the dishes every day, and I, in turn, have agreed to practice singing with him. So you see we shall forget it is drudgery, and turn it into a kind of jubilee."

"What a singular girl you are, Ellen. You don't appear to have the least consideration for your hands. They will soon be red and coarse."  
"I wouldn't mind if they grew as rough as nutmeg graters," said Ellen, cheerfully. "If they are only able to weave a spell that shall bring back the smiles to your face."  
Mrs. Buel closed her eyes with an injured air; and the brave young girl tripped away to attend to the duties of the kitchen. Her pretty, fashionably made dresses had never been unpacked. Her dainty gloves, hats and laces were lying buried in the depths of a Saratoga trunk. Ellen adopted the custom of the country, and went about in a calico dress, a blanket shawl, and woolen hood.

The older boys were out of doors most of the time, attending to a small drove of cattle that roamed at large over the barrens prairie. The house was so badly contrived for work or comfort that the poor girl was sorely tried to know how to exist at all. The rooms were destitute of cupboards or closets; great cracks ventilated the side walls, and led in dangerous drafts and currents of air; the roof leaked, the chimney smoked, sulky, or utterly refused to draw.

Mrs. O'Rooney, in spite of her proud position as an independent Hoosier's wife, did condescend occasionally to do a day's washing for the Buels; not so much for Ellen's pay as for her pleasant, friendly ways, and because she had offered to teach her shock-headed boy to read.

Mail days, which came semi-occasionally, with its shower of letters and periodicals from the great world, always caused immense excitement at the lonely Egyptian farmhouse. Now and then arrived a missive which Ellen read alone by herself, and then laid away by a bunch of dried flowers. It was noticeable for a whole day thereafter that her feet tripped about as if keeping time to some delicious measure beating in her heart.

Later in the year the terrible prairie winds brought storms and whirling drifts of snow. One morning Ellen woke with little specks of ice formed by her breath upon her pillow, and heard the poor, unhoused cattle moaning about the door. At this time she wrote as follows to a friend in New York:  
"We have had the Egyptian plague of mud, and now we are suffering from the bitter cold. As I look at the vast, white heaving sea that surrounds us, I sometimes fancy myself in the polar regions, with Dr. Kane. The walls of our frail castle are draped with the oddest kind of tapestry—woolen bed blankets, hung up to stop the wind from the cracks. The boys and I take turns keeping the fire going all night, else I fear we should turn into statues before morning. Instead of promenading on Broadway, or taking an airing in the Park, I wrap my head and shoulders in a shawl, bury my person in one of father's old coats and a pair of men's boots, and go with the boys to break the ice in the brook (or 'branch,' according to Hoosier dialect) for the poor cattle to drink. Then, together, we give them their breakfast on corn fodder."

"My old, pleasant life with you at home begins to seem like a dream. I can tell you, who know all my weak points, how terribly blue I get sometimes. I try to bottle up my rebellious feelings for poor mother's sake; but, if those who praise me, as you say people do, for being brave, could only see the wrong side of my heroism, their admiration would speedily evaporate."

"Tell me all about the fashions when you write. What are peplums and chignons?"  
Almost two years had sped away since that wet, dismal evening when Ellen took leave of her city home. She was still the good angel of the Egyptian farm house; for Mrs. Buel continued teetle and spiritless, and the burdens of life rested upon her shoulders. But the prospects of the Buel family were brightening. The father had secured a good situation for Fred in Cincinnati, and the way seemed opening for the removal of the whole family to that pleasant Western city in less than a year.

One evening, just at dusk, in the hazy Indian summer weather, when the larger boys were out shooting prairie chickens, Ellen sat milking her favorite cow, Brindle Bess, behind the corn stack. A great yellow moon was beginning to gain a little power over the wide plain.

"Here, Arthur," said she, hearing a step near her, "take this pail to the house."  
A hand was stretched forth, but it was not Arthur's hand, and the smiling face of Charley Morton was revealed to her gaze.

"Oh! Charley," she cried, a little thrown off her guard, "how glad I am you have come at last!"  
I will not say positively, but I am afraid Charley committed the impropriety of putting his arms around Ellen and printing a kiss on her lips. At any rate, when the young man returned to New York she had promised to be his wife; and he has thought more gently and kindly of women—even of the frivolous and aimless crowd—ever since.

## HOW WE OBTAINED A HOME.

It was a dreary November night, the rain had been falling all day, and I was thoroughly and inwardly disconsolate, when my little wife met me at the door.

"Why, Will, what caused you to be so late?" said she, "the tea has been steeped this hour; and I really began to fear that some one had taken a fancy to your watch, and caused you an unpleasant delay."

This remark was made with reference to an ancient time-keeper which I carried—a huge watch which had belonged to my grandfather. My wife was always predicting that some gentlemanly footpad would seek to possess himself of this valuable, if I was not more careful about exhibiting it. The truth was, she was sorry in her heart that I could not afford a better one, and so she took this method to banter me.

We sat down to tea that night in our cozy little back parlor, beside a grate fire, and the fragrant Oolong, and my wife's cheery talk, soon caused me to forget my long walk and the dreaching, and the unpleasant incidents of the rain.

"Do you know, my dear?" said I, breaking open a white, creamy biscuit the while, "do you know I had some very serious thoughts on my way home to-night?"  
"Oh, no doubt you had," said she, "you thought perhaps in a fit of mental abstraction, how much you had made on the last 'corner,' in speculation."  
All this was decidedly naughty. You see I had managed to save a thousand dollars, and a friend of mine knew it, and he also knew of a nice 'corner' on wheat, and the half of my humble pile he said was sufficient seed for a rich harvest on this 'corner' as was preparing. Well, I invested, partly to please my friend, and a good deal to please myself, to make a little money quick, and the result was the following Saturday night—Will Atkin's minus five hundred dollars.

"No," said I, "nothing of the kind. I was thinking how hard it is to be poor. How hard to toil year after year, and just barely make a living. Here we live in a rented house. We have paid out in rent for this little cottage three times its first cost. A man ought to own the house he lives in, if it be but a shed. I have never seen the time when I could spend money for a house. When fortunate in speculation, I have let my funds slip through my fingers, I don't know how, and my regular salary is only sufficient for our yearly expenses."

"Do you mean to say," said she, looking at me over her cup, "that you would willingly compel the wife of your bosom to live in a smaller and cheaper structure than this? Do you, really?"  
"No, no," said I; "and, indeed, if I were to think of building a cheap cottage, where is the money to come from?" and then I grunted audibly over the aforesaid 'corner.'

"Well," said she, "I am glad you are still a devoted husband not disposed in the least to play the tyrant; but would it not be well, now that we are on the subject, to see if there is not some way open to liberty? For my part I would like to watch over a patch of ground which we could call our own. Do you know," said she, "that I have never cared anything about flowers here. It is not because I am not fond of flowers, as you well know, but it seems so ridiculous to be cultivating flowers on rented ground. How I would like to be mistress of a little yard and then the flowers would be my own."

The fact is my wife had been always talking after this manner. She wanted me to build a house, even though it had but one room. So I answered:  
"Yes, yes, but where is the money to come from?" and again I thought of the 'corner.'

"Well," said she, "this is the first time that ever you seemed to see eye to eye with me as to 'love in a cottage.' When the thousand dollars were in the bank, you insisted that we had not enough; now that the half is gone, I say that we still have enough to begin with, and my feeling is 'strike for your altars and your fires.'"

By this time we were through tea, and taking a cigar from the mantel, I sat down in my easy chair, leaned back, took two or three whiffs of smoke, and said to her:  
"My dear, will you be kind enough to inform me how I shall go to work to build a house for five hundred dollars."

In the meantime she had drawn a stool to my feet, and was sitting looking up at me, her rosy and lustrous face beautiful in the gas-light. It had been difficult from the first for me to withstand that face. I believe I had never refused any request of hers save to abandon my cigar and build a cottage, and now I felt my time had come, and so I pulled away at my seed Havana with uncommon zest.

"Now, Will," said she, "listen I hear there are lots for sale in G—, great large lots on long time, at three hundred dollars each. It is only six miles out by rail, and property they say is rising in value there every year. My plan is this: Go down and buy a lot now, and get ready to build in the spring."

"Yes," said I, "but you forget the money."  
"Stop," said she, pulling with her tiny hand at my beard, "you pay down for your lot \$100, and have nothing more to pay for two years. We shall be able to replace the money by spring and have \$500 to begin our house with. We can build a cozy place, large enough for you and me for \$1,000."  
"Yes," said I, "but where is the remaining \$500 to come from?"  
"Look here," said she. "We now pay \$300 rent, do we not? This amount, at

least, we shall save in the new house. You can readily borrow on the security you will have the remaining \$500, and by a little economy we shall be out of debt in fifteen months from March next, save the \$200 on the lot."

"Yes, yes," said I, "and such a house as we shall have—oh dear!"

Well, I was influenced by my good wife. We went down one sunny day and looked at the lots and closed a bargain, and in the spring our house was commenced and ready for occupancy by the first of May. It was not so large a cottage as the one we had left; there was no gas, and I had myself helped to dig a well; but somehow there was a strange exhilaration of feeling on getting settled in our new abode. The affair had cost more than we had anticipated by \$200, so we were in debt on the house alone \$700 on moving in. I felt uneasy over this debt the first night. This feeling quickly passed off, and as we began to put out trees, make garden, and prepare for a family of children, our estate seemed so immense that the debt therein was trifling.

I cannot stop to tell you of the joy of that summer. Away from the roar and dust of the city; among large trees and growing shrubs and flowers, our moonlight nights were blissful, and the little cottage was a palace. Two years passed, and so much cheaper had we found it, living in this style that we had not only paid the debt on the house, but on the lot also. We wanted to remain there and never leave it. But we could not. Property had advanced in price to such an extent that the half of our lot brought \$5,000. This I put into business and on this venture fortune smiled. We stayed in the little cottage another year, sold it, and built a large and elegant house out of the proceeds of our first investment. Years have passed since then. I own a number of houses, and have been successful in trade, and now occupy a marble front on a fine avenue; but we have never been happier than when living in a thousand dollar cottage, and my wife's advice was the foundation of our fortune.

UNPREMEDITATED ELOQUENCE.—As an example of unpremeditated eloquence, may be given a short answer of Curran, the Irish orator, to a certain judge Robinson—"the author of many scurrilous political pamphlets"—who, upon one occasion, when the barrister was arguing a case before him, had the impudence to reproach Curran with his poverty, by telling him that he suspected "his law library was rather contracted."

"It is true, my Lord," said Curran, with dignified respect, "that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession, rather by the study of a few good works, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by sordidly and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained reputation will make me the more universally, and the more notoriously, contemptible."

A CURIOUS CEREMONY.—The London correspondent of the Chicago Journal writes: "I witnessed one day last week a curious ceremony at one of the churches in my neighborhood. In the year 1794 an old lady died and was buried in one of the vaults of that church. When her will was read, it was found that she had bequeathed a considerable sum to the church, the proceeds of which were to be annually distributed to the poor of the parish on the 28th of January, her own birthday. The condition attached to the bequest was that her coffin should be carefully dusted every year on the day in question. In case this operation should be omitted on a single occasion, the entire principal of the bequest was to pass to the authorities of the adjoining parish. Of course the officials of the church have always been careful to perform this interesting ceremony, and it was done this year for the seventy-fifth time, by the sexton, in presence of the vicar, church wardens, and numerous spectators, among whom was probably some interested party from the adjoining parish to watch the proceedings."

CHURCH SINGING.—A correspondent of the Syracuse Journal writes: "A line of a hymn given out at a prayer meeting so excited the curiosity of my little girl, that on returning home she repeated it with a request for an explanation. The line, as she heard it, was 'Mike Rime's a bird and long has been.' At the cost of much time devoted to researches in an old hymn book, and the exercise of a patient ingenuity, the satisfactory discovery was made of the original of the above translation, to wit: 'My crimes a burden long have been.' In entering upon this search I had, to be sure, the advantage accruing from a recent solution of another enigma of hers, involving 'Who is Peter?' Peter was found located in the lines—'False to thee, like Peter, I would fain like Peter weep.'"

A down-east girl being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover who had the misfortune to have but one leg, replied: "Pooh, I wouldn't have a man with two legs—they are too common!"

An old maid, on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a pretty young lady friend, observed with a deep and sympathetic sigh, "Well, I suppose it's what we all must come to."

## Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.  
WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.  
E. D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodensware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

NYLING & SHOWERS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. 462-3.  
MERRELL & HIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 2d.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, etc., Room in Graham & Boynton's store, Nov. 10.  
H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store, Nov. 10.

J. B. McNEALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton's store, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.

T. 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 Sawn Lumber, Hay Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, etc., Exchange, 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 15, 1865.

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

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

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 19, 59.

THOMAS J. MULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield Bank." Deals in and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3, 1867.

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

F. W. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, William's Grove, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 19th, 1867, if.

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 bar is kept by 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, 1865-66.

FREDERICK LETZINGER, Manufacturer of Dress 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.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McNeally, Esq., at the First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, Ac., 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, 1865.  
WILLIAM A. WALLACE, WILLIAM H. BIGLER, CLERKS.

W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, etc., 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 33d 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, 1865-66.

W. T. GIBSON, PRACTICAL DENTIST, having permanently located in the town of Jonesville, attends his professional duties 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. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Nov. 18, 1865-66.

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. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. March 6th, 1867-68. JAMES MITCHELL.

THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer, Having recently located in the Borough of Lumber City, and resumed the practice of Land Surveying, respectfully tenders his professional services to the owners and speculators in lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Deeds of Conveyance neatly executed. Office and residence one door East of Kirk's Store, Lumber City, Pa. Nov. 18, 1865-66.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving soldiers who enlisted prior to 23d 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, Atty at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 11th, 1866.

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 patronage. Every department connected with the house is conducted in a manner to give general satisfaction. Give him a call.  
GEO. S. COLBURN, Nov. 4, 1866.

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. F. SHAW, D. D. S., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest attainments of his Professional skill. All work done in his office will be held 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 desires coming. Clearfield, June 2, 1868-19.

PURE BUCK LEAD, equal in quality to English white lead (Oils, Talcums 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, Buck Oat 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, TYONE, BLAIR COUNTY, PA. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Tyrone, Pa., January 27, 1869-70.

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE OF MCGIRK & PEERS, Successors to Foster, Perks, Wright & Co., PHILADELPHIA, CENTER CO., PA. Where all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. March 20-11. J. W. PERKS. E. W. PERKS.

J. P. KRATZER, Clearfield, Penn'a, Dealer in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Millinery Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Stone-ware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, etc., 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 supplied with full suits of reasonable 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., 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 have purchased their stock at reduced prices they can sell cheaper than others.

For those and other reasons persons should buy their clothing at REIZENSTEIN BROS. & CO. Produce of every kind taken at the highest market prices. May 18, 1864.

NEW SPRING STOCK! J. SHAW & SON. Have just returned from the east and are now opening an entire new stock of goods in the room formerly occupied by Wm. F. Irwin, on Market Street, which they now offer to the public at the lowest cash prices.

Their stock consists of a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Dress Goods, 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.

Be sure and call and examine our stock before making your purchases, as we are determined 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 25th day of April, 1869.