

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself and the art, young man,
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house mark well the spot—
Test well the ground, and build you not
On the sand or shak'ing nod.
Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the corner wall;
Let the floor be strong and the roof be high,
Like an open turret toward the sky,
Through which heavenly dews may fall.
Let this be the room of your soul, young man,
When shadows shall herald care;
A chamber with a window or a hatch
To hinder the light—or door or latch
To shut in the spirit's prayer!
Build slow and sure; 'tis for life young man,
A life that outlasts the breath;
For who shall gaze the Holy Word?
Their works do follow them," saith the Lord,
"Therein there is no death."
Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands;
Let your little deeds be clear and bright
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light,
For the "house not made with hands."

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

"Will you buy my body, sir?"
I, Charles Markham, a young physician,
was sitting alone in a dusky little room that
the sign without dignified with the title of
"office" when these words fell upon my
ears. I had just returned from visiting the
few patients I could boast of, thoroughly
heart-sick at the want of humanity in the world
and to the skin, and I more than half frozen.
I cannot remember a worse night, in all
respects. It was cold as the Arctic regions,
and the sleet that rattled upon the windows
seemed to cover them with a coating of ice. It
had stormed heavily all the day, the stores
were closed, and the side walk vendors had
gone under shelter.
"God help any one who is forced to be
abroad to-night!" had been my thought as
I hurried along after finishing my profes-
sional duties and while breathing my way
homeward.
I had scarcely reached home, changed my
strawed garments, exhaled the sparkling
amalgam into a cheerful glow, and began
building castles in Spain of the time when
I should have a lucrative practice, ride in a
carriage, and own a brown stone front,
when the strange and heart chilling words
fell upon my ears, causing all my pleasant
fancies to drift away in an instant.
"Will you buy my body, sir?"
I sprang from my easy chair, dropping
my well colored mercerized in my astonish-
ment, and turned to see who it was that,
like Iphigene's raven, had uttered the terrible
words—
"Will you buy my body, sir?"
The question was repeated for the second
time before I had fully recovered myself—
before I was convinced that it was no
ill-mannered maid, but one of human
blame at least. Yet the request was so
utterly unusual, so much at variance with all
preconceived notions of harter and sale, that
all I could do was to push a chair towards
the intruder, and stand in silent wonderment.
In a few moments, the self command I
had learned during hospital practice came
to my aid, and I saw that my visitor was a
woman—a girl, rather, for she could not
have been more than nineteen or twenty at
the utmost; and it had not been for the
extreme pallor of the face, the pinched up
look about the mouth, and the sad, sunken
eyes, she would have possessed far more
than ordinary beauty.
The flickering light of the fire flashed up
on the soft brown hair, giving it a golden
glow, and dissolving the snow flakes that
had lodged there, making them glitter like
liquid pearls. This much, and that her dress
and shawl were of the cheapest material,
and that a poor defence against the howling
storm and pitiless cold, and the strange re-
quest, darted with lightning like rapidity
upon my brain.
"Draw nearer to the fire," I said. "You
are benumbed. Warm yourself, and—"
"I have no time—must not stay," she
answered with a sigh, though she dropped
heavily into a chair and brushed away the
snow-drops from her face with her thin
hand.
Without waiting for further remonstrance
I beckoned to the good serving maid, of
which she stood so much in need, and
with gentle force held it to her lips.
"I cannot, cannot," she gasped, half push-
ing it away.
"You must," I insisted. "Remember I
am a physician—that is my prescription—
that your life may depend upon it."
"Alas! O God! How long and sad!
Will it give me strength?"
"That certainly is the object. I have in
my hand you to take it. What else should it
be?"
"Give it to me?"
"You must," I insisted. "Remember I
am a physician—that is my prescription—
that your life may depend upon it."
I reached her chair up nearer to the fire,
and stirred the fire to a more brilliant glow,
hoping that the patient would quiet her ex-
citement, wake the chilled blood to a warm-
er and swifter glow, and that sleep would
follow.
For a moment I fancied that I was right.
The little hands dropped nervously into
her lap; the softly veiled lids drooped over
the deep blue eyes; the head fell forward
upon the breast. But alas! it was only a
momentary delusion. In another instant
she sprang to her feet again, pressed her
hands upon her temples, as if to still their
throbbing, and looked wildly around.
"O God!" she exclaimed, "I here amid
warmth and comfort, and—"

Convulsive sobs choked any further ut-
terance.
"Sit down, and tell me the reason of your
coming here," I almost commanded, as I
placed her in my chair.
"Ah! I remember it all now! Remem-
ber! Is there no such thing as forgetful-
ness? Yes, I remember all. I came here
to—"
"Be calm! I understand that you are in
need and came here for assistance."
"I came," she replied, looking upon me
with such utter despair that it made my
blood run cold, "I came, doctor, to sell you
my body."
"Was I talking to a sane woman, or a ma-
niac?" The latter was certainly my thought,
but I could see nothing in her clear blue eyes
of the wandering of insanity. "Sell my body?"
She spoke of it as an every-day transac-
tion.
"Great heaven!" I exclaimed, laying
my finger upon her pulse, with the expec-
tation of finding it bounding with race horse
rapidity, but on the contrary finding it far
more calm than my own; "you cannot be in
earnest?"
"I am in earnest—God alone knows how
much in earnest. It is my last resort. Will
you buy it?" Will you give me some
money for it?"
And she reached out her hand towards
me as the miser would have done upon hear-
ing the sound of jingling gold.
"How can I purchase it? You are yet
alive," I said.
"But I will soon die, and then you can
claim it. For the love of heaven, give me a
little, just a little, money."
And the hitherto dry eyes were flooded
with tears.
"Why do you wish to sell it? You cannot
but understand that it is an unheard of
proceeding. Our profession do not pur-
chase bodies before death, no matter what
we may do after."
"I know it—I know it; but I must have
money, and there is no other means left me
to get it. I must have it now."
She would have arisen again, but I resolu-
tely held her down.
"For what purpose do you want money?"
I asked.
"To purchase food, fire, medicine."
"For your self?"
"Ah, no. Had that been the case, I never
could have come hither. I would have
lain down in the gutter and died, God knows
how willingly. But tell me," she contin-
ued, almost fiercely, "will you give me some
money? I must have it."
"If not for yourself, then in the name of
heaven for whom would you make such an
awful sacrifice? Is it one that is near and
dear to you?"
"It is my little sister."
The words dropped from her tongue as
they might have dropped from an angel's,
and her face wore as holy a light as if she
had been star-crowned.
"Then she is sick?"
"Dying! Dying! And I sitting idly here."
"Why did you not tell me of this before?"
"Because I had begged so long in vain. I
had no money to pay a doctor, and who
would go forth on a charitable errand such
a night as this?"
My blood boiled so that I could not an-
swer. Could there be such men? Her words
reason told me in a moment that her woe
was too true, and I almost cursed my race.
Without delay I gathered such things as I
thought might be of service, wrapped the
delicate form in a heavy cloak, and with a
few words of comfort we sailed out together
into the black night and merciless storm and
cold. Fortunately the distance we had to
travel was a short one. A few blocks were
passed, and she led me up several flights of
dismal, creaking stairs into a room.
"Forenoon, is that you?" I heard asked
by what my eye convinced me was a pair of
childish, infantile lips.
"Yes, my darling; lie still for a mo-
ment."
"I am so glad. You have been so long
so very, very long away, and I am so sick,
and cold, and hungry, and it was so dark,
and I have been so frightened at the strange
noises."
"Excuse me, sir," she said, as she turned
and lighted the remnant of a candle;
"excuse me, but I have been so long away
from Bessie."
I answered not. Her voice had a melody
in it, now attuned by love, that I wished to
linger upon my ears unbroken, like the
strains of some ones I have heard, and
which haunted me for years.
In a moment, the candle shed a sickly
light around the little room. Little, in-
deed, and unfinished to nothingness! One
scantily covered bed was all. But within I
saw a sweet, wet face that made me forget
all else. I approached it, and laid my hand
upon the pulse of the little sufferer.
"Who are you?" she asked, drawing
back in alarm.
"He is a doctor, Bessie; a dear, good,
kind friend," I replied her sister; and from
that moment she became perfectly passive in
my hands.
It did not require one much learned in
materia medica to see what was required.
I made the proper prescription, saw that it
was tenderly administered, told the elder
sister that I would be back in a few mo-
ments, and resisting all her attempts to
light me down the stairs, groped my way
into the street. I had noticed an eating
house at but a little distance as we came
along, and a statement of the case, backed
by the all-powerful king of the world, gold,
soon procured the loan of a disused stove,
a couple of chairs, fuel, light, and proper
food, and in a brief half hour that little
room wore something like an air of comfort.

Another hour, and the eyes of the child
were closed in slumber, and I urged her
to seek repose, but in vain.
"At least, lie down and let me cover you
with my cloak," I urged.
"No, doctor," was the constant reply, "I
cannot. I am so happy. It must have
been God that directed my wandering steps
to you."
And so we sat, with the night wind
roaring without, watching the almost angelic
face of the peacefully slumbering child—sat
and talked of what I was most anxious to
hear. But the conversation of those long
hours can be condensed into a very brief
space.
She who would have sold her body for the
sake of giving a little longer of life to her
sister was the daughter of wealthy parents.
But a few years previously, she could have
held her head as high as the highest. But
misfortune came—a series of disasters upon
land and sea, against which no human fore-
thought could have guarded, combined with
treachery and ingratitude of the deepest
die, swept away all. In their footsteps
followed the death of her mother, leaving
an infant but a few months old. The
father struggled manfully against the tide
for a brief time, then his health gave
and he followed his wife through the dark
valley and beyond the shining river, leaving
the elder sister to provide for the younger.

For a time, continued the girl, "I was
able to live comfortably by the sale of the
furniture and articles of value I possessed.
Then—but why should I unboast myself to
a stranger?" she asked, stopping suddenly
and looking me full in the face.
"Because," I replied, with a smile at her
earnestness, "I assure you have found a true
heart, and one that can feel for you."
"Yes, my kind heaven be thanked!"—
she replied, "I feel that it is so. Well I
struggled on—fought on with the better
word," she continued, the lines about her
mobile mouth suddenly becoming hard. "I
fought for life, sometimes teaching, some-
times obtaining a little sewing, in short
doing anything that my strength permitted,
until sickness came. Still, I gave not away
to despair. Truly, I was bound to the
stake—a sweet one—my darling sister. Of
the insults I received while seeking work, I
shall not speak. They must remain for-
ever locked in my breast," and the pale
face flushed scarlet at the thought.
"And found no employment?"
"None! Piece by piece I parted with
the little furniture I was the possessor of
until what you see was all that remained."
"My poor child!"
"It is true—I saw that she was nursing
herself to tell me something that was pain-
ful, and would have stopped her, but she
resolutely continued. "It is true, some
money was offered me by more than one man,
but I instantly and indignantly hurled it
back in my insult's face. Then, great
Heaven! upon this bitter night, with all
hope gone, I determined to sell my body to
some surgeon."
"What in the name of Heaven could
have put such an idea into her head?"
"I do not know, I cannot tell. Some-
where, I had either heard or read of some-
thing of the kind."
"You must have been very desperate?"
"On the verge of destruction! I had but
one dream, one desire, to save my darling
even a single pain."
"Have you no relatives?"
"Not a single one that I know of. Both
of my parents were only children, and their
parents came from foreign lands."
She paused and turned to smooth the
hair of the slumbering Bessie, and imprint a
kiss upon the curl-wreathed and snowy
brow; and I thought what desperate trials
one like her must have passed through in
order to bring her mind to look calmly upon
giving herself to the knife and the ribald
jests of the dissecting room! And I thought
of the sterling truth of her young heart that
could resist the allurements of gold when so
hedged by want and pain in their terrible
shapes. I thought too—but she interrupted
me with:
"My kind—heaven, I might say my only
friend—whom God raised up to me in the
hour when all was darkness and misery, and
black death and a paper's grave were staring
me in the face. My kind friend—but I
am—have been keeping you from rest."
"Me! A physician's life is one that is
constantly broken in upon and—will you
pardon me? I have never had my heart so
deeply touched, or my feelings so much in-
terested in all my life."
A faint rose blush crept up from the ex-
quisitely moulded throat and mantled the
soft cheeks. She took my hand and pressed
it to her lips, leaving a warm kiss lingering
upon it. Did I suddenly build any castles
in Spain!
When the morning light broke again over
the gay city the storm had ceased and na-
ture smiled—cold, it is true, but brilliantly.
There was a plentiful breakfast served in
that little room, but the dinner was taken
in far other quarters.
As I write these lines, I (with some, at
least, of my dreams of wealth and position
realized) sit in a cozy study and listen to
the writhing howling of the storm without.
There is a beautiful brown-haired woman
sewing near—a sprit of a girl decorating a
snow-white kitten with crimson ribbons on
a rug in front of the glowing grate. I look
up suddenly from the book I am reading at
the former. Our eyes meet. Are we both
thinking of the past? It may be so. She
steals softly behind my chair and twines her
arms around my neck.
"Darling, do you remember such a night
as this scarcely a year ago?" she asks.

"Yes. I was thinking of it."
"And of what brought me to you?"
"Yes."
She bends still nearer to me. I feel her
fervent kiss—suck a one as only a young
and lovely wic can give; and I hear, as it
were whispered rather by spirit than by
mortal lips:
"Now, my darling, I am yours body and
soul."
Thank God that is so.

One Hundred Years Ago.
On hundred and ten years ago there was
not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky,
Indiana and Illinois. Then, what is now
the most flourishing part of America was a
little known as the country around the
mountains of the moon. It was not until
1767 that Boone left his home in North
Carolina to become the first settler in Ken-
tucky. The first pioneers of Ohio did not
settle until twenty years after this time. A
hundred years ago, Canada belonged to
France, and the whole population did not
exceed a million and a half of people. A
hundred years ago, the great Frederick of
Prussia was performing those great exploits
which have made him immortal in military
annals, and with his little monarchy was sus-
taining a single-handed contest with Austria,
Russia and France, the three great powers
of Europe combined. A hundred years ago
Napoleon was not born, and Washington
was a modest Virginia colonel, and the great
events in the history of the two worlds, in
which these great but dissimilar men took
leading parts, were scarcely fore-shadowed.
A hundred years ago the United States
were the most loyal part of the British em-
pire, and on the political horizon no speck
indicated the struggle which within a score
of years thereafter established the great re-
public of the world. A hundred years ago
there were but four newspapers in America.
Steam engines had not been imagined and
railroads and telegraphs had not entered into
the remotest conception of man. When we
come to look back at it through the vista of
history, we find that to the century passed
has been allotted more important events, in
their bearing upon the happiness of the
world, than almost any other which has
elapsed since the creation.

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE.—The following
is from the recollections of a bachelor by Ike
Marvel: "A poor man without some kind
of religion is at best but a poor reprobate,
the football of destiny, with no tie linking
him to infinity and the wondrous eternity
that is even worse—a flame without heat,
a rainbow without color, a flower without per-
fume. A man may in some sort tie his hope
and his honor to this shifting ground tackle,
to his business or the world, but a woman
without that anchor called faith, is a drift
and a wreck. A man may be in sort of
moral responsibility out of relation to man-
kind, but a woman, in her comparatively is-
olated sphere, where affection and not pur-
pose is the controlling motive, can find no
basis in any other system or right action but
that of faith. A man may evade his tho'ts
to trustfulness, in such poor harborage as
fame and reputation may stretch before him,
but a woman—where can she put her hopes
in storms if not in heaven? and that sweet
truthfulness—that abiding love—that en-
during hope mellowing every page and
scene in life—lighting them with radiance,
when the storm breaks like an army with
cannon. Who can bestow its all but holy
soul, tied to what is stranger than any with
cannon? Who has enjoyed the love of a
christian mother, but will echo the thought
with energy and hallow it with tears?"

Deacon B. of Ohio, a very pious man,
was noted for his long prayers. One Mon-
day morning, as was his custom, the deacon
prayed, after breakfast, but having an un-
usual amount of work to do that day, he cut
his prayer short, took his hat and started
to his work. His wife, being deaf, did not
hear him go out, and thought he was still
praying. On his return in the evening, he
was surprised to find her kneeling. He
stepped up to her and shouted "Amen,"
when she arose and went about her work,
unconscious of her error.
"How do you sell your almanacs, mister?"
"Twenty-five cents apiece."
"Twenty-five! that's too dear."
"No indeed! it will be dearer yet next
year."
"Wish, is that so?"
"Yes, sir, and no mistake."
"If that's the case give me four of them,
and that will be enough before they rise."

One night while I lay sleeping I had a dream
of joy: I thought I had a charming wife,
a darling little boy. I loved, I hugged, I
kissed them—I ate them almost whole. My
little boy got angry, my wife began to scold.
But soon a scream terrific awoke me from
my sleep, my face was scratched in places—
plague take the little brat! My wife she was
a pillow, my baby was a cat!
"Don't you think my eyes look quite
killing this morning?" said a dandy to a smart
girl, and he twisted his leaden visionaries in
a most cruel and fascinating manner. "They
remind me," said the damsel, "of a codfish
dying of a toothache."
A cook in New York has given notice
to the family in which she is employed, that
she has made up her mind to go to New-
port this summer, and if the family will go
there she will stay with them; otherwise
she must leave.
The ladies tilt their hats forward radically
just now. If gentlemen were to assume
that angle they would be accused of having
taken something spirited.

How Mike Rode the Bull.
Mike took a notion to go in swimming,
and had just got his clothes off, when he saw
Deacon Smith's bull making at him. The
bull was a vicious animal, and had come near
killing two or three persons, consequently
Mike felt rather "jubilant." He didn't want
to call for help, for he was naked, and the
nearest place from whence assistance could
arrive was the meeting house, which was at
that time filled with worshippers, among
whom was the "gal Mike was paying his
devoirs too." So he dodged the bull, as the
animal came at him, and managed to
catch its tail. He was dragged round till
nearly dead, and when he thought he could
stand it no longer he made up his mind to
holler. And now we will let him tell his
own story:
"So, looking at the matter in all its bear-
ings, I came to the conclusion that I'd better
let some one know what I was. So I gin a
yell, louder than a locomotive whistle, and
it wasn't long before I sced the deacon's
two dogs coming down like as if they were
seeing which could get there first. I know'd
who they were arter—they'd fine the bull
agin me. So, sez I, old brindle, as ridin' is
as cheap as walkin' on this route, if you've
no objections, I'll just take a deck passage
on that 'ar back of yours. So I wasn't very
long getting astide of him. Then, if you'd
been there, you'd have sworn that that
warn't any thing human in that 'ar 'mix."
The side flew so orally as the critter and I
rolled round the field—one dog on one side,
and one on the other, trying to clinch my
feet. I prayed and cursed, and cursed and
prayed, until I couldn't tell which I
did last, and neither war't of no use,
they were so ortally mixed up.
"Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour
this way, when old brindle thought it time
to stop to take in a supply of wind and cool
off a little. So when we got round to a tree
that stood there, he naturally halloed, so sez
I, old boy, you'll lose one passenger sartin.
So I jist clum up a branch, kalking round to
root till I staved afore I'd be rid around
that 'ar way any longer. I war a making
tracks for the top of the tree, when I heard
sartin 'a makin' an orful buzzin' overhead.
I kinder looked up, and if that warn't
well, that's no use a sweenin'—but it war
the biggest hornet's nest ever bit. You'll
gin in now I reckon, Mike, 'cause the re-
sult was that I stood a heap better chance a ridin'
the bull than when I was. Sez I, old fellow,
if you'll hold on I'll ride to the next station
anyhow, let that be what it will.
So I jist dropped aboard him agin, and
looked aloft to see what I had gained by
changin' quarters, and, gentlemen, I'm a
liar, if that warn't nigh half a bushel of
stingin' varmints ready to pitch into me
when the word 'go' was gin. Well, I reckon
they got it, for all hands started for our
company. Some on 'em bit the dogs, about a
quart struck me, and the rest charged on
brindle.
"This time the dogs led off fast, dead
bent for the old deacon's, and as soon as old
brindle and I could get under way we fol-
lowed, and as I was only a deck passenger,
I had nothin' to do with steerin' the craft; if
I had, we shouldn't have run that channel
anyhow. But, as I said before, the dogs
took the lead—brindle and I next, and the
horns dr'ekly after. The dogs yellin'—
brindle hollerin', and the horns buzzin'
and stingin'."
"Well, we had got about two hundred
yards from the house, and the deacon heard
us and cum out. I seed him hold up his
hand, and turn white. I reckon he was
prayin' then, for he didn't expect to be
called for so soon; and it warn't long afore
the whole congregation—men, women and
children—cum out, and then all hands went
to yellin'." None of 'em had the fort notion
that brindle and I belonged to this world. I
just turned my head and passed the whole
congregation. I sced the run would be up-
son, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from
a fence that stood dead ahead. Well, we
reached that fence, and I went ashore, over
the critter's head, landing on the other side,
and lay there stunned.
"It warn't long afore some of them as
wasn't scared cum runnin' to see what I war,
for all hands kalking that the bull and I
belonged together. But when brindle walk-
ed off by himself, they seed how it war, and
one of 'em said: 'Mike Emske has got the
straggumme once in his life.'
"Gentlemen, from that day I dropped the
courting business, and never spoke to a gal
since, and when my hunt is up on this earth
there won't be any more Finks, and its all
owin to Deacon Smith's brindle bull."

Business Directory.
W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House
W. WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1869.
D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groce-
ries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodenware,
Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
DAVID G. NYLING, Dealer in Dry-Goods,
Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots,
Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep22
MERRILL & BIGLER, Dealers in Har-ware,
and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron
ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.
H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker and
Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, etc., Room in
Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 19
H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth or
west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10
WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Attorney at Law,
Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds
promptly and accurately attended to.
Clearfield, Pa. June 26, 1869.
J. B. McNALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield,
Pa. Office in Clearfield, Pa. Office in
squares. Office in new brick building of J. Boynt-
on, n. 24 street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.
J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will
attend promptly to all legal business entrusted
to him in Clearfield and adjoining coun-
ties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and
Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Gro-
ceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c.,
Greenland, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10
J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing,
&c., Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provi-
sions, etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. June 18, 1863
HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs,
Medicines, Paints, Oil, Stationery, Perfum-
ery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street
Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.
KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groce-
ries, 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 7, 1869.
THOMAS M. McULLOUGH, Attorney at Law,
Clearfield, Pa. Office east of the Clearfield &
Bank, Clearfield, Pa. He attends to all legal
business with promptness and accuracy. July 3
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Do-
mestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon,
Lard, &c., Room on Market street, a few doors
west of Graham's store, Clearfield, Pa. April 27
N. M. BOOPER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CIGARETTES, CIGARS, AND SNUFF. A
large assortment of pipes, cigar cases, &c., con-
stantly on hand. Two doors East of the Post
Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 1869.
WESTERN HOTEL, Clearfield, Pa.—This
well known hotel, near the Court House, is
now under the management of the public. The
table will be supplied with the best in the market.
The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.
JOHN H. PULPORD, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office on Market Street, over
Hart's and Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention
given to the settling of County claims, &c. and to
all legal business. March 27, 1867.
W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon,
&c., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also
retail 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
8th Reg't Penna. Vols., having returned
from the army, offers his professional services to
the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Profes-
sional calls promptly attended to. Office on
South East corner of 3d and Market Streets.
Oct. 1, 1867—only.
SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers
his services to the public, as a Surveyor,
He may be found at his residence in the most
township, when not engaged; or addressed by
letter at Clearfield, Penna. a.
March 6th, 1867.—JAMES MITCHELL.

J. JEFFERSON LITZ, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Having located at Gettysburg, Pa., offers his profes-
sional services to the people of this and sur-
rounding country. All calls promptly attended to.
Office and residence on Curtis Street, former-
ly occupied by Dr. Kline May 19, 1869.
THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor
and Conveyancer. Having recently lo-
cated in the Borough of Lumber City and resumed
the practice of Land Surveying, recon-
sulting to the professional services to the owners
and speculators in lands in Clearfield and ad-
jacent counties. Deeds of Conveyance neatly ex-
ecuted. Office and residence one door East of
Kirk & Spencers Store
Lumber City, April 14, 1869 ty.
SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill
has passed both Houses of Congress, and
signed by the President, giving soldiers who en-
listed 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,
Aug. 15th, 1866. Clearfield, Pa.
CLEARFIELD HOUSE,
FRONT STREET, PHILIPSBURG PA.
I will inspect any one who says I fail to give
direct and personal attention to all our customers,
or fail to cause them to rejoice over a well fur-
nished table, with clean rooms and new beds,
where all may feel at home and the weary be at
rest. New stabling attached.
Philipsburg, Sep. 2 '68. JAS. H. GALER.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Huntingdon, Penna.
This old establishment having been leased by
J. Morrison, formerly proprietor of the "Morrison
House," has been thoroughly renovated and re-
furnished, and supplied with all the modern im-
provements and conveniences necessary to a first
class hotel. The dining room has been removed
to the first floor, and is now spacious and airy.
The chambers are all well ventilated, and the
Proprietor will endeavor to make his guests per-
fectly at home. J. MORRISON,
Huntingdon, June 17, 1868. Proprietor.
DENTAL PARTNERSHIP.
D. R. 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 profes-
sion.
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 3, 1868—ly.)

PURE BUCK LEAD, equal in quality to
English white lead; Oils, Paints and
Varnishes of all kinds; Gold leaf in books and
boxes for sale by
J. SHAW
Clearfield, October 23, 1867.
They have a large stock of dry lumber on hand,
and will pay cash for clear stuff, one-and-a-half
inch panel plank preferred (Nov. 6, '67.)

J. J. CUNNINGHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Real Estate Agent and Conveyancer,
TYRONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA.
Special attention given to the collection of claims.
Tyrona, Pa., January 27, 1869-11

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE
OF
McGILL & PERKS,
Successors to Foster, Perks, Wright & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA, PENN., PA.
Where all the business of a Banking House
will be transacted promptly and upon the most
favorable terms. March 20 '67.
J. D. M'GILL,
AND PERKS.
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., 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 25, 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 estab-
lishment 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 these and other reasons persons should buy
their clothing at
REIZENSTEIN BROS' & CO.
Produce of every kind taken at the highest
market prices. May 18, 1864.
NEW SPRING STOCK!
J. SHAW & SON.
Have just returned from the east and are now
opening an entire new stock of goods in the room
formerly occupied by Wm. F. Irwin, on Market
Street, which they now offer to the public at the
lowest cash prices.
Their stock consists of a general assortment of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Bronnas, 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 Mon-
day, 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 accom-
plished education of both sexes.
The Principal having had the advantage of
much experience in his profession, assures par-
ents and guardians that his entire ability and
energy 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 Histo-
ry \$6 00
Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mensuration
Surveying, Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry,
Book-keeping, Botany, and Physical Geogra-
phy \$9 00
Latin, Greek and French, with any of the a-
bove 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.,
Principal.
G. L. REED, G. F. HOOP,
J. F. WEAVER, J. JONES,
W. POWELL, W. WATERS.

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 panel plank preferred (Nov. 6, '67.)