

The Kittanning Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 45.

Select Poetry.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Would love be here, without love's sigh?
Would rest be rest, were toil unshared?
Would joy be joy, if pain could die?
Or light be light to wings unshared?

Would home be home, were cares unknown?
Would light be light, were darkness dead?
Would wheat be wheat, were tares unknown?
Or hope be hope, if doubts were fled?

Would lights be grand, were ways less steep?
Would shores be blest, were seas untrodd?
Would smiles be fair, did we not weep?
Or loved be dear, were hearts unloved?

Oh, calm to sleep, though storms be loud,
And flowers be gay through winter's breath,
And stars more bright where fumes the cloud—
Thank God for life, thank God for death.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

"Stand for the next fifty miles!"

Mr. Smith, the spruce young conductor of the Central Railway cars, ushered in a decrepit, shabbily attired old man, who leaned heavily on his staff, and carried a heavy valise in one hand.

The long dimly lighted car was full; every seat was occupied; hand boxes and carpet-bags were held in their owners' laps, and there was not a single chance for the new comer to be accommodated.

A couple of scores of faces lifted their eyes to glance at the old man's face, as he moved slowly and painfully down the narrow aisle. It was painfully evident that he had as much as he could do to support himself, and besides, he looked like one that was just recovering from a severe illness—his cheeks were thin and pale, and his eyes lacked the fire which ought to sparkle beneath those large and strongly marked brows.

There were many well active looking, healthy looking young men in the car, but none of the number felt disposed to renounce his seat, comfortable seat to the shabby old traveler, and after a stare of undisguised contempt, each and all dropped their eyes and thought no more of the suffering old age before them.

In this enlightened century, it is a notorious fact that the aged meet with slight and indignities, to say nothing of positive unkindness, which would have put the barbarous nations of old to shame.

Fitz James Eastace, a young exquisite, who was escorting his cousin, Isabel Winchester, to Nahant, drew down his mouth and the ends of his copper colored moustache rested upon the tips of his well starched cravat, and remarked to the lady by his side:

"Really, Mr. Smith is insulting us! Why cannot he find a place for that wretched specimen in the second class car?"

A flash, perhaps of anger, mounted to the white forehead of Miss Winchester. She put up her hand as though to check the speaker and said in a subdued voice:

"Fitz James, will you give that gentleman your seat?"

"My dear Isabel! Why, I would not exchange my place at your side for a king's dem! Let the old fellow stand out! It won't change his appearance, I'll be bound."

"Then I will trouble you to rise a moment, I prefer the other side of the seat; allow me to pass, if you please."

Fitz James never thought of disputing the will of his imperious cousin, and he moved up to her. But instead of taking the seat which her escort had just vacated, the lady walked straight on until she had reached the side of the neglected old gentleman.

The touch of her hand on his arm drew attention towards her.

"Sir, will you have the goodness to take the seat which I have vacated? I have ridden since early this morning, and am really weary with sitting so long; pray oblige me."

The old man's face brightened, and he cast a grateful look into the dark eyes of the handsome lady.

"But, madam, you must be weary; I can not accept it."

"No, sir; I am well, young and strong; I should be ashamed to sit while a man of your age and health remains standing."

"Thank you! Your kindness is well timed indeed, though I venture to tell you, I shall accept your offer with gratitude."

So saying, the old gentleman sank into the vacant seat, with a well satisfied expression of countenance; but Fitz James expressed his unbounded contempt for his neighbor, by drawing his ample raglan closely around him, and shrieking nearer the side of the car. The stranger looked at him with quiet scorn.

"You need not trouble yourself to slip out of the window, young man," said he in a voice of irony.

Fitz James was thoroughly disgusted; he could not endure such vulgar association. So he rose quickly, and striding over his companion, made his way into the smoking car.

THE TWO.

Our old gentleman arose, shook himself, grasped his valise, and came over to the side of Miss Winchester.

"Madame," he said, "you have made an old and feeble man's journey tolerable; will you not tell him your name and place of abode?"

She smiled, waived all thanks, and gave him her card. He bowed and left her just as Fitz James appeared to escort her from the cars; but getting through the crowd was no easy matter, for the fuss and bustle were unusual, and Isabel noticed that several uniformed companies filled the space in front of the depot.

"Cries of 'Hurrah for General Sutherland!' 'Three cheers for the hero of Mexico!' rent the air, banners were trailed out on the fresh night breeze; flambeaux flashed, drums beat, and a long line of carriages filled up the street.

Fitz James inquired the occasion of all this tumult, and learned that it was a public welcome extended by the citizens of Boston to General Sutherland, a gentleman and veteran officer, who had distinguished himself in the Mexican war.

"He came on this train," said a bystander, "as it is possible, sir, that you do not discover him?—a sickly looking old man, dressed in thread bare grey and carrying a large black valise—he has just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which has troubled him ever since his last campaign. Those vile Mexican night vapors, and sleeping on the cold ground, undermined his constitution, but he is a fine old fellow yet."

Miss Winchester thought he must be; she had heard much of his gallant daring, but Fitz James was the picture of silent mortification.

Miss Winchester and her cousin stopped at the American House, and early the next morning, before the lady had finished dressing, a servant brought a note bearing her address.

Isabel tore it open, and there fell out two cards of invitation to a ball to be held at the Revue that evening, in honor of Gen. Sutherland.

One card bore the name of Fitz James, the other was directed to herself. She had no acquaintance in Boston, consequently the invitation must have been sent at the instance of General Sutherland himself.

Fitz James surprised and humiliated at this mark of distinction, for the card realized that the invitation had been extended to him solely to save his cousin's feelings. But, notwithstanding this, he wished to accept it, if only he could have an opportunity of excusing his yesterday's impoliteness to the great man.

The journey to Nahant was deferred one day, and early that evening the cousins were at the Revue, where a brilliant exterior had already assembled.

General Sutherland, reclining in an arm chair at the head of the great drawing room, received his friends as they passed by, one giving place to another; but when Isabel was presented, he detained her hand to say:

"Please sit down on this ottoman at my side; I have a relative here to whom I wish to present you."

It was not long ere a singularly handsome young man came up to the General, saluting a friendly welcome, and the veteran, turning to Isabel, said:

"Miss Winchester, allow me to present to you my son, Alfred Sutherland, who is very grateful for the kindness which you last evening bestowed upon his father."

The young man bowed, and his father continued:

"Whenever I see a young person voluntarily render respect to the aged, I am constrained to admire him or her, as a rule of the good old politeness which reigned over show and heartlessness when I was a lad. It is all hollow ceremony now, my dear; and if the old man cannot stand without assistance, he is thrown down and trodden upon. But there is a march, or my ears deceive me; Alfred do you need a further hint, or must your rheumatic old father set you an example of courtesy?"

The young man started and colored for he had been gazing so intently on the rare beauty of Miss Winchester, that he had forgotten time and place.

"If Miss Winchester will permit me," he said, offering his arm; and in a moment after they were lost in a throng of promenade dora.

Mr. Sutherland seemed bent on showing his gratitude to the lady for the kindness she had rendered his father, for he had scarcely quitted her side during the evening, and at the end of the week he followed her to Nahant, where he continued for two months, the *eternus* of Fitz James, and the enemy of all the young folks who aspired to the hand and fortune of the beautiful Miss Winchester.

Fitz James Eastace had long been concealing his cousin's suit, and it was with ill concealed chagrin that he now saw himself thrown in the shade by the son of that "wretched specimen," who ought to have found a place out of all decent people's company.

Early in the New Year there was a marriage ceremony performed in the old South Church, and Alfred Sutherland was the groom and Isabel Winchester the bride. An elegant house on Beacon Street, received the young couple, for Alfred is engaged in business at Boston, and every year the hale old General comes down from his house at Nahant to visit his children.

So you see that politeness gained a husband for one woman, and it will bring happiness to all if they will but practice it; for true politeness springs from the heart, and is the effluence of a kindly Christian spirit, anxious to promote the well-being of all with whom it comes in contact.

Susan's Sister in the West.

I was sittin' in my office, says the editor of the El Paso Journal, speculatin' in my own mind whether on the whole it wouldn't be best for me to give myself away for the benefit of my family, when there came a knock at the door.

There, says I, some one anxious to subscribe for the El Paso Journal, sa I uttered in a loud tone of voice, "come in."

She was dressed in a pair of store boots and an iron gray set of spectacles, and she walked up to me with majesty in her mein. I knew who it was the minute I set my eyes on her.

It was a woman.

I gracefully arose and said, "How are you ma'am, was you wantin' to subscribe to the El Paso Journal?" at the same time dipin' my pen in the ink and openin' my subscription book. This always gits 'em. It looks like bizness.

It didn't git her.

She fixed her glassy eyes on me and said: "Young man, are yew an advocate for the holy caws of woman's rights?"

"No, ma'am," said I, "I am a Presbyterian."

"Air you," said she, "prepared to embark with us over the sea of equal suffrage?"

"Ma'am," said I, "I haint my objection to takin' a quiet sail with you, provided the boat ain't leaky and you'll do the rowin'."

A smile perused her features for a moment, and then she said, "I am willing to suffer for the caws."

"Yes," said I, in a polite and sofemint manner, "it'll only cost two dollars, and we'll send it to your address for an entire year."

"Hev you a wife?" she asked.

"I hev," said I wonderin' what she was comin' at. "So that you see I couldn't marry you if I wanted to ever so much." I threw this in as a soother.

"Air you willin' that she should share with you the trials and burdens of life?"

"I ain't no ways particular," said I, "and I'll let her shoulder the whole of 'em of she has a hankerin' that way."

"Wood you consent that she should go to the poles?" said she.

"She can go where she pleases," said I, "she ginnerly dur."

"Yew air a hole souled man," said she and throwin' her arms around my neck laff widdy.

"Git out," said I, "what are you up to? I ain't one of them men—Stop."

After much labor I succeeded in unloosening her hold and set her down in a chair. I judged from her conduct that she stood in need of a few moral observations.

"Yoo air an impulsive feenal," said I. "Yoo nature is at once spontaneous and out breakin'. You need a pair of martinis-calls. Consider what would be your state of a man's wife was to catch yoo a Luggin' of himjin this style."

She wiped her face with her dress. She had on a dress. I forgot to mention this fact in speaking of her spectacles.

"I am a worker in the caws of Woman's Rights."

"Yek," said I, "yoo air. Yoo ought to be ashamed of yerself. I should judge you was one of them lolly women that the Chicago Tribune correspondent tells of. But me can't come your nefarious arts over me. I'm sealed against 'em."

"I should be pleased," she said, "to go arm in arm with you to the poles."

"No you don't," said I, in alarm; "not if I have anything to say in the matter. I won't go with yoo—not a single darned pole."

"Young man," said she, "hast thou any children?"

"I hev," said I, "seven of 'em. Can yoo soo good as good a reord?"

"Wood yoo," said she, "hev your girls grow up, and be married to hove, sordid men who would take away their political rites and allow 'em no franchise?"

"Darn the franchises," says I, in a rage, "they are the things that women put on behind to give 'em the Grecian bend. If my daughters ever go to wearin' 'em—"

"No, no," said she they are panniers."

"Well," said I, "panniers or franchises, or whatever you call 'em, I am opposed to 'em. They are onuscular and humpy. They degrade the human form into the likeness of a camel, and bring lovely woman down on all fours like a cat."

"Then," said she, "come with me, and we will emancipate woman from the slavery of dress."

"No," said I, with severity, "I hev no wish to take the clothes from any woman. Wimmen without close wood be a sad spectacle, particularly in winter, when the howlin' blasts prevail. Whore are you, any way?"

I asked my visitor.

"I am a pilgrim," she said, "I belong to the Agitator, a noospaper devoted to the caws of female suffrage in Chicago."

"Well," said I, "the wimmen in Chicago need somethin' of this sort, where they that air married never no on goin' to bed at nite but that on wakin' up in the mornin' they may be divorced, and them that ain't married spend their time in bettin' how many times they can be married and divorced in a month. The wimmen of Chicago need agitation powerfully. Heep a strivin' of 'em up, if you please. The more you agitate, the better for 'em."

With these words I arose, and tellin' her to sit still until my return, I stole softly down stairs. What will be the effect of leavin' a female agitator sittin' in my seat the whole of this time I no not, but of she waits until I go back her patience will be of cast iron.

Of the rich ask nothing.

All Safe.

Some years ago the worthy citizens of the town of P—, in the State of Maine, voted in their natural wisdom to purchase a fire engine. Thereupon an order was transmitted to Boston for one of Hunneman's crack tubs, and a company was formed to take charge of it upon its reception. But the most difficult matter in relation to the affair was to select a proper foreman. However, after mature deliberation, their choice was fixed upon Squire W—, a worthy ex-representative and trader of the town, who had seen the *murchies* in operation on one or two occasions during a transient visit to Boston. In the course of time the chairman of the Board of Selectmen received a bill of lading of the engine, and a few days after, rumor announced to the company that the sloop Susan Jane was coming up the river with the tub on board.

The boys dropped their hats, saythes, and pitchforks, and started for the landing. As soon as the sloop touched the wharf, they took possession of the tub, and snaked her up the wharf. After various conjectures upon the mode of operation of the critter, they attached the suction hose in order "to see her squirt."

At this moment the chairman of the Board of Selectmen approached, and in a tone of authority told the boys that machine cost too much money to be played with, and that "they'd better stop that leather pipe before the foreman came, or he would raise Ned with 'em."

By this time the worthy foreman (who upon the first intimation of the arrival of the engine, had gone home and donned his ruffled shirt and representative suit) arrived to assume the active duties of his office.

"Fall in, boys," he exclaimed, "man the rope, two and two. I'm foreman, and I'll go ahead. Now then—forward march!"

And off they started up the hill, down Ragged Lane, over the bridge, up to the Sleepy Hollow, around Dogtown Corner, across Ten Shares, and through every highway and byway of the town, until their weary legs and the setting sun admonished them that it was time to tie up.

That was a great day for the town and the foreman; and for an hour after tea he sat and expiated to his wife upon the responsibilities of his station. At length he retired and was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus, while his worthy spouse lay wide awake, wondering when her valiant lord would have an opportunity to distinguish himself.

Her reflections, however, were soon disturbed by a bright light glaring into her chamber windows. Could it be possible. There was—there must be a fire somewhere!

"Husband! husband!" she said, "there is a fire!"

"Wake her up!" shouted the new foreman, half waking.

"There's a fire, I tell you," said she. "Poh, let it burn!"

"There's a fire, and I'm going to get up and see where it is."

"Ishaw, you fool! you will catch your death of cold!"

"But I tell you there is a fire scooting up like blazes?"

"They're only burning brush at Sleepy Hollow."

"No—it's the other way."

"Well, I 'spose it is Captain True's brick kiln."

"Why, good Lord, it is Deacon Bateman's house up to Four Corners! It's all of a light blaze!"

"Well, get into bed, you fool, and let it burn! Thank the Lord our new engine is no where near it!"

A most remarkable case of conformity to hotel rules at some personal inconvenience, is related by the Cleveland Plaindealer: A guest at one of our hotels the other evening was discovered by the proprietor rather tenderly embracing the chambermaid. The landlord rebuked him somewhat angrily and wanted to know the reason of such conduct. "Simply obeying the rules of the house," said the guest, pointing to a card tacked to the room door. "Don't it read, any neglect of servants should be reported at the office? I don't want to be reported at the office for neglect of servants, do I?"

Old Bill W. was dying. He was an ignorant man and a very wicked one. Dr. D., an excellent physician and a very pious man, was attending him. The old fellow asked for bread. The Doctor approached the bedside, and in a very solemn tone remarked: "My dear friend, a man cannot live on bread alone." "No," said the old fellow slightly revived, "he's 'bliged to have a few vegetables." The subject was dropped.

An old bachelor, picking up a book, exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman: "Before I would kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young woman, he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

A black man in Norfolk a few nights ago burglariously entered a house, mounted to the third story, and while engaged in gathering plunder, was seized and pitched out of the window. He fell forty or fifty feet, struck upon his head, materially damaging the pavement, picked himself up in an apparent hurry, and ran away.

There is, perhaps, no mechanism equal to that of a beer pump in its power of elevating the masses.

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.

E. D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodensaw, 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. sep25

MARRELL & 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, etc., Room in Graham's Row, Market Street. Nov. 10.

H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Jan. 20, 1869.

WILLIAM C. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa. June 9th, 1869.

J. B. MENADLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21st street, one door south of Leach's Hotel.

J. 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, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, etc., Market Street, East of Graham's Store, Clearfield, 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 1863.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1863.

KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Second Street Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1863.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinetware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, oil short notice, and stands general with a hearse. April 10, 1859.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 2.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., East of Graham's Store, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

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

N. M. HOOVER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF. A large assortment of pipes cigar cases, etc., constantly on hand. Two doors East of the Best Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 1869.

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 DELIBERTY, Proprietor.

JOHN H. FULLARD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of County claims, etc., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., Woodland, Clearfield, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 10, 1863.

D. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 1st Regt. Pa. Vols., having retired 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 34 and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1863—6mp.

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, Pa. JAMES MITCHELL, March 9th, 1867—t.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Clearfield, Pa. Having located at Clearfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Centre Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, 1869.

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 & Spencer's Store. Lumber City, April 14, 1869—ly.

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.

Counties and Pensions collected by me for those entitled to them. WALTER BARRETT, Atty at Law, Aug. 15th, 1866. Clearfield, Pa.

PURE BUCK LEAD.

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

J. J. CUNNINGHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Real Estate Agent and Conveyancer, TYONE, BLAIR COUNTY, PA. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Tyton, Pa., January 27, 1869—f.

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, Negative made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views, Frames, from any style of moulding made to order. [dec. 2 48-37-14-20-ft.]

SAWED LUMBER.—The undersigned having started in the Lumber business, near Chesco, Clearfield county, Pa., is now prepared to furnish pine, clear and hewed stuff, etc. Pine and Hemlock bills sawed to order and shipped on short notice. C. R. MACCOMBER, Chesco Mills, Clearfield co., Pa. May 5, 1869—f.

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE MCGIRK & PERKS, Successors to Foster, Perks, Wright & Co., PHILADELPHIA, CENTRE CO., PA. Where all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. March 20, 1867. J. H. MCGIRK, W. B. PERKS.

REMOVAL—GUN SHOP. The undersigned begs leave to inform his old and new customers, and the public generally, that he has fitted up a new GUN SHOP, on the lot on the corner of Fourth and Market streets, Clearfield, Pa., where he keeps constantly on hand and makes to order, all kinds of Guns, and also guns repaired and reworked, and repaired neatly on short notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. June 9, 1869. JOHN MOORE.

J. P. KRATZER, Clearfield, Penn'a., Dealer in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Military Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Stone-ware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, etc., 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 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 market 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, 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 please all who may favor us with their custom. May 8, 1867. J. SHAW & SON.

G. L. REED, G. F. MOOR, J. P. WEAVER, J. JONES, W. POWELL, 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 panel plank preferred. [Nov. 4 '67.] HALL'S FINE CALF-SKIN BOOTS, at MOSSOP'S, May 12, 1869.