

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 47.

Select Poetry.

FROM HEARTH AND HOME.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

Dark is the night and sad and drearily,
Under the wind like the waves of the sea.
Little care I as here I sing cheerily,
Wife at my side and my baby on knee;
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!
Flashes the lightning upon the dear faces,
Dearest and dearest as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!
Flashes the lightning, increases the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul.
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!
Rises then miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that wealth cannot measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing:
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

Forty years ago I came to New York. It was a little city when compared with its present proportions. Park Place, Murray, Warren, Chambers, and other streets lower down, were fashionable "up town" locations, and in one of these I settled, throwing out my sign of "Dr. William Parks." I was a young man, and blessed with a lovely wife and a beautiful child.
I was possessed of considerable means, and having graduated with honors, of course it was my intention to practice only among the aristocracy. I had letters of introduction to many wealthy families, and this gained for me ready admittance into society and the promise of a large and early practice.

It was as I expected, for in less than six months after my advent here I was really overwhelmed in mind and body. But all this I looked upon as a matter of course, and did not for a moment consider myself highly favored.

But gay society led me into excesses. I loved the wine cup, or, in plainer words, the heavy bottle, better than I did my profession, and I fell, in my blindness, I loved it better than my wife and child.

Almost every evening I was invited to some social gathering or brilliant ball, and as I enjoyed myself very much at these, I never failed to go. At first I was pestered by parties calling me away from these gay scenes; but I soon put a stop to that by instructing my servant to say that I was out of town, and I soon had the pleasure of witnessing the favorable results.

And more than this. Usually I suffered with a violent headache nearly every morning, and I felt very unable to attend to business. But I wasn't much troubled.

One day I was seated in a saloon, sipping my brandy, when I heard my own name mentioned. I listened. A serene countenance came from the speaker.

"So Dr. Parks was taken home drunk again last night?"

"Yes, heavily drunk."

"What a pity the man should make a hog of himself!"

"He ought to die. He is crushing his family, for his gentle wife feels the disgrace deeply. I can see that she is sinking under the constant mortification and grief. All his property will come to her. He has lost all his credit, for as no one will trust him. But he can't stand it much longer. He will die soon."

This was pleasant conversation for me to hear. At first it made me angry, and I was about to appear before the calumniators and demand satisfaction. But I sat quiet, thinking for a short time. I asked myself the question if it could be possible that I really was a drunkard.

I attempted to arise, but I reeled and fell back across the table beside which I had been sitting, nearly knocking it over. But I could stand and I could think. Was I drunk? Perhaps I was; and yet I had called for another glass of brandy.

I determined not to drink it, but go home at once. As I was passing the bar, the waiter politely bowed and said:

"Here, one dollar and a quarter."

"For what?" I asked.

"Six drinks this time are three shillings; seven last night, seven shillings. That just makes ten shillings."

"What here last night?"

"Certainly. Don't you remember it?"

I said I did, but I didn't. But I paid the money and left. As I passed into the street some ragged boys shouted:

"Down goes old Parks, drunk again!"

I felt like annihilating the rascals, but I restrained my indignation and reached my home. Proceeding at once to my study, I sat down and began to reflect.

It was Friday. How many patients had I visited that week? I could not tell, although I felt certain I had visited several, but when I did I had not the faintest idea.

I called up my wife and asked her who I had visited upon during the last four days. She replied that one party received my services on Monday, and another on Tuesday. The names mentioned were formerly among my best friends.

"Were either very sick?" I asked.

"Mr. White, the lady upon whom you called Monday, is very sick."

"And I have not been near her since?"

"No."

"And has she not sent for me?"

"No. Her husband procured—"

"Procured the services of another doctor?"

"Yes, Dr. Brown."

"Was I—wife, I am going to ask you a plain question, and I want a plain answer. Was I drunk when I called on Mrs. White?"
"Her husband said you were," came the hesitating answer.
My wife spoke these words in a very sad tone, and it called to my mind the reference to her in the conversation I had overheard. Yes, her very appearance was sufficient to convince me that she was really sinking under something. Was it the unhappiness I gave her because I was a drunkard?

I didn't make any promises then, but I thought them. Perhaps I might have spoken them, but at that moment a servant called at my study, and informed me that a poor woman was at the door and wished to see the doctor.

It was really a relief to me to have one person call, and I went to see what the woman wanted. She was a wretched looking creature, pale and emaciated, although there was no appearance of intemperance about her. I asked her what she required, and she replied:

"Sure, my husband has fell through the trap over the big distillery, and broke his leg all to pieces."

I considered myself a capital surgeon, and it occurred to me at once that amputation might be necessary. So I told the woman to wait a moment, and I would accompany her. I went to my room, procured my instruments, and then proceeded to the residence of the injured man.

It was located on Pearl street, then the most wretched in the city, and I felt a terrible sensation come over me as I mounted the rickety stairs, through filth and stench, into a little attic room. As we entered the apartment the poor woman said to me:

"I hope you'll excuse us, sir, but we didn't come to this until my husband took to drink and neglected his work. I can't support the children alone."

Here was another blow to me. I went in made an examination of the broken limb, and found sure that it would have to come off. I informed the woman that this was the only way to save his life, and she begged me not to let him die, as she could not live without him.

Was it possible? Could she love that brutalized creature? He was lying perfectly unconscious, and the filth around him actually turned me sick. But I must do something for him, and yet I feared to attempt the job alone. I told the woman that I would procure assistance, and return in a few moments, and then entered the street.

I had intended to go for another doctor, but as I began to think about it, I feared to do so, lest every one should refuse to work with me.

My hands were trembling now, for the effect of the liquor I had drunk had nearly worn off. I thought perhaps a glass of brandy would steady my nerves, and so I entered a saloon and took, one, two, three. My hand began to be steady, and I felt a greater confidence in myself.

The bar kept at the Eagle was one of the most fashionable down town, and the brandy was excellent. So I drank again and again. Now a little rest would do me good, and I seated myself in an easy chair in one corner of the room.

After sitting quiet for fifteen minutes, I felt that I was ready to perform my work, and that I could do it alone. I arose and returned to the hotel. I rolled up my sleeves and began.

The wife stood weeping at my side, but I heeded her not. The children trembled with fright, but it did not touch my heart. I handled the keen knife, and I used the saw, and that limb was off.

But horrors! In gathering up the arteries I could not find the main one. I cut the leg again and again, and still the artery receded from me. He is bleeding to death, and as he gradually grew paler his consciousness returned. He opened his great glaring eyes and looked full into mine.

"Have you not seen the cursed effect of rum often enough to know better than to bring a drunken doctor here to perform such a work as this? He has murdered me!"

The wife began to shriek in the most terrible manner, and the cry was taken up by the children, and their wailings rent my soul.

"I'll save him!" I cried. "I'll save him yet! For Heaven's sake cease your cries, or you will have a crowd of people here, and I can do nothing. Be silent, and within five minutes I will return with another doctor."

I attempted to pass from the room, but I was compelled to wade ankle deep in the blood. I found that my clothing was completely saturated with the crimson. I rushed frantically into the street, and toward the residence of Dr. Brown.

"For God's sake," I cried, as I met the doctor, "come with me, quick! I have attempted the amputation of a man's leg, and I need assistance."

"You must attend to your own cases," coolly replied the doctor.

"But the man will bleed to death," I cried.

"His blood be upon your head. I cannot compromise myself by any connection with such a man."

"Then go alone and save the man. I will simply show you the way."

"I will; for it has been my province for a long time to save where you have nearly killed."

The doctor followed me from his house to the hotel of the injured man. But when I reached it, what was my horror to see a large crowd of people gathered outside of the door. The wife was in the centre of the circle, and she was tearing her hair and shrieking terribly. Her little ones were

clinging to her and moaning most piteously. Presently the eyes of the frantic woman fell upon me. She sprang towards me, shrieking:

"He's dead! he's dead! and you are the murderer."

I was paralyzed. I turned to fly, but could not—I was riveted to the spot. Then there came a general murmuring from the crowd. It became louder and louder, and finally a voice exclaimed:

"Hang the murderer! Hang the murderer!"

Those words were repeated by others, and then one universal cry rent the air:

"Hang the murderer! Hang the murderer!"

The mass began to swing to and fro, and then made a rush for me. They seized me, and dragged me toward a distant tree, while their howlings were terrible to hear.

Then a rope was procured, placed about my neck, thrown over a limb, and I was drawn up. I suffered most terrible agony, and it appeared to me that I hung there for hours. I tried to die but could not.

At length I heard the crowd below me exclaim:

"He's dead now. We can take him down and bury him."

I was lowered and crowded into a narrow box. I tried to tell them that I was not dead, but I could neither move nor speak, although my senses were in no way impaired.

Then I heard the men digging the earth. I knew they were making my grave. This completed, the box which contained me was rolled in it. Then the earth began to rattle down upon me.

My God, I could not be buried alive. I put forth all my strength. I struggled fearfully, and my powers returned to me. I burst from my confinement, and sprang out of the grave with a wild cry. Then I opened my eyes and looked around upon the gaping crowd.

Was it possible? I was still in the bar of the Eagle saloon, and had just leaped from the chair where I had been sleeping. A dozen men were looking at me, some in wonder, and some smiling, as the thoroughly understood the case.

I had drunk too much on entering the saloon, seated myself in an easy chair, and had the drunkard's dream. But it was so terribly real that I could scarcely believe it not to be such. I fought, however, had thoroughly sobered me.

I went at once to Dr. Brown and humbly stated the case, asking him to assist me. He consented, and we both repaired to the hotel. I shuddered as I entered, but the woman was lying as I had left him.

We performed our work, and the man recovered, but with the loss of a leg.

I returned home with a fixed purpose in my mind. I did not tell my wife my dream, but I pressed her to my heart, and promised her that I never would drink again. She wept, but they were tears of joy. And I have kept my promise faithful.

The Wrong Stuff.

An old campaigner sends us the following incident of camp life:

During the Fredericksburg campaign, our regiment took up its quarters in a building known as Stafford Court House; and, as we expected to stay there for some time, most of us wrote home to our friends for those ever welcome supplies in the shape of boxes of poultry, preserves, sweetmeats, and other items not found in the soldier's regular rations. Among those who wrote in this wise was a young Pennsylvanian, by name William A., the son of pious parents who had brought him up in the way he ought to have gone.

But soon after joining us, he strayed from it by several side-tracks—one of them being the bad habit of a too great fondness for drink.

In writing home, among other things he requested should be sent to him, was a few bottles of the best Bourbon "eye water," meaning of course Bourbon whiskey. His parents supposing him to be suffering from sore eyes, sent him several vials of the best eyewash they could procure, though they could not get any that bore the label "Bourbon."

When the box came, he took it into his tent, and called in a number of his comrades—promising each a glass of the Bourbon. They all gathered around the box, and when it was opened, disclosing a fine array of turkeys, chickens, jars of pickles and preserves, and other like nicknacks. And when the bottom was at length reached, and no bottles appeared, except several small vials labeled "Eye-water," something very like a "swear" came from the lips of the disappointed soldier, that was chorused by a loud explosion of laughter from his comrades, who from that hour knew him by no other name than "William Eyewater."

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?"

The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

"Does my son William, that's in the army, get plenty to eat?" said an old lady to a recruiting sergeant, one day. He sees plenty, I was the laconic reply. "Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

The author of the following original conundrum is now confined in a calico straight jacket, his feet in a wooden box, and his head in a honeycomb pattern: "When is a lover justified in calling his sweetheart honey? When is she bee-loved?"

What is always offered at oost? The law.

LUCK MAY LIE IN A PIN.

Now I am going to tell a story about luck.

All of us are acquainted with luck; there are those who see her all the time, some only at certain times of the year, others only one single day—yes there even people who only see luck once in their lifetime, but all of us do not see her.

I suppose that I need not tell you that when our Lord sends a little child here, he lays in a mother's lap. This may happen in a rich man's castle, or in a working man's nicely ordered room. But then it may happen, instead, in an open market place, where the cold wind blows.

But what not every one of you does know, and yet is really true, is that our Lord when he places a child here, also sends along with it his good luck, which, however, is never placed near by, but is hidden in some spot in our globe, where we look for it least; yet it is always found at last, and that is a comfort.

Luck was once placed in an apple; that was for a man whose name was Newton. The apple fell, and thus he found his luck. If you do not know that story, ask some one to tell it to you. We have another story to tell—a story about a pear.

There once lived a poor man, who was born poor, and was poor when he married. He was a turner by trade, and used to turn umbrella handles and umbrella rings, but he only earned enough money by this to live from hand to mouth.

"I shall never find my luck," said he.

Now, this is a true story which really happened. I could tell the country and the place where the man lived, but that is of no consequence. The real and sour mountain ash berries blossomed around his house and in his garden, as if they were the choicest fruit, and in the garden also stood the pear tree, but it never had borne a pear, and yet their luck was placed in an invisible pear.

One night the wind blew terribly. In Avize men said the great Dilling boulder was lifted up from the side of the road, and thrown down like a lump of clay, and so it was not at all wonderful that a big branch should have been broken from the pear tree. The branch was taken into the workshop, and the man turned out of it, just for fun, a big pear, and then several very small pears.

"The tree shall bear pears once at least," he said, and gave them to his children to play with.

There are some things that are necessities in life, and among these, most certainly in wet countries, are umbrellas. Now the whole family had only one for general use. When the wind blew very hard, the umbrella would turn over; but the man quickly mended it again—that was in his trade. With the button and string that kept the umbrella together, it went worse, it would always break too soon, just as one was folding the umbrella up.

One day, when the button had broken again, and the man hunted in vain for it on the floor, he happened to get hold of one of the smallest pears which he had turned, and had given to the children to play with.

"I cannot find the button," said the man, "but this little thing will answer." He pulled a small cord through it, and the little pear filled the place of the broken button beautifully; it was exactly right, and formed the best of fasteners. The next time that he had to send umbrella handles and rings to the capital, he added to the number a few of the small wooden pears that he had turned. They were fastened to a few umbrellas which were sent with a thousand others to America. The have a quick understanding there of what is of use. The little pear was soon found to hold best, and the umbrella merchant that all the umbrellas to be sent to him after that should be fastened with the little pear. Large orders were to be supplied, thousands of pears to be made; wooden pears on all umbrellas, and our man was kept busy at work. He turned and turned; the whole pear tree was used up for little wooden pears, which brought shillings that grew into dollars.

"In that pear tree my luck was placed," said the man; and soon after he had a great workshop and plenty of men and boys to help him. Now he was all the time in good humor, and often used to say, "Luck may lie in a pin."

So also says he who tells the story; and you should know that it is true, and is a proverb in Denmark, that if you put a white pin in your mouth, you will be invisible, but it must be the right sort of a pin—one given by our Lord. I have had one of them; and whenever I come to America, the land of the New World, which is so far off, yet so near me, I shall always carry that pin with me. I can send my greeting over in a few minutes; the ocean rolls over to its shores, there the wind blows; any day I can be there when my stories are read, and perhaps see the glittering gold; receive the ringing gold—the gold—the gold that is the best of all, which shines in the eyes of children, and comes ringing from the lips of their parents. I am in the very room with my friend—and yet I am invisible. I have the white pin in my mouth.

Yes, luck may lie in a pin.

Every young man is eagerly asking the best way of getting on in life. The Bible gives a very brief answer to the question: "Walk in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous." Many books of advice and direction have been written, but that is the gist of them all.

What is always offered at oost? The law.

Kiss Him for His Mother.

It was a very pretty and pious conceit of that dear old lady to kiss the youth for his mother. So forcibly has it appealed to popular admiration since, that no inconsiderable number of young men have had the same affectionate caress bestowed on them out of respect for that same venerable relative. A striking example of this was afforded a few evenings since by a young lady who enjoys the undivided affections of a handsome down town clerk. It so happened that, some weeks ago, his mother died. His heart was consoled in this great bereavement by the affectionate sympathy of his employer's fascinating daughter. It is not strange that this affection at last ripened into love. The parents noted and approved their daughters choice, but wisely kept their own counsel. The interesting relations, however, were destined to come to light in a way they least expected. One evening the young couple were enjoying a pleasant tete a tete in a secluded nook of the parlor. The old gentleman happened, by the merest accident, to step in and take a seat unobserved by the young people. Suddenly his attention was arrested by one of those prolonged luxurious kisses which only lovers interchange.

"What noise is that?" the parent loudly exclaimed.

Silence like death.

"I say, Julia, what noise was that?"

"S-i-r—S-i-r?"

"What are you doing there?"

"N-o-t-h-i-n-g, Sir!"

"Who are you kissing there?"

"Only—only William, sir; his mother's dead, you know—and—and I thought it wouldn't be wrong to kiss him for her, you know, sir!"

"Humph!" and the old gentleman took his leave, doubtless thinking how fortunate the deceased lady was to be so affectionately remembered.

Life and Death.

Life is but Death's vestibule, and our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the grave, the pulse that preserves our being beats our dead march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it onward to the depths of death. To-day we see our friends in health; to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasp the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we close his eyes. We rode in a chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the last black chariot must convey us to the home of all the living. Oh, how closely allied to life is death! The lamb that sporteth in the field must soon feel the knife. The ox that is in the pasture is fattening for the slaughter. Trees do but grow that they may be felled. Yes, and greater things than these feel death. Empires rise and flourish, they flourish but to decay, they rise but to fall.

How often we take up a volume of history and read of the rise and fall of empires? We hear of the coronation and death of kings. Death is the black servant who rides behind the chariot of life. See life and death is close behind it. Death reaches far throughout this world and has stamped terrestrial things with the broad arrows of the grave. Stars die, mayhaps, it is said that configurations have been far off in the ether and astronomers have marked the funerals of other worlds—the decay of those mighty orbs that we have imagined set forever in sockets of silver to glisten as the lamps of eternity. Blessed be God there is one place where death is not life's brother, where life reigns alone, and to live is not the first syllable which is to be followed by the next, to die. There is a land where deathknells are never tolled, where winding sheets are never worn, where graves are never dug. Rest land beyond the skies. To reach it we must die.

The Selfish Man.

What business a man has, in this world to be selfish, in the strict sense of that word, we do not exactly see; for if we were to give him credit for all he fancies himself to be, he would be no more than a very small thing among a vast multitude of other small things so completely mixed up and huddled together that it is a difficulty at times to distinguish one from the other. The airs which some men put on in the intercourse with others, are infinitely disgusting, to say the least of them, and when we see one holding himself so far above his fellows and trying to ape a greatness which he cannot even approach we are inclined to think that he is trying to follow the example of honest Dogberry and write himself down as an ass. Such is the irresistible conclusion and such is the fact. He could save himself the trouble of writing, however, for it is already written and the animal appears in *corpus*, with its long ears, familiar bray and ambling gait. It is a noticeable fact that the self-sh self opinionated man, who thinks he knows a great deal more than others, is, when fully fathomed, the most shallow and soft brained of all. The world knows it and shrewd men observe it, but he does not, and hence the ridiculous figure he displays among them; scarcely less laughable and peculiar than that of the renowned Don Quixote in his famous adventures in defense of his Dulcinea. When placed along side of real merit he dwindles into nothing. We have such men in Clearfield, and we presume, that they can be found all over the world.

The following modest advertisement is published in the Cleveland Leader: *Wanted*.—A young man wishes to obtain board in a respectable private family, where his moral deportment and example would be considered equivalent. Reference required.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, 1st fl., 1863.
WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.
E. D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
DAVID G. NIVLING, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep 25
MERRILL & 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 SWOOPER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door from Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.
H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. June 30, 1869.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa. June 9th, 1869.

J. B. McNALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of Lantich's Hotel.
J. ESTEY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. POIRCY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., (Grahamton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, etc., Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1863.
HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, 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 30.

THOMAS J. M'CUULOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c., Room on Market street, at west end of Lantich's Hotel, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Saddles and retail Dealer, also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware of his own manufacture. Jan. 6, 1865.
N. M. GOFFER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Stone-ware, and a variety of Glass-ware, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 1862.

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 DODGHERTY, Proprietor.

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

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

D. R. J. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a. Vols., having returned from the war, has been in the profession of a physician 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.—GUY.

SURVEYOR—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 9th, 1867.—JAMES MITCHELL.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Uxela, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of this and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kluge. May 19, 1867.

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 land in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Deeds of Conveyance neatly executed. Office and residence one door East of Kirk & Spencers Store. Lumber City, April 14, 1869. 1y.

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

CLEARFIELD HOUSE, FRONT STREET, PHILIPSBURG, PA. I will accept any one who says I fail to give direct and personal attention to all our customers, or fail to cause them to receive over a well furnished table, with clean rooms and new beds, where all may feel at home and the weary be at rest. New stable attached. Philadelphia, Sep. 2/63. JAS. H. GALER.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Penn'a.