

The Roftzmann & Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 48.

Select Poetry.

LIKE THE FLOWERS.

May I like the violet be,
Growing up in modesty;
May I only happy be,
In showing forth humility.
May I like the lily grow,
Pure and spotless, white as snow;
May I ever thankful be,
For the mercies granted me.
May I like the daisy, show
Content and patience where I go;
Always striving to possess
Some new mark of holiness.
Like the rose of Sharon grow,
Do God's will and will be low,
Gain His praise; then welcome peace
Shall fill my soul, and never cease.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

We were smoking one night, before the hotel smoking-room grate, when one man said:
"I have always thought I'd like to be a railroad conductor—for a little while at least."
The old conductor smiled and knocked the ashes off his cigar.
"Well," said he, "I believe almost everybody has had that feeling at one time or another. There is something fascinating to a sober business man in the idea of doing business and earning your living at 30 miles an hour, and the spice of danger that you may at any moment be sent to kingdom come by lightning express, is just vague enough to not frighten but attract. But to a conductor it's a prosaic business enough. So it is to engineers and brakemen. Don't you remember that, at the inquest over the Norwich Bridge accident, it was shown that the engineer was in the habit of opening everything and then reading a newspaper? He was neglecting his business, of course; but it shows what habit will do; 'till make a reading-room of an express engine."
"Railroad men learn the lesson of punctuality very thoroughly. It won't do to be late, or the train won't start on time, and then an awful row is certain. One time I was at Albany, and that afternoon the Hudson River, Boston and Central trains all started at five o'clock. Well, the conductors of the trains, and the engineers, too, went down the river on a little propeller—the Julia, I think she was called. We turned round in plenty of time, but about ten miles below Albany we ran aground. We were in a nice scrape. There wasn't a conductor at the depot to take any one's place, and the tide was falling. Williams, a splendid, great big fellow, got desperate, jumped into the river, put his shoulder under the stern, where the propeller had caught on a mud bank, and as the boat was about to sink, he was a perfect Hercules, he actually lifted her off, and we got to Albany just in time—only Williams had to run to Syracuse with his wet clothes on."
"It's a queer existence, too, running day after day through a lot of little places that you don't take any interest in, or know anything about, more than the stations are called each station. It isn't such a dangerous life either. Accident insurance companies don't rate passenger conductors very high, but if ever you want to feel how helpless a mortal you are in the hands of the Almighty, get on an express engine, and get the engineer to 'open everything' on a dark night. It is positively awful to see your head-light boring into darkness, and to think that between you and instant death there's only the chance of the two pieces of iron you are traveling on being continuous and clear; that if somebody has just pried up a rail since the last train went over, or anchored something on the track, your friends won't know your body when the engineer's jury calls them as witnesses to your identity. That is the way I thought the first time I tried it, but the engineer was smoking a pipe, and the fireman was whistling Jim-along-Jossey."
"When a conductor runs a train out of town and runs another in again the same day, it isn't such a queer life as when he runs a train out one day and in the next. There he lives two lives. One night he is a married man at one place; the next night he is a bachelor at another place, and the next night a married man again—and so on, see now."
"There is a kind of a feeling of responsibility, having three or four hundred lives in your keeping. But then there's the rules. If you keep them, if anything happens it is to your fault. When you are out of time and have to wait, you're sure to be cross, and sure to be badgered by questions. A foreigner once told me that one of the most surprising things he had seen in America was the respect paid to conductors and the way they were obeyed by passengers. But passengers will ask questions when you are waiting, and it is provoking. One day I was out of time, and run off on a switch to wait for either the down train or a telegram to come on. By and by a pompous man comes to me as I was sitting on the fence."
"Mr. Conductor," says he, "what are you waiting for?"
"For the down train—we're out of time. There is a single track here, and she has the right of way."
"But suppose the down train is behind too."
"Then I'll get a telegram."
"But suppose they don't telegraph you, how long will you wait?"
"Till the wheels rust off," said I.

"He went back to the coach, growling something about having an engagement in town at the hour the train was due, and I afterwards found out that he was the Vice President of the road. But he was a sensible old fellow, though quick tempered, and I stood better with the officers for what I had said. He used to poke heavy fun at me sometimes, and recommended me to wet the wheels and they would rust off sooner."
"It is astonishing how reckless some railroad men become. I was on a side track waiting out of time once, and a fellow comes to me and says, 'Why don't you go on?' 'Cause my orders are to stay,' I said rather sharply."
"He was the new superintendent, a young fellow whom I had never seen because he'd just come on to the road. He was courting a girl on the line of the road. I afterwards found out, and had an engagement to go to a ball with her that night, which this 'lay-over' interfered with."
"So he says, very quickly, 'No they are not,' and when I looked surprised, he says, 'I'm the superintendent of this road, and I tell you you've time to get over this bit of single track and have three minutes to spare before the down train reaches it. I have calculated and know.'"
"I've got my printed orders, Mr. Superintendent," says I, and he broke right in—
"Never mind your printed orders, I order you to go ahead."
"Well, I would not and he was awfully mad, and swore I should not run a week longer on that road. Probably, after he had cooled down he would have never said a word about the matter, for he was clearly wrong. Three minutes is too close a shave on time when six or seven hundred people's lives are interested, and regular printed orders are to be obeyed till other regular printed orders are issued. But I thought, at first, he'd complain to the President, and I was bound to have the first talk, if possible."
"The President heard my story and sent for the superintendent. He denied that he had ordered me at all, or made any threats, but said he had told me I had ten minutes to spare. So it was a question of veracity, and I began to think I would be sent back to run my train, and that running a train on that road would be my business very long."
"All at once a gentleman who had been sitting with a newspaper held in front of his face at the back of the office, came forward."
"Mr. President," said he, "I happened to be standing by these two men when they had that talk. The conductor is right, and the other man lies. If the train had gone on I had made up my mind to walk back to the last station; my chance of an accident seemed so great."
"Then the President says mad."
"Why, good heavens!" said he, "my wife and family were on that train. Mr. Superintendent, go and draw your wages to the first of next month, and leave the road now!"
"But sometimes a conductor is put in such a position that the rules won't guide him. Then the responsibility is very great. I remember once being so placed, and I thought at the time that my hair ought to have turned white that night with anxiety."
"It was when the Hudson River Railroad was just built. There was no telegraph along the line then, and everything was quite primitive compared to what it is now. The flagmen had got on a sort of a strike about those days, too, so that you trusted to luck for safe running. I was running a sort of way-train between New York and Poughkeepsie then. Running an express is much plainer than running a way, you may easily imagine. An express sometimes don't stop for an hour at a time, and after you've worked your coaches once, you have nothing to do but to sit down and earn your money that easy way. Then, when you reach the next station, if your brakemen mind their business, they can tell you how many passengers have got into each coach, and then they are always able to pick them out, because they have not got the settled air of the old passengers. But a way train conductor has much harder work."
"Well I ran the train out of New York one afternoon, and I had for my driver a man who was famous for the accurate way in which he would come up to his stations. He would stop any named coach almost to a foot where he said he would; but on this occasion he appeared to have very poor luck. He ran past his stations and had to back down, and then again he would stop so short that the engine would be in front of the station and the rear coach an eighth of a mile back, and it rained hard, too. Then he would start up again, just as the passengers were getting out. So we kept running behind time all the while. There was a sort of lightning express came out of New York about an hour after us, and we were gradually working back into its time."
"We got near Fishkill, and, having made an awful bad shot at the depot, I said to the baggage-master: 'Mack has had luck at making his stations to-day. Wonder what is the matter?'"
"The baggage-master turned round on me quickly and said:
"If you want to know what I think, I think Mack is drunk."
"It can't be," says I, "I never saw him took a drop of liquor or smell of it in any way."
"That is so," said the man, "but I think he is drunk to day. He was in the car here a little while ago, and picked up all the brakemen's lanterns and slung them in a bunch at me. I dodged, and they went out of the car door and smashed. Then he chuckled and went back to the engine."
"I did not like the idea of a drunken engineer, but had to laugh at the fate of the

lanterns. If I had known how I was going to groan over their fate soon, I would not have laughed then."
"When I got above Fishkill, I thought I would let those who got on at one of the little stations ride free to the next station, while I rode on the engine and investigated."
"So I got on the 'Corning,' and Mack looked black enough instead of as civil as usual. I joked him about his bad luck in making his stations, and he growled out a curse. I asked him if he knew how far he had got; back into the lightning express time, and he said he knew his own business. The man was evidently drunk and surly. I happened to put my hand down under the cushion of the seat and felt a bottle. Pulling the cork out I smelled whiskey, and quietly threw it overboard. But Mack saw me and cursed me for destroying his property. 'What did you throw that bottle away for; it wasn't your run?' he said at the end of an awful swear."
"I'll tell you why," said I; "I am conductor of this train, and you are to drink to do your business right, and you'd get worse and worse if you had a bottle."
"Then he grinned a savage sort of a grin, and quieted down into a silent state, but he looked dangerous about the eyes."
"You're conductor of this train, are you? I'll show you how much you have to do with running it," says he, and began to 'slop up,' and we behind time already you know. I didn't know exactly what to do—we were getting quite dangerously near the lightning express time—and while I was debating, he suddenly 'blew brakes,' with a fiendish chuckle, and stopped at a station that the train never stopped at before. I looked at my watch and determined to send a brakeman back with a lantern and stop the express. Just then a thought struck me that made my hair stand on end. There wasn't a lantern on the train—the drunken beast had smashed them all—there wasn't a soul at the station, which was miles away from its village; the express didn't stop before it reached Poughkeepsie, so that I couldn't leave word to caution it, and just then I heard its whistle a mile or two back. The engineer heard it too, and laughed a diabolical laugh."
"That decided me. I caught up a wrench and hit him back of his ear, and he dropped like dead. I dragged his body (I didn't know then whether I was handling a corpse or not) off the engine and threw it down by the roadside and jumped on the engine."
"Jimmy," said I, "the express is after us. Mack smashed all the lanterns—so we can't stop her. Our only chance is running away from her—so cran on the wood and I'll open everything."
"I knew, by observation, how to open and how to shut off, but of course couldn't graduate the speed like a professional. I 'opened everything,' you may be sure, and away we jumped. It was a curious chase. To be hunted by a locomotive don't fall to the lot of every one. Our engine was not so powerful as the express engine, and our train was quite long; so we crammed in the fuel and depended upon the high pressure for our salvation. Of course, I never thought for a moment of stopping that side of Poughkeepsie; so we speeded past the stations, all lighted and filled with wondering faces."
"Just after passing the second the gong on the engine struck—some one had pulled the safety rope. The fireman's hand went instinctively to the whistle to 'blow brakes,' but I caught it. It was the most anxious minute of my life. If I did not mind the signal, and something was wrong and an accident should occur, I should always be blamed, even if I didn't blame myself. But if I stopped, the express might probably sound professional—like a brakeman's. It probably was a jerk at the rope by a passenger who had been carried by his station—so I'd chance it."
"All this went through my mind like lightning, as you may imagine—one thinks quickly on such occasions—and I caught the fireman's arm. He had never heard of such a thing as disobeying the gong, and stared. I was too excited to speak, but pointed to the fire, and he put in more wood quietly."
"Well to make a long story short, I never 'blew brakes,' till the engine was opposite the station. Then I shut off, blew one whistle, and went sliding up the road. Just as we stopped, the express, whose station whistle I had heard just behind me, came up to the depot, and stopped where the trains usually do. If I had minded the gong, or stopped in front of the depot, I'd been smashed."
"You see there was no way to do but run for it. We hadn't a red light for the rear car; we hadn't a lantern, nor couldn't get one, to send back to signal; the flagmen were on a strike, and the express didn't stop anywhere till it reached Poughkeepsie, and she had got so close to us when the engineer cut up as he did, that I couldn't stop at the station and send a man back. Before he could have got far enough away they'd have been so close that they couldn't have 'broke up' in time, but would have come into us."
"I didn't know whether I had killed Mack or not, and took the 'owl train' back, and found him all right as regards death, but very sick from the dip I'd given him."
"The company gave me this watch when they heard of it."
Two women were having some hard words together, when the daughter of one of them popped her head out of the door and cried, "Be quick, mother, and call her a thief, before she calls you one."

Voyage on the "Mary Ann."
Pale luna was just disappearing behind a distant hay stack, and the hands on my two dollar watch were pointed at the solemn hour of twelve—where they had been pointing for two months—when the fast and commodious steamer, Mary Ann, with a snort like the dying groan of a dime novel hero, steamed up to Bayville wharf and made fast. I was there. I was with my friend Jeremiah, and we were going away. Yes, I had kissed my Miranda adieu, and he had dilted with his Araminta, and we were off. He was the friend of my bosom—was Jeremiah, and he carried a black bottle in his breast pocket. That's what breast-pockets are made for. The bottle contained "soothing syrup" for children of a mature growth. My baggage consisted as follows:
One shirt, one box velociped collars, one comb, one cigar, and one bottle of "soothing syrup" like Jeremiah's. We both thought we'd need soothing before we reached our destination. We felt so inwardly.
"All aboard!" yelled the Captain of the Mary Ann, who was a chap of much stomach, and had a voice like a Pennsylvania dinner horn. "Draw in your gang plank, throw off your bow line, put your helm hard down, ring up on her, and take a reef in the cook's waterfall." His orders were obeyed.
As we paced the deck of the Mary Ann I came to the conclusion that the noble steamer would be an excellent thing to go to a funeral in. Jeremiah said he didn't think it was fast enough, and after I had given the matter due consideration, I came to the same conclusion, likewise.
Jeremiah said he felt like being soothed. I said I felt ditto. Jeremiah produced his black bottle, and we soothed. I said I felt bad about parting from my Miranda, and Jeremiah said he felt likewise about diltitng with his Araminta, so we soothed once more, and went below.
Met a slim rooster with much side whiskers, who said as follows: "Fare, gentlemen."
"All right," said we.
"One dollar each," said he.
Forked over the stamps and asked for bunks. He showed us bunks and we turned in. Warm bunks, warm as—as—well, as a fresh baked doughnut. Felt like soothed, and called J. up. J. was in; we soothed some, and turned in and tried to sleep. In a very few moments I had a bite—a big bite—a bite what hurt. Then directly I had another bite, then about a dozen bites.
"Say," said J. to the slim rooster, "have these bedbugs paid their fare?" but s. r. passed away and replied not.
Proposed to set up and soothed. J. was in, so we got up and soothed. Went on deck to view nature by starlight. Nature looked about as usual. J. said he was feeling badly about his Araminta and wanted to soothed. Soothed much. "Soothing syrup" was disappearing fast as dew before the morning sun.
Discovered a solitary female sitting alone by herself, viewing the stars and things and saying nothing to nobody. Her form was beautiful, not to say striking, but her face was turned away. Her thoughts were on the little stars in the sky, and her eyes looked in those direction. I seated myself by her side, but still she looked not upon me.
"Beauteous maiden," said I with a tender sigh, "doth vieweth the little stars that twinkle and blink in the blue arch above like tallow dips at a woods meeting?"
She turned her face full upon me, and she was as black as a hat.
"Things are not as they should be," I thought, and I arose from those seat and wended my way to Jeremiah.
"What soothed?"
"Yes," said I, and we soothed.
Looked around and saw a lovely fair one who was running much to waist. I made my way unto her side, and spoke as follows:
"Fair one, wilt let me occupy, for a few short moments, those seat by thy side, and permit me to converse unto thee of nature and things what surround us?"
When she looked up into my face and replied: "Nix-for-stay."
I said no more to those female, but joined Jeremiah and soothed. Saw another girl alone with herself viewing the moon with her chin in her hand. "Loveliest being," I said, "dost enjoy natures scenes and things?"
"She said, 'I dost.'"
"I do likewise," I replied, seating myself near her, "nature has been my study since I emerged from my fifth year. Yes, I loveth nature much. I love her skies, her stars, her trees, and all her other works, and I love to sit by the side of an appreciating child of nature of the female denomination, and converse of these things and such."
"Indeed!" said she.
"Ah, yes," I returned, with a sigh what basted the top button from my pants, "it is fully thus—more than thus."
At that moment a chap that was much large, and wore a mustache about the size of a shoe brush, stepped up unto my side and spoke as follows: "Young man, arise from those seat, and immediately entice thyself away from the side of my wife."
I enticed immediately from the side of them wife and those man, and I wish not to see them again. Soothed with J. and turned in. "Shoo!" all the bedbugs down to J's bunk while he reposed. Wrapped myself in a U. S. blanket, and let my thoughts drift to my Miranda. Thusly I fell asleep. When I awoke I found the bedbugs had lifted J. from his bunk, and were debating whether to remove him by way of the window or the door. I seized a boot and drove them off, after which J. waked, and we soothed, and waited for morning. Reader, take my advice and don't travel on a steamboat.

Moss Agates.
A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial at Sherman, Black Hills, Wyoming territory, writes:
"Nearly every visitor to these hills and the plains is an anxious and excited seeker after 'moss agates'—a name applied to a species of silicious formation that has been wonderfully and beautifully figured and flowered through the united agencies of iron solutions penetrating it, and then, becoming exposed to the action of the air, going thro' a sun-and wind drying process after the waters of some river bed or lake had evaporated. Some of these moss agates are very tastefully inlaid with exact imitations of pine trees, vines, cedar forests, hedges trains of cars, staves, figures, and almost every imaginable drawing. The agates found along the line of the Union Pacific are of four different colors, partaking of the names of places where found, as follows: The Cheyenne brown agate, Granger water agate, and Sweetwater cream agate. The two latter are the most valuable and most delicately formed.
"The most extensive agate beds are found in the vicinity of Church Buttes and Granger, distant about eight hundred and eighty miles west of Omaha. These beds are about fifty yards wide and one hundred long, being isolated from each other at a distance of from one to two miles. As you approach them you observe a large patch of smooth, round, black cobble stones, and between these lie, almost concealed, the different sized and shaped moss agates, and occasionally sparkling among them, a bright topaz and brown and yellow streaked corneal. The intrinsic value of the agate consists in its display of moss, the vine and cedar forest being the most prized for jewelry sets. In one hour's time I have gathered a half gallon, some of which are extremely pretty, and I know of no pleasure, either in hunting buffalo or catching trout, half so exciting and so full of glory as the finding of a choice agate. I have seen staid old men search in silence for a few minutes for a 'real shiner,' and when they came upon it pick it up suddenly, take off their hats, swing them in the air, jump up and shout aloud, like schoolboys that had just been let out for a two week's vacation. The very novelty of finding precious stones among black rocks, far out on the plains, many miles from home or habitation, is a delight so pleasant and intoxicating, that it takes a mighty nerve to resist the pressure of one's making a stupendous fool of himself. Good agates are worth, as jewels, from three to five dollars a piece. As novelties they are invaluable.
"Luck.—'I don't have any good luck.' 'Fudge. What do you expect, you mere grubber? Is the world to turn from its way and business to wait on you, put you on pins, and then return to its own affairs? Not if it knows itself, and the popular prejudice is that it has some experience in that line. If you expect 'luck' as it's termed, without working like a goodfellow for it, you will simply be disappointed. And you ought to be. It would be nothing else but a swindle. Luck is a product not a chance. It is born of toil; does not fall ready at hand. It comes to those who work and win, and not those who lazily wait. There is nothing more foolish than for young men to believe in luck. It is a 'faith without foundation, and sadly ruinous in its consequence.
"A farmer's son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer not being satisfied with the course of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, one day, thus addressed him: 'Now Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?' 'Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus,' said Joseph. 'Well, now,' said the old man, 'if you do not take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I will break your lazy backibus.' Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.
"A worthy deacon in a town somewhere in North America, gave notice at a prayer meeting, the other night, of a church-meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: 'There is no objection to the female brethren remaining!'" This was equaled by a clergyman who told in his sermon of a very affecting scene, where "there was not a dry tear in the house!"
Josh Billings says: "You ain't obliged to ask a gal's manny if you may go home with her from a party; git the gal's consent, and sail in; its proper enuff to ask her to take your arm, but mind you, you have got no right to put your arm around her waste unless you meet a bear on the road, and, then you are bound to take your arm away just as soon as the bear gets safely by."
A little youngster, two and one-half years old, who had heard some complaint in the family about pegs in shoes hurting the feet, approached his mother the other day, with his fingers in his mouth, and said: "Mamma, me dot pegs turning in my mouf, and dey hurt me." And sure enough the little fellow was cutting two or three nice teeth.
Josh Billings, with characteristic unsensational common sense, remarketh: "There is lots of folks in this world, who rather than not find any fault at all, wouldn't hesitate to say to an angle worm that his tail was altogether too long for his body."
A very small pattern of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair lady, "I can't think of it for a moment; the fact is, Tommy, you are a little too big to be put in a cradle, and a little too small to be put to bed."

Business Directory.
A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, May 13, 1863.
WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.
D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, 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. sep23
MERRILL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware, Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron Ware, 208 Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.
H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker and Jeweler, Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c., Room in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 10.
R. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth corner Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 10.
H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. June 20, 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. M'ENALLY, Attorney Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, on 24 street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.
I. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa. 10.
J. 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, Palmis, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1863.
J. KRATZER & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1863.
JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, attends funerals with a hearse. April '59.
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 9.
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Stationery, &c., Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of ready-made ware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.
N. M. HOOPER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF, A large assortment of pipes, cigar cases, &c., constantly on hand. Two doors East of the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, '69.
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 host of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.
JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & 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, Groceries, &c., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 1, 1868.
DR. J. F. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 10th Regt. Penna. Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865.—6m.
SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penna. March 6th, 1867.—JAMES MITCHELL.
JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Ocoeca, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. Office in Ocoeca, Pa. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, '69.
THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer, Having recently located in the Borough of Lumber City, and resumed the practice of Land Surveying, respecting all matters pertaining 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 & Spencers 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, all the modern improvements 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 impeach 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 furnished table, with clean rooms and new beds, where all may feel at home and the weary be at rest. New stable attached. JAS. H. GALER. Philadelphia, Sep. 2, '65.
EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Penna.
This establishment having been leased by J. Morrison, formerly proprietor of the "Morrison House," has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and supplied with all the modern improvements 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 perfectly 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 College of Dentistry, and therefore has the highest attainments of his Professional skill.
All work done in the office I will hold myself personally responsible for, being done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession.
An established practice of twenty-two years in the place enables me to speak to my patients with confidence.
Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient designs coming. (Clearfield, June 3, 1868.—ly.)

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

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

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENNA. Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Pictures, from any style of mounting made to order. (See 2 No. 3, 146-st.)

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE OF MCGUIRE & PERKS, Successors to Foster, Parks, Wright & Co., PHILIPSBURG, CHESTER CO. PA. Where all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. March 20.—tf. J. D. WILSON. R. W. 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. Also guns repaired and revarnished and repaired neatly on short notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. June 9, 1869. JOHN MOORE.

THE LEONARD HOUSE, (Near the Railroad Depot), Reed Street, Clearfield, Pa. G. D. GOODFELLOW :: :: PROPRIETOR. A new first class Hotel in every respect—comfortable rooms—all the modern improvements—the best of Liquors—prompt attendance, and reasonable charges. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. July 21.—tf.

J. P. KRATZER, Clearfield, Penna., 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 28, 1867.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!! GOOD AND CHEAP!! Men, Youths and Boys can be supplied with full sets 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. Their store is conveniently situated. They having purchased their stock at reduced prices they can sell cheaper than others.

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

NEW SPRING STOCK! J. SHAW & SON. Have just returned from the east and are now opening an entire new stock of goods in the room formerly occupied by Wm. F. Irwin, on Market Street, which they now offer to the public at the lowest cash prices. Their stock consists of a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Dress Goods, Fractions, Candles, 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. ROOP, J. F. WEAVER, J. JONES, W. POWELL, NOTICE. W. W. RETTS.

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 Mouldings, 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.)