

The Buffsman's Mail.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 50.

Sick Poetry.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me,"—"say it darling."
"Say me," he said, "the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, ending
Or her folded finger tips,
Down to sleep."—"To sleep," she mur-
mured.
And the early head dropped low;
I pray the Lord, I gently added,
"You can say it, I know."
"Pray the Lord," she words came faintly.
Fainter still—"My soul to keep,"
And the tired head low nodded.
And the child was fast asleep.
But the dewy eyes half opened.
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the clear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows the rest."

BACHELORS MAKING LOVE.

You would have known it for a bachelor's
den the moment you put your head in the
door. Blue spiny wreaths of cigar smoke
were curling up to the ceiling, newspapers
under the table, Castle soap in a tiny bronze
candlestick, slippers on the mantel piece, and
general confusion everywhere. And yet Mr.
Thornbrooke—poor deluded mortal—sol-
emnly believed his room to be in the most
perfect order. For hadn't he poked the
empty champagne bottles under the bed, and
sent the wash-bowls to their proper company,
and hung his morning gown over the damp
toilet, and dusted the brass sprinkled hearth
with his best pocket-handkerchief? He'd
like to see a room in better trim than that—
guessed he would! and now he was fixing
himself up preparatory to going out calling
—to call on the very prettiest girl in New
York—not that he was particularly fond of
the needle; but when a fellow's whole foot
goes through a hole in the northeast corner
of his stocking, and there isn't a button on
his shirt, it's time to repair damage.

Now that Mr. Thornbrooke's whole stock
of industrial implements consisted of a
loop of wax and a large pair of scissors,
and one needle, the mending didn't progress
rapidly. By way of managing the bottom
question, he necessarily involved some dis-
cussion. He had to cut his little ap-
pendages from another shirt, and sew them on;
and next when the second shirt was wanted,
why it was easy enough to make a transfer
again! See what it is to be a bachelor of
pines! It never occurred to him to buy a
new button extra!

"Bartons are not much trouble," said
Mr. Thornbrooke to himself, as he wiped the
perspiration from his brow. "But when it
comes to coat sleeves what the mischief is a
fellow to do? I haven't a black thread left
in the house, and he looked dolorously at a
small tin just at his elbow, where some vicious
rod had caught in the broadcloth. "A
black pin will do for to-night, to-morrow
I'll send it to the tailor. The fact is, I
ought to be married; and so I would, if I
only dared to ask Lillian. Oh, dear! I
know she wouldn't have me—and yet I'm
not certain either; if I only could mix
the sugar-belly to put the question!

Long and wearily he waited, yet no tinkle
of the bell gave warning of her approach.
"It's all her sweet feminine modesty,"
thought he, and was content.
As length there was an appeal below, and
Mark's heart jumped into his mouth, beat-
ing like a reveille drum. He rushed to the
door, but there was no one but a little grinn-
ing boy with a box.

"Miss Raymond's compliments, and here's
de housewife, sir."
"The housewife, you little imp of Ere-
bus!"
"Yes, sir, in the box, all right."
Mark slunk back into his room, and open-
ed the box, half expecting to see a full dress-
ed young lady issue from it a la Arabian
Nights; but no—it was only a little blue
velvet box, and full of odd compartments
in azure silk, containing tape, needles, silk,
scissors and thimbles, and all the nice work-
table necessities.
"And she calls this a housewife," groaned
Mark, in ineffable bitterness of spirit at the
downfall of his bright visions. "But I
won't be put off so."

A Horrible Story.

A correspondent of the London Times
says: The police magistracy of Cracow late-
ly received an anonymous letter stating that
a nun had been immured in a neighboring
cloister since 1848, and begging that justice
might be done to her. The name of the nun
was Barbara Ayrk. She was born in
1817, confined in the cloister of baroneted
Carmelite nuns in 1841, whether as a nun or as
an extern is not yet judicially ascertained,
and in 1848 was confined in the cell where
she was found. The nunery where she was
immured lies in one of the prettiest fau-
bourgs of Cracow, near the Botanical Gar-
dens, a favorite resort of the citizens. Little
did they fancy that within these cloisters a
scene was being enacted which, if described
by one of our sensational romance writers,
we should regard as the offspring of a dis-
eased fancy, but which here was a frightful
reality.

The magistracy, being informed, immedi-
ately took active steps to ascertain the truth.
Whether they were bound to apply to the
Bishop to aid them I do not know. Under
the Concordat they would, but I think
scarcely now. However, they thought it
best to have his aid, which was granted,
and at the same time he suggested that it
might prove a mystification. With Dr. Geb-
hardt, the representative of the magistracy,
he sent also a reverend prelate, Dr. Spital.
On arriving at the cloister they had some
difficulty in obtaining an entrance, but this
was overcome by the presence of the prelate
and the sanction of the Bishop to their ad-
mission. When the magistracy informed
the sister who received them that he had
come here to see and to speak with the nun
Barbara Ayrk, she shrunk back, and re-
plied that it was not possible. She would
then have hastily retired with another sister,
but was prevented. Dr. Gebhardt, the mag-
istrate, ordering her in the name of the law,
not to move. Accompanied then by the
nuns, the commissioners ascended to the
upper corridor, where between the dining-
room and the cloaca they were shown the
cell of the nun, with its strongly fastened
double door. On entering the cell, a spec-
tacle met them scarcely to be described, and
yet it ought to be told, for it shows what
feared wrongs may be perpetrated if indi-
viduals are handed over to the tender mer-
cies of Concordats, and to arbitrary, irre-
sponsible rule. The cell was some seven
feet in length by six feet in breadth. The
window was walled up, and only through a
narrow chink a ray of sunlight could pene-
trate. There were no tables nor chairs, and
no stove to furnish heat in the inclement
winter. The stretch of the cell was hardly
supportable. In a corner, lying on rotten,
stinking straw, lay the poor crouching crea-
ture, "helt Meisch halt Thier," half huma-
n, half brute, half savage, half mad, utterly
naked, her body filthy, for she had not
been washed for years. Her lean bones
hung loose, her cheeks sunken, her hair
dirt-strewn and dirty—a fearful being, whom
even Dante, with his amazing imaginative
force, could not have portrayed. This poor
skeleton of a woman at the sight of her vis-
itors shook herself up, and, folding her
hands and bitterly weeping, said, "I am
hungry, have pity on me, give me food and
I will be obedient." The magistracy im-
mediately sent for the Bishop, who, to do him
justice, showed as strong indignation as any
other. Let the name of Bishop Guleski
be honored for it. He called the abbess, the
nuns, and the father confessor into his pres-
ence, and reproached them with the utmost
severity for their inhuman conduct. The
wretched abbess he commanded to conduct
the nun Barbara into another cell to be
clothed and cared for. As the poor nun re-
tired she asked if "she was to be led back
to her grave." The abbess seemed quite
unwilling to obey the ecclesiastical order.
She evidently thought that in sparing the
nun a scandal she had done a work pleas-
ing to God. The father confessor of the
cloister ventured to say that the immuring
of the nun had been known by the Church
authorities, which both the Bishop and the
prelate indignantly denied as an utter fal-
shood, and the former suspended both him
and the abbess at once from their offices. The
nuns tried in their turn to excuse themselves,
but with as little success. "Is this," he
said, "your love for your neighbor? Will
you reach heaven in this way, you furious
women?" And when they attempted to
answer—"Be silent," he thundered out, "go
out of my sight, you who have scandalized
religion. Away with you." The poor nun
was asked why she had been immured. She
answered, "I have broken the vow of puri-
ty," but then added with a fearful gesture
and a wild spring, "These nuns also are not
pure; they are no angels." Then she sprang
on the confessor, crying, "Thou beast." The
following day the nun was visited by the
medical authorities. In their opinion she is
rather bewildered, become wild and savage,
rather than deranged, and they hold out
hopes of her recovery. As to her confession
of misconduct, it still remains to be seen
whether this be not a delusion of the brain.
The abbess does not seem to have accused
her of anything but madness, if we can, in-
deed, count that an accusation.

Barbara, the nun, has since been taken
to an asylum for the insane, and she seemed a
little revived by the fresh air, but she trem-
bled on entering the institution, and finding
that she was to be under the care of the
"Gray Sisterhood."
Several hundred of the citizens attempted
to seize and destroy the nunery and expel
the nuns. Military force alone prevented
the accomplishment of their purpose. They
afterwards attacked a Jesuit institution
where there is a rumor that great cruelties
have also prevailed. The moral that we
draw from this horrible story is that monas-
teries and nunneries must be thrown open
to the free inspection of the civil power.

True Religion.

A striking story in the Talmud showing
its broad conception of what constitutes re-
ligion, is that of the Sage, who, walk-
ing in a market place crowded with people,
suddenly encountered the prophet Elijah,
and asked him, who out of that vast multi-
tude would be saved? Whereupon the
prophet first pointed out a strange looking
creature, a jailer, because he was merciful
to his prisoners. And next, two common
looking tradesmen, who came walking thro'
the crowd, pleasantly chatting. The sage
instantly rushed toward them and asked
them what were their saving works. But
they, much puzzled, replied: "We are but
poor workmen who live by our trade. All
that can be said of us is that we are all good
natured. When we meet anybody who
seems sad, we join him, and we talk to him
so that he will forget his grief. And if we
know of two persons who have quarrelled,
we talk to them, and persuade them, until
we have made them friends again. This is
our whole life."

In fact, there is in the human heart an
instinctive sense of the difference between
professing and doing, between sentimental
piety and practical religion, between seem-
ing and being. This is not affirming that
one man's prayer, or hymn, or exhortation
may not be truly, altogether perhaps to the
same extent, help the world as another
man's deed of practical benevolence. But
let us dismiss that notion that religious ex-
ercises, as they are called—attendance at
church and prayer meetings—constitute the
chief side of religion, or that a man who is
conscientious in the performance of these
things thereby covers a multitude of sins.
The vital point is, whether what a man
thinks about religion, or what he does is
religion.

What drives men apart is their theories
or speculations concerning religion, and not
the thing itself. And, on the other hand,
what brings men together is the opportu-
nity to engage in some practical, humane,
Christian work. When work came from
our armies, in the early period of the rebel-
lion, that our gallant and patriotic soldiers
were in need of medicines, supplies and ser-
vices the Government had not engaged to
furnish, with what marvellous rapidity de-
nominational lines faded out, with what
alacrity the scattered units crystallized into
one glowing mass, fired with a common zeal
and purpose.

Was not "pure and undefiled religion"
more beautifully and effectively illustrated
in the history of the Sanitary Commission
than in all the learned debates of church
councils in all the ages of the Christian era?
There was something more than extraor-
dinary sarcasm in the reply of a sick soldier
in a hospital, who was pressed by an evangeli-
cal colporteur to tell him to what church he
belonged: "Sir," said he, "I belong to the
Sanitary Commission."
It is impossible to unite men religiously
upon abstractions. Now and then philoso-
phers may devise a bond of Union that will
promise to level all differences on the subject
of religion, but the philosophical mind is
needed to comprehend the scheme and the
masses are not versed in philosophy. But
show men a real need, let them hear a genu-
ine cry of distress, convince them that they
have an opportunity and the ability to re-
lieve human suffering in any of its ever
present forms, and all hearts are enlisted
and all hands pledged to do the blessed
work.

PAPER PETICOATS.

The uses to which
paper can be put seem to be in no way ex-
hausted yet. Paper collars have become a
great fact of the present nineteenth cen-
tury; but what will the ladies say to the
paper petticoats? These have been produced
with great success, and will rival in every
way the snow-white and elaborately orna-
mented garments poor male mortals are accus-
tomed to look upon with fear and reverence.
We have all heard of the artist who used to
make caricatures of his friends upon his
shirts, and the artist who inscribed an
epic upon a couple of dozen of the same
useful articles of attire. Thus we see a field
of great usefulness for the petticoat of the
future. Young ladies can make sketches
from nature on their own petticoats. Every
damsel her own sketch-book, will be their
motto. Poets can inscribe sonnets to their
mistress' ankles round the hem of her petti-
coat. Mothers can have fairy tales, alpha-
bets and small scholastic works inscribed on
their garments, and so instruct their child-
ren as they walk about with them. Fancy an
announcement: "Madame Percival begs
leave to call the attention of ladies about to
visit the seaside to her few and richly em-
broided petticoats, at one shilling each.
Each petticoat contains an instalment of a
new novel of great domestic interest, by
Mr. Antony Trollope, entitled 'Tucks or
Frills.' The story will be complete in fifty
weekly petticoats." There is no reason
whatever that journalism should not be re-
presented in this way. For example, the
Daily Petticoat, a journal for ladies: or the
Weekly Pinfold and Girl's Gazette.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLE MELODIES.—REV.
Henry Ward Beecher is right upon the mu-
sic question. He says: "It is no wonder
that singing has died out from the congre-
gation, when a choir is put up to recite
words that nobody can understand, to music
that nobody knows, and the people are left
to listen to newly converted operas, which
were brought over by a fresh troop of for-
eign singers. And these sweet melodies,
that stilled propriety has long ago driven
from the churches, but which have gone
forth among the people, and rung out glo-
riously in camp-meetings, shaking the forest
leaves with the ascending shouts of a mighty
people, or which, more gently, have filled
rural school houses and humble lecture
rooms and village churches, not yet corrup-
ted by the false pretenses of classical music—
those sweet melodies that no one can hear
with his ear, and not feel his heart beating
in his bosom all the faster for the sound—
are become the ridicule of men who think
that God must be praised to the sound of
Myrber or Rosini, and not to the sweet
and humble melodies of our own land."

How HE SAID GRACE.—A man being on
a tramp lately to Canada says that at a cer-
tain farm house in the back woods, where
he had occasion to stop, the following rich
scene took place.
The family were about to partake of their
breakfast, and sat down for that purpose.
The old man being a lover of squirrels,
and that being the principle dish of the
morning's repast, had his particular piece
laid on the side of the dish next to him.
The old man commenced saying grace, as
follows:
"Oh, Lord we thank thee for the blessing
thou has set before us; do thou guide and
direct us through life"—here raising his
eyes, he proceives his son Gideon laying his
hands on his choice piece of squirrel, and
then in a hurried manner ended the grace—
"deliver us from evil, for the Lord's sake,
amen,—by golly, Gid, that's my piece! hand
it here."

NEW POSTAL CONVENTION.—According
to the postal convention which has just been
concluded by the governments of the Uni-
ted States and Switzerland, the postal mon-
ey order system is to be brought into use
between the two countries. Persons wish-
ing to transmit money can do so through
the Money Order Department of the Post-
office without taking the trouble to buy bills
of exchange from the bankers. The matter
of exchange has been arranged by the Post-
master General through a banking house in
New York. Parties sending money to Swit-
zerland will need to have dealt only with
money order clerks at the various postoffices
throughout the country, and will thus es-
cape all the vexation occasioned by the fluctu-
ating and irregular charges often made on
the same day by different bankers. It is to be
hoped that postal conventions with a similar
provision may soon be made with other
European countries.

A GOOSE RACE.—Over two thousand
people gathered on the banks above the
pond, and along the lower end of Farnham
broad, on yesterday afternoon, to witness
Bob Hart and Sully in their great wash-
tub-goose feat. Promptly at the advertised
time, Hart made his appearance, followed
by his competitor for the golden peanut of-
fered by Col. Hanford. Each sat in an ordi-
nary wash-tub, to which was attached six
pairs of geese, driven and guided by an
ordinary carriage whip. The most deafen-
ing applause, shouts and yells greeted the
contestants as they were towed into the
pond. Striking the Farnham street bank
both started side by side, talking to the
urge on their feathered racers the same
as a jockey would do in a trial of speed
amongst fast horses.

Half way across the pond Sully's team
switched off and bolted for the woods, giving
Rob the lead by three and a half lengths.
Hart would have come in "O. K." only
for his "wheel geese" hauling badly and
upsetting the tub. Sully began laughing at
his opponent's disaster, when his team
made a sudden flank movement, which left
the driver floundering in the mud. The
assembled multitude yelled the louder at the
accident. Righting their crafts, both par-
ties made for shore, leading their teams.
Bob took the prize.—Omaha Republican.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
E. D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, 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. Sep 25
MERRELL & 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 Block, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
H. BUCHER SPOONER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office at 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. D. McNALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in brick building of J. Boynton, 21st Street, one door south of Lanich's Store.
J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him, for sale an assortment of earthenware, Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. FORNEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham's Block, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.
J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.
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, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Also makes and repairs Coffins, and shrouds, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 6, 1869.
THOMAS J. MULLOUGH, 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, etc., etc., Room on Market Street, opposite seat of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
FREDERICK LETZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or dered wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1865.
N. M. HOOPER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF, A large assortment of pipes, cigar cases, &c., complete. Room on Market Street, opposite 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 IRWIN, Proprietor.
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 Bounties, claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 12th, 1867.
DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 1st Reg't Penn. 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—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, Penn. JOHN IRWIN, Proprietor. March 8th, 1867.—JAMES MITCHELL.
JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Ocochee, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kilns. 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, etc., prepared. Office and residence one door East of Kirk & Spencer's Store. Lumber City, April 14, 1869 1y.
SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has passed both Houses 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.
WALTER BARRETT, Atty at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 16th, 1866.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE, FRONT STREET, PHILIPSBURG, PA.
I will impeach any one who says I fall 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 establishment.
Phillipsburg, Sep. 2, '68. JAS. H. GALER.
EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Penn'a.
This old 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, Proprietor. Huntingdon, June 17, 1868.

DENTAL PARTNERSHIP.

DR. A. M. HILLS desires to inform his patients and the public generally, that he has associated with him in the practice of Dentistry, S. P. SHAW, D. D. S., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest attainments of his professional skill.
All work done in the office will be held myself personally responsible for being done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession.
Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient designs coming. (Clearfield, June 3, 1869—1y.)

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

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

J. K. ROTTOR'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views, from any style of moulding made to order. (See 2-98-75-14-90-tf.)

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE OF MORGAN & PERKS, Successors to Foster, Perks, Wright & Co., PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO., PA. Where all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. March 20, 1869. J. D. MORGAN, J. 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. JOHN MOORE, June 9, 1869.

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, 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., 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 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 at 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 15, 1864.

NEW SPRING STOCK!

Have just returned from the east and are now opening an entire new stock of goods in the room formerly occupied by Wm. F. Irwin, on Market Street, which they now offer to the public at the lowest cash prices. Their stock consists of a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Dress Goods, Fruits, Candies, Fish, Salt, Brooms, Nails, etc., in fact, everything usually kept in a retail store can be had by calling at this store, or will be procured to order. Their stock is well selected, and consists of the newest goods, is of the best quality, of the latest styles, and will be sold at lowest prices for cash, or exchanged for approved country produce. Be sure and call and examine our stock before making your purchases, as we are determined please all who may favor us with their custom. May 8, 1867. J. SHAW & SON.

G. L. REED, J. F. WEAVER, W. FOWLER, S. F. BOOP, J. JOHNS, W. W. BRITS. NOTICE. 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.)