

The Ruffman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1869.

VOL. 16.—NO. 7.

Select Poetry.

MY OLD COUNTRY HOME.
Beneath the spreading trees I stand,
My own dear home, once more,
And now the latch is in my hand,
My foot waits at the door,
Yet pause I ere I enter in
The old familiar way;
And the stranger's household gods
My footsteps may not stray.

There is a voice upon the breeze,
A whisper in the air,
It breathes from the wild bird's wing—
"Thy home—it is not there!"
I faint would still the unwelcome sound
That cometh o'er and o'er,
While yet my aching heart replies,
"This is thy home no more!"

Oh! home no more!—yet here as fair
The summer sun shall shine,
The sweet north wind shall curl
About the eaves of the vine;
The leaves, "Ned, with whirling wing,
The humming, "Blue eed,
Shall seek the "Blue eed,
My passion, again put,
Her snow-white diadem.

As gently 'er each treasured bow,
The craning dew will fall,
More wake, and dusky twilight fade—
I shall be far from all;
Autumn will come with glowing tints
To beautify the earth;
And winter—but it shall not bring
Our forms about the hearth.

Yet blessing be on them who dwell
Around its hallowed shrine,
For the dear shelter it hath given
To me and unto mine;
And back would the world again,
To hear my destined part,
Knowing it hath no spot like this
To bid my saddened heart.

THE OBTAINED HUSBAND.

A week at the watering place, and most of the time each day spent in the company of Mr. Mainwell, the gentleman whom Miss Ellsworth's old friend had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him along the shore on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing rooms. Miss Ellsworth was not a flirt, who distributed her favors among many gentlemen, and she had found her ideal well nigh realized in Mr. Mainwell. Only the evening before, their talk had been trivial and general, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness, she had encouraged an approach to that personal sort of conversation which relates to love and matrimony. And now to find Mr. Mainwell this morning with his coat off and his shirt's apron on, engaged in mending a boot! He was doing it publicly. The lock on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza where the fashionable ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading. His back was toward her as she approached, leaning on the arm of her friend, Anna West. She recognized him, looked intent at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of work, Mr. Mainwell?" she asked.

"Do, Miss Ellsworth. I believe I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears very odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blushed a little. "Your trade!" she said faintly.

"Yes, trade, Miss Ellsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him."

A party of girls came along just then. After nodding at Mr. Mainwell while he laughed at him, they proposed a ride.

There were three carriages for them. These would take the party.

Ned Whittaker here joined them.

"What the deuce are you about here?" he exclaimed to Mr. Mainwell. "Ah," he added, when the latter turned and glanced at him, "but while you are here you might as well enjoy yourself."

Mr. Mainwell excused himself from joining the party, and they went away leaving him to finish his work.

Miss Ellsworth left him without any word at parting.

"It is well," he muttered to himself. "If she cannot take me as I am, she is not worthy of me. The woman that marries me must take me for myself."

He stood and looked after her until she had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back.

He gave his shoulders a shrug, compressed his lips, uttered a cynical "hump!" and turned to finish his work.

"Let it be so," he muttered, when he was thought and was putting on his coat. "I thought perhaps that I had found a woman after my own heart. Amidst this world of wealth and fashion, she too has had her soul. Let her go."

He revolved her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow of recognition. When she entered a drawing room where he was, he would go out by another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned Whittaker. Ned, in passing to and fro between Miss Ellsworth and him, served still as a sort of link between them.

"You are a cynical fellow," said Ned, one day. "Why don't you take good care of them? You will find good enough in them?"

"But they won't take me as I am. That is the trouble."

"Pooh! You see yourself she allows no other suitors to accompany her. Don't you see she is alone with the other girls the most of the time?"

The Ruins of Time.

Time in his onward course is ever fashioning decay, ever moulding desolation. When we look about us, we receive repeated intimations of the universal decay going on in the natural world, that we can almost imagine that we hear the tramp of Time, and in fancy catch the sound of universal wasting.

The mountain, towering emblem of strength and changelessness, which for centuries withstood the buffetings of storms and tempests, is slowly mouldering away, and filling the valley at its base, which has been swept by a myriad of gales. The rocks are daily crumbling to the dust, and the trees sink in ruins. All nature indeed grows old and dies.

The finest works of man, too, are gradual giving away, whether the peasant's hovel, or the monarch's palace; they all yield to the destructive hand. The lofty palace, that once reared its massive proportions in matchless splendor, already bears evidence of decay. The halls that once were crowded with all that art and science could procure, have lost their grandeur. Their works of art have vanished from sight. The ivy clings in mournful green to the mouldering tower, the moss in gloomy decay mantles the shattered roof. One by one the strong pillars bow from age beneath their burdens, till at length hall and court, corridor and turret, lie in inanimate ruins.

In thus wandering among the ruins of the past, how strongly we are impressed with the mutability of human grandeur; with the inconsistency of earthly affairs! Mighty nations have arisen, they have held sway through many years, rising in power and magnificence, and eliciting the admiration of the world. They flourished, but were doomed to decay. Thebes and Carthage are now no more. The pyramids of Egypt, the ruins of Thebes, are but the monuments of the power and grandeur of races that have long since become extinct. Troy, lofty Troy, which neither the combined fleets of Greeks nor a thousand vessels could assault, has fallen from her pinnacle of fame, and lies in ruins. Greece, once the light of the world, and Rome, once the terror of all nations, have lost their lustre, and power. Time has dimmed their ancient glory. The joys of their splendor are remembered only in song.

Thus the greatest power and proudest hope ultimately perish. Every breeze that sighs in the passing air wafts to us the gloomy tidings of decay, and sings with the poet—

"From all save that o'er which the soul bears sway,
There breaths but one record—passing away."

Every billow that disturbs the tranquil deep rolls on the same mournful tale, which it will cease to tell when it shall break noisily on the distant shores of eternity.

Wit and Temperance.

In Pennsylvania there is a clergyman almost as remarkable for eloquence and eccentricity as Lorenzo Dow himself. On charity occasions his pathos, wit, and sometimes bitter satire, are sure to win more bank notes and gold coin to the state than the decorous eloquence of half a dozen men.

On a late occasion he was preaching a temperance sermon, which produced the usual effect upon the audience. Among other things he asserted, as the result of his own observation, that a "moderate" drinker of ten years standing, and on whom the habit had made no progress.

The clergyman stopped short, and leaned over the pulpit, and when the man had ceased speaking, called out,

"I say, friend, stand up here, and let me have a look at you."

The man made an effort to have the host of eyes turned upon him, and stood his ground.

"Nearer, man!" cried the minister, beckoning with his long finger. "Hold a light up to the brother's face, some of you. Step up on the bench and give us a good look."

The moderate drinker was not to be looked or talked down; he not only mounted the bench, but allowed a lamp to be held close to his face.

The minister bent over his cushion and gave the face a long survey.

"That will do," said he drawing back, "that will do my friend. And now I say, if I owed the devil a debt of a hundred drunks, and had paid him ninety-nine and he couldn't take you in full payment at the end of five years, I would never pay him."

One of the handsomest and best dressed gentlemen in the city, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, is a worthy merchant, whose great personal care of himself and his addiction to fine living have procured him a rotundity which, while it detracts nothing from his good looks, utterly conceals from his own inspection his extreme sturdiness. The circumstance was on Friday morning the occasion of, to him, a mortifying exposure, which others looked upon as an amusing spectacle. Before breakfast he invariably takes a morning walk, and his urbanity and polite recognition are looked for by early pedestrians with pleasure. Dressing himself, therefore, with great care, he sallied out, but strange to say, every one he met turned their head and laughed, and some ladies from the gallery of a residence over the way ran screaming into the house. At last he met a little boy whose immoderate laughter drew from him the indignant inquiry, "What do you see about me, you little scoundrel, that everybody laughs at?"

"Why, Mr. D., you've forgot to put your pants on." Overwhelmed with shame, the old gentleman hurried home and eagerly sought the mirror. In his haste he had carefully adjusted his attire, but had, indeed, forgot his pants.

An exchange says: "In these days when diseases of the throat prevail, and particularly a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves but to those with whom we are brought into business contact, those thus afflicted may be benefited by trying the following remedy: Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of common salt in about half a tumbler of cold water, and with this we gargled the throat most effectually just before meal time. The result has been that during the winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute it entirely to the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend it to those of our readers who are subject to diseases of the throat."

A curious matrimonial affair is reported in Sullivan county, Ind. A young fellow named Empson wanted to marry a Miss Jamison, but the paternal and maternal Jamison couldn't see it. The father came down on the lovers in course of a clandestine interview, whaled the daughter soundly, and took her home. She ran off to a neighbor's. The old man went for her, and was met by young Empson, who flashed a little gunpowder in his face. This exhibition of pluck had a good effect on the father, and he told Empson to "take her and be d—d."

A dissipated young man, who ran away from home and spent his substance in riotous living, resolved at last to return to his paternal roof. His father was kind enough to forgive the young rascal for his wickedness, and rushing into the house, overcame with joy that the boy had returned, cried out to his wife, "Let us kill the prodigal; the calf has returned!"

Talk to a woman about religion, she sighs; talk to her of love, she simpers; talk to her of science, she goes to sleep. But talk to her of a new dress, and she will open her eyes, and give you the entire attention of her ears.

A man in Detroit has a snake in his stomach which he can quiet only by drinking large quantities of whisky. Queer, but this kind of snake seems to be common.

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Put That Rascal Out.

While the congregation were assembled at a church, on a certain occasion, an old, hard featured, skin and bone individual was wending his way up the aisle, and taking his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of that class who detested written sermons, and as for prayers he thought they ought to be the natural outpourings of the heart. After singing was concluded, they were, as usual, called to prayer. The genius we have introduced did not kneel, but leaned his head devotionally upon the pew. The minister began by saying:

"Father of all, in every age by saint and savage adored—"

"Pop!" said a low but clear voice near old hard features.

The minister, after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice continued:

"Whose throne sitteth on the adamantine hills of paradise—"

"Milton!" again interrupted the same voice.

The minister's lip quivered for a moment, but recovering himself began:

"We thank thee, most gracious Father, that we are permitted once more to assemble in Thy name, while others, equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from which no traveler returns—"

"Shakespeare!" again interrupted the voice.

This was too much. "Put that impudent rascal out," shouted the minister.

"Original!" ejaculated the voice, in the same calm, but provoking manner.

A school board not a thousand miles from here, was examining a class in the primary school. One of the board undertook to sharpen their wits by propounding the following question:

"If I had a mince pie, and should give two twelfths to John, and to keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?"

There was a prolonged study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand, as a signal that he was ready to give the answer.

"Well, sir, what would be left? Speak out!"

"The plate!"

The examiner turned red, while the other members of the board roared with laughter. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

A mounted officer was riding through a field in which there was some apple trees laden with early fruit, and some straggling persimmon trees covered with green persimmons. He saw some soldiers attempting to hide, and at once suspected that they were robbing the orchard. So he halted and the following colloquy took place:

"Hullo, what are you doing there?" said the officer.

"We come to eat some 'simmons."

"Apples I expect, why the persimmons are green enough to pucker your mouths up."

"That's just what we want with 'em; we want to make our mouths smaller to suit the size of our rations!"

A Philadelphia bachelor, in reply to a letter that he was married, writes to an Iowa friend thus: "As to my being a married man, I authorize you or any other man to shoot on the spot any woman claiming to be my wife, and to resent any imputation of my bachelorship by any one that may have the audacity to assert that I ever was, or that I ever will be, so lost to the pleasures of personal liberty as to place my neck in a matrimonial noose. I other words, to be serious, I am not married."

Arthur Help writes us thus of dogs: "I admit that dogs are not good christians; they are too prejudiced for that, and too much inclined to persecute the inferior animals; but then how few men are christians! In short, you cannot say anything against dogs which does not apply with equal force to human beings, while, on the other hand, how many things may be said against human beings which do not apply to dogs. I will not have dogs run down; I am their champion."

One of the most conspicuous four-in-hands seen on Fifth Avenue, New York, is owned by an old gentleman who lives in a little room on the fifth floor of an up-town hotel, and eats but two meals a day. This, it occurs to his friends, is rather inconsistent.

The official records show that Spain has lost in killed, maimed, and by desertion 20,000 men in a tempting to conquer the Cuban patriots, and all within eleven months. At this rate the entire Spanish army will soon be used up.

The Universalists are going to celebrate the centennial of their existence in this country, which occurs next year, in a very sensible way, indeed. Every church connected with their organization is to pay off all its debts by that day.

"George, do you know Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door step, and is going to adopt him?"

"Yes, papa; he will be Mr. Jones' stepson, won't he?"

A couple in Savannah met for the first time on Friday last, courted Saturday, were engaged on Sunday, and married on Monday. When will they be divorced?

Old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.

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, Woodensware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

DAVID G. NIVLING, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodensware, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. 2923.

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, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 10.

BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Hoyt's store. Nov. 10.

W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. June 1862.

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. MENALY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building at E. Boynton, 21st street, one door south of Lenich's Hotel.

I. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORD, Dealer in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 1865.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Stationery, and Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec 6, 1865.

KRATZER & SON, Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, ornate caskets, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 59.

THOMAS J. MULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield Bank." Deals in 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, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

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

N. M. HOOPER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF. A large assortment of pipe, cigar cases, and stationery on hand. Two doors East of the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 62.

WESTERN HOTEL, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The tables will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

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

ALBERT A. BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of second-hand shingles and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 19th, 1863.

D. R. J. BURCHFIELD—Lure Surgeon of the 33d Regt Penn'a 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, 1862—69p.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in the township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 5th, 1857. JAMES MITCHELL.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Osoola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and adjoining country. All calls promptly attended to. 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 Lewisburg, Pa., and resumed the practice of Land Surveying respectfully tenders his professional services to the owners and speculators in lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Deeds of Conveyance neatly executed. Office and residence one door East of Kirk's Spencers Store. Clearfield, Pa. June 1st, 1869.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has been passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving soldiers who enlisted prior to 22d July, 1861, one year or more and were honorably discharged, a bounty of \$1000.

Bounties and Pensions collected by me for those entitled to them. WALTER BARRETT, Atty at Law. Aug. 19th, 1865. Clearfield, Pa.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE, FRONT STREET, PHILIPSBURG PA. I will inspect 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 roomy City, and restaurant where all may feel at home and the weary be at rest. New building attached. JAS. H. GALER. Philsburg, Sep. 2, 68.

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. Huntingdon, June 17, 1868. Proprietor.

DENTAL PARTNERSHIP. D. R. A. M. HILLS desires to inform his patients and the public generally that he has associated with him in the practice of Dentistry S. P. SHAW, D. D. S., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College and therefore has the highest attainments of his Professional skill. All work done in the office 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 this place enables me to speak to my patrons with confidence. Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient's design coming. [Clearfield, June 3, 1868-17.