

The Buffamoy's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1869.

VOL. 16.—NO. 9.

Select Poetry.

THE BRIDAL.

Not a laugh was heard, not a joyous note,
As our friend to the bride he hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelors went to be married.
We married him quickly to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And sighed, as we stood in the lamp's dim light,
To think that he was not more discerning.
To think that a bachelor free and bright,
Should there at the altar at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him
Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking,
We ascended him from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.
Slowly and sadly we marched him down
From the first to the lowest story;
And we never heard or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory.

SAVED FROM DISGRACE.

A SLEIGH RIDE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Jonas Blenchford, with coat, hat and gloves already on, heard the tinkle of the sleigh bells, and arose to go down, but when he reached the door, he felt a light touch upon his arm, and heard the well known voice of his daughter.
"Pa, may I go?"
"But I'm only going to the bank, Grace."
"After that, father. I will go there and wait for you. It will not take me five minutes to get ready."
"Well—well! Be spry, and I'll wait," said the old gentleman, quite merrily, "and I'll give you such a sleigh ride as you never had before—a sleigh ride extraordinary. You know I have the black before the cutter."

"So much the better," said Grace; and she ran away to dress, little dreaming how the promise would be kept.
John Normandy stood by the window looking upon the busy street, ever and anon glancing at his watch, as though impatient for the time to pass. And indeed he was. He had no thought for what was passing in the street below. He saw Jonas Blenchford and his daughter as they drove up to the bank, but forgot them the moment they passed from sight within the entrance. He had weighty thoughts upon his mind, that could not be cast aside by any ordinary occurrence.

He was somewhere about thirty years of age, tall, erect, dignified, and very plain of feature. He had battled with discouragements and poverty until his very face bore marks of the terrible struggles, but he had conquered. His motto had ever been "Onward and upward," and, never giving way, he had at last become cashier of the bank of E—, a position both honorable and lucrative.
Only a twelvemonth had he held the position, but in that short time he had won the confidence of the officers of the bank, the regard of his fellow employees, and was generally liked by those doing business with him.

Still he was meagre. He lived a life of his own. When the bank was closed for the day, he hurried away to his lodgings, and was seen no more until the hour of business the next day. Business was his only pleasure. He talked little—worked much; he was a poor companion, but a true friend.
He merely turned his head when the president and his daughter entered the bank, and then went back to his thinking; but Blenchford seemed disposed to molest him.
"By dressing, Normandy?"
"Have you encountered so much reality that there is but little of the imaginary left," said he, turning toward them, half reluctantly.

"Oh, yes! Normandy. Not quite thirty. I should judge, and settling down into an older man, than I am. What are you thinking about? It must not be Grace, can you be anything to show this practical old gentleman the error of his ways? I'll leave you with him to try, while I devote a few moments to business."
"Don't forget the ride, father."
"Never fear. You shall have it."
Normandy was really vexed to see the old gentleman get away, and leave him to entertain the restless Grace Blenchford. Grace reported it, and shielded him by a pretence of words that brought the smile to his face in spite of himself, and provoked some smart replies, that sounded strange—strange to his lips. When Blenchford returned home he found them quite sociable. Normandy, leaning over the desk, listened to Grace's story, and occasionally putting in a word that showed how well he was enjoying it.

"Drawing by—smoke!" exclaimed Blenchford in surprise, but his manner changed immediately. Some very urgent business keeps me here. Wait! Normandy mistake my place."
"I should be pleased," said he.
"Very good, Normandy; and remember that I promised her a ride such as she never had before."
"A ride extraordinary, father."
"Yes, yes; that was it. Do not disappoint her."
"Assuredly not."
While Normandy was drawing on his greatcoat, a gentleman stepped to his side and spoke to him in a very low tone. Normandy's face blanched whiter than the snow, but he recovered instantly.

"Thank you, Ganson, for this proof of your friendship, but I have known it for some hours. Please let it rest where it is, if you can, and I will make it all right in the morning. There is some great mistake."

With a buoyancy of manner that surprised Grace, after what she had seen, he conducted her to the sleigh, and with a gallantry little expected from one so practical, he handed her in, arranging the robes about her even more skillfully than her old father could have done. Then he took his seat by her side, and off they went.

Through the crowded streets, through the less crowded suburbs, out into the quiet country, Normandy all the while chatting merrily, a startling contrast to his real feelings. But when once they were out of the reach of the din of the great city, his manner changed entirely. Turning his dark, searching eyes full upon his companion's beautiful face, he asked, earnestly, almost beseechingly:
"Miss Blenchford, can you trust me?"

Surprised and somewhat annoyed, she hardly knew what to answer. But she saw that he was in earnest, and in the brief time, she thought of all her acquaintances, and not one of them would she trust sooner.
"Why do you ask, Mr. Normandy?"
"If I should tell you," said he, "that those whom you hold most dear, yourself included, were in great peril, and a peril that you never could guess, and that I had the power to save you all, would you believe me? Would you trust me? Would you be guided by me for a brief time?"

Startled by his manner, and convinced by his earnestness, she replied as earnestly:
"Yes, Mr. Normandy; I can and do trust you. But why do you ask?"
"Do not ask me. It will be enough to tell you that you and your father and brother are truly in great danger, and if you will place implicit confidence in me, I can save you. Drop your veil if you please. Thank you."

Almost tenderly he wrapped the robes around her, yet uttering no word. Then gathering the reins, he gave the horse a light blow, and away they went, at a pace that soon left the city far out of sight. "An extraordinary ride, surely," thought Grace, as they sped over the crisp snow; and there was a wonder how it would end. But she felt no fear, no regret, that she had placed herself in his hands.
For hours they rode, he doing all in his power to entertain her, succeeding so well that she almost forgot the singular position, in listening to his brilliant talk and varied experiences. About dark they drew up at a farm house, where Normandy ordered supper. While it was preparing, he asked after the comfort of his horse, rubbing him down with his own hand and feeding him; for the ride was not yet over.

"We have four hours yet to ride," said he to Grace. "Shall we go on?"
"I trust you, Mr. Normandy. Let me help you if I can."
"Thank you! Thank you, Miss Blenchford," he said gratefully. "You shall not regret it."
Out into the night they started again. He procured additional robes at the farm-house, and wrapped his fair companion so closely that she did not feel the biting cold. He needed no covering; his blood was at a fever heat, defying the cold north wind more effectively than the warmest furs.

On they drove through the still keen air; past farmhouses, over hills, across rivers, through dense woods and damp valleys, and yet the end of that ride was not yet.
Could it be that John Normandy was playing false? Did he know that the officers of the law were searching for him far and near? That his name and description had been flashed over the wires in all directions? That his name was whispered upon the street as a defaulter—a robber? That he was already charged with the abduction of Jonas Blenchford's fair daughter? He could not have driven faster had he known all of these, nor have seemed more impatient to get over the ground. It looked very dark, yet Grace Blenchford trusted him.

"We are almost there," said he, halting the steaming horse, and pointing to a light ahead. "Are you sorry that you trusted me? It is not too late yet."
"Your conduct is very strange, yet I have no fear," replied Grace.
"You are one among a thousand," he said, honestly.
He stepped out and taking the bells from the horse, stowed them away in the sleigh. Then he drove on cautiously toward the light.

"It is our lesson," said he. "It tells us that I am in time."
He stopped again when within a few hundred yards of the house. Securing and well blanketing the horse, he helped Grace to alight, and together they walked toward the building.
"We must be very cautious, else our ride will be for naught."
He drew a revolver from his breast, and placed it in his great-coat pocket, where he could reach it without waste of time.
"I have come prepared," he whispered, feeling his companion's arm tremble within his own. "Do not fear. I would rather lose my life than that one hair of your head should be harmed."
They stopped in the shadow, just before the door.
"Now, Miss Blenchford, you will have need of all your courage and fortitude," he whispered. "Within this house you see all that which will be agony to you, but it can not be avoided. By no other means could I save the Blenchford name from disgrace. Follow me."

Revolver in hand, he burst open the door, and entered, quickly followed by Grace.
With a cry of fierce anger, the only occupant of the room sprang up to meet the intruders; but the moment the light fell upon their faces he sank back into the chair with a groan, and buried his face in his hands.
"Oh God! Lost, lost!"
Grace Blenchford recognized her only brother James; and, seeing his distress, she sprang to his side to comfort him.
"Don't touch me, Grace!" he exclaimed, in terror. "Normandy, take her away! Don't let her come near me! Why did you bring her here? Oh, my sister is impossible! Great God! I shall go mad! I can not endure it! Oh, why did you ever bring her here?"
"To save you," said John.

He had closed and bolted the door, but still retained the revolver in his hand. He moved nearer to the conscience-stricken man.
"James Blenchford, calm yourself," said he. "We have come, not to harm, but to save you. The presence of your sister ought to tell you that."
Young Blenchford raised his head with a hopeful look.
"God bless you, John Normandy! You know not what I have suffered, but I dare not go back. And now you will keep it from my dear father?"
"I will," said Normandy, solemnly. "No one shall know it, save ourselves."
"But Grace?" said James.
"She need know no more," said Normandy. "I brought her here that the sight of her might give you courage to return with us."

"John I shall tell her all," said James. "I shall tell her all, but not now."
"Where is your accomplice?"
"He will arrive in the next train. I was waiting for him."
"And that is due in thirty minutes," said Normandy, looking at his watch. "Give me the money, James, and we will leave this place before the villain arrives."
Grace saw all, but heard nothing, for they had withdrawn to the other side of the room that she might not be pained; but a great fear was weighing upon her—a dread of some approaching calamity. When they came back, she looked from one to the other for some explanation, but very little they gave her. Normandy spoke first.

"Miss Blenchford, you are puzzled at my words and actions, but you will pardon me. I know, when I tell you that it is better for all of us to say little about this matter. Your brother has been led into an error that threatened to be almost serious. Fortunately, everything is now arranged satisfactorily, thanks to your presence, and he will return to the city with us. Watch over him and pray for him, that he may not stumble again."
"I ask it," said James; and without another word they left the house, and were soon on their way back to the city.

Silently they rode until the limits of the city were reached. Then Normandy gave the reins to James, and alighting, bade them adieu.
"But you, John," said James, "what will you do?"
"Fear not for me," replied Normandy, adding in a whisper, "I shall not betray you whatever happens."
Then he charged them both never to tell what had passed between them that night; and, without waiting to hear their replies, he strode rapidly down the street.

He went directly to the bank, reaching it just at opening time, and, without a word to any one, went straight to the vaults—his custom every morning—and deposited the money that James Blenchford had stolen from them. Then he went back and met the officer to arrest him. He expected it, but he had left the money in its place, and now he was ready for prison. He felt thankful that he had been allowed so much time. He had saved James Blenchford, his father and Grace, and what did he care now? He was alone in the world; he had done his duty, and had hope. James Blenchford would be in prison, but Normandy would be heard nothing about surrendering himself.

"I will tell you a secret, James, and then you will see a motive for my actions. I love your sister better than my own wife, and I could not bear to have a word whispered against her. Let it rest as it is. I am content."
Again James Blenchford promised, but it was hard for him to abide by it. With all his faults he had a generous heart. That very day he told Grace the whole story of his disgrace, and how Normandy was suffering for them; and she was touched by the recital, and thought of every means to liberate him.

"Where is the money, James?"
"Normandy placed it in the safe, unknown to any one."
"And has it not been found? Would not the whole matter be looked upon as a great blunder; and would not Mr. Normandy be liberated at once, and exonerated from all blame, if the money was found there?"
Away went James, without waiting to answer his sister's question, and within ten minutes was mounting the steps to the bank-house, and inquired if there was anything new in Normandy's case.
"Nothing," replied Ganson. "He still protests his innocence, and I am inclined to think he speaks the truth."
"So am I, Ganson. Do you know I am half certain that it is all a great mistake—that the money is now somewhere about the safe."
"I wish it might prove so. It is a hard blow for Normandy, and if it is gone, who else could have taken it? He has the key to the safe."
"I don't believe it is gone," said Blenchford, controlling himself wonderfully. "I

would like to make another search. I'll ask father."
Jonas Blenchford felt very sore over the disgrace of his favorite, and especially since his daughter had returned, and spoken in the warmest terms of her treatment during the ride. He was, therefore, very willing to do anything to clear up the matter. He readily consented to make another search for the missing money, though he was well satisfied that it would be fruitless.
And indeed it came very near being so. For full two hours they looked, pulling drawers, turning and unfolding papers, till every one but James was satisfied that it was not there. He, knowing, or fully believing that Normandy told the truth, did not give up, and at last brought the package to light, from an obscure corner where it might have been overlooked a score of times.

With a cry of joy James took the package and counted out the money, all in bills of a large denomination.
"It's all right, boys!" he shouted. "Normandy is innocent."
Then all was confusion. James ran home and told Grace, and they rejoiced together; while their father went in person and procured the release of Normandy, telling the strange story as he went. It was the happiest moment of his life when Normandy took his place in the bank again.

James profited by his bitter experience. He never again swerved from the right, and is now living, a respected citizen of his native place. Grace has never forgotten her extraordinary sleigh ride, and never will, for her name is now Grace Normandy, and she loves her plain, noble-hearted husband, with true affection.

Church Spires.

Towers and spires have been for centuries appendages to churches, and they are certainly ornamental. Their great expense, however, has caused in this country at least, foolish attempts at economy in their construction at the risk of their stability. We refer, of course, to wooden structures. Melancholy illustrations of this occurred in the recent great blow, when many church spires were prostrated in New England; the losses in many cases falling upon parishes poorly able to bear them. Now, is it not a pertinent inquiry, whether such catastrophes can be prevented? And if so, how? Spires, properly constructed, will sustain a greater wind pressure than houses built of the same material. Why, then, are they so often blown down, endangering life and property? Three causes may be assigned, and these being attended to, spires will be secure.

First, there should be a sufficiency of timber of good size and quality; second, there should be sufficient fastenings; third, there should be frequent examinations to see that all parts of the spire are free from decay. No timber should be used in church spires except it be of the very best quality and of ample size; care should be taken that all the main timbers—speak of those especially in an upright position—are fastened together with heavy iron clamps and bolts, which can be screwed up when slackened from any cause. Builders must not be afraid of expense in the beginning, for it is the highest economy in the end. The tall spire of the Elliot Church in Newton, which was watched carefully during the late gale, stood perfectly firm, and why? Because it was built as above described; and it will be found on examination that all the spires which have withstood the storms of the past fifty years in New England, have been erected in essentially the same manner, while those which have fallen before the gales have been cheaply and weakly built.

COMFORT FOR TEA DRINKERS.

In the life of most persons a period arrives when the stomach no longer digests enough of the ordinary elements of food to make up for the natural daily waste of the bodily substance. The size and weight of the body begin to diminish, more or less perceptibly. At this time tea comes in as a medicine to arrest the waste, and to keep the body from falling away so fast, and thus to enable the less energetic powers of digestion still to supply as much as is needed to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues. A wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favorite on the one hand, with the poor, whose supply of substantial food is scanty, and on the other, with the aged and infirm, especially of the feeble sex, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have already begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged female, who has barely enough of weekly income to buy what are called the necessities of life, should yet spend a portion of her gains in purchasing her ounce of tea. She can live quite as well on less common food; when she takes her tea along with it, while she feels higher, at the same time more cheerful and fitter for her work, because of the indulgence.

Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye-flash and a mirth flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both and is more bewitching than either.

There are later advices from Dr. Livingstone, assuring the world of the safety of the most daring, and we hope, the most successful, of African explorers. These advices include a letter dated in July, 1868, from the Doctor himself, with the subsequent accounts received, through traders from the interior, at Zanzibar.
An old lady went to the Washington county (Iowa) fair mistaking it for camp meeting.

Mark Twain on Mr. Beecher.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's private habits are the subject of Mark Twain's latest contribution to the Buffalo Express. The whole article is extremely funny, but that portion which relates to Mr. Beecher's farming experience is in the humorist's most extravagant vein, and quite equal to his best efforts. It is as follows:
"Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on an strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He plows and reaps and digs and sows according to the best authorities—and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found—and before it was found it was too late and the hay was all spoiled."
"Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs however. He considers hogs the best game the farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on corn, but he makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn, anyway. And then he has the excitement of raising the hog anyhow, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty."

"One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago, his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water-melons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up the infernal carrots—though I never have heard him express it in just that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. Then he roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks under the anxious supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not "phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those infernal porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted fifteen hundred dollars worth, but never a one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand to this day, what was the matter with those apples."

A smart old lady at Portland, a few days ago, was seen on a railroad track a short distance before the train. The engineer whistled and rang the bell, but to no purpose. She continued to walk on until she was unceremoniously seated on the cow-catcher. When the train completely stopped she alighted and very pleasantly said to the engineer, "I heard your whistle, but thought it was from a tug boat. I am much obliged to you for stopping."

Here is a dismal effort of the Chicago Republican, which passes for a very good joke in the breezy locality: A New York "shirt-maker" claims to have fallen heir to one hundred thousand dollars, but her enemies contend that she is the victim of a chimney-ra.

A marrying bachelor anxiously asks if it would be of any use to attempt to make love to a young lady after one has stood on her dress until he could hear the garters rip at the waist? If he would *re dress* the wrong, she probably would not reject his *ad-dress*.

A New Orleans attorney had for a client a young woman whose leg had been bitten by a dog, and he referred to the circumstance as an injury to "that elongated member which assists in sustaining the body in its efforts at locomotion."

The Menomonee (Wis.) Herald advertises for a boy to learn the printing business, and has "no objection to his knowing more than we do," but wants him to "agree to have it take him more than three months to learn the trade."

In a certain village in Massachusetts, the toppers label their rum jugs "Washing Fluid." Very appropriate for rum has washed many a man clean out of home, home, and humanity.

A young gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable hair, called it pure gold. "It ought to be," quoth an old bachelor, "it looks like twenty-four carrots."

Mr. Row:—Please insert the following lines in the columns of the JOURNAL, as they are the heart tokens of a real bereavement.
HATTIE.
We have parted from each other,
And my heart is sad and lone,
For I loved you deeply, truly,
In days that now have flown.
We have parted from each other
When the storm was thick and dark,
We parted, Oh! too coldly,
Yet 'tis hard to give you up.
Like the strong and constant ivy
Clings my lonely heart to you,
Oh, I'll never find another
Who will more constant prove.
Ah! this world is full of sorrow,
I have drained its bitter cup,
But above there is another,
There alone I put my trust.
When your pleasant smile was on me,
All that's hard seemed easy, sweet;
Now that also is denied me,
What can cheer my weary steps?
When my saddened form is kneeling,
When my lips are moved in prayer,
I will breathe of him who fondly,
Truly loved this heart now drear.
Shall I let no one deprive you
Of your place within my heart,
Keep it for you, sacred, holy,
Till we meet again above?
There no cruel hand can sever,
There no storms can come to mar;
Oh, that we may meet in Heaven—
This shall be my daily prayer.

"Somebody's Darling."
In the still solemn hours of the departed night, a wail of anguish floated up from a grief-stricken mother—a groan of agony escaped the lips of a suffering father. A little wee form in its crib breathed slower and slower, a little heart fluttered fainter and fainter, little pale cheeks grew colder and colder, little white fingers clasped tighter, and through the doorway entered the white winged angel and tenderly clasped to her bosom and bore away to the eternal throne the spirit just suffering. Darling is dead! No more will her little glad voice ring out to tease and vex you. Never again will you listen to the patter of the chubby feet. In its narrow home lies, this morning, the form that every night knelt down with upturned angel face and clasped hands to repeat the little prayer:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep!"
Somebody's darling is dead. If you and I are not grieving, only next door may the solemn crape tell the passer that death is here. Every day some little spirit soars away to the right hand of him who loves them best of all. Some little form—some little miniature of us grown old—is every day tenderly placed in its flower-decked coffin. Children of the rich, children of the poor—all are one with death, and poverty does not soar the heart so that grief cannot creep in.

All were children once—all have felt childhood's griefs, wept childhood's tears, shared childhood's happy joys. The old man of to-day, almost a child again in his thoughts and deeds, once was a merry laughing boy, all days to him were days of sunshine, and he sighed when he thought of the many, many years ere time would make of him a man. He has felt the greater griefs of boyhood, the rude shocks of manhood, the good and the evil in men and the world, and he looks back to the days of youth to think that what has so soon made him old. Somebody's darling always is dead—always can we see the weeds of widowhood, the sad faces of orphans, hear sobs of grief and feel the bitter tears of anguish. To-day the crape is on your door—to-morrow it may give its bitter sign from your's. Life—death—eternity! And yet how seldom do we think to drop kind words, to be a child again in generous deeds to follow men.

Wearing Mourning.

We long for the day when this custom shall be obsolete. It is unbecoming the truly afflicted one. The wearer says by the black garments: "I have lost a dear friend. I am in deep sorrow." But true grief does not wish to parade itself before the eye of the stranger; much less does it assert its extent. The stricken one naturally goes a part from the world to pour out its tears. Real affliction seeks privacy. It is no respect to the departed friend to say we are in sorrow. If we have real grief, it will be discovered. When God has entered a household in the awful chastisement of death it is time for religious meditation and communion with God on the part of the survivors. How sadly out of place, then, are the milliner and dressmaker, the trying on of dresses and the trimming of bonnets. There is something profane in exciting the vanity of a young girl by fitting a waist or trying on a hat, when the corpse of a father is lying in an adjoining room. It is a sacrilege to drag the widow forth from her grief to be fitted for a gown, or to select a veil. It is often terribly oppressive to the poor. The widow, left desolate, with half a dozen little children, the family means already reduced by the long sickness of the father, must draw on her scanty purse to pay for a new wardrobe for herself and children, throwing away the goodly stock of garments already prepared, when she most likely knows not where to get bread for those little ones. Truly may fashion be called a tyrant, when it robs a widow of her last dollar. Surely your sorrow will not be questioned, even if you should not call in the milliner to help you display it. Do not in your affliction, help to uphold a custom which will turn the affliction of your poorer neighbor to deeper poverty, as well as sorrow.—The Central Baptist.

The heart seldom grows better by age. A young girl will generally be an old one; and a young knave only a greater one.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1863.
E. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodensaws, 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. ap 25

MERRILL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufactures of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '65.
H. P. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 10.
H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.
H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Jan. 20, 1865.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa. June 9th, 1869.

J. P. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Jan. 20, 1865.
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. PORCEY, Attorney in Square and Second Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c. &c. Graham, Clearfield county, 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. April 27, 1865.

HARTWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, 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 GUELLICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals. Jan. 10, 1865.
THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. July 2.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Rooms at Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27, 1865.
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or does collect—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand, and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 10, 1865.
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, 1865.
WESTERN HOTEL, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of County claims, &c. and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.
DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of the 5th Reg't Penn's 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 East and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865.—6mp.
SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Pa. March 6th, 1867.—J. JAMES MITCHELL.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Clearfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtis Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kilne. May 19, 1869.
THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. Having recently located in the Borough of Lumber City, and resumed the practice of Land Surveying, respectfully tenders his professional services to the owners and speculators in lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Deeds of Conveyance neatly executed. Office and residence one door East of Kirk & Spencer's Store, Lumber City, April 14, 1869 ly.
SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving soldiers who enlisted prior to Sept. 8th, 1862, served one year or more and were honorably discharged, a bounty of \$500.
Bounties and Pensions collected by me for those entitled to them.
WALTER BARRETT, Att'y at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 15th, 1866.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE,

FRONT STREET, PHILIPSBURG, PA.
I will impart 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 building attached.
Phillipsburg, Sep. 2/68. JAS. H. GALER.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

Huntingdon, Penna.
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 new 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, Penna. 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 attestation 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 designs coming. Clearfield, June 9, 1869—ly.