

# The Roffey Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1869.

VOL. 16.—NO. 13.

## Select Poetry.

### EPITHALAMIUM.

In the pleasant spring-time weather—  
Roy morns and purple eve—  
When the little birds together  
Sing and sing among the leaves,  
And their interlocking boughs  
Had been hung above the meadows  
For the plighting of their vows.  
Is the lighter, warmer weather,  
When the music softly rests,  
And they go to work together  
For the building of their nests;  
Then the branches, for a wonder,  
Seem uplifted every where,  
To be prepared pillows under  
Little houses in the air.  
But when we see the meeting  
Of the lives that are to run  
Henceforward to the beating  
Of two hearts that are as one,  
When we hear the holy taking  
Of the vows that cannot break,  
Then it seems as if the making  
Of the world was for their sake.

### THE GUILTY SECRET.

I had been some years engaged in the practice of medicine in one of our largest cities before I met with any serious adventures. One night, as I was returning home through a lonely, unfrequented part of the city, at a late hour, from a patient whom I had been with since noon that day, and whom I was now permitted to leave by reason of a favorable change, I was suddenly stopped in a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way spot, by a gruff, coarsely dressed man.  
"You're a doctor?" he half-amounted and inquired in the same words.  
"I am."  
"I want you to come with me, then," he said, in a tone that indicated the matter was already settled in his own mind, however it might be in mine.  
"I cannot to-night, I am worried out and anxious to get home."  
"Yes, you doctors are always worried out when a poor man wants you," said the fellow with a threatening growl; "but only let some internal snuff's wife's poodle dog need looking to, and you find your way there at any hour of the day or night—well, I'm no snuff-thank Heaven! and I've got money enough to pay your fee; I've tried half a dozen doctors already, and none of them will come—and so, you see, I can't let you off."  
"But, really—"  
"See, really, doctor," interrupted the fellow, producing a knife, and flashing the blade, by a quick flick before my eyes; "I'm a desperate man, and might be perched to a wicked death. Every man sets a certain value on his own life, and also on the life of his best and dearest friend. You know how much your life is worth to you, and I know how much another's life is worth to me; and before heaven I swear, if you attempt to go and leave my friend to die, I'll put his knife into you."  
I was an open space where we stood, about half way between two blocks of buildings that were not yet tenanted. I looked up and down the street, but not a soul was in sight.  
"Where do you wish me to go?" I inquired.  
"Oh, down here a place," said he, jerking his shoulder. "Come on, before it is too late."  
He passed his arm through mine without so much as "by your leave," and began to move away, of course taking me with him.  
"Is your friend a male or female?"  
"She's a woman."  
I breathed more freely, for somehow I always experienced a degree of security among the opposite sex, even among the most depraved and abandoned.  
"What is the matter with her, and how long has she been sick?" I asked.  
"About three or four hours ago she gave birth to a child that didn't live but a minute, and since then she's been having fits," was the reply.  
"Was there no physician with her when the child was born?"  
"No, I could not get one for love or money. An old woman, a neighbor, came in and did what she could. Do you think as how you can save her, doctor?"  
"I cannot say, of course, but will promise to do the best I can."  
"Oh! do, do, and Heaven will bless you for it!" he rejoined, in a tone that expressed a deep and earnest feeling that I had not supposed was in his nature.  
"I began to be interested; the man might be better than I thought. Some poor fellow, perhaps, who had been the football of fortune, and had not received his deserts."  
"Is the woman your wife?" I kindly inquired.  
"I believe the man heard me, but as he did not answer, I concluded not to repeat the question. We soon turned into some mean, dark, narrow streets, where none but the poorer classes lived. We now walked forward in silence—the man still had hold of my arm as if he were afraid I might otherwise give him the slip, and taking long, rapid strides, causing me no little exertion to keep step with him. At length he turned into a dark court, where I could see nothing but a few dingy buildings on either side, and I thought if his object was to rob me I was completely in his power. At the far end of the court he stopped, opened a door and led me up a flight of creaking stairs. We groped our way forward a few feet, and then he opened the door into the room of the patient. The apartment was small and plainly furnished, with a lamp standing on a little table not far from the bed. An old woman, who was leaning over the sufferer, looked

## THE BROKEN HOME.

### "TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

In San Francisco, on the north side of Folsom street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence.  
The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way of magnificence and refinement, as if the architect had been a genius.  
The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home. And yet, at the moment we look in upon him—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of a much the most miserable.  
He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco.  
It was in vain that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opening, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.  
He was wretched.  
He lay on a sofa, in the depths of a great bar window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His figure was thin and pale; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy.  
It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him thus. He was suffering from a nervous ailment, the result of a destroying affliction, had been thus agonized; that haunted; that hunted; he so noble and good! he so wealthy and distinguished!  
As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions, the pretty clock on the mantel-piece struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He roused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture.  
"Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?" he murmured; "nor bring us relief."  
Nothing with a more earnest than that he was alone, he reached a bell upon a table before him, and called:  
"Helen, Helen! where are you?"  
Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.  
"You are only for a moment, Morton," she said, advancing to the banker's side. "You were dining, I think, I wished to send for the doctor!"  
She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and a sweet smile, in which the brightness and sweetness of a gem-like nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that evinced by her husband.  
"The doctor!" he echoed, half reproachfully.  
"Yes, dear," she said in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stroking the emaciated forehead of the invalid with a maternal touch. "He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You must be more careful, Morton."  
Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondently:  
"The doctor! He cannot minister to a mind diseased. Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for me!"  
"Look up, Morton," rejoined Mrs. Preble, with a reproachful glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein. "Let us appeal from the injustice and wickedness of earth to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!"  
"I cannot look up, Helen," he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice; "only down, down at the grave that is opening before me!"  
Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, as she lifted her calm face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment.  
"Look up, Morton—always look up!" she again enjoined upon the invalid. "During all these fourteen years of agony, I have not once doubted either the goodness or justice of Heaven. 'Blessed are they that mourn,' for they shall be comforted. I believe that we shall yet see joyfully that we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!"  
The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured:  
"Alas! my dear Helen, you are indeed a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right!"  
A knock resounded on a side door at this juncture, and the next moment Dr. Hutton, the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room.  
He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and rosy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant boyishness of manner that sat well upon him. He had a kind heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse.  
"Quite a high fever," he said, after a brief pause. "Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble? You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must see you again."  
"Not now, doctor," interposed the banker. "I cannot—must not—sleep to-day! I need to be broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now—Ah, what was that?"  
He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again upon his cushion, pallid and panting.  
The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble with an anxious, questioning glance.  
"It is the anniversary," she replied to his unspoken inquiry—"the anniversary of our loss."  
"Ah, yes," said the doctor. "I remember."  
"Yes, it's another of those terrible days," cried the banker, in a hollow whisper. "Sit down, doctor, and I will tell you the whole story. I can think of nothing else to-day, and I am all but wild with apprehension and anxiety." "Sit down."  
Dr. Hutton drew up a chair and seated himself, his face expressing the double solicitude of a friend and physician.  
"You knew us fourteen years ago, doctor," said Mr. Preble. "We lived then where we do now, in a cottage on the site of this great mansion. There were but the three of us—Helen and I, and our three-year-old Jessie. And it was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us."  
"I remember it," said the doctor softly. "Yet might she not have been lost, if Mr. Preble? She went out into the garden, if I

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### "TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

remember rightly, and was never seen by you again. Might she not have strayed away—"  
"So we thought for a whole year, doctor," interrupted the banker. "We never dreamed of her being stolen. We searched everywhere for her, and offered immense rewards for her recovery. I employed detectives, but all to no purpose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps into that flower garden, and he pointed to the front of the house, 'as if the earth had swallowed her up, we never saw her again.'"  
"She must have found the gate open, and wandered out," suggested Dr. Hutton. "She might have strolled down to the waters and been drowned."  
The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered:  
"I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1854. For a year we thought her dead. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her."  
"A message!" cried Dr. Hutton.  
"A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand evidently disguised," said the banker.  
"Here it is."  
He produced a dingy scrap of paper from a drawer in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read as follows:  
"August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie!"  
Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the countenance of the banker.  
"I can make nothing of this," he declared. "It is merely a date, with the name of your lost daughter. It tells me nothing."  
"Nor did it, at first," said Mr. Preble. "Then that name and that date, with the demon laugh connecting them, set us to thinking. A whole year we agonized over the dreadful problem, and then we received another message, which you shall see."  
He thrust a second slip of paper, identical in shape and appearance with the first, before the gaze of Dr. Hutton, who read it aloud:  
"August 9, 1855. Your Jessie still lives!"  
The physician started as if electrified.  
"Ah! this is something definite—something definite," he muttered. "I convinced you that your daughter was still living."  
"Yes, doctor," said Mr. Preble, "and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villain who stole her should come back to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover who he is. And a still greater mystery appears, as that he should be a novel man, people would not believe it. But 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"  
Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast pocket his note-book, opened it at the proper page, and presented it to the physician.  
Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries aloud. The entry for the first year is as follows:  
"August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie!"  
And the next is—  
"August 9, 1856. Your Jessie still lives!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1857. She is in good hands!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1858. She is as well as ever!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1859. Leave her yesterday!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1860. She's growing rapidly!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1861. She continues to do well!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1862. I've seen her again!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1863. She's becoming a woman!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1864. Your child is thirteen!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1865. She's stouter than ever!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1866. She's really charming!"  
And the next—  
"August 9, 1867. My reward is at hand!"  
And what shall we get to-day?"  
The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the betrayed husband and wife.  
"How did these messages come to you?" he demanded.  
"Invariably by post," replied Mr. Preble. "Usually to the house, but sometimes to the office."  
"And you have never seen their author?"  
"Never!"  
"The last of them is dated, I see, a year ago to-day."  
"Yes, yes," faltered the banker, "and this time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August, 1868!"  
"I see," said Dr. Hutton. "And this is the secret of your terrible excitement! You are expecting to receive to-day another of these strange messages."  
There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in its task, and her face grew grey pale. The banker breathed gaspingly.  
The physician regarded both in friendly sympathy.  
"We shall hear of her again today; and what will the message be?" said Mr. Preble.  
"The mother averted her face. Her brave heart fluttered at that question echoed in her soul.  
"The writer of these letters is unquestionably the abductor of your child. Have you any suspicion as to his identity?" said Dr. Hutton.  
"Not the slightest. We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is," said Mr. Preble.  
"Think," said the doctor, "Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—very stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy! Is there no man whom you knew in the East who hated you? No one whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?"  
The banker shook his head. He had asked himself all these questions repeatedly.  
"I have no such enemy, doctor," he answered with sincerity of voice and manner.  
"And Mrs. Preble," suggested the doctor, turning to her. "Have you no rejected suitor who might be revenged enough to desert your home?"  
"No," said the wife. "I was married early. Morton was my first lover!"  
"This is strange—very strange!" muttered the doctor. "You are not conscious of having an enemy—a hidden foe—a fiend in human form—who is working out against you a fearful hatred! And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?"  
"Not the slightest!" declared the banker.  
"Not the slightest!" echoed Mrs. Preble.

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"My husband had a step-brother who might have been capable of this infamy—but he is dead!"  
"The handwriting is not familiar?"  
"No, it is merely a rude scrawl, as you see," said the banker. "It suggests nothing—except that it is evidently disguised!"  
"Again there was a profound silence."  
"Our child is now seventeen years old," at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. "She is on the threshold of womanhood. No doubt, during all these years, she has yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we have yearned for her!"  
"But where is she?" asked the physician—and now his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents. "Where can she be?"  
"Heaven only knows," answered the mother. "Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior, with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not hers! I think her abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove to be the voice of my lost child!"  
"Oh, my heaven!" sighed Dr. Hutton, dashing a flood of tears from his eyes. "Will this long agony never be over?"  
"We hope so, and even believe so," answered Mrs. Preble, with the firmness of an unshaking trust in God's mercy. "The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a change."  
"True," assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. "It is unlike the others. It says that his reward is at hand. He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to do and money of you for bringing her back—or both."  
"We shall soon know," said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness. "To-day we shall have another message, no doubt. What will it be?"  
The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew even paler.  
"Whatever it is, let it come!" he murmured. "Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come!"  
As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at that moment, and a ring at the front door followed.  
"Another message!" breathed the banker.  
A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying:  
"The letter is in the hall."  
With an eager gaze, the banker glanced at the superscription of the missive.  
"It is from him!" he faltered.  
He tore the envelope open.  
It contained a slip of paper, of well known shape and appearance, upon which was scrawled a single line, in an equally well-known handwriting, which the banker exhibited to his wife and the physician.  
This line was as follows:  
"August 9, 1868. At last I tell you!"  
A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously.  
"Will call!" cried Mr. Preble, starting to his feet and glaring wildly around.  
"Is coming here?" cried Mrs. Preble, also so arising.  
"It cannot be," said Dr. Hutton, his eyes again reverting to the message. "He will be here at six o'clock, and see! it is six already!"  
Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantel-piece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy footsteps resounded in the hall, approaching the library.  
"It is he!" cried the doctor, also arising.  
As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened. One long, shuffling glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she led heavily to the door.  
"Her senses had left her. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can get the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Every body who takes it is happier for having it. Leon Lewis, Mr. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Professor Park, Mrs. Kiva Dallas, Fanny Fern and Mrs. Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter."  
Mr. Bonner, like other leading publishers, might issue three or five papers and magazines; but he prefers to concentrate all his energies upon one, and in that way make it the best. Our Dexter is worth more than three or five ordinary horses.  
One science only can one genius fit.  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

## THE BROKEN HOME.

### "TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

"GROWING OLD.—Half of our life is spent in vain regrets. When we are boys we ardently wish to be men; when we are men we ardently wish to be boys. We talk of 'Auld Lang Syne,' of the days when we were young of gathering shells on the sea shore, and throwing them carelessly away. We never cease to be sentimental upon past youth, manhood and beauty. Yet there are no regrets so false, and few half so silly. Perhaps the saddest sight in the world is to see an old lady, wrinkled and withered, young, dressing and acting like a very young one, and forgetting all the time, as she clings to the past, that there is no sham so transparent as her own, and that she people are instead of feeling with her are laughing at her. Old boys disguise their follies a little better, but they are equally ridiculous. The feeble protests which they make against the flying chariot of time are equally futile. The great world enters the field, and all must come down. To stay him would be impossible. We might as well try with a finger to stop Ixion's wheel or to dam the current of a river with a child's foot.  
A wag seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.  
Josh Billings says life is like a mountain—after climbing up one side and sliding down the other side, we put up the sled.  
The last sensation—a tight shoe.

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"Well, I suppose he is doing. I heard him tell mother to go around to the stores and get trusted all she could, and do it right off, too, for he'd got everything ready to fall excepting that."  
"Well, 'posted'—the telegraph.

## Business Directory.

- A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
- WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 15, 1869.
- D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodens, etc., Clearfield, Pa. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
- DAVID H. NYLING, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodens, etc., Clearfield, Pa. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
- MERRILL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1869.
- H. F. NAUBLE, Watch and Clock Maker and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Ac. Room in Graham's Block, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 18.
- H. BUCHER SWOOPER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, opposite of Green & Boynton's store. 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. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in new brick building of J. Poynter, on 2d street, one door south of Leach's Hotel.
- J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in Market Street, July 17, 1869.
- THOMAS H. FORNEY, Dealer in Square and 1/2 sized Groceries, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, Ac. Ac. Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 10.
- J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Clearfield, Pa. Clearfield, Pa. June 1869.
- H. HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 8, 1869.
- K. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, etc., Clearfield, Pa. Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1869.
- JOHN QUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 26.
- RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Bacon, Lard, Ac. Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
- M. CULLOUGH & REBER, Attorneys-at-Law, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Consultations in English or German. Office in Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 21, 1869.
- T. J. MULLOCH, D. D. KESSE, FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Groceries, Clearfield, Pa. Or delivered wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of groceries, etc., etc. Clearfield, Pa. June 1869.
- N. M. BOYER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CHARS AND SNUFF, A large assortment of pipes, cigar cases, Ac. constantly on hand. Two doors East of the 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 DODD'S HOTEL, CLEARFIELD, PA.
- JOHN H. FILLIARD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, near Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the recording of deeds, claims, Ac. and to all legal business. March 27, 1869.
- A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kyletown, Pa. offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. (Specially suited to the treatment of Cholera, Typhoid fever, etc.) Office in KYLETOWN, Pa. March 6th, 1867-4f.
- JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Having located at Kyletown, Pa. offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office in KYLETOWN, Pa. May 19, 1869.
- J. K. BOTTOFF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA. Negative made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of French Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Prices from any style of mounting, and ready to order. (See 2-58-jy. 14-82-2f.)
- 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 & Spencers Store, Lumber City, April 14, 1869-1y.
- SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and is signed by the President, giving soldiers who enlisted prior to July 1st, 1864, 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. 15th, 1866.
- 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. SFLAW, D. D. S., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest attainments of his profession. 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. Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient designs coming. (Clearfield, June 3, 1869-1y.)  
SALT & SALT.—A prime article of ground & cut salt, for sale in patent sacks, at the store of R. MOSSOP.