Select Poetry.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

They say thy angel form, mother, Is hovering all the while Around thy orphan child, mother, To guard her steps from guile. Methinks I hear thy gentle voice, In accents soft and clear; Like distant music's dying strains. It falls upon mine car.

My heart is very sad, mother-Oh, could I soar to thee! The world is cold and dreary now-It hath no charms for me. I long to lay my wearied limbs Reneath the silent mound; My soul be borne away from earth

To realms of bliss profound. I never can forget, mother, Those counselings of love You breathed to me in infant years. When all was bright above,

The little cloud that dimmed my brow, Your smiles could chase away, And cast a gleam around my path, Like same refulgeat ray.

You'll come and see me of t, mother, And whisper low to me; That I may hear thy angel voice, Though I no vestige see. And when my pilgrimage is o'er,

I'll join that happy band, And soar on siry wings away. To my home-the spirit land

A BRAVE WOMAN, and how SHE DID IT.

'Bedlam let loose! Pandemonium in rebellion! Chaos turned inside out! What is the reason a man cannot be allowed to sleep in the morning without this everlasting racket raised about his ears? Children cry ing-doors slamming-I will know the cause of all this uproar !"

Mr. Luke Darey shut the door of his bedmon with considerable emphasis, and went straight to the breakfast parlor.

All was bright and quiet and pleasant there; the coal snapping and sparkling in the grate, the china and silver neatly arranged on the spotless damask cloth, and the green pariot drowsily winking his yellow eyes in the sunny glow of the eastern window-Bedlam plainly wasn't located, just there, and

A) ! the field of battle was gained at last. Mrs. Darcy sat in her little low chair before the fire, trying to quiet the screams of an months old baby seion of the house of Darcy, while another-a boy of five yearshy on his back, prone on the floor, kicking and crying in an ungovernable fit of childish

"Mrs. Dar-cy!" *enunciated Luke, with a slow and ominous precision, "may I in quire what all this means? Are you aware that it is fifteen minutes past nine o'clock? Do you know that breakfast is waiting?"

"I know, Luke-I know," said poor,perplexed Mrs. Darcy, striving vainly to lift the rebellious urchin up by one arm, "Come, Freidy, you are going to be good now, manmais sure, and get up and be washed."

"No-o-!" roared Master Freddy, per forming a brisk tattoo on the carpet with his heels, and clawing the air furiously. Like an avenging vulture, Mr. Darey

pounced abruptly down on his son and heir, and carried him promptly to the closet, and tuned the key upon his screams.

"Now, sir, you can cry it out at your lei sure. Evelyn, nurse is waiting for the baby.

We'll go down and breakfast " "But, Luke," hesitated Mrs. Darcy, "you

won't leave Freddy there?" "Woa't; I'd like to know why not? It's temper, and nothing else, that is at the bottom of all these demonstrations, and I'll

conquer that temper or I'll know the reason why. It ought to have been checked long ago, but you are so ridiculously indulgent, There is nothing I have so little tolerance for as a bad temper-pothing that ought to be so severely and promptly dealt with." "But if he'll say he's sorry, Luke?"

Mr. Darey rapped sharply at the panels of the door: "Are you sorry for your naughtiness, young man?"

A fresh outburst of screams and a renewa of the tattoo was the answer. "I am sure he is sorry, Luke," pleaded

the all extenuating mother, but Mr. Darcy shook his head. hatire submission as the only thing I will listen to," he said shortly. "I tell you.

Evelyn, I am determined to uproot this Evelyn, with a dewy moisture shadowing her eyelashes, and a dull ache at her heart,

followed her liege lord down to the breakfast table, with as little appetite for the coffee, toast and eggs as might be. A tail, blue-eyed young lady, with a pro-

usion of bright chestnut hair, and cheeks the rose velvet, was already at the table when they descended, by name Clara Pruyn, by lineage Mrs. Darcy's sister. She opened her eyes rather wide as the two entered.

"Good gracious, Evy, what's the matter?" "Nothing," answered Luke, tartly. "Mrs. Darcy, you appear to forget that I have eaten no breakfast."

Something is the matter, though," said Cara shrowdly. "What is it, Evelyn? Has Luke had one of his tantoums?" Luke set down his coffee cup with a sharp

You use very peculiar expressions, Miss

"Very truly ones," said Clara saucily.

Evelyn smiled in spite of herself. "It's only Freddy, who feels a little cross, and-' "A little cross!" interrupted the indighant husband. "I tell you, Evelyn, it's quite time that temper was checked. Oh,

kitchen, or I shall be tempted to wring its | self to treat your wife as a lady should be neck. Strange that a man can't have a lit- treated; not as a menial." tle peace once in a while! What does ail the eggs, Evelyn? I thought I had asked Christian to cat.

Mr. Darcy gave his egg, shell and all, a main there some time." vindictive throw upon the grate. Evelyn's Another sixty seconds of dead silence. served the manœuvre, but she made no re- the relentless wooden panels. mark.

"And the plates are as cold as stone, when I've implored you again and again, that they | piece of audacity?" might be warmed. Well, I shall eat no breakfast this morning."

"Whom will you punish most?" demandenp of coffee; it's perfectly delightful." Luke pushed his chair back with a vengeance, and took up his stand with his back

to the fire, both hands under his coat tails. "Please, sir," said the servant, advancing, tle it while-" "No!" roared Luke, tempestuously;

have no small bills this morning-I won't be It's about the Applegate will case. so persecuted."

Mary retreated precipitately. Clara raised her long brown eyelashes.

"Do you know, Luke," she said demure ter if you would do just as Fred ly does-lie down flat on the floor and kick your heels against the carpet for awhile. It's an ex | as the closing of the door admonished him cellent escape valve when your choler gets that he could do so with safety. the better of you.'

Luke gave his mischievous sister in-law a glance that certainly ought to have annihi vitally important, ma'am, vitally importlated her, and walked out of the room, clo- ant?" sing the door behind him with a bang that would bear no interpretation. Then Clara came around to her sister, and buried her the soft Italian words ripple musically off of the intruders. Though near the middle was present, which Hetty felt rather than pink face in Evelyn's neck.

"Don't seeld me Evy, please; I know I've been very naughty to tease Luke so."

"You have spoken nothing but the truth, said Evelyn quietly, with her coral lips compressed, and a searlet spot burning on either cheek, "Clara. I sometimes wonder how I

"Temper!" said Clara, with a toss of her Mr. Darrey went stormingly up stairs to the chestnut brown hair. "And the poor dear follow hasn't the least idea how disagreeable he makes himself."

'Only this morning," said Evelyn, "he punished Freddy with unrelenting severity duplicated within the last half hour. I am grown reasoning man than in a child."

suppose he is beyond the power of cure?" "I hope not; but what can I do? Shut him up as he shut up little Freddy ?"

Evelyn's merry, irresistable laugh was cheeked by the arch, peculiar expression in Clara's blue eyes.

"The remedy needs to be something short and sharp," said Clara, "and this dark closet system certainly combines both requis ites. Tears and hysteries were played out long ago in matrimonial skirmishes, you

"Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Darcy, rising from the breakfast table, in answer to her hashand's peremptory summons from above stairs, while Clara shrugged her shoulders

and went to look for her work basket. Luke was standing in front of his bureau drawer, flinging shirts, collars, cravats andstockings recklessly upon the bed-room

"I'd like to know where my silk handkerchiefs are, Mrs. Darcy?" he fumed. "Such a state as my bureau is in isenough to drive a man craze!"

"It's enough to drive a woman crazy, I think!" said Evelyn, hopelessly, stooping down to pick up a few of the scattered arti-

"You were at the bureau last, Luke. It

is your old fault!" "My fault-of course it's my fault!

snarled Luke, giving Mrs. Darcy's poodle a kick that sent him howling to his mistress. "Anything but a woman's retorting, recriminating tongue. Mrs. Darcy, I won't endure it any longer!'

"Neither will I!" said Evelyn, resolutely advancing, as her husband plunged into the closet after his busines coat, and promptly shutting and locking the door, "I think I've endured it long enough-and here is an end of it!"

"Mrs. Darcy, open the door!" said Luke scarcely able to credit the evidence of his

"I shall do no such thing!" said Mrs. Darcy, composedly, beginning to re arrange slerts, stockings, and flannel wrappers in their appropriate receptacles.

"Mrs. Dar-cy!" roared Luke, at a fe ver heat of impotent rage, "what on earth do vou mean?"

'I mean to keep you in that clothes press Mr. Darcy, until you have made up your mind to come out in a more amiable frame of mind. If the system succeeds with Freddy, it certain'y ought with you; I am sure

your temper is more intolerable than his." There was a dead silence of full sixty seconds in the closet, then a sudden burst of vocal wrath.

"Mrs. Darcy, open the door this instant. madam !" But Evelyn went on humming a saucy

little opera air, and arranging her clothes. "Do you hear me?" "Yes-I hear you."

"Will you obey me?" "Not until you have solemnly promised that parrot! what an intolerable screeching me to put some sort of control on that tem- mean who is their master?" "Why, that taken refuge in the tip of a nose, not re- or so happy a home as fell to the lot of

"I won't!"

"No? Then in that case I hope you you to see that they were boiled fit for a don't find the atmosphere at all oppressive there, as I think it probable you will re-

brown eyes sparkled dangerously as she ob- then a sudden rain of heels and hands against "Let me out, I say, Mrs. Darcy! mad-

am, how dare you perpetrate this monstrous "My dear Luke, hnw strangely you do remind me of Freddy. You see there is nothing I have so little tolerance for as a ed Miss Clara. "Evelyn give me another bad temper. It ought to have been check-

ed long ago, only you know I am so ridiculously indulgent." Mr. Darey winced a little at the familiar sound of his own words.

Tap-tap-tap came softly at the door. Mrs. 'the gas bill-the man says would you set- Darcy composedly opened it, and saw her busband's little office boy.

"Please, mem, there's some gentlemen at 'tell the man to go about his business; I'll | the office in a great hurry to see Mr. Darcy.

Mrs. Darcy hesitated an instant; there was a triumphant rustle in the closet, and her determination was taken at once. "Tell the gentlemen that your master has

ly. "I think you would feel a great deal bet- a bad headache, and won't be down town this morning. Luke gnashed his teeth audibly as soon

> "Mrs. Darcy, do you presume to interfere with the transaction of business that is

> Mrs. Darcy nonchalantly took up the lit tle opera air where she had left it, letting

"Evelyn, dear!" "What is it, Luke?" she asked, mildly. "Please let me out. My dear, this may be a joke to you, but-

"I assure you, Luke, it's nothing of the kind. It is the soberest of serious matters can endure the daily cross of my husband's to me. It is a question whether my future life shall be miserable or happy.'

There was a third interval of silence. "Evelyn," said Luke presently, in a subdued voice, "will you open the door?" "On one condition only."

"And what is that?" "Ah, ha!" thought the little lieutenant for a fit of ill humor which he himself has general, "he's beginning to entertain con ditions of capitulation, is he? "On condi not a moralist, but it strikes me that the tion," she added aloud, "that you will break fault is rather more to be censured in a full yourself of the habit of speaking crossly and sharply to me, and one all occasions "Evelyn," said Clara gravely, "do you keep your temper."

"My temper, indeed!" sputtered Luke. "Just your temper," returned his wife. serenely. "Will you promise?"

"Never, madam!" Mrs. Darcy quietly took up a pair of hose that needed mending, and prepared to leave the room. As the door creaked on its hing es, however, a voice came shrilly through

the opposite key hole. "Mrs. Darcy, Evelyn! wife! wife!"

"Ybs." "You are not going down stairs to leave me in this place?" "I am.

"Well, look here-I promised." "All and everything that I require?"

"Yes, all and everything that you require confound it all!' Wisely deaf to the muttered sequel, Mrs.

Darcy opened the door, and Luke stalked sullenly out, looking right over the top of her shining brown hair. Suddenly a little detaining hand was laid

on his coat sleeve. "Luke. dear?"

"Well?"

"Yon't you give me a kiss?" And Mrs. Darcy burst out crying on her husband's shoulder.

"Well!" ejaculated the puzzled Luke "if you aren't the greatest enigma going. A kiss? Yes a half a dozen of 'em if you want, you kind hearted little turnkey. Do not cry, pet, I am hot angry with you, although I suppose I ought to be." "And I may let Freddy out?"

"Yes, on the same terms that his papa was released. Evelyn was I very intolera-

"If you hadn't been, Luke, I never should have ventured on such a violent remedy." "Did I make you very unhappy?"

"Very." And the gush of warm sparkling tears upplied a dictionary full of words. Luke Darcy buttoned up his overcoat, pr

on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and went to the Applegate will case, musing as he went, upon the new state of affairs that tractions as to merit the appellation of homehad presented itself for his consideration. "By Jove!" he ejaculated, "that little

wife of mine is a bold woman and a plucky And then he burst out laughing on the

It is more than probable that he left his stock of bad temper at the law buildings that day, for Evelyn and Clara never saw any more of it; and Freddy is daily getting the best of the peppery element in his in-

fantlie disposition. Men, after all, are but children of a lareer growth; and so Mrs. Evelyn Darcy had

Why is twice ten like twice eleven? Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty two.

"Whose pigs are those, my lad?" "Why they belong to that 'ere big sow." "No I

WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red, The birch with golden mellow, And high above the orchard wall . Hang apples, rich and yellow; And that's the way through yonder lane That looks so still and grassy-The way I took one Sunday eve,

When Mary was a lassic. You'd hardly think that patient face, . That looks so thin and faded, Was once the very sweetest one That ever bonnet shaded;

But when I went through 3 onder lane. That looks so still and grassy, Those eyes were bright those cheeks were fair.

When Mary was a lassie. But many a tender sorrow, And many a patient care, Have made those furrows on the face That used to be se fair. Four times to yonder churchyard,

Through the lane so still and grassy, We've borne and laid away our dead, Since Mary was a lassic.

And so you see I've grown to love The wrinkles more than roses; Earth a winter flowers are sweeter far Than all spring's newy posies; They'll carry us through yonder lane That looks so still and grassy-Adown the lane I used to go

When Mary was a lassic.

HOMELY HETTY.

Hester Gray ran down to the paclor to execute one of the numerous missions with which she was honored by the less energetic members of the family.

As she stood there she was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and looked anxiously around for some way of escape, Hetry might well be pardoned for not

wishing to be seen in her present attire; especially as she recognized the voice of one of the afternoon, she still wore her morning dress, which though clean; was sadly wrinkled; ber collar was awry, and the heavy the ever restless fingers of little Willie.

Unable to make her escape by the door, she sprang to the recess in one of the win-She had hardly time to do this, when

near to where Hetty stood, half frightened, and aversed eyes. How different from the half amused at their unconcious proximity. smile and blush with which she had former As the girl who had shown them in di-appeared to inform the young ladies of their arrival, the conversation between the two gentlemen took a tone and bearing much too confidential and personal to be agreea-

ble to the unwilling listener. "Mrs. Gray has an unusually interesting family of daughters," remarked Mr. Gay-

lard. "Yes; the Misses Gray are certainly very

pretty," returned his companion. "With the exception of Hetty. Not but what she might look very pretty in some families, but beside such excessively pretty ereatures as Jane, Ellen and Laura, looks

decidedly homely." "Homely?" responded Mr. Clifford. "Miss Hetty homely?, Well. yes; I think, acting, Hetty arose and took herself to anon the whole, that she has a good claim to other part of the room, leaving Mr. Clifford

Here the conversation was interrupted by

the entrance of Laura and Jane. Poor Hetty's mind took in little of the lively conversation that followed; though its laughter and merriment jarred harshly on her loving and sorely wounded heart. She thought their visit would never be over and as soon as it was, and she had an oppor tunity to escape to her chamber, she burst Grey's the next morning. into tears, weeping for some minutes with-

Poor child! She hardly knew, until it was thus rudely destroyed, the little romance that her active imagination had been wear. turning to the door. ing. Now, she was conscious that in her heart she had believed that Mr. Clifford I have come to see. Please resume your

liked, even admired her. Her cheeks burned as she recalled how often she had unconsciously expressed this good taste in seeking the society of one perfeeling and the pleasure it gave her. And sonally so unattractive. all this time he had considered her homely! And her eyes filled afresh with tears at the

You, doubtless, consider her very foolish reader. Dear lady, if such you are; wise and philosophic as we will admit you to be, would you like to be called homely? We doubt whether any woman does like it, or whether she ever acknowledges, to herself, that she is so. She may admit that she is not handsome, that she has features quite at variance with the lines of artistic beauty. but that she is so destitute of personal atly is what few women have the courage to believe of themselves, or to hear from the

lins of others. But Hetty, with all her foolishness, was no coward. She was not straid to look truth in the face, however disagreeable might be the story it told; and going to the mirror, she gazed long and earnestly on the features reflected there, scrutinizing it in thus, you would not so strangely have misevery detail, as she had never done before.

We are forced to acknowledge that the that what I said sprang from my faith in reflection presented was not of the most flattering description. Heroines of romance can weep, ad libi-

tum, passing through the "briny flood" only to shine with increased lustre and beautyindeed, that seems to be their normal condition-but on the ordinary mortals, from and certainly Hetty's fairer sisters never which our heroine is taken, it has quite a looked more lovely than she, as she yielded different effect.

The large grey eyes were dim and heavy: the rosy flush had forsaken the cheeks and beauty won for them such a loving heart, markably ugly, yet evidently constructed "Homely Hetty."

more with a view to use than ornament, while the usually frankly smiling mouth had

a very woebegone, disconsolate expression. As Hetty gazed, she was stung with a feeling of self-contempt that she should have been thus deluded. How could she have believed herself personally attractive, least of all to a man like Charles Clifford?

No: love was not for her-at least not the

to repinings; she would interest herself in

up her life work strongly and hopefully, not doubting but that she would, in the erd, find peace. But with all her self-condemnation, Hetty could not acquit Mr. Clifford of blame. She the boy, &c. recalled words, and looks, and tones, that

conveyed more meaning than any words could, and which convinced her that he had wilfully misled and trifled with her. "I have been toolish," she thought, "but he has been worse than foolish. He must busy, but will examine you in a few practi-

have been inwardly much amused at my cal questions. simplicity and credulous vanity; but he will future." They were to have a little social gathering

in the evening, to which Hetty had looked forward with pleasure, but from which, now, she would gladly have absented herself. But a course so unexpected would be sure to call | ment. forth unpleasant remarks and inquiries; so she determined to appear.

But, instead of wearing the dress she had intended, and which-she blushed now as she recalled it -- she had thought would make her pleasing in his eyes, she chose one of a dark, grave color, attiring her elf as plainly any woman wanted so much cloth as that as she could for such an occasion.

Contrary to her usual custom, Hetty did not make her appearance below until nearly

The same su'tle magnetism warned Mr. Clifford of Hetty's entrance, but he was encoils of her hair loose and disarranged by gaged in lively conversation with Miss Jane. and was too well bred to make any public demonstration of his feelings. A single glance sufficed to show him whither she had dows, drawing the heavy curtains around retreated, and lie soon contrived to make his her, so as to effectually conceal her from way to that end of the room, and even to two dollar bill, and you should buy fourteen secure a seat by her side.

How near we can be to people, and yet Edward Gaylard and Charles Clifford enter | how far apart. Mr. Clifford felt this, espeed, and taking a seat upon the sofa, very cially when he looked into Hetty's cold face

> "Are you well to night; Hetty?" That look and tome of tender interest would once have called forth very different feelings. "I am quite well, Mr. Clifford"

> "Mr. Clifford!" Could it be that she had taken offence at his calling her by her Christian name? He had often done so of late, and she had evinced no displeasure.

> "I feared you might not be well, because you seem so strange-so different from what I have ever known you."

"Few of us are what we seem to be. For instance, you are not speaking to me as you feel, or as you would speak of me to others. Here, unable to conceal her indignation at what she considered to be the part he was astonished and bewildered at her unaccount-

able words and manner. He had no further opportunity of speaking to her during the evening, but the more he pondered on it, the more he was convinced that some one had been saying some thing to his discredit, and he determined to seek an early explanation.

With this object in view, he calle I at Mrs. It being quite early for visiters, he found Hetty quite by herself.

She arose at Mr. Clifford's entrance. " I will speak to my sisters, "she said, " But it is not your sisters, but you, that

seat and listen to me. "Mr. Clifford does not discover his usual

"Unattractive! my dear Miss Hetty;

to me you are the sweetest, the most charm-Stay, Mr. Clifford! That you should consider me, what I, myself, heard you call me, ever beautiful face smiles peace upon you.

I have no right to complain. You, doubtless, spoke truly and as you rocks and streams, and holy places—know weather. Constantly on hand a good assortances of Frames. Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views, thought. But that you should continue no description in the step of poverty, but Frames, from any style of moulding made to You, doubtless, spoke truly and as you rocks and streams, and boly places-know to act so false and deceitful a part is what I welcome ever to their wealth of beauty, rich cannot, will not endure. "

"I refer to what you said to Mr. Gaylard, yesterday morning, in this very room : and which, by the merest chance, I over heard."

A sudden light flashed on Mr. Clifford's

"To what do you refer?"

"Is that all? True; I called you homely, that term so wrongly applied and construed perhaps homelike would have better expressed my meaning Dear Hetty, could you have looked into my heart, when I spoke understood me; you would have known

only consent to be the joy and sunshine of my home? We all know what a beautifier love is especially when it is recognized and returned to the fond embrace to which she was folded.

your ability to make home the dearest and

brightest place on earth. Ah! if you would

A Dull Clerk.

Pickernel, a successful dry goods merchant of Boston, was writed upon at his botel by a gentleman farmer who was desirous of getting a boy, for whom he was guardian, a "place" in Boston-of course he was an uncommon smart boy, quick at figures, strong of intuition, and one every way fit, as he should "judge," to become a merchant. love she sought. But she would not yield Pickernel thought it over, and said he would try and make a place for him. In due time the dear ones around her; she would take the boy arrived at Pickernel's store, his broad face ruddy with health, and soany from the morning wash, his clothes new and uncomfortable, and a stiff dickey cut ting his jears. He announced himself as

"Ah, you are the boy, are you?" said Pickernel. "Yes, I suppose so," replied the young

"Well, come in here, then; I am very

"Well," said Pickernel, "suppose a lady have to seek some other recreation for the should come in here, and buy a dress of fitteen and a half yards of calico for eleven FINIOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and and a half cents a yard, what would it com-

The boy looked at his questioner, at the ceiling, at the floor, in a state of bewilder-

"How much call ker?" he asked. "Fifteen and a half yards." "What price?"

"Eleven and a half cents." He thought a moment, "Well," said he, "I'm darned if I b'lieve

for a dress.' This was throwing up the sponge, and Pickernel put another question. "How much would five and a half pound

of tea come to, at seventy five cents and three quarters per pound?" He received this pretty much the same

as the other, and after waiting a moment, "Was it green or black tea?" Without answering, Pickernel put anoth-

Suppose I should send you out with a and a half pounds of beef at seven as la had cents a pound, how much money would

you have left?" The boy looked at him for an instant, and then indulged in a low whistle. 'You don't suppose," said he, "you can

get beel anywhere at seven and a half cents a pound, do ye?" i'tekernel gave up at this. He asked him no more questions, but sent han back next day with a letter, stating that he did-

one think he would answer.

Wishing for Money. "I wish that I had his money," said a young, hearty-looking man as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him who devotes so much time to wishing, but never does one Hart wick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding unknown cares and anxieties, from which they are free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, and all the mental horrors of ennui and satiety; and fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is insep-

Let none wish for uncarned vold. The sweat by which it is gathered is the only sweat by which it is preserved for enjoyment. Wish for no man's money. The health, strength, freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness beat londly with your own. None ghoul like, listen for the death tick in your chamber; your shoes have value in mon's eyes only when you tread on them. The smiles that no wealth can purchase greet you-living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you-dying. You have to eat, to drink, to wear, enough; then you have all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? God loves him none the more, and man's respect Hetty's checks flushed indignantly, in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy. Nature is yours in all her glory, her J. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and poor alike.

An old lady on a train, near Lafayette, hearing the brakeman sing out "Ubank's Cut!" sallied to the door and asked, "Is he

eur bad?"

much reflection.

A man was lately sent to the lunatic asylum for persisting in planting horse-chestnuts in expectation of taising sorrel colts. Some "Horrid man" says that in the

present style of dressing young ladies' hair

it is hard to tell which is switch. Why does the new moon resemble a gid-WM. A. WALLACE dy youth? Because it is too young to give

What animal has the greatest amount of brains? The hog of course, for he has a hogshead-full. The housebreaker who broke into a natu-

ralist's the other night came off with a flea And we doubt as to whether all their in his ear! A love that is never reciprocated-Neu

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, AFTORNEY AT PART

V ALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear field, Pa. May 13, 1863.

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

DAVID G. NIVLING , Dealer in Dry-Goods. Shoes, etc. Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep25 MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron vare, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 16. I BUCHER SWOOPE, Attorney at Law, Clear-field, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doc & west of Graham & Beynton's store. Nov. 10.

B M'ENALLY, Attorneyat Law. Clearfield B M'ENALLY, Atterneyat Law. Clearfield Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining sounties. Office in new brick building of J. Royn tus, 21 street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

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.

Sawed Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Gro-ceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, Ac., &c., Gra-hunton, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct 10. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware Queensware, Groceries, Provi sions, etc., Market Street nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

H Andicines Paints Offe State on Drags, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationary, Perfumery Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa Dec. 6, 1865.

(KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groce-ries Provisions, &c., Second Street Cleanfield, Pa. Dec 27, 1865. JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa flo also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and strends funerals with a hearse. April, 52.

1 10 HARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and De i & mestie Dry Gords, Groceries, Flour, Bacef; Liquers, &c. Room, on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. Apr27. WALLACE & FIELDING ATTORNEYS AT LAW Clearfield. Pa Coffice in res dence of W.A. Wallace Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan.5.76-yp]
WW. A. WALLACE. PRANK FIELDING

1 1. Pa. will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank. and nearly opposite the Court House. [June 30, '69]

M CULLOUGH & KREBS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, M Clearfield, Pa All legal business prompt-ly attended to. Consultations in English or Ger-Cet. 27, 1869. T. J. M'CULLDUCH PAREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of

all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Of on hand and for sale an assortment of earthens were of his own manufacture. Jan 1, 1863 N. HOOVER Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUPP, A targe assortment of pipes cigar cases. Ac. con-stantly or hand. Two doors East of the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 69.

WESTERN HOTEL. Clearfield, Pa - This well known hetel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. T best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY. JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law. Clear-

given to the securing of Bounty claims. Ac. and to all legal business. March 27, 1867. ALTHORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. : : : : SAMUEL LINY A RMSTRONG & LINN, ATTORNEYS AT LAN. A Williamsport, Lyconing County, Pa. All legal but ness cut its claim will be carefully and promptly attended to. [Ang 4, 69-5m. W ALBERT, & BRO'S. Dealers in Dry Gools, V. Froncries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour Buron, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber

blingles, and square timber. Orders solleited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 19th, 1863

DR J. P. BURCHFIELD-Late Surgeon of the D 83d Reg t 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 South-East corner of 3d and Market Strents Oct 4, 1865-6mp. SURVEYOR.—The undersigned of a his services to the public, as a Survey r.

He may be found at his residence in Lawiered township, when not engaged; or addressed by tester at Clearfield, Penn's March 5th, 1867,-tf. JAMES MITCHELL TEFFERSON LITZ, M. P. Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Occools Pa , offers his prof onal services to the people of that place and -counting country. All calls promptly attend 4. Office and residence on Curtin Street, for a factorial country.

ly occupied by Dr. Kline. K. BOTTORFS PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PESS'A Negatives made in cloudy as well as in coar

[dec. 2, 65-jy. 14-69-1] THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. Having recently issumed the practice of Land Surveying respefully tenders his professional services to the oners and speculators in lands in Clearfield and s joing counties Deeds of Conveyance neatly .. Office and residence one door East of

Lumber City, April 14, 1869 ly. WALTERS WALTERS REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS.

Kirk A-Spencers Store

Clearfield, Pa Real estate bought and sold, titles examined. taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurat-Office in new building, nearly opposite Court Jones. House.

J. BLAKE WALTERS.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES. -A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress and signed by the President giving soldiers who en listed prior to 22d July, 1861, served one year or more and were honorably discharged, a bounty Bounties and Pensions collected by me for

those entitled to them.
WALTER BARRETT, Att'y at Law,
Clearfield, Pa DRIED FRUIT, at reduced prices, at MOSSOP'S.

WOOL WANTED -100,000 pounds wool wants ed, for which the highest marker price will be paid, by J. P. KRAIZER.

he keeps up. Mary, take that bird into the per of yours; not until you pledge your. little 'un; he's a rare 'un to fight.'