

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

KEEP THE HEART LIGHT.

We have always enough to bear—
We have always something to do—
We have never to seek for care.
When we have the world to get through?
Let what though adversity test
The courage and vigor of man?
They get through adversity the best
Who keep the heart light as they can.
Though there's always something to bear,
There is always something to do;
We have never to seek for care,
When we have the world to get through.
If we shake not the load from the mind,
Our energy's sure to be gone;
We must wrestle with care, or we'll find
Two loads are less easy than one!
To sit in discontented mood
Is a poor and profitless plan;
The true heart is never subdued,
If we keep it as light as we can.
Though there's always something to bear,
There is always something to do;
We have never to seek for care,
When we have the world to get through.

THE SNAKE-EATER AND HIS STORY.

In the year 1828, a man, under the nom de guerre of John Thompson, was traveling through the United States, exhibiting himself as a snake-eater, to the astonishment of the natives. He had a horse and van, carried his own tent from town to town, and generally pitched it in the suburbs. The tent held about 150 persons comfortably, and when John Thompson, who was his own doerkeeper, found he had a sufficient number within, he closed the aperture, jumped upon a small platform, and tinkled a bell upon which a curtain was raised, and the performance commenced his duties. The man seemed to be about twenty-eight years of age; his face was thin, and a leader wanness over spread his features; but his sunken eyes had that supernatural brilliancy so often seen in the eyes of the consumptive. His voice, though faint, was musical, but interrupted by an occasional cough; and as he removed his cravat, and turned up his wristbands over the cuffs of his coat, he pointed to a box before him, covered with glass, and said, "If any one desires to satisfy himself with regard to the reptile which I am now about to devour in the presence of you all, and to restore again from my throat, alive, he will please draw near and examine it."
He then turned the box on end, displaying the glass cover to the audience, and disclosed to their sight a hideous rattlesnake. It was coiled, and in a disturbed, elevated position, and while its forked tongue played with a rapid motion, it darted against the glass in vain attempts to escape, while its rattle continued to quiver, with a violent and whizzing sound, accompanied by that apparent flattening of the head which denotes the highest pitch of resentment. Its dilated eyes shot fire, and the coarse scales in its contorted form grew rugged in its anger. There was no mistake about its being a veritable snake.
After this the box was put in its original position of glass uppermost. A chilly shudder ran through the audience at the next performance. The snake-eater turned his back to the company, and bent his face for a moment over the edge of the box, and a kind of chuckling sound was heard before he drew forth the horrible reptile in his hand. The snake now seemed languid and passive, although the rattles continued to sound. He then placed the head of the venomous serpent to his lips, and opened his mouth, and the long coil began to descend. It was an appalling sight to see the huge reptile gradually going down the throat of a human being. The cheeks of the young man began to dilate, and his complexion became a livid purple. His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets; masses of foam gathered about his lips; and he looked as if he was undergoing the most mortal agony, and even exhibited the throes of death. On one occasion no less than twelve of his audience were taken out in fainting fits.
After apparently mauling and crushing the fearful meal, the snake-eater again partially opened his lips, and the forked tongue of the reptile was seen playing like threads of bright red fire between them. Presently it began to emerge. It moved very slowly as if held back by other serpents who had preceded it, in the awful deglutition of its master. As the long, lathsome folds hung from his lips, and continued to extend, the features of the snake-eater assumed their wonted appearance, and in a moment the reptile had emerged, was replaced in the box, and the feat was accomplished.
Then after seating himself for a few seconds, to recover from the perilous execution of his task, the snake-eater arose and addressed the audience. He desired them to believe that he had wished not to applaud but to surprise them. There was, he acknowledged, an art in what he had done, but it was a mysterious and undiscoverable one. "They call me mad," he added bitterly, "and a conjurer, but a conjurer I am not, and though I have been mad, I am not now, yet often do I wish I were. You will denounce my calling one of foolish hazard, and perhaps of disgust, but did you know all you would judge me better. I thank you for

your attendance; and if I have succeeded in surprising you, my aim has been won."
THE SNAKE-EATER'S BIOGRAPHY, AND THE WAY THE TRICK WAS DONE.
One day John Thompson had performed in the suburbs of a western city, when a gentleman appeared among the audience who had known the snake-eater under a different name, and in a different sphere of life; in fact, they had been college chums, and the visitor this evening had considered that the snake-eater's lot would have been cast in quite a different mould. The old fellow colleagues met. Eight years only had they parted, and yet what changes had taken place in that period.
"Will you not go back with me to England?" said Thompson's old companion.
"No," answered the snake-eater. "I must die in a land where all those I hold sacred are buried. I will tell you my short but melancholy history, and afterward don't question me, but keep my secret. Let me spin out the few years allotted to me as John Thompson; and let me select the spot where I must be buried."
"But to come to facts, my friend; I am not what you think I am. Though regarded hereabouts as one who has dealings with familiar spirits and wizards, I am only a broken-hearted man, the child of sorrow, and almost without hope. I do not speak this for your sympathy, for human sympathy can but at best awaken fresh the wells of mournful tenderness in my breast, without pouring one ray of sunshine upon the troubled fountains; they must flow on in darkness, without a prospect of day; yet listen to my story.
"About eight years ago, with the spirit of adventure stirring within me, I came from the walls of an English University to the far western States of America. I wrote to my parents for, in fact I asked for, my patrimony, and said I would never expect any more from them. They sent me a handsome sum, and I sought with this capital in hand to make trade with the Indians, and therefore took land close to the frontier. I bought furs from the natives, and bartered generally with them. For all the country could produce I gave manufactured articles; and thus I went on prosperously. My capital doubled, tripled, quadrupled—in fact, in all respects I was prosperous. Then followed a love affair, and it was pure love with me, my friend. The family of my affianced thought I lived too much out of civilized life, and would not consent to our union; so we eloped, and what a wife she made me! I speak not in rhapsody, but she was the loveliest being that ever inhabited this lower world. None could excel her in beauty, and she made that beauty perfect by the graces of a mind pure and highly cultivated. Her voice was melodious, her smile a burst of pure and living light, and her calm blue eyes were the sweet expositors of a sinless affection. To speak no more of her perfections, suffice it to say that I loved her with my whole soul. She was my idol; her happiness was the centre of my every wish, and she was the object of every aspiration.
"We were married; time went on, and brought me a bud from the rose I had established in my green bowler at home. We were indeed happy then. Aloof from society, though we missed a few of its luxuries, we suffered none of its vexations and demoralizing corruptions. On Sundays we rode many miles through the wilderness to attend a place of worship established by the missionaries, and to hear the word of God read and revealed.
"On the day that my dear little Sarah had attained her second year, she was seated near to my cot, and her mother was standing by, when three fierce looking Indians entered the store. They had evidently traveled a long way for their leggings were torn and dirty, and their feet were almost bare. I recognized one of them instantly as the Crouching Wolf, a desperate being who hung alternately around the skirts of settlements, begging for rum, or getting it in barter for the furs of wild animals. Just a year previous to this he had visited me for the purpose of procuring the 'fire-water'; I had refused him, and he left me with the vow of future vengeance.
"Hoop!" said he as he reeled up with his gruff-looking companions toward the counter where my child was playing and my wife stood. The Crouching Wolf said he would come back. He wants the talking water; he wants that, or revenge. He will have one."
"I tried to reason with him, but he was deaf to reason. He had tasted from the fumes of one of his red companions, and the fumes were in his brain.
"Come, medicine man," said he, 'the Wolf wants the fire-milk. Where is it?' He cannot wait. His spirit is up, and his forehead is warm."
"I saw that he grew desperate, but my resolution was taken. I sternly denied him; it was a fatal denial.
"During the colloquy my wife and child had gone out on the green sward, and the latter was picking wild flowers and stringing them on a high. I sprang toward him, but was pushed back by his companions. The dear innocent, unfrightened child smiled in the face of the Crouching Wolf, and it seemed as if the cheerful purity of her look stayed his yengeful arm. He paused, until a scream from the mother aroused the terror of the little girl. She then shrunk back from the relentless savage, while the mother, like

myself, was kept at bay, and the dear little innocent, quivering with dismay, said, in childish simplicity, 'Naughty Indian! if he hurts Sarah ma will be angry and punish him.'
"As she said this she burst into tears—her last forever. In one instant the trenchant weapon of the infuriated Indian clove asunder the head of my babe; in the next his excited comrades, of whom now there were five, had murdered the wife of my bosom. I have an indistinct and horrid remembrance of my burning store—the red floods yelling over the consuming roof and walls—and my escape to the forest. The rest was but silence and oblivion. I was a madman.
"Ten months after that I found myself in New Orleans. I had reached the city no one knew how—had been conveyed to a hospital, kindly treated, and discharged as cured, but an outcast and a beggar. Misfortunes seldom come alone. I found that during my seclusion from the world my father had died, and as I had already received my share of his property, the residue melted away among several brothers and sisters. My inheritance on this side the Atlantic being destroyed by Indians, I was without a home or a friend.
"How I subsisted I scarcely know. At last as I was one day walking moodily along, I saw a group collected around an Indian who was performing tricks from a box with a rattlesnake. The Indian was Crouching Wolf.
"The murderer of my wife and child! I exclaimed, as I penetrated through the ring and with one fierce blow felled the vile monster to the earth. I seized him by the throat and placed my knee upon his breast. In a few moments he was a distorted and ghastly corpse beneath my feet.
"My avial of retribution was considered just, and no effort was made to arrest me. Availing myself of the box belonging to the Crouching Wolf, which I contended was mine as a debt, I soon learned the mystery of his art, as if by intuition. An upper drawer of the box contained the real rattlesnake; an under drawer merely the skin of one, which could be inflated by the breath at will. The motion of the tongue, which was dried and had wires within, was produced by the same cause. Filled from the lungs, it could readily be taken into the mouth, and compressed into a very small compass, and while re-passing outward, inflated again. I bought a new snake from the museum, which I killed and prepared according to the model before me. I could not endure the thought of even using the same instruments employed by the destroyer of all that I most loved on earth, and I turned from his trickery with a feeling of almost positive loathing; yet in the end I did not see why I should not make capital out of it.
"A little practice made me an adept in the mystery of snake eating, and I have since wandered in loneliness from town to town, attempting this curious enterprise. My pecuniary success has been sufficient for my comfort and convenience, and the danger of the feat is only in appearance. With a slight exertion I can turn my face into the colors and contortions you witnessed this day. But those things can only temporarily divert my thoughts, for I carry within my heart an aching fever, which no prosperity can allay or remove. The objects which have cheered me can cheer me no more. I stand alone in this wilderness world, a mourner and a pilgrim. My visions are of my wife and child; my day-dreams are of them; but I must suffer, as you see, until I meet them in that better country where the sun descends not, and darkness is unknown; where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. I can forget my child, for her existence seems to me like a misty trace, in the fond assurance that the sparkling dew-drop has exhaled in heaven; but the cherished rose that sustained it, I cease not to grieve. Alas for the wife of my bosom!"
With the last words the snake-eater's voice failed, his body was convulsed, until a flood of tears relieved him. He would hear no sympathetic words from his friend, but parted with him thus: "You alone, have my secret. In a few months more my body must be consigned to the earth on the sacred spot where my wife and child were murdered. You shall be one of the executors of my will, and I beseech you faithfully to carry out my instructions."
The snake-eater was right; in a few months after this interview he died; and now, in the very centre of a populous town, on the banks of the Mississippi, may be seen a tombstone recording the events which occurred on that spot and the hope of the departed husband that he should meet his wife and child in heaven.
"Don't you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each; "yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."
Two Quaker girls were ironing at the same table. One asked the other which she would take, the right or the left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."
He only is the true poet who strives earnestly to enact his highest, best thoughts; this is his hardest task, and only as steadfastly labors for its fulfillment is he worthy of his sacred name.
At table as biting of your food as you please, but don't be biting in your remarks.

HEART WEALTH.
A SKETCH FOR CREDITORS.
Samuel Vessie, the old East India merchant and ship owner, left a large property to his wife and children. To his three sons he left his ships and his business, together with all the books and papers of his office, and having made this provision he went on in his will to say: "Among my debtors are many worthy men whom I have not pressed, and whom I would not consign to needless suffering. It is my desire that those who deserve forgiveness may be forgiven, even as I pray that my Heavenly Father may forgive me."
When the sons came to take possession of the business, one of their first moves after having provided for the management of more weighty matters, was to consider this injunction of their father's will.
"Our father has left us enough," said John, the elder brother, "and we will not fail to honor his memory and his wishes."
"And lead others to hold that memory green and sacred," added Andrew, the second brother. "What says Peter?"
The younger thus addressed spoke as follows:
"We will not forget our father's oft repeated prayer, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,' for I think he died with that prayer upon his lips—or in his heart at least. I would suggest that Mr. Witherspoon be requested to make out a list of those debtors whom he may judge to be worthy of forgiveness. He has been our father's confidential clerk and correspondent for almost thirty years, and probably knows the exact character and standing of every person indebted. Let him give us a list with such marginal explanation as we may deem necessary, and we can then do as we deem proper in individual cases."
Peter's plan was adopted. The old clerk made out the list, and the amount of indebtedness thus set down, without reckoning interest, was over twenty thousand dollars.
"A large sum," said John, thoughtfully.
"And think of the interest," suggested Andrew.
"Not so large as was our father's," added Peter, "and bearing so much interest as must lay upon his shoulders in heaven."
John and Andrew shook Peter by the hand, while little Sammy, John's son, a lad of five years, asked how an account could bear interest in heaven.
"Peter must explain that," said his father.
And Peter took the boy upon his knee, and told him what he meant—told him about doing good, and how God loved to have us do good to one another, and how we could lay up treasures in heaven. And he asked the boy if he understood; and Sammy said he did.
Time passed on. One cool, bleak day in the late autumn a woman entered the counting house. She was past the middle age, humbly but neatly clad, with a face pale and frank, and marked with care. John and Peter were in the office, and Master Sammy was in the corner, behind Andrew's empty desk, building houses with old log books.
"Is Mr. Vessie in?" the visitor asked, timidly, and with unobtrusive blushes.
"That is my name, madam," returned John, handing her a chair, "and this is my brother."
"Your father held an account, against my husband, and I have come to settle it."
"What is your husband's name?"
"He is dead, sir. His name was Lawrence Patten."
"Do you know what was the nature of the indebtedness?"
"It was a debt of honor, sir; and my husband could only be content when I had promised him, upon my bended knees, that it should be paid. Your father was his bondsman for a large sum. He was collector of taxes, and a partner whom he had trusted run away with a great deal of money—so much that it crippled him! and would have ruined him, if your father had not saved him. He was a poor man, sir, but God knows he was honest."
The woman wiped her eyes, and little Sammy came out from behind the desk.
"When Lawrence knew that he must die," she resumed, "he placed in my hands all of his accounts, and all property, and he bade me rest not until I had gathered together enough to pay the indebtedness. He said Mr. Vessie had been like a father to him—had put forth his hand, saved him when others had forsaken him—and he would rather his children should beg than that dishonor should attach to his memory."
"Did your husband owe much else?"
"No, sir. He contracted no debts for his living. This was all—but it was a heavy debt for him to bear."
"You say you have raised the money?"
"Yes, sir. The original debt was three thousand five hundred dollars. The interest—had he didn't think Mr. Vessie would take more than simple interest—brings it up to some over five thousand."
"I will find the account, my good woman, and see how it stands."
Thus saying, John opened a drawer of his desk and drew forth the list which Mr. Witherspoon had prepared, and the very first name was that of Lawrence Patten; and against it, in the old clerk's hand, was the following: "An honest man, and poor; his indebtedness entirely the result of the absconding business partner." Then John found the note, given nine years before, with the interest, to the time of the clerk's making the list, cast up on the back.
The principal and interest I find to be five thousand three hundred and sixty-two dollars.

"I know it must be not far from that," said the widow. She shuddered and quivered as she spoke.
"You must find it hard to pay this, Mrs. Patten."
"In one sense it is very hard, sir, but in another it is very easy, because it is right, and because I know my—my—husband—would—but—"
She wiped her eyes again, and opened her reticulate. Little Sammy began to look indignant. His eyelids were laden with dew and his bosom swelled.
Just then John Vessie tore the notes into pieces; and gave those pieces to the widow, who took them mechanically, and as she clutched them in her hand she drew from the reticulate a large pocket book.
"Don't take any money here, my good woman. You owe us nothing."
"But—sir—"
"It is all right. The debt is paid."
"Paid? the debt?"
"Yes. When our father, in his last hours, came to realize how much he might need of God's forgiving grace, he, in his heart, forgave his worthy and unwillful debtors; and he enjoined it upon us that we should honor his memory among his fellows. Your husband's debt he forgave on earth as he hoped to be forgiven in heaven; and I have cancelled the obligation."
For a time the widow sat like one in a dream. Then she folded her hands and tried to speak; but tears and sobs choked her utterance. Finally she raised her streaming eyes toward heaven, and to God she found speech. She blessed the sons; and she prayed that all joy and peace might be theirs forever and ever. She was happy—very happy; life now offered her hope of comfort. She would go to her home, and she would teach her children to bless the memory of Samuel Vessie, and to pray for the good of his sons. And with a face more radiant than she had worn for months, she turned from the office, weeping still in the exuberance of her joy.
John wiped his eyes and looked up.
"Peter, what do you think of that?"
"I was thinking," replied the younger brother, "what we ought to pay Andrew for his share of the heart wealth of this scene."
"Uncle Pete, isn't this what you told me was laying up treasure in heaven?"
"Yes, yes, my boy!"
"And won't Uncle Andrew own his share of it over there where God is?"
"Yes—yes."
PROPHECY FULFILLED.—A striking fulfillment of prophecy has lately come to pass through the Palestine exploration, found in the work of Lieutenant Warren, in his excavations in and about Jerusalem. Shafts have been sunk in various directions, some to the depth of ninety feet, and beneath the soil and accumulated debris of ages are found the walls of the Temple, in almost as good condition as when first constructed, and of ancient buildings, and of those rebuilt, of old materials, of tenements gone to wreck from the inroads of time. Here then after thousands of years have gone by since the Prophet Isaiah, chap. 29 verse 4, proclaimed "And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust," that Jerusalem just as it stood of old, with the Temple, its palaces and its surroundings, all of which not a trace could more be found, now in the very words of Prophecy comes forth, speaking to us out of the ground, and low out of the dust, and like the familiar spirit, who called up the spirit of the dead, the "City of God" appears, testifying to the truth of scripture, and of the certain fulfillment of prophecy.
A LOVELY INCIDENT.—We recently heard the following most touching incident: A little boy died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold bloodless hand of the sleeping boy, and placed it in the hands of the weeping sister. The dear child held it a moment, empressed it fondly, and then looked up at her mother through her tears of affection and love, and said: "Mother, this little hand never struck me!" What could be more touching and lovely? Young readers, have you always been so gentle to brothers and sisters that, were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say: "This hand never struck me!"
The best game of base ball we ever read of transpired in Bridgeport, Ct., a few nights since. A party of roughs attempted to clean out a beer saloon, but the owners seized a ball club and put them out, scoring three strikes and three runs. The roughs went out on a fly and were caught by the police.
True courage consists not in a stupid contempt of danger, but in preserving, on the most dangerous occasions, the calm use of our reason, with a determination to act up to its dictates.
Many things that are certain are contradicted; many that are false pass without contradiction; contradiction is no proof of falsehood, nor universal assent of truth.

THE CARIFF MAN OUTDONE.—From the Oil City (Pa.) Times of Friday last, we learn that while Mr. William Thompson assisted by Robert R. Smith, was engaged in making an excavation near the house of the former, about half a mile north of West Hickory, preparatory to erecting a derrick, they excavated an enormous helmet of iron which was corroded with rust. Further digging brought to light a sword which measured nine feet in length. Curiosity incited them to enlarge the hole, and after some little time they discovered the bones of two enormous feet. Following up the "lead" they had so unexpectedly struck, in a short time they had unearthed a well preserved skeleton of the human family which probably inhabited this and other parts of the world at that time; of which the Bible speaks, when it says: "And were giants in those days." The helmet is said to be of the shape of those found among the ruins of Nineveh. The bones of the skeleton are remarkable white. The teeth are all in their places and all of them are double sets of extraordinary size. These relics have been taken to Tionesta, where they are visited by a large number of people daily. When his giant ship was in the flesh he must have stood eighteen feet in his stockings. The joints of the skeleton are now being forwarded to New York. These remains were found about twelve feet below the surface of a mound which had been thrown up probably centuries ago, and which was not more than three feet above the level of the ground around it. Here is another nut for antiquarians to crack.
KEEP YOUR BOOKS.—Every man, whether he be "his own lawyer" or not, would do well to be his own book-keeper. He would have fewer occasions for consulting the law, and when compelled to do so would be much more certain of getting his rights. Some men trust everything to memory—dates, names, places, accounts, agreements, everything in the way of business, and the consequent confusion or treachery of memory, leads to half the almost interminable difficulties with which their lives are troubled. And then when the matter gets into the courts, and the evidence is contradictory, the jury are not easily persuaded of a case depending for proof upon the memory alone. Every business transaction should be carefully recorded. The very habit will strengthen the recollection of all the circumstances, and, besides, possess an infinitely higher degree of credibility than the "I remember," however positive the affirmation may be.
BADLY SOLD.—Mr. A. called on a farmer, and asked him the price of oats, and was informed that they were worth thirty-five cents per bushel. He agreed to pay forty cents on condition that he should be allowed to "tramp" them in the half bushel. To secure the bargain, he paid for twelve bushels, and the next day took his wagon and went after them. The farmer filled the half bushel, after which Mr. A. got in and gave a most vigorous "tramping" contracting their proportions considerably. The farmer thereupon emptied the oats into the bag without filling up the measure. Mr. A. raved, but it was no use. The farmer had complied with his part of the agreement, and as an evidence, told Mr. A. after he had measured the oats, he might "tramp" them all day.
"My dear," said Mrs. Bumble to her daughter, "you must have something warm around you in the carriage." Miss B. mentioned the request of her mother to her beau, and he immediately complied with it by placing his arm around the young lady's waist.
A shoemaker with one eye complained that one of his lamps did not burn. One of his shopmates who is a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with a stentorian exclamation: "Faith, and what do you want with two lamps? You havn't but one eye!"
Two young ladies and an Irishman were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question: "Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. H.?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."
"It's a good thing to have a handsome penman for a beau," said Mary, as she glanced over a *bill-doux*. "Yes," replied Julia, "if the penman is only handsome, I don't care how ugly the penmanship is."
A teacher, chatechising his scholars, put the following question: "What was made to give light to the world?" "Matches," cried one of the youngsters, after a short pause.
To vex another is to tease him to vex us again; injuries awaken revenge, and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.
Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.
The following is given as a fireman's toast: "The ladies—the only incendiaries who kindle a flame which water will not extinguish."
Wanted—A correct standard for measuring the height of an absurdity, and a slipper from the foot of a dancing moonbeam.
A Rhode Islander advertises for his lost umbrella. His faith in human honesty is unparalleled.
Man's best fortune—or his worst—a wife.

Business Directory.
A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1869.
ED. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisionals, 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. sep25
M. BRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 26.
H. P. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c., Room in Graham's row, Market Street.
H. BUCHER SWOOPER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 18.
J. B. MURNALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21st street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.
L. TISS, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., with all the usual facilities for the business entrusted to his care. Office in Clearfield, and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. POIRCY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham's row, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.
J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisionals, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.
HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., &c., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 8, 1865.
C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisionals, &c., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.
JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes and repairs Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with care. April 19, 1867.
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Liquors, &c., Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
W. WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace, Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. Jan. 20, 1869.
W. A. WALLACE, FRANK FIELDING, H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to business entrusted to their care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining Court National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. Jan. 20, 1869.
M. CULLOUGH & KRIS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Consultations in English or German. Oct. 27, 1869.
T. J. McLEOD, D. L. KRIS, FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.
N. M. HOOPER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in a large assortment of Groceries, Queensware, &c., constantly on hand. Two doors East of the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 1868.
WESTERN HOTEL, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, in the patronage of the public. The tables will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.
JOHN H. PULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's drug store. Prompt attention given to the securing of claims, and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.
A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kyrletown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. (Sep. 29, 1867)
W. A. WALLACE, SAMUEL L. KRIS, R. BRISTON & IRWIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport, Pa., will attend to all legal business entrusted to them with care, and promptly attended to. (Aug. 2, 1869-68)
W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, &c., &c., Woodland, Pa. Clearfield county, Pa. Extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.
DR. J. P. BURRHEAD—Late Surgeon of the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—66p.
SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn. (May 20, 1869) March 8th, 1867—J. JAMES MITCHELL.
JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Onondaga, 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, Onondaga, Pa. (May 10, 1869) occupied by Dr. Kline.
J. K. PHOTOGRAPHER, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN. Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Certainly an hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views, from any style of moulding made to order. (Dec. 2, 1869; 14-69-1869)
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. Desires conveyance neatly executed. Office and residence one door East of Kirk & Spencers Store. Lumber City, April 14, 1869-70.
W. WALLACE & WALTERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS, Clearfield, Pa. Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and mortgages taken. Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. (Jan. 5, 1870)
W. A. WALLACE, J. BLAKE WALTERS, SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving soldiers who enlisted prior to 23d July, 1861, served one year or more and were honorably discharged, a bounty of \$100. Bounties and Pensions collected by me for those entitled to them. WALTER BARRETT, Att'y at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 15th, 1869.
D. RIED FRUIT, at reduced prices, at MOSSOP'S, May 12, 1869.
WOL WANTED.—100,000 pounds wool wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid, by J. P. KRATZER.