

# The Keffman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1870.

VOL. 16--NO. 23.

## Select Poetry.

### THE WHITE ISLAND.

In this world, the Isle of Dreams,  
While we sit by sorrow's streams,  
Tears and terrors are our themes,  
Repeating:

But when once from here we fly,  
Here and more approaching nigh,  
Unto young eternity,  
Uniting:

In that whiter island, where  
Things are evermore sincere—  
Canst thou here and lustre there  
Delighting:

There no monstrous terrors shall  
Out of hell a horror call,  
To create or cause at all  
Afrighting:

There in calm and cooling sleep  
We our eyes shall never keep,  
But eternal watch shall keep,  
Attending:

Pleasures, such as shall pursue  
Me immortalized, and you—  
And fresh joys, as never to  
Have ending.

### A NIGHT OF YEARS.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my native State, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first was willingly rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner observable for its seriousness and nun-like serenity was concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister, a "born beauty," whose prerogative of beauty was to have her own way in all things and at all times. An indolgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural, is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman? Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were both real New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her situation in that then half settled country.

In those days, many engaged in school teaching from the honor and pleasure it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, after a few months previous to the commencement of our story, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fireside circle, to take charge of a school some twenty miles from her native town.

For some time her letters home were expressive only of the contentment which sprang from the conscientiousness of active usefulness—of receiving while imparting good. But soon came a change. Then were those records home characterized by fitful gaiety, or dreary sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed struggling for supremacy in the writer's troubled heart. Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved. So, for a time, that second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mists of the morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not be forgotten in the home of the absent one, and a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she awaited her parents' approval of her choice to become the betrothed of Edwin W., a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing, and yet what a revealing of self, is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in sudden rain-showers on life! If there is a season when an angel may look with interest upon her mortal sister, it is when she beholds her heart pass from its bud like innocence and girlhood, and taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the frightened lovers came, and Mr. W. and his testaments awaited them. Mr. W. gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion, but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home until after her marriage, which, at the request of the ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the birthday of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W., to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness; the busy birds had worn away, and neither the bridegroom nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared.

Yes, in her neat little chamber, sat Lucy, doubting. She was all ready, in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal ornaments lay on the table by her side. Miss Allen, her second bridesmaid, a blue eyed, affectionate girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion, respecting the absent ones, Lucy smiled and replied:

"Oh, something has happened to detain them awhile; we heard from them the other

day, and all was well. They will be here by and by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were assembled, and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whispers, surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety passed over the face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door.

"They have come!" cried many voices, and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries all around him, Mr. W. muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping up to the side board tossed over a glass of wine, another and another. The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed, "better late than never; so lead out the bride."

W. strode hastily across the room and placed himself by Ellen and took her hand in his. Then, without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said: "I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I now hold by the hand is my wife."

Then turning in an apologetic manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added: "I found that I never loved until I knew your second daughter."

And Lucy! She heard all with a strange calmness, and then walking steadily forward, confronted her betrayers. Terrible, as pale as Nemesis herself, she stood before them; and her looks pierced like a keen cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife gazed full into her sister's face, and she marked the ghastly color of her cheek, the dilated nostril, the quivering lip, and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hand on her forehead and first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could not but forever ring in the souls of that guilty pair, and fell into a death-like swoon at their feet.

After the impenetrable girl had been removed to a chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W.; but tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had awakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he had been held in check by honor, and never told his love until when on his way to expose another, in an unguarded moment, he revealed it, and the avowed had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order to "save pain to Lucy," and the opposition from her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before her arrival at C—.

Lucy remained insensible for some time. When she revived and apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—that she was hopeless insane. But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but frequently sighed and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity which all who knew her most recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of men. She seemed possessed of a spirit of unrest. She could not be confined, but was continually escaping from her friends, they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they by their care and unwearied efforts, in some measure controlled this unfortunate propensity; but when they died their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn. Through laughing springs and rosy summers, tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest for her of the crushed heart and crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or door on "crazy Lucy," she often spent an hour or two by our fire-side. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl or mantle was worn or torn, until it was open work or fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those she gathered in the woods or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left of the bloom and music of her existence. Yet no! her meek and child-like piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down in the dim chaos of her spirit the smile of his love yet gleamed faintly—ly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not afraid. Her Bible went with her everywhere—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still; and it may be as dearly cherished, my dear reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in "purple and gold," with gauding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the town of C—. It stopped at the almshouse; an attenuated form was lifted and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. This was Lucy Dutton, brought to her native town to die.

She had been in decline some for months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before; and the widowed husband had soon after moved to the Far West; so Lucy had no friends—no home but the almshouse.

One day, about a week after her arrival, Lucy appeared to snuff greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time slept tranquilly till morning. The matron who stood by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own, but she smiled and bit the invalid "Good morning." Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to reassure her, and she exclaimed:

"Where am I? and who are you? I do not know you? I do not know you." A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron; the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned. But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly:

"Why, you are among your friends and you will know me presently."

"Then maybe you know Edwin and Ellen," rejoined the invalid; "have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! Strange 'tis that I should dream that."

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gasp of tears; "that was not a dream; 'twas all true."

"All true!" cried the invalid, "then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot be, for he loves me; we love each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them; I will go to them."

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"What does this mean," said she; what makes me so weak?"

Just then her eyes fell on her own hand—that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement.

"Something is the matter with my sight," she said, smiling faintly, "for my hands look like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron gently, "and so it is; and we had fair plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you know me? I am Maria Allen—I was to have been your bridesmaid."

I cannot say more—I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing—to reduce to expressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years were as though they had never been. Of no scene, or incident, had she the slightest remembrance, since the recent and traitorous lover stood before her and made the terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings, but the invalid would say with fearful calmness: "Go on, go on," though the drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead. When she asked for her sister, the matron replied:

"She has gone before you, and your father also."

"And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit up with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead twenty years."

"Dead! all gone! Alone, old, dying!—Oh, God, my cup of bitterness is full," and she only wept aloud.

Her friend bent over her, and mingled her tears with hers, and said affectionately: "But you know who drank that cup before you?"

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression; and the matron added: "The Lord Jesus; you remember him?"

A look of sunlight breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, radiated the face of the dying woman, as she replied:

"O, yes, I know Him, and loved Him before I fell asleep."

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her earlier days came also. There was much reverential feeling and some weeping around her death bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved as her spirit joined in the fervent appeal. Then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her grey haired youth. Those who gazed on that placid face, and remembering her harmless life and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her "Night of Years."

HELD HIS OWN PULSE.—A good story is told by the *Attica, Indiana, Ledger*, of a physician of that place, who was called upon to visit a sick man, after he had, himself, taken a drop or two too much. Arrived at the bedside, he fumbled over his patient a little, and at last got hold of his own pulse, which he felt for a little while, and then, with customary medical gravity remarked, "Well, there's nothing much matter with you—only a little drink! Jisgo't bed 'n' sleep little 'n' you'll be all right!"

A Tennessee girl, in order to make a sure thing out of it, allowed two young men to take out a license to marry her.

A love that is never reciprocated—neurialgic affection.

## Society in Washington City.

A lively correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, in a recent letter from Washington City, writes as follows:

Our Capital is peculiar in its social life. It is yet, as it ever has been, so isolated that the elements incident to ordinary American life are not much felt here. The power of wealth, for example, so potent elsewhere, dies out this side of Baltimore, and official influences take its place. When the atmosphere here was purely Southern, this official supremacy was more positive than now. Yet it exists. The highest order, socially, is the Foreign Diplomatic Corps. This is given, or arrogated to itself, the first position. Then we have the Senators, and Supreme Court and members of the Cabinet, nearly on a level—or so near that it is doubtful, or rather in dispute, as to which is the preference. Then we have members of the House, and the multitude of minor officials.

One has to be amused when looking at the little diplomatic corps that takes upon itself such an air of exclusiveness, and is looked up to with such awe and respect. Washington being regarded in European eyes as a place for honorable banishment, it being socially undesirable, and possessed of no field for a display of diplomatic ability, the more influential and able men of the profession shrink in dismay from a residence in our beloved Capital. The consequence is that we get only the lesser lights. They are a rather nice sort of men, but not the sort to worship socially, or in any other way. And in any of our larger cities this entire corps would slip through small holes, and disappear forever from public gaze. But here it is omnipotent, and rules its little world in a way that would be aggravating were it not so ludicrous.

To see the corps in all its glory, one must attend, on opera night, at the National Theater. He will find the diplomats out in full force, and all clustered together in the chairs of the orchestra, with a few, perhaps, perched like crows in one of the stage boxes. Between the nets the corps rise up and face the audience. And then they appear in all their awful glory. Taken separately, one would not be seriously oppressed, but to be attacked in diplomatic platoon is overpowering. If one draws near, he hears a chattering in French, like unto so many jays in mass meeting.

The gods of the galleries have lately taken to resenting this facing about of the little corps, and when this diplomatic and dramatic move occurs, a general shout of derision goes up, and cries of "Down in front," "Ain't we handsome?" and imitations of the croaking of crows are heard; for owing to their somber dress, these subtle representatives of effete despotism are called crows by the gods of the gallery. The corps took this assault calmly and with superior indifference, until a few demy oranges and apples came with indications of eggs in reserve, when the corps gracefully subsided.

The gods of the gallery have no response for anything less than Forrest or Booth, and they treat with scorn all others. Not so, however, with society here. I was at a reception, for example, one night last winter, and was attracted by a lovely girl, all grace and intelligence—the daughter of a distinguished member of Congress.

"She must be quite a belle," I said, to a fair lady near me.

"Oh! dear me, no," was the response, "she is not in society at all."

"The diplomatic corps has not called on her."

"Is it possible? You don't say so? Poor thing! And why does not this erudite body countenance the poor girl?"

"Why, you see, where they do to do they would have to recognize the family and the father, you know."

"No, I don't know him, but I see. Well, well, it is a wonder she survives and looks so healthy. I should expect a decline. Couldn't they visit her under protest—sign a protocol with an assortment of ulimatums, recognizing the belle and, giving the disreputable old father only billigerent rights? You shake your lovely little head. It can't be done. It is hopeless. Poor girl!"

Any one visiting Washington, possessed of a white coat, a clean shirt, and a member of Congress, can go into society at once. His power to remain depends upon his wit. If he is clever, he is acceptable. The latest comer, unofficial, I mean, makes the first call. All officials, from the President to Syllax, set back and expect to be called upon. There is a lively dispute raging between members of the Cabinet and Senators as to which should have precedence. It is a small matter, but gives rise to some lively disputes, each party being satisfied that he or she is in the right.

This sort of social life goes far toward making Washington so fascinating. It is more of an intellectual social formation than in Boston, where an iron-bound state of caste, hard as the coast range of Hemanus, is based on money and family; or that of New York, where money is mixed with some brains; or in Philadelphia, where hard cast reigns without any alloy. One breathes easier in Washington, as if one had escaped from the suffocation of money vaults to the pure air of heaven. It is true that the intellect prevailing is of a political sort. But that is better than none.

A WAG TALE.—A certain judge having been called on at a public meeting for a song, regretted it was not in his power to gratify the company. A wag who was present observed: "He was very much surprised at the refusal, as it was notorious that numbers had been transported by his voice."

## Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

DAVID G. MYLING, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep23

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, & dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 18.

H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth story west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

J. B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties on short notice. Office in J. Boynton's building, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Rectangular Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham Street, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 10.

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

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

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

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet, Ward, and Bed Room Furniture, &c., also makes and repairs all kinds of Furniture, &c., on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 9, '59.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Hams, &c., on short notice, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

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. 2, 70-71]

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office Second floor of new building adjoining County Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. [June 30, '69]

MULLOUGH & KREBS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Consultations in English or German. Oct. 27, 1869.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.

N. M. HOOVER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF, A large assortment of pipes, cigar cases, &c., constantly on hand. Two doors East of the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, '69.

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

JOHN H. PULPOLD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of County claims, &c., and all legal business. March 27, 1867.

A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kylerstown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. [Sep. 29, '69]

W. H. ARMSTRONG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, near the Court House. All legal business promptly attended to. [Aug. 4, '69-68]

W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of wood, lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.

D. R. J. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 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 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 Lylerstown, township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 26, 1867-68. JAMES MITCHELL.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, having located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, '69.

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. Negative made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. [Dec. 2, '69-jy 14-69-71]

THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer, Having recently located in the Borough of Lylerstown, 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 Kline & Spangler's store. Orders solicited. Lylerstown, Pa., April 14, 1869, 19.

WALLACE & WALTERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS, Clearfield, Pa. Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurance taken. Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. [Jan. 2, 1870]

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. J. P. KRATZER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 15th, 1866.

DRIED FRUIT, at reduced prices, at MOSSOP'S, May 12, '69.

Wool Wanted.—100,000 pounds wool wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid, by J. P. KRATZER.

J. J. CUNNINGHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Real Estate Agent and Conveyancer, TYRON, BLAIR COUNTY, PA. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Tyron, Pa., January 27, 1869-70.

BANKING & COLLECTION OFFICE OF MCGIRK & PERKS, Successors to Foster, Park, Wright & Co., PHILADELPHIA, CENTER CO., PA. Where all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. March 20, '69. J. D. MCGIRK. EWD PERKS

REMOVAL—GUN SHOP The undersigned begs leave to inform his old and new customers, and the public generally, that he has fitted up a new GUN SHOP, on the corner of Fourth and Market streets, Clearfield, Pa., where he keeps constantly on hand, and makes to order, all kinds of Guns, guns repaired and reworked, and repaired neatly on short notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. June 9, 1869. JOHN MOORE.

SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES. HARTSWICK & IRWIN are constantly replenishing their stocks of Drugs, Medicines, &c. School books and Stationery, including the Osgood and National series of readers. Also—Tobacco and Cigars of the best quality, and at the lowest prices. Call and see. Clearfield, Nov. 10, 1869.

THE LEONARD HOUSE, (Near the Railroad Depot), Reed Street, Clearfield, Pa. G. D. GOODFELLOW, Proprietor.

A new first-class Hotel in every respect comfortable rooms, all the modern improvements, the best of liquors—prompt attendance and reasonable charges. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. July 21st.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP EDWARD MACK, Market Street, nearly opposite the residence of H. H. Swope, Esq., CLEARFIELD, PA. Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has opened a BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, in the building lately occupied by J. L. Cattle, as a law office, and that he is determined not to be outdone either in quality, price or price. Special attention given to the repairing of sewed work, French Kiss, and Calfskins of the best quality, always on hand until a call. [June 24, '64]

J. P. KRATZER, Clearfield, Penn'a., Dealer in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Military Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Stone-ware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, etc., constantly receiving new supplies from the cities, which he will dispose of at the lowest market prices, to customers. Before purchasing elsewhere, examine his stock. Clearfield, August 28, 1867.

DENTAL PARTNERSHIP. DR. A. M. HILLS desires to inform his patients and the public generally, that he has associated with him in the practice of Dentistry, S. P. SHAW, D. D., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College and therefore has the highest attainments of his Professional skill. All work done in the office will hold myself personally responsible for being done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession. An established practice of twenty-two years in this place enables me to speak to my patrons with confidence. Should a distance should be made by letters a few days before the patient's design commencing. [Clearfield, June 3, 1868-70]

HOME INDUSTRY! BOOTS AND SHOES Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market St., nearly opposite the Court House, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line. Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented.

I have now on hand a stock of extra French calf skins, superb gaiter tops, &c., that I will finish up at the lowest figures. June 13th, 1866. DANIEL CONNELLY

NEW STORE AND SAW MILL AT BALD HILLS, Clearfield county. The undersigned, having opened a large and well selected stock of goods, at Bald Hills, Clearfield county, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Their stock embraces Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tin-ware, Boots and Shoes, and a variety of Feed. They always keep on hand the best quality of Flour, and a variety of Feed. All goods sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for approved country produce. Having also erected a Steam Saw Mill, they are prepared to saw all kinds of lumber to order. Orders solicited, and punctually filled. Nov. 20, 1867. F. R. A. IRWIN.

H. F. NAUGLE, WATCH MAKER, GRAHAM'S ROW, CLEARFIELD. The undersigned respectfully informs his old customers and the public, that he has on hand (and constantly receiving new additions), a large stock of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. CLOCKS, a large variety from the best Manufacture, consisting of Eight-day and thirty-hour spring and Weight, and Lever, Time, Strike and Alarm clocks. WATCHES—a fine assortment of Silver Hunting and open case American patent Levers, plain and full jeweled. GOLD PENS, an elegant assortment of the best quality. Also, in silver extension and desk holders. SPECTACLES, a large assortment, far and near sight, colored and plain glass. JEWELRY of every variety, from a single piece to a full set. ALSO, a fine assortment of Spoons, Forks, butter knives, etc., plated on genuine Alabaster. ALSO, Hair Jewelry, with pure gold mounting, got up to order. Call and see sample book. All kinds of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry care fully repaired and Warranted. A continuance of patronage is solicited. Nov. 25th, 1865. H. F. NAUGLE

## SOMETHING NEW IN ANSONVILLE.

Clearfield county, Penn'a. The undersigned having erected during the past summer, a large and commodious store room, is now engaged in filling it up with a new and select assortment of Fall and Winter goods, which he offers to the public at prices to suit the times. His stock of Men's and boys' clothing is unusual in its extent, and is offered to customers at from \$10 to \$20 for a whole suit. Flour, Salt, and Groceries, of every kind, a complete assortment; Store and Store-rooms, a heavy stock; Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, of every variety; Ladies' dress goods, furs, and other fancy goods, together with an endless assortment of notions too tedious to enumerate, always on hand, and for sale very cheap. Prints at 10 cents a yard, and other goods in proportion