

The Roftzmar's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1870.

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Select Poetry.

HEAVEN.

Beyond those chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond that cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But bloom for ever, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers,
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim, earthly vision,
For death, the silent wanderer, keeps the key,
That opens the gates of heaven.

But sometimes, when down the western sky,
The fiery sunset glows,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent angels.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory,
Stream bright through the azure wall afar,
And hail reveal the story.

Oh land unknown! Oh land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide these wandering way-worn feet
Into those pastures vernal.

WAS SHE RIGHT?

"No, it is quite impossible. I do not love you," said Sarah Gray, nervously twirling the rings on her delicate fingers, and compressing her pretty little mouth, with a determined air.

"You—do not," Henry Dana's effort to appear unmoved was a failure, and his voice trembled as the words dropped slowly from his lips. "I had hoped—for something—else."

There was perfect silence in the brilliantly lighted parlor, broken only by the crackle and stir of the brighter fire, which blazed merrily in the grate, and threw its soft ruddy light full on Sarah's sweet young face, and down cast eyes. Never had she seemed lovelier to Henry as he gazed for a few moments earnestly upon her. But his bright dreams were suddenly ended; his airy castles fallen; and all was over.

"We will be always friends," said Sarah kindly, as he rose to go.

He could only falter out "Thank you," and the door closed.

"No I do not love him," thought Sarah, as she sat musing by the fire. "I like him very much. He has been a delightful friend, and he will be still; but that is enough. He will not care very much about it."

"Oh, Sarah," cried Hattie Dana, a day or two later with a look of dismay. "What do you think? Henry is going to Iowa?"

"Going to Iowa? What for?" exclaimed Sarah.

"To live. He is going to manage Mr. Brown's land matters, and practice law, as he can, away off in that dreary uncivilized region. It is such a shame! I can't think what has put it into his head. He refused the place once, you know."

"But when does he go?" inquired Sarah.

"To-morrow evening. This was an unlooked for incident. How she should miss Henry's charming calls! How dull society would seem without him! She could hardly explain to herself the unhappiness which Hattie's words had brought. Could it be that she did love him? But he would surely come to say "Good bye." Perhaps she had been too quick in deciding. They might have an explanation. Of course he would express his regret, and it would all come in so naturally and easily.

Why did Sarah dress herself that night, with that unusual care? Why did she wear the little scarf he had so often admired? Why did she put on her pretty blue silk, his favorite color? Why was everything about her so exquisitely fresh, and delicate, and daintily chosen? She did not own to herself why it was, as she sat alone under the gaslight, with her key embroidery, listening for the familiar footstep and the quick, light touch on the bell.

But nine o'clock came, and no Henry. Ten o'clock came, and no Henry. The stranger bowed and smiled.

"I guess I'm the man! Come with me and I'll show you as fine a lot of cattle as you can find in the State; and if you know what oxen are, there's no danger of getting cheated."

A countryman stopped at a telegraph window, where a young lady was receiving dispatches, and after looking on a moment, called to his companion: "Say, Bill, just you come and see 'em make paper collars. Don't she know her biz, hey, Bill?"

A man came home drunk one cold night, and vomited in a basket of goslings, which his wife had placed before the fire, upon seeing which, he exclaimed: "My God! wife, when did I swallow those things?"

Time flew on. It was comfortable to live as a lodger. A simple-hearted nice young girl came on from the East, bringing with her a breath of dear old New England air, in her gentle, quiet ways. She liked him. Henry could soon detect that. And he liked her, that is, he did not dislike her, and she would do for him as well as any one now. So Henry married.

And Sarah? Her life moved quietly on. She had beauty, and fortune and admirers in abundance, but no one could be to her what Henry seemed to her now. And still she asked herself the question, shall I write to him? and still she answered, "No, no, no." Perhaps he would come back to her. Perhaps he would write to her. There were so many possibilities, and he loved her so much. She knew it a now.

One afternoon as she sat with her crocheting, in the parlor, Hattie Dana came eagerly her face bright with some great intelligence.

"We had a letter from Henry this morning! Guess what has happened! He is married."

Sarah's work fell from her hands. "Married! To whom?"

"It is so curious. He only gives us her name, Mary Cuyler, and says nothing about her, that she is good, and kind, and loves him."

Sarah was strong in self-control and no look or movement betrayed the slightest agitation. But she struggled to feel fearfully upon her delicate frame, and before a week was ended she was prostrate with a nervous fever which left her a helpless invalid for life, with a long, dreary heart-ache.

So to Henry there came a married life, without on his side one particle of the zest, and sparkle and sweetness which true love brings; and to Sarah, life long suffering and regret; all for the sake of the womanly pride which refused to acknowledge and retract its error.

Was she right?

A Frank Confession.

A farmer living in Oxford county, in the State of Maine, went down to a town not a thousand miles from Portland, for the purpose of purchasing a yoke of oxen, as he had been informed that there was a fine stock for sale by one of the wealthy land owners of the place.

Arriving in the best farming district of the Cumberland county town, our friend met a man who was driving an ox-team, of whom he inquired:

"Can you inform me where Mr. Wall lives?"

"There's a number of Walls live around here. Which one did you wish to find?" returned the stranger, who was a large built, keen-eyed man, habited in homespun, but bearing in his general appearance unmistakable tokens of ease and comfort so far as finances were concerned.

"I don't know what his christian name is," pursued our friend; "but he is the owner of some very fine oxen."

"Well," responded the stranger, "they all own pretty fair oxen."

"But the one I wish to find has some oxen for sale."

"As for that, sir, I guess they'd any of 'em sell if they could get their price."

"But," exclaimed the Oxford county man, "the Mr. Wall I wish to find is quite wealthy."

"Yes, well I reckon there ain't any of 'em very well off," replied the other, with a nod.

"My Mr. Wall," continued our friend, hesitatingly, "has been represented to me as being a very close-fisted man, and not scrupulously honest in all his transactions."

With a curious twinkle of the eye, and a gentle pat upon the hunch of his neck, he said, "to tell you the truth, sir, I guess they're a close-fisted set all around, and I never heard that honesty run in the family. Isn't there something else?"

"Yes," replied the searcher for oxen, despondently, "they say he has been caught in the very act of robbing his own brother's chicken coop."

The stranger bowed and smiled.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

"You're sure you've got the key to the little brown carpet bag, Elkaniah, and the green umbrella, and the paper 'o ginger cookies?"

"Yes, mother—all right."

"And the bag of gilliflowers apples?—them'll be a real treat to your city cousins. There ain't many just such apple trees as ours!"

"They're under the wagon seat, mother. Good-bye!"

Elkaniah Carey bent his tall figure to leave a cordial kiss on the brown, wrinkled cheek of the old lady who stood there, her cap-strings blowing back in the chill November wind, and her neat white apron fluttering like the sails of a frigate. And, six-foot-ten tall, he was, there was a dewy moisture in his eyes as he drove briskly away in the direction of the car depot. Elkaniah had been looking forward to this visit for weeks; yet when the moment of parting came, the big, warm-hearted fellow's heart yearned tenderly toward the kind old mother, who was left behind!

"It's kind 'o hard to have Elkaniah go," thought Mrs. Carey, turning back to her cheerful fireside, as the rattle of the wheels over the frozen road died away; "but to be sure he'll enjoy himself in York. Cousin Jacob Payne's folks have been here a many summer, and we never had a chance to report their visits yet. I wonder if Frank's as pretty as she used to be! That was the reason Elkaniah bought that new spotted neck handkercher and the velvet vest!" added the old lady with an internal chuckle.

"He always did have a kind 'o sneakin' fancy for Frank Payne—and no wonder."

And Mrs. Carey gazing dreamily into the blazing fire of hickory logs, saw, not the red dening embers, but the outlines of a dark gipsy face, overarched by jetty brows, and cheeks whose crimson bloom came and went at every breath.

"And no wonder!" repeated Mrs. Carey to herself.

It was quite dark when Elkaniah Carey walked up the handsome, broad street on which Jacob Payne's mansion was situated—the blind, pitchy darkness of a November night, with white gusts of snow eddying a cross the lines of light that streamed from innumerable gas lamps, and a melancholy wind murmuring softly round the brick-and-mortar angles.

"Nine o'clock," said Elkaniah, consulting his huge silver watch, under one of the brilliant gas jets; "it's very late. I hope they won't all be gone to bed. They'll be glad to see me anyway, and that's something when a man has travelled all day!"

But Elkaniah Carey might have spared his anxiety on the subject of the Payne family having "gone to bed." The house was in a blaze of light, the street was full of carriages, between the translucent purple silk curtains Elkaniah's astonished eyes caught here and there the flash of prism loaded chandeliers and the glow of hot-house flowers.

"I'm in luck," thought honest Elkaniah, with a proud consciousness of the spotted neckerchief and the wine-colored velvet vest. "They've got company."

And Elkaniah, confident of a welcome, boldly ascended the steps and rang the door bell.

"I've come to see cousin Payne's folks," he said to the sable servant; "and admira!" system, bowed low and flung the doors wide open.

Frank Payne stood in the midst of her guests, like a little oriental queen, her floating dress of diaphanous pink creps giving additional glow to her dark rich beauty, and long trails of odoriferous jessamine drooping among her jet black curls, while the velvet bloom upon her cheek, seemed to glow and deepen like the rich color in the heart of a newly blossomed rose. But the curve of her lips scarcely betokened pleasure, and her eyes—deep, dusky stars of light—sparkled ominously as she withdrew her slight gloved hand from Elkaniah's horny grasp.

"Don't sir! You hurt me."

While Mrs. St. Sandalle giggled behind her fan and whispered to Frank:

"My dear, what relic of the dark ages have you here?"

"Frank, aren't you glad to see me?" faltered Elkaniah, the brown of his complexion becoming suffused with hot indignation.

The surprise and mortification which had cost Frank Payne a momentary loss of her presence of mind subsided into cold, conventional politeness.

"I am very happy, I am sure, to see you here to-night, Mr. Carey; but it is such an unexpected pleasure!"

"Mr. Carey!" The words fell on Elkaniah's ear like ice. Was this the loving little fairy who had set among the fragrant hay piles on the old barn floor with him? who had threaded the rustling midsummer woods by his side? Elkaniah felt strange and bewildered, as if the world had suddenly begun to turn round the wrong way; and the keenest pang he had ever known, shot like a barbed arrow through his heart, as Frank turned to a perfumed and scented exquisite Mr. Gustavus St. Sandalle, and whispered in his ear, with a burst of musical laughter:

"The door yard gate had been opened and a slender little figure all in black hurried in, and stood pale and trembling before Mrs. Carey like a phantom."

"Frank Payne! Bless us and save us! surely this isn't you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Carey, don't send me away!" panted poor Frank. "I have no friend in all the world but you. I don't deserve that you should be kind to me, but—but—papa is dead, and I am all alone!"

And the poor weaned-out creature sank speechless and all but fainting, on the white kitchen floor at Mrs. Carey's feet.

"Send you away!" repeated the kind woman; "why do you s'pose I would send you away, child, and you fit to swoon? There—sit up, and drink this glass 'o water, and you'll feel better, presently."

When Elkaniah came home from the harvest-field, with his brown eyes sparkling cheerily under the shadow of his broad-brimmed straw hat, he found Frank nestled away in the huge easy chair, with the unnatural fire of fever in her cheeks, and a strange quiver in her voice.

A few words sufficed to explain to him the exact position of affairs, and he took her small hands in his with a pressure that spoke volumes.

"Frank, I'm glad to see you," he said tenderly. "And don't fret about a home, because as long as this old roof stands there's a shelter for you under it, Cousin Frank. She burst into tears."

"Oh, Elkaniah! I did not treat you so, when—when—"

"Never mind," said Elkaniah cheerily. "Let by gones be by gones, and we'll begin the world anew. That's right, mother—a cup 'o tea'll do her all the good in the world."

During the long weary fever that followed naturally upon the excitement, overstrained, and fatigue, the poor girl had undergone, no mother could have been more tender and watchful than Mrs. Carey, and no brother could have been more thoughtful than Elkaniah.

It was a brilliant afternoon in September when after the tedious convalescence, Frank Payne first came out upon the chemist's covered porch with a crimson shawl around her shoulders, and her lovely black curls brushed away from her pallid temples.

"I am so glad you are here, Elkaniah," said she. "I wanted to ask you about the little district school at the 'Corner.' Don't you think I had better accept the position of teacher?"

"What for?" demanded Elkaniah, who was mercilessly pulling down the twigs of clematis.

"Why, to earn my daily bread, to be sure. Only think!—sixteen dollars a month!"

"Frank," said Elkaniah, "do you want to go away and leave us?"

"No—certainly not; but you know I must earn my living, Elkaniah."

He came close up to her and took both her hands in his.

"There is no necessity for you to earn your living, Frank, if you let me earn it for you. I would like to keep you here always, Frank, as my dear little wife. Do you think you could fancy a rough farmer like me?"

"The tear came into her eyes as she looked pitiously up into his face.

"I am not worthy of you, Elkaniah."

"That's not the question. Do you love me?"

"I love you—yes—and not that alone," she said, kindling up into enthusiasm that brought the old beautiful roses back to her cheek; "I honor and respect you—oh? so much?"

"More than all the world."

Elkaniah Carey and Frank Payne were married at Christmas, and the district school trustees had to look out for another teacher.

"Madam," said old Brown, to his boarding-house keeper, "in primitive countries beef is often a legal-tender, but, madam," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the laws in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender." He looked all around the room for encouragement, and found that all the boarders who ate the beef held their jaws.

An Indiana editor abused a man to the extent of half a column, and stated the next week that it was a slip of the pen.

The last term of the Mercer county court refused to grant any licenses.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1869.

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1869.

D. W. GRAHAM, DEALER IN DRY-GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. No. 19.

DAVID G. NYLING, DEALER IN DRY-GOODS Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. No. 25.

MERRELL & EGLER, DEALERS IN HARDWARE and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. No. 25.

H. F. NAUGLE, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c., Room in Graham's Row, Market Street. Nov. 19.

H. BUCHER SWOPE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Frank & Payson's Store. Nov. 19.

J. B. MENALTY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21st Street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

TEST, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on South of 21st Street.

THOMAS H. PORCEY, DEALER IN SQUARE and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham's Row, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 16.

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, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., &c., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

KRATZER & SON, DEALERS IN DRY-GOODS, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 9, 1869.

RICHARD MOSSOP, DEALER IN FOREIGN and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Provisions, &c., Room on Market Street, west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

WALLACE & WALTERS, 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, 1869.

H. W. SAITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on Second Street, near the building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. Jan. 2, 1869.

M. C. LINDQUIST & KREIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Consultations in English or German. Oct. 27, 1869.

FREDERICK LETZINGER, MANUFACTURER of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Wholesale and retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1869.

N. M. HOOPER, WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in a full assortment of Groceries, Flour, Salt, and Groceries, and all kinds of household articles, constantly on hand. Two doors East of the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 69.

WESTERN HOTEL, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, situated at the corner of the worthy patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

JOHN H. FULFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House. Jan. 2, 1869.

ALTHORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kylestown, Pa. offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. Feb. 29, 1870.

S. J. HAYES, SURGEON DENTIST, Office on Main Street, Curwensville, Penna. Will make professional visits for the convenience of the public—commencing in April, 1869, as follows: Lathernburg, first Friday of every month; Ansonville, first Monday of every month; Lumber City, first Thursday of every month; spending two days in either place. All orders for work should be presented on the day of his arrival in each place.

Dr. A. M. HILLS desires to inform his patients and the public generally, that he has associated with him in the practice of Dentistry, S. P. SHAW, D. D. S., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest 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.

Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the time, together with a note.

Clearfield, June 3, 1868-ly.

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 Street, nearly opposite Hartwick & Irwin's drug store, 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 usual.

I have now on hand a stock of extra french calfskins, superb gaiter tops, &c., that I will finish up to the point at prices that will suit the times.

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, Hats and Caps, ready-made Clothing, and a general assortment of household articles.

They always keep on hand the best quality of Flour, and a variety of Feed.

All goods sold at cash, or exchanged for approved country produce.

Having also erected a Steam Saw Mill, they are enabled to saw all kinds of lumber to order. Orders solicited, and promptly filled.

Nov. 20, 1867. F. B. & A. IRWIN.

SOMETHING NEW IN ANSONVILLE, Clearfield county, Penna.

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 that will suit the times.

His stock of Men's and boys' clothing is unusual in extent, and is offered to customers at from \$10 to \$20 a suit. Flour, Salt, and Groceries, of every kind, a complete assortment; Coats and Stove-pipes, a heavy stock; Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, of every description; Ladies' dresses, furs, and other fancy goods, together with an endless assortment of notions too tedious to enumerate, always on hand, and sold very cheap. Prints at 10 cents a yard, and other goods in proportion. Now is the time to buy.

Country produce of every kind, at the highest market prices, will be taken in exchange for goods; and even greenbacks will not be refused for any article in store. Examine my stock before you buy elsewhere.

October 30, 1867. H. SWAN.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! GOOD AND CHEAP! Men, Youths and Boys can be supplied with full suits of reasonable and fashionable clothing at REIZENSTEIN BROS. & CO., where it is sold at prices that will induce their purchase. The universal satisfaction which has been given, has induced them to increase their stock, which is now not surpassed by any establishment of the kind in this part of the State.

Reizenstein Bros. & Co., Sell goods at a very small profit, for cash; Their goods are well made and fashionable. They give every one the worth of his money. They treat their customers all alike. They sell cheaper than every body else. Their store is conveniently situated. They have purchased their stock at reduced prices they can sell cheaper than at others.

For these and other reasons persons should buy their clothing at REIZENSTEIN BROS. & CO. Produce of every kind taken at the highest market prices. May 18, 1864.

JUST IN TIME! THE NEW GOODS AT A. K. WRIGHT & SONS, CLEARFIELD, PA.

Having just returned from the eastern cities we are now opening a full stock of reasonable goods, at our room on Second Street, to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public generally. Our assortment is unsurpassed in this section, and is being sold very low for cash. The stock consists in part of DRY GOODS of the best quality, such as Prints, Delaines, Alpa, etc. Merinos, Hosiery, Mullins, bleached and unbleached; Drillings, Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Customers, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Nubias, Hoods, Hoop Skirts, Balmaines, &c., &c., all of which will be sold low for cash. Also, a fine assortment of the best of MEN'S WEAR, consisting of Drawers and Shirts, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Handkerchiefs, cravats, etc.

Also, Queensware, Glassware, Hardware, Groceries, and spices of all kinds. In short, a general assortment of every thing usually kept in a retail store, all cheap for cash, or approved country produce. Nov. 28-18-61-3. WRIGHT & SONS.

CLOTHING—A large stock of CLOTHING, will be closed out at a sacrifice, at (Opposite the Jail) C. KRATZER'S.

STOVES—The celebrated Ironside and Farmer Cooks, Revolving Light and Sun Parlors, and an assortment of Pipes, at C. KRATZER'S, Jan. 28, 70. Opposite the Jail.

THE highest market prices paid for Shingles by S. J. HAYES & SON.