The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1870. VOL. 16.—NO. 37.

Select Poetry.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

The works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul
That dimly is unfolded

The shadow, pictured in the lake
By every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own,
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies,
Not merely for their shining,
But like the looks of loving eyes.
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The waves that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain-peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which, to all who seek,
Are precious in the finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach,
But, though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound,
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of Nature, soul of Man,
And soul of God are blended!

MARGARET'S MISSION.

"Agnes Gray says that every woman has a mission. What do you suppose my mission is mamma?"

"Mission, indeed!" laughed Mrs. Alleyne, looking proudly at her pretty daughter. "I suspect, my dear Meggy, your mission is to flirt and dance."

Mrs. Alleyne was wealthy, and Margaret was her only child. Her whole life was spent in rendering her daughter happy, so Miss Margaret was petted to her heart's content. To look as pretty and bewitching as possible, to be arrayed like Solomon in his glory from morning till night, to pass her time in an endless succession of Belgravian gayety, was her child's mission, according to Mrs. Alleyne's idea; so Margaret received all the girls fortune showered upon her quite as a matter of course, and enjoyed life as her mother expected she would do.

At last Margaret met her fate, to the great wonderment of her friends, in the person of John Graham, a wealthy young merchant of Baltimore; for Margaret Alleyne, with her baby face and coquettish manner, was the last person in the world you would imagine the grave business man would love, and he the most unlikely of all her suitors to carry off the belle. But Margaret did love her lover; he was so grave and clever. So, amidst the congratulations of his friends and the tears of her parents, John Graham bore his fair bride off to his home.

He was very much in love with pretty Margaret. The soft, rose-flushed face, the tender blue eyes, the cringed golden hair, never lost their charm for him. But he never dreamed that this little fragile creature could share the burden of life with him. No, that dimpled face was only made for smiles, so he indulged and caressed her, but his cares he bore alone.

The large fortune left by John's father had been doubled by his energy; but now, by the simultaneous failure of two or three firms he had trusted, and the villiany of a confidential clerk, the wealthy merchant saw himself upon the brink of ruin. Love rendered Margaret keen-sighted; she quickly perceived that all was not right with her husband; his wan, haggard face frightened her. But dearly as she loved him, she was too proud to seek his confidence; so both were wretched, though each endeavored to conceal it from the other.

When John saw that ruin was inevitable, he wrote so Mrs. Alleyne, frankly disclosing the state of affairs. The mother insisted that her daughter should return to her; her husband could claim her when fortune again smiled upon him; but in the meantime Margaret was better with her; to spare her anxiety, it was better she should not know of her husband's difficulties.

With a heavy heart John agreed to all of Mrs. Alleyne's demands. Margaret's love was the only brightness left in his life; but, of course, if she could be happier with her mother, he could sacrifice it. His stern, pale face, and constrained manner affected Margaret painfully when he told her he desired her to accept her mother's invitation.

"He no longer loves me—he wishes me to leave him," the poor child cried afterward, in a passion of tears. But before him she presented a calm exterior, and John Graham thought that his young wife, like the rest of the world, was ready to desert the ship.

So Margaret returned to the home of her girlhood, calling all her pride to her assistance to enable her to appear indifferent; but her heart was rent by bitter pangs, for she had persuaded herself that her husband no longer loved her. Whole nights spent in tears leave traces; pretty Margaret grew pale and thin, and Mrs. Alleyne began to fear that, after all, her tenderness could not constitute her darling's happiness. Still, the girl never complained, but bore her burden in proud silence.

One night Margaret was at a ball given by an intimate friend. She had danced a great deal, and being very tired, sat down near an open window; a heavy curtain entirely concealed her. Two gentlemen were standing near, and she heard the conversation distinctly.

"So, John Graham, of Baltimore, is bankrupt? I am very sorry to hear it; he is a most honorable fellow," said one.

"Yes," answered the other; "I saw him last week; he looks wretchedly. You know he married Miss Alleyne, a pretty little doll without an idea, and, what is worse, without a heart; now she has deserted him in his adversity. It is rather hard when a man's own wife will not aid him to bear his troubles."

Margaret's heart gave a great bound. How she had misjudged him! how true and tender he was! He was alone and in trouble; surely her place was at his side. Then, heedless of comments, she left her hiding-place.

The next day, John Graham's stately mansion was to be sold. He had taken great pride in his home; a thousand tender associations were connected with every room. Now, with a heavy heart, he wandered through the deserted apartments. Here was Margaret's piano, which he had given her; the pictures and statues they had chosen together; every article appeared like an old friend. Then a feeling of intense desolation crept over him—he was so utterly lonely. The strong spirit was almost crushed. He threw himself upon the bed, and wept like a child. A quick step upon the stairs, a rustle of silken robes, a glad cry, then clinging arms were twined about his neck, a soft cheek was pressed to his, tangled curls mingled with his dark locks. Was it a dream? He pressed her close to make sure of the reality, and kissed her with such passionate fervor that Margaret wept for joy.

"Margaret, my wife—Margaret!" he sobbed.

"Oh, John, how cruel you were to send me away! but I'll never leave you again, darling."

When they had both regained calmness, John Graham explained to his wife that the next day the house was to be sold—he could not take her into lodgings—perhaps she had better return to her mother. But Margaret firmly refused.

"Any place that is good enough for you, John, is good enough for me. My place is with you. I can assist you more than you think," she said.

Then Margaret commenced the battle of life in earnest. It is not easy to turn from a life of pleasure and luxury to one of comparative poverty. Margaret at first did not find her path strewn with roses; there were difficulties to be encountered, slights to be sacrificed; but she had a brave heart, and love had changed the gay, careless girl into the tender, self-sacrificing woman. She became her husband's closest friend, his best adviser, the sympathizing confident of all his plans; ever ready to cheer in moments of depression—the first to rejoice in his success.

John Graham is a wealthy man again now; success has crowned his efforts; but ever blesses the adversity which taught him to know the real value of his wife.

So Margaret found her mission as a devoted wife and mother, much to her mother's amazement; and John Graham found he had married not a pretty butterfly of fashion, but an earnest, loving woman.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.—The rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers, in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped of many mingled hues and dyes, and its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East, throughout Syria, Judea and Arabia, it is regarded with the profoundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms dry and close tight together when the season of blossom is over, and the stock withering completely away from the stem, the flower is blown away at last from the bush on which it grew, having dried up in the shape of a ball, which is carried by the sport of the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the sandy wastes and deserts, until at last touching some moist place, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life and beauty again. For this very reason, the Orientals have adopted it as the emblem of the resurrection. The dried flower is placed by the Judeans in a vase of water beside the beds of the sick, and if it expands by moisture, the omen is considered favorable, if it does not, the worst is at all times to be feared.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—A maiden knelt in the twilight hour, and, clasping her hands, fervently breathed forth: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." A mother in deep agony of grief gazed on her child, sleeping her long last sleep, a smile wreathing her soft lips, and white hands folded across that still and pulseless heart, and kneeling there, the living beside the dead, she prays: "Thy will be done." As the early beams of the Orient gild the sleeping land, a widow with her suffering little ones, chilled by poverty and woe, bows at the throne of grace and fervently prays: "Give us this day our daily bread." An aged father, as his loved and loving boy goes forth from his parental care to brave the cold frowns of life, kneels beside him, on the eve of his departure and pleads: "Lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

A little chap had a dirty face, and his teacher told him to go and wash it. He went away, and after a few minutes came back with the lower part of his countenance tolerably clean, while the upper part was dirty and wet.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "why didn't you wash your face?"

"I did wash it, sir."

"You didn't wipe it all over, then."

"I did wipe it as high as my shirt would go."

Courage is not always allied to muscle. Some of the bravest men that have ever lived—even warriors who gained brilliant glory on the battle-field—have been men of feeble organization. On the contrary, some of the greatest cowards the world ever saw were men of Hercuean strength and Falstaffian proportions. You can't always tell about certain things, and occasionally it isn't best to.

The Sheriff of Renville county, Minnesota, was lately put to flight by a criminal who intrenched himself in a hay-loft and pointed a big augur at the gallant official. The scoundrel escaped in the confusion, and the official has been badly bored ever since.

A young woman being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she loved a wedding party.

An enterprising merchant in Mount Morris, New York, advertises "all change under three cents made in specie."

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

Give your son a trade and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune.—Franklin.

An exchange paper says: "Truth is in type, but is crowded out by more important matter."

Subject for a train of thought. Are the cars on the Pacific Railway drawn by wild *Injuns?*

Why are ladies juster than men? Because they are the *fairer* sex.

PAPA DORLAN'S DECISION.

"I suppose she will marry some time or other, and perhaps, after all, she will be as well off to marry now, as to wait a half a dozen years."

Old Mr. Dorlan turned the letter over in his hand, and looked at the pretty blonde in the easy chair opposite. It would be hard to give her up, but with either of these two men he felt that she would be happy.

West Harley wrote:

"MR. DORLAN:—For many months I have felt a deep interest in your daughter, and am bold enough to hope that my affection is in a degree returned. I am not a rich man, but I have a fair business and strength and energy, and my wife would have a certainty of the love and respect of an honest man. With your permission, I will be pleased to call upon her.

Respectfully yours, WEST HARLEY."

Clarence Hillsdale wrote:

DEAR SIR:—I am deeply and sincerely in love with your daughter. I propose to make her my wife, with your consent. My name, position and means are well known to you. I await your reply.

Yours, CLARENCE HILLSDALE.

The first was a faithful counterpart of himself in his younger days. There were a few improvements, such as a little better prospect, a few more dollars than he possessed at twenty-five, but the principle, the straightforward honesty and strength of purpose were there.

The other was the very man he had in his mind for months. Everybody knew the solidity and worth of the great banking house of the Hillsdale Brothers. All knew Clarence, the younger, to be a thorough man of business and a gentleman. He drove his handsome bays with grace and ease, but never with recklessness. He gave a supper now and then, when champaigne and Madeira flowed like water; but he went to his chamber with a clear eye and steady hand. Men found him always at his post, with his fair face flushed with health, and not a trace of dissipation wrinkled a single feature.

It was hard to choose between them. Perhaps Ruth could choose. So he spoke:

"Ruthie, come here."

She came with her well bred, graceful step, and leaned over his chair.

"Well, Papa?"

"Read these."

He gave her the letters and she read them over carefully. A blush stole up, mantling brow and cheek when she concluded West Harley's letter, and at the end of Hillsdale's a delighted exclamation escaped her.

"You cannot marry both. Which shall it be?"

"Papa, I don't know. I used to really love West, until Clarence came; but now—well Clarence is rich and stylish, and yet, West—good and true. You shall decide."

"And you will abide by my decision?"

"With all my heart, papa."

Ruth went back to her easy chair, and gave the matter entirely to papa's superior judgment, and he, with quite as much, if not a degree or so more anxiety than he had felt at his own matrimonial settling, sat back and reflected.

Honesty and truth were jewels seldom found, but with money and power on the other side of the scale, he was afraid they would sink into nothingness.

"Well, I will wait. Some way I shall receive the truth of the matter, and know into whose hands to place the happiness of my little Ruth."

"Do you know young Harley?" he asked a neighbor.

"Yes. Bless you, who don't? He is one of our solid young men."

"Do you know Hillsdale?"

"O, yes. He's another. One of the best fellows in the city."

So there it was. Both were perfection. Ruth liked both and so did he. He could not choose between them.

These letters arrived on the second of December. On the fourth each gentleman received a brief note from Mr. Dorlan, with a few pleasant but unsatisfactory lines. He would consider, he said, and give his answer if they would wait with patience.

On the 24th there was a fair at the church. It was magnificent, from its foundation, and its object was to decorate with greater splendor the already splendid edifice.

Fair young girls with confectionery at ten dollars per bite, and dainty useless knick-knacks priced at five times their real value, besieged every visitor, and he was a hard-hearted creature who could resist the touch of the white hands, and pleading glances from soft eyes, and sweet entreaties of "do buy this; you know you need it. Please do."

Mr. Dorlan was there, and his little Ruth the proprietor of a table well filled with worsted nonsense, silken cushions, beadwork, smoking-caps and slippers, and many a close fisted fellow laid a bill upon her table and carried away a trinket, as though he had got double his money's worth.

Clarence Hillsdale was there, and so was West Harley, and papa Dorlan whispered:

"Ruthie, you'll never have a better opportunity to study these lovers of yours."

And Ruth studied.

They did not stay away a moment longer than etiquette demanded. As soon as they could frame an excuse, they sauntered toward her table. Of course they were not jealous, for each other's motives were unknown, and met as well-bred men do, and after salutations to Ruth, fell into an easy conversation.

"These are pretty articles," said Charlie, taking up a pair of the velvet slippers. "Did you make them, Miss Dorlan?"

"Yes. I have but these two pair left, won't you take a pair? They must be exactly your size."

"Yes, I believe they are. What do you expect in return?"

"My price you see, is ten dollars; but in a case like this, we trust more to the generosity of the purchaser."

She said this with a charming smile, and he placed a little roll of bills in her hand.

"You will take the remaining pair, will you not, Mr. Harley?" She asked, while doing up the bundle.

"Yes;" and West Harley tendered his offering.

Some one else came up just then, and they turned away, leaving Ruth for a moment with her father.

"O, papa!"

"What is it?"

"See what a generous soul Clarence Hillsdale has. Five hundred dollars for a pair of slippers! And West—O how mean!"

"How much did he give you?"

"Ten dollars only!"

"Well, that was your price, and a pretty steep one, too, considering the fact that they did not cost more than half that sum."

"I know, but think how great the contrast between their gifts. Why, I'd given more after what was said, if I had been obliged to pawn my boots."

"West Harley is more sensible," was papa's short reply.

They went away, each bearing a pair of slippers wrought by her dear little fingers, and each within his heart hope enough to make him happy, and Ruth lost her chance to study her two lovers.

Long before the close of the evening Papa Dorlan got sleepy, and started for home. Ruth was in good hands, and he was too tired to stay there and stand the heavy fire and constant demands upon his purse and patience, so he found his overcoat and furs in the ante-room, and presently was trudging along toward his comfortable mansion.

A lithe figure passed him at the end of the block, and under the light from the street lamp, he recognize West Harley. He was in a hurry, and with a little curiosity Papa Dorlan hurried too, and kept quite near. All at once he disappeared, Papa Dorlan rubbed his eyes. Where in the world did he go? Ah! There was a grocery store on the corner. Possibly he might have gone in there. A few steps more, and Papa Dorlan was peering in at the glass door.

Yes, he was there, and so the curiosity box outside watched and waited.

It was for a long while, for his strange young man was superintending the tying up of mysterious parcels, and finally the rolling out of a barrel of flour.

"What in the world is the fellow buying groceries for? He don't keep hou-e!" thought the watcher at the door, as West took out his pocket-book and paid a bill on the counter.

"These articles must be delivered to-night," he said as he opened the door.

"All righ', sir!"

Well, Papa Dorlan looked after the tall figure as it sped out of sight, and began to think it a decidedly mysterious affair.

"I may get myself into trouble, but I'm bound to solve the matter;" and straightway walked into the store.

"These articles are to be delivered to night."

"Yes sir."

"Where?"

"At No. 28 M—— Street."

"Could you give me a ride around there?"

"O yes." The answer came promptly but the grocer's eyes looked wonderingly at the finely dressed gentleman.

It was a long ride and by no means a pleasant one, for it run through narrow streets and alleys, and ended in a low but neat little court.

"Here you are, sir, at No. 28. Halloo there! Mrs. Martin!"

The door of No. 28 swung open, and a woman pale and poorly clad appeared.

"Here's a load of goods for you."

"For me? There must be a mistake."

"Not a bit of it. Take a parcel or two, and I'll run in with the rest."

Papa Dorlan, eager to see the whole caught up a bundle and ran up stairs behind the wondering woman and grocer.

It was a poor little room, as neat as wax, half filled with freshly ironed clothes, and its proprietress, a pale, meek-faced woman, bearing the marks of poverty upon every lineament. Two children from their supper of bread and milk, looked at the stranger, and hailed the apples, as the grocer rolled them into the basket, with a shout of delight.

"Did you buy these, sir?" asked the woman of Papa Dorlan.

"No, ma'am, I did not. But I know who did. Do you know West Harley?"

"Yes, Heaven bless him! I do his washing, sir. Did he send these?"

"Yes, he did.

"Is everything here? A barrel of flour, five pounds of sugar, one of tea, two of coffee, four of butter, a bag of salt, two bushels of potatoes, a bushel of apples, crackers, raisins, and a bag of cakes! All here in the book. It is all right?"

"Yes, sir, they are all here."

"Come, sir, are you going to ride back with me?"

"Yes. Wait a moment. Here my good woman, is a little to help you. I must not be behind Harley. God bless him! may he have a family's washing to pay for before another Christmas." And Papa Dorlan hurried out and again mounted the grocer's wagon.

It was late when Ruth arrived in the carriage of a friend, at her father's door; but late as was the hour she found her respected father in the library.

"Why, papa! Are you awake?"

"Yes, and I've something to tell you. Do you remember that you promised to abide by my decision in choosing between your two admirers, Harley and Hillsdale?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well I have decided. Marry West Harley."

"Why, Papa Dorlan?"

"You know who you love best. If you don't you will when you hear my story."

Ruth folded her hands over papa's knee and listened while he related the incident of West's generosity. When he concluded she said:

"Papa, send for him. I am sure I love him best."

Next day the two gentlemen received their replies.

West Harley folded his, and leaned back from his desk with a happy smile illuminating his handsome face.

Clarence Hillsdale cooly twisted his, and lighted his cigar with it, and went out for a smoke.

A shrewd Italian courier, who was accompanying his master on his wedding tour, observed him tenderly carrying to the carriage a bonnet-box belonging to his fair partner. He stopped him at once, and said with *impressment*, "Monsieur will pardon me, but——bonnet-box now, bonnet-box always!"

A girl out West is studying law and intends to practice. A lawyer, after trying to frighten her, at last asked her if she was not afraid of losing her reputation? She instantly asked him if lawyers had any reputation to lose?

An excellent old deacon, who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the fowl, that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

A shoddy young lady surprised her mother on returning from a dance by saying that she enjoyed the "hugging set to music most bully-ly." She had reference to waltzing, and why isn't that a good name for it?

Love, measles and constables are catching.

SAWED LUMBER.—The undersigned having started in the Lumber business, near Osceola, Clearfield county, Pa., is now prepared to furnish pine boards, clear and panel stuff, &c. Pine and Hemlock bills sawed to order and shipped on short notice.

C. R. MACOMBER,
May 5, 1869-tf. Osceola Mills, Clearfield co., Pa.

C. KRATZER,
Opposite the Jail.
Clearfield, Penn'a,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Millinery Goods, Groceries, Hard-ware, Queens-ware, Stone-ware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, etc., is 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, February 9, 1876.

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. S., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest attestations of his Professional skill.

All work done in the office I 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 patient designs coming. [Clearfield, June 3, 1868-1y.

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 Hartswick & 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 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 solicit 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 Notions, etc.

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 predared to saw all kinds of lumber to order. Orders solicited, and punctually filled.
Nov. 20, 1867. F. B. & A. IRWIN.

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 Mens' and boys' clothing is unusually extensive, and is offered to customers at from $10 to $20 for a whole suit. Flour, Salt, and Groceries, of every kind, a complete assortment: Stoves and Stove-pipe, a heavy stock; Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, in great 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. 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 suplpied with full suits of seasonable 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 Bro's & 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 having purchased their stock at reduced prices they can sell cheaper than others.

For these and other reasons persons should buy their clothing at
REIZENSTEIN BRO'S & 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 seasonable goods, at our rooms 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, Alpacas, Merinos, Ginghams; Muslins, bleached and unbleached; Drillings, Tickings, cotton and wool Flannels, Cassimers, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Nubias, Hoods, Hoop skirts, Balmorals, &c., &c., all of which will be sold LOW FOR CASH. Also, a fine assortment of the best of

MENS' WEAR,

consisting of Drawers and Shirts, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Handkerchiefs, cravats, etc.

ALSO, Raft Rope, Deg Rope, Raltina Augurs and Axes, Nails and Spikes, Tinware, Lamps and Lamp wicks and chimneys, etc., 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-ja10-no13. WRIGHT & SONS,

SAMUEL I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. A good assortment of Watch-glasses and Keys always on hand.

Rooms on Second Street, opposite the Court House. [March 2 1870-tf.

WINE & LIQUOR STORE.

I. L. REIZENSTEIN & CO.,
DEALERS IN
WINES AND LIQUORS,
MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.

A good assortment for medical purposes always on hand.
January 27, 1869-6m.

UNITED STATES BONDS,
BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED,
ON MOST LIBERAL TERMS.
GOLD
BOUGHT and SOLD at MARKET RATES.
COUPONS CASHED.
PACIFIC R. R. BONDS
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
STOCKS
BOUGHT and SOLD on COMMISSION only.

Accounts received and interest allowed on daily balances subject to check, at sight.

DEHAVEN & BRO.,
40 SOUTH 3d STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 2, 1870-1y.

MENS',
YOUTHS'
AND BOYS',
CLOTHING.

The undersigned having recently added

READY-MADE CLOTHING

to his former business, would respectfully solicit an examination of his stock. Being a practical Tailor he flatters himself that he is able to offer a better class of ready-made work than has heretofore been brought to this market.

Any one wishing to buy goods in this line would save money by calling at his store, and making their selections. ALSO, a full supply of Gents' furnishing goods always on hand.

Feeling thankful for past favors, he would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
April 28, 1869. H. BRIDGE.

1870. APRIL. 1870.

SPRING STYLES!

"I Intend to Fight it Out on This Line."

WM. REED,
MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.

DRESS GOODS,
FANCY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
TRIMMINGS,
LADIES' AND GENTS'
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS,
Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Shoes,
AT POPULAR PRICES.

The entire stock on hand will be sold at
PRESENT VALUE,
and the stock will be replenished every sixty days, with the choicest and best goods in the market.

SHAW'S ROW,
(a few doors west of the Postoffice,)
CLEARFIELD, PA.
February 2, 1870.

SALT! SALT!!—A prime article of ground alum salt, put up in patent sacks, for sale cheap at the store of R. MOSSOP.

CURWENSVILLE ADVERTISEMENTS,

AMERICAN HOUSE,
Curwensville, Pa.
Having taken charge of this well-known Hotel, the undersigned would respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Travelers will find the accommodations equal to those of any other house in this section. Charges moderate.
Dec. 2, 1868-tf. JOHN J. REED, Prop'r.

CLEARFIELD NURSERY.—ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.—The undersigned having established a Nursery, on the Pike, half way between Curwensville and Clearfield Boroughs, is prepared to furnish all kinds of Fruit trees, (Standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry and Raspberry vines. Also Sibrian Crab trees, Quince and early Scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address
Aug 31, 1864. J. D. WRIGHT, Curwensville

S. J. HAYES, SURGEON DENTIST, Office on Main Street, Curwensville, Penn'a, Will make professional visits—for the convenience of of the public—commencing in April, 1869, as follows, viz: Luthersburg 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.

☞ Teeth extracted by the application of local anasthesia, comparatively without pain. All kinds of dental work guaranteed.

N. B.—The public will please notice, that Dr. H., when not engaged in the above visits, may be found in his office in Curwensville. [ap 1, '69-1y

NEW FOUNDRY
in Curwensville.

The undersigned having entered into co-partnership, in the *FOUNDRY BUSINESS*, in Curwensville, would inform the public that they keep on hand, and will manufacture to order,

Plows, Cultivators,
THRESHING MACHINES,
Stoves, etc.,

and every other description of articles generally made in a country foundry.

Terms reasonable. Old metal taken in exchange for work.

A share of patronage is respectfully solicited.
Feb. 23, '70-1y. JACKSON ROBISON, JAMES M. WELCH.

"CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST."

GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES,
JUST RECEIVED BY
ARNOLD & HARTSHORN,
Curwensville, Pa.
(One door West First Nat. Bank.)

Having just returned from the East with a complete assortment of Goods suitable for the Spring and Summer trade, we are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Goods

"CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST."

And after thanking our customers for their liberal patronage during the past year, we would most respectfully ask for a continuance of the same. Our stock consists of

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
WOOD AND WILLOW-WARE,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
CLOTHING,
CARPETS,
TOBACCOS, Etc.

Also, Flour, Bacon, Salt, Fish, Grain, &c., &c., all of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms, and the highest market price paid for Grain Wool and all kinds of lumber and country produce.

Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Satisfaction guaranteed as to quality and prices.

ARNOLD & HARTSHORN,
Cor. Main & Thompson Sts.
April 20, '70.] Curwensville, Pa.

SQUARE TIMBER.

E. A. IRVIN & Co.,

Being specially engaged in the business of buying and selling SQUARE TIMBER, would represent that they are now prepared to purchase timber, delivered at either Curwensville, Lock Haven or Marietta, or will take it at any of these points and sell on commission, making such advances as are necessary.

Those engaged in getting out timber will find at our store in Curwensville, a very large stock of STAPLE GOODS, of all descriptions.

ALSO,

FLOUR,
MEAT,
RYE,
OATS,
CORN,

and everything necessary for use of Lumbermen.

RAFT ROPE, of all sizes, kept on hand in large quantities, and sold at a small advance, by the coil. Also, PULLEY BLOCKS, SMALL ROPE, &c.

Special inducements offered to those manufacturing Square Timber.

E. A. IRVIN & CO.
Curwensville, Jan. 12, 1870.

GROUND AND UNGROUND SPICES, Citron English Currants, Essence Coffee, and Vinegar of the best quality, for sale by
Jan. 10. HARTSWICK & IRWIN.

NAILS & SPIKES—the cheapest in the county at MOSSOP'S.

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