

# The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1870.

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## Select Poetry.

### ACROSS THE WAY.

Across the way are two windows bright,  
With curtains white as snow,  
The leading flames with ruddy light,  
Faint shadows throw;  
Shadows that come and go.

For the shadow that oftentimes lingers there  
As the midnight hour draws near,  
Has the graceful form of a lady fair,  
With tresses waving and curling hair,  
Beaming with listening ear,  
A well-known step to hear.

And as the night wears on apace  
Comes another shadow tall,  
With heavy step and manly gait,  
Stepping to meet an untraced face—  
Hanging that waist so small,  
Blended, the shadows fall.

A moment thus, by the cheerful light,  
In the blended shadow thrown,  
The darkness shades those windows bright  
In certain of the gloomy night,  
And I am left alone—  
No shadow but my own.

### TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa,  
Near Walton on Thames, sat, one evening,  
An old man and a young woman.  
The age of the old man might be some seventy;  
While his companion had certainly  
Not reached nineteen. Her beautiful,  
Beaming face, and active, light, and upright  
figure, were in strong contrast with the worn  
countenance and bent frame of the old man;  
but in his eye, and in the corners of his  
mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence,  
which age and suffering had damped  
but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard, that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they can't come at once. The duty is simply in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to have them in my will! Poo! When I was a young man I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost alacrity. But the world's getting most heartless!"

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.  
"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean?" said he. "D'ye think I shan't die? I know better. A little more and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Give me a glass of the doctor's stuff."

"I'll tell you what, Miss Mary Jayne," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh, sir!' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' all. Why you could not be more respectful. You are a charity girl and I a bundle in a girl's bed! None of your nonsense, Mary Jayne, if you please. I've lost your lawful guardian now for six weeks, and you ought to know my likings and dislikes."

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.  
"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred. Jayne was a man of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! He loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that!"

knew something about the fellow, and I believed he only told the truth; so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him. Now I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? What claims had he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a workman has a right to, and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the devil, or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy; what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labor in the market is all that laborers can pretend to; all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You are a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on."  
"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is state robbery; private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, Mr. Meade?"  
"I don't like it; I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling. I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"You would, would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"  
"Yes," said John; "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John," said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. Mr. Meade, tell us about the last new novel!"

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Jayne seized an opportunity, the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interests—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent last night, and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Mr. Finch laughing to himself. John, you must be more careful or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary dear, I'll do my best," said John Meade. "It was that confounded Mr. Finch, with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank Heaven, you're not!" said Mary Jayne; "but an iceberg floats—think of that John Meade. Remember, every time you offend Mr. Collett you please Peter Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes, I'll remember that."  
"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard hearted," said Mary; "just a little to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John, and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then?" said Mr. Meade. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needlework in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed!" said Mary Jayne. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. Leave you together!" And so saying she withdrew.

"What, John Meade?" said Peter Finch as he entered. "Skulking in doors on a fine morning like this! I've been all thro' the village. Not an ugly place—but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy! Pigs allowed to walk on the foot-path!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.  
"I say—you came out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man! But I like your spirit."  
"I have no doubt you do," thought Mr. Meade.

how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John.  
"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collett; "a wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black lead, and birch brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well, Briggs, the oilman died last week, it seems, and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a year in my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortune?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Mr. Peter Finch; "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences."

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.  
"Upon my word I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man. What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice, sir? Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can't she carry on the oilman's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."  
"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs' family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs' family are the people to do something for her. She mustn't expect anything from us—must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too! Why, this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a year."

"Oh, John, John! What a breakdown!" said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveler for you, Peter! John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner matters to very different men. Good-bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak the next day, and, in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness; and the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could even find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food, or clothing, or shelter."

Mr. Meade smiled, and Mr. Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet respectable manner.

The man of business went on with his reading.  
"Having always held the opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independent being—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Jayne, the only child of my old friend, Fred. Jayne, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry or remain single, as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again, but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent.

The man of business went on with his reading.  
"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as an advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds, hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture, which, as yet, he has only talked about."

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering an aid which he does not require; yet from an affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony for his mental acuteness, I ventured to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds toward the completion of his extensive library of law books."

How Mr. Peter Finch stormed and called names; how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy; how Mary Jayne cried first and then laughed, and then cried and laughed together; all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Jayne is now Mrs. John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills, and bringing actions on them; and drives about in his brougham already.

## THE STOLEN KISS.

"Come hither, Harry, and confess  
Last night you very clumsy were;  
You might have heard a rustling dress,  
And mother's footstep on the stair."  
"She says she saw you kiss me, dear;  
I really had forgotten it;  
I vowed you tried to smooth my beard;  
Because there was a knot in it."  
"But if you dared to steal a kiss,  
Why, clearly it was wrong of you;  
And if you do not make amends,  
Why, we must take a long adieu."

He stooped and kissed her on the lips,  
For he had set his soul on fire;  
"Forgive me, dear," he softly said,  
"I thus replace the stolen one."

## The Man Who Never Expected to Own a House.

One reason why working men never acquire property, or become possessors of a home, or have a few dollars even laid up in a Savings' Bank against sickness or dull times, is the naked fact that they never acquire the habit of saving.

In saving, "where there's a will there's a way." This maxim is illustrated by a case within the personal knowledge of the writer. In 1850, when the subject of homes for the industrial classes was being agitated, the writer was interested in inducing poor men to obtain homes for themselves. Being a mechanic with many men in his employ, he constantly presented and pressed the subject upon their attention. Four of his men now own and live in their own houses who commenced saving by one, two and three dollars per week.

One man to whom he applied, used this argument against ever making a trial:—"Me to ever own a house! Why I am a man of forty years of age, have worked from my boyhood up, and between the landlord and my family I have never seen ten dollars in my hands that I could call my own over a Saturday night. Me own a house! That's a practical joke!"

The man was a type of a large class for whom this is written—faithful, industrious, contented to make Saturday night meals; had reared a family of four children (all workers); and had never seen ten dollars that he could call his own over the week, and this simply because he had never made the effort in earnest to save a dollar. Wages then (1850) was two dollars per day, about equal to four dollars per day now (1870).

His employer, who understood men and why they could not save, nothing daunted by his workman's want of faith, insisted that he should make the trial. He told him that one hundred dollars would purchase the land, and three hundred dollars build the house; that when the land was paid for, which could be done by simply saving two dollars per week for one year, he could get credit upon the building, pay for it in three years, and be his own landlord ever after. Reluctantly and faithfully he allowed his employer to keep back the two dollars per week. At the end of two weeks he came to his employer with a smiling face, and said, "Save out three dollars per week. I have concluded to pinch, and the old woman and the children are crazy at the thought of owning a home. They are on the pinch, too, and have saved three dollars this week. Take this three dollars—the first they have ever saved in their lives—and add it to the fund. I am bound to have a home."

They had now ten dollars ahead in the world, with the brightening and cheering prospect of a home to live and die in, and this from making a commencement to save two dollars per week.

The result of these savings was a nice cheerful home at Mount Vernon, twelve miles from New York city, where my hero lived for many years in comfort and happiness, proud of his cottage, endeared to his family; where his daughters were married, and where his widow still resides, with a homestead now worth, by improvements, and the rise of property, two thousand dollars.

The moral of this true story is, Save. Make a commencement now. Put by even five cents or a dollar a week—commence to pinch as all must who would become independent of circumstances. If you cannot afford a home, save to start some mechanical business for yourself, or what is far better, save two hundred dollars in two years, then ask the government to give you one hundred and sixty acres of land in the West for simply the asking, (your Uncle Sam will do it cheerfully and promptly), then locate your future home on the soil, and commence to pinch for two years, and you will have a home where the unwelcome landlord's agent comes not—where damp basements, sky-parlors, buggy bed-rooms, small-pox neighborhoods, corner gin mills, filthy walls, chloride-of-lime alleys, bad neighbors and blasphemous oaths will never reach your ears and shorten your lives. Commence to save.

Good authorities on the subject of rifle-shooting assert that cold weather diminishes the expansive force of the gases arising from the explosion of powder, and therefore, with the same charge, same elevation of sights, and same distance, a bullet would strike lower in cold weather than in warm. The density of the atmosphere exercises a similar influence.

"Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big newsboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No, I won't," rejoined the little one. "Then I'll give you another pounding." "Pound away!" meant Dr. Franklin agrees. Dr. Franklin says, take care of the penny and the pounds will take care of themselves."

## WHY DO CHILDREN DIE?

In answer to this question, the Medical Recorder holds the following language:—"The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, splashed with water, suffocated in hot rooms and steamed in bed clothes. So much for indoors. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day, with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings and thick double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day, a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood and bone and constitution goes out with hose as thick as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty has any hand in it."

## A GOOD WORD FOR GOOD HUMOR.

Every man should be sober sometimes. I once knew one so unfortunate as to be sober all the time, and yet an honest man. We have known men that never smiled, or seldom, whose faces were rigid as an iron mask and yet they were kind, simple, and really reliable.

But such are exceptional cases. Uniform sobriety is presumptively very much against a man. He who gives no play to the gentler feelings has something the matter with him that should be looked into before one trusts him.

Mirth itself is not always honest. But it tends to openness. Mirth has better stuff in it to make a man than sobriety has. It, too, is used sometimes as a mask for hypocrisy; but not half so often as sobriety is. Only consider how many men, quite empty and worthless, inwardly neither rich nor forcible, are kept going by the mere trick of gravity.

When some men come to you it is like sunrise. Everything seems to take new life, and shines. Other men bring night with them. The chill shadow of their sobriety falls upon every innocent gayety, and your feelings, like birds at evening, stop singing and go to their roost.

Away with these fellows who go owing through life—all the while passing for birds of paradise.

He that cannot laugh and be gay should look well to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light.

GOOD ADVICE.—An unmarried man of 28 years, with about \$3,000 cash, and tired of mercantile business and city life, wishes to engage in farming (not knowing anything of the business), and writes to the American Institute Farmers' Club for information. He gets the following answer:—"Put all your money at interest at seven per cent., on mortgage. Go hire yourself to a thrifty, money making farmer; work for the first month for your board. Then get him to give you something till you can make nearly full wages as a farm hand."

See everything, and remember what you see. Read farm books and papers. In a year or two buy a place on which the first installment is \$1,000. Use \$1,000 for stock and tools; keep the other \$1,000 at interest and go to work. When you have been on the farm a year marry some young woman who can raise chickens and knows how to make pants.

SELFISHNESS.—Selfishness is the besetting sin of our fallen nature. It interferes with and adulterates the love of our neighbors; it excludes from our bosoms the love of God. But self-love, so far from being an illegitimate principle, is an essential part of the constitution of every sentient existence, and in the second great commandment is assumed as such, and constituted, as has just been said, the standard of our love to others. The reasoning of the Apostle Paul is beautifully correct when he says, "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment it is briefly comprehended in this saying—namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." In its heart searching spirituality, its precision and simplicity, its readiness for application, its force of united appeal to the understanding and to the heart, its comprehensiveness, both as to the objects it embraces and the dispositions and conduct it inculcates towards them, this precept is divinely worthy of the place it holds. Taking love to God and love to our neighbor together, well might our divine Master say to them, "on these two commandments hangs all the law and the prophets."

A week or two ago the Governor of Ohio offered five hundred dollars reward for the arrest of a man named John Smith. There are one hundred and ten counties in Ohio, and in less than two days the Sheriffs of all these counties arrived in Columbus, each with a man named John Smith. During the succeeding days over two thousand detectives, policemen and private citizens from Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, and Illinois, arrived in Columbus, every fellow bringing with him some unhappy wretch named John Smith; and more arrive every day. The aggregations of Smiths at present in Columbus is simply awful! And the worst of it is that every man insists that his Smith is the particular Smith mentioned in the proclamation, and he is going to have that five hundred dollars or hash the Governor right up. The Governor is trying to decide whether to pay the reward to every man in the lot or to resign. We knew this Smith business would get somebody into trouble some day or other. It has been greatly overdone. We have had too much of it—much too much.

SMARTNESS.—There is hardly a young man that goes out into life who does not want the reputation of being smart before he is smart. There is hardly a single circle in which you see a half a dozen young men that you do not see them aping something; making believe; "putting on airs," as the saying is. They wish to have the appearance of bravery, a position, or something else, which they have not attained. They are not willing to creep before they walk. The very beginning of life develops a tendency in men to false appearances; to insincerity; to an estimation which is radically untrue; to desire to have what does not belong to them; what they have no right to claim by reason of anything they are, or that they have been. To be without pretence, to desire to have only that which you can legitimately lay claim to, of praise, of sympathy, of reputation, of means—to have a manly pride, by which you shall be the factor of that which is in your own possession—that is thoroughly salutary. An honest manhood scorns pretence and appearances. These are the signs of unripeness, not only, but they are vicious, bad signs in a child.

A TOUGH STORY.—An old fellow who never yielded the palm to any one in reeling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps at hearing a traveler state that once he saw a brick house placed upon runners and drawn up a hill to a more favorable location, some half a mile or more distant.

"O, fudge," said the old man, "I once saw a two-story stone house, down east, drawn by oxen three miles."

A dead silence ensued. The old man evidently had the worst end of it, and saw it. Gathering his energies, he bit off a huge bit of pig tail, by way of gaining time for thought; "they drew the stone house," said the old man, ejecting a quantity of tobacco juice towards the fire place; "but that wasn't the worst of the job—after they'd done that, they went back and drew the cellar."

The stranger gave in.

"I think," said Mr. Bronson Alcott, once in conversation, "that when a man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish, and if he eats pork may he not grow swinish?" "That may be," said Dr. Walker, of Cambridge, "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes."

## Business Directory.

- W. WALTERS, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
- WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 15, 1863.
- J. B. GRAHAM & SONS, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodenware, Provisions, etc., Clearfield, Pa.
- H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 70.
- H. F. NAUGLE, Jeweler and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Ac. Room in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 18.
- H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Court and Boynton's store. June 15, 70.
- T. H. J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.
- W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa., Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc. June 15, 70.
- A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
- F. B. READ, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Kyrletown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Apr. 20-69]
- C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, adjoining Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.
- J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 24 street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.
- I. EST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. Office in Market Street, adjoining Court House. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.
- THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawed Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, Ac., Clearfield, Pa. Oct 19.
- H. ARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.
- C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, Ac., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.
- JOHN AUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Marble and Granite, Ac. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 18, 69.
- RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, etc., Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
- W. WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace. Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan. 5, 70-yp] W. A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.
- H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. [Jan. 20, 70]
- FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.
- MANSON HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthily the 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, over the residence of Irwin's Drug Store, and adjoining the securing County claims, Ac. and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.
- A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kyrletown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. [Sep. 29-70]
- W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.
- DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 2d Reg't Penn's Vols., having returned from the army of the West, and residing in the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.
- SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 5th, 1857-58. JAMES MITCHELL.
- J. JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Clearfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtis Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, 69.
- GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call at his office, where he can be rendered satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. [Feb. 7-70]
- W. 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. 5, 1870.] W. A. WALLACE. J. BLACK WALTERS.
- SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress and signed by the President, giving soldiers enlisted prior to 22d July, 1861, served one year or more and were honorably discharged, a bounty of \$100.
- BOUNTIES AND PENSIONS collected by me for those entitled to them. WALTER BARRETT, Atty at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 15th, 1865.
- J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA. Negative made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views, order. CHROMOS A SPECIALTY. Dec. 2, 68-70. 14-69-70.
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