

The Kaffman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

The grass of the field shall be now my theme,
For when winter is past, and the snow
Has melted away from the earth like a dream,
No flowers that in loveliness grow
More dear, or more beautiful ever can be
Than the simple grass of the field to me.

It springs up so quick, when showers call aloud
For every thing glad to come forth;
And when the sun bursts from his rainbow-cloud,
As the rain passes off to the north—
It shines in his glory, and laughs in his light,
The grass of the field, so glistening and bright.
Happy children love in the grass to play,
Thick and soft for their dancing feet;
And there the wild bees gather honey all day
From the clover so blushing and sweet,
And find no sweeter than the grass can yield
As richer than those from the grass of the field.

The lark makes his nest in the twining grass,
And minks when he soars to the skies,
And sings the clear notes that all others surpass,
His gladness most surely arise
From the lowly content of that innocent nest,
Which feeds in the grass of the field a safe nest.
There are few who notice the delicate flower
That blooms in the grass at their feet,
Yet the proudest plant in the greenhouse or hovey
Is not fairer or more complete;
And to those who observe—it is clearly revealed
That God clothes with beauty the grass of the field
The mower comes out to mow and blithe,
At the dawn of a summer's day,
And the waving grass at the stroke of his scythe
Is cut down and withers away;
But the fragrance it sends over valley and hill
Makes the grass of the field loved and lovely still,
And while on the perfuming grass we look,
A soft voice in the summer wind
Will whisper the words of the Holy Book
To the humble and thoughtful mind—
"All flesh is as grass," it will seem to say—
"Like the flower of the grass ye shall pass away."

THE DROP OF BLOOD.

Doctor N—, one of the most prominent
surgeons of Pesh, was summoned at day-
break one morning to see a person who pres-
singly sought to be admitted to him. While
waiting in the ante-chamber, the visitor de-
sired the servant to add that every moment's
delay was dangerous, as he stood in need of
instant help.

The surgeon hastily throwing off his night
robe, gave orders for him to be shown up on
an once.

It was an entire stranger, but one whose
dress and manner proclaimed him a man
belonging to the best class of society. His
pale cheeks spoke of some deep inward
bodily and mental pain; and his right hand
rested in a silken sling. Though he suc-
ceeded perfectly in controlling the expres-
sion of his countenance, a low murmur of
pain, in spite of all his efforts, broke forth
repeatedly from his lips.

"Have I the honor of addressing Dr.
N—?" he asked, in a weak, almost faint-
ing voice, as he approached the surgeon.

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon the question. I do not live in
Pesh; I came from the country, and know
you by reputation only. I regret not to be
able to make your acquaintance under hap-
pier circumstances—"

The surgeon seeing that his visitor could
scarcely stand on his feet, begged him to
rest on his divan.

"I am weary; for a whole week I have
not closed my eyes. I have been having a
pain in my right hand, to which I can give
no name. In the beginning I felt only a
slight pain, but in a short time it commen-
ced to burn with constantly increasing vio-
lence, growing to be a torture beyond the
reach of the slightest alleviation. I have
tried every obtainable remedy, far and near,
but nothing relieves me—there remains the
same piercing, cutting deadly pain. Final-
ly, I could bear no more; I got in a carriage
and hastened here to you, that you might
remove from my torment by an operation—
the knife or iron, for I can support it no
longer."

The surgeon here endeavored to encour-
age him, saying his suffering might be over-
come by milder means than the use of the
knife.

"No, doctor, neither a plaster nor yet any
palliative can relieve it. What I need is
the knife. For that alone did I come here."

Doctor N— asked to be permitted to
look at his hand, on which the sufferer, set-
ting his teeth hard, held it forth. The sur-
geon, using the greatest precaution, began
to loosen the bandage.

"Let me entreat you in advance, doctor,
not to be overcome by anything you will see.
My pain is so strange, so extraordinary, that
it will certainly take you unawares. Hesitate
at nothing, I pray you."

The surgeon assured the stranger that he
was accustomed to everything, in his pro-
fession, and pledged himself to hesitate at
nothing.

Nevertheless, when the hand appeared,
he shrank back involuntarily, letting it fall
heavily. The hand was apparently as sound,
healthy-looking, and perfect as any other—
not a spot was to be seen upon it.

A sharp cry from the sufferer, as he lifted
the dropped hand with his left, proved that
he had come in no jest, but that he suffered
crucially.

"Where doesn't it pain you?"

"Here, doctor," said the stranger, point-
ing to a place on the upper surface of his
hand, where two veins parted from each
other in faint blue lines. The surgeon mark-
ed him shudder as he touched the spot with
his finger.

"You feel the pain here?"

"And you suffer from the pressure when
I touch the place with my finger?"

The stranger was not in a condition to an-
swer. Tears started to his eyes, so dreadful
was the suffering.

"Wonderful! I distinguish nothing here."
"And yet I experience there so inexpress-
ible a pain that I could dash my head
against the wall."

The surgeon took a microscope, examined
the place and shook his head.

"The skin is clear and healthy; the blood
courses freely in the veins; there is no inflam-
mation, no apparent hurt. The place is
precisely in its natural state."

"I think it is somewhat redder."
"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-
book, and drew a line around a spot the
size of a half-kewtler.

"Here."
The surgeon carefully looked at this spot,
and began to think that his patient was in-
sane.

"Remain here," he said; "I may be able
to assist you in a few days."

"I cannot wait. Do not think, sir, that
you have a madman before you. This is a
misfortune of which you will not be able
to cure me. The place I have indicated oc-
curs to me such agony that, I repeat it, I have
alone come here to have it cut out."

"Which, however, I will not do!" said
the surgeon.

"And why not?"

"Because your hand is perfectly sound;
so far as I can see, there is no more the mat-
ter with it than there is with my own hand."

"You are therefore, ready to decide that
I am mad—you cannot believe me jest-
ing," returned the stranger, taking a note
for a thousand guineas out of his pocket-
book, and laying it on the table. "There,
see this is no child's play, and that the ser-
vice which I ask at your hands is of the
highest necessity and importance to me. I
entreat you, cut this spot from my hand!"

"And I say to you, sir, that all the wealth
of the world would not induce me to look
on a sound member as diseased, or make
the slightest incision in such a one. To do
it would be to do what my surgical knowl-
edge condemns—it would put my reputation
to shame—in a word, my duty forbids it!
The whole world would maintain that you
were a lunatic, but of me they would say
either that I had been so unprincipled as to
profit by your mania, or that I was too ig-
norant to perceive the error into which you
had led me."

"So be it. At least you can accord me
this favor. I will perform the operation
myself. My left hand will, it is true, be
somewhat unskilled, but let that pass. I
will soon finish; you will surely have the
goodness to dress the wound for me."

The surgeon marked with amazement be-
yond words that the stranger being in
such earnest, for he laid aside his coat, turn-
ed back his sleeves, and took his penknife
in his left hand. Another moment and he
would have plunged it deep into his right
hand.

"Hold!" cried the surgeon, alarmed lest
the stranger should sever an artery, "if the
operation be really inevitable, then in the
name of Heaven, let me perform it!"

On which, taking his surgical instrument
in his hand, he laid the patient's right hand
straight out in his own, at the same time re-
questing him to look another way.

"That is not necessary. Allow me to show
you how deep the knife shall go."

And truly, during the whole operation,
the stranger's resolution did not fail him; he
himself directed the surgeon as to the
depth of the incision, his hand never mov-
ing until the spot represented as the seat of
the pain was cut out, when, throwing back
his chest, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Do you feel no more burning?" ques-
tioned the surgeon.

"It is entirely gone," answered the stran-
ger, smiling; the torture has ceased. As for
the slight pain which the wound oc-
casioned me, it is to the first pain what a
warm breeze is compared to insupportable
heat."

While the bandage was being applied, the
appearance of the stranger totally altered.
A calm, pleasant expression met the sur-
geon's eye, instead of the former look of
intense pain; the brow grew clearer, the
cheek, a returning love of life replaced the
late cruel agitation—the whole man
seemed transformed.

As the surgeon re-adjusted the stranger's
hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by
the left hand of the latter, who pressing it
warmly, said to him in the most fervent
tones:

"Receive for your most masterly service
my most sincere thanks. You have laid me
under a real obligation to you—for the re-
munder on my part is small indeed, in
comparison with the assistance which you
have rendered me. I will be indebted to
you all my life long."

But the surgeon's estimate of the value
of his services was wholly different; he ab-
solutely refused to accept the note for a
thousand guineas, which lay on the table.
The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had
passed out of the door, when seeing the
growing displeasure of the surgeon, he turn-
ed and begged him at all events to consent
to expend a part of the sum for the benefit
of some hospital, and hastily took his de-
parture.

Dr. N— visited his patient for a few
days at the hotel where he was remaining,
until his wound was completely healed. This
was rapidly taking place. During the course
of this the surgeon had an opportunity to
make observations, which resulted in the
conviction that he had to deal with a

ed, accomplished man; one whose every
word evinced not only extensive information
but that knowledge of the world so agree-
able when united with superiority of mind.
Not the slightest trace of any ailment, either
bodily or mental, was to be remarked after
the operation.

The stranger returned to his estates short-
ly afterward, perfectly restored.

Three months had passed when the ser-
vant was again called upon to announce to
the surgeon the arrival of his singular pa-
tient. The stranger was instantly admitted,
appeared again with a bandaged arm; and
so great was his sufferings that, at first
glance, his features were scarcely recogniz-
able. Sinking into a chair, before the sur-
geon had time to offer him a seat, he stretch-
ed out his hand to him, no longer sufficient-
ly master of himself to control his groans.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly
inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough,"
groaned the stranger; "the pain has return-
ed—burns more fiercely than before. I
could not at first bring myself to trouble you
again; hoping that death would come and
put an end to my existence. But what I
longed for came not. The pain was, and
still remains, concentrated in this one place.
Look at me, and perhaps you will form an
idea of my suffering."

The countenance of the stranger was white
with agony, and cold drops covered his
brow. The wound had healed; everything
about the hand appeared sound and healthy
as before, and the pulse beat evenly and
naturally.

"This touches on the marvelous!" said
Dr. N—. "It passes widely beyond every-
thing in my past existence. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now
for the cause, doctor, but free me from this
torture. Take your instrument and insert
it deeper than before; that alone will give
relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this
prayer. For the second time did he perform
the same operation; again did he remark
the astonishing alteration in the countenance
of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the
bandage, a fresh color took the place of the
patient's pallor, brightening the visage be-
fore so wan. But the smile returned not
now as before. Sadly he thanked the sur-
geon for his assistance.

"Thank you, doctor. Again the pain has
ceased. In a few days the wound will be
healed. Nevertheless, he is not astonished if
you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; chaise that
thought out of your mind!" exclaimed the
surgeon.

"I have an unerring conviction that that
deadly pain will return at the end of a
month," said the stranger dejectedly. "Be-
sides, what is to happen to me must hap-
pen—till we meet again!"

The surgeon related to his colleagues the
particulars of this unaccountable pain. They
consulted together, but no one was able to
offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explana-
tory of the case so strange.

Toward the end of the month Dr. N—
began to look forward, not without sadness,
to again seeing the stranger; but time pass-
ed on, and he did not appear.

Thereupon several weeks elapsed, when
the surgeon received a letter dated at his
late patient's place of residence.

He opened it. By the first glance at the
closely written pages within, he saw that
the stranger had written the letter with his
own hand, and inferred from this that the
pain which assuredly would have prevented
him from writing had not returned.

The contents of the letter were as fol-
lows:

"DEAR SIR:—I will no longer leave you
in doubt concerning the fearfully strange
malady which I am about to carry with me
into the grave. I will give you the origin
of this terrible evil. For the third time
within a week has this frightful pain re-
turned. I will no longer struggle with it.
At this moment I am only enabled to use
my pen by placing a piece of burning
sponge on the back of my hand, over the
affected part. While this burns, I feel only
the smarting caused by the intense heat,
and that is nothing compared to the former
pain."

Six months ago I was a happy man. I
lived without care, upon my income, and
was in peace and friendship with all the
world, enjoying all the pleasure that a man
of thirty-five finds to enjoy. A year ago
I married—married for love. My choice fell
upon a beautiful, accomplished, warm-
hearted girl, the protégée of a countess in
the neighborhood. This portionless maiden
loved me—not from gratitude alone, though
through me she had become mistress of my
home, and sharer of all I possessed—she
had truly a childlike love for me. For half
a year each succeeding day brought me
more happiness than the last. When I
went to the city for a day, my wife could
scarcely meet me; when I returned, she came
to meet me a mile from home; and once
when I had been belated, she never ceased
her eyes the whole night long. When I oc-
casionally prevailed upon her to pay a visit
to the countess, who loved her tenderly,
she always returned the same day; it seem-
ed impossible for her to remain away from
home and me more than half a day. Her
love for me even went so far, that she gave
up dancing, rather than rest her hand in
the clasp of another. In a word, my wife
was an innocent child, who had no other
thought than of me.

I know not what demon one day whis-
pered in my ear, "What if all this happiness?"
Thus man, in the midst of the greatest
happiness, too often, experiences an insane
desire to look for pain.

My wife had a little work-table, the
drawer of which she kept invariably locked,
I had often noticed that she never left it
open; never, by any chance, had forgotten
to take out the key. This thought began to
trouble me; what had she so conceal from
me? I was certainly beside myself. I be-
lieved in her innocent countenance, her
clear eyes, her kisses no more. What if
these were but parts of the deception?

One day the countess visited us. She
came to take my wife home with her, over-
whelming her with persuasions to go and
stay the whole day with her. Our estates
lay not far distant from one another, and I
gave my wife a promise to follow her soon.

Scarcely had the carriage left my court-
yard, when I collected together all the keys
I could find, and with them sought to open
the drawer. At length I found one.

A looker-on would have taken me, as I
drew out the drawer, for one who for the
first time in his life was about committing a
theft. I was a thief, opening a lock to steal
from a weak woman her secrets.

My hand trembled as I came in contact
with the different things in the drawer. But
I carefully avoided creating any disorder
that might betray my presence. Suddenly
my breast seemed as if crushed by iron
hands; I felt on the point of suffocating!
Under a roll of lace lay a package of papers;
quick as thought my heart whispered that
they were letters; at the first glance, any
one would have known them to be—love
letters.

The package was bound together by a
rose-colored ribbon embroidered with silver.
As I touched the ribbon, I thought, "Is
this right? Is it not unworthy of an hono-
rable man thus to steal the secrets of his
wife—secrets which belonged to her maiden-
hood alone? Is she answerable to me for her
thoughts and feelings before she became my
wife? Should I be jealous of the time when
she scarcely knew of my existence? But
what if those letters date since I have had
a right to watch over all her thoughts, to be
jealous even of her dreams—since she has
been my wife?"

I untied the ribbon. No one was there,
no mirror near to point out on my cheek
the mounting flush of shame. I opened
one letter after another, and read them all
through to the end.

Oh, that was a terrible hour!
Shall I tell you what was in those letters?
The most despicable treachery ever prac-
ticed against a man. My best friend had
written them; but in what tone? With
what persuasive and passionate eloquence
did he speak therein! How he planned and
counseled the course a wife might take to
deserve her husband! And all these letters
were dated since my marriage—while I had
been so happy! I had no word to picture
what I experienced on reading them. It
was a feeling like the working of a deadly
poison. I drank this poison to the last
drop. I read every one of those letters
through by myself. Then I laid them in or-
der, bound them together, covered them
with the lace, and locked the drawer.

I was certain that my wife, if I did not
go for her, would hasten home before even-
ing. And so it was. How quickly she
sprang from the carriage, and ran toward
me; how she embraced me! How she kiss-
ed me! How happy she was to be with me
again!

I allowed her to perceive nothing of the
revolution that had taken place within me.
We talked together, supped together, and
retired as usual to our rooms, which were
side by side. I did not close my eyelids.
Awake, I continued hours. As the first
quarter past midnight struck, I stood in my
chamber. Like a little angel in the midst
of snowy clouds, lay her lovely, fair head
in peaceful slumber upon the dazzling white
pillows. What a monstrous lie of nature,
to lend to sin features so innocent! I was
determined, as inflexible as a monomaniac
in his fixed idea. The raging passion of
jealousy had eaten into my soul. Softly I
laid my hands upon her throat, and sud-
denly I pressed them together. That morn-
ing she opened her large, dark blue eyes,
saw me with amaze, then closed them slow-
ly. She was dead. She died without hav-
ing had time to utter one word in her own
defense, peaceful as in a dream. As I mur-
dered her, she felt no anger toward me.
Only a single drop of blood, pressed out of
her mouth, fell on the back of my hand;
where, you know but too well, . . .

She had no relations to inquire into the
cause of her death, and I purposely delayed
sending out to my friends inquiries about the
funeral, until it was too late for any of them
to reach my place in time. No one upon
my estate had any suspicion of the truth.
Besides, I was master; who had any right
to question me?

When all was over, and I was returning
to my home, my conscience was not bur-
dened in the least. She had deserved her
fate. I thought of her no more.

On reaching my home, I found the count-
ess, my wife's only female friend, just ar-
riving. Like others, she had come after the
hour appointed for the funeral. She was
painfully agitated. Whether from sorrow
or sympathy, I knew not, but the words
of consolation with which she assayed to
address me, were so confused, that I could
scarcely understand them. At last she
clasped my hands, and said in faltering
tones, that she saw herself obliged to con-
fide to me a secret, which she must entreat
me not to reveal. She had given my wife a
package of letters to keep for her—the con-
tents were such that she could not keep
them by her—she had now to beg me to re-
turn them to her. An icy shudder went
through me as she spoke these words. With
marked coldness I asked her what these

letters contained. The countess shrank
back, and answered hastily:

"Oh, sir, your wife was more generous
than you. When she took these letters into
her care, she did not ask me what they con-
tained, but gave me her word to guard them
well. And I am sure she has kept her
pledge. She had a noble soul; it would
have been impossible for her to break her
solemn promise."

"Very well," said I; "how am I to know
these letters?"

"They are tied together with a rose-colored
ribbon embroidered with silver."

"I will look for them immediately."

"With this I took my wife's keys in my
hand, and began to search for the package. I
knew but too well where to find it."

"Is this it?" said I at last, bringing it to
the countess.

"Yes, yes. Only see, here is the same
knot I made; your wife never untied it."

I dared not lift up my eyes—I feared that
the countess would read in them that I had
unlocked it—oh, that I had gone further,
and committed a monstrous crime! I took
brief leave of her, excusing myself as best
I could. I needed to be alone. The count-
ess returned home. Her husband was in all
his actions mean and brutal; his tastes were
low, and wholly unworthy of his rank. Had
I been such a man, I would have deserved
to have such a wife. But my wife was an
innocent, spotless angel, who loved me when
I murdered her! . . . I remember nothing
of what passed for hours; but this I
know, that when I returned to consciousness,
I was sitting on my wife's coffin in the vault.

I was not yet so insane as to believe that
I could awake her, but I wanted to speak to
her. It seemed to me she would hear my
words:

"By the true, upright love with which
you once loved me, by the love which you
took with you for me, down to the grave, I
implore you have mercy on me, and avenge
yourself in this life! Leave not my punish-
ment to another world, but let me suffer
here on earth—torture me, kill me! Wait
not until I am dead, but avenge yourself
now!"

Thus madly did I speak to the mortal re-
mains of my wife; whereupon I slept, or
rather swooned. I began to dream. Per-
haps it was no dream. I seemed to see the
lid of the coffin slowly open, and the form
of my dead wife therein, as slowly arise. I
was on my knees before the coffin, my hand
resting on the side. Her lips were pale, but
a red drop of blood stood on them. Slowly
she bent over me, opened her eyes as she
had on that last time, and pressed a kiss on
my hand. The red drop which had hung
on her lips, rested on my hand; she closed
her eyes, laid herself back again on her cold
pillow, and the coffin closed over her.

Not long after, I was awakened by a
frightful pain, like the sting of a scorpion.
I hastened home. It was still daylight; no
one had noticed my absence or return. The
blood had disappeared from off my hand,
but in the spot where the drop had rested,
it was burning as if a corrosive poison had
penetrated therein. This pain increased
from hour to hour, without ever ceasing.
Even in sleep I felt it. I said nothing of it
to any one—no one would have believed it.
You know, sir, what I must have suffered,
and from what anguish your knife relieved
me! Scarcely had the second wound heal-
ed, however, when the pain came anew.
For the third time it now racks me, and I
have not the strength to endure it longer.
In an hour, I will say farewell to earth!
Only the thought that, since she has been
avenged here on earth, she will forgive me
on the other side, gives me a ray of conso-
lation.

I thank you for your heartfelt sympathy,
and for your aid. God bless you.

TOOTH WASH—The mouth has a tempera-
ture of ninety-eight degrees, warmer than
is ever experienced in the shade in the lati-
tude of New England. It is well known
that if beef, for example, be exposed in the
shade during the warmest of our summer
days it will very soon begin to decompose.
If we eat beef for dinner, the particles in-
variably find their way into the spaces be-
tween the teeth. Now if these particles of
beef are not removed, they will frequently
remain till they are softened by decomposi-
tion. In most months this process of de-
composition is in constant progress. Ought
we to be surprised that the gums and teeth
against which these decomposing or putry-
fying masses lie should become subjects of
disease? Much has been said *pro* and *con*
upon the use of soap with the tooth brush.
My own experience and the experience of
members of my family is highly favorable
to the regular morning and evening use of
soap.

Castile or other good soap will answer this
purpose. (Whatever is good for the hands
and face is good for the teeth.) The slight
unpleasant taste which soap has when we
begin to use it will be unnoted. You have
observed upon the teeth a yellow deposit,
sometimes a black substance near the gums.
If you examine either of them with a strong
microscope, you will find it all alive with
animalcules. These small animals live, keep
house and raise families of children, and
die in your mouths. Nothing that can be
safely introduced into the mouth checks
them like soap.

A Christian may triumph in the death of
Christ! "Oh death! where is thy sting?
Oh grave! where is thy victory? Oh hell!
where is thy terror? Oh world! where is
thy malice? Oh sin! where is thy strength!
Oh my soul! where are thine accusers?"

The man who attempted to "clock his sins"
could not find a garment large enough.

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA. Office in the Court House,
May 13, 1868.

WALTER BARNETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA. Office in the Court House,
May 13, 1868.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., DEALERS IN HARD-
WARE, AND MANUFACTURERS OF TIN AND SHEET-
IRON WARE, SECOND STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA. Mar 70.

H. F. NAUGLE, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
& DEALER IN WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c. Room in
Graham's Row, Market Street. Nov. 10.

THOMAS J. McULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA. All legal business promp-
tly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

W. M. REED, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.
Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions,
Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing
Goods, &c. June 15, 70.

J. P. IRWIN, SUCCESSORS TO H. B. SMOOK,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, MARKET STREET,
CLEARFIELD, PA. Nov. 20, 1870.

A. I. SHAW, DEALER IN DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,
&c. Fancy articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr.
Bayer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA. June 15, 70.

F. B. REARD, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
KYLERTOWN, PA. Respectsfully offers his pro-
fessional services to the citizens of that place and
neighboring country. (Apr. 26—80.)

ORIN T. NORRIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LOCK HA-
VEN, PA. Will practice in the several courts
of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him
will receive prompt attention. Dec. 23.

J. B. MENALLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD,
PA. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining coun-
ties. Office in new brick building at J. Boyer's
corner, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

TEST, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA., will
attend promptly to all legal business entrus-
ted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining coun-
ties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORNEY, DEALER IN SQUARE AND
SAND LUMBER, DRY GOODS, QUEENSWAY, GRO-
ceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., GRAM-
HAMTON, CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA. Oct. 10.

HARVEY PATK & IRWIN, DEALERS IN DRUGS,
MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c., &c.,
FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c., MARKET STREET,
CLEARFIELD, PA. Dec. 6, 1865.

C. KRATZER & SON, DEALERS IN DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING, HARDWARE, QUEENSWAY, GRO-
ceries, 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, caskets and
stands (generally with a hearse). April 20.

RICHARD MOSS