

# The Raftzman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1871.

VOL. 17--NO. 44.

## Select Poetry.

### BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin  
Standing wistful in the street,  
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,  
Dirty face and red bare feet,  
Pass not by the child unheeding;  
Smile upon him. Mark me, when  
He's grown he'll not forget it;  
For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits  
Overflow in boyish frolic,  
Call your boy home by its brightness;  
Do not in your anger speak;  
You must sow in youthful bosoms  
Seeds of tender mercy; then  
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage  
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandiose,  
With his eyes aglow with joy,  
Being to mind some act of kindness—  
Something said to him, a boy?  
Or relate some slight or oddness,  
With brow as clouded, when  
He said they were too thoughtful  
To remember boys made men.

Let us try to add some pleasure  
To the life of every boy.  
For each child needs tender interest  
In its sorrow and its joy.  
Call your boy home by its brightness;  
They avoid a gloomy day,  
And seek for comfort elsewhere;  
And, remember boys make men.

### THE RUBY MINE—A PERSIAN TRADITION.

It was many years ago, a firm belief at the Persian court of Ispahan that a small Hindoo tribe, dwelling near their borders, possessed a valuable mine of precious rubies. The Persian monarch, excited by the accounts of its great wealth, determined to possess it. For this purpose he dispatched an army commanded by one of his eldest generals. It was soon discovered that these Hindoos were possessed of a spirit to defend their own, for they met the invading Persians, routed them in battle, and drove them back into their own country.

This success, however, was but short-lived. Bravery could not contend against overwhelming numbers. Enraged at this repulse the Persian monarch strongly reinforced his army, and ordered them to lay waste the Hindoo country and utterly exterminate the tribe.

In the next battle that ensued the brave but small army of the Hindoos was surrounded and cut to pieces, and their rajah slain. Many saved themselves by flight; but one survivor was left upon the field, a boy of twelve years of age, who clung convulsively to the dead form of the rajah, and would not leave him.

Though the Persian general's orders were, on penalty of death, to spare neither young or old, he, however, forgot his duty as a soldier, and listening to the voice of humanity, saved the youth with the determination, for he was childless, of rearing him as his own son.

The slaughter of the innocent Hindoos availed nothing towards the discovery of the secret of the mine. The fugitives retreated to some secure retreat among the hills and forests, whither the Persians could not trace them. General Assad abandoned the search, and led his army home again.

Being relieved from active service he established himself in a comfortable home near the frontier. Ismail, the governor of the province, occupied a strong fortress within a short distance of the spot that Assad had selected for his residence. It was his duty to watch the wandering tribes that harassed the borders, and gain, if possible, the much sought after secret of the ruby mine.

To his new home, Gen. Assad brought the Hindoo boy whom he had found upon the battle field. Though his extraction was well known to the Persian monarch, he was suffered to live in hope, that one day he would reveal the secret of the precious mine of rubies.

The boy gave his name as Araxa, and said he was the favorite page of the slain rajah; but he was not disposed to part with the secret of his race. For years he resisted threats, promises, rewards, and every other means employed to draw the secret from him. Inflexible and firm, he scorned them all. He was willing to fight for Persia and her laws, he told General Assad, but he would sooner than betray his country.

He did fight for Persia, by Assad's side, and by his brave and gallant demeanor rose quickly to a chief command. Indeed, he soon superseded Assad at the head of the army; the old general being worn with age and service, being only too glad to yield him his place. Araxa was generally regarded by the soldiers as Assad's son, his Hindoo origin being known but to few.

In the full promise of his early manhood a strong temptation to betray his secret trust beset him. He loved the daughter of Ismail, the governor, a lovely girl, with whom his happiest days of youth had been spent. His passion was reciprocated by its fair object, who, for his sake, rejected the suit of Nasrod, a proud and haughty chief.

The governor favored his suit, in the hope that her possession would prevail on him to disclose the secret of the mine, knowing that such an event would enrich him, and gain the lasting gratitude of the monarch. To prove his constancy, he sent Araxa to fight the foes of Persia upon the Caspian shore, from which, after a most successful campaign, he returned a conqueror.

On his return Ismail received him with great pomp and ceremony, and conducted

him to the citadel of the fortress, there to make trial of his faith. To add great force to the request he was about to make, he commanded his daughter, the beautiful Zaphyra, to array herself in her most becoming attire, and be present at the interview. She was the only witness to this audience, which was to decide the fate of the gallant youth she loved. One passionate glance she cast upon her hero, looking resplendent in his glittering armor, the insignia of the rank his own good sword had won, and then modestly veiled her eyes with their long silken lashes, took her place beside her father's chair, awaiting the issue with a beating heart.

"Young warrior," began the governor, graciously, "by our monarch's order, I greet your safe return, and am prepared to offer such reward as your services demand."

"One only boon I ever asked, Ismail," responded Araxa, "and that gift is in your power to bestow."

He cast an eloquent glance upon the blushing maiden, who was not slow to comprehend the meaning of his words, smiled significantly; he understood it too.

"What says my child?" he asked, turning to Zaphyra. "Remember," he cautioned, "sinking his voice to a whisper. "Nasrod, an officer of high account, still seeks your hand."

"Dear father," she returned, "wring not from a maid a secret, before the man who least of all should hear it; you know my heart."

Araxa advanced joyously to her side, took her hand and pressed his lips upon it. A gentle pressure assured him that the homage was accepted.

"Enough!" exclaimed the governor, "then for the last time the touchstone of affection shall be tried. Reveal the secret of the mine, Araxa."

The young Hindoo released the maiden's hand, and started from her side. "Why this emotion?" added Ismail, with secret doubts.

The breast of the young chieftain heaved with passionate emotion, and gleam of fire broke forth from his dark eyes.

"Ungenerous man," he cried; "why drive me to despair? When Persia broke her bounds, and poured her myriads on yon helpless countrymen, she drove them from their happy homes to seek for shelter in the barren mountains; there innocent and unoffending they remain, and still every thro' of just revenge; and would you make me a firebrand to illumine the path of those whose sordid thirst for gain would once more desolate my native land?"

The governor grew angry at these words, whose truth he could not dispute.

"Your treatment in your adopted country, young man, might have deserved language of less reproach," he replied curtly.

"True," admitted Araxa, with generous candor, "you taught me to be a soldier, when boyish fancy eagerly imbibed the dazzling promise of future fame. Habit has made a soldier's life my pride. How can I then turn traitor to my country, and lift the sword which I have worn in honorable warfare, against the heart of those whose blood coagulates with my own?"

"No sacrifice like this do we demand," answered the governor, eagerly. "Your friends are pastoral, nor want what we so much desire. Yield but the mine, and—"

"But the mine!" interrupted Araxa. "You know not what you ask. Think not the glittering dross that it contains weighs as a feather with my humble race. Willingly would they and I transport its every grain which leads you to their homes, their only refuge in the hour of danger. It is their barrier, their defence. Surrender that! O never, never! I swear it!"

There was no mistaking the determination with which these words were spoken. Ismail saw that Araxa was firm in his refusal. His baffled cupidity broke forth in anger.

"For your pertinacious silence when you could serve the state, and gain your monarch's favor," he said, "I will deprive you of all hope of ever obtaining Zaphyra's hand; nay, more, I banish you from Persia. Begone!"

Zaphyra made an imploring gesture, but her father checked her harshly. Araxa was deeply moved. Ismail saw his hesitation, and the hope returned that he might triumph yet. He took his daughter by the hand, as if to lead her from the apartment.

"Stay one instant, stay!" cried Araxa, desperately. "As this is by far the most important moment of my life, grant me a little pause for reflection. To part from Zaphyra is worse than death; to betray my country is—"

Zaphyra checked him by advancing to his side, and laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"Be firm, Araxa!" she cried, with benumbing eyes. "Let no selfish thought intrude. I love you, and why do I dare to thus avow it? Because that love is founded on respect. Betray your country, and the flame of love your virtues have kindled in this heart will be extinguished never more to be re-lighted."

These noble words proclaimed her worthy of the young chieftain's love, but they enraged her father beyond measure; the hope of still obtaining possession of the mine led him to restrain his passion, and he dismissed Araxa from his presence with these ominous words:

"I grant you until to-morrow's dawn for your final resolution; that time expired, and the secret not divulged, death is your punishment if found in Persia!"

On leaving the citadel, Araxa hastened

to the dwelling of his adopted father Assad. The old veteran was very much surprised at the recital of what had taken place; but he bade Araxa be of comfort still; admitted that it was a base return for his services, but thought he had a consolation in the knowledge that Zaphyra loved him; a circumstance that should palliate the father's harshness.

Araxa assured him that Zaphyra's love more than compensated him for every ill. He saw with joy her expressive eye, and heard with rapture her benignant voice. No little word that dropped from her lips but was indelibly marked upon his heart. Still it was a hard alternate to betray his country or give up the girl he loved, and that very love inspired him with a scheme to obtain her, and honor would not blush to own the means.

He told Assad vaguely of this scheme, and said he still remembered well the secret path which led to the retreat of his dear countrymen, and often (unknown to any Persian) had already visited their abode. They loved him, they would espouse his cause, and help to gain Zaphyra.

"When I am gone hence," he added, in conclusion, "tell Ismail I repent; bid him despatch a chosen band to the four rocks north of the citadel, where the aged palm tree stands by a lonely cavern; there I will meet and conduct them to the mine."

Assad, whose trust in the youth he had reared was unbounded, promised to obey, and Araxa mounted his swiftest steed and spurred swiftly away.

He passed the Persian boundary, galloped among the hills, penetrated in the secret way, and appeared among his countrymen in the vast cavern which contained the precious rubies. They hailed him with shouts of joy, for he was their prince—their rajah! Yes Araxa was the son of that slaughtered rajah, beside whose dead body he had been found on the battle field. A cousin, an ambitious chieftain named Hyder, to whom he had delegated his authority, ruled his people in his absence. Gladly would Hyder have had him remain forever absent, for he enviously coveted the rank he held in trust.

But Araxa was too firmly seated in the people's heart for him to attempt to thrust him forth. Nay, more, he durst not attempt it.

Araxa quickly made known the object of his journey to the mine. He directed the tribe to collect such fragments as promised a most glittering harvest, convey them to the palm tree cavern, and deposit them deep in the earth. There would be lead Ismail's officers, who, by this stratagem, would think the mine was found. Having given them his instructions, he promised speedily to re-visit them with his bride, Araxa took his departure and returned to Assad's dwelling.

All eluded as he hoped, Ismail, deceived by the glittering specimens found by his officers in the palm tree cavern, readily gave his sanction for the nuptials of Araxa and Zaphyra. The great hall of the fortress was decorated for the purpose, and all the dignitaries of the province assembled to grace the nuptials. Zaphyra, believing that her lover had betrayed his country, would have hesitated to ratify her vows, but a whispered assurance from Araxa dispelled her scruples. She trusted in his honor, and awaited patiently the explanation.

Scarcely had the priest pronounced the nuptial benediction than a man rushed frantically into the hall, exclaiming vehemently:

"Where, where is the governor? Suspend the marriage!"

Astonishment seized upon all present at these words. Ismail was enraged at the interruption.

"What bold presumptuous slave dare thus intrude upon our hallowed rites?" he cried.

"Mighty Ismail," answered the intruder, who was none other than Zaphyra's rejected suitor, Nasrod. "As I overlooked our Persians working at the spot supposed to be the mine, and vainly trying to discover a treasure, too soon exhausted, a Hindoo of Araxa's tribe rode swiftly toward us, and sooting at our useless labors, 'Fools,' said he, 'why search for mines in heaps of barren sands? If you would your master's honor save, deliver this letter before Araxa's marriage with Zaphyra.' This said, he placed the letter in my hands, put spurs to his horse, and fled across the desert."

Araxa and Zaphyra were strongly agitated by these words, knowing how much truth there was in the disclosure; but Ismail was incredulous.

"Nasrod," he answered, "well I know your love for Zaphyra, and jealousy has brought you here in an attempt to destroy Araxa's happiness."

"Read, sir, and be convinced," replied Nasrod; and with a triumphant smile he placed the letter in his hand.

Ismail hastily opened it and read these words penned by the ambitious and designing Hyder, who thus thought to destroy his rajah, and usurp his throne:

"Ismail, Araxa has deceived you. No mine has been discovered. It is a deep laid scheme to rob you of your daughter, who once espoused, will leave her father's province, to reign with Araxa over the Hindoos of the ruby mine."

This letter was signed "A Friendly Hindoo." Ismail could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses.

"Araxa can you be guilty of such perfidy?" he cried.

"Spare your reproach," answered the young chieftain calmly. "Forced to choose between base dishonor and the loss of my beloved Zaphyra, I sought by stratagem to

obtain what your stern cruelty denied."

"Audacious!" exclaimed Ismail, furiously; "do you then contemn your treachery?"

"Not treachery, father," said Zaphyra, "but patriotism and unshaken virtue."

She then addressed the assembled guests: "Hear, all you Persians, witnesses of this ceremony, before this full assembly I assert my rights, and claim Araxa for my lawful lord."

She rushed into his arms as she spoke, but her enraged father had her torn from his embrace and carried her to her chamber while the new-made bridegroom was consigned to one of the dungeons of the fortress. Twelve hours were given. At the expiration of that time he must make discovery of the ruby mine or die a death of torture.

A few words had Araxa contrived to whisper in his wife's ear before they took her from his arms and on these did he build the hopes of an escape. It was a slender foundation but it was all he had.

Wistfully then did he gaze through the grated windows, across the moat to the blue distant mountains which contained his nation and his home.

Suddenly the figure of a man appeared on the opposite side of the moat, with a bow in his hand. He waived his hand to the captive, and Araxa recognized one of his most trusted chiefs, Abbas.

Araxa withdrew from the window, and an arrow, sent with unerring aim, hurled in through the bars and fell upon the dungeon floor. Araxa picked it up eagerly, and found a letter attached. It contained these words:

"I have happily escaped, and according to your direction, have found your countrymen. Abbas and others will come to-night to rescue you. One of your countrymen will risk his life for you, by engaging the attention of the sentinel, while you leap from the platform. The grating will be sprung by a stud projecting on the right. Adieu! be firm."

ZAPHYRA.

"Brave girl!" he cried, as he pressed the letter to his lips, "you are worthy to be a Rajah's bride."

Night came, and when darkness hung like a veil around the fortress, the Hindoos gathered to rescue their chief. Hyder, anxious to hide his treachery, led the way, and Abbas quickly followed. They swam the moat together and scaled the platform.

The sentinel perceived Hyder as he rose above the parapet, trans-fixed him with his spear, and the traitor fell back dead into the moat; but Abbas quickly lounded upon the sentinel, plunged his sword through his body, and prevented the alarm he was about to give.

The traitor's fall was the signal, and the rescue was effected. Hyder, upon this, crossed to liberty, and found Zaphyra waiting to clasp him in her arms.

fleet steeds were in readiness, they mounted and galloped swiftly away to find shelter and peace among Araxa's people, who received his bride most cordially.

Ismail never recovered his daughter, nor though he made many after attempts, did he ever discover the secret of the ruby mine.

SO WE SHOULD SAY.—Dickey was poor, Susy had a rich mother; Dickey loved Susy, and vice versa; Dickey wanted to marry; Susy's mother was down on that measure; Dickey was forborne the premises; notes were exchanged through a knot hole in a high board fence that enclosed the yard. One day the old lady went out calling, and Dickey was duly informed of the fact; remained a little too long; the old lady was close at hand; no chance for escape without detection; at the instance of Susy, Dickey popped into a closet; old lady saw that Dickey had been about, and supposed of course he had escaped; thought that the young people had agreed to elope together; determined to be too sharp for them, she shut Susy up in the same closet where Dickey was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow looked her up for the night; didn't see Dickey; next morning went to let Susy out.

"Oh Lord!" a scream; couldn't get breath for a moment. Finally: "A ha! Dickey is that you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Dickey, you must stay for breakfast."

"Couldn't, ma'am."

"Oh you must, Dickey. I have been thinking about you a good deal lately."

"So I suppose, ma'am, very lately."

"You are industrious and honest, I hear."

"I never brag, ma'am."

"Well, upon the whole, Dickey, I think you and Susy had better get married."

Teacher.—"Tommy, what does he call a spelt?"

Apt pupil.—"Dunno, sir."

Teacher.—"Why, you numskull, what have you got on your head?"

Apt pupil.—"I dunno, sir, but I think it be a flea."

### "What's the Matter With that Nose?"

Snyder kept a beer saloon years ago over the Grindstone Factory on Kensington. Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper—sudden and quick in a quarrel!—getting mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for the boys, partly because of the excellency of his beer, and partly because the boys liked to chafe "old Snyder," as they called him; for although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing, and it was explained by his frau who "jerked" the beer that day, "that he had gone out fishing with der boys." The next day one of the boys who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I peen out fishing mit der boys," said Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis. "Te sun it pees hot like ash ter tite, until I purnt my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness, in the little mirror back of the bar.

It entered at once into the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a trick on Snyder. He went out and called half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon, one after another, and ask Snyder:

"What is the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The chap who put up the job went in with a companion and seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder brought it to them, and the new comer exclaimed as soon as he saw him:

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I just tell your friend, I peen out fishing mit der boys, cut the sun he punt 'em—swi lazer—den ceuts all right."

Another of the boys came rushing in exclaiming:

"Hallo, boys, you're ahead of me this time, 'spose I'm in though. Here Snyder, bring me a glass of lazer and a pret—(he appeared to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose—looking wonderingly a moment and then burst out laughing.)

"Ha, ha! Why, Snyder, what—ha, ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose, or having it laughed at, and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic:

"I peen out fishing mit der boys, unt de sun it just as hot like sw ter tite, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right!"

Another tormenter comes in and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house.

"Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink yourself—ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!—Snyder, what—ha, ha, ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkened with wrath by this time, and his brow grew deeper and sterner.

"I peen out fishing mit der boys on der Soockill. Der sun pees hot like ash ter tite, unt I purnt my pugle. Now, dat ish more vat I don't got to say. Dat ish right; I purnt my own nose, burn it."

"Born your nose—burn all the hair off your head for what I care you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at "that nose" for he was trumping around behind the bar and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage.

Another of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but you may give me one of your best cigars—ha, ha, ha! ho! ho! Why, Snyder, who—ha, ha, ha! What's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time. His face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Lending his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared:

"I've peen out fishing mit der boys. Der sun it pees hot like ash ter tite. I purnt my nose. Now, you no like dose nose, you just take dose nose unt we-r-ring your tate American fingers mit 'em! Dat's der kind of a man vot I pees!"

MEETING THE DIFFICULTY.—In England a worthy Quaker lived in a country town. The friend was rich and benevolent; and his means were put in frequent requisition for the purposes of local charity or usefulness. The town people wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker should not be asked to subscribe to an object so contrary to his principles; but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss if he were not at least consulted on a matter of so general interest. So, one of their number went and explained to him their project; the old church was to be removed and such steps taken towards the construction of a new one. "There was right," said the Quaker, "in supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But didst thee not say something about pulling down a church? Thee mayst put my name down for a hundred pounds."

"MAMMA," said a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

### Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, May 13, 1863.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

H. BRIDGE, Merchant Tailor, Market St., Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

P. A. GAULIN, dealer in Books, Stationery, Envelopes, Ac. Market St., Clearfield, Pa.

R. MITCHELL, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour and Feed, Fish Salt, Ac. No. 23 St. and Hill road, Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.

H. F. BIGLER & Co., Dealers in Hardware and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar '70.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Jeweler, in Watches, Jewelry, Ac. Room in Graham's over Market Street. No. 16.

A. K. WRIGHT & SONS, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ac. Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

T. J. McULLOUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

D. R. FULLERTON, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings, Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

D. BENNER, Manufacturer of and dealer in all kinds of Furniture, corner Market and 23d Street, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

M. MILLER & POWELL, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Lumber, Ac. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

O. H. T. NOLLE, Attorney at Law and Alderman, Office on Grove Street opposite the Post Office, Lock Haven, Pa. Jan. 29, 70-71.

REID BROS., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Hosiery, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Ac. June 15, 70.

J. P. KELTY, J. H. KREBS, L. W. ANDERSON, Successors to H. B. SWOOP, LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. [Nov. 20, 1870.]

KRATZER & LYTLE, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Ac. Market Street, opposite the Jail, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

CRACKETT & SCHRYVER, dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Ac. and Manufacturers of Tin, Sheet-Iron and Copperware, Market St., Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Ac. Fancy Articles, etc. and Proprietor of Dr. Barry's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.

BEIGLER, YOUNG & CO., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Circular and Muley Saw Mills, Water Wheels, Stoves, Ac. Fourth and Pine Streets, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

J. B. MENAUL, 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 Lath's Hotel.

J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORNEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, Ac. Ac. Groceries, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

W. K. IRVING, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 4, 1862.

J. M. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Clothing, Ac. Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1862.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Collins' sashnet notice and attends to general work with a horse. April 30, 1869.

RICHARD MOSSON, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Lard, Ac. Liquors, Ac. Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

J. L. ENGLE, Attorney at Law, Osceola, Clearfield county, Pa. Will practice in the several counties of Clearfield and Centre counties. All business promptly attended to. [Mar 15, 71.]

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.]

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on Second Street of new building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. [June 25, 70.]

FREDERICK LITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Sheet-Iron, Cast-Iron, Sheet-Iron, 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 depot, has been recently renovated and refurnished. The table will be supplied with the best market produce, the best of liquors kept. JOHN H. BUCKLEY.

JOHN H. BUCKLEY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, opposite the Court House. [Mar 15, 71.]

W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, Ac. Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 19th, 1865.

D. R. J. BURCHFIELD, Late Sergeant of the 5th Reg't Penn's, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865.

BOOTS! BOOTS!! BOOTS!!! FRENCH KIP 50 00  
RED BUCKLE 50 00  
LIGHT KIP 50 00  
at KRATZER & LYTLE'S, Sep. 27, 1870. Opposite the Jail

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Law Street, or at the public office, or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn. March 6th, 1867. JAMES MITCHELL.

DR. W. C. MOORE, Office, (Drac Store) 12 West Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa. Special attention given to the treatment of all forms of Chronic and Constitutional Diseases. Consultation by letter with parties at a distance. Fee \$2.00 for first consultation—subsequent advice free. [Mar 15, 71-72.]

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Currier Street