

The Raftsmen's Home

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 46.

Select Poetry.

THROUGH A WINDOW.

I lie here at rest in my chamber,
And look through a window again,
With eyes that are changed since the old time,
And the sting of an exquisite pain.

'Tis not much that I see for a picture,
Through bows which are green with the
spring,
An old barn with its roof gray and mossy,
And above it a bird on the wing.

Or, lifting my head a thought higher,
Some hills and a village I know,
And over it all the blue heaven,
With a white cloud floating below.

In the old days the roof seemed a prison,
My mind and the sky were free,
My thoughts with the birds were flying,
And where they were the wine of delusion.

And I know why the bird with the Spring
time,
To the garbled old tree comes back—
He has tried the South and the Summer,
He has felt what the sweet things lack.

So I come with a sad contentment,
With eyes that are changed I see:
The roof seems smile, not a prison,
And heaven smiles down on me.

DAVE PEARSON'S COURTSHIP.

"I tell you, Dave Pearson, you shall never call me wife!"

And as these words were uttered, Dave Pearson gave vent to a little chuckle, took a huge quill from a capacious box, and gazed thoughtfully from his cottage window upon the craft that was floating past upon the Metetecken river.

I, the writer of this sketch, was spending a few weeks in New Jersey, wild-fowl shooting along the shores of Squan, Barnegat, and in and about Little Egg Harbor Bay.

Dave Pearson had been my mentor and boatman. On our return one evening from a long and unusually successful day's sport, which had put Dave in an unconsciously good humor, he related to me the following story of his courtship; how he came to do so was in this wise:

We had had our supper, and, with "jest a drop of something to keep out the cold," we sat down to spend the evening, I with my pipe, and Dave with his inevitable tobacco-box, as he never, under any circumstances, used the "divine weed," as somebody calls it, in any other shape than a chew. Just as his wife was leaving the room with the remains of one meal, and to wash the dishes in the kitchen, I—being an honored guest, I was assigned the parlor—usually remarked, "That's a hard-working wife of yours, Dave."

"Yes," said Dave, gravely stroking his chin, with a gratified smile upon his honest countenance; "and jest as good as she is hard-working. Do you know I came near not marrying her once?"

"You don't tell me! How was that, Dave?"

"Well, as you're a pretty good sort of a fellow, and as the old woman won't get through fixing up for some time, I don't mind telling you; but be careful never to mention a word to her, as she kind o' dislikes to hear about it."

I readily gave the promise, and Dave again having resort to his pipe, placed both arms upon the table, and commenced.

"When I was a young fellow—it was along among the '40's, then—I did what most young fellows do—I fell in love. And, of course, like all young fellows in the same condition, at one time I was as happy as they say a clam is at high water, and at another, as miserable as a sick rooster on a wet day."

"But that's neither here nor there: the gal I was in love with was named Esther Hettrick. That's her," and Dave jerked his head in the direction of the kitchen.

I nodded understandingly.

"Well, you see, I was mighty poor in those days, that is, I was mighty poor at a hired hand; but if I was nothing but a hired hand, I was working mighty hard, and saving every penny I could earn, so as to be able to buy a boat of my own, and furnish a little cabin on shore, in order to make myself master of the one, and make Esther mistress of the other."

"And you succeeded, I have no doubt," I said.

"Hold on, boss—not so fast! If I'm telling this story, I have to tell it in my own way."

I mumbled something about sorrow, and Dave continued:

"Oh Obadiah Hettrick—he was Esther's father—was a pretty 'cute chap, for a fisherman; had a boat of his own, a snug farm, besides a comfortable sum in the bank. Lor' bless you! I never dreamed of owning as much as old Obey did; but I tell you, sir, time makes a great many changes."

Dave, as he said this glanced complacently round the room.

"Now, Obadiah was not a bad sort of a fellow; one of the easy going sort of folks, you know; but his wife, Abigail, she was a stinger!"

"Ruled the roost, eh?"

Dave gave me a wink that expressed volumes, and resumed:

"She was down on me, she was; could never abide me near the house, and I do verily believe she thought me one of the wickedest chaps in all Ocean county. But I didn't mind that much, for Esther had told me, over and over again, that she loved me, and the old man, Obadiah, had said, 'Well, Dave, when you've got a boat of

your own, and want to take my gal, I shall say nary a word against it.'"

"Then all things, so far, were satisfactory?"

"Yes, so far. But there was one thing that was anything but satisfactory, and that was in the shape of Abner Sanford. Not that Abner was a bad sort of a fellow; for I half believed then, and know now, that he was a good, strong, generous hearted fellow, and as brave as steel. But what I didn't like, was his visiting the house of old Obadiah, and always being made welcome by Esther's mother, while I was scowled at if I came within forty rods of the gate."

"Ah!" I said, filling another pipe; "a slight touch of jealousy, I perceive?"

"Well," replied Dave, with a comical grin, "I guess that's what you may call it. And, such being the case, it is not to be wondered at that Esther and myself had many a spat about this Abner. I well remember the time when we had quite a severe quarrel—that is, for sweethearts—about this self-same Abner. It was on Squan Beach; I was sitting on a boat, mending a net, when Esther came along, looking just as spick and span as a newly painted schooner; and I thought I never saw her looking prettier in all my life. But, somehow or other, there's a something in the mending of nets that makes a man think, and I had been brooding over Abner, till I was gloomy and savage as a meat-axe. 'Dear Dave,' Esther said, 'I am so glad to see you! I've been to Martha Swain's with some eggs—you know, she is so sick; so I thought I would come round this way home, and see you.'"

"Which, of course, brightened and cleared up my immediate y?"

"I kind o' think it did a little; but then you see, when a man is determined not to be pleased, it is pretty hard to please him. I answered gruffly that Martha Swain was nothing to me and maybe if she wasn't a sort o' relation of Abner Sanford's, she wouldn't be thought so much of. I knew it was a lie when I said it, and Esther colored a little; but I went on, getting more and more excited as I continued, till I finally told her she thought more of Abner than she did of me."

"All true lovers are fools," I said, sententiously. Having never been in love myself, of course I was well qualified to judge.

"I guess you are about right there, sir. When I said Abner was thought more of than me, she gave me such a look, and went off proud as any queen; not that I have ever seen a queen, but you know what I mean."

I nodded assent.

"Of course we made it up again, and went on loving one another, more, if possible than ever before. Between you and me, and here Dave lowered his voice to an impressive whisper, "this falling out and making up again is one of the chief pleasures of love making."

"There's no accounting for tastes," remarked I.

"Well, to make a long story short, I at last saved money enough to buy a boat, and became owner of the Sparkling Foam; and what was more, everything having been settled, I was to be married to Esther in two months from that time."

"So the old lady, Mrs. Hettrick, had come round?"

"Not much. She saw that things couldn't be helped, so she kind o' put the best face on the matter, more especially as Esther generally had her own way in the long run; but you had better believe there was no love lost between us. And it's my private opinion—in fact, I know it to have been so now—she led Obadiah a dence of a life, for ever having given me a kindly word of encouragement or advice."

"But that didn't trouble you much?"

"I don't know about that. You see, I am a sort o' straight up-and-down fellow, I am, and when I don't like anybody, I must show it. I tried hard to be civil and polite to the old woman, but just a streak o' ugliness would show itself now and then. Esther often spoke to me about it, and begged me to be kinder to her mother, reminding me that it was her mother. I was cross to, and that a cruel word hurt her more than it did her mother."

"And your promise was never withheld," I remarked.

"Right you are, my boy. Just about this time I had to run up to York with a cargo, so, bidding good bye to Esther, and promising to return in a few days, I sailed, and I sailed, as the song says. You know the old saying about men undertaking to do a thing, and God putting a stop to it; well it was so in my case. When I got to York, and had unloaded, I got a chance to run up to Newburg with another cargo. Money being what I wanted, and this giving me the opportunity of making some, I accepted it. I lost no time; you can bet your bottom dollar on that; but by the time I had returned to York—with a load of bricks, this time—it was quite four weeks before I again entered the Manassan Inlet."

"And during this time your true love was wandering by the sea waves all alone."

Dave paid no attention to my remark, but continued:

"As soon as I fixed my boat all snug, and had anchored her securely, I made my way as quickly as possible to Esther's house, intending to tell her of the good fortune I had had since I had been away, and be happy over it together. As I walked up the road, I saw Esther standing at the gate, and my heart gave a great bound of delight; but what struck me as strange—for I knew she saw me—she made no movement to come and meet me. Approaching nearer, I saw

she was dressed in black, and being startled, I exclaimed:

"Why, Esther, darling, what is the matter?"

"So, Dave Pearson, you have come at last!" was all the answer she gave me.

"Come at last!" I said; "and why shouldn't I come? What is the meaning of that black dress?"

"I soon understood it. During my absence her mother had died, and she thought I had kept away from the funeral on account of my dislike for her."

"If you," said Esther, her eyes flashing, "had no respect for my poor mother, you might have shown some for me."

"It was no use my telling her I had heard not a word about it. At this I got mad, like a great fool; for my experience tells me it is never any good arguing with a woman. When two people are mad and quarreling, you know, they don't say exactly what they think. I suppose I said many things I ought not to have done, when, all of a sudden, Esther clenched her fist, and brought it down violently upon the gate-post—for though she favored her father, she still had a spice of her mother in her—and said:

"I tell you, Dave Pearson, you shall never call me wife!"

"With this she turned round, and walked up the garden path toward the house. My heart melted; I opened the gate, and followed, calling upon her to hear me explain. She paid not the least attention, entered the door, gave me a look, that I don't like to think of even now, and she slammed it in my face."

Dave refreshed himself with a glass of apple-jack, and continued:

"Well, that got my dander up, so I just turned round and I walked away, vowing vengeance against all womankind, and Esther in particular. I swore in my rage, that I would never go near her house again, and that I would kill Abner Sanford the first opportunity, for somehow or other, I laid all the blame on him, and hugged in the belief of my heart that he had been poisoning Esther's mind against me."

"Which was a very sensible thing to do," said I, knocking the ashes out of my pipe, and refilling it.

"I neglected my work, and I didn't care a darn whether school kept or not, and kept on drinking more than was good for me. The Sparkling Foam lay idle at her moorings, and both me and my belongings were going to rust and decay. I tried to pick a fuss with Abner; but he told me plainly that he was sorry for me, and would not quarrel with a man in misfortune."

"A magnificent fellow!" I exclaimed.

"There came a Sunday, I remember—one of those cold, leaden kind of days, you often see at the commencement of winter, when everything looks dull and grey, and objects, both on ocean and shore, oppress you with a sense of great desolation. Such a day, I need not tell you, did not make me feel particularly cheerful, so, to pluck up my spirits and drown care, I flew to that which, like fire, is a very good servant, but a bad master."

Dave gave the bottle a little fillip with his thumb and forefinger, and resumed:

"As I was wandering about the village, nursing my wrath and hatred against all mankind, who should I see but Esther returning from church, with Abner walking by her side! That was enough. A feeling that has long been slumbering in my breast awoke with renewed energy, and my whole nature was filled with hate, revenge and murder. I resolved to waylay Abner on his return, and kill him."

"Why, Dave," said I, "I had no idea you were such a desperate fellow."

"I caught them enter the house, and then went to the back, where I knew old Obadiah kept his nets, and, picking up the handle of a broken oar, went down the road and waited. It was getting night now, and the snow that had been threatening for some time began falling very fast. The wind had also risen, and it was blowing a perfect hurricane. The drifting and blinding snow prevented my seeing the sea, but I knew how angry it was, for I heard it breaking and roaring on the beach with a fury that threatened to swallow up the land. Though I had murder in my heart, I pitied the poor fellows of the coast, and wished they had plenty of sea-room, as the wind was blowing dead on shore."

Dave passed a moment, gave a sigh of contrition, and then went on with his story.

"How long I waited for Abner, I don't know—I had a sense of being bitter cold, but if it had been ten times colder, my hate would have kept me there till morning—when all of a sudden, I heard, high on shore, the boom of a cannon. I knew what that meant—some vessel in distress—and it was followed by another and another in rapid succession. In a moment Abner was forgotten, and my only idea was to hurry to the beach, and give what aid I could to the vessel, which, if not already on shore, would soon be driven there by the wild, tempestuous wind."

"When I arrived on the beach, I found many there before me, all intent upon the same errand as myself—for you must know none of us lose much time in hastening to a ship's cry of distress. We had no life-boat down on this part of the coast then, and even if we had, it wouldn't have been of much use. I have seen many a rough sea, but that beat all I have ever seen. As the waves rolled on the shore, they scooped deep hollows in the sand, and went tearing and tumbling back with a maddened fury that was terrible."

"Old fishermen—men who had never been a day away from the sea in all their lives—

shook their heads, and said that nothing could be done, the ship must be left to the mercy of Providence. All this time, none had seen the vessel, for the falling snow prevented objects fifty yards distance being seen, yet the steady and incessant fringing of the cannon—heard above the roaring of the tempest—told us of her deep and dire distress."

"Women were wringing their hands and begging, against their own judgment, for they knew as well as any, how foolishly would be such an undertaking, the men, for the sake of the mothers, sisters and wives of those on board, to try and save them."

"At last they sent up a rocket, and another, and finally they lit a signal-light, and by its glare we saw her."

"There she lay, not a biscuit's throw from the shore, beam-ends on, and the sea making a clean breach over her. Just at that very moment, I heard an imploring voice, close by my side, say, 'Abner, Abner, pray do try and save them!'"

"I turned quickly, and there stood Esther and Abner."

"I didn't speak a word, and I don't know what possessed me, but feeling come over me that I'd have to reach that ship or die. There were plenty of lines at hand, so, taking one, and coiling it upon the beach, I commenced to fasten it around my waist. When it became known that I had made up my mind to go off, every one tried to dissuade me from it, but it was of no use. I don't believe there was any power on earth that could have prevented me from trying. 'It's sure death,' said one; but I didn't care; he would have had to use a stronger argument than that to deter me then."

"When all was in readiness, and with a lighter line attached to my wrist, I walked toward the sea, and waited for a good opportunity in a returning wave to make the plunge. The opportunity soon came, but at that instant Esther sprang forward, threw her arms around my neck, and entreated me, in the name of the love I used to bear her, not to go."

"That maddened me—I don't know why, but it did—and I strove roughly to unclasp her hands from about my neck. She only clung the tighter, and amid her tears and sobs, called me her 'dear, dear Dave,' and told me that she loved me dearly."

"Love!" I said, bitterly. "Keep your love for those that want it—such as Abner Sanford, there."

"At these words, she loosened her arms, turned on me a look of reproach, and fell fainting on the sands. I gave one glance at her, and then I was battling with the sea."

"Well, I don't know much about it, but, anyhow, the poor fellows were saved—the terribly frost-bitten—and they do say that I was the man that did it. However, what I know is, that when I came to know anything, I was lying in bed, terribly stiff and sore, with a big gash upon my forehead, caused by being thrown violently against the wreck."

"It was some days before I was able to leave my bed, and when I did, an iron-chain was rigged up with pillows, to make me easy and comfortable; for, I assure you, I was just as sore all over as it's possible for a man to be, and I could make no movement without assistance."

"The second day I was up, I heard some body enter the room; but I paid no attention, as I thought it was old Martha Swain, who had come to nurse me, when it was found I was hurt, and had been with me ever since, when I heard a voice say, 'Dave Pearson will you speak to me?'"

"My heart gave a great jump, for I knew it was Esther, and my joy was great, but my foolish pride would not permit me to own it; so I growled out, like a great savage brute that I was, 'What do you want?'"

"She came and stood in front of me; I never saw a woman so changed in all my life; she was pale and careworn, and her eyes were red as if from crying. My whole soul yearned toward her, but my brutal obstinacy kept me silent, and I looked doggedly at her."

"Oh, Dave," she said, 'do, do forgive me! You are good, kind, generous, brave, and I am but a poor, weak woman. You little know how I love you, and how sore it has made my heart to be at friends with you. I was wrong, Dave, dear Dave! Forgive me! Take me to your great loving heart, and let me be to you as I once was.'"

"I hardly knew what I said in reply, but I mumbled out something about Abner Sanford, and she had better go to him for comfort."

"At these words she gave a little cry of pain, clasped her hands in anguish, and said, 'Dave Pearson, you don't know what you are doing; you are breaking my heart.'"

"She then turned toward the door, and I heard her open it. I could stand it no longer; I tried to follow her; but, Lor' bless you! I couldn't stir, and, like a great baby, I commenced to cry—weakness made me do that, I suppose—and blubbered out the word 'Esther!'"

"In another instant she was in my arms, and covering me with kisses. Hush! here she comes; not a word to her, as she don't like to have it spoken about."

"At this juncture, Esther, with her bright, pleasant face, entered the room, and said, 'Come, Dave, if you have to catch the first tide in the morning, it is time you and the gentleman were in bed, for it is near ten o'clock.'"

"A young lady recently married to a farmer, one day visited the cow houses, when she thus interrogated her milk maid: 'By the by, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the butter milk?'"

Don't Tell It.

Your neighbor's name,
Or your friend's fair fame,
And what befell it,
In deed or word,
You may have heard,
Yet pray don't tell it!

If kept within,
This rumored sin,
Like the thriving grain,
'Twill soon grow double.

Instead of peace,
If strife increase,
Then try and quell it;
Think what you will,
Of good or ill,
But pray don't tell it.

Vanished Years.

Who can look back upon the vanished years without a sigh of regret for the many beautiful remembered joys that the years now vanished brought to us, but can never return to us again?

To one, it is the memory of a child's exuberant fingers, straying over the face and hands. Of clinging arms about the neck, and the pattering of tiny slippered feet over the stair or down the hall. It is the music of a sweet innocent voice, floating in rippling laughter, or precious baby words from the past along the vanished years into the tide of the present.

To another, sweet, loved faces float sadly from the mist of the vanished years, as if the daisies grew not between the closed eyes and our own, they meet us again with the same never forgotten glance of tenderness, and we ask of the vanished years, if they have given back to us our own, or whether the spirits of the air take form, sometimes, only to vanish again, leaving us only our memories. Half forgotten songs float drearily back to us, and the memory of a woman's smile, or a manly voice, has thrilled many a heart with an intensity of emotion, that only a presence from the vanished years could bring.

Youth, beauty, love, and happiness, all belong to the beautiful vanished years, and looking forward brings not the satisfaction that we find in silent, sweet communion with the past.

The joys, the happiness that has been ours, is ours still, for faithful memory is ever going backward to the vanished years, and bringing to us our treasures that have been.

But in looking forward, we see only what may be, and past experience tells us that hopes fail. Perhaps there is nothing in the past of a person who has reacted the quiet middle years of life, that so brings mingled sadness and smiles, as the recollections of youth's first love.

How real it all seems then; and yet how the vision changed.

The girl that seemed an angel then, is only an ordinary mortal now, faded and world-weary, like the boy who thought himself a man, and claimed the manly right of worshipping every angel in maidenly guise.

And from among the relics of the departed years is drawn the curl of shining hair that was such a talisman then.

It is just as bright, just as golden now, and it coils itself about your fingers just as prettily, reminding us in its almost animated curling of the coquettish grace of its wearer.

But, alas! the years in vanishing have stolen from its tresses powers, and to day it is only a lock of woman's hair, shorn before the silver threads began to linger in, and silent token of the cares and weariness of the earth-life.

And a thought of silver hairs brings us back to the present, and glancing in the mirror we find them plentifully bestowed upon ourselves, and smile as we wonder if the girl to whom that curl belonged has kept that shining lock of bright, chestnut hair we gave her in exchange.

Only the vanished years can tell.

Do they tell us of a broken vow that made two lives a failure?

Why then did not that golden hair rest forever in happy security against the breast, whereon it leaned when a lover's hand severed the shining curl?

Ah! we gather only the beautiful memories from the vanished years! Our treacheries, and deceitfulness we consign to the past, and say "let the dead past bury its dead," and clasp more closely the sweet cherished memories that were so exquisite in the reality.

How sorely we treasure them! How we linger with them! But lingering with the vanished years brings us to silent, grass grown graves, and mossy tombstones, and thence to tears.

So we fold away the treasured memories, and know that though the straying baby-fingers may nevermore stray over our faces and hands, and hair—not the tiny feet make music over the stairs, and down the hall—nor white-haired age grow young again—nor broken vows be renewed—nor anything belonging to the vanished years return to us, we are hastening on to them. Earth-life is only a shadow of the substance that the second life affords.

Eternity is before us, and we shall say that in the eternal years all shall not be restored to us.

An old toper who had attended a scientific lecture, where the learned professor caused several explosions to take place from the gases produced by water, said: "You don't catch me putting water in my liquor after this, I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take too much of it."

Business Directory.

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

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, &c. Market St., Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

R. MITCHELL, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour and Feed, Fish Salt, &c. Cor. 18th and Hill roads, Clearfield, Pa. May 1871.

H. E. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 70.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 18.

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

THOMAS J. MACULLOUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Oct. 18, 1869.]

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

D. BENNER, Manufacturer of and dealer in all kinds of Furniture, corner Market and 12th Streets, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

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

ORRIS T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law and Alderman, Office on Grove Street opposite the Post Office, Lock Haven, Pa. [Oct. 29, 70.]

REED BROS., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Hosiery, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc. June 10, 70.

J. P. IRVIN, D. D. KNEES, J. P. IRVIN & KNEES, (Successors to H. B. SWOOP), LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. [Nov. 20, 1870.]

KRATZER & LITTLE, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Clothing, &c. Market Street, (opposite the Jail), Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

SACKETT & SCHRYVER, dealers in Hardware, Shoes, Caps, and Manufacturers of Tin, Sheet-iron and Copperware, Market St., Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c. &c. Address, West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. [June 15, 70.]

BIGLER, YOUNG & CO., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Circular and Mangle Mills, Water Works, Stoves, &c. Pine Street, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

J. B. MERRILL, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21st street, one door south of Lock Haven, Pa. [Oct. 18, 1869.]

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

THOMAS H. FORBES, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, &c. &c. Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. [Oct. 18, 1869.]

HARTWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. [May 1871.]

J. M. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Clothing, Groceries, Provision, &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, on short notice, and at reasonable prices, all kinds of Bakers, Liquors, &c. Room, on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. [Apr. 27, 1870.]

J. LINGLE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in the several counties of Clearfield, and is ready to attend to 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 with promptness and fidelity. [Jan. 5, 70.]

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to