

# Raffsmann's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1868.

VOL. 14.—NO. 29.

## Select Poetry.

### ROBIN'S RETURN.

There's not a green blade yet  
Whereupon a breeze could play,  
The bare brown earth is wet  
With the rain of yesterday;  
But on the apple bough  
A sound more sweet than rain!  
Hark to the overlow—  
Robin's come again,  
Snow on the mountain side,  
Never a leaf on tree,  
Never a spray to hide  
A nook where a nest may be;  
Only a hint, 'tis true,  
That hope is not in vain,  
A sky more soft and blue—  
Robin's come again.

O, Robin, he can sing  
Where not a flower can thrive,  
Musician of the spring,  
The blithest thing alive;  
The March winds softer blow  
Over the dreary plain,  
A sunny day or so,  
Robin's come again.

The while he caroleth,  
Our hearts are lighter grown,  
We almost feel the breath  
Of violets new-blown;  
He sings the songs we knew,  
The earliest, gladdest strain,  
Ah, old friends are the true—  
Robin's come again.

### A Lake Dried Up.

A few days ago the water from Ottawa lake, in Monroe county, Michigan, all at once disappeared. The *Caldwater Gazette* states that the water had begun to subside for some days, and the teamsters who carried stone from the lake noticed that the holes at which they watered their cattle were crowded with fish. They increased in numbers, both large and small, the former having their mouths wide open, and so exhausted that the people caught them with their hands. The work of quarrying and hauling stones was soon abandoned, and in a short time scores of teams and hundreds of men might be seen on and around the lake. The men with their handspikes, crowbars, and axes were busily engaged in cutting and raising huge pieces of ice, and then stooping down and lifting the fish, some of which were dead, some alive, and some frozen fast in the ice for the water having departed from the lake by some subterranean passage, the vast sheet of ice lay on the bottom. For three days immense quantities of fish were carried away, principally pickerel and bass, while vast quantities were left to rot on the ice and in the mud—for mud and ice are all that are left of Ottawa Lake. Numerous pieces of ice are left standing on edge, like so many grave stones. The lake, or rather its bed, or graveyard, presents a novel scene. Some say the water will soon return by the same source by which it departed, bringing a fresh supply of fish with it—for Lake Erie is supposed to be its head-quarters. Meantime the farmers in the vicinity greatly feel the loss of the departed waters. About seven years ago this lake departed in the same way, and old men say it departs and returns periodically.

**LITTLE THINGS.**—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bride bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—it's promised, redeem it—if it's a shilling laid it over—you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly—keep it to the children, they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

**AMERICAN SILVER IN CANADA.**—There is such a glut of American silver in Canada that the government of the Dominion has been memorialized to withdraw from circulation all the silver, at a discount of four per cent., and issue in its place one million dollars of Canadian silver, the remainder of the currency to be made up of paper money, in bills of not less than one dollar. We should be well pleased to see our silver come back from Canada. There is said to be now about \$7,000,000 worth of American silver in Canada, and a duty of fifteen per cent. has been imposed upon the importation of such silver coin into the province.

**BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.**—Among the superstitions of the Senecas, there is one which for its singular beauty is already very well known. When a maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then leading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave in the belief that it will not fold its wings, neither close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not to frequent," says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds loosened at once over one grave."

**ANOTHER DISCOVERY.**—Captain Cadell, commanding an exploring expedition on the north coast of Australia, has discovered a noble river, with a good pastoral country on the banks; also a fine haven on a part of the coast, hitherto represented as dry land, he sailed up a deep bay, twenty miles in depth by ten in breadth, with three large rivers emptying themselves into it.

An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated by some of his countrymen. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before he was killed."

## THE BARLEY LOAF.

Thirty years! it is a long period in the allotted term of life on earth! First the baby sleeping in its cradle, then the child in short frocks romping in the garden walks, then the much coveted jacket and trowsers, and the going to school; then the ambitious boy, passing from school to college; then the farewell address and crowning honors of college life, and out into the world to find joy or sorrow; and then the closing of the eyes and rest of the restless heart, and to how many comes all this within the space of thirty years!

If any one had said to Master Elias, on his thirtieth birth-day, "Master Elias, there will come a beggar to your door to-day; give her one of those two barley loaves, of yours, and thirty years from to-day you will be paid for it—and a good price too." Master Elias would probably have started at this announcement, and might, in truth, have answered that there was charity enough in his heart to give a loaf of bread to a beggar, without hope or promise of being paid for it, either in thirty years or at any other time.

Master Elias, I must tell you, was the village schoolmaster; but he did not live as country schoolmasters usually do—boarding around, first at one house and then at another. When he came to the village, three years before, he brought with him a little sister, a pretty child, about twelve years old; they two were all alone in the world, and he seemed to feel the need of some place that he could call home for himself and her; so he hired a little cottage, and took into it a poor old woman, who for her support was willing to be his housekeeper. After two years she died, and then the little girl became housekeeper.

Whether Master Elias had a little store of money when he came to the village, and spent it all at his attempt at domestic comfort, I cannot tell; but certain it is that he grew poorer and poorer, and now was very poor indeed.

It was a poor village where he taught; each one of the villagers thought that the others were all doing a great deal for the support of the schoolmaster; so, being everybody's business to support him, it became, in the course of time, nobody's business, and so it happened that, on his thirtieth birthday, a bright September day, when he and his little sister sat down to the grand banquet on the occasion—the grand banquet consisted of nothing but bread and milk—the contents of the pantry having been reduced to two barley loaves.

But bread and milk is a very good thing to anybody with a good appetite and a good conscience, so the two sat long and merrily over the repast; and just as they finished, came a rap at the door—a poor girl in rags; her mother was sick in the hovel on the hill; she was begging for food. Master Elias hesitated for one instant only. "If I give away the bread, what will we eat to-morrow?" thought he. It was a passing thought, and he put it from him, and felt trustful in Divine Providence for the morrow.

I will give you half of all I have; I can do no more," he said; and gaveth the girl one of his barley loaves, and divided with her the scanty fuel that he had to cook the morrow's meal, should there be one to cook; and the girl departed.

The long, cold winter passed; night after night, when his labors were over, would he sit by his solitary fire, with his little sister by his side, teaching her telling her stories, and thinking of the time when she would be a woman—a good and beautiful woman, with a bright, happy home of her own.

But toward spring there came a time when he had to dismiss school and shut up the schoolhouse, and tell his boys his little sister was sick, and there would be no school for a few days, until she got well again; and the days grew into weeks, and there was no school.

And there came an evening when Master Elias sat quite alone in his cottage, and in the village churchyard in the valley there was a fresh grave heaped up, and the dews were falling on it, and the winds whistled over it. Master Elias never opened his school-house again; in the spring he left the village, and no one knew whither he had gone.

Years passed on; ten years passed; many new faces were seen in the village, many old ones have disappeared from it. Ten more years have passed; and still greater were the changes. New houses, and churches, and stores, whole new streets, and when yet another ten years had gone, and when little indeed was left of the village of thirty years before. The old men and women of the ivy covered church in the valley; the young ones had mostly scattered and traveled to other places. But there were some little legacies that the old village had bequeathed the new village; one was the stage coach, which had not yet given place to a railroad; another was the village inn, a time worn structure under the great elms and poplars at the entrance of the village; another was the buxom wife of the inn keeper—she was born in this village, and had passed her whole life; and lastly there was an especial legacy of her own, that she kept and cherished as something better than gold and silver, that had been as she said, the blessing of her life, and was certainly a blessing to the poor within her reach—and this legacy was what she called "Master Elias' rule."

When any poor soul in distress went to her for help, she might be able to give but a little, but that little she gave with such kindness and sympathy that it seemed a great deal, and she would say, in giving it: "It is Master Elias' rule." Did any poor traveler come along who could scarcely afford to pay for his supper and bed, he got them for nothing—"for Master Elias' rule."

Did the good man, the farmer and innkeeper, gently remonstrate sometimes when her charities seemed beyond prudence, she would say: "Have we not prospered well in

all things, my husband? Yet have I followed all my life Master Elias' rule." And if, while she was busy in some kind charity, some one would ask, "Who is this Master Elias, and what rule?" she would smile, and say, "This is his rule," and go on with her work of mercy.

So it came to pass that Master Elias' rule became a proverb and a saying in the village for every action of benevolence and good will.

It happened one winter night, when the passengers had alighted from the stage-coach and gone into the cheerful inn, and one very poor old man had lingered outside, as if afraid to go in among such grand company, that the stage driver took him by the arm, and led him into the parlor, and called out the land lady: "Here is a poor old man, mistress, who will be thankful, I believe, for Master Elias' rule to-night."

"He shall be taken care of," answered the land lady, cheerfully, as she was bustling around preparing supper for her guests.

The old man had started when the driver spoke, and had looked for a moment from one to the other, and then seemed to sink into a reverie; but when the mistress of the house set some supper before him he looked up, timidly in her kind face.

"I am afraid I cannot pay for much of a supper to-night."

"You shall not pay anything for it, nor for your bed, either," was her reply, "Eat; it will do your heart good, man."

"Yes," added the innkeeper, who had come in a moment before, "eat, it does one good to eat such days and nights as these! I think my wife may as well follow Master Elias' rule, as she calls it, with you."

The other travelers had gone up to their beds; the innkeeper, his wife, and the old man were alone when this was said. The old man dropped his knife and fork, and exclaimed in a trembling voice: "What does that mean?" The innkeeper laughed out-right. "Why, man," said he, "it does not mean that we murder or rob (heaven help us, there would be no robbing of you)—that we murder or rob travelers here? eat your supper," he continued, more gently. "Why, when my wife sees a chance of doing good to anybody—giving a man a supper, for instance, or a bed, or sending some fire wood to a neighbor—why she does it, and she calls it following Master Elias' rule; that's all it means."

The old man had not resumed his supper. "Who is Master Elias?" he asked.

The innkeeper and his wife were amazed at the agitation of their visitor.

"Thirty years ago," he went on, "I kept a school in this village, and I was called Master Elias."

The innkeeper's wife was holding his hands in hers, and looking through her tears into his face. "The same! the very same!" cried she. "Master Elias, have you come back?"

The innkeeper stood astonished, I might say agast, at this scene. Master Elias had been such a proverb, such a mysterious being, neither the innkeeper nor any one else had ever certainly known whether he was a mortal man of flesh and blood, or some creature of imagination, written about and read about in books; so that the apparition of Master Elias standing in person in the parlor of his inn affected him very much as might an apparition of some unearthly being from another world.

"Master Elias, don't you remember me? But no—you cannot—I was a poor beggar girl once—and when my mother was sick I went to your house, and you gave me half of everything you had—have you forgotten it? The barley loaf? I never have. I have followed your rule always, and given half to the poor; and my good husband there can tell whether, in the twenty years I have been married to him, all things have not gone well with us."

The innkeeper had by this time recovered from the amazement. He shook his guest by the hand, and told him to make his home in the inn for the rest of his life, if he liked it.

It might be thought that, however much the innkeeper's wife had prospered by following her rule of charity, Master Elias had not flourished by it, at least; for he was old and poor—he had been sick a great deal—out of employment—and had started for this village, his home of thirty years ago, homeless and friendless. But did not his reward come at last? In the inn he found a home; in the innkeeper's wife a daughter; in her rosy children pupils, whom he loved to teach, for his intellect was bright and his mind well stored; in the villagers, one and all, he found friends, for his name was already among them, associated with goodness and virtue; and at last, beside his little sister's grave, he found a resting place, where on a little white stone is recorded how the people cherished the memory of Master Elias' rule, and looked forward with a cheerful hope to meeting him where that rule of charity shall be even the rule whereby we are to be judged.

**A BIG SUCKER.**—The Reading  *Eagle* thus describes the capacity of a Lancaster county drinker: "A fellow residing beyond Fritztown, near the Berks and Lancaster line—in the latter named county, we believe—can beat it 'all hollow.' We saw him swallow six large glasses—two of porter and four of water—in eight minutes. One day he met a porter wagon on the high-way, and bought two dozen bottles, drank their contents and gave the empty bottles back to the driver, all in about twenty minutes' time. We saw this individual in this city several times during the last year. He is about six feet in height and full sixty years of age, and says he drinks a bucket of water regular every night. If we knew the man's name we would state it, as he seemed to be quite proud of his capacity to carry more liquid than any other man."

Many a woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

## An Adventure.

Freshness is an invariable ingredient in literature. Old materials have been so often brought before the minds of the community, combined, re-combined, re-named that novelty of subject seems indispensable. Hungary, however, seems to be fresh ground. It has been trodden, but has not yet become a common highway, especially for pirates in literature. Francis and Theresa Palozky have written a work entitled "Tales and Traditions of Hungary," and it has intrinsic merit. The work is illustrative of Hungarian life, and the following legend will introduce the famous robber Haburack to the reader:

Prince Fredric Schwartzburg, son of the celebrated Field Marshall Schwartzburg, used often to relate his encounters with the notorious robber Haburack. The Prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain roads between the countries of Gonor and Torna. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the road, evening had approached, the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, and could not be urged on further. The travelers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn Agtelek, a hiding place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied that there was one room for the lady, but the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest room being filled. After some reluctance he acknowledged that the gang of Haburack was drinking there. The lady became terrified and entreated the Prince not to remain; but it had grown dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were worn out, and the steep descent of the road was dangerous to proceed. The Prince tried to assure the lady; so she locked herself up in the room assigned to her. Her companion, wrapped in his white officers' cloak under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled and sat down to the table, facing the window, whilst the servant likewise armed, kept watch outside of the house, close to the window, on the alert in case his master should want his assistance.

The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned against the wall; their axes lay upon the board, on which stood their wine jugs. They drank and sang over their adventures and did not take any notice of their newly arrived guest. The Prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened to their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said: "This is to pay for the wine these good folks have drunk; they are my guests. But now," he continued, "it is my time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady—the entertainment has lasted long enough—I cannot allow any one to longer occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise."

At this imperative command one of the robbers jumped from his seat, and contemptuously laughing, cried out: "Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?"

An uproar followed. The men vociferated: "We are poor lads, and therefore we are masters here."

"We are no timorous peasants who take off our hats to every gentleman."

"We have money and credit enough to swallow a draught when thirsty."

"We do not accept any gift from persons who fancy themselves better than we are."

"We will not be ruled."

All this was simultaneously uttered with a loud tumult from all sides. All the robbers had got up. The Prince had mechanically caught hold of his pistols and threw off his coat.

"I am master in the craft in which you are but apprentices," he exclaimed with dignity. "You are but robbers—I am a soldier and fear neither the mouth of a rifle nor the edge of an axe."

During the uproar, a man of middling height and strongly marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sat during the conversation, without partaking of the wine. He now said in a commanding tone:

"Silence!"

The robbers grew speechless at this order, and again sat down to the table.

"Mr. Officer," continued the man, "do not think you can frighten us. I too have been a soldier, and most probably smelt more powder than ever you did. I am Haburack. If I desired to do you any harm, a single whistle would suffice. The table at which you sat would be overthrown, the candles extinguished, and before you was aware of what was going on, you would be a dead man, no less than your servant there at the window who thinks he watches us whilst we watch him. But I saw you help a lady out of the carriage and take her to the adjoining room. We will never disturb a lady's rest, we war with men, not with women. For the present we shall leave this shelter, yet remember, sir, that this is the first time for a fortnight that these men have been under a roof, and that the couch there below on the damp oak leaves is by no means comfortable. Farewell."

"Friends let us go," he called to his men. They took up their arms and went.

The Prince was greatly struck with the whole proceeding. He did not entirely trust the robber's word, and relieving his servant they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night. But no robber again appeared.

On the morrow the lady resumed her journey with her companion. The weather had cleared up, and only the puddles in the lanes, and the drops of rain glistening on the branches reminded them of the rain the previous day.

After they had ridden about an hour they suddenly heard the crack of a rifle close to

them in the woods. Haburack stepped forth from the bushes and bid the coachman "halt."

The horses stopped, the Prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburack, without heeding his threatening mein, rode close up to the carriage door and said:

"We yesterday sacrificed our comfort that the rest of this lady might not be disturbed. Now I will see if it is worth the trouble."

With these words he lifted the veil which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face. The lady blushed and he said:

"She is really very pretty."

He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words:

"Accept this rose kindly, as a keepsake from the poor robber Haburack; and if you some time hear that he has been hanged, pray an Ave Maria for his soul."

The lady took the rose and the robber vanished.

Two years later, the newspapers related that the robber Haburack had been caught, that he had been tried at the assizes in Torna, convicted of dissertation and highway robbery and hanged.

**THE TERRORS OF BASHFULNESS.**—If there is any defect more striking than another in the American character it is bashfulness. Young America, in particular, is painfully affected by it. An accident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was described by his aunt to go to the neighbor Shaw's and see if he had for sale any straw suitable for filling beds. "Mr. Shaw," says our informant, "was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw," and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family was seated for dinner. Stopping at the door-way, hat in hand, I stammered out:

"Mr. Straw can you spare enough Shaw to fill a couple of beds?"

"Well," replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family, and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but I can how many will you need?"

Before I could recover, those hateful Shaw girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I returned to my excellent aunt.

An old and popular Irish clergyman had a disagreement with one of his parishioners who was an extremely refractory character of great wealth but of low origin, vulgar habits and abusive tongue. Upon hearing from a third party that his adversary had been spoken of disparagingly by this rich boor, the old parson, borrowing a Scriptural metaphor, exclaimed, "Why, sir, my father would not have set him with the dogs of his flock." This remark reached the ears of the nabob, who immediately repaired to the clergyman and demanded an apology. The good old man listened patiently to the ravings of his parishioner, and closed the discussion with the remark; "Did I really say that my father would not have set you with his dogs? I was wrong, sir; I believe he would."

The editor of the Iowa Falls *Sentinel* has invented a method whereby he keeps his neighbors' cows from stealing his hay. He describes it thus: "A certain quadruped had a sweet tooth for our hay stack and did much damage, throwing down the seven rail fence and roosting in our hay. We bought a box of Cayenne pepper, took a nice lock of hay, placed it outside, 'baptized' it with pepper, and watched. The animal came along and pitched into the hay, when suddenly she took the hint and with nose at 45 degrees and tail at 90 degrees her soul went 'marching on,' at the rate of 2-40. That cow has not come back. Try this ye afflicted, and you will save your hay and have a good hearty laugh all to yourself."

"ADULTERATED TEA," said Mrs. Partington, as she read an account of the adulteration of tea in England, at which she was much shocked. "I know that my tea is not adulterated for it smells virtuous," continued she smiling with satisfaction, "and I know this Shoshon tea must be good, because I bought it of Mr. Shoo-shon himself. I saw him weigh it out and saw him tie it up with his own hands, and I noticed his name above the door; I tell you there is no mistake about my tea, for Mr. Shoo-shon told me he raised it in his own garden and kept his eye on it all the time, so that there was no possible chance of its having been adulterated."

Pat's idea of sympathy was a good one. He had long been trying to get Bridget to give him a parting kiss. Finally, as a last resort, he turned away, saying, "Good-by, Biddy! Sure and ye haven't any sympathy for me at all, at all." "Sympathy is it? And what dy'e mane by that Patrick?" "Come here, Biddy, and I'll be sfter telling ye! When I love ye so that I'd like to bite a piece right out of your swate cheek, and ye fale as if ye'd like to have me do so—that's sympathy, be jabbers!" "Ah, Patrick, you know my wakeness! Take a piece; but be sure and lave it, so that ye can take it again when ye come."

In the billiard-rooms of Willard's Hotel, at Washington, a boozey individual made a bet that he could swallow a billiard ball. The bet was accepted, and the boozey individual undertook the task. The ball was oiled and with some effort got it through his teeth and into his mouth; and there it stayed and would neither go down nor come out until Dr. M. was sent for, who after half an hour's hard work, removed it. Up to the present time, however, three score of men have not been able to get his teeth together as they were before.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and perhaps can't get out at all.

## Business Directory.

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

D. R. A. M. HILLS, DENTIST.—Office, corner of Front and Market streets, opposite the Clearfield House, Clearfield, Pa. July 1, 1867-ly.

E. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodensware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep25

NYLING & SHOWERS, Dealers in Dry-Goods Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 10.

MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

I. 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. PORECY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham's row, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c. Front Street, (above the Academy) Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a care. April 9, '59.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield Bank." Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. Apr 27.

DENTISTRY.—J. P. CORNETT, Dentist, offers his professional services to the citizens of Curwensville and vicinity. Office in Drug Store, corner Main and Thompson Sts. May 2, 1866.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, William's Grove, Pa. offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 10th, 1867. dt.

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.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McEnally, Esq., over First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c. and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

G. ALBERT & BRO'S, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 19th, 1863.

WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa. May 16th, 1865.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, WILLIAM D. BIGLER, J. BLAKE WALTERS, FRANK FIELDING.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn's Vols., having returned from the army, 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—6mp.

## FURNITURE ROOMS.

JOHN GUELICH,

Desires to inform his old friends and customers that, having enlarged his shop and introduced his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand at his "Furniture Rooms," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is, BUREAUS AND SIDEBORDS, Wardrobes and Book-cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor, Breakfast and Dining extension Tables.

Common, French-posts, Cottage, Jenny-Lind and other Bedsteads. SOFAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK STANDS, HAT RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c.

Spring-seat, Cais-bottom, and Parlor Chairs; And common and other Chairs.

LOOKING-GLASSES

Every description on hand, and new glasses for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms, on short notice.

He also keeps on hand, or furnishes to order, Hair, Corn-bush, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.

COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND, Made to order, and funerals attended with a Hearse, whenever desirable.

Also, House painting done to order.

The above and many other articles are furnished to customers cheap for cash or exchanged for approved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar, Lin-wood and other Lumber suitable for the business, taken in exchange for furniture.

Remember the shop is on Market street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store." December 4, 1861. JOHN GUELICH.

## GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.

All the leading hardy varieties of first quality. Concord Cuttings, \$1.00 per hundred. Orders solicited as soon as convenient and filled in rotation by A. M. HILLS, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 21, '67.

## SWALM'S PANACEA.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery, Hembold's Buchu, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Jayne's and Ayer's Medicines, for sale by Jan. 10. HARTSWICK & IRWIN.