

The Rattamom's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 42.

Select Poetry.

DEORATION DAY.

Dust of Heroes, lying here,
Still unto your country dear,
Flowers we bring, each grave to strew,
Respectful tribute to renew.
Our country by disunion torn,
And by disunion overborn,
And drenched with blood, a costly wave,
Your precious lives were lost to save.
And buried 'neath your country's soil,
At rest from carnage, blood and toil;
Your graves a sacred trust we hold,
More precious in our eyes than gold.
The dreadful charge is heard no more,
Nor clash of steel, and cannon's roar,
Nor groans of wounded, dying men,
For peace has blessed our land again.
But ah! the cost, no tongue can tell,
The oft repeated funeral knell,
To happy Heroes has mourning sent,
And bleeding hearts with grief are bent.
How many gallant forms are laid,
Afar from home 'mid Southern shade,
And none to cast a flower there,
To shed a tear, or breathe a prayer.
But God has numbered every spyer,
Made sacred by a fatal shot,
And every righteous one to save,
His only son He freely gave.
Philadelphia, May 20th, 1871.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW SUIT.

Many years ago there lived an Emperor, who cared so very much about having new clothes that he spent all his money merely for the sake of being very smartly dressed. He did not care much about his troops; he did not care, either, about going to the play or driving out unless it were that he might show his new clothes. He had a new suit for every hour in the day; and, as one usually says of a King or Emperor, he held a private council, so of him it was said, His Majesty sat in council with his tailors.

In the large town where he resided, people led a merry life. Day after day fresh visitors arrived at court; one day, too, a couple of swindlers, who called themselves first-rate weavers, made their appearance. They pretended that they were able to weave the richest stuffs, in which not only the colors and patterns were extremely beautiful, but that the clothes made of such stuffs possessed the wonderful property of remaining visible to him who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extremely silly.

"What capital clothes they must be!" thought the Emperor. "If I had but such a suit, I could direly find out what people in my empire were not equal to their office; and beside, I should be able to distinguish the clever from the stupid. By jove, I must have some of this stuff made directly for me!" And so he ordered large sums of money to be given to the two swindlers, that they might be set to work immediately.

The men erected two looms, and did as if they worked very diligently; but in reality they had got nothing on the loom. They boldly demanded the finest silk and gold thread, put it all in their own pockets, and worked away at the empty loom until quite late at night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my stuff," said the Emperor, one day, to himself; but he was rather embarrassed when he remembered that a silly fellow, or one unfitted for his office, would not be able to see the stuff. "Tis true he thought, as regarded himself, there was no risk whatever; but yet he preferred sending some one else to bring him intelligence of the two weavers, and how they were getting on, before he went himself. Everybody in the whole town had heard of the wonderful property, and all were curious to know how clever or foolish their neighbors might be found to be.

"I will send my worthy old minister," said the Emperor, at last, after much consideration; he will be able to say how the stuff looks better than anybody; for he is a man of understanding, and no one can be found more fitted than he."

So the worthy old minister went to the room where the two swindlers were working away with all their might and main. "Lord help me!" thought the old man, opening his eyes as wide as possible, "why I can't see the least thing whatever on the loom." But he took care not to give voice to his thoughts.

The swindlers begged him most politely to have the goodness to approach nearer to the looms; and then pointing to the empty frame, asked him if the colors were not of great beauty. And the poor old minister looked, and looked, and could see nothing whatever; for, indeed, there was nothing at all there. "Bless me!" thought he to himself, "am I, then, really a simpleton? Well, I never thought so, and nobody dare know it. I not fit for my office! No, nothing on earth shall make me say that I have not seen the stuff."

"Well, sir," said one of the swindlers, still working busily, "you don't say if the stuff pleases you or not."

"Oh, beautiful!—the work is admirable!" said the minister, looking at the beam through his spectacles. "This pattern and these colors—well, well, I shall not fail to tell the Emperor that both are most beautiful."

"Well, we shall be delighted if you do so," said the swindlers, and named the different colors and patterns which were in the stuff. The minister listened attentively to what they said, in order that he might be able to repeat all to the Emperor.

The swindlers then asked for more money, and silk, and gold thread, which they wanted to finish the piece they had begun. But they put, as before, all that was given

to them into their own pockets, and still continued to work, with apparent diligence at the empty loom.

Some time after, the Emperor sent another officer to see how the work was progressing, and if the piece of broadcloth would soon be finished. But he fared like the other. He stared at the loom from every side; but as there was nothing there, of course he could see only the empty loom.

"Does the stuff not please you as much as it did the minister?" asked the men, making the same gestures as before, and talking of splendid colors and of colors which did not exist.

"Stupid I certainly am not," thought the new commissioner; "then it must be that I am not fitted for the lucrative office. That were a good joke! However, no one dare even suspect such a thing." And so he began prying the stuff that he could not see, and told the two swindlers how pleased he was to behold such beautiful colors and such charming patterns. "Indeed, you Majesty," said he to the Emperor, on his return, "the stuff which the weaver is making is extraordinary fine."

The magnificent broadcloth that the Emperor was having woven at his own expense was the talk of the whole town.

The Emperor wished to see the costly stuff while it was on the loom; so, accompanied by a chosen train of courtiers, among whom were the two trusty men who had so admired the work, off he went to the two cunning cheats. As soon as they heard of the Emperor's approach, they began working with all diligence, although as yet there was not a single thread on the loom.

"Is it not magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown. "Will your Majesty only look? What a charming pattern! What beautiful colors!" said they, pointing to the empty frames, for they thought the others could really see the stuff.

"What's the meaning of this?" said the Emperor to himself. "I see nothing! This is a terrible matter! Am I a simpleton, or am not fit to be Emperor? Why, that were the worst that could happen to me. Oh, charming; the stuff is really charming," said he then; "I approve it highly!" and he smiled graciously, and examined the empty looms minutely; for he would not for all the world say that he could not see what his two officers had so much praised. The whole suit strained their eyes to discover something in the looms, but they could see as little as the others. At the same time, in order to please their master the Emperor, they all cried out, "Oh, how beautiful!" and counseled His Majesty to have new robes made out of this magnificent stuff, for the grand procession which was about to take place. "Excellent! Charming!" was echoed from mouth to mouth; and all were extremely pleased. The Emperor was as satisfied as his courtiers, and conferred on each of the cheats an order which they were to wear in their buttonhole, and gave them the title of "Knights of the most honorable order of the loom."

The night preceding the day on which the procession was to take place the two men stayed up all night, and had sixteen candles burning, so that everybody might see how they worked to get the Emperor's new dress done in proper time. They pretended to unroll the stuff from the loom; they cut in the air with their scissors, and sewed with needles that had no thread. "Now, then," said they, "the Emperor's new suit is ready at last."

The Emperor then made his appearance in the chamber of his two Knights of the Loom, accompanied by his chamberlains of the highest rank; and the two cheats held up their arms, as though they had something in their hands; and said: "Here are your Majesty's knee-breeches, here is the coat, and here the mantle. The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; and when dressed one would almost fancy he had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of this stuff!"

"Of course!" said all the courtiers, although not a single one of them could see anything of the clothes.

"Will your Imperial Majesty most graciously be pleased to address? We will then try on the new things before the glass."

The Emperor allowed himself to be undressed, and then the two cheats did exactly as if each one helped him on with an article of dress.

"How well the dress becomes your Majesty! and how well it fits! What a pattern! What colors! This is indeed, a dress worthy of a king!"

"The canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession is in readiness without, announced the Chief Master of the ceremonies.

"I am quite ready," replied the Emperor. "Do my new things sit well?" asked he, turning round once more before the looking-glass, in order that it might appear that he examined the dress very minutely.

The pages who were to carry the Emperor's train felt about on the ground as if to lift up the end of the mantle, and did exactly as if they were carrying something, for they also did not wish to betray simplicity or unfitness for their post.

And so the Emperor walked on under the high canopy, through the street of the metropolis, and all the people in the streets and at the windows cried out, "Oh, how beautiful the Emperor's new dress is! what a splendid train! and the mantle, how well it sits!"

In short, there was nobody but wished to cheat himself into the belief that he saw the highly valued clothes, for otherwise he would have to acknowledge himself either a simpleton or an awkward fellow. As yet none of the Emperor's new dresses had met

with such approval as the suit made by the two weavers.

"But the Emperor has nothing on!" said a little child. "Ah, hear the voice of innocence!" said the father, and one person whispered to another what the child had said.

"But he really has nothing on!" exclaimed at last all the people. This vexed the Emperor, for he felt they were right, but he thought—"However, I must bear the thing to the end!" And the pages placed themselves further from him, as if they were carrying a train which did not even exist.

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.—There are some people—yes, many people—always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indignation makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary indiscretion, mistaken for an insult. To say the least the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its use in a great degree from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased.

DOWN THE HILL.—The evening of every man's life is coming on apace. The day of life will be spent. The sun, although it will be up in mid heaven, will pass swiftly down the western sky, and disappear. What shall light up man's path when the sun of life has gone down? He must travel on to the next world; what shall illumine his footsteps after the nightfall of death, amid the darkness of his journey? What question more important, more practical, more soul-ennobling for each reader of our journal to ask himself? That is a long journey to travel without light, without a guide, and without a friend. Yet every man must perform it. This time is not for dissipation when all men will begin the journey. There is an evening star in the natural world. Its radiance is bright and beautiful, and cheering to the benighted traveler. But life's evening star is a good hope of Heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy are reflected from the sun of righteousness, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and throw their radiance quite across the darkness of the grave into Immortality's land. It has illumined the footsteps of many a traveler into eternity. It is of priceless value. A thousand worlds cannot purchase it; yet it is offered without price to him who will penitently and thankfully receive it.

SOME forty years ago, when a man's respectability depended much on his taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd old fellow was one morning enjoying the luxury of perusing his paper (although he labored under the disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet), when a more knowing neighbor of his happening in—perhaps to borrow his paper—observed to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman, drawing himself up in all the pomposity of affronted dignity, exclaimed—"I would have you to know, sir, that if I take a paper and pay for it, I have a right to read it which end up I please."

An Illinois man who had his watch stolen from his pocket and advertised that the thief must return it if he would avoid trouble, received before eleven o'clock on the same day three watches and a letter promising a fourth if he would send twenty-five dollars and ask no questions.

The following notice is posted conspicuously in a publication office out West: "Shut this door—and as soon as you have done talking business, serve your mouth in the same way." Bored wouldn't do a slow thing to cut this out and paste it in their hats.

If going uncovered indicates a reverent spirit, as is claimed in some countries, many of our ladies in fashionable circles are patterns of reverence. They are head and shoulders in advance of the world in general.

A great fall of rain has occurred lately in Kentucky. The country is flooded in every direction. Telegraph lines are washed down railroad bridges swept away, and immense damage has been done to farm property.

A PHYSICIAN writes asking a renewal of a note which he owes, giving as a reason therefor: "We are in a horrible crisis; there is not a sick man in the district."

It is base flattery to call a man an idiot, who, in a crowd, will deliberately carry an umbrella sticking recklessly backward over his shoulder or under his arm.

THE season for sitting on circular saws has begun. A man near Elmira sat on one the other day, and they buried both of him in the same grave.

KITTEN.

Ellen Vandecker and her sister Bessie were waiting for dinner in a magnificent dwelling in one of the most aristocratic streets in New York.

Ellen, the elder, was rocking herself in front of the glass between the windows, and Bessie was standing tip-toe before the mirror on the mantle-piece, "fixing" herself as ladies call it—that is rearranging her dress, generally without rhyme or reason—taking off the bow at her throat, shaking out her false curls, puffing up her panier, and belting in her waist.

These two sisters, the only children of a rich widowed stock broker, were in every particular of dress and thought, girls of the period.

They never quarreled exactly, but were always at variance in their opinions, and permitted themselves to use too much plain frankness that is the bane of too much intimacy, and the downright contradiction which prevails with relatives who are not obliged to be polite in the home circle.

"I wish," said Ellen, "that that Kitten wouldn't come here any more."

"I wish," replied Bessie, "that you would stop calling him Kitten. I don't see any fun in it. He's not a bit like a kitten."

"He is then," laughed Ellen; "his hair is light, what I call kitten gray, or drab; his eyes are gray, so is his complexion; he wears a gray hat, gray pants, gray gloves; his sparrow moustache sticks out just like a cat's, and he speaks in a purring voice; externally he is very like a kitten, but morally I think he is more of the mouse order, without a grain of spirit. Whenever I see him sitting up to you, without the courage to pay you open attention, I think of such is the kingdom of henpecked husbands."

"I hope," retorted her sister, "that when you enter the kingdom of henpecked husbands you may have a purse as long as your tongue, Ellen."

"I tell you, Bessie, if what pa said yesterday comes to pass, and old Mr. Farrington's bank breaks, your mild natured man will have to take a nursemaid's situation."

And Ellen laughed, and rocked back, far enough back to reflect the heels of her tiny boots; but Bessie sighed and said thoughtfully:

"I suppose it would go pretty hard with poor Kitten to work for his living. There's a great deal said now days about the young folks of the period; but no blame is attached to the way in which the old people bring them up—particularly girls—in idleness, in ignorance and extravagance. Rich parents take it for granted that their wealth is going to last forever, and poor ones that, by hook or by crook, their children will get rich; and so they never teach them anything that will be of service in adversity; then when they are thrown out in the world to shift for themselves, they do it badly enough, the men often by their wits, and the women by force. Now there's poor Donald Farrington; what earthly thing could he do to earn his salt, to say nothing of bread?—or you? or I? it's a hard, hollow world!"

"There you are mistaken; it's not hard nor hollow, being an incandescent mass of—"

"Both your science! There's pa; let's go down to dinner."

It was true, he told them during dinner, that Farrington & Brother had suspended payment; their liabilities were large, and the merchant princes of yesterday were the beggars of today.

How did the meek and purring "Kitten" bear the blow?

An only son, he had been reared in luxury, and in the belief that a large fortune would be his; that, therefore labor—mental or physical would never be necessary.

He knew positively nothing of practical use, although he could swim like a duck, sing like the tenor of an opera, and dance like a Polish prince. He could drive a pair of fast horses without spitting his tight violet kid gloves, was a splendid amateur "catch" at base ball, the pride of the rowing club, a Nimrod with a gun, and a Hollander on the skating rink; but he never studied a profession, nor learned any honest hard-handed trade. He wouldn't become a music teacher nor salesman, so he tried to keep a set of books. He found that he could not make in one year by that as much as he had formerly spent in neckties and gloves; so he resigned his situation in three months, and stood alone in the world, without a penny or the means of earning one.

But there remained to him the good gifts of his pride and youthful manhood. The first prompted him to withdraw immediately from his "set," thereby avoiding the humiliation of "cuts"; the second enabled him to face the worst with a murmur.

He wrote to Bessie Vandecker, releasing her from her engagement, giving his reverses as his reason. For awhile he hoped she would cling to him, but when a brief note came, expressing polite but cold regrets for his altered fortune, he made up his mind that he must resign love as well as friends and position; then in the language of the bold outlaw, Rob Roy, "he pulled his bonnet o'er his brow, took to the woods and hills, and became a broken man."

The firm of Farrington & Brother soon passed out of remembrance of all but sufferers by it. Kitten's father slunk away to the poverty-stricken retreats of broken-down gentlemen; for he had been no fictitious failure, leaving the bankrupt rich. Thus Kitten faded so completely out of Bessie's "set" that she could learn nothing of him or his whereabouts. On the receipt of his letter she felt that she loved him, and told her father so. She was young, and stood

in awe of her father, who forbade her to hold out any encouragement to young Farrington, giving these reasons: that she, by virtue of her bringing up, was unfitted to be the wife of a poor man; that he, her father would never support a son-in-law; that every man should take care of his own wife, no matter what the circumstances of her parents might be. If the young fellow really loved her, he would pluck up a spirit—which he didn't seem to have by the way—strike a vein of gold, or Kidd's treasures, and come back and claim her in good time. Then it would be well enough to talk of accepting him, always supposing that she kept of the same mind, which, in so young a girl, was hardly to be expected. And so on in the same strain.

Bessie did not die of disappointed love—it is not customary with the girls of the period. Still she felt that in her "heart of hearts" (why should Hamlet only have a plurality of them?) she loved poor Kitten, as her sister had mockingly named him in a hapier hour.

She loved him with redoubled tenderness since he had uttered that touching, tragic word, "good-bye," for

"How often at the court of Love,
Condemned to be the fashion,
When how d'yd-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!"

The sisters passed four years in gayety and fashion, skimming from one watering-place to another, and then Ellen married.

Mr. Vandecker came home one evening, saying that he was going out west on business; that if Bessie could be ready at seven o'clock the next morning she might go with him.

A large Saratoga trunk stood in the passage at six. They traveled in staid till the last evening of their journey.

"Only one night more," said Bessie to herself, as she loosened her dress and unbuttoned her boots, "that I shall have to crawl into this nasty, draughty berth in a sleeping car."

Tired out, she soon fell into an uneasy slumber. She was suddenly awakened by a terrible crash, as if two trains had rushed together, followed by shouts, cries, groans, and confusion. She was instantly thrown forward, it seemed to her, out of the car; then she lost consciousness. When she partly recovered her senses she heard the same agonizing moaning and cries, and thought she had been killed and sent to perdition; for above her head there glared a great, blinding red light; she seemed to be lying on a hard, iron layrack, then a demoniac face bent over her, and two brawny bare arms grasped her and bore her swiftly away. Was it the arch fiend himself bearing her down, down to still more punishment?

Two trains had collided—one dashing into and shutting up in the other like a telescope. By some miracle Bessie was flung unharmed on the cow catcher of the engine which burst in the end of her sleeping car. Just as she fell, the engineer managed to jump out, seize her, and drag her off the perilous place. He carried her to the nearest hotel, where soon the dead and wounded were brought in heart rending numbers. Among the former was Mr. Vandecker.

In the agony of her grief work was bro't that the engineer wished to see her.

"Let him come in," said she tearfully.

"Though now my father is gone, I cannot thank the man for saving my life."

The engineer was a tall muscular man, with a heavy beard. This time his face was not begrimed with coal dust. Bessie saw at once that he was not the arch fiend, as she thought on the cow catcher; but there was something familiar about his features. Still she felt sure she had never met him before, as she had no acquaintances among men who worked like that for a living.

"Don't you know me, Bessie?" he said, falteringly, but with no touch of shame.

She uttered a cry, and straightway fell sobbing into the outspread arms of the dirty, shabby, coarse pants turned up at the ankle, clothed boots, and worked like that for a living.

"It's Kitten! it's Kitten! it's my dear old darling Kitten!"

And so it was Kitten; though no wonder she did not recognize him till he spoke. The slight, smooth faced youth of twenty had changed into a bearded man of powerful build. The dainty hands which once wore ladies sized kid gloves were now strong enough to drive an engine and guide a flying train; and the Kitten of fast horses and swells was now content, even proud he said, to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. It was an humble calling, but a man's a man for a that."

To be true to nature, almost every story ends with a marriage, and so does this; for in eighteen months after her father's decease, Bessie, the heiress, but true-hearted little girl of the period, became the wife of the stalwart engineer, the once meek, purring little Kitten.

FALSEHOOD.—The first sin committed in this world was a lie, and the liar was the devil. The Greeks, who allowed their deities almost every weakness and every vice, held that they forfeited heaven by falsehood, and that an oath was as sacred to Jupiter, the cloud compeller, as the meanest denizen of earth. A regard to truths is the last of all the virtues and supposed high cultivation. The savage is full of falsehood, both in word and deed; the ignorant man will deceive when he can, but learns to keep his word when he has given it; an important part of truth but not the whole.

FALSE friends are worse than open enemies.

Business Directory.

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

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.

H. BRIDGE, Merchant Tailor, Market St., Clearfield, Pa. (May, 1871.)

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

R. MITCHELL, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour and Feed, Fish, Salt, &c., Cor. 24 St. and Hill road, Clearfield, Pa. May 18, 1871.

H. E. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware, & manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, 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. 10.

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

T. O'J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

D. R. FULLERTON, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Trunks, Clearfield, Pa. (May, 1871.)

D. BENNER, Manufacturer of and dealer in all kinds of Furniture, corner Market and 5th Streets, Clearfield, Pa. (May, 1871.)

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

ORRIN T. NOBLE, Attorney at Law, and Alderman, Office opposite the Court House, Post-Office, Lock Haven, Pa. Jan. 29, 70.

R. EED BROS, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c. June 15, 1870.

J. P. HEVIN, : : : D. L. KIRKS
IRVIN & KIRKS, (Successors to H. B. Swoop),
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street,
Clearfield, Pa. (Nov. 30, 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, Groceries, and Manufacturers of Tin, Sheet-iron, and Copperware, Market St., Clearfield, Pa. (May, 1871.)

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. (May, 1870.)

W. GLER, YOUNG & CO., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Circular and Muley Saw Mills, Water Wheels, Stoves, &c., Fourth and Pine Streets, Clearfield, Pa. (May, 1871.)

J. B. MENALDI, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boyer on 24 street, one door south of Lanich'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 13, 1870.

THOMAS H. FORNEY, Dealer in Squares and Sawed Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Clearfield, Pa. (Oct. 10.)

H. MEDSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

J. M. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1867.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes and orders Coffins, ornate and plain, attends funerals with a hearse. April 59.

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

J. LINGLE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Court and Centre streets. All business promptly attended to. (Mar 15, 71.)

WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace, on Court street, Clearfield, Pa., with promptness and fidelity. (Jan. 5, 70.) W. A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on Second Street, building adjoining County National Bank, and nearly opposite the Court House. (June 30, '69)

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders filled wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.

MANSION HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention to the securing of County claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, &c., &c., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.

D. R. J. BURCHFIELD, Late Surgeon of the 854 Reg't Penn'a. Vol., having returned from Europe, 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!!! BOOTS!!!!
FRENCH KIP, \$5 00
FRENCH CALF, \$5 00
LIGHT KIP, \$5 00
AT KRATZER & LITTLE'S,
Sep. 21, 1870. Opposite the Jail

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence county, or on any of the public lands, or by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 6th, 1867. JAMES MITCHELL.

DR. W. C. MOORE, Office, (Drug 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 19, 71—5m)

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Oacoela, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, 69.

GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor or will do well to give him a call, as he is better qualified than he can render assistance. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Feb 71—3p

LEONARD HOUSE,
Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.
FEB. 8, 71. D. JOHNSON & SON, Props.

SUSQUEHANNA HOUSE,
Curtainsville, Pa.
The undersigned having taken charge of this well-known Hotel, respectfully solicits a share of patronage. The house has been recently refurnished and now compares favorably with any other house in the county. The best of everything the market affords will be secured and guests charged moderate. ALL BLOOM, Proprietor. Sept. 28, 1870.

THE "SHAW HOUSE,"
MARKET ST., CLEARFIELD, PA.
GEORGE N. COLBURN, PROPRIETOR.
This house was lately completed and just opened to the public. It is newly furnished and provided with all the modern improvements of a first-class hotel. It is pleasantly located, in the business part of the town, and near to the public buildings. A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. Charges moderate. The best of liquors in the bar. March 30, 70-71

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNA.
John S. Fackelbauer having purchased the lease of Mr. Wm. Vandecker in the Exchange Hotel, Reynoldsville, and having removed to said hotel, would inform his friends and the traveling public generally that it is now prepared to accommodate them in a more satisfactory manner—the Exchange being a much better location than the one formerly occupied by him. His table will always be supplied with the very best market affords. By strict attention to business he hopes to receive a share of patronage. A single bottle of champagne, or a party of six, will be supplied at any point they wish to go. (Mar. 31—71—9, 70)

STEAM ENGINES FOR SALE.—One No. 50 and one 25 horse power Engines, warranted first class, of superior finish and workmanship, for sale by BIGLER, YOUNG & CO., Clearfield, Pa. April 17.

CLEARFIELD NURSERY.—ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.—The undersigned, after having established a nursery on the Pike half way between Curtainsville and Clearfield, is prepared to furnish all kinds of Fruit trees, (Standard and dwarf), Evergreen, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, &c., &c., in the best manner. Strawberry and Raspberry vines, Also Siberian Crab trees, Quince and early Scarlet Ribwort. All Orders promptly attended to. Write or give him a call. J. D. WRIGHT, Curtainsville Aug. 31, 1864.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.
EDWARD MACK,
Market Street, nearly opposite the residence of H. B. Swoop, Esq., Clearfield, Pa.
Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has opened a BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, in the building lately occupied by J. C. Swoop, as a law office, and that he has determined not to be outdone either in quality or price. Special attention given to the manufacture of sewed work, French Kip and other styles of the best quality. Also, boots and give him a call. (Mar. 24, 71)

THE WONDERFUL LIMENT.—This Liment having been used for some years past as a family medicine by the proprietor, and its good effects coming to the notice of his neighbors, he has determined to send it to the manufacture for the benefit of the afflicted everywhere. It is the best remedy for Catarrh and Biliousness, and is equally good for the public; and will cure many other diseases of the human body. It is also a cure for Pains and Wind-galls in horses. Directions for its use accompany each bottle. Price of each bottle, six bottles for \$5. Sent to any address by enclosing the price to WM H. WATSON, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 6, 1869. Clearfield county, Pa.

S. PORTER SHAW, D. D. S.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Putting of the CALUMET, TERTIUM in a healthy preservative and useful condition, is made a specialty. Disinfectants, and all the common to the mouth, jaw and associated parts are prepared and corrected with fair success.
Examinations and consultations FREE.
Piles for partial and entire cure. Teeth much lower than in 1870.
It would be well for patients from a distance to let me know by mail a few days before coming to the office.
It is very important that children between the ages of six and twelve years should have their teeth examined.
By another's teeth are extracted without pain. February 15, 1871-7f

DENTAL OFFICE.—
DR. A. M. HILLS,
Would say to his patients and the public generally, that having dissolved partnership with Dr. Shaw, he is now doing the entire work of his office himself, so that patients need not fear being put under the hands of any other operator. He has obtained a reduction of the price of the plate material. I am enabled to put up teeth such as never before, and have Dr. Stuck's patent process for working rubber plates, which makes a much lighter, more elastic and stronger plate for the same amount of material, and polishes the plate on both sides, rendering it much more easily kept clean.
Special attention is paid to the preservation of the natural teeth, and all work guaranteed entirely satisfactory to patients.
Office on the old stand opposite the Shaw House. Office hours from 10 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M., and 10 o'clock P. M. from a distance should notify me a few days before hand of their intention to come. Always at hand to attend other notices appearing in both the county papers. (Feb. 15, 71-7f)

SOMETHING NEW
IN ANSONVILLE,
CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PENNA.
The undersigned having erected, during the past summer, a large and commodious store room, is now engaged in filling it up with a new and select assortment of Fall and Winter goods, which he offers to the public at prices to suit the times. His stock of Men's and Boys' clothing is unusual in extent, and is offered to customers at from \$10 to \$20 for a whole suit. Coats, Shirts, and Ties, of every kind, a complete assortment; Stoves and Stove Pipe, a heavy stock; Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps in great variety; Ladies' dress goods, furs, and other fancy goods, together with an endless assortment of notions and trifles to enumerate, always on hand, and sold at very cheap prices. Prints at 10 cents a yard, and other goods in proportion. Now is the time to buy.
Country produce of every kind, at the highest market prices, will be taken in exchange for goods; and every article of produce, such as butter, for any article in store. Examine my stock before you buy elsewhere. (Oct. 30, 1867)

H. SWAN,
Pencil Drawing, (no extra charge).
Instrumental Music, (20 Lessons), 10 00
Wax Flowers and Fruits, with materials, at teacher's charge.
For full particulars send for Circular. Clearfield, August 17, 1870-1y.