

The Roffman's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1871.

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Select Poetry.

LOVE AT SEA.

Foam-crested waves, from morn to night,
That met all round the deep blue sky,
With here and there a sail in sight,
Which came, then vanished to the eye.

Our glittering wake shone far behind,
A path of silver reaching back;
With shrill voice sang the salt sea wind;
The petrel hovering in our track.

Linked arm in arm, when skies were fair,
We trod the deck with thoughtless aim,
Or sometimes, lily-seated there,
Watched the fair sails which went and came.

Or, gazing down along the deep,
We marked the long, dark, indolent
swells,
And saw the bounding porpoise leap,
And heard on board the half hour bells.

Oh! what to us was Time's swift flight—
Or Time itself, beyond a name?
Oh! what to us the noon or night,
To whom all seasons were the same?

For love possessed our souls, and drew
His rosy veil before our eyes,
And, steeped in bliss, our souls looked
through
The open gates of Paradise.

Left far behind the new world by;
Dim, distant, shadowy and vast,
The old world rose before our way,
Replete with records of the past.

What time fair Hesperus, rising, gleamed
In crimson dews where sank the breeze,
The red sun from the far west seemed
To drop into the purple seas.

And on the farthest verge of night
Rose the full moon like some pale nun,
Her face all wet with tears, and white,
When the sweet vesper hymn is done.

Or sailing on from high to higher,
By skirts of silver shining clouds,
She seemed at times a ball of fire,
That struggles in the tall, dark shrouds.

On our side, spanned with quivering light,
The phosphorescent ocean lay,
And on the other, lost to sight,
The shadowy waves stretched far away.

And sometimes, like a silent ghost,
Dim outlined on the dark night sky,
Some fair ship, from a foreign coast,
In distant seas would pass us by.

Oh! soft, slight night; oh! calm, rich days,
To which my thoughts like currents bend,
In whose bright wake my fancy plays,
There is no voyage but hath its end.

One morn I woke to scent the breeze
That over the English downs had swept;
And round our prow in sluggish ease
The waters of the Mersey slept.

ONLY A CLERK.

Cecile Horner was tall and brilliant with deep hazel eyes, cheeks crimsoned with happy excitement, and heavy coils of shining brown hair shot thro' and through with arrows of dead gold tipped with jewels.

Mary Horner, her quite little cousin, was as different from Cecile as light from darkness. She was slight and small, with big blue eyes that had all the wondering innocence of a baby's in their azure light; hair of reddish gold, and a complexion pure and delicate as a pink japonica.

"Oh, mamma, it was perfectly delightful at the party to-night!" ejaculated Cecile, enthusiastically. "Everybody was there. Mr. St. John was there, and asked me to polka twice!"

"Did he?" questioned the gratified mamma. "I hope you invited him to call?"

"Of course I did. Mrs. Emmons says he belongs to the Virginia St. Johns, and is very rich. Such diamonds as he wears, mamma! But Mary's the favorite with him I think!"

Cecile turned round and shook her finger with affectionate archness at blushing little Mary.

"Don't, Cecil," pleaded Mary, as if every drop of blood in her cheeks was turning to fire. "It's all your fancy."

"Is it? Then what are you blushing celestial rosy red for?"

"However, I mean to marry him if I can catch him—I always did fancy black eyes and hair like a—what's it's name's wing? And then he's rich, and I am determined to have a rich husband."

Mary Horner grew red and pale—opened her rosebud lips and shut them again without speaking. How wrong it seemed for any one to talk in that manner of Talbot St. John, when she only dared to think of him as a hero shrined afar off in the height of a chivalrous romance?

ling over the newly fallen snow like a great universal alchemist, who dealt only in powdered diamonds of the very first water—the sky was blue with the dazzling, wonderful blueness that you only see when the thermometer is close down to zero, and Talbot St. John, guiding his blood-horses down the crowded thoroughfare, felt the thorough enjoyment of living that makes life the sweetest of all luxuries.

"Halloa!" He reined up with an abruptness that brought the smoking horses and their hunches.

"Grant Whyman! old fellow! come for a drive! It's the luckiest thing that I happened to meet you!"

"Mr. St. John!" Poor fellow! how keenly he felt his own shabbiness at that moment, as the dashing young Southerner leaned from his stylish turn-out, with cordial extended hand.

"Come—in with you, and we'll take a turn or two in the Park."

"I cannot, Talbot—my time is not my own."

"Not your own? What do you mean?"

"Perhaps you have forgotten—perhaps you have not heard," said Whyman, speaking hurriedly and confused, "that we are very much reduced. I—I am a clerk in a trimming store, at ten dollars a week."

"Indeed? and what then?"

"You never were worldly, Talbot," said the young man, smiling sadly; "you don't argue like the rest of the world that our social disparity—"

"Social hangup!" ejaculated Talbot, impatiently jerking the reins.

"Jump in, Grant—my horses won't stand!"

"It is quite impossible, Talbot; my employer—"

"You're as pale as a sheet—blanched, just like a stick of celery. Where is your place?" Whyman felt himself crimsoning again, as he named an obscure street where "cheap goods" were sold at cheap rates.

"We'll drive there."

Grant Whyman found himself, he scarce knew how, cosily established among the red velvet cushions by his friend's side, while St. John called out to the outside servant to stop them at the address his friend had so reluctantly named. Johnson stared superciliously.

"Well, if I haint hevery bit as good as a shop-boy?" he muttered between his teeth. "But Mr. St. John was always hodder than Dick's 'at-band!"

"What are you going to do with me, Talbot?" asked Whyman, as his friend drew up in front of the tardily-dressed windows of the second-rate trimming store.

"I'm going to send you to the Park for a drive—you look as if you were in the first stage of a galloping consumption."

The next moment Johnson was driving him away from the door with a flutter of fur robes and chiming of bells and springing horses that made him almost fancy himself among the delusive shadowings of a delightful dream.

And how fared Talbot St. John? "Pretty well, considering," as the ladies say. Fortunately it was early in the day, and beyond a few bargains in black pins, stay-laces and perfumed soaps he had very little to do. Presently, however the shop began to fill apace—trade grew brisker and, Mr. St. John found plentiful use for all the quantum of business talent that he possessed.

"Have you any crochet-cotton?"

Down came half a dozen boxes of tape about Mr. St. John's ears—the natural consequence of the start he gave on hearing the sweet, familiar sound of Cecile Horner's voice.

"I don't know—that is, I'll see—Miss Horner!" Cecile opened wide her beautiful brown eyes.

"Mr. St. John!" And Mary—looking very daisy-like in a pink bonnet, with white flowers—echoed the surprised exclamation.

"Why Mr. St. John! I didn't know—"

"We did not know that you occupied this situation in life," said Cecile, laughingly finishing her cousin's incomplete sentence. "Thank you—I don't care about the cotton!"

And Miss Horner swept out of the low-ceiled little store, dragging Mary with her.

"The idea!" she exclaimed, when they were once more in the street. "How dare Mr. Emmons deceive us so. To allow me to dance with a common clerk!"

"He is very gentlemanly, Cecile," meekly interposed Mary.

"Gentlemanly! an—an individual who sells pins and needles—a clerk!"

"But, Cecile, why can't a clerk be a gentleman?"

"Mary," exclaimed Cecile, indignantly, "you haven't the spirit of a fly! I do believe you like Mr. St. John now just as well as when you believed him the scion of an old Virginia family!"

"Why shouldn't I?" meekly asked Mary. "I think a clerk who sells pins and needles quite as good as a Virginian."

"Well!" said Cecile, throwing volumes of scorn into one brief monosyllable. "I for one shall not recognize him in the future. You can do as you like."

And Mary walking by her stately cousin's side marveled at the strange rules and regulations of that arbitrary thing called "society," and rejoiced that she was not bound to swear allegiance to its dictates.

"I dare say my tastes are very common," thought Mary. "But—I can't help it."

"Cecile," whispered Mary, that same evening in her cousin's ear, "surely, that is Mr. St. John."

"Oh, Talbot! I thought I had hidden it—my own heart."

And their eyes met—and they knew that hereafter they should be all the world to each other.

"To think that our Mary should engage herself to a common clerk," said Cecile, ready to cry with indignation, a day or so subsequently.

"My dear, I haven't the least idea what you mean," said honest Mrs. Emmons. "Isn't she engaged to Talbot St. John?"

"Yes, but he is—"

"He is the oldest son of the St. Johns of C—, Virginia. Have you heard of the great coal mines on the St. John estate? An income of ten thousand a year at the very least!"

"Mrs. Emmons, you are mistaken."

"No, I am not, my dear. His mother was my schoolmate, and I have known Talbot from a child. Your cousin is in rare luck, for Talbot is one in a thousand."

Then Cecile Horner, in a maze of doubt and perplexity, told of the adventure in the "Cheap Trimming store." Mrs. Emmons burst out laughing.

"I can tell you all about that," she said, merrily. "I'm in Talbot's confidence."

And she told the story how poor Grant Whyman had an invigorating drive in Central Park on the January day, and the heir of St. Johns had officiated in his stead.

The moment she had done, Cecile went straight up stairs and gave Mary a kiss.

"You're a dear little sensible thing," she said, "and I'm glad you have chosen such a husband."

Nevertheless there was a secret, undefined bitterness in Cecile's heart to think that the rich prize had fallen to her little cousin's lot! And Cecile knew it had been her own fault!

Young Men in Society.

A modest and virtuous young man, on first going into society, is apt to be sorely perplexed upon the question how to make himself agreeable to ladies. He need not be ashamed of his perplexity. Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confessed that a well-dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in "public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not, even at his fiftieth year enter a drawing room where ladies were present without embarrassment. It is a good sign for a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would blush to tread. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen who blush and stammer in the company of young ladies the girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them. You are awkward in your manners you think. If you think so, it is likely your friends think otherwise; for the really ill-bred fellows that we have seen, never suspected their ill-breeding. And, after all, what is good breeding, but habitual good nature? The simple fact that you wish to please is a proof that you possess or soon will acquire the power to do so. The good heart and well formed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundantly atone for the want of it, that its absence will never be noticed. Besides, the ladies—that is the most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided that they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are as good as far as they go; but be sure of this, oh, bashful, blushing youth, that, in the society of ladies and gentlemen, you will pass, in the long run, for what you are worth, no more, no less. The art of pleasing, therefore is nothing more than becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man. Such a man, be he as graceful as Chesterfield or awkward as a Caliban, all worthy women trust and love.

A man died at St. Louis, recently and in his will, after stating that he never forgot a favor, left \$1,000 to an individual who, ten years before ran away with his wife.

Not the Fellow.

The other morning an elderly gentleman started to walk up the C. & P. railroad track, from Bellair to West Wheeling. In the neighborhood of Whisky Run he came across three rough looking young men who were sitting on the ends of the ties of the road taking consolation and fust oil by word of mouth out of a gallon jug.

As our friend passed them, a youth of about eighteen, hailed him with, "Here daddy, come and get a drink." He was informed that hysting benzine was not one of the old man's accomplishments, but he was not to be put off in that way.

Advancing with a volley of oaths flying from his mouth, he informed the old gentleman that he must drink or take a whipping. Just as the ruffian got in striking distance of our old friend, the latter drew a revolver, which he cocked and held full in the face of the drunken rowdy. To say that the rough stopped doesn't half tell it. He could not have stopped more suddenly if lightning had struck him.

"Don't shoot, old fellow," he stammered, as he recovered from his astonishment. "I meant it all in friendship."

"D—n your friendship!" shouted the old fellow, now thoroughly excited. "Go get that jug and bring it here, or I'll blow you to kingdom come in a minute."

The completely cowed ruffian obeyed.

"Now break it on that railroad tie. Break it! Break it quick, or—" before the old man could finish the sentence the jug was in a thousand pieces.

"Now, you infernal, darned mean cuss, get down on your knees and apologize, or I'll make your head like a pepper-box top."

The fellow hesitated; but looking into the old man's eyes, saw that he meant business, dropped on his knees in the snow and almost apologetically for the outrage.

Thinking him sufficiently punished, the old man walked peacefully on his way. As he went up the track he heard one of the fellows call out to the other:

"I say, Bill, that ain't the man you were looking for, is it?"

A teacher in a school that stood on the banks of a small river, once wished to convey to her pupils an idea of faith: While she was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat hove in sight. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed, "If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat you would believe me, would you not, without ever seeing it yourselves."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is faith," said the school-mistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired, "What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer shouted from all parts of the school-room.

A Virginia mother-in-law, less prudent than most of her kind, in the selection of methods of annoyance, foolishly laid in wait for her daughter's husband in ghostly apparel expecting by this clumsy expedient to give him a fright—as if a nervous system, rendered callous to mother-in-law in the flesh, would be likely to quail before a disembodied apparition. The shrewd fellow had presence of mind enough to pretend he didn't recognize her, and gave the supposed spectre a sound drubbing. Lucky dog! There are few fellows to whom such a golden opportunity offered itself.

There is reason to believe that some of the prevailing blonde chignons are made of the "light fantastic lace."

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.

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

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware, Groceries, Hardware, 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, Marketstreet. Nov. 10.

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

THOMAS 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 Gents' Furnishing Goods, Second St., 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. NOLLE, Attorney at Law, and Alderman, Office on Grove Street, opposite the Post Office, Lock Haven, Pa. Jan. 29, 70.

REED BROS'S, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Hats, Boots, etc. June 15, 70.

J. F. KELLY, (Successors to D. B. SWOOP), LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. (Nov. 30, 1870).

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

SACKETT & SCHRYVER, dealers in Hardware, Stoves, &c. and Manufacturers of Tin, Sheet-iron and Copperware, Market St., Clearfield, Pa. (May, 1871).

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc. and Proprietor of the "New Branch" Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENNA. Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of French, Stereoscopic and Stereoscopic Views, Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. CHROMAS A SPECIALTY. Order 2-10-71, 14-10-71.

SUSQUEHANNA HOUSE, Curwensville, Pa. The undersigned having taken charge of this well known and respectable establishment, and patronage. The house has been refitted and re-furnished and now compares favorably with any other house in the country. The best of everything the market affords will be served up to guests. Charges moderate. E. L. BLOOM, Proprietor.

THE "SHAW HOUSE," MARKET ST., CLEARFIELD, PA. GEORGE N. COLBURN, Proprietor.

This house was lately completed and just opened to the public—a 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, RYDOLPHVILLE, PENNA. John S. Radebach having purchased the lease of Mr. Wm. Vandyke, in the exchange hotel, Rydolphville, and having removed to said hotel, would inform his friends and the traveling public generally, that he is now prepared to accommodate them in the most satisfactory manner—the Exchange being a much better house than the one formerly occupied by him. His table will always be supplied with the very best of the market. By strict attention to business he hopes to receive a share of patronage. A back will be kept at the Exchange to convey passengers to any point they wish to go. [Mr. R. 71-nov. 9, 70.]

STEAM ENGINES FOR SALE.—One 30 and one 25-horse power Engines, warranted first class, superior finish and workmanship, for sale by BILLY E. YOUNG & CO., April 12, 71. Clearfield, Pa.

CLEARFIELD NURSERY.—Encouraged by having established a Nursery on the Pike half way between Curwensville and Clearfield, Pa., prepared to furnish all kinds of Fruit trees, (Standard and dwarf) Evergreen, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawson's Shrubbery, Strawberry, and other plants, and also Siberian Spruce, Quince and early Scarlet Rheubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address Aug. 21, 1864. J. D. WRIGHT, Curwensville, Pa.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP. EDWARD MACK, Market Street, opposite the residence of H. B. SWOOP, Eq., 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. L. Cutler, as a warehouse and that he is determined not to be outdone either in quality of work or prices. Special attention given to the manufacture of sewed work, French Kip and Calf Skin, of the best quality, at the lowest prices. Give him a call. [June 24, 71.]

THE WONDERFUL LINIMENT.—This Liniment 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, at their suggestion, consented to manufacture it for the benefit of the afflicted everywhere. It is the best remedy for Cough and Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the chest, and will cure many other diseases in the human body. It is also a sure cure for Pile and Wind-gal, and all the ailments of the rectum, accompanied each bottle, Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Sent by express by enclosing the price to W. M. HAWKINS, Hurl Postoffice, Pa. Oct. 6, 1869. Clearfield county, Pa.

HOMER INDUSTRY! BOOTS AND SHOES. Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market St., nearly opposite Hartwick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line.

Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented.

I have now on hand a stock of extra french calfskins, superior quality, &c., that will finish up at the lowest prices. DANIEL CONNELLY, June 13th, 1866.

S. PORTER SHAW, D. D. S. Office in MASONIC BUILDING, CLEARFIELD, PA. Putting of the NATURAL TEETH in a healthy, preservative and useful condition, is a specialty. Diseases and malformations common to the mouth, jaw and associated parts are treated and corrected with the greatest success. Examinations and consultations FREE. Prices for partial and full sets of Teeth, according to the quality of the material used.

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 extracted, if decayed, and that their teeth be examined, if extracted without pain. February 15, 1871-72.

DENTAL CARD.—DR. A. M. BILLS, Would say to his patients and the public generally, that, having dissolved partnership with Dr. J. S. Porter Shaw, he has removed to his old office, so that patients need not fear being put under the hands of any other operator.

Having obtained a reduction in the price of the plate material, I am enabled to put up teeth more cheaply than formerly. I also have Dr. Suck's patent process for making 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 paid to the preservation of the natural teeth, and all work guaranteed, unless satisfactory to patients. Office at the old stand opposite the Shaw House. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Patients from a distance should notify me a few days before hand of their intention to come. Always at hand, on short notice, and in both the country papers. [Feb. 15, 71-72.]