

The Clearfield Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

Shadows o'er the vale are creeping,
And the sun sinks to his rest,
Twilight draws her curtains,
Golden clouds hang in the west,
The noise of busy labor,
The hum of wheels and looms,
Whispering trees and murmuring streams,
Sweetly soothe each troubled breast.

Time is fleeting, and I'm drawing

Near the sunset of my life,
Soon will end my weary journey,
Soon will cease all toil and strife,
Shadows o'er my path are falling,
Earth's visions fade and cease,
Voices, soft and sweet, are telling
Of an endless, orient day.

O'er the misty mountain fastness

One I've watched from of old,
Soft a night-dew falls on meadows,
His kind bidding, "Come to me,"
Leads the purple light remaining,
Stealing gently up the sky,
Beats me on the wings to meet him,
Is this death? "I sweet to die!"

Jesus calls me, and I'm going

Where the shadows are so dim;
Now the desert lies behind me,
And I hasten to my home,
To my home beyond the sunset,
Far beyond the day's decline,
Where the glory is unfolding,
Where the golden rays shine.

THE TRAP.

There never breathed a more merciless and villainous monster than Ben Nathans, a fellow who had attached himself to the interests of the Pawnee Indians, then a poor, simple and well inclined toward the white settlers of the far West. But Nathans had sown the seeds of discontent among the red men; and although he could not induce the chief to join him in any murderous enterprise, he had completely won over a number of the warriors who agreed to join him in any desperate undertaking they might be called upon to attempt, provided he would lead them, and provided also, that they would be rewarded.

With a dozen of these foolish Pawnees, Nathans set out on his winter's night upon an excursion, which he informed his men would pay them handsomely, and that too, without incurring any great risk to themselves.

The point of attack was a rancho situated on the main road from Lawrence to Hedger's Pass. The leader and his savages entered it about midnight. They had murdered the watchman outside, and left his bloody form, ghastly and horrible to look upon, stretched before the dwelling.

Within they found two men, and even before they had been aroused from their slumbers, the dripping tomahawk was raised over them, and when it fell, it crashed through the brain of the man, and used sleepers, and sent them back to their long sleep. A heavy snow now intervened between Nathans and an apartment he wished to reach. He tried the latch, and found that it was locked; but seizing an axe, he soon effected an entrance by battering the door into splinters.

A single shot was fired at him, and the bullet whizzed past his head, cutting his cap but doing him no harm.

Instantly he leaped through the opening he had made, but all was darkness around him. And yet he thought that he heard the sound of a light foot fall, and saw the flutter of a night dress by the rays of the moon which shone through the next apartment. So he called:

"Bring lights, men! Quick, bring lights!"

The savages spring through the aperture with wild yells, flashing their torches over their heads, and their hair in wild delight. They already felt themselves more than repaid for their journey, for in the rancho store they had found blankets, ornaments, furs, tobacco, and what was of still greater importance, to them, whisky. Of this they had drunk until they were ready for any act, no matter how daring or cruel.

As soon as the lights were brought into the room, their rays revealed a bed which was standing in one corner. To the side of this couch the renegade sprang. He saw that it had been but recently occupied, for it was yet warm. But there was only a single indentation upon the pillow. Could this be the couch of the woman he sought; where was the husband? And where was the woman?

Nathans at once began his search. He scolded a cough, and high and low through the building he went, not a spot escaping his scrutiny. But he returned to the main room, for not a soul could be found, and felt the villain led sure that he had caught the glimpse of a female form, flying from his presence.

Upon reaching the upper room, he found that it was in flames. He was angry, but his wrath was of no avail, and he found it impossible to extinguish the flames.

At the moment he believed himself to be fleeing; for it was a woman he sought. But a yell upon his ears, a spot escaping his scrutiny, and he returned to the main room, for not a soul could be found, and felt the villain led sure that he had caught the glimpse of a female form, flying from his presence.

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"Well, sir, when the alarm of the attack was given last night, poor Mr. Wooley was frightened nearly to death. She sprang from her bed, and forgetting her little one entirely, she ran into the cellar for safety. It was not long after before she discovered that the building was on fire, and then she thought of her child. She made an effort to return for it, but a faintness came over her, and for a time could not move. But she rallied and staggered forward, only to fall from suffocation. And there she perished."

How do you know this?"

"I was sleeping in the same apartment with Agnes. When she ran to the cellar I followed. I was as much frightened as herself, and only thought of the child when the mother spoke of her. I tried to save my sister but had only time to crawl through a window and save my own life."

"Are you the brother of Agnes Weeber?"

"You can see that I am if you ever met Agnes, by the strong resemblance to her."

"The resemblance is a striking one, I confess. But where was the husband of your sister?"

"He went to the mountains for a hunt several days since, and had not returned last night."

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"I knew you had the child, for I saw it in your arms last, and I heard it cry as you passed by me. I was too much frightened to speak to you then. But when I came to think, I did not know why you should wish to harm me or to keep the babe, and so I resolved to come to you and ask for it."

"What will you do with the babe?"

"I do not know, but I am the uncle of the little one, and of course I must do all I can for it, for I think its father must have already been killed."

"Then the best thing I can do with this little white is to dash its brains out against a tree," said the monster, raising the child by one foot and making a movement as if to put his suggestion into execution. But the boy sprang forward, and catching the infant in his arms, he cried:

"Oh no! don't harm the innocent thing! She will be a woman some day, and then you might be glad to see her live."

"True, true—I never thought of that," continued the fiend, "and she may look like her mother. It is a long time to wait and I shall be old then. But the death of the babe will do me no good now, and I'll let her live, if I do not change my mind. Still I cannot help arising my anger, for permitting her to live through my fingers, I loved her as much as I could love anybody, and if I had only been more careful, I might have made her mine."

For some moments the villain remained silent and thoughtful; then he turned toward the boy and said:

"You may be deceiving me, if I thought you were, I would dash your brains out in an instant."

"Deceiving you in what, sir?"

"Agnes may not be dead."

"How can I do that?"

"Go with me and see the body yourself."

"How can this be? If it was in the cellar, you say, it is burnt to a cinder by this time."

"No, when I drew it from the burnt timbers this morning there was still enough left to recognize it by. Poor girl—a smile was resting upon her face, blackened as it was."

"So you found the body?"

"Yes, I did draw it out."

"What did you do with it?"

"I placed it in the barn. I did not know but her husband might be back in a few days, and I knew he would want to see it when he came."

"How many men are at the rancho, or where it stood?"

"Not one. They were all killed last night."

"Is it possible that the father of this child may be back by this time?"

"The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must undergo a certain amount of pain. It is the same with men; do not acknowledge this law, or strive to evade it, hoping to get their knowledge and food and pleasure for nothing; and in this effort they either fail of getting them, and remain ignorant and miserable, or they succeed in getting them, but at the expense of their health, and their friends, and a disgrace to their lives."

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A REMARKABLE PRISONER.

In 1861-2 there lived in Monroe county, Mississippi, a planter named Wooley. He was a half-breed, at least there was a good deal of Cherokee Indian in him. He owned about two hundred slaves, and had all the worst habits of the old-time planter—drinking, gambling and horse-racing. These pursuits alternated formed his sole occupation, the plantation being managed by an overseer. He had the sole virtue of possessing a sort of Indian veneration, for the sacredness of his word. He would not execute a note for any purpose, whatever, and held all men in sovereign contempt, who violated their pledged word. He had no competition in killing a man in what he deemed a just quarrel; but his word was good as was his bond. This was his well known character, and he could have got thousands on his word easier than other men could have got hundreds. At the time we speak of he had killed several persons in gambling quarrels, and he was looked upon as a man not to be crossed except at the risk of life.

One night while playing cards in Columbus, a quarrel arose about the game. His opponent was a known desperado, and he gave the lie to Wooley's statement about the game. Bowtie flashed out simultaneously—both were slightly wounded, when a lucky shot laid Wooley's opponent dead on the floor. Next morning Wooley was arrested—arrested because he did not care that it should be otherwise. Wooley had carried his killing so far that the judge felt bound to commit him, in order to avoid the impudently being effected either by fear of his despatchment or wealth. Accordingly to jail went Wooley. The jailer was a weak man—weak in courage and weak to resist the influence of a dunder. After bearing his confinement for a day or two Wooley sent for the jailer.

"You know, Jim," said he, "you know me, you know I never break my word. Now, I want to go out and have a social game with my boys. You can just leave me the key, and when it gets bed time I will come, lock myself in, and it will be all right."

"You know, Jim," said he, "you know me, you know I never break my word. Now, I want to go out and have a social game with my boys. You can just leave me the key, and when it gets bed time I will come, lock myself in, and it will be all right."

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SAWED LUMBER.—The undersigned

having started in the Lumber business, near Oseola, Clearfield county, Pa., is now prepared to furnish pine boards, clear and panel stuff, etc. Pine and Hemlock bills sawed to order and shipped on short notice.

C. K. MACOMBEL,
Oseola Mills,
Clearfield co., Pa.

May 5, 1869-10.

C. KRATZER,

Opposite the Jail,
Clearfield, Penna.,