

# The Clearfield Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1870.

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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,  
Earthly visions fade and vanish,  
Voices, soft and sweet, are telling  
Of an endless, orient day.

### O'er the misty mountain fastness

One I've watched from of yore,  
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, white settler 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 springing 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, and 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, and a spot escaping his scrutiny, he returned to the main room, and 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 Wooley?"

"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, and 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 boy will do me no good now, and I'll let her live, if I do not change my mind. Still I cannot help arising myself for permitting her to live, and making 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 to 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 drew it out?"

"I did."

"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."

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. 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.

"How woman is considered."—"A woman is in some sort divine," said the ancient German. "Woman," says the follower of Mohammed, "is an amiable creature, who only needs a cage." "Woman," says the European, "is a being nearly our equal in intelligence, and perhaps our superior in fidelity." "Everywhere something detestable, from our dignity!—a god in our country, a demon in our prisons, a monster in our streets, and sometimes 'the best friend of his master.'"

How is this for high? "Life is the garden of the gods, and the objective is the presiding deity, and as the objective is the remote father of the subjective, so must individuality, which but focused subjectivity, suffer and fade when the sensation lessens, by which the rays of impression are condensed, become destroyed and exterminated."

Wyoming nurses call the rising generation by singing:

"Cause mamma's gone to get a jury."

Never be sorry for a generous thing that you have done, even if it is betrayed.

The only blister from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

The flowers of speech spring from the root of the tongue.

Men who take things as they come along—Thieves.

## 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 jailor was a weak man—weak in courage and weak to resist the influence of a duologue. After bearing his confinement for a day or two Wooley sent for the jailor.

"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."

"All right," said he, "I shall be off to-morrow morning."

The sheriff knew he had a desperate customer to deal with, but when he reflected that Wooley never broke his word, and had never done a day's work in his life, he could not move, he made a virtue of necessity, and left things to take their course.

True to his word, Wooley left for Jackson, and in due time arrived. Putting up at the Mansion House he called out, visited all the gambling halls, and returned to town every day, and the next morning grove up to the penitentiary. Entering the ward room, he inquired:

"Where shall I find the warden?"

"I am the man," said Colonel Jackson.

"Where is he?" inquired the warden.

"Here, I'm the man," and Wooley handed over the sheriff's mittimus.

The warden was amazed. Had he a lunatic to deal with, or had the man killed the sheriff and then come to the prison to defy him? He could not tell; but he determined quickly to keep the man since he offered himself.

"Now," said Wooley, "let's go all through this place and see how it looks," and through they went. Wooley had talked so pleasantly that the warden felt reassured, and said jocosely:

"Now, Mr. Wooley, what branch of the business do you think you would like best?"

"To tell the truth, Colonel," said Wooley, "I've never done a day's work in my life, and I don't think I'd like any of your cusset trades. I'll tell you how we can fix it, I'll clear for you, just for the name of the thing, and we'll live jolly together till the year's up."

The warden saw that he had a character to deal with, and concluded that a man who would go into prison on his own accord, would not run away, and acquiesced. Wooley stayed his year accordingly, nominal clerk or companion by day, and a gambler by night. He kept the warden supplied with Havana and a sky hook in the office all ways contained the best of liquors. His year up, he left regretting but regretted, for at heart he was a good fellow, and made the warden a good companion.

Such was justice in Mississippi forty years ago, but such an incident as this could have hardly occurred elsewhere.

We envy men not only their success, but their wives, chambermaids, and wine cellars—everything, in fact, but their virtues and morals. Everybody wishes to become a little richer, but who ever saw a person who desired to become a little more good? We pause for an answer.

"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my poor husband was. He knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up with them from his childhood."

A correspondent of a paper having described the Ohio as a sickly stream, the editor appended the remark:—"That's so! it is confined to its bed."

A fashionable clergyman in Chicago warns the sinners of his congregation that if they don't repent, they will go to the "place of eternal unconsciousness."

Wyoming nurses call the rising generation by singing:

"Cause mamma's gone to get a jury."

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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. RATZLER,  
Clearfield, Pa.

**WINE & LIQUOR STORE.**  
I. L. REIZENSTEIN & CO.,  
DEALERS IN  
WINE AND LIQUORS,  
MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.

**UNITED STATES BONDS,**  
BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED,  
ON MOST LIBERAL TERMS.

**GOLD**  
BOUGHT AND SOLD AT MARKET RATES.

**COUPONS CASHED.**  
PACIFIC R. R. BONDS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD.

**STOCKS**  
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.

**HOME 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 Horvick & 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 cloth, superb gaiters, etc., that I will finish up at the lowest prices.

**NEW STORE AND SAW MILL**  
AT BALD HILLS,  
Clearfield county.

The undersigned, having opened a large and well selected stock of goods, at Bald Hills, Clearfield county, respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Their stock embraces Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tinware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, ready-made Clothing, and a general assortment of Notions, etc.

They always keep on hand the best quality of Flour and a variety of Feed.

All goods are made to order, or exchanged for approved country produce.

Having also erected a Steam Saw Mill, they are prepared to saw all kinds of lumber to order. Orders solicited, and punctually filled.

**SOMETHING NEW**  
IN ANSONVILLE,  
Clearfield county, Penn'a.

The undersigned having created during the past summer, a large and commodious store room is now engaged in filling it up with a new and extensive stock of Groceries, and other goods, which he offers to the public at prices to suit the times.

His stock of Groceries, Flour, Salt and Soda, is of every kind, a complete assortment.

He has also a large stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and a great variety of Ladies' dresses, furs, and other fancy goods, together with an endless assortment of notions too tedious to enumerate, always on hand, and for sale very cheap.

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 even Greenbacks will not be refused for any article in store. Examine my stock before you buy elsewhere.

**CLOTHING! CLOTHING!**  
GOOD AND CHEAP!!

Men, Youths and Boys can be supplied with full suits of seasonable and fashionable clothing at

**REIZENSTEIN BROS' & CO.,**  
where it is sold at prices that will induce their purchase. The universal satisfaction which has been given, has induced them to increase their stock, which is now not surpassed by any establishment of the kind in this part of the State.

**REIZENSTEIN BROS' & CO.,**  
Sell goods at a very small profit, for cash; Their goods are well made and fashionable. They give every one the worth of his money. They treat their customers all alike. They sell cheaper than every body else. Their store is conveniently situated. They have purchased their stock at reduced prices they can sell cheaper than elsewhere.

For these and other reasons persons should buy their clothing at

**SAMUEL I. SNYDER,**  
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND  
JEWELER,  
CLEARFIELD, PA.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. A good assortment of Watch-glasses and Keys all ways on hand.

**WINE & LIQUOR STORE.**  
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**GOLD**  
BOUGHT AND SOLD AT MARKET RATES.

**COUPONS CASHED.**  
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## CURWENSVILLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

**AMERICAN HOUSE,**  
Curwensville, Pa.  
Having taken charge of this well-known Hotel, the undersigned would respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Travelers will find the accommodations equal to those of any other house in this section. Charges moderate.

**CLEARFIELD NURSERY.**—Encouraged having established a Nursery, on the Pike, half way between Curwensville and Clearfield, Pa., is prepared to furnish all kinds of Fruit trees, (Standard and dwarf); Evergreen, Shrub berry, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry and Raspberry plants. Also Siberian Crab trees, Quince and early Scarlet Rhubarb, etc. Orders promptly attended to. Address Jan. 1, 1870. J. D. WRIGHT, Curwensville.

**S. J. HAYES, SEBROEN DENTIST,** Office on Main Street, Curwensville, Penn'a. Will make professional visits—for the convenience of the public—commencing in April, 1869, as follows: viz: Luthersburg, first Friday of every month; Ansonville, first Monday of every month; Lumber City, first Thursday of every month; spending two days in either place. All orders for dentistry presented on the day of his arrival in each place.

Teeth extracted by the application of local anaesthetics, comparatively without pain. All kinds of dental work guaranteed.

**NEW FOUNDRY**  
in Curwensville.  
The undersigned having entered into partnership, in the FOUNDRY BUSINESS, in Curwensville, would inform the public that they keep on hand, and will manufacture to order, Plows, Cultivators, THRESHING MACHINES, Stoves, etc., and every other description of articles generally made in a country foundry.

Old metal taken in exchange for work.

A share of patronage is respectfully solicited.

JAMES M. ROBINSON,  
JAMES M. WELCH.

**"CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST!"**

**GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES,**  
JUST RECEIVED BY  
**ARNOLD & HARTSHORN,**  
Curwensville, Pa.  
(One door West First Nat. Bank.)

Having just returned from the East with a complete assortment of Goods, suitable for the Spring and Summer trade, we are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Goods

"CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST."

And after thanking our customers for their liberal patronage during the past year, we would most respectfully ask for the continuance of the same. Our stock consists of

**DRY GOODS,**  
NOTIONS,  
HARDWARE,  
QUEENSWARE,  
WOOD AND  
WILLOW-WARE,  
GROCERIES,  
BOOTS & SHOES,HATS & CAPS,  
CLOTHING,  
CARPETS,  
TOBACCO, Etc.

Also, Flour, Bacon, Salt Fish, Grain, &c., &c., all of which we sell at the most reasonable terms, and the highest market price paid for Grain and all kinds of lumber and country produce.

Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed as to quality and prices.

**ARNOLD & HARTSHORN,**  
Cor. Main & Thompson Sts.  
April 20, 70 | Curwensville, Pa.

**SQUARE TIMBER.**

**E. A. IRVIN & Co.,**  
Being specially engaged in the business of buying and selling SQUARE TIMBER, would represent that they are now prepared to purchase timber, delivered at either Curwensville, Lock Haven or Marietta, or will take it at any of these points and sell on commission, making such advances as are necessary.

Those engaged in getting out timber will find at our store in Curwensville, a very large stock of STAPLE GOODS, of all descriptions.

ALSO,  
FLOUR,  
MEAT,  
RYE,  
OATS,  
CORN,

and everything necessary for use of Lumbermen.