

Juniata Sentinel and Republican.



B. F. SCHWEIER,

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Editor and Proprietor.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1878.

NO. 12.

FAILED.

Yes, I am a ruined man, Kate! everything gone at last. Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the wear years that are past; Houses and lands and money have taken wings and fled. This very morning I signed away the roof from over my head. I shouldn't care for myself, Kate; I'm used to the world's rough ways, I've dug and delved, and plodded along through all my manhood days; But think of you and the children, and it almost breaks my heart. For I thought so surely to give my boy, and girl, a good start.

So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the top—

Only a few years longer, and then I expected to stop.

And put the boys in my place, Kate, with an easier life ahead.

But now I must give the prospect up; that comforting dream is dead.

"I'm worth more than my gold," eh? You're going to look at it so. But a man isn't worth much, Kate, when his hair is turning to grey.

My poor little girls, with their soft white hands an innocent eyes of blue,

Tarred stiff in the heart as world—what can and what will they do?

"An honest failure?" in 'eed it was, dollar for dollar paid, Never a creditor suffered, whatever people have said.

Better are rags and a conscience clear than a palace and fancies of shame.

One thing I shall leave to my children, Kate, and that is an honest name.

What's that? "The boys are not troubled? They are ready now to begin And I sin another fortune and work through thick and thin?"

The noise fell away already I feel I haven't so much to bear.

Their courage has lightened my heavy load of misery and despair.

"And the girls are so glad it was honest? They'd rather not dress so fine. And think they did it with money that wasn't honestly mine."

The're ready to show w at they're made of, quick to earn and t save?"

My blessed good little daughters, so generous and so brave.

And you think we needn't fret, Kate, while we have each other left.

No matter of what passes on our lives may be—but?

You are right. With a quiet conscienc e and a wife so good and t,

I'll put my hand to the plough again, and I know that well pull through.

A Lucky Shot.

"Very wet day, sir," said the cheery host of the "Traveler's Rest," as he assisted me to take off my heavy riding coat.

"Very wet, indeed," I replied. "I've had my share of it during my thirty mile ride to-day!"

Mine hosted me to a room with a cheery fire burning in the grate, and having been served with a good hot supper, and my favorite glass of hot brandy, I began to feel more comfortable. I drew up my chair to the fire, encased my feet in a pair of easy slippers, and filled my pipe, preparatory to a quiet smoke, when I was disturbed by the entrance of my host.

"Won't you join the company in the next room, sir? We have a social club held here twice a week, and perhaps they may amuse you during the evening."

"With pleasure!" I replied. So taking my glass and pipe, I followed my landlord into a large room, which was almost filled with a numerous company. At the moment of my entrance they were listening with evident satisfaction to a story told by one of their number. My host briefly introduced me, and I took a chair close to the story-teller, and prepared to enjoy my smoke.

"Now, Mr. White, you must begin your story again, in honor of the gentleman." So Mr. White recommended, "You must know, gentlemen," he began, "that the scene of my tale lies in Australia, just about the time of the gold fever there."

The tones of the speaker's voice seemed familiar to me, and I gave him a searching look. What did I see? The lobe of his left ear was missing. I half started from my seat, upsetting my glass of brandy by my elbow, and startling the company generally.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen; a sudden spasm—that is all!" I stammered out.

"It is the same man," I soliloquized.

"Well, I was only a young fellow at the time, and I got bitten by the gold fever, like many other people besides. Every paper contained dazzling accounts of the riches to be found in that far-off land, so at last I made up my mind to go and try my luck. When I told Mary, she cried, and tried to dissuade me, but it was of no use; I was determined, and soon after I left home for London, where I entered my name on the books as a steerage passenger on board the clipper-built liner, Australian."

"Mary was his sweetheart," interposed my left-hand neighbor.

"I well remember the day we sailed. The scenes at the docks were very affecting. Husbands were parting from wives, brothers from sisters, young fellows from their sweethearts, and I was not sorry when the tug towed us out to sea. We were a motley company. There were representatives of all classes—laborers, mechanics, broken-down lawyers and students, clerks, a gaudy sprinkling, too, of the hangers-on about town, and even a couple of Methodist ministers. All were going to try their fortunes at the new Eldorado. We had very good weather during our voyage, and I suffered but little from seasickness. I made many companions, but there was one man I took an aversion to. He was called Wapping Bill. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a great shock of red hair, and a close cropped beard; a pair of small, ferret-like eyes that seemed to vanish beneath his shaggy eyebrows when any one addressed him, and an expression

that showed him to be the reverse of a quiet and respectable man.

"In due time we arrived at Melbourne. It was then a mere collection of wooden houses, and hastily thrown-up shanties, and was peopled by representatives from nearly all civilized nations on the face of the earth. Twenty of us formed a party, bought some tools, and proceeded to the diggings on foot. Arriving there, we bought claims and set to work to unearth the long-tailed gold. My claim was a steady-going fellow, called Sandy, a Scotchman. We dug a shaft, hauled up the gold bearing earth, and washed it in a large box with plates full of holes. The water washed away the earth, leaving the gold in the form of nuggets and dust on the plates. For a week or so we found little or nothing and my golden dreams began to wane. Then one morning, Sandy gave a shout of joy, and, hastily ascending the shaft, I saw in the cradle several nuggets of pure gold. I was half mad with delight, and for the rest of the day I worked with the energy of two men. Before nightfall we had more than 200 ounces of small nuggets and dust. We stiched it up in small canvas bags, and hid it for safety in the floor of the tent. We went on in this way for months, until our claim began to give out.

"Just about this time a convoy was going to Melbourne to take some gold to the bank there. We therefore agreed to send some of ours to be deposited in the bank, and get notes in exchange. When we got to the place of starting, I was surprised to see among the mounted troopers forming the escort, my shock-headed fellow-voyager. I mentioned my distrust of him to my claim; and, in consequence, we only sent half of the intended quantity. The fellow evidently knew I distrusted him, for when I went up with our parcel, he gave me a malicious look that boded me no good.

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