

The Journal.

Walter & Deisinger, Proprietors

B. O. DEISINGER, Associate Editor

Millheim, Thursday May 1.

Terms—\$1.50 Per Annum.

Millheim on the L. C. & S. C. R. R. has a population of 600-700 is a thriving business centre, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles. In which the JOURNAL has a larger circulation than all other county papers combined.

Advertisers will please make a note of this

Who Comes There?

Business connected with the firm of which I was junior partner compelled me to visit San Francisco.

On the train was a tall, soldierly appearing man, whose acquaintance I made. He told me of an adventure he had.

It was a personal adventure, and the gentleman, an officer of the army, would not care to see his name in print.

"It was during the Mexican war, when I was a sub in a cavalry regiment, that I found myself on duty at Vera Cruz. Tempted by the beautiful scenery, and above all the superb hunting, I sallied forth early one morning accompanied by no one save my Newfoundland dog.

"I was an ardent sportsman, my double-barrelled gun worked to a charm, and not until the deepening shades of evening, accompanied by an unmistakable growl of thunder, did I give a thought to the flight of time or the importance of retracing my steps to the city.

"It was about the time that the bloodthirsty and cowardly Canales had ordered every Mexican to join the army and commanded that no quarter should be granted to the hated Americans.

"I had not anticipated danger from the enemy, unless it might be in the shape of some small bands of guerrillas lurking amid the mountain gorges, actuated more by the hope of plunder than by patriotic motives.

"I will not attempt to say how many thousand feet I was above the level of the sea, but I found the elevation sufficient even for the tried and practiced nerves of a seaman, had he been placed in my position."

"There is little twilight, you know, in the tropics. The sun had disappeared in the folds of an immense cloud which was rapidly spreading itself over the entire heavens, while from its sibilant depths darted lurid sheets of lightning, followed by the increasing roar of thunder, which already found an echo through the valleys and gorges of the mountains.

"I did not fancy a wet jacket, and whistling for my dog, an animal to which I was warmly attached, I was on the point of retracing my steps down the rough mountain road, when the jingling of spurs and accoutrements, the tramping of horses, and the hoarse word of command was sufficient for me to draw back into a tall tuft of grass and Spanish bayonet growing beside me.

The dog crouched at my feet, growling ominously, as if conscious of the danger his master was in, and faith, I did not much like the situation I found myself compelled to face.

A number of Mexican lanceros were before me preparing to bivouac for the night, and my retreat down the road was out of question.

"High, precipitous rocks hemmed me on three sides, through which the road I had traveled had been originally cut. The outlet was now in possession of the lanceros, while in front of me the steep side of a precipice, sloped toward the city.

"To remain where I was would be only to court death, a nameless fate, an unknown grave for discovery was certain to follow when the sentinels should be posted.

"Cautiously I examined the smooth sides of the precipice, covered here and there by a network of vines, clinging to the crevices and rifts in the rock for its uncertain life. Further on I beheld a dark, irregular line disappearing in the murky depths below. I strained my eyes to the utmost, for the storm of night and the mists of the gloom, which threatened every moment to burst above my head enveloped all objects in darkness and uncertainty.

But for once fortune favored me, and I never laid claim to being a favorite to the fickle jade. The dark line proved to be a deep, dry gully, the channel of some mountain stream long since dried up.

Bathos to reach the friendly cover of that was the question which puzzled me.

A sudden connotation among the gully-trapped gentry behind me soon decided my course of action. They had kindled a small campfire, were about to cook their eyes

ning meal, and a dozen men—tall, strapping fellows, were radiating from the main body in different directions to perform the duty of sentinels.

One in particular was making for the friendly clump of wide-spreading limbs, in hopes possible to partially escape the first gusts of wind and rain which had begun to sweep about the mountain.

Dropping my fowling-piece, and bidding my noble dog to shift for himself, I swung myself over the precipice, clinging to the network of vines, which shook and complained beneath my feet.

The darkness had increased with astonishing rapidity, and as I swung over that rayless void I found it impossible to pierce the gloom. I heard the short, sharp howl of my dog as he darted off in search of me; then, amid the rush of the squall, came the confused shouts of men, a staggering shot or two mingled with the crash of the heavy artillery rolling in the vast expanse above me.

Depending principally upon the strength and endurance of my arms, I carefully and cautiously felt my way along the verge of the precipice, working in the direction of the gully, which, once gained, promised to afford me the means of escape from the dangers which encompassed me.

Broad sheets of lightning lit up with dazzling distinctness the fearful scene, bringing out every undulation of the rocks, every crevice and blade of grass, and once, when I had found a slight support for my feet, and was giving my aching arms a rest, I glanced above amid the yellow glare of the lightning and beheld the fierce, dark-whiskered face of a Mexican peering over the brink of a cliff but a few feet below him, while the electricity twisted and writhed, like tongues of infernal serpents, around the muzzle of his carbine.

It was a trying moment, my friend, a situation well calculated to inspire a feeling of terror in the boldest. But whether it was rain which was falling in torrents, and diving furiously before the gale, or the glare of the lightning, which prevented the lancer from discovering me, I am unable to say. At all events I escaped his notice, the shot did not come, and, watching my chance in the lulls of the tempest, I continued my perilous course.

It seemed as if the floodgates of heaven had been opened, and the scouring wind sweeping with terrific violence around the mountain, disputing every inch of the way which I gained with the utmost difficulty, oftentimes threatening to tear me bodily from the oscillating ladder which had served me so well.

I had but little strength to spare when I at last found myself crouching on the muddy bottom of the old mountain gorge.

The earth yielded beneath my feet, sand and pebbles swirled by, and rising above the crash of the elements, I heard the increasing roar of some unknown torrent, as it swelled and gathered force for above me.

Nerved on by the strength of despair, I rushed down the steep declivity, reckless as to where my feet might wander. Completely blinded between the mingled glare of the lightning and the intense darkness that followed each flash, I stumbled on, feeling that every moment my steps were becoming unsteady.

The water was already up to my knees, and rushing by with a force that made me grip desperately to whatever projection I could find along the side of the ravine.

The inexorable water rose yet faster, and the anger of the tempest grew wilder still. My strength and even faculties were failing fast, and I was lifted from beneath me, and quicker than thought I was rushing helplessly along, enveloped amid the spray and foam of that maddening whirl.

I think I must have lost myself for a moment, but awakened amid the darkness and roaring waters, nearly strangled to death. Another instant and I was whirled heavily against some yielding object. I rallied my strength for a final effort. The next flash revealed the wreck of a tree, with the roots still clinging tenaciously to the side of the bank.

I drew myself out of the rush of the current, and crawled to a firm foothold on the shelving bank of the torrent.

The cool rain revived me. The terrible strain upon my nervous system had robbed me to a great extent of the strength and vitality natural to my strong constitution. But my power of endurance was great. I stumbled forward, feeling my way amid the debris of fallen trees, pit holes and huge rocks, all scattered promiscuously about on the steep side of the mountain, until a faint glimmer of a light streamed tremulously across my path.

It was a welcome sight, and, prisoner or no prisoner, I made up my mind to risk life and liberty, and demand shelter from the terrible storm, which still raged, but gave signs of

abating.

I was unwarned; the only weapon I had sallied forth with had been abandoned on the edge of the precipice, previous to my attempting the perilous passage. I felt my heart beat faster as I neared the door of that tumble downed ranch which loomed up a huge, shapeless mass, amid the gloom and solitude of that wild spot.

A moment's hesitation and I knuckled resolutely at the door.

"Queiro vive!" (who comes there) and I heard the click of a weapon.

"I am an American," I replied, bitterly, in English. "A United States officer, who has lost his way in the side of this cursed mountain."

"With a jerk the door was thrown back on its rusty hinges, revealing the figure of a man of brawny proportions, armed to the teeth, and of most villainous aspect."

"He held a glaring torch on high, the uncertain light of which fell across his stern and scowling visage. Keenly and deliberately he scanned the torn and tattered remains of my uniform; then, in a voice harsh and growling, he demanded:

"What do you want here; and how many of you are there?"

"I replied in the best Spanish I could muster that I was alone and repeated my doleful story of being lost in the storm.

At that moment, to my surprise and astonishment, my faithful Newfoundland, who, by some keen instinct of his nature, had succeeded in scenting the ferocity and cunning of the man, burst through the surrounding obscurity, testing his joy by leaping upon me and baying in his deep, powerful tones.

It was a welcome surprise to me. I felt that I had one friend upon whom I could rely in case of an emergency.

The man's appearance was indicative of the danger I felt was lurking about me, while his eye, wild and unsettled, lit up with an expression I could not fathom, as he bade me enter.

Strange forebodings filled my heart as I gazed about the recesses of the hovel. It was almost bare of furniture, save a table and two broken chairs. A fire blazed cheerily in the fire place, before which were stretched three dark forms, wrapped in tattered and grasy blankets. The gleam of fire-arms, as they lay piled in a corner, did not escape my attention; and you may depend I did not feel the easiest in my mind as I drew up before the fire, with my dog curled up at my feet.

In my exhausted state, despite the danger I felt was lurking about me, I must have dropped off to sleep, my head finding a support against a projection of the chimney.

The low, mottled hum of voices fell upon my ear, and cautiously reconnoitering from beneath the visor of my cap I found that the three sleepers had aroused themselves, and were in deep earnest consultation with the gentleman whom I had first accosted.

Straining my ears to the utmost I could manage to catch occasional fragments of sentences as they dropped from the lips of the four comrades, who were as promising candidates for the gallows as I ever caught the best again under like circumstances.

The howl and gush of the gale had ceased, but the occasional patter of rain drops falling from the leaves and roof of the ranch proved that the rain had but recently passed away.

"Do you notice the glitter of those buttons?" remarked one of the four.

"Curse the buttons!" broke in another, fiercely; "of what value are they? It's the glitter of gold! I like to see you, and we have already wasted too much valuable time, for one say kill him. If the Yankee dog had a dozen lives they should all be forfeited. He has come here masked; he shall not depart so easily."

"Hush, Juan; you are too hasty. The question is will it pay better to dispose of him ourselves and share the plunder, or take him to Canales? He might come down hand some. Suppose the fellow should prove an officer of importance?"

"Beh! You talk like a fool. Do you not see he is too young to have gained any importance? As for Canales, Carajo! You will get nothing for your pains from him."

"All this I heard distinctly, and much more which is unnecessary to repeat. That my life was doomed was beyond all doubt; but I was not disposed to make a vacancy in the corps without a struggle, and especially after undergoing what I had in escaping from the lanceros.

"I felt the blood coursing through my veins with renewed vigor as I looked the situation square in the face. My brain grew clearer as the immensity and peril of I was in grew more apparent.

The dying embers of the fire emitted fitful gleams which fell across the polished arms of the scoundrels, piled promiscuously together in the corner of the ranch.

At that moment, and as I was casting wistful glances at a carbine, the beetle browed rascal who had lighted me into the den glided across the door, slipping a stout bar across the door.

"Now, boys, finish the job, and then share alike," were the words I heard.

"Every nerve in my body jarred; the blood rushed back to my heart as the decisive moment arrived. Up to that time I had not stirred or changed my position, leading the scoundrels to count on an easy victory, no doubt. The odds were fearful against me, and as the four turned their wolfish eyes in my direction, the clear, ringing notes of a bugle came rising and falling, filling the air with its melody.

"A wild cry of joy burst involuntarily from my lips, a thrill of hope pervaded my whole being, as I listened. It came from my own gallant lad—a detachment sent out in all probability in search for their missing officer.

My four friends here passed, uncertain and undecided how to act. They turned for an instant toward the door, leaving me to take advantage of their stupidity.

When they again confronted me I

was in possession of the coveted corner, with a rifle to my shoulder, looking them grimly in the face, while my dog, his hair bristling with rage, stood bravely beside me, displaying his fangs to the engaged gaze of the groovy four.

"Knife them, lads, before they are atop of us. Put him out of sight, or we'll all swing, but not one of them shall red."

"That dark, death-dealing rifle barrel had a wonderfully tranquilizing effect.

"Curses on ye!" shouted the leader, foaming with rage, as he dashed forward, knife in hand.

"Are you all afraid of the Yankee? Let him in here, and this knife shall give him permission to leave."

"Perhaps the villain expected to shake my nerves and cause me to throw away my shot, but I never felt firmer, more determined, in my life.

I covered his left breast with the sight of the weapon, and with the report the scoundrel fell headlong to the floor.

"Charging through the smoke the remaining three rushed upon me, but were met by the dog, who buried his teeth in the flesh of one of them.

"I remember striking out with my clubbed rifle, of parrying with rapid thrusts, and cheering on the dog, when, by some means, in the morning, a horn or canister of powder must have fallen amid the red-hot embers of the fire.

"It exploded with tremendous violence, blowing off the roof of the house, sending the walls asunder, and hurling me to one side, half-suffocated and nearly insensible.

"When I fully realized what was passing about me my own troops were removing the debris from my limbs, and the Newfoundland was licking my face.

"It was as I supposed, a party sent out in search of my unfortunate self, and they were returning from a hopeless search, when the report of a rifle, followed by an explosion and the glare of flames, attracted their attention.

"Of course, my friends, we made short work of the three miscreants who were dragged forth from the burning wreck. They howled vigorously for mercy, but that was not to be thought of in their case. A swing from the nearest bough terminated their career, and I rode back to Vera Cruz with my mind firmly made up that, during the remainder of the campaign, nothing should ever attempt me to wander alone among the hills of Mexico in quest of game."

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