## PLENTY OF TIME.

Flenty of Time-Plenty of Time! O what a foolish and treacherous chime! With so much to see, and so much to be taught, And the battle with evil each day to be fought; With wonders above us, beneath, and around, Which sages are seeking to mark and expound; With work to be done in our fast passing

Can ever there be for us "plenty of time ?"

Our schooling at most lasts a few score o

years, Spent in sunshine and shadow, in smiles or ir

tears; While none are quite equal, howe'er they be

classed. And judgments too often are faultily passed. "Twixt Eternity past and its future to stand Like a child sea-surrounded on one speck of

land. There to work out the duties that make life

Oh, surely there can not be "plenty of time!" -Camilla Crosland, in Chamber's Journal.

## ON LAND AND SEA.

CLEANING OUT A GANG OF PIRATES.

During the year 1868 no less than three trading vessels fitted out at Singapore for traffic in the Java Sea mysteriously disappeared, and no trace of them could be discovered. Two more were added to the list early in 1869, and about July 1 it was whispered around that a nest of pirates had been discovered on an island off the north coast of Java. If the news was true the chieftain of the gang must be a bold fellow indeed, and needed looking after at once.

The merchants at Singapore were talking of fitting out a ship to investigate when H. M. cruiser The Shark arrived. She was one of the old fashioned 10 gun brigs once so numerous, and at that time was engaged in a survey of the south coast of Borneo, or about to be. As I was one of her crew I can relate what happened during the next two weeks first handed.

It seemed that the story of the pirate was accepted as a fact, for we overhauled our armament, took in a lot of ammunition, and strengthened our crew by 14 men before sailing. These men were drafted out of a crew belonging to a man of war which had been wrecked on the Malay coast, and all were old hands. The captain got his bearings from some cource unknown to us, and when we left Singapore the brig was headed to the east. We jogged along down the coast of Sumatra for a week without any unusual incident, and though we spoke a score of crafts none of them had any information about the pirates. The crew had begun to ridicule the idea when something occurred to open our eyes very wide.

One morning, about an hour after daytight, we came up with a Dutch trader, which was taking care of herself. All her sails had been cut away, ropes were flying in every direction, and she was so low in the water that we wondered why she didn't go down. When a boat pulled off to her it was to find the captain mortally wounded and his wife and two sailors stiff and dead and horribly mutilated on the deck beside him. We got him off, but had no time to give the bodies burial before the little craft went down. The captain was a man about 40 years of age, and though hardly alive when we found him he rallied enough to tell his story.

The trader had been trafficking along the Java coast and had finally completed his cargo and headed for Singapore. Just at sunset on the previous evening he had been overhauled by a native craft carryabout 40 men. He was then about 10 miles off the coast and about five miles south of an island known as "Queen's Bower." He had no suspicion whatever of the natives, and the first

tolshot of us to make an investigation. Our captain halled them and they replied with gestures to signify that they would return to the shore for help. They evidently took us for what we pretended

to be, and we were piped to breakfast

feeling that our ruse would succeed. About 8 o'clock, with the wind breezing up lively, three native sailcraft put out for us. A man aloft with a glass reported that each craft was crowded with natives, and it was now our plan to weigh anchor and make a little sail and pretend to be standing away from them as if alarmed. The object was to draw them as far away from shore as possible, and we had added a mile or more to the distance when the foremost boat came within hail. She hadn't a gun of any sort in sight, but she had 48 desperate look ing villains in plain view, and every one of them had a cutlass and pistol. While her captain was hailing us in a language no one could understand, she was slowly edging along down upon our starboard quarter. At the same time a second craft was drawing ahead on the port side, and the third kept in our wake.

Only seven or eight men were in sight on our decks, and the natives seemed to have no suspicions of a trick. The breeze was a little bit too strong for their ma-neuvering at first, but after we were about six miles off shore the two suddenly closed in to board us. Our captain had been closely watching them and waiting for this move, and of a sudden the drum beat to quarters, and our decks were alive with men. I was captain of No. 3 gun crew and had the honor of firing the first shot. It was a solid ball, and it struck the craft on her port bow and went clean through her and dropped into the sea beyond. This opened the fight; the natives instantly realized that they had caught a Tartar, and they saw, too, that their only means of escape lay in capturing the ship. Therefore, instead of running away, as we had looked for, each craft bore down on us to board. They were handled as easily as an Indian maneuvers a canoe, and it wasn't five minutes after the first gun was fired ere they were on our quarters like wolves seeking to hamstring a deer. I fired another solid shot, and then loaded with grape, and this last charge was fired right into a mass of natives waiting to clamber up the side. The gun next to me fired a solid shot, which tore through her bottom, and two minutes later she foundered right alongside of us. The second craft got near enough to grapple, but the irons were thrown off, and two guns played solid shot into her hull until she went down stern foremost, leaving 30 men struggling in the waves.

The third craft had forged ahead, sailing five feet to our one, and would have boarded us at the bows but for the sudden destruction of the others. Their fate frightened her off, but she had scarcely laid her head for the island than it was brought around, as if her crew had made some desperate resolve. Now occurred a curious thing. She had about 30 men on board, and she came down on us with every one of them shouting and screaming and tried to lay us aboard. We could have sunk her with one gun even, or we could have picked off the whole crew with our muskets before they had crossed the rail. Word was passed to give her a full broadside at the word, and when the smoke cleared away she was not to be seen. There were over 20 of the pirates hanging to the wreckage around us, however, and a boat was lowered to pick them up. You can judge of their desperation when I tell you that every one of them fought like a tiger against being picked up, and that we got only five out of the lot. The others we had to kill as they floated

#### REMEMBER !

Remember, when the Dawn sets open wide Her bright enchanted paince to the Sun; Romember, when the Night, the pensiveeyed.

Comes dreaming under vells all silverspun; When thy bosom beats high with a pleasure

supreme, When the twilight allares thee to brood and

to dream; Hark ! the forest profound Has a voice in its sound-"Remember!"

Remember me, when fate has drawn our

ways Afar, forevermore afar apart: When sorrow, exile, and the flight of days Have withered like a flower this breaking heart. O forget not our parting, my love, and lis

tears ! Love laughs at the malice of space and o

years! While my bosom shall beat Will its pulses repeat— "Remember !"

Remember me, when, nevermore distrest; This heart of mine shall slumber in the tomb:

Remember, when above its house of rest Softly a solitary flower shall bloom.

Softly a solitary nower shall bloom. Thou wilt see me no more, but my spirit shall be. Like a sister beloved, forever with thee. When the midnight is nigh Thou wilt hear a voice sigh-"Remember !"

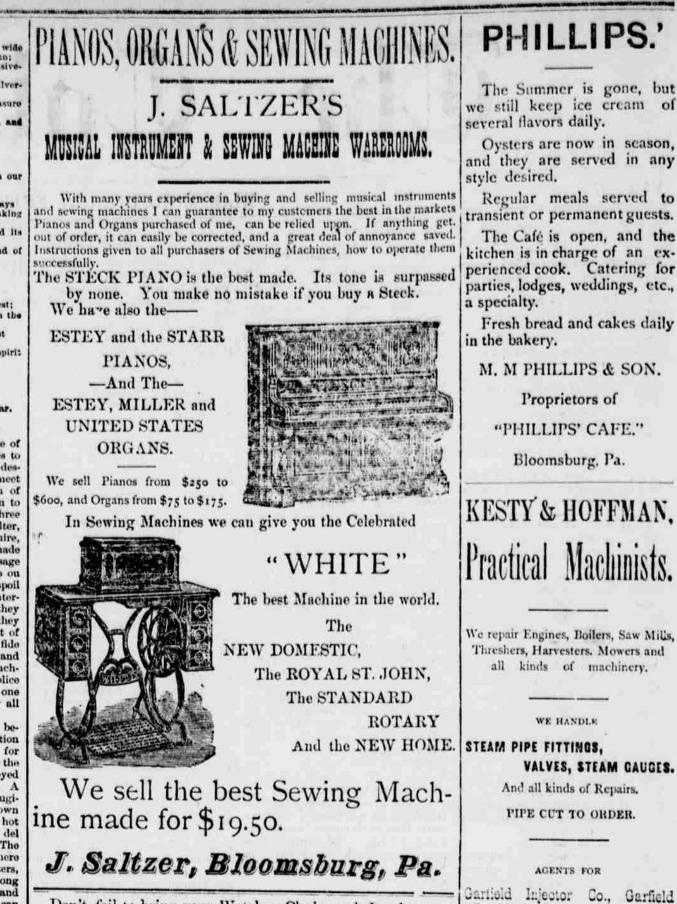
-Temple Bar.

### The Camorrists in Naples.

The wholesale, cruel, mean pillage of the emigrants who arrive in Naples to embark is one of the proofs of the despicable character of the sect. They meet them on their arrival, mulct them of their clothes and cash, take them to the vilest lodgings, make them pay three or four times the proper price for shelter. food, or any articles they may require, even of the poor provisions, home made bread, wine, the cheese, and the sausage which is to be their sole companatico ou the voyage. This is the legitimate spoil of the Camorrists. But often an interloper despoils the emigrants of all they possess, even of the money which they pay for their voyage at the moment of departure. Sometimes the bona fide Camorra refunds the passage money, and the false Camorrist pays for his poaching on their manors. Sometimes the police track them; but though one gang in one quarter detests that in the next, they all protect each, and each protect all.

The worst feature of the relations between the Camorra and the emigration is that they have an organization for "shipping merchandise" which defies the police and the special agents employed by the government to detect them. A criminal escaping from justice or a fugitive from the leva-one of their own number who has made the place too hot for him-seeks assistance. Torre del Greco used to be a famous haunt. The Camorrists have friends everywhere among the "expeditioners," the carters, the cabmen, and we quite believe among the emigrant agents, the skippers, and the dock authorities. If the fugitive can afford it, the Camorrist procures him a passport under a false name, keeps him in hiding to the last moment, then accompanies him on board, making him pay very dearly for these services. If he has no means they pass him as a stowaway. When he lands in the United States, or even elsewhere, it is more than likely that the association has adepts at the landing places warned by cablegram -"So many bales will arrive by such and such a steamer."

The late law on emigration, one of the many beneficent laws which Francesco Crispi proposed and succeeded in passing in 1889, is extremely severe on the emigrant agents and on clandestine emigration. Heavy penalties are inflicted on companies, on agents, on ship captains who contravene the regu



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thing he knew they boarded his craft and began to cut and slash. When they had finished the crew they began to plunder and strip the vessels, and were with her until midnight. Before leaving they bored her full of holes, and we had reached her just in time to rescue tho captain. The first craft was joined by two others later on, and the three carried at least a hundred desperate fellows. The captain heard and understood enough to satisfy him that they were an organized gang of pirates and that they were also well equipped for their bloody business

The island mentioned was not over 20 miles away, and as the Java Sea was and is a great highway, it did not seem possi-ble that men would take such a risk as those pirates had. The trader said that no less than three friendly sails were in sight when he was attacked, but all too far away to signal, even if he had been warned in time to do something. Owing to the shoals surrounding the island out craft could not approach near enough to use her guns and shell the fellows out, and we were not strong enough to land from our boats and deal with them. The sight of an armed vessel nosing around would put the pirates on their guard, and so it was resolved to play them a Yankee trick. We ran into a bay on the coast and set to work.

You are probably aware of the fact that an English man of war, no matter how large or how small, is a pattern of neatness and regulation, and the cut of her sails will alone establish her identity while her hull is yet below the water line. We had, therefore, to undo and overhaul a great deal. We put everything in seeming confusion aloft, disguising her bull as much as possible, and when we left the bay The Shark had the look of a merchantman which had been through a typhoon and was too shorthanded to make repairs. The Dutch captain died on the day after we found him, and his tast words were prayer that we might fall in with and punish the pirates.

It was just at daylight that we appeared off the north coast of the island and anchored on a bank about three miles from the beach. Men were sent aloft as if engaged in repairs, a boat was got down as if to work on the hull, and she bulk of the crew remained in hiding below. No doubt the fellows ashore had below. No doubt the fellows ashore had a lookout in some tree, and provided with a good glass he could see every-thing going on aboard. It was hardly sunrise when a small native craft with four men in her came out to within pis-

about with the sharks snapping at them. Two of the five leaped out of the boat after being pulled in and were seen no more, and the others gave us so much trouble that the captain swung them up to the yardarm. Thus not one single man of the hundred or more who came out to attack us escaped with his life. I was in one of the two boats afterward sent ashore to see what sort of a lair the pirates had made themselves, The only human beings ashore were an old native woman, a one armed Javanese, and a white boy about 14 years of age. This boy was off an English trader capt-ured the year before, and had been held prisoner ever since. He said there were 107 men in the gang, and we found enough plunder on the island to load our ship. They had captured about a dozen different vessels, large and small, and in every case had plundered and sunk them. They did not always kill all the crew. Soon after the boy was captured they brought in an American sailor off a spice trader. The boy knew him only by the name of William, but remembered that hame of William, out remembered that his home was in Boston. It turned out that they had spared his life to make use of him as a blacksmith, but when they found he had no knowledge of that work he was put to death. By order of the chief he was hung in chains on a tree about a quarter of a mile away, and was 11 days in dying. The boy went with us and showed us his bones still

hanging. The one armed man and the old woman, assisted by the boy, were the cooks for the gang. They at first seemed very much alarmed, and protested their innocence of any complicity in the crimes of the pirates, but when they came to understand that all the villains had met their fate, and that we had come ashore to clear the island of its last bale of plunder, they suddenly ran into a rude storehouse, blocked up the doorway with boxes, and opened fire on us with pistols. We had two men wounded before we could dislodge them, and they were then hanged to the same limb and their bodies left to the birds. What plunder we could not bring off we burned on the island, and before leaving we set the forest on fire in a dozen places, and the flames did not die out until the whole length and breadth had been swept clean of vegetation.

The Bright Side of It.-Mrs. Glim-So your husband was blown up by nitro-;;lycerine. How awful! Mrs. Shotter-Well, it might have been worse; I didn't have to go to the expense of a funeral, you see.-Epoch.

certain it is that if the captain of the emigrant ship does not do so, fugitives and crimnals, as such, can not land from Italy on foreign shores. But there are other transports than emigrant ships, and the Camorra probably avail themselves of these.-Mrs. Jesse White Mario, in the Nineteenth Century.

How Names Grow. It is currently related in New Bedford that several generations ago a ship was wrecked near there and only one boy saved. As they did not know his name they called him Johnny Crapaud, and the descendant of this boy was Congressman from Massachusetts, Hon. Mr. Crapo,

To these may be added the case of Judge Poland, of Vermont, of whom the story is told that his family were Poles and bore an unpronouncable surname; they were called the "Poles" and the "Polanders," so that the name gradually crystallized into "Poland." There is also the name common in the South, "Dabney," which is supposed by the aristocratic owners to be a corruption of the French "D'Aubigne," and probably first imported by some noble Huguenot exile. All readers of Walter Scott are familiar with the village of Lasswade, near Edinburgh, the home of his early married life : When there was nae brig to cross the Esk

river, On Jenny's braid back they a gaod thegither; For Jenny was honest, stout, sober, steady, She carried the Laird, she carried hir Leddy, When he was richt seated, the doggie first

gaed. Then waving his stick he cried "Jenny, lass wade !"

-American Notes and Queries.

#### Arsenic for Warts.

Dr. Paul Muller, of Hamburg, writing in the Allgemeine Medicinishe Central Zeitung, "can not sufficiently recom-mend" the internal use of arsenic in the treatment of warts on the hands. He has employed it for more than two years, and always found the warts disappear within three weeks.

Another practitioner, Dr. Pullin, who seems to have used arsenic for the same purpose somewhat longer, says that he has known it to cure warts in eight days. The dose ordered by Dr. Muller is only, at the beginning, two drops of liquor arsenicals three times a day for adults, and a quarter of a drop for children. These quantities are gradually increased.

There are 82 national cemeteries in the United States, and they have \$17,179 graves, about one-half of which are marked unknown.

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