

A Thrilling Adventure.

BY H. M. HUGONIN.

WHEN the ill-fated steamer Lady Elgin went down on Lake Michigan, drowning three hundred gay revelers, on that tempestuous morning of the 8th of September, 1860, the Hon. Wm. Farnsworth, of Sheboygon, Wis.—a pioneer of the Northwest, and a gentleman whom his acquaintances delighted to honor—shared her disastrous fate. Nearly sixty years ago, he settled in the wilds of Wisconsin, the only white man, who in that part of the Union, preferred a life in the midst of the aborigines at that early day. His business was that of a trader, and his primitive storehouse contained such articles of merchandise as benefited the fancy and necessities of his dark-skinned customers, and served as a barter for the rich furs and peltries in which they dealt. It was not long before his dignified and upright character as a dealer succeeded in producing the desired result, and his business rapidly increased. For a time all went smoothly and satisfactorily; but the treacherous Indians soon found in him something which not only made him offensive to them, but led them to seek his life. This last measure, however, was secretly formed, and it was through the agency of a friendly native that he was enabled to discover their design.

There was no noisy commotion among them. All was still and serpent-like, with a stern determination. No threats or menaces escaped their sealed lips, yet there was a wicked expression in every eye.

The shades of night had fallen, and Mr. Farnsworth stood behind the counter in his store, which was dimly lighted by two candles, while the door stood widely open to permit free ingress. A single Indian entered, armed and blanketed, passed him, with a grant of recognition, and silently stalked to the rear of the apartment, where he squatted upon his haunches. Another followed in the same manner, and, singly, came others—ten, twenty, forty—all full armed, each seating himself on the floor beside the first, in rear of the store. Mr. Farnsworth felt that a crisis had arrived, and with an active mind and a fearless heart, he quickly determined upon a course of conduct, which if it did not succeed in releasing him, unharmed, from the dilemma in which he was placed, would completely route and destroy his enemies with himself, at one fell stroke. To show the slightest degree of fear or anxiety would but hasten a *denouement* which had undoubtedly been agreed upon. In the mean time, one by one, more than a hundred of the Indians had gathered in the store, and ominous murmurs began to reach his ears. One Indian spoke: "Big warrior me! Ugh! fight at Tippecanoe; me no 'fraid!"

"Me, too—me fight at Tippecanoe; me fight more, bymely!" added another, with an air of mystery. "Me, too—me no 'fraid—ugh! *squaw* 'fraid. Warrior no 'fraid!" said a third; and similar expressions found a general utterance among them.

Mr. Farnsworth saw that they were all "blowing" or boasting, for some undefined purpose, for he knew that none of them were present at the battle of Tippecanoe. To humor them, and to gain time and a more definite idea of what awaited him, he pleasantly joined in the conversation, with as little truth in what he said as there was in what he heard: "I'm a warrior, too," he said. "I killed big Indian Tecumseh, I'm a pale-face brave." There was not a tremor in his voice, nor a shade on his features as he spoke—nothing, indeed, to indicate a suspicion that he knew aught of the impending crisis.

His empty boast and manly bearing, however, were not without their effect, for he saw at a glance that the Indians had suddenly relapsed into silence, or were conferring together in whispers.—He felt that the time had arrived for immediate operations on his part. Beneath the counter was a keg nearly filled with gunpowder, from which the head had been removed, and within his reach stood a lighted candle. Stooping down, with his finger he formed an impromptu candle stick in the very centre of the mass of powder. Then snuffing the lighted wick very closely, he placed the edges of his hands, with the palms upward, around the candle in order to catch any accidental sparks which might fall while he was moving it. Lifting it in this manner from its receptacle he placed the candle in an upright position into the hole prepared for it in the powder, and carefully removed his hands. Then he raised

himself up from his perilous task, and stood calmly near it to await the catastrophe.

But his movements had been noticed by one of the Indians, who being actuated by the characteristic curiosity which at times overpowers every other feeling in the savage breast, leaned over the counter and saw the candle burning brightly in the keg of powder. Not a sound escaped him, but with a wondering glance at the pale and intrepid merchant, he walked rapidly and silently out of the store. His sudden exit attracted the attention of another warrior, who also peered cautiously over the counter, saw the danger and stalked out of the door as silently as the first. A third, a fourth, and all successively, each for himself, saw the impending catastrophe, and passed out without uttering a word. As the last one left the store, astonished at the stolid bravery of the pale-face, the merchant followed him to the door, and hastily closed it, fastening it securely.—Then, carefully approaching the keg of powder, he lifted out the candle in the guarded manner in which he placed it there, and felt that he was saved.

And he was saved. The daring alternative which he had chosen assured the Indians that he was no trifler, and produced a revulsion of feeling in his favor that led to a friendly arrangement of the difficulty which had estranged them from him.

Mr. Farnsworth remained among them, was married to one of their number, and at the time of his death still resided in that vicinity.

Why He Smoked.

In the reign of James I. of tobacco hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from the master, till one evening, when the chaps were together around the fire of their dormitory, indulging each other in a vapor of their own creating, lo! in burst the master, and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How now?" quoth the dominie to the first lad: "how dare you be smoking tobacco?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headache, and a pipe takes off the pain."

And you?—and you?—and you?—inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging toothache;" another chollic; a third a cough; in short, they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor, to the last boy, what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! the excuses were all exhausted; but the interrogated urchin put down his pipe after a farewell whiff and looking up in his master's face said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke for corns."

A Word to Boys.

Make yourselves indispensable to your employers; that is the golden path to success. Be so industrious, so prompt, so careful, that if you are absent one hour of the usual time you will be missed, and he in whose service you are shall say, "I did not dream W— was so useful." Make you employer your friend, performing with minuteness whatever task he sets before you, and above all, be not too nice to lend a hand, however repugnant to your sense of neatness it may be. The success of your business in after life depends on how you deport yourself now; if you are really good for anything you are good for a great deal. Be energetic, put your manners into business; look, as well as act with alacrity. Appear to feel an interest, make your master's success your own, if you have an honest one. Let your eye light up at his request, and your feet be nimble. There are some who look so dull and heavy, and go with so slow and lazy a pace, that it is irksome to ask what it is your right to demand of them. Be not like these.

A Welsh clergyman, who preached from the text "love one another" gave a national turn to his subject by illustrating it with an anecdote of two goats who met on the middle of the one-plank bridge that crossed the little stream in their parish: But did they fight and try to push each other into the water? Oh no! but one laid himself down while the other stepped over him.—Here was friendship! here was love! Oh, my brethren, let us all live like goats.

For The Bloomfield Times.

A Geographical Enigma

My 1, 6, 11, 13 and 7th is a City in Spain.
My 2, 8, 5 and 12th is a County in Texas.
My 3, 12, 4 and 11th, is a River in Russia.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 5 and 13th is a town in Pa.
My 5, 15, 12, 5 and 17th is a town in France.
My 6, 2, 15 and 7th is one of the United States.
My 7, 4 and 11th is a River in Siberia.
My 8, 10, 13, 13, 5 and 11th is an Island in L. Huron.
My 9, 15, 11, 5 and 13th is an Inclosure of Land.
My 10, 18, 8, 15 and 13th is a town in Turkey in Asia.
My 11, 5, 4, and 17th is a river in Europe.
My 12, 11, 17, 13 and 3rd is a town in England.
My 13, 11, 15, 6, and 7th is a town in Nebraska.
My 14, 6, 12, 3, 13 and 7th is a town in Ohio.
My 15, 5, and 10th is a river in Siberia.
My 16, 11, 1, 10, and 18 is a river in Canada.
My 17, 5, 12, 10, and 18th is a Bay in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
My 18, 3, 4, 6, 7, 10 and 18th is a river Maine.
My whole is something you have recently seen.
DELLVILLE, December 28th, 1869.

A Practical Application.

Nicholas Wain, though a regular Quaker preacher, a great wag, was once traveling on horseback in the interior of Pennsylvania in company with two Methodist preachers. They discussed the points of difference in their respective sects, until they arrived at the inn where they were to put up for the night. At supper, Wain was seated between the two Methodists, and before them was placed a plate containing two trout. Each of the circuit-riders placed his fork in a fish and transferred it to his plate, after which each shut his eyes and said audible grace before meat. The quaker availed himself of the opportunity to transfer both of the trout to his own plate, merely remarking, when the others opened their eyes, "Your religion teaches you to pray, but mine teaches me both to watch and pray."

Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber.—In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German dropped his razor in astonishment and exclaimed: "Vell, mine Gott? dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw. I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at dinner times, and he gomes back now mit his beard so long as it never vash!"

WATER-PROOF GOODS.—Probably few of our readers know how water-proof goods are made, or rather how the goods are made water-proof. The process, briefly described, is as follows: The cloth is first submitted to the action of moderately strong sulphuric acid, the time of such action varying with the nature of the fabric, but never exceeding two minutes. A thorough washing follows, and when dried the material is ready for use. The action of the acid is to decompose the wool or cotton fibres into a glutinous material, the gum filling up the spaces between the threads, and thereby preventing the passage of water.

"What did you come here after?" inquired Miss Susan Draper of a bachelor friend, who made her a call when the rest of the family had gone out.

"I came to borrow some matches," he meekly replied.

"Matches! That's a likely story.—Why don't you make a match? I know what you came for," exclaimed the delighted miss, as she crowded the old bachelor into a corner; "you came to kiss me and hug me almost to death; but you shan't, unless you are the strongest, and the Lord knows you are."

I compare the art of spreading rumors to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth which I call wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point; others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.—Newton.

Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having one thousand holes, and the fine web itself the union of four thousand threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed, they seize on the webs of others.

Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; like obscene words, they leave a loathsome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

Anecdotes of Frederick the Great.

THE king was scrupulously clean, washing five times a day. He would allow no drapery, no stuffed furniture, nor carpets in his apartments. They caught dust. He sat upon a plain wooden chair. He ate roughly, like a farmer, of roast beef, despising all delicacies. His almost invariable dress was a close military blue coat, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches, and white linen gaiters to the knee. A sword was belted around his loins, and, as we have said, a stout ratan, or bamboo cane ever in his hand. A well-known, battered, triangular hat covered his head. He walked rapidly through the streets which surrounded his palaces at Postdam and Berlin. If he met any one who attracted his attention, male or female, he would abruptly, menacingly inquire, "Who are you?"

A street loungee he has been known to hit over the head with his cane, exclaiming, "Home, you rascal, and go to work." If any one prevaricated or hesitated he would sternly demand, "Look me in the face." If there was still hesitancy, or the king were dissatisfied with the answers, the one interrogated was lucky if he escaped without a caning.

The boorish king hated the refinement and polish of the French. If he met a lady in rich attire, she was pretty sure to be rudely assailed; and a young man fashionably dressed could hardly escape the cudgel if he came within reach of the king's arm. The king, strolling through the streets was as marked an object as an elephant would have been. Every one instantly recognized him, and many fled at his approach. One day he met a pale, threadbare young man, who was quietly passing him, when the king stopped him in his jerking gait, and demanded, in his coarse, rapid utterance, "Who are you?"

"I am a theological student," the young man, quietly replied.

"Where from?" added the king.

"From Berlin," was the response.

"From Berlin?" the king rejoined; "the Berliners are all a good-for-nothing set."

"Yes, your Majesty, that is true of many of them," the young man added; "but I know of two exceptions."

"Of two?" responded the king; "which are they?"

"Your Majesty and myself," the young man replied.

The king burst into a good-humored laugh, and after having the young man carefully examined, assigned him to a chaplaincy.

A Boy who Could be Trusted.

ALFRED was missing one night about sunset. Mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought Alfred was safe enough to be with them.

"No," said the mother, "he promised me he would not go there without my leave, and he *always* keeps his word. He never told me a lie."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still watching and listening for the step of Alfred; but it was half-past eight before his merry shouts and whistle were heard, when he ran into the gate.

"Confess now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eye flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir! I told my mother I would never go there without her leave, and *do you think I would tell a lie?* I helped James to find the cows which had strayed in the wood, and did not think I should be so late.

James, coming up the street just then, came in to tell us he was afraid we had been alarmed; they had been so far in the wood it made them late in getting home.

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you, madam. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."

An Ohio clergyman several years ago received a bright new cent as a wedding fee. The other day he met the bridegroom who mentioned the circumstance, and said, "My wife was a comparative stranger to me at the time we were united in wedlock. I have learned her value, and paid accordingly. I find her a jewel—so here is an additional fee," at the same time handing the astonished minister a \$20 gold piece.

He who in every man wishes to meet a brother will rarely encounter an enemy.

SUNDAY READING.

What it Cost Him.

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another, with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know how much it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul!"

A solemn pause followed his brief answer, for the inquirer had not sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The person referred to was the son of a pious laboring man. Early in life he possessed faith in Christ and soon obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in that city. He continued to maintain a reputable religious profession till he became a partner in the firm. Labor then increased. He gave less attention to religion, and more to his business, and the cares of the world choked the Word. Ere he became old he was exceedingly rich in money, but so poor and miserly in soul that none that knew him would have suspected that he had ever borne the sacred name of Him who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

At length he purchased the large landed estate referred to, built a costly mansion, sickened and died. Just before he died he remarked: "My prosperity has been my ruin."

Oh what a price for which to barter away immortal joy and everlasting life, yet how many do it! "When I have finished the house then I will seek the Lord," said one man. "Years afterward," said the narrator, "I passed that way; the house was not finished, but the man was dead."

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Henry Ward Beecher has a very plain way of speaking. The following occurred in one of his sermons:—

There are sitting before me in this congregation now, two hundred men, who stuff their Sundays full of what they call religion, and then go out on Mondays to catch their brethren by the throat, saying: "It's Monday now, and you need not think that because we sat crying together yesterday over our Saviour's sufferings and love, that I am going to let you off from that debt, if it does ruin you to pay it now."

I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion.—Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

Here's a gem from Dombey that will never grow dim: "She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow." In the cold ground!" said the child. "No, the warm ground," replied Polly, "where the seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to heaven."

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

The fear of God is mingled with hope: "The eyes of the Lord are upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy." Fear is to hope, as oil is to the lamp—it keeps it burning. The more we fear God's justice, the more we may hope in his mercy.

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question, whether he was in the land of the living: "No, but I am almost there."

God writes the gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on the trees and flowers, and clouds, and stars.

False friends will treat us, as they do their worn out garments, which, when they become old are cast aside.