

"Nary a Smith; David Whippy; don't know Joseph," he quietly remarked.

"Whippy; runaway sailor; you don't happen to belong to the Nantucket Whippy, do you?"

"By the jumpin' General Jackson, but that is the identical place! where in the name of all that's human do you belong, and who are you?" he shouted, thoroughly excited.

"I belong in Boston, but I have taught school in your home," I answered.

For a few moments he seemed lost in thought, and then for a long time plied me rapidly with questions about his native place, to all of which I answered freely as well as I was able. When he concluded, he said, "Mr. Seymour, you are in for it with a vengeance; if you do not work for them they'll eat you, and the best thing you can do is to get on their right side by becoming too valuable for them to dispose of you. If you do not want that woman I will tell the chief that for two years you must be single or your god will main you so as to be unable to work, and at the end of that time you will take several, so as to make up for lost time; for if any one, after arriving at maturity on these islands, unless he becomes a priest, when he can do as he pleases, does not marry, they strangle him as of no account, and likely to be a burden on the tribe; we have no old maids or bachelors here," he added with a grin.

"How came my vessel to lose her hostages, and go away and leave me?" I inquired.

"I'll find out before I leave. I only know that they sent for me to come here and talk to you," he answered. As he said this he arose, and going out to where the king had stationed himself a few yards from the house, they conversed together for some time, the king apparently dissenting from what was said; but finally the objections, whatever they were, were withdrawn, for the king came quickly into the hut, and saying a few words to the woman she quietly gathered up her things and left me, her face beaming with smiles.

"Soon after she had gone, a young lad of about sixteen made his appearance, and Whippy told me he was to be my man Friday, for the next two years, and his name was Kaloo.

The next day I began, with Whippy's assistance, to build a blacksmith's forge out of nothing; I say nothing, because we had no tools of any note to work with, and nothing to use after a forge should be made. However, the king sent a party of over five hundred to hunt for old iron, and while then were gone we proceeded to make me a fireplace, which was accomplished nicely, with a mud chimney. While they were doing this, I was preparing to make a pair of bellows, by cutting a pine plank which I fortunately found, in halves with my knife, and using some canvas for the sides. As the plank was only about twenty inches in width, I had to make up that deficiency in the length of it.

Towards afternoon the messengers for iron began to arrive with their old junk, and one of the first ones chancing to bring part of a gun barrel, I was enabled to finish my bellows at once, which I did by covering the canvas all over with some gum that exuded from a tree near by, and then nailing it temporarily with wooden skewers until I could manufacture some iron nails.

"I had finally got my forge arranged, and although the bellows were a little leaky, I thought it would answer well enough until I could repair it.

"While I was looking for a suitable stone for an anvil, two natives came dragging part of an anchor with the fluke to it, and that was a prize, sure. Under the direction of Whippy, the natives began polishing it with stones, and though it was as deeply pitted with the rust as a small pox patient is with disease, they never left off until it was as smooth as glass, as many as five hundred having had a turn at it.

"We then procured a large block, and finding a saw in the pile of iron that now began to accumulate, I let it into the wood firmly, and had the satisfaction of having a solid anvil, if it was a rough one.

"Finally the head of a cooper's hammer was brought in, and now I was made. I soon had whittled out a handle, and a chief seeing me make a fire in the forge, using for the purpose some charcoal from a place where I judged they had been holding a human barbecue, pointing significantly at the ashes and gave a ghastly grin; however he soon brought me a flint-knife for repairs, and Whippy telling me he wanted fire put into it, I made an examination, and found nothing ailed it, but from long usage the main-spring had become weakened, so I merely wedged it up with a piece of wood, and greasing it with some hog's leaf, put the gun together again. The chief had been looking black, as I apparently broke his gun to pieces, but as it began to assume its former shape, his face began to be less wrinkled, and when I cocked and snapped it, producing a shower of sparks, from the flint, his delight knew no bounds, and my fame as a blacksmith was secured by the success of my first job.

"The next day I had a roof built over my workshop, and then had it enclosed

in a square, to keep the crowd from annoying me, and I never worked there once after that but what I had a full audience outside the bamboo railing.

"For three weeks Whippy stayed with me, during which time he discovered that Captain Darnford had sold me to the king for an immense amount of tortoise shell and sandal wood, and while I thought he was making unheard-of bargains, he was receiving pay in advance for my body; I was horrified at the base ingratitude of the man I had trusted so; but when I thought over his anxiety for me to do odd jobs, especially the few times the king had been aboard, the more convinced I became of his treachery, and I felt heartsick at the thought of the lonely life I was condemned to lead by the villany of my employee.

However, it was no use crying over spilt milk, and so I put the best face I could on the matter, and inquired how the hostages became free, and was told that when they had got me landed they sent directly back to the vessel word for all canoes to come ashore at once, and also told the captain they would keep me and eat me, and if they would let the hostages go, they would give their weight in turtle shell, and if they didn't accept, they would try to take the vessel. The captain made a great pretence of going to fight for me, getting ready to hang the priests and all that, but when they appeared with their fourteen war canoes, they agreed to sell the hostages back, and then the captain was to go to Australia and get an American-man-of-war to avenge me, and so they sailed away without waiting; but said Whippy, "he fairly sold you, and he'll manage to lose his crew, and you never will see him here again; but in five or six months you will see a regular trader coming; and if you keep a sharp lookout and see her first, you may be able to get away on her. I have never seen a trader at my island, but they tell that one comes regularly every year here, and if you watch out sharp you may get off."

When Whippy finally left me, he gave me many messages for home, saying he did not expect to see me again, as it was only by great urging and leaving hostages for his return, that he had been allowed to come so far, and his time was nearly up now, but if ever I got away and visited those islands again, to come to his, and he would help me out in trading, which I promised faithfully to do, although I determined then, that if I once got away I would let well enough alone. I little thought then I should see what a did a few months later, and make the Fejees be the very place in the world that I wanted to go back to.

"For some days after Whippy had gone I felt lonesome and dispirited, but continued in my work, aided by Kaloo, who not only proved to be handy in work, but also able to teach me Kanaka, and I soon got to talking it very smoothly.

"The first few days I was alone I occupied in sorting over the scraps of iron that had been brought me, and found quite a variety of tools among the heap, such as gimlets, chisels, files, two saws and a part of a large circular saw, which was extremely valuable for gunlock springs, and what was worth its weight in gold until I had got fairly at work, a regular blacksmith's cold chisel. Having made everything snug, when I had sorted the heap over, I took a walk for my health and to get the run of things. I found that Kaloo was not only a servant, but a spy over me, but I cared not for that; I thought if there was a chance to escape, and I was not smart enough to outwit him, then I deserved to remain.

"Finding that there was plenty of ammunition on the island I got in the habit of going a gunning regularly at some portion of the day, and soon was an excellent shot, and the king had me, when there was no work to do, to supply the royal table with game, which was no hard matter, the river and bay being full of mallard duck and teal.

"One day when I had been there about four months, and could then speak their language quite freely, the king invited me to go on an expedition with him to the island of Lauon, some forty miles off, where they had a wonderful white woman like me, who was a great priest.

"My curiosity was greatly excited, thinking I might meet a female Whippy; and I eagerly grasped the opportunity for a change. Concluded next week.

Heaving the Lead.

THE steamboat "Fanny" was coming down the upper Mississippi, loaded with pig-lead. As she was going over a shoal place the pilot gave the signal to heave the lead. The only man forward at the time was a green Irishman.

"Why don't you have the lead?"

"Is it to heave the lead your honor? Where to?"

"Overboard, you blockhead."

The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard; the mate, in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river.

The captain, running to the edge of the deck, asked: "Why don't you heave the lead and sing out how much water there is?"

"The lead is heaved, your honor, and the mate's gone down to see how much water there is," responded Pat.

AN EXPRESSMAN BADLY SOLD.

EARLY this month a large box was shipped from Michigan to Marysville, by Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, marked and consigned "J. S. Devoe, Marysville, Cal." There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the box. Such boxes are constantly passing back and forth on the railroad, and this one attracted no particular attention until it arrived at Ogden. In moving it there a disagreeable smell emanated from the box, which immediately aroused the suspicions of the express messenger, a gentleman named Dalby. With the promptitude and attention to business that invariably characterizes the experienced expressman, he proceeded to make a note of his suspicion and observation, by writing on the way-bill, opposite the description:

"This box stinks. Think it's a corpse, Dalby." The box was regularly transferred to the Central Pacific railroad, where a messenger named Shearer took it in hand and proceeded to verify the complaint made by his predecessor, and having snuffed in the atmosphere that surrounded the box, he, with all the dignity of Crockett and Wallace in the lottery case, wrote, "I concur," with the further remark, "It stinks," and appended his signature. It so happened that John J. Valentine, Superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Co., was upon the train, and his attention was called to the box, when he immediately concluded that it contained a corpse beyond a doubt, and he wrote a letter to the Marysville agent as follows: "On Ogden bill of today, case. Contains a corpse. Collect corpse rates."

In the proper time the case arrived there in safety, and was taken into the office on D street. Mr. Condon, the express agent, proceeded to open his way-bills, and found those above described, as well as the letter from Superintendent Valentine. The owner did not apply for the property, and Condon filled with horror at the idea of having his office appropriated as a receiving vault made arrangement for its storage in the warehouse of W. T. Ellis. He then wrote letters to Devoe, the consignee, but hearing nothing of him, began to conclude that he had an elephant on his hands. But this did not comprise the full measure of his troubles. He had received a corpse some months previously in a damaged condition, and in handling the box had soiled his hands with the leaking of the contents. The result of this accident, or disaster, for such it proved to be, was that he was unable to eat anything that his hands touched for several days.

In the present case he assisted in getting the box into the wagon, and the job was no sooner completed than the recollection of his former experience came vividly to his mind—so vividly, in fact as to take away his appetite, interfere with his sleep, and utterly destroy his peace of mind. In vain he bathed his hands in Florida water, bay rum, &c., drank cock-tails to "take the taste out of his mouth." It was no use. He could not eat, neither could he sleep. Once in a while from pure exhaustion, he would fall into a doze, when the box would plant itself on his breast, and the corpse sit up grinning in his face. He would awaken in a fright to find it "all a dream," and dropping off to sleep again, would see myriads of rats gnawing at the box, and having eaten off the end, proceed to drag the contents out by the hair.

It was too much of a good thing. Even the "corpse charges" could not recompense him for his sufferings, and when Friday morning dawned, after a sleepless night, he determined to have that corpse off his hands before he again sought his couch. He called in the services of Detective Casad to seek out the consignee, and to probe out the terrible mystery, for as such his mind pictured it, to the bottom. While the detective was engaged in "working up" the case, Condon called upon coroner Hamilton and notified him to prepare for the interment of a corpse that evening. In the mean time Mr. Devoe, who is a worthy gentleman, residing in Sutter county, had received the note, stating that a box to his address was at the Marysville express office, and he came over to get it, utterly unconscious of the excitement it had occasioned. He proceeded to the express office, and advancing to the counter inquired:

"Is there a box for me here?"

"What name, sir?"

"Devoe," replied the visitor.

"J. S. Devoe?" interrupted Condon.

"That is the name," was the response.

At the mention of the name the clerks all dropped their pens and gazed upon him with wonder and curiosity.

"What are the charges?" asked Mr. Devoe.

"Two hundred and thirty-six dollars," replied Mr. Condon, with an expression of pity, and in a sympathizing tone.

"Two hundred—two hundred and—two hundred and thirty-six what?" asked Mr. Devoe, jumping back with a look of utter amazement.

"Two hundred and thirty-six dollars, sir," replied Condon, and added softly, "that is the regular corpse charge, sir. We always charge double passenger rates for a corpse."

"For a corpse?" asked Mr. Devoe.

"A corpse? What do you mean? I don't know anything about a corpse."

"The box contains a corpse, I believe," replied Condon, firmly, but kindly.

"What did you expect?"

"Well, I expected a melodeon," replied Mr. Devoe. "If there is a melodeon in the box it is mine, but if there is a corpse in it, it belongs to somebody else."

"Well," replied Condon, "we will have to open the box and see what its contents are;" so armed with a hatchet they proceeded to the warehouse, Condon commenced operations upon the box with trembling hands and palid cheeks. The cover was pried up in a short time, and there in the box lay, calm, still, and noiseless—a melodeon.

It appears that the box containing the instrument had been made tight, to protect its contents by filling the seams with putty or some kind of cement; that the box had been placed in close proximity to a fire, which had melted this substance, and thus cause the smell that had proved so offensive and created such a panic with Wells, Fargo & Co., from the general superintendent down. It is only necessary to say "corpse" or "melodeon," to Condon or Detective Casad to raise a row at once.

THE DUTCHMAN'S CANE.

I DINKS I ish haben more exberience mit a valken cane ash any single man in der sitty, und I know it dat I haben more podder mit de same ardicke ash any dree men in de hole vort, I don't care where he ish. A couple of vocks ago I received mit mineself a bresent gift from a olt friend, combosed of a valken cane stick mit a silver head on. Harry Williams ish de right one dat makes mit me dat bresent ding.

I dinks dat vas a gurious gind of dings to make mit any one for a bresent. If I got mine ghoices about such a ding you can pelief it dat I vill ghooses somedings where I can got more uses out den a olt cane stick mit a silver head on dop. A dree dollar bair of Yankee poots or a couple few bairs of voolen stockens vill done me more goot ash a cane valken stick. Still, ash long ash I don't got nodings to say in de madder, pesure I have to make dat stick ding do for de bresent vot I must remember olt Williams mit. I haben more drouples mit mine mind, on account of dat stick ash I can't hardly stand. Certainly dats de fursd dime ash I ever own such a ding: for I can't saw for vot uses ish dat excoet ven a beeples ish mit a broken leg or vas got some corns py his toe; und mit me I don't got neider. Still I dinks ash long ash dat cane affair ish a bresent mit me, I shall daken him along mit me wherever I shall go, so I can remember olt Williams mit it.

You can't pelief de vorriments I haben over dat cane stick. I dooks him along mit me every places ven I goes out, und dat stick ish in mine mind de hole dime, so I vill be apke not to forget him ven I lays him town und lost him dat vay. Some dime ven I ish out mit mineself along mit dat olt valken cane ding, I leave him town somewhere py a corner mit der blace where I stob a leetle, und den I goes away und forgot dat stick. Vell dat makes me much drouples, ash I must run arount everywhere so I can find him again. Pesure dat ofden dakes a hole half tay's dime away, mitout counting de vorriments.

One dime I pangs it town on de foot of an olt man along side mit me, vich ding causes him to make some loud swearing und scoultling mit me more harder ash I can ever hear before. Das olt man can't got over it de hole ebening shust because I happen to knock his big feet mit a axident py mine cane stick. I feel ash I can make dat stick all broken over his head, only I notice he ish a driffe pigger ash me; so I don't notice der scoultling any farder—for vot's de use. Don't it.

Dat cane ish on mine mind from der dime ash I gets up in de morning undill I vas in ped again at night, so I von't lost him. But de most vorry I ever had mit him was yesterday. I goes out in de morning und stob in blenty places where I vas; und all at once, after vwhile, I finds I don't got no cane stick mit me. Den I ish vorryed. I can't dink where I must have left him. I runs all der vay pack mit every places where I can dink I vas. Still dat cane ish not apke to be found, und nopody sees anyding mit him. Den I pegins to got more vorryed, for now I am sure dat cane ish lost mitout fail. So I goes pack home mit a heavy load py mine stomac on account dat I vas griefting, pekaus I have no more stick to remember olt Williams mit. Ven I get mit mine home, vill you pelief dat?—yes inteed—dar ish my cane stick all right py de endry corner, where I always keep him. Und he ish not lost; only it vas dat I forgot him, und don't dook him along mit me ven I vent out. I pet you dat makes some gladness mit me ash I never feel before. Yet, still I can't help it dat I swear a driffe mit dat stick ven I see him py de corner, on account of de drouples ash he makes mit mine mind ven I dinks he ish lost.

If a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she be? A he-then.



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