

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

WE had a very good crew on the Live-ly Sally, and then was no prettier fellow ever walked a deck than Bob Small, who was a sailor from a love of the profession, and who had run away from his home in New-Hampshire three years before, from which he had not heard a word since, and which he had resolved to return to after the present voyage. He was in my watch, and often, under the lee of the longboat, he would open his heart to me regarding his hope and fears.

We were, one night, walking the deck in the moonlight; the sea just moved to a ripple beneath the tropical air, when he caught my arm suddenly, and cried:

"Look there!"

"Where?" I asked.

"There," said he, "in the wake of the moon. Don't you see?"

There, sure enough, swam an immense shark, just above the water, within a boat's length of us, and we felt that his evil eye rested upon us as we stood there gazing on him. I felt a sense of uneasiness as I saw the monster so near us, and there was sensible tremor in Bob, as his hand rested on his arm.

"Jack," said he impressively, "that chap is after me. I can read my fate in every ripple of the water as it plays around him, and I know very well that he will be my tomb."

"Nonsense," I said; "what is the use of indulging in such a feeling as that? It is no unusual thing to see a shark, and what if every sailor should take it into his head that we was to be eaten, do you think he would be?"

"You see that, Jack," said he; "he knows what we are talking about, and it's a settled thing. His mind is made up to have a pick at me, and he will do it."

"Why do you believe so?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I have been too happy. These joyful anticipations of seeing home again, and getting the forgiveness of the old folks, if they are alive, and seeing my little sister Myra, have filled me full. Jack," he continued, turning around and looking me square in the face, "do you believe that a man who disrespected his father so much as to shut him down the cellar and run away, has a right to anticipate happiness? I serve mine so. See that shark; he seems to be laughing at what I say, the infernal beast, if I may be allowed the expression."

I comforted him by telling him he had no reason for his gloomy fears, but he mournfully shook his head. The calling of the "larboard watch" interrupted our conversation, and we turned in. I laid awake but a little while, and could hear Bob sigh deeply as he lay in his berth.

The next day the shark was not visible, but night found us again looking over the lee rail, and, as before, right in the wake of the ship, was the huge fish swimming along with his fin out of the water, a boat's length from us.

"He's after me," said Bob in a whisper.

"Nonsense," I replied; "he's after me as much as you."

That night Bob turned in his berth, and his sighs were piteous. He looked so haggard and worn the next morning, that Mr. Goodenough, the mate noticed it.

"Ah Bob," said he, "what's the matter. You look like a sick man."

Bob simply replied that he did not feel well, and turned his attention to his duties.

"Time's most up, Jack," said he in a whisper; "and look there!"

Sure enough, there, scarcely a boat's length from the brig, was seen the ominous fin, the black flag of the buccaneer of the dinky tribe, and I was for a moment shocked.

"This can't last another day," said he seizing the rail; "and you believe it; I see you tremble. You must go up and see the old folks, Jack, and tell 'em how patient I died, and that my life was not thrown away, though I was a runaway. Give them my chest and give little Myra the sea elephant's tooth, with the carving upon it, to keep as a memento, and Heaven bless you, Jack."

The poor fellow wept like a child.

The whole crew were now attracted along the vessel's side, to see the great fish that was so desirous of our company, and various were the comments made upon it, none of which were of the sombre character of poor Bob's though they all looked upon it with a feeling of dread.

Our cook finally seemed to arrive at a very decisive, though comical, conclusion. He darted into his caboose, from which he reappeared again in a few moments with something rolled up in an old red shirt, that seemed to send out a steam.

"What have you got there?" asked the mate.

"Brekfus for shark, sir!" was the reply, with an expressive grin.

He said no more, but threw his bundle far out into the water, before the nose of the shark, which, waking from his supineness, darted forward, and immediately swallowed the object. For an instant the monster resumed his place alongside the brig, but this was succeeded by an evident feeling of uneasiness, and a moment after he leaped his length from the water, falling upon the surface with a crush that sent the spray flying in our foreyard. Then he swam furiously in a wide circle about the vessel,

leaping occasionally from the water, and turning upon his back. Soon his motions ceased; and, rolling over, he lay a silent mass upon the water.

"Golly?" said Curacao, "he got his brekfus, shur. Hot brick warmec tum-mak."

"Did you give him a hot brick?" said Mr. Goodenough.

"Yes, massa," said blackey with a grin, "and guess he don't 'gree wid 'em."

There was a laugh at the cook's experiment, and turning to speak to Bob, I found he had left my side.

"Where's Bob?" I asked.

"Don't know. I saw him here a minute ago."

I went around to the other side of the boat. He was not there. We called him and searched for him, but he was not to be found. Then it seemed sure enough that poor Bob's misgiving had been verified, and I mourned his loss, thinking of my own melancholy mission into New Hampshire to inform his weeping friends of the loss. It in fact cast a gloom over all the vessel, and we could never understand how he disappeared so suddenly, supposing, however, that his mind, becoming morbid, had lost its balance, and he had leaped overboard while we were absorbed by the cook's adventure with the shark.

The vessel arrived in about eight days; and after I had got clear of her, I set about the performance of the duty that had been charged upon me by Bob. I had embarked for New Hampshire, having stowed Bob's chest in the baggage-car, and thought all the way, what I should say to the mourning friends. It was something that I was not accustomed to, and I went on the voyage with much misgiving.

I stopped at the pretty little station of Spruceburg, among the hills, at which a coach was waiting to carry passengers to Rimmer, a town some four miles distant, which was the place of my destination. Upon this coach Bob's chest was hoisted, but when I attempted to enter I found it full, and the driver's seat was also occupied by two besides himself. I therefore looked for some other means of conveyance. The depot master proved my friend, and after a few moments informed me that a young lady from Rimmer was in town with a wagon, and would return alone in a short time, and that she would be happy to accommodate him with a seat. So I gave directions that the chest should be left at the hotel, as I was informed that there was one, in order that Bob's friends might not see it, and waited for my fair companion.

The wagon was pointed out to me, and the young lady soon came along, to whom I introduced myself, and helping her in, I sat beside her; she insisted upon driving, of which I was very glad, as I was more familiar with a hawser than a horse. She was exceedingly pretty, about seventeen years old, and was in all respects interesting being one of those bright and sparkling little fairies that are continual surprises to those who are predisposed to believe that all country productions of the kind are awkward and disagreeable; one of which, however, I was not. I found her chatty and pleasant, full of piquant remarks, in which she did not spare me, and I was perfectly delighted with her. The conversation at last turned on Rimmer.

"Do you reside there?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then of course, you are acquainted with all the people there. Do you know a family by the name of Small?"

"Oh yes, very well."

"Is the name of one of its members Myra?"

"Yes, Myra Small and myself are very intimate; we sing in the choir."

"She had a brother?"

"Yes; Bob Small. He was a wild fellow and went to sea, a year ago."

"Have they mourned him?"

"No, not much; he locked his father in a cellar when he went away, and this rather set him against him."

"Well, I have sad news for them. I have just returned from a voyage with him, and he was lost at sea."

"Bad news indeed that will be. But he will never shut the old man down in the cellar again; nor torment poor Myra, will he?"

"No, but he thought of her at the last, poor fellow, and I have a parting gift for her, from him."

I inquired about the old folks, and about Myra, and the conversation lasted until we arrived at the hotel, where she was to put me down, which I chose rather than to go to the house of Bob at once. I waited until evening before I went on my melancholy errand. It was a fair day in September, the air was beginning to grow a little chilly and I walked very slowly, almost reluctantly, to an encounter that I very much dreaded. My duty to Bob alone sustained me in the effort.

The homestead was a substantial farm house, with a lane leading up to it, and turning into which I proceeded on my errand, my heart beating a loud alarm on my ribs. The windows were all ablaze with light, and a strain of music floated to me, from the house, auguring a scene of happiness and peace within, that I, flend like, was going to interrupt. Should I go on? Yes, duty to Bob impelled me.

I approached, and rapped upon the

door. All was still and nobody came. I rapped again, and fancied I heard in response a titter on the inside. This time, however, there was the turning of a key or removing a bolt and the door swung open, and there, in the light of two blazing lamps held in the hands of my fairy of the wagon, who "sang in the choir with Myra Small," stood my old shipmate Bob in apparently excellent condition, and an expression on his face altogether unlike that which any ghost wears that I ever heard of!

"Bob Small, by all that's rascally!" said I, for a moment regretting that he was not in the bottom of the sea.

"Yes, Jack," said he, after I had entered, "the very same I hid away in the run on board the brig, ashamed of my wild prognostic when the cook killed the shark, and I determined that even you should not see me till you saw me here, as I knew you would, because I knew you would comply with my dying request. So Myra has been down to the depot every day for a week to watch for the big chest, and the fellow along with it, thanking her stars to-day at the fortune which gave you her company. She knew you from my description and the chest."

"Well, Bob," I said, "I suppose I ought to rejoice that you are alive, though hang me if I would undergo so much disquietude on any account again. And Miss Myra must accept my apology for not recognizing her by instinct."

Then the old folks came in, and we had a good time all around; the old gentleman informing me of the trick put upon him in shutting him down cellar, which he seemed to relish, as he recalled it, and the old lady looked as pleasant as an October evening, while Myra beamed ineffably on all.

Perhaps I ought to finish my story by falling in love with Myra and marrying her, but I found no chance for that, because she had a good-looking printer who was booked for her good graces, though she liked me as the friend of Bob; and I gave the elephant's tooth, which, years after, I saw her youngest baby cutting its teeth upon.

Bob is now one of the most successful shipmasters out of New York, and I am the reader's very humble servant.

Humbugs Exposed.

The Davenport Brothers lately gave some of their psychic exhibitions at Ithaca, N. Y., but their tricks were sadly disarranged by some of the Cornell University fellows. A private letter tells us that some of the students, having a scientific turn of mind, provided, themselves beforehand with phytotechnic balls containing phosphorus, so made as to ignite suddenly with a bright light. During the dark seances, when the Davenports purport to be, and as the audience supposed were, bound hand and foot within their closet or cabinet, and when the guitar was floating in the air and playing musically around, the aforesaid students struck their lights all of a sudden, when the "spirits" were found to be no other than the Davenports themselves, who were dodging about the stage, brandishing the guitar, and playing the tunes. The music suddenly ceased, the committee declared the performance a humbug, and the players departed from Ithaca by the earliest train.

Some time ago a man in Sussex county, Delaware, died suddenly and mysteriously; and a jury was summoned by the coroner for the purpose of holding an inquest. No light was obtained upon the subject until one of the friends of the deceased testified that he had "indulged in a great many idiosyncrasies, and that he never saw a man whose head seemed to be so full of chimeras." Each of the jurymen drew a long breath and said to his neighbor that it was all plain enough now. A man afflicted in this manner couldn't reasonably be expected to live more than an hour or two. So the doctors attacked the corps, and searched around among its internal economy to ascertain whether the chimeras had burst or not; and presented to the jury a report decorated with so much Latin that the foreman's hair stood on end, and the other jurymen insisted upon bringing in a verdict of "death from too liberal indulgence in strong drinks, which produced chimeras on the brain," as a warning to the youth of the country to cling to the beverage of their forefathers. Is it any wonder that such people as these send a man named Biggs to Congress?

Two men own nearly three millions acres of land in the San Joaquin valley; the traveler may ride 45 miles in a line upon it, and may follow a fence around a single pasture for 65 miles; while one other man monopolizes 350,000 acres.

A maid hearing an old bachelor exclaim "A lass!" immediately replied by saying "Ah Men!"

What is it that has three feet and cannot walk, sixteen nails and cannot scratch. "A Yard stick."

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Answer to problem of last week as sent in by a friend is as follows: "He got the lady out by angling," that is he placed one plank across the angle of the outer wall and from that plank placed the other to the angle of the inner wall.

SUNDAY READING.

Can you Afford it?

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from three to thirty dollars a month, and injuring your nervous system, and perverting your whole constitution, and thereby transmitting to children a weakened constitution, thus making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of alcoholic liquors?

Can you afford to indulge in habits of speculation, gambling, and other tricky and mean modes of making money?

Can you afford to make money at the expense of your manhood, your morals, your health, your just respectability, and your integrity?

Can you afford to gain even the whole world and thereby make of yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford, for the sake of momentary amusement, to waste your youthful preparatory years, when by study you should become a scholar, or by industry either a tradesman or a useful artisan?

Can you afford to rob your mind to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love for display?

Can you afford to be tricky and thereby defraud your employer of the just services you owe him, even though you do get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt?

Can you afford to be otherwise than upright, truthful, faithful, temperate, courteous, and in all respects correct?

The Earlier, the Easier.

An old man one day took a child on his knee, and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to him, and love him. The child knew that the old man himself was not a Christian, and felt surprised. Then he looked up into the old man's face, and said: "But why don't you seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected to do so when I was young, and now my heart is so hard that I fear I shall never be able."

Ah, my readers, believe him! "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow. And weeks, and months, and years, even, even could you be sure of them, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! They that seek me early shall find me."

I once heard a minister say: Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbor's house, and find him busy at work on his windows scratching away, and ask him what he was up to, and he should reply: "Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another;" would you not say, "Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle your fire—and the frost will soon come off?" And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his window. Let the fire of love to God and man, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in their hearts and the bad habits will soon melt away.

A Connecticut clergyman recently announced from the pulpit that he had heard a man say that he had read the Bible through in 60 hours. Determined to ascertain whether the individual told the truth, he set about it himself, and read the whole of it aloud to his wife in 59 hours and something over 30 minutes. He read sometimes an hour and sometimes two hours a day, keeping the exact time, with the result indicated.

The Way of the World.

We were traveling through Canada, says a correspondent, in the year 1862, and after a hard day's ride, stopped at Lion Inn, and the contents of the stage (number about nine persons), soon gathered around the cheerful fire. Among the occupants of the room we observed an ill-looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking up his quarters in so comfortable an apartment.

After a few moments the landlord entered, and observing the specimen of the canine species, remarked:

"Fine dog that! Is he yours, sir?" approaching one of the passengers.

"No, sir."

"Beautiful dog! Yours, sir?" addressing himself to another.

"No," was the blunt reply.

"Come here, pup! Perhaps he is yours, sir?"

"No," was the reply.

"Very sagacious animal. Belongs to you, I suppose, sir?"

"No, he doesn't," was the answer.

"Then he's yours, and you have a treasure," throwing the animal a cracker.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Oh! (with a smile) he belongs to you as a matter of course?" addressing the last passenger.

"Wouldn't have him as a gift."

"Then you infernal, dirty, mean contemptible whelp, git out?" and with that the host gave the poor dog such a kick as sent the animal yelling into the streets amid the roars of the company.

New Advertisements.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION!

THE primary cause of Consumption is the derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation, I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food, converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and rouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will impart a permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of good digestion; and, ultimately make good, healthy, living blood—After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter, in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs—a cavity or abscess there—the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person will regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is not entirely destroyed, and if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the system of all the diseases she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cold and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold, while using my Medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has, but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured; and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot, with safety to the patient, be exposed to the biting blasts of Winter or the chilling winds of Spring or Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the Medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the First of October, I expect to take possession of my new building, at the North-east Corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my Remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

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