

pellet of lead, "I have got it. Keep it as a relic, to show after you are well."

He smiled feebly, but took the bullet, putting it in a safe place in his grasscloth dress.

The natives had been looking at me with considerable suspicion while I was operating; but their faces assumed a more pleasant air as I removed the ball, and carefully dressed the wound.

"Do you want to come on board and stay until you are better?" I asked my patient.

"I do not think I shall ever be better; but would like to come, if you will receive one who has forsaken his country."

"Pooh! stop that kind of talk, and come along, as soon as I have got a state-room ready."

Leaving him, I went to my vessel, and soon was prepared to receive the wounded man on a couch in the cabin.

As soon as he was disposed of, a large part of the canoes left for their various islands, from which they had departed in allied force to capture Darnsford, leaving only those who were under the immediate control of Whippey.

The prisoner was carried away with those who departed, I avoiding seeing him, having no desire to gloat over a fallen enemy, regardless of the crimes he had committed.

We knew that the death of Darnsford was certain, though Whippey never mentioned him, avoiding uttering his name, and seeming to shudder when it was spoken; so, seeing the subject made him nervous, I forbade any one alluding to it, in any shape or form, where he could hear it.

My patient revived some in a few days, his wound appearing to heal with the first intention, and his spirits seemed to return, so that he laughed and joked, told us many little incidents about the life of the cannibals, and urged me strongly to commence trading at Rava, saying his tribe, who were camped on shore, would protect me.

As he was recovering so well, I hoisted my signal for trade, some pieces of calico in the rigging, and went to work.

The Gottlieb had been surprised before trade had opened at Rava, and as I was full of things the natives wanted, I did a roaring trade at that island, the natives being rich in sandal-wood and tortoise-shell, and poor in our barters.

Although I was busy for ten days, filling the Endeavor, as well as the Gottlieb, I always found time to attend to the wound of my patient; and, as I look back to that time, I have nothing bitter in the memory of it to reflect upon.

We were through, at last, and started for Lauoa, where Whippey belonged, in order to leave him, the canoes with his tribe forming an escort of honor during our progress.

We had to shorten sail on the Endeavor, to allow the Gottlieb to keep up with us, for she had a dull sailer with her sails reduced so, making Snell rage every time he hoisted the log.

As soon as we were started, Whippey called for me.

"When shall we reach Lauoa?" he inquired.

"About to-morrow night," I answered.

"Why?"

"I will tell you why—I am dying."

"Dying! nonsense! you are nearly well," I exclaimed.

"Far from it; I have known for twenty-four hours that I was seized with death, but thought then, and do now, that I should last a week longer."

"The tribe, as soon as I am gone, will declare you have killed me; so you had better get away as soon as possible after I leave the vessel, for couriers will be despatched to all the islands, to give notice of my death, in order that the priests may convene to elect my successor, according to custom; and they will come in state, and if you are around, you will be made the victim of their rage, without regard to loss of life on our side."

"I had rather doubt your death," I said; "and if you will only keep your wound cool and courage up, I believe you'll get well, after all," I said, as cheerfully as possible.

"Courage up! I should think you knew enough of David Whippey, to know that he did not lack that, and isn't afraid to die now, although he is aware his hours are numbered," he said, mildly, but forcibly.

I now saw that the man was thoroughly frightened, or else he knew his own condition much better than I thought I did, so I at once said I would re-examine his wound.

Taking off the bandages, I gave the hurt severe scrutiny, and saw at once that which I had hitherto overlooked, owing to the immense quantity of marks from the tattooing he had undergone.

The wound, instead of healing with the first intention, as I supposed, although I had kept a rag in the orifice on the surface, had formed a secretion where the ball had lodged, and that David Whippey was suffering from pus poison, it having permeated his whole system as surely as though arsenic was at work.

There was only one recourse now, and that was to see what effect stimulants would have; so I began to give him doses of French brandy.

The liquor had a good result; so, telling the mate to keep her along, as Whippey

was in a dying state, but, as he valued our lives, not to breathe it to a single one, I prepared to watch him myself.

The brandy aided me, for his life remained when we sighted the island of Lauoa, where we were to go, and we ran into the landing-place.

His pulse was very low when we got there, but by extra doses of stimulants, and giving him a bottle to use from while being taken on shore, we managed to get him into a canoe alive, and, hastily filling it with presents, we bade farewell to the living corpse.

The natives thought as they left us that we were only going a short distance off to anchor, and one canoe remained near us as we put about, Whippey having directed them to do so, in order to lull suspicion against our movements.

We saw him landed and carried on shore, waving his hand feebly as he disappeared from view.

Under orders from me, the Gottlieb had fallen astern as we drew near Lauoa, being nearly five miles away when we landed Whippey, I having sent a letter to Captain Snell, by a canoe, detailing the whole thing, and so we knew when we kept going for her, that they would think we were going out to meet her, and, in fact, I told the canoe party which was accompanying us, that that was our reason for going out as far as we did.

The natives of the Fejees are a suspicious set, and the fellows accompanying us did not like our motions, although they said nothing; only showing by their looks that it did not satisfy them.

The canoe was not one of those from Rava, with us, but a lot of fellows from the shore, who had remained behind when the expedition started, in order to protect the women; so they told us the end of Darnsford.

I will spare my readers a recital of the horrible tortures inflicted on the miserable fellow; but I will assure you that he will never act traitor again.

We were nearing the ridge of coral that encloses the Goro Sea rapidly, the Gottlieb getting outside just as we gained the mouth of a passage-way.

"Good-by!" I shouted, in Kanaka, to the natives in the canoe near us.

"Come back!" they cried, in their language.

We paid no attention to them, but kept on our way. There were so few of them that they did not dare to attack us; but if the flotilla we had left at Lauoa had been there, we should not have been allowed to escape as we did.

As we passed into the open ocean, I took my spy-glass, and going aloft, looked back behind us. In the distance, over ten miles away, I saw the fleet of canoes coming for us, and I judged at once that the exertion Whippey had made in getting on shore, together with the excitement of meeting his family, had proved too much for him, and his spirit had gone out like the snuff of a candle; and, as he foretold, his death was attributed entirely to us, and that they were now seeking to avenge him.

Getting up with the Gottlieb, I hailed Snell, and told him the Kanakas were coming, and urged him to keep his vessel going as fast as he could, and get all the speed out of her.

I had to take the foresail off the Endeavor, in order to reduce her sailing to that of the Gottlieb, for I was fully resolved that, come what would, I would not desert those on board, if there was any chance to help them, even at the risk of my own life.

Onward we bowled, and when we were about eight miles from land, the canoes, under their lateen sails, came out of the Goro Sea after us.

There was a good wholesale breeze, but it was as fair for them as for us, and I hardly knew how the chase would end.

Old Neptune decided the thing, however, for, as though seeing the strait we were reduced to, the heart of the old sea-dog began to swell with pity for us, for the bosom of the ocean began to heave and toss with undulating throbs.

The sea, although it was nothing to us, was a sticker for the pursuing canoes, and they were forced to abandon the chase. I could fancy their disappointment and rage at seeing their prey elude their grasp.

Getting clear of the treacherous islands, with their swarms of man-eating inhabitants, we laid our course northwest by north, and kept on our way with a fair wind.

By Charlotte's and Solomon's archipelagoes, hauling a little to the westward as we crossed the line, until we were abreast of the Philippine Islands, when our course was altered for the Strait of Formosa, across the China Sea to Canton, where we arrived after a tedious passage of two hundred days.

It wouldn't have taken the Endeavor any such time as that to make the passage from the Fejees to China; but we had the Gottlieb to keep run of, for we hardly dared trust her out of sight, for fear she caught a blow, being so weakened by the fire, it would be all day with her; so we kept company right along.

Canton was reached at last, and the cargoes sold, and a statement of the peculiar case made to the consul, who, to my surprise, claimed the Gottlieb as an American vessel.

He said she was owned by a native of Louisiana, who was in the last stages of consumption when he bought the vessel, and that he shipped the crew of Dutchmen at cheap wages, going out half fitted for such a voyage.

The owner of her admitted to the consul before he sailed, that he was under a fictitious name, and that no one knew him then, or should ever hear from him again; and it was quite likely that he had died after they sailed, and the mate, a rough kind of a Dutchman, had concluded to prosecute the voyage.

The whole thing was left to arbitration, and my crew received a thousand dollars each, in addition to their wages, the second mate of each vessel three, while my mate, Mr. Snell, was awarded five thousand for his services.

The balance of the unfortunate Gottlieb was placed in my hands, subject to any claim that might in future be made against it by the heirs of the owner.

I was satisfied with the award, although I have never, except to my wife and Mr. Seymour, told what I received; but when it was added to my legitimate receipts from the Endeavor, I will say that it made me entirely independent of the sea, which I abandoned, then and there, selling both of the vessels to good advantage.

Do You Believe It?

The Banner of Light says: About three miles southeast of the city of Schenectady the highway is intersected by the N. Y. Central Railroad. At this point an aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. W., well-known to all citizens, returning home from an evening drive, were struck and instantly killed by the train due in Schenectady at 6 P. M. This accident occurred at ten minutes before 6 P. M.

At ten minutes past 5 a lady in the city, Mrs. C., of a highly nervous organization, and intimately acquainted with the unfortunate couple, answered a ring at the front door of her house heard by both her husband and sister. She found standing at her door an elderly lady, whom she had never before seen, dressed in the fashion of years long since gone by. The stranger said nothing, when the lady of the house opened the conversation by observing:

"I do not know you; do you wish anything?"

"Nor I you," replied the old lady.—"Send down to the 6 o'clock train; the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. W., will be on it."

The old lady then walked off. Mrs. C., immediately told her husband, who was in the house, and asked him to go down to the depot, which was not at any great distance. He, however, ridiculed his wife and her nervous apprehensions; but being again urged, went down to the depot to find that the train had not yet arrived, and no report of any accident. He returned home at 5:40—even yet before the accident—to laugh at his wife and her fears.

The train arrived a little late, and in a few minutes a messenger was sent up to say that the dead bodies of the couple were on the train, and to request Mr. C. to come down, which he did, and he helped them off.—The messenger was sent up to Mr. C., in consequence of his first visit and inquiries. There were no means of telegraphic communication with the place where the accident happened. Afterward, in describing the appearance of the lady to a sister of Mr. W., she recognized it at once as a faithful portrait of her mother who had been dead many years.

Bound to Marry.

A Lima, Ind., letter says: We have a bit of a romance. An hour ago a young lady from Ontario, three miles from this town, took the cars for Minnesota to be married under peculiar circumstances. Her intended husband is an old schoolmate, and there has long been a strong attachment between them.

It was well understood that they were a match, but no one knew when the bands were to be tied. They set no time themselves until a few months ago, when it was arranged that he should come to Indiana and be married. He is a farmer living in Southern Minnesota, and, as ill-luck would have it, the grasshoppers came along and made a clean sweep. He did not have a bushel of small grain. His resources for funds were cut off; his wedding day was approaching, and what should he do.

One of his neighbors offered to let him have \$76 if he would give his note for \$100 at 12 1/2 per cent interest. In this dilemma he wrote to his affianced, the belle of Ontario, to know what he should do. She answered promptly that she would go to him. And gone she has; and the glow on her cheeks this morning, and the smile all over her face, indicate a true and happy heart. It will take more than grasshoppers to mar the smoothness of her love.

A party last week serenaded a young lady in Philadelphia. They howled and sung away for fifteen minutes. Suddenly a window on the second story was raised, and a head with a red bandanna tied around it was stuck out of it, and a voice, which was a little too deep for that of a fair young vision of beauty, said:

"Mine frinds, oof you her got flesh or vegetables, or dem dings, coom speak mid me in de mornings. I ton't like to buy at dot dime nights."

My Landlady's Chickens.

MY landlady, commonly called "Old Statistics," from a habit she has of informing you of the price of everything you eat, is one of the females who delight in markets and auctions, and many have been the chairs and tables sent home by her that required more patching and fixing up than a subject before a congressional investigating committee. A while ago she bought two dozen live chickens. They were rather skinny-looking things, and she had no place to keep them in; but they were cheap, so she bought them. Having no other place, she put them in the cellar.

Mr. Dobbs lives at our house. I don't know that you know Dobbs, but he is great fun, and is always getting into scrapes, though without the least intention of doing so, for he is a solemn old customer. He has the first floor, and his particular hobby is fresh air. He is always talking about a circulation of air. The cellar door is on a range with his rooms, so he likes to have it open. Well, "Statistics" had securely fastened her chickens up in the cellar. When Dobbs came home after dinner, he noticed the door being fastened, and instantly rectified that little mistake, and retired into his rooms to take a nap.

Robinson also boards at our house. He is a great society man, and pays great attention to his "get up." On this particular day he had gotten himself up in gorgeous array to attend a croquet party, and was descending the stairs, in all the glories of white vest, pants, button-hole bouquet—in fact, everything en regle—and thinking what a stunning fellow he was, when his rather conceited musings were brought to an end by his coming in contact with a flock of some kind of animals that, in his confusion, he could not tell whether they were elephants or ostriches.

You see, the chickens were of an inquiring turn of mind, and when Dobbs opened the door they ascended, and on reaching the second story received the first check to their curiosity by the descending Robinson. They commenced squeaking as only chickens can squeak, and showed their displeasure by landing on his head, arms, vest, or wherever they could obtain a foothold. The cellar is rather wet and muddy; you can guess how Robinson's white vest, &c., looked.

Old "Statistics" heard the row and rushed up, vowing blue vengeance on the opener of that cellar door. Then commenced an organized hunt after those chickens, participated in by "Statistics" and all the Africans of the house, and some of the inmates. If you have ever tried to catch a chicken, you "know how it is yourself," now you have it and now you don't. They flew up into the most impossible places, feathers flew, darkies swore, and there was a big time generally.

Miss Slumens thought the noise was a fire, and shrieked "fire" out the window; whereupon some energetic individual struck the alarm, and in a few minutes the fire department, or part of it, was on the spot and in working order. Dobbs threw open his window to explain, and received straight from the hose more cold water than he ever had in his life. Meanwhile an excited but would-be-useful crowd rushed in, tore up the hall carpet and stair carpet in spite of landlady's protestations. After half the things were torn up and half flooded with water, the affair was explained and the house cleared, the chickens captured, (except one which I found that night, like Poe's Raven, perched about "my chamber door.") The way Robinson blessed Dobbs was a caution, though the blessings were very much disguised. He kept on at a fearful rate, until I suggested that "curses like young chickens, come home to roost." As he had had enough of that he quit. It was not safe to say "chickens" to Dobbs, Robinson or "Statistics" for some time. As for me, I enjoyed seeing them skirmishing round, and would not care if they had a chicken hunt every week.

Didn't Kiss Her.

A gentleman who has been recently traveling in the lower counties tells us the following amusing story: He was stopping over night at a house where the partition walls were particularly thin. The adjoining room was occupied by a mother and her daughter. After retiring the mother began to rebuke the daughter for an alleged partiality to somebody named John, which soft impeachment the daughter denied vigorously.

"But," said the mother, "I saw him kissing you at the cow-pen yesterday morning, Amanda."

"No, ma, he wasn't kissing me at all."

"Why did you have your head so close up to his for? you deceivin' critter."

"Well, you see, ma, I had been eating pitallas (the fruit of a species of cactus), and you see, ma, I got some of the prickles in my lips—and—and—"

"And what, you wicked, wicked critter."

"And I couldn't get them out myself, you know, and John pulled them out with his teeth—but he didn't kiss me nary time."

A child apparently died at Bahama, Cal., a few days ago, but while it was being buried the mother uttered a cry and threw herself upon the coffin, exclaiming that the child had spoken. The coffin was opened and the child found to be alive.

Professional Cards.

J. E. JUNKIN, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office—Next door to the residence of Judge Junkin.

A. M. MARKEE, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. Office with Chas. A. Barnett, Esq., Centre Square, adjoining Mortimer's Store.

LEWIS POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. Claims promptly secured and collected. Writings and all legal business carefully attended to.

JAMES H. FERGUSON, Attorney-at-Law, NEWPORT, PA. Office—Market Street, near the Square, 35 6 1/2

CHARLES H. SMILEY, Attorney at Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office with C. A. Barnett, Esq., next door to Mortimer's Store. August 20, 1872

W. M. SPONSER, Attorney-at-Law, Office—adjoining his residence, on East Main street, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.—32 1/2

CHAS. A. BARNETT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office—adjoining Mortimer's Store.—32 1/2

J. BAILY, Attorney at Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House, and two doors east of the Perry County Bank. Refers to B. McInire, Esq. June 27, 1871.

JOHN G. SHATTO, Surgeon Dentist, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. All kinds of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry done in the best manner, and at reasonable prices. Office at his residence, one door East of the Robinson House, and opposite Wm. A. Sponser's Law office. 32 1/2

W. M. SUTCH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office—Two doors West of F. Mortimer Store.—37 1/2

CHAS. J. T. MCINTIRE, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. All professional business promptly and faithfully attended to.—32 1/2

W. M. N. SEIBERT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Bloomfield, 33 3/4

LEWIS POTTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages and Leases carefully prepared and acknowledgements taken. All kinds of Pension and Bounty papers drawn and certified, will also take depositions to be read in any court in the United States. 7 10 1/2

W. M. A. MORRISON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND GENERAL COLLECTOR, NEW GERMANTOWN, PERRY CO., PA. Remittances will be made promptly for all Collections made. 7 44

WILLIAM M. SUTCH, Justice of the Peace, AND GENERAL COLLECTOR, New Bloomfield, Perry County, Penn'a

Special attention paid to Collections of all kinds. Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages and Agreements satily executed. 7 16 1/2

REAL ESTATE At Private Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale his valuable farm situate in Juniata township, Perry Co., Pa., adjoining lands of George Tizel, George Ticks and others, containing

81 ACRES,

of Red Slate land, about 75 Acres are cleared, and in a high state of cultivation. The balance is well set with timber. The improvements are a good two story Log and Weatherboarded

DWELLING HOUSE, LARGE BANK BARN, TENANT HOUSE, CARRIAGE HOUSE, NEW HOG PEN and WOOD HOUSE.

There is also a Well of good water near the house. There are also TWO GOOD APPLE ORCHARDS on this farm, with a variety of other fruit trees. This property is near the village of Markleville in a good neighborhood.

Any person desiring to purchase a home, should see this property before making a final investment.

Price—\$5,000; payments, \$2,000 on the 1st of April, 1874, at which time deed will be delivered, and possession given. The balance to be paid in three equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by judgment bonds.

Call on or address, JACOB KLINE, Markleville, Perry Co., Pa.

OR LEWIS POTTER, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

LEBANON Mutual Fire Insurance Company,

OF Jonestown, Penn'a.

POLICIES PERPETUAL at Low Rates. No Steam risks taken. This is one of the best conducted and most reliable Companies in the State. Country property insured Perpetually at \$4 00 per thousand, and Town property at \$5 00 per thousand.

LEWIS POTTER, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., Agent for Perry County.

LOOK OUT!

I would respectfully inform my friends that I intend calling upon them with a supply of good

OWN MANUFACTURE.

Consisting of CASSIMERS, CASSINETS, FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd) CARPETS, &c., to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. GIRVIN, J. H. GIRVIN

J. M. GIRVIN & SON, Commission Merchants,

No. 8, SPEAR'S WARE, Baltimore, Md.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly.

Auctioneer.—The undersigned gives notice that he will cry sales at any point in Perry or Dauphin counties. Orders are solicited and prompt attention will be given.

E. D. WELLS, New Buffalo, Perry Co., Pa.

PRINTING (ALL KINDS OF Printing neatly executed at the "BLOOMFIELD TIMES" STREAM JOB OFFICE.