

applying his handkerchief to his bleeding nose.

"Excuse me, sir," expostulated Mr. Poddy; "I am neither a beggar nor drunk, I wish to see a lady in this house."

At this the crowd hooted and laughed, and Mr. Bluecoat said, "That won't do. I know you my boy. Come along;" and along he went, followed by a ragged procession, to the station-house.

"What's the name?" asked the sergeant, as Solomon stood before him.

"My name is Solomon Poddy, and I am sure somebody is laboring under a terrible mistake," commenced the poor man.

"Stop your talking. What's the charge, Brown?" asked the sergeant.

"Drunk and disorderly. He tried to get into Mrs. Hasher's house, and commenced to fight when they put him out. I think I remember him, sir, before."

"Allow me one word of explanation," pleaded the miserable Solomon.

"You'll have a chance before the judge in the morning. Take him below," returned the inexorable sergeant.

Where was the expectant bride all this time? Waiting in her room for the summons that the groom had arrived. No Poddy. Poor Miss Tabitha began to think he had proved false, and became sick at heart. The dinner-bell rang, but she was suffering now from a raging headache, and could not respond, but some toast and tea sent up to her. The evening passed away, and all hope going with it, Miss Tabitha betook herself to a sleepless couch, soliloquizing on the falsehood and deception of mankind.

With pale face and broken heart, she went down to breakfast, where Mrs. Bankum was relating her adventures of the evening before, and young Bankum was reading the newspaper account of the affair.

"At the police station the hardened ruffian gave his name as Solomon Poddy, of course an alias," read that gentleman.

Over went Miss Tabitha's cup of tea.

Up she started. A new light dawned upon her, and in less than fifteen minutes, to the great surprise of the occupants of the court-room, an excited maiden lady in a hurried morning costume hustled up to the justice's desk and whispered in his ear.

"I'll give you thirty days on the island, and it shall be six months if I catch you here again," said the justice to the prisoner under examination. Then to Miss Jones. "Now, madam, please step in here," and he led the way to a private office.

Last of all the forlorn and wretched crowd of prisoners, each under the escort of a policeman, was Solomon, his coat covered with the dried mud of the gutter, and his face presenting a very disreputable appearance.

He had noticed Miss Tabitha's hasty entrance, but, the poor fellow was so overcome with his disgrace that he shrank further back into the crowd.

"Is Solomon Poddy here? I wish to see him," said the justice, looking out from the door of his private room.

Solomon's captor pushed him forward while a buzz of amazement ran through the crowd.

"Oh, Solomon, how you have been persecuted for my sake!" cried Miss Tabitha, bursting into tears, as she looked upon his sorrowful visage.

"This has been a bad mistake, sir, but I hope it will never occur again," said the justice, after some words of explanation had passed between them; and he smiled as if it was the commonest thing imaginable for a quiet old gentleman to pass a night in the station-house.

Solomon looked very grim, and hoped with all his heart it wouldn't. The justice's office boy was sent for, and the application of soap and water and a clothes-brush soon rendered Mr. Poddy more presentable. A carriage was called and they passed through the interested crowd who thought poor Poddy was a runaway husband, and drove off amidst great cheering, with three small boys hanging on behind.

"Where are we going to, dear?" asked the blushing Tabitha.

"To the minister's! I'm not going to have this sort of thing happen again," answered Solomon, quite savagely.

Great was the reverend gentleman's surprise when, on walking up from his breakfast table with a napkin in his hand, he found Mr. Poddy with Miss Jones in his reception-room, and greater still when he discovered their errand. But he was equal to the emergency, and in a very few minutes Miss Jones ceased to exist, and Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Poddy returned to the waiting hack and drove to their hotel.

"Do you really believe, Mr. Podkins, that anybody could make a head from butter?" asked the landlady. "Well, yes, ma'am, I should think they might," said Podkins, as he pushed back his individual butter plate, "somebody has got as far as the hair with this."

AN ADVENTURE ON THE INDIAN OCEAN.

THE merchant ship Druid, from Bombay, for London, lay becalmed off the West coast of Hindostan, between Goa and Mangalore, where the Ghats Mountains were seen towering in savage grandeur, thousands of feet in the air, with wild torrents leaping down the rocks, dashing through the dark green shrubbery, and rushing with the din of thunder.

"If the wind does not rise ere to-morrow morning, we will have to anchor," said the captain to Robert Winfield, a handsome young naval lieutenant on leave of absence from the frigate stationed at Bombay. "I don't want to lay the ship's bones on that coast, nor do I like to get too near it. I have heard bad stories of the natives there, at any rate, I believe that almost every Hindoo is a thief and murderer by nature."

"Allow me one word of explanation," pleaded the miserable Solomon.

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near the end of the mizzen top-sail yard upon the Hindoo, forty feet below, and thus dash him from the rail into the sea, perhaps killing himself, ere he could deal the fatal blow with the uplifted dirk.

He would utter a sharp cry, a warning to the crew, as he cleaved the air, thus rousing them, perhaps, in time to meet the attack of the robbers and ensure the further safety of Bell and the ship. The emergency admitted of no delay. The young man, clutching the yard arm near the end, hung by it a second to make sure he was in a line with the Hindoo beneath, then, just as the dirk was about to descend, he let go of the spar with a long, sharp cry that pierced every corner of the ship, and down he went, cleaving through the air with terrific velocity.

There was a whirling, rushing sound, then a loud thud as the heavy boat heels of the falling body crushed upon the head of the native ere he could use his knife, dashing him from the rail into the sea and killing him instantly.

The watch had heard the warning cry of the lieutenant, and before the other natives could recover from their surprise at the occurrence which had so suddenly and unexpectedly broken upon them, the decks were alive with the whole crew, and the entire gang of robbers beat a hasty retreat.

Meanwhile Bell Upton had been so bewildered by that sudden, fearful cry she had heard, and the sudden splash of the bodies in the water, that, not until a boat was lowered, and the lieutenant, who had been struggling in the sea, was brought aboard and into the cabin, to explain in a faint voice how he had saved her life, did she clearly comprehend all that had happened. Then she threw herself down by the prostrate form of her lover, and hung over him in agony, fearing that he was fatally injured. Soon, however, the doctor gave cheering information to the contrary.

The young man had sustained a fearful shock from his contact with the Hindoo's body, but as that body had offered but little resistance to his downward progress when he struck it, being simply driven before him into the sea, his lower limbs, although partially paralyzed for the time, were not broken.

He had, however, fallen dangerously near to the rail. A roll of the ship to the other side, ere he let go of the top-sail yard to descend, would have caused him to fall on the bulwarks, when, of course, he would have been killed.

"Never before," said the doctor, "did I hear of such a daring performance."

"Ay!" exclaimed Major Upton, "God bless him! Here, Bell, he shall have you, girl, for he has earned you."

He put both hands of his daughter's, who had clasped her lover's neck, in the lieutenant's, and turned his head away to hide a few tears upon his bronzed cheek.

Immediately after the young man had been brought aboard, an off-shore breeze sprang up, enabling the captain to head seaward. In due time the vessel reached her home port, when the lieutenant, who by this time had fully recovered from his fall, claimed his beautiful and willing bride.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

A MOST extraordinary event has occurred at Oban, which I give in detail, having been witness to the whole affair. I allude to the stranding and capture of the veritable sea serpent in front of the Caledonian Hotel, George street, Oban. About four o'clock an animal or fish, evidently of gigantic size, was seen sporting in the bay near Heather Island. Its appearance evidently perplexed a large number of spectators assembled on the pier, and several telescopes were directed toward it. A careful look satisfied us that it was of the serpent species, it carrying its head fully twenty-five feet above water. A number of boats were soon launched and proceeded to the bay, the crews armed with such weapons as could be got handy.

Under the directions of Malcolm Nicholson, our boatman, they headed the monster, and some of the boats were within thirty yards of it when it suddenly sprang half length out of water and made for the open boat. The lieutenant's hand clenched the yard like a vice, as he beheld the young lady's peril. He must save her—he would save her, he thought; yet, how was it to be done? To give an alarm would only hasten the girl's doom; to descend, no matter how quickly, by means of one of the backstays, would be no use, as she must perish before he could reach the deck and attempt to stay the deadly hand.

Like a lightning flash, the instinct of love, the resolution to save Bell in some way from his immediate attack, sent a sudden thought through the brain of the agonized spectator. The Hindoo murderer, in his position on the outside of the ship, was under the yard, although about forty feet below him, while the girl, standing two feet from the rail, was within easy reach of the native, whose arm and body, as already stated, were now drawn back from the bulwarks to give force to the meditated blow.

The young man, therefore, deemed that it would be an easy matter to reach the Hindoo in the only way it could now be done with sufficient rapidity to prevent the accomplishment of the deadly purpose—a way at once novel and desperate, and which would, perhaps, involve his own destruction. In a word, not hesitating to risk life or limb for the woman he loved, Lieutenant Winfield resolved to drop down from

Caledonian Hotel, in George street, and his proportions were now fully visible. In his frantic exertions, with his tall sweeping the beach, no one dared approach.

The stones were lying in all directions, one seriously wounding a man called Baldy Barrow, and another breaking the window of the Commercial Bank. A party of volunteers under Lieutenant David Menzie now assembled and fired volley after volley into the neck, according to the directions of Dr. Campbell who did not wish, for scientific reasons, that the configuration of the head should be damaged.

As there was a bright moon, this continued till nearly ten o'clock, when Mr. Stevens, of the Commercial Bank, waded in and fixed a strong rope to the animal's head, and by the exertions of some 70 people it was securely dragged above high water mark. Its exact appearance as it lies on the beach is as follows: The extreme length is 101 feet, and the thickest part is about 23 feet from the head, which is 11 feet in circumference. At this part is fixed a pair of fins, which are 4 feet long by nearly 7 feet across at the sides. Further back is a long dorsal fin, extending for at least 12 or 13 feet, and 5 feet high in front, tapering to 1 foot. The tail is more of a flattened termination to the body proper than anything else. The eyes are very small in proportion and elongated, and gills of the length of 24 feet behind. There are no external ears, and as Dr. Campbell did not wish the animal handled till he communicated with some eminent scientific gentlemen we could not ascertain if there were teeth or not. Great excitement is created, and the country people are flocking in to view it. Mr. Duncan Clerk, writer, took possession of the monster, in the rights of Mr. M'Fee, of Appin, and Mr. James Nicol, writer, in the name of the Crown.—Glasgow (Scotland) News.

A DARKEY WITNESS.

THE venire being impaneled, and the jury solemnly charged by the clerk, the Commonwealth's attorney called in support of the indictment the witness Buck Bryant, who being solemnly sworn the truth to tell testified as follows:

Questioned by the Commonwealth's attorney—Tell all you know about the cutting of the prosecutor by Cassady, the prisoner at the bar.

Answer: "Well, gentlemen, it was election day—twas a dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzling day, and says I to my old woman, I believe I'll go down to Riggold and posit my vote; and says my old woman to me, well Buck, as it is a sort of a dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzling day, says she, hadn't you better take your umbrella? Says I to the old woman, I spect I had better take the umbrella. So I took the umbrella, and when I got down thar, Mr. Cole comed, and, says he, Uncle Buck, have you seed any thing of old neighbor Harris? Says I to Mr. Cole, for why? Says he, he's got my umbrella. (The witness was here interrupted by the court, and told to confine himself to the actual fray between the prisoner and Cole, the prosecutor), in answer to which the witness remarked in a tone of indignant remonstrance:

Well, now, Mr. Judge, you hold on, for I am sworn to tell the truth and I am awgine to tell it in my own way, so taint worth while for you to say nothing more about it. Whereupon the court and Commonwealth's attorney being anxious to get rid of the witness on any terms, told him to go on and tell the tale in his own way. "Well, as I was going on to say, twas on 'lection day, Buchanan and Filmo was runnin' for the Legislatur', and says my old woman to me, says she, Buck, as it is a sort of a dark, cloudy, rainy, damp, drizzling sort of day, hadn't you better take your umbrella, says she; says I to my old woman, says I, I spect I had better take my umbrella, and advanced on towards Riggold, 'till I 'rived thar.

Well, the first thing I did when I got thar was to take a drink of Buchanan whiskey, which was monstrous good, and says I to myself, says I, old hoss you feel better now, don't you? And while I was advancing around Mr. Cole, he came to me and says he, Uncle Buck, says he, have you seen anything of our neighbor Harris? Says I for why? Says he the old cock's got my umbrella. Arter a while I 'posited my vote, and then Mr. Cole and me advanced on towards home, and Mr. Cole was tighter than I ever seed him.

And so we advanced along till we got to whar the road and path forked, and Mr. Cole and me tuck the path, as any other gentlemen would, and after advancing a while we arrived to old neighbor Harris, a settin' on a log with the umbrella under his arm, and 'bout that time Elijah Cassady (the prisoner) comed up, and we advanced till we arrived at Elijah's house. Elijah is my nephew and likewise my son-in-law, he married my darter Jane, which is next to my

darter Sally. Arter we had advanced to Elijah's house, we stood in the yard awhile a jawin' and presently two somebody's rid up on a horse, which was Johnston before and Whitfield Cassady behind. Whitfield and Kiah Cassady being the same. Elijah and Kiah is brothers, both born in the nat'r'l way like anybody's else's brothers; no gals between 'em, and both of 'em is about the same age, especially Kiah, which are the youngest.

Kiah was drunk, and he and Mr. Cole got to cussin' one another about politix, and I advanced in the house whar was Elijah's wife, which is my darter Jane which is next to my darter Sally. Well, arter jawin' awhile with 'em, my little nephew says he to me, Uncle Buck, let's go home; says I, good pop, so we pegged on together, and I heard somebody a callin' me, but I never tentioned 'em, nor advanced back; well, got home and was eatin' my supper, and married my darter Sally, arrived; and says he to me, Uncle Buck, I've killed a man. Says I, the — you have; and this is all I know about the stabbing because I wa'n't ther."

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC.

In the atmosphere experienced here during summer months, the lethargy produced by the heat takes away the desire for wholesome food, and frequent perspirations reduce bodily energy, particularly those suffering from the effects of debilitating diseases. In order to keep a natural healthful activity of the system, we must resort to artificial means. For this purpose Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is very effectual. A few doses will create an appetite and give fresh vigor to the enervated body. For Dyspepsia, it is invaluable. Many eminent physicians have doubted whether dyspepsia can be permanently cured by the drugs which are generally employed for that purpose. The Sea Weed Tonic in its nature is totally different from such drugs. It contains no corrosive minerals or acids; in fact it assists the regular operations of nature, and supplies her deficiencies. The tonic in its nature so much resembles the gastric juice that it is almost identical with that fluid. The gastric juice is the natural solvent which, in a healthy condition of the body, causes the food to be digested; and when this juice is not excreted in sufficient quantities, indigestion, with all its distressing symptoms, follows. The Sea Weed Tonic performs the duty of the gastric juice when the latter is deficient. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic sold by all Druggists. 274

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