

A TRIP TO JAVA.

SOME years since we were landed at Anjier, in the island of Java, with certain written instructions, which we were to carry out if it were possible for us to do so, and every attempt was made to comply with the orders of the firm, always providing not too much money was required for the purpose. In fact a corner was to be formed in Java coffee, and all the crop, which was not a large one, was to be bought up and shipped to Boston if the matter could be arranged in a satisfactory manner, and at prices which would pay for the investment and the trip. We had letters of credit to two well known firms of Batavia, from Baring Brothers, asking for one million of dollars at sight; but the money was not to be called for or the drafts mentioned, unless we could see our way clear in the speculation, for fear the Dutch traders would become alarmed and put up the price of coffee to such an extent that no money could be made in exporting to our native city one or two cargoes. The reason we were selected for such a delicate and difficult mission was because the junior partner of the firm, by whom I was employed, flatly refused to quit Boston for the long voyage, having been recently married and not wishing to leave his young bride for a year or more; and the lady swore by all the oriental pearls that graced her pretty white neck and shoulders, that she would see all the nasty ships owned by the firm sunk in the ocean, before she would take passage in one with her husband and be seasick, and have no opportunity of wearing some of her nice wedding garments, and thus make the unmarried girls of her acquaintance mad with envy and jealousy. Besides she had heard that all ships were infested with cockroaches, and ate clothes and toenails, for the want of something better, and she wouldn't have such things near her, not if she knew it; and in fact she made such a confounded row that her father, who was at the head of the firm, told her she might dry her tears and sleep in peace, for her own Charles should remain at home, and some one go in his place; and that is the reason we were promoted from a high stool and a dull set of books, to be an active agent of the great East India house of Boomey & Co. of Boston. It was all on account of nice clothes and a decided fear of cockroaches. We had been in the employ of the firm for ten years and was reputed trustworthy and industrious, and as we were single, not in love, only twenty-five years of age, and desired to see the world at some one's expense, and earn a larger salary, we were not long in accepting the generous offer which was made to us, and in a weeks time we were packing away our dunnage on board of the clipper ship Julia, eighteen hundred tons burden, and the fastest craft that Boomey & Co. owned, and they had about twenty-seven vessels which sported the private signal of the firm, and not one of them cost over forty thousand dollars.

The Julia cleared for Hong Kong with a full cargo of assorted Yankee notions, such as had always found a ready market there; but the master was instructed to land me at Anjier, on the plea that my health was too poor to continue the voyage, and then proceed to his destined port discharge cargo, clear for Manila, as though to take a freight of sugar and hemp, but in reality to shape his course for Batavia and pretend that a gale had blown him out of his course, and he had determined to see what could be done in the way of freight at Java before proceeding to the Philippine Islands. All this secrecy was for the purpose of throwing off the track the many consignees of Hong Kong, who always watched the movements of Boomey's ships with the greatest interest and followed where they led, certain that money could be made where they dropped anchor. Even our own consignee was not entrusted with the great secret, for fear that some one in his counting-room would get hold of it and thus spoil the nice little corner that was to be made.

Well, according to agreement we were landed at Anjier on the supposition that we were ill, but a more healthy passenger never stepped on shore, and the captain laughed as we shook hands on the beach and told me to tone down my appetite or the physicians of Java would swear we were a fraud and unworthy of belief. After taking on board fresh water, fruit and chickens, the Julia spread her wings and sailed the same day that anchor was dropped, for her port of destination.

Anjier is a dull little seaport, so we had no desire to remain there longer than possible. We made application to the Dutch authorities for permission to journey overland to Batavia, and as our passport was all right we had no trouble on that score. The only difficulty was in finding a good guide and horses.—Through the aid of the officials, however, all these were provided, and the next morning at daybreak we were off, intending to reach a plantation sixteen

miles from Anjier, where a rest was to be taken during the heat of the day, and fresh horses and guides were to be procured for the next stage of our journey. We were provided with a circular letter to all the planters on the route, from the authorities of Anjier, so were sure of a welcome and freedom from suspicion of being regarded in the light of an intruder, as the Dutch are very jealous of their little but profitable island, and do not care to have strangers traverse its length and breadth. We might tell many adventures of that long and tiresome journey, but have not the space in this article. We met with wild animals, beautiful birds, musk deer, angry buffaloes, troops of monkeys, who made faces at us and mocked us as we passed along under branches of sweet smelling trees, and once in a while we saw huge snakes basking in the sun and waiting for a breakfast of monkey or deer. But we escaped all danger, and at 9 o'clock arrived at the plantation, owned by a Mr. Heckler, an honest old Dutchman, who raised coffee and children, and who smoked a long pipe and wished he could once more taste real fresh beer.

He and his family were just sitting down to breakfast when we arrived, and after he had spelled through our letter of introduction, welcomed us to his house and home as heartily as if we were an old friend of the family. He gave us an excellent breakfast, and swore that we must remain all night at his house, and would not give an order for horses and guide until we had consented. He wanted to hear news of the world, and so did his family, and they kept our tongue on the move until after sundown, but while at supper we managed to ask a few questions.

"Do the monkeys ever annoy you?" we said. "We saw hundreds on the road between here and Anjier." "Got in heben," was the answer, "dey raise de difil wid my dings. Dey do all sorts of mischief, I no help myself. I kill 'em and dey stay away for one while and den dey come again, vot shall I does wid 'em, I don't know." Of course I had no advice to give, for it was a question I did not understand, but the next morning Mr. Heckler came to my room just about daylight, and wanted me to get up.

"You comes wid me," he said, "if you vants to see de nasty monkeys as more den you eber sees afore. Dey is raisin' dunder with all my dings. O mine Got, what a lots of 'em." We were dressed in a few minutes, and followed our host to a portion of his plantation, where mangoes, oranges, lemons and other fruits were growing in profusion, and there saw a sight which we shall never forget. On every tree and on the ground were monkeys, large vigorous fellows, a species of the ourang, engaged in stripping of the fruits and removing them to a place where they could be carried off at leisure. They did not seem to care much for our presence, but gave us some evil glances and showed their long white teeth when we ventured near them. They worked in a very systematic manner, for while a portion of the troop tore the fruit from the trees others gathered it up and carried it off.

"Mine Got, dey take all," muttered the Dutchman. "Vot shall I do?" "Shoot them," we replied. "Yaw, but mine gun is at de house." We had two revolvers in a belt around our waist. We drew one of them, took aim at a big fellow in a tree, just handing down a number of oranges to a companion. The shot struck him in a vital part, and with a yell of agony down he tumbled to the ground.

There was a chorus of yells, screams that sounded like those of human beings in distress, and the next moment Mr. Heckler and the writer was alone.—The monkeys had gone and carried their dead companion with them.

We returned to the house for breakfast, and after an ample repast our host furnished us with horses and guide, called us a nice "yellow as ever dar vas," and away we went for the next station.

But we have not time to relate all of our adventures on the road. We arrived at Batavia in safety, after a long and fatiguing journey, found that coffee could be bought for less than had been calculated on, took all that was offered, and then had the satisfaction of loading the Julia and another ship with what we had purchased; and the very day we sailed for home in the Julia, a score of coffee speculators arrived to buy up the crop, but they were too late.

Messrs. Boomey & Co. made a pretty good thing out of the operation, and they made us a present of five thousand dollars for serving them so well.

A Simple Cure for Drunkenness.

A Brooklyn man writes: "I drank more intoxicating liquor from the year 1857 to the last day of 1873 than any other person I ever knew or heard of; and in the mean time, knowing this sure cure, did not practice it on myself, but, for fun, did practice it on many others, and effected permanent cures.—

The remedy of the cure is this: When a person finds he must have a drink, let him take a drink of water, say two or three swallows, as often as the thirst or craving may desire. Let him continue this practice. His old chums will laugh, but let him persevere, and it will not be a week before the appetite for any kind of stimulant will disappear altogether, and water be taken to quench the natural thirst. If at any time the victim should feel a craving, let him take the first opportunity and obtain a swallow of water, and he can pass and repass all saloons. When he goes home at night he will feel satisfied and be sober and have money in his pocket. I commenced this practice the first day of 1874, and never think of taking a drink of stimulants."

MIKE MAHONY'S LUCK.

MIKE MAHONY was an Irishman, every whit; but he was a shrewd Irishman, and obtained more money and cold victuals by his wit than by hard labor. In fact, he was determined to make this country what he had been told it was before he came over the water, a place where a man could live aisy.

It happened one day that Mike, who had strayed up into the country, was anxious to reach a railroad depot. His legs were weary, and though he had partaken of a substantial breakfast from the well-spread table of a hospitable farmer, the idea of traveling sixteen miles before nightfall, had little charms for a lazy fellow like Mike.

Mike had traveled about a half-mile when he observed a large hand-bill posted on the sign-post, though not much of a scholar he managed, after spelling the hard words to read as follows:

Stolen.—A man calling himself William Claffin, hired of the subscriber a gray horse and Concord built wagon, for the purpose of going to Keystone and return the same day, but has not been heard from since. Said Claffin was a small man pock-marked with a scar under his eye.

"That's me," said Mike, "barrin' the scar, and that aisy make."

He jogged along to the tavern, entering with a downcast look and took a seat before the fire.

In a few minutes he heard a whispering among the inmates, and felt that the prospect of a ride was not so bad as it might be.

Soon the landlord entered and after whispering a few moments, tapped Mike on the shoulder and said:

"Where is your horse, my good fellow?"

"Horse," said Mike looking up.

"Yes the horse you hired."

"Sure, an' the owner has him. You wouldn't accuse an honest Irishman of the like of me stealing a horse, would you?"

"You may look like an honest man, but don't you see that's an exact description of you?"

"An' what does that say, sure?"

"That you stole a horse and wagon."

"Is it me you mane?"

"Certainly."

"Take me out of this, by the blessed St. Patrick," and Mike was making fast for the door, when the landlord stepped before him.

"No you don't said he," taking Mike by the collar.

Mike began to shed tears, and tried to soften the heart of the landlord.

"An' sure you wouldn't be the manes of puttin' a poor fellow to prison. Let me go now, and I'll never darken the doors of your house again, as sure as my name is—"

"What?" asked the landlord.

"An' what's the name ye read on the paper?"

"It's no matter—I'm sure he's the chap," said the landlord; "don't you think so?" addressing himself to the crowd who had gathered in the bar-room.

"Yes," was the response.

In less than half an hour the landlord's team was at the door, and Mike was ordered to get in.

"Sure, you'll give me a drop of the crathure," said Mike, "afore ye taken me out into the cold weather."

"Yes," said the landlord, ordering his boy to set out the decanter.

"Here's to the health of ye," said Mike, "and may the blessed Virgin purtuct ye, and save ye from ever bein' in my situation."

The liquor was drank and Mike and the landlord started off for the town from which the horse had been stolen.

During the first part of the journey, Mike was exceedingly taciturn, and the landlord was not disposed to disturb his meditations. They had proceeded some half dozen miles when Mike asked:

"And what will you get for this job, mister?"

"Twenty-five dollars, perhaps," replied the landlord.

"Sure an' ye'll make better business of it than myself, if ye get that."

"Yes, I guess so," replied the landlord.

Mike relapsed into silence, and after

an hour's ride they halted in front of a stable, and the landlord sung out to the proprietor:

"Here's the fellow that stole your wagon."

This brought out the stablekeeper and his hostlers, and the former having thrown Mike's head back so as to get a fair view of his face, said:

"This isn't the man."

"Isn't the man," repeated the astonished landlord.

"An' didn't I tell ye so," said Mike.

"But it's myself that's obliged to ye for takin' me here, an' savin' me trouble of a weary journey on foot. An' now," turning to the stablekeeper, "if ye'll tell me the way to the railroad, it is Mike Mahony that will quick be out of a country where honest men are oncivilly thrated."

The road was pointed out to him and he trudged off at a lively pace, while the landlord, deliberately turning his team around departed amid a shout of laughter, inwardly resolved never to arrest a man for horse stealing again.

An Unlucky Question.

A barber who had been converted to religion was told that he must work for the souls around him. The tonsorial artist was a diffident man, and he did not know how to begin; but one day a pretty hard case came in to be shaved, and he thought he would improve the opportunity. The expected convert was seated in a chair, duly lathered, the razor strapped till it was as keen as a Damascus blade, and just ready to apply to the customer's throat, when the barber whispered in his ear:

"Are you prepared to die?"

With a bound and a shout the victim left the chair, crying:

"Not if I know it"—rushed up the street hatless, and terrified lest he should be pursued by the, as he supposed, would-be murderer barber. The wielder of the razor has given up conversation during business hours.

What They Came To.

A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to some useful and respectable occupation of life. These daughters married one after the other, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor; the second a Mr. Little; the third a Mr. Short; the fourth a Mr. Brown; and the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the later her sisters, with their husbands, were present. After the ceremonies of the wedding were over, the old gentleman said to his guests:

"I have taken great pains to educate my five daughters that they may act well their parts in life; and from their advantages and improvements I hoped that they would do honor to my family; and now I find that all my pains, cares and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

Boys and Hems.

Make home a pleasant place for your boys. Do not be so afraid of your best parlor that they may not use it. Let them have plenty of warmth and light, and entertaining books to read, and any parlor games they like. Girls may stay at home if home be the duller place under the moon, but boys will not. If their young companions are banished, if they are checked when they laugh, or sing, or make a noise, if they may not have the innocent freedom that they need, under their parents roof, then they will have freedom of some sort elsewhere. And there are always enough ready to beckon them to places where the bloom is brushed from youth's round cheek. A young man will squeeze a little "fun" out of his life, and, if you want him to be a credit to you and to himself, make it possible for him to enjoy himself in his home. Let the home be a place to live and breathe in, not merely a roof under which he may eat and sleep.

An Alleged Slanderer Shot.

On Tuesday evening Gale Hollingsworth, of White Pigeon, Keokuk co., Iowa, was shot and killed by Miss White, for alleged slander. She met Hollingsworth and presented him with a written statement confessing he had causelessly slandered her, demanding him to sign it. He denied the charge and refused to sign the paper, upon which she drew a revolver, and shot him, not fatally. He ran and she pursued, firing a second shot, which took effect. He climbed upon a fence, when, overcome by his wounds, he fell to the ground. Miss White then came up, placed the muzzle of her pistol to his head and fired a third time, killing him instantly. Hollingsworth was a middle-aged well-to-do farmer, and leaves a wife and family. Miss White is a young lady of good family, who has always borne a good character. At last accounts she has not been arrested.

Gratitude in the generality of men is only a strong and secret wish to receive still greater benefits.

MANY WHO ARE SUFFERING

from the effects of the warm weather and are debilitated, are advised by physicians to take moderate amounts of whisky two or three times during the day. In a little while those who adopt this advice frequently increase the number of "drinks" and in time become confirmed inebriates. A beverage which will not create thirst for intoxicating liquors, and which is intended especially for the benefit of debilitated persons, whether at home or abroad, is Dr. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic. Containing the juices of many medicinal herbs, this preparation does not create an appetite for the intoxicating cup. The nourishing and life-supporting properties of many valuable natural productions contained in it and well-known to medical men have a most strengthening influence. A single bottle of the Tonic will demonstrate its valuable qualities. From debility arising from sickness, over-exertion or from any cause whatever, a wine-glass full of Sea Weed Tonic taken after meals will strengthen the stomach and create an appetite for wholesome food. To all who are about leaving their homes, we desire to say that the excellent effects of Dr. Schenck's reasonable remedies, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills, are particularly evident when taken by those who are injuriously affected by a change of water and diet. No person should leave home without taking a supply of these safeguards along. For sale by all Druggists. J31 1m

MUSSER & ALLEN

CENTRAL STORE

NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public

A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season.

BLACK ALPACCAS

AND

Mourning Goods

A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES.

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS!

We sell and do keep a good quality of

SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS,

And everything under the head of

GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.

Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE,

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

\$10 TO \$25 A DAY! MADE by Agents in cities and country towns. Only necessary to show samples to make sales and money for any one out of employment and disposed to work. Used daily by all business men. Send Stamp for circular, with prices to agents. Address "SPECIAL AGENCY," Kendall Building, Chicago.

LEATHER & C.

THE subscriber has now on hand at

LOW PRICES,

Good Sole Leather,

Kip of Superior Quality,

Country Calf Skins,

French Calf,

LININGS, ROANS, &c.

F. Mortimer,

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

TRESPASS NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all persons not to trespass on the grounds of the undersigned, situate in Madison and Jackson townships, by picking berries, fishing, hunting, or otherwise trespassing, as they will be dealt with according to law.

SOL. V. GREY: ISAAC HOLLENBACH;
J. B. COME: MRS. MARY E. SMITH;
SOLOMON BOWER: MUS. SARAH STAMBAUGH;
D. JOHNSON: JAMES A. ANDERSON;
W. B. GRAY: JEREMIAH HENCH;
ANDREW THOBTE: JAMES WOODS;
S. G. SMITH: D. STAMBAUGH;
June 19, 1877. pd

LADIES AND CHILDREN will find a splendid assortment of shoes at the one price store of F. Mortimer.