

An Adventure with Pirates.

"DID YOU hear a hull, Mr. Adams, or was it the note of a sea-gull?"

"I hear nothing, Captain Williams. You would scarce expect to meet with any one midway in Honduras Bay."

"Very true, Adams; but these are strange times for this part of the country. They are in a state of excitement and revolution half the time. The unsuccessful ones have to fly for their lives. There—there it is again. Schooner ahoy! It is some one adrift in a boat, sure! Heave to, Mr. Adams, and we'll see what it all means."

It was decidedly what, in nautical parlance, would be termed "a dirty night." The wind, in fitful gusts, blew directly on shore; the rain, in blinding showers, drove full in the faces of the seamen as they strove to pierce the impenetrable darkness, which was rendered all the more intense by occasional vivid flashes of lightning. A heavy swell had suddenly set in from the eastward—a sure harbinger of a gale of wind.

The Falcon was a fleet-sailing topsail schooner, engaged in the Havana trade some thirty years ago, owned and commanded by Captain Williams.—Elias Adams, the mate, was the true type of a Down-Easter, and was in love with the skipper's daughter—a fact the captain made no objection to.

The Falcon was a tolerable well-armed, carrying a long nine-pounder forward, and a sufficient number of small arms to supply the crew in case of an attack from pirates, who at that time abounded.

"Here comes a boat full of men!" shouted the mate from forward, and the next instant a long, unwieldy craft dropped suddenly out of the murky gloom, wrapping and pounding alongside of the schooner.

Almost before Williams was aware of it, fifteen as villainous-looking rascals as ever shouted "Viva revolution!" stood on the deck of the pretty Falcon, all talking, gesticulating, and shrugging their shoulders at once.

To say that Captain Williams was startled, would but ill-express the alarm and uneasiness which he felt. His weather-beaten features assumed a pallid cast 'neath the rim of his old sou'wester, as he held a lantern on high and scanned the motley group before him.

"Who and what are ye," he demanded, "and what do yer want aboard of my vessel?"

"Say the word, Captain Seth, and I'll have clear decks 'fore you can strike eight bells."

"No, no, Adams; it would be worse than murder to turn them adrift in the teeth of a gale of wind brewing. Listen to what the spokesman says, in his broken lingo."

They were adherents and supporters of the Senor Amoreno, who at that time was a prominent agitator in the affairs of his country. A popular demonstration in his favor had been defeated. They had been forced to fly for their lives, and they now offered Captain Seth Williams seventy-five dollars in gold, per man, to land them on any of the West India Islands, or the Spanish main.

"What do you think of it, Elias?" said the captain, as he drew his stalwart mate and son-in-law prospective to one side.

"Well, if it was me, I had sooner see them out of the ship than in it. But as long as they are here, why make them show the color of their money. Then keep a good lookout on them, and land 'em as soon as you get a chance."

Captain Williams at once mustered the self-imposed passengers in the cabin, who promptly paid their passage-money without a murmur. They were given quarters between decks, made as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and the Falcon proceeded on her way, beating out of the bay.

Captain Williams had made up his mind to land his passengers on the Western extremity of Cuba, but events occurred which caused him to radically change his plans.

It was the second day of the passengers being on board. Every thing was quiet on deck, and the Falcon slipping along with a fair wind, so Captain Williams improved the opportunity to straighten out his accounts, and count over his outward freight money, amounting to over thirty-five hundred dollars in specie.

Amid the metallic ring of the gold and silver, as the coin slid rapidly through his fingers, Captain Seth heard a suppressed breathing. Looking quickly over his shoulder, he saw a black-whiskered visage gazing through the air port of his state-room. The instant he found himself detected the interloper disappeared.

Captain Williams reported the suspicious circumstance to his mate, who advised him to load up the small arms, which he did quietly, while the money was secured in canvass bags and stowed

in a secret locker attached to his state-room.

Later that afternoon a sail was reported off the weather-bow, and while the captain went aloft to have a look at the stranger, Elias lounged carelessly among the Hondureans.

The mate, with a shrewdness common to the land he claimed as his native place, had disavowed all knowledge of the Spanish language, when, on the contrary, he was perfectly conversant with it. The brave fellow never lost his presence of mind, or allowed a muscle of his face to betray the purport of the alarming conversation that reached his ears.

The fact of the gold and silver being on board had been duly reported to the gang, and with amazing coolness they plotted the destruction of all on board. Their deep-laid plans to seize the vessel were to be put in force that very night, all hands thrown overboard, and the vessel run to the southward until the Spanish main was sighted.

When Captain Seth reached the deck, the mate cautiously imparted the startling news to his superior, and measures were at once taken to baffle the scoundrels.

Their plan of attack was as follows: One of their number was to stretch himself alongside the cabin skylight, with instructions to take care of the officer of the watch by a thrust of a knife. Another was to take up a position in the rear of the man at the wheel, who was to be pitched unceremoniously overboard. A third was to stand by the cabin companion-way to brain the captain as he came on deck to ascertain the cause of the confusion. The remainder of the gang were to go below as usual, so as not to excite suspicion, but at the signal, which was to be eight bells (midnight), they were to rush on deck and secure the watch. The remainder of the crew, who would be sleeping below, would of course prove unresisting victims.

The small-arm chest was secured to the deck abaft the skylight, and after taking from it half-a-dozen pistols and as many cutlasses, Captain Seth and his mate deliberately rammed home a wad in the barrel of each pistol, thereby disabling the arms which the Hondureans counted upon.

Plenty of ammunition was left, so as not to excite suspicion, and then the crew was carefully instructed in the part they were to play. The cook filled his coppers with water, which he kept scalding hot; and as the galley was in close proximity to the main hatch, he was to sprinkle the scoundrels with a liberal allowance as they rushed on deck.

Captain Seth retired as usual, after enjoining upon Elias to keep his weather-eye lifting, if he ever expected to marry his daughter.

Pistol in hand, the captain, enveloped in the darkness of the cabin, waited for the signal of attack to be given, glancing cautiously at times up the narrow companion-way where the dark form of one of the passengers were discernible keeping his murderous watch.

It lacked an hour of eight bells; naught was heard save the steady tramp of Elias as he walked to and fro, humming a familiar Methodist air, or the creak of the main-boom as the vessel rolled to windward.

Suddenly, Captain Seth, who was reclining on the transom, fancied he heard a suppressed breathing in the cabin. He listened intently; there was no mistaking the sound—it was the long-drawn respiration of a man crawling cautiously forward.

Captain Seth's pulse was beating a rapid tattoo as he hurriedly struck a match. The first gleam revealed the form of a dark-skinned rascal, who sprang to his feet with an oath; at the same the glitter of a dirk caught the skipper's sharp eye.

The match fell from his hand, but before the burning fragment struck the cabin floor the report of a pistol rang through the ship, followed by a heavy fall.

In an instant the silence which had reigned on the Falcon was changed into a perfect pandemonium. Shouts, screams, oaths, and numerous jars, followed in rapid succession, and in the height of the confusion the excited captain bounded on deck.

The pistol-shot had alarmed all hands, the conspirators rushed up from below, and were met by a copious shower of scalding-hot water by the watchful cook. Elias had knocked one fellow down, and pitched one stationed by the companion-way over the rail. From the gloom and obscurity astern the man's voice was heard growing fainter and fainter as he called for help. The man at the wheel had seized his antagonist suddenly by the throat, holding him with a grip of iron, while the two watches, fully armed, stood guard over the main hatch.

The piratical plans had suddenly come to grief, and unexpectedly, too, for all hands.

One by one the survivors were summoned from between decks, and forced to enter the Falcon's boat, which Elias had hastily hoisted over the side, a pair of oars were thrown in, but neither water nor bread was given the howling wretches by the stern mate.

The Falcon filled away, shot ahead, and the boat rapidly disappeared from sight, but the hoarse oath and curses were heard for some time afterward.

Then, after the vessel was free from the miscreants, Captain Seth and the mate dove below to examine the cabin.

Stretched at full length on the floor was one of the late passengers, shot through the heart. His muscular hand still grasped the keen-bladed dirk, while the features were distorted by an expression of such awful ferocity, that both Seth and his mate could not repress a shudder. What the man's object was in penetrating to the cabin in advance of the general attack was more than they could fathom, but Elias supposed it must have been a desire to conceal a large share of plunder from his comrades.

The Falcon reached her destination in safety, and before leaving port Elias claimed the hand of his bride, when he obtained, together with the command of the Falcon.

As for Captain Seth, he lived he to a ripe old age, and told the yarn over and over again to the grandchildren who in due time crowded about his knee.

A Corpse in a Rattlesnake's Den.

A dispatch from Great Bend, Pa., on Saturday, says: A singular discovery has just been made in the mountains, six miles southwest of this place. A party of berry pickers, numbering sixteen, while passing through the mountains near Susquehanna station, on the line of the Erie Railway, on Saturday last, had their attention directed to a small clump of bushes near where they were picking berries, by the fierce barking of a dog which accompanied them. Two of the party, George Brink and Joseph Hilferty, went to see what the matter was. As they neared the dog, it barked more furiously. Walking cautiously, they were startled by a loud and continuous rattling which suggested rattlesnakes. They did not go any farther, but, marking the spot, returned and informed the company. The rest of the gentlemen, four in number, each seizing a club, followed Brink and Hilferty into the thicket. The dog was still in the same place, barking furiously. Club in hand, the six descended a small declivity, near the bottom of which they saw a terrible picture. Lying on stones and sticks were hundreds of huge rattlesnakes coiled and rattling fiercely.

The men, not caring to approach too near, began stoning the reptiles from a distance. They succeeded in killing thirty-nine, the rest, thought to have been several hundred, making their escape into the rocks and underbrush. The rattling having ceased, the victors walked up to where the dead snakes lay, where, to their astonishment, they descried the dead body of a man, apparently 40 years old, lying with his face downward, between stones and broken limbs of trees. He had undoubtedly wandered into the den. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that a crippled tramp had passed through the neighborhood some weeks before.

The Man Who was "Burning Up Inside."

When the excitement was at its height in Newark, O., last week, a stalwart citizen felt the necessity of bracing himself up. The mayor had ordered the closing of all saloons and drinking-places, and the police had enforced the regulations rigidly. But there was a back door in Gingerbread row, and behind the bar there was long-range lightning whiskey.

The stalwart citizen crept in, got his drink and beat a retreat. Soon he was overwhelmed with burning sensations in his stomach. Something seemed to be blazing there, and he burst into a doctor's office, exclaiming, "For God's sake, pump me out quick." "What is wrong with you?" inquired the doctor. "Get the pump ready while I am telling you. I am burning up inside. I took a drink down on Gingerbread row. They have put a job up on me. I am poisoned."

The doctor suddenly interposed: "Why I smell something burning myself;" and opening the patient's waistcoat found a hole three inches in diameter burned in the shirt-front. While the stalwart citizen was taking his drink he had dropped a cigar stump between his waistcoat and shirt. "Didn't you smell smoke?" asked the doctor. "You're right, I did; but I thought it was coming out of my mouth."

A curious will case is pending in a San Francisco court. Charles Patten died in San Francisco several years ago, leaving an estate valued at about \$75,000, of which he bequeathed but \$5,000 to his wife, the remainder of the property going to the testator's children. Although the widow accepted the \$5,000, she has filed a petition in the probate court to be allowed one-half of the property, which she claims

she is legally entitled to under one statute, the property having been acquired since marriage. In opposing the granting of this petition, the executors and several heirs of the deceased, known as the Towne heirs, set up a so-called marriage contract, entered into between the petitioner and the deceased in anticipation of their marriage, and the day before its celebration in Philadelphia. By this instrument it is contracted between the parties that all property acquired thereafter by the husband, in any manner, shall be his separate property and subject to testamentary disposition by him. It is stated that the petitioner contests the validity of the instrument both by reason of its terms and because of the non compliance with the statute of the state of California with regard to its execution. There remain about \$70,000 of the estate to be distributed.

SUNDAY READING.

THE BIBLE.

WHO COMPOSED the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminster Abbey, nameless and dateless, but nevertheless, it is invaluable for its wise and wholesome counsel to the race of Adam:

A nation would be truly happy if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book.

It contains every thing needful to be known or done.

It gives instruction to a Senate, authority and direction to a magistrate.

It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as the lord of the household, and his wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule and her how to manage.

It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience on children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign and the power of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subject to honor and the servant to obey, and promises the protection of the Almighty to all that work by this rule.

It gives directions for weddings and burials.

It promises food and raiment and limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and unfailing Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his widow is to trust; and promises a kind father to the former and a husband to the latter.

It very implicitly forbids a guardian to steal not his ward's honest money, and never urge upon him the dark side of the picture of mother earth.

It teaches a man to set his house in order, and how to make his will, it appoints a dowry for his wife and entails the right of the first born, and shows how the young branches shall be left.

It defends the right of all, and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, over reacher, and trespasser.

It is the first book, the best book.

It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, affords the greatest degree of satisfaction and pleasure that we have ever enjoyed.

It contains the best laws and most profound mysteries that were ever penned, and it brings the very best comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It is a brief recital of all that is to come.

It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God, and showing the way to him, sets aside all other Gods, and describes the vanity of them and all that trust in such; in short it is the Book of laws to show the right and wisdom that condemns a folly and makes the foolish wise, a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds and unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriad, the human tribes, and the devilish legions.

It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic and the most profound scholar.

It teaches the best rhetorician, and exercises every power of the most skillful arithmetician, puzzles the wisest anatomist, and confounds the subtlest critic.

It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on; the best deed that was ever sealed—the best that will ever be signed.

Kindnesses do not always produce what we expect; from a hand which we hate they are offenses; the more we lavish upon one whom may hate us, the more arms we give him who wishes to betray us.—Cornelle.

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 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, J81 1m

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