

## THE WOMAN SPY.

I'M NOW a very old man, long ago superannated; and the adventure I am about to relate occurred when I was a stripling captain (promotion was rapid then), many and many a long year ago. We were then at war with the Ottoman empire.

It was getting late in the spring of our campaign, and our trouble with the Turks was still far from being at a close, that I set out for Mielasvar, in Transylvania, to conduct a number of recruits to my regiment, which then lay in the vicinity of Orstown, in a village near the army lived a gipsy, who carried on the trade of a sutler. My new soldiers, who were extremely superstitious, asked her to tell their fortune. I laughed at them, and at the same held my hand to the gipsy.

"The 20th of August!" said she, with a very significant air, and without adding another syllable.

I wished to obtain some explanation, but she repeated the same words; and, as I was going away, she called out to me in the same tone:

"The 20th of August!"

It may easily be supposed that this date remained impressed upon my memory.

We joined the army and shared its fatigues and danger. It is well known that in this war the Turks gave no quarter. The chiefs offered a ducat for every head that should be brought into the camp; and neither Janissaries or Spahis neglected any opportunity of earning the reward.

The arrangement was particularly fatal to our advance post. There was scarcely a night during which the Turks did not come in superior numbers to seek our heads; and at daybreak it was often found that a portion of the camp had been guarded by decapitated bodies.

The Prince of Coburg resolved to send every night strong pickets of cavalry beyond the chain of videttes for the purpose of protecting them. These pickets were composed of one or two hundred men; but the Turkish generals, finding their troops disturbed in their retail trade, sent still more numerous detachments against our pickets, which procured them a still more considerable profit. The service of the pickets was consequently of such a nature that those who were appointed to perform it always put their affairs in order previous to their departure.

Things were in this state in the month of August. Several battles had not changed the position of the army. A week before the 20th, my fortune-teller, of whom I frequently purchased provisions, again made her appearance. She entered my tent, requesting me to leave her a legacy in case I should die on the day she had predicted, and offered, in case I should not, to make me a present of a hamper of Tokay. This wine was a rarity in the army. The gipsy appeared not to have common sense. In the situation in which I then was a speedy death was not improbable, but I had no reason to expect it precisely on the 20th of August.

I acceded to the proposal, staking two horses and fifty ducats against the old woman's Tokay and the auditor of the regiment took down our agreement in writing, but not without indulging in a laugh.

The 20th of August came. There was no probability of an engagement. It was indeed the turn of our regiment to furnish a picket for the night, but two of my comrades were to go before me.—In the evening, as the hussars were preparing to set off, the surgeon of the regiment came to inform the commander that the officer named for the picket was taken dangerously ill. The one next to him, and preceded me, received orders to take his place. He dressed himself in haste, and was proceeding to join his men, but his horse, a generally quiet creature, suddenly began to prance and caper in such a manner that he at last threw his rider, who broke his leg in the fall. It was now my turn. I set off, but I must confess, not in my ordinary humor.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by one hundred and twenty belonging to another regiment, making in the whole two hundred men. Our post was about a thousand paces in front of the line of the right wing, and we were supported by a marsh covered with very high reeds. We had no advanced sentinels, but not a man was suffered to leave the saddle; our orders were to remain with drawn sabres, and loaded carbines till daybreak.

Everything was quiet till a quarter before 10 o'clock, when we heard a noise, which was succeeded by loud shouts of "Allah!" and in a moment all the horses were thrown to the ground, either by the fire or the shock of seven or eight hundred Turks. An equal number fell on their side from the impetuosity of the charge, and the fire of our carbines.

In the confusion that succeeded, I re-

ceived eight sabre wounds, as well from friends as enemies; my horse was mortally wounded; he fell upon my right leg and pinned me to the ground.

The flash of pistols threw a light upon the scene of carnage. I raised my eyes and saw our men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre of them. Very soon not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized the horses that were still fit for service, pillaged the dead and wounded, and then began to cut off their heads and put them into sacks, which they had brought expressly for that purpose.

My situation was not very enviable.—In the regiment of Szekler we in general understood the Turkish language. I heard them encourage each other to finish the business before any help should arrive, and not leave a single ducat behind, adding that there ought to be two hundred. Hence, it appeared that their information must have been very accurate.

While they were passing over me, while legs, arms, and balls were flying over my head, my horse received a blow which caused him to make a convulsive movement. My leg was disengaged, and I instantly conceived the idea of throwing myself, if possible, among the reeds of the morass. I had observed that several of our men, who had attempted it, were taken; but firing had slackened and the darkness inspired me with hope.

I had only twenty yards to go, but had reason to apprehend that I should sink in the morass. I nevertheless leaped over men and horses, knocked down more than one of the Turks, who extended their arms to catch me, and made several blows with their sabres; but my good fortune and agility enabled me to reach the marsh. I sank at first no higher than my knees; in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds, and there stopped with fatigue. I heard a Turk exclaim, "An infidel has escaped! Let us look for him!"

"It is impossible he can't be in the morass," replied the other.

I know not whether they continued their conversation, but I heard nothing more; fainted away with the loss of blood, and in this state I remained several hours; for when I came to myself the sun was already high.

I had sunk into the morass up to my waist; my hair stood erect when I recollected the carnage of the night and the 20th of August was one of my first ideas. I counted my wounds which were 8 in number, but none of them dangerous; they were given with sabres, on the arms, the breast, and the back. As the nights are very cold in that country, I wore a thick pelisse, which deadened the blows. I was, however, extremely weak.

I listened; the Turks had long been gone. From time to time I heard the groans of wounded horses on the field of battle; as to the men, the Turks had taken care of them.

I attempted to extricate myself from the place in which I then was, and this I accomplished in about an hour. The footsteps I had left behind me on entering, guided me out again. Though a war with the Turks blunts the edge of sensibility, I felt an emotion of fear when I cast my eyes beyond the reeds. I however advanced; my eyes were directed toward the scene of massacre; but words are inadequate to express my terror on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm. I turned my head, and beheld an Arnaut, six feet high, who had come back to see if he could pick up anything else. Never was hope more cruelly disappointed. I addressed him in the Turkish language:

"Take my watch, my, money, my uniform, but spare my life."

"All these belong to me, and your head in the bargain."

He immediately untied the string of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarmed, incapable of defending myself; at the slightest movement he would have plunged his cutlass into my bosom. I threw my arms around his body, supplicating his compassion, while he endeavored to uncover my head.

"Have compassion on me! I said.—"My family is rich; make me your prisoner, and you shall have a large ransom."

"It will be too long to wait for that," replied he, "Only hold yourself still that I may cut." And he was already taking out my shirt pin.

Meanwhile I hung round him, he did not prevent me, because he relied upon his weapons; and even, perhaps, from a motive of compassion, which was not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducat. While he was disengaging my shirt pin, I felt something hard at his girdle. It was an iron hammer. He again repeated, "Hold yourself still."

"These would have been the last words I should have heard had not the horror of such a death inspired me with

the idea of seizing his hammer; he did not perceive what I was doing, and already he held my head in one hand and his cutlass in the other, when disengaging myself by a sudden movement, I gave him a blow on the face with the hammer with all my strength. The Arnaut staggered; I repeated the blow, and he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. It is unnecessary to add that I seized it and plunged it into his body.

I ran to our advanced posts, whose arms I perceived glittering in the sun and at length reached the camp. My comrades shunned me as they would a spectre. The same day I was attacked with a violent fever and was conveyed to the hospital.

In six weeks I recovered from my fever and wounds, and rejoined the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay, and I was informed that, during my absence, different circumstances had come to pass exactly as she had foretold and had procured her money, consultations and many legacies. All this was very extraordinary.

Not long afterward two deserters from the enemy came over to us. They were Christians of Servia, who had been employed about the baggage of the Turkish army, and had deserted to avoid a punishment they had incurred. They no sooner saw the gipsy than they knew her, and declared that she frequently went at night to the Turkish camp to give the enemy an account of our movements.

This astonished us greatly, for the woman had performed for us various services, and we had even admired the address with which she executed the most perilous commissions. The deserters, however, persisted in their testimony, adding that they had several times been present when this woman described to them our project, and encouraged them to make attacks which had actually taken place. A Turkish cypher served for her passport.

The convincing proof being found upon her she was sentenced to suffer death as a spy. Before her execution I questioned her on her prediction relative to me. She acknowledged that by acting as a spy to both parties, which procured her a double profit, she had often learned the designs of both; that those who secretly consulted her on their future fortunes had made her acquainted with many circumstances, and she was likewise under some obligation to accident.

As to what regarded me in particular, she selected me to make of me a great example, capable of confirming her credit by fixing so long beforehand, the fatal moment. At its approach she instigated the enemy to make an attack, on the night of the 20th, on the post of our regiment. From the intercourse which she had with the officers, she learned that there were two to go out before me; to one she sold adulterated wine, which made him very ill; as for the other, at the moment of his departure, she went up to him as if to sell him something, and found means, unperceived, to introduce very high into the nostrils of his horse a piece of burning tinder.

She was executed a few days after my interview, and there was none among our forces who regretted the event.

## Piper's Strange Story.

EDWARD S. PIPER, a reformed forger, died a few days ago in Joliet, Illinois. He was well known to the police of New York and other cities.—Recently he gave to Detective Allen Pinkerton the history of his life. He was born in Cynthiana, Kentucky, in 1828. His father was a wealthy planter, and his mother was a New Orleans Creole. He received a thorough academic education, and learned to speak several languages. When eighteen years old he quarrelled with his father, and quit his home never to return. He traveled extensively, and at length settled in Buffalo, in the employ of Rathburn, Pettis & Co., commission merchants.

He was liked for his intelligence, pleasing manner, and quick penmanship, and after he had been with the firm a year he was made confidential clerk. In 1854 Buffalo was startled by the discovery of extensive forgeries of warehouse receipts, purporting to be from Rathburn, Pettis & Co. An investigation fastened suspicion on Piper as the forger, he having disappeared from the city a short time before. In his confession to Pinkerton, nearly twenty-three years after the forgeries, Piper says that they were committed by one of the firm, and that he was innocent. His explanation was that while acting as confidential clerk he found out that one of his employers was forging the warehouse receipts to cover up losses that he had suffered in business. His employer had a beautiful daughter, to whom he had long been paying his addresses until he had become recognized as her accepted suitor. When the young woman's father found out that he knew the secret

of the forgeries, he desired to have him go away. He told Piper that he was the only person who knew the facts. He feared that his irregularities would soon be exposed, and he thought that if Piper was out of the way he would be able to screen himself and settle with his partners. The daughter joined the father in persuading the lover-clerk to quit the city. He was informed that he would get a letter from her when the proper time arrived for him to return to Buffalo. After his departure he saw the news of the forgeries in the newspapers, and that he was accused by his guilty employer of being the forger and of running away to escape arrest.—He wrote to his sweetheart for an explanation which he never received. The false accusation, and the treachery of the father and daughter, were what drove Piper, as he assured Pinkerton, to follow forgery as an occupation.

## Good Advice for You.

Think twice before you believe every evil story you hear, and think twenty times before you repeat it, especially if it is about a woman. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. People sometimes tell falsehoods, they often make mistakes, and they sometimes "hear wrong." There is auricular illusion as well as optical illusion. Take all these things into consideration before you believe. As for repeating the story, ask yourself if it is necessary. It sometimes is necessary. Then do it with the fear of God, and the remembrance of the golden rule before you. Let us give the helping hand, not the downward push; so the angels may reach their hands towards us when we stand in need.

A rollicking Hibernian of the Light Division in the Peninsula, was once trudging leisurely along the road, with a pig in a string behind him, when as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by General Crawford. The salutation was not the most cordial:

"Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?"

"What pig, gen'ral?" exclaimed the culprit, turning round to him, with an air of most innocent surprise.

"Why, that pig you have behind you, you villain!"

"Well, then, I vow the prospect, gen'ral," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some black-guard, wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to my cartridge-box."

A new scheme of swindling was exposed in New York last week. It was in the shape of a circular purporting to be sent out by Bradley & Co., bankers, at No. 40 Broad street, and explaining a new plan of operating in stocks. The advantages of the plan are set forth in glowing colors, and agents are wanted. A list of banks are published as regular correspondents of Bradley & Co., where deposits could be made; but investors are advised to send all sums less than one hundred dollars directly to No. 40 Broad street. One of these banks is the First National, of Hornellsville, whose officers deny any knowledge of the business, and declare it to be a swindling scheme.

The perfection to which the training of the blind in mechanical pursuits has been carried is wonderful. At the last agricultural fair at Elizabethport, N. J., the first premium for rag carpet was awarded to a blind man, and now it becomes a matter of interest to know whether this sightless man had any competition, and to what extent sympathy for him influenced the decision of the committee.

A dog in Sierk, Franco, returned good for evil. His master, a peasant, attached a stone to his neck and threw him into the Moselle. The poor brute sank, but the cord broke, and he rose to the surface and made desperate efforts to get into the boat. His master pushed him repeatedly with an oar, and at length stood up and endeavored to strike him a violent blow. In the attempt the man fell into the water. The dog swam to him and held him up by the clothing until aid arrived.

A pair of boot lasts have been made for Leonard Wilcox, of Rome, New York, who is seven feet in height and weighs 600 pounds. The lasts are twenty-two inches in length, seven in height, and eighteen around the instep.

Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most subject to change.

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Schenck's Mandrake Pills, for the Cure of Liver Complaints, &c.

These Pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the Liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the Liver, often a cause for Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale at all druggists.

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