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THE TIMES.

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FOR THE TIMES.

FORGET NOT ME.

"STUTTGART."

"When the lovely Spring's returning,
Joy and gladness ever bringing,
Forget not me."

When the birds are sweetly singing,
And the air with music ringing,
Through the earth of man's rejoicing,
Forget not me."

In the bright and balmy morning,
When from sleep thou'rt gently waking,
Forget not me."

In the calm and lovely evening,
Daniel before thee, thou fairy, kneeling,
For thy hand so humbly pleading,
Forget not me."

When thy heart so full of feeling,
Answers yes to Daniel's pleading,
Forget not me."

When the wedding march is pealing,
And the echo is resounding,
Thou to wifehood art advancing,
Forget not me."

In days of sorrow and of mourning,
Look for the morrow's coming,
Forget not me."

Pray to Him who is so loving,
And the Helper will be moving,
For thy every want supplying,
Forget not me."

Now if thy love be turning,
Toward one who's gently yearning,
Forget not me."

His heart so often sighing,
For the love for which he's trying,
His affection ne'er disguising,
Forget not me."

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

IN THE early autumn of the year 1849, about half an hour of sunset, I drew rein in front of a large double log house, on the very summit of the Blue Ridge mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

The place was evidently kept as a tavern, at least so a sign proclaimed, and here I determined to demand accommodation for myself and servant, Bose, a dark-skinned body-guard. Bose and I had been playmates in childhood and boyhood, and I need hardly say that the faithful fellow was attached to me, as I was to him, and on more than one occasion he had showed his devotion. There had been a shooting-match at the Mountain House that day, and as I dismounted, I saw by the open window of the bar-room a noisy, drunken, and evidently quarrelsome set of backwoodsmen, each of whom was swearing by all possible and impossible oaths that he was not only the best shot, but that he could out-fight, out-jump, out-wrestle, run faster, jump higher, dive deeper and come up drier than any other man on the mountain.

"I say, Mars Ralph!" said Bose, in a low tone, as I handed him my bridle-rein. "I don't like de looks ob dem in dar. S'pose we goes on to de next house, tain't fur?"

"Nonsense, Bose," I replied, "these fellows are only on a little spree over their shooting. We have nothing to do with them, nor they with us. Take the horses round to the stable, and see to them yourself. You know they have had a hard day of it."

And throwing my saddle-bags over my shoulders, I walked up the narrow path to the house. I found, as I have intimated, the bar-room filled with a noisy, turbulent crowd, who one and all stared at me without speaking as I went up to the bar and inquired if I and my

servant could have accommodation for the night.

Receiving an affirmative reply from the landlord, a little, red-headed, cadaverous-looking specimen of the "clay-eater," I desired to be shown at once to my room, whither I went, but not until I had been compelled to decline a score of requests to "take a drink," much to the disgust of the stalwart bacchanalians.

The room to which I was shown was at the far end of a long two-storied structure, evidently but recently added on to the main building, which it intersected at right angles. A gallery extended along the front, by means of which the rooms were reached. I found my apartment to be large and comparatively well furnished, there being besides the bed a comfortable cot, half a dozen split-bottomed chairs, a heavy clothes press, and a bureau with a glass. There were two windows, one alongside the door, and the other in the opposite end of the room. The first mentioned was heavily barred with stout oak strips, a protection, I presume, against intrusion from the porch, while across the latter was drawn a heavy woollen curtain.

In the course of half an hour Bose entered, and announced that the beasts had been properly attended to, and a few minutes later a bright-faced mulatto girl summoned us to supper.

Supper over, I returned to my room, first requesting to be roused for an early breakfast, as I desired to be on the road by sunrise. Thoroughly wearied with my day's ride, I at once began preparations for retiring, and had drawn off one boot, when Bose came in rather hastily, looking furtively over his shoulder, and then cautiously closing and locking the door.

"Mars Ralph, dar's gwine to be trouble in dis house afore mornin'," he said.

And I saw in a moment that something had occurred to upset the faithful fellow's equilibrium.

"Why, Bose, what is it? What do you mean?" I asked, barely restraining a smile.

"I tole you, Mars Ralph, we'd better trable farder," was the rather mysterious reply. "You see dat yaller gal der tole me dar would be a muss if we stayed in the 'founded ole house all night."

By close questioning I elicited the fact that the girl had really warned him that four men, who I had noticed talking together, were a desperate set of villains, and probably had designs upon our property, if not our lives.

The girl had seen two of them at the stable while I was at supper, and by cautiously creeping into a stall, had heard enough to convince her that they meant mischief. Subsequently to this, she also saw the landlord in close confab with the entire party, and from his actions judged that he was urging the men to their nefarious work.

"I tell you, Mars Ralph, dem white trash ain't arter no good—now you heard me," persisted Bose.

I had begun to think so myself, but what was to be done! The situation was full of embarrassment, and I felt that nothing could be done save to wait and watch, and being on the alert, defeat their plans by a determined resistance. I found that from the barred window, in which there was a broken pane of glass, a good view of the stable could be had. Then for the other window. I crossed the room, drew aside the heavy curtain, and raising the sash, looked out. A single glance was sufficient to cause me a thrill of surprise, and I gave a low exclamation that instantly brought Bose to my side.

Far below I could see the faint glimmer of water, the low murmur of which came indistinctly up from the depths, while, on a level with what should have been the ground, I dimly saw the waving tree-tops, as they gently swayed before the fresh night breeze, and knew that the window overlooked a chasm, the soundings of which I could only guess at.

In other words, the house, or that portion of it, was built upon the verge of a cliff, the solid rock forming a foundation more lasting than any that could be made by the hands of man.

I leaned far out, and saw that there was not an inch of space left between the heavy log on which the structure rested and the edge of the precipice; and

then I turned away with the full conviction that if escape must be made it certainly would not be in that direction. There was nothing especially strange in this; there were many houses so constructed—I had seen one or two myself—and yet when I drew back into the room, and saw the look on Bose's dusky face, I felt that danger, quick and and deadly was hovering in the air.

Without speaking I went to my saddle-bags and got out my pistols—a superb pair of long double rifles, that I knew to be accurate anywhere under half a hundred yards.

"Dar! dem's what I likes to see!" exclaimed Bose, as he dived into his own bag, and fished out the old horse-pistol that had belonged to my grandfather, and which I knew was loaded to the muzzle with No. 1 buckshot. It was a terrible weapon at close quarters.

The stable in which our horses were feeding could be watched, and by events transpiring in that locality we would shape our actions.

I found the door could be locked from the inside, and, in addition to this, I improvised a bar by means of a chair-leg wrenched off, and thrust through a heavy iron staple that had been driven in the wall. Its fellow on the opposite was missing.

We then lifted the clothes-press before the window, leaving just room enough on one side to clearly see, and if necessary fire through; dragged the bureau against the door with as little noise as possible, and felt that everything that was possible had been done. A death-like stillness reigned over the place, broken only once by the voice of the colored girl singing as she crossed the stable yard.

I had fallen into a half doze, seated in a chair near the window facing the stable, where Bose was on watch, when suddenly I felt a light touch upon my arm, and the voice of the faithful sentinel in my ear.

"Wake up, Mars Ralph; dey's foolin' 'bout de stable doo' arter de horses, shunah," brought me wide awake to my feet.

Cautiously peeping out, I saw at a glance that Bose was right in his conjecture. There were two of them—one, standing out in the clear moonlight, evidently watching my window, while the other—and I fancied it was the landlord—was in the shadow near the door, which at that moment slowly swung open.

As the man disappeared within the building, a low, keen whistle cut the air and at the same instant I heard the knob of my door cautiously tried. The thing was now plain.

While those below was securing our horses, those above were either attempting to gain access with murderous intent or else on guard to prevent my coming to the rescue of my property.

A low hiss from Bose brought me to his side from the door where I had been listening.

"Dey's got de horses out in de yard," he whispered, as he drew aside to let me look out through the broken pane.

"Take the door," I said, "and shoot through if they attack. I am going to fire at that fellow holding the horse."

"Lordy, Mars Ralph, it's de tavern keeper. He ain't no 'count. Drop de big man!" was the sensible advice which I determined to adopt.

Noislessly drawing aside the curtain, I rested the muzzle of my pistol upon the sash where the lights had been broken away, and drew a bead upon the tallest of the two men who stood, holding three horses, out in the bright moonlight. The sharp crack of my weapon was quickly followed by a yell of pain, and I saw the ruffian reel backward and measure his length upon the earth, and then from the main building there rang out:

"Murder! Murder! O, help!"

Like lightning it flashed across my mind. There was three horses in the open lot. There was, then, another traveler besides ourselves. A heavy blow descended upon the door, and a voice roared:

"Quiek! burst the infernal thing open, and let me at him! The scoundrel has killed Dave!"

"Let them have it, Bose," I whispered, rapidly reloading my pistol. "There, the second panel."

With a steady hand the plucky fellow leveled the huge weapon and pulled the

trigger. A deafening report followed, and again a shrill cry of mortal anguish told that the shot had not been wasted.

"Sabe us!" how it do kiek!" exclaimed Bose, under his breath.

The blow had fallen like an unexpected thunderbolt upon the bandits; and a moment later we heard the retreating footsteps down the corridor.

"Dar'll be more of dem 'fore long Mars Ralph," said Bose, with a ominous shake of the head. "I 'specks dese belongs to a band, and, ef dey comes, an' we still heah, we's gone coons for shuah."

This view of the case was new to me; but I felt the force of it. I knew that such bands did exist in these mountains. A hasty glance through the window from which I had just fired, showed me that escape in that direction was impossible. I looked out and saw a man, with a rifle in his hand, dodge round the corner of the stable. He was on guard, and then I knew they had sent off for reinforcements.

Stunned for a moment, I turned round and stared helplessly at Bose; but he, brave fellow that he was never lost his head for a single instant.

"Bound to leab heah, Mars Ralph," he said, quite confidently. "An' dar ain no way gwine 'cept to dat winder;" and he pointed to the one overlooking the cliff.

I merely shook my head and turned to watch again, hoping to get a shot at the rascal on guard. Bose, left to his own devices, at once went to work. I heard him fussing about the bed for some time, but never looked to see what he was after until he spoke.

"Now den for de rope," I heard him say, and in an instant I caught his meaning.

He had stripped the bed of its covering, dragged off the heavy tick, and the stout hempen rope with which it was corded. In five minutes he had drawn the rope through its many turnings, and then gathering the coil in his hands he threw up the sash and prepared to take soundings. It failed to touch bottom; but, nowise disheartened, he seized the cotton coverlet and spliced on. He succeeded, and the cord was drawn up preparatory to knotting it in place of cross-pieces.

In the meanwhile the silence without had been broken more than once. A shrill, keen whistle, and as I had heard before, was given by the man on watch, and replied to by some one seemingly a little way off. Then I heard footsteps—soft, cat-like ones—on the verandah outside, showing that the robbers were on the alert at all points. At length Bose announced the ladder ready. It was again lowered from the window, and the end we held was made fast to the bed we had dragged over for the purpose.

"Now den, Mars Ralph, I go down fust and see if um strong 'nough to bar us." And he was half way out of the window before I could speak.

"No, Bose, you shall not," I answered, firmly, drawing him back into the room. "You must—" The words were lost in the din of a furious and totally unexpected attack upon the door.

The dull, heavy strokes of an axe were intermingled with the sharp, quick clatter of hatchets as they cut away the barrier, and once in a while I could hear deep oaths, as though they had been rendered doubly savage by our resistance.

"Here, Bose, your pistol! Quiek!" I whispered, and the heavy charge went crashing through, followed by shrieks and curses of pain and rage.

"Now, then, out with you! I will hold the place," I said, rushing back to the window. "Come, Bose, hurry, or all will be lost."

The brave fellow now wished to insist upon my going first; but he saw that time was wasting, and he glided down the rope gradually disappearing in the heavy shadows. The fall of one of their number had caused only a momentary lull, and I heard them renew the assault with tenfold fury. I dared not fire again, for I felt that every bullet would be needed, when affairs were more pressing.

It seemed an age before I felt the signal from below that the rope was ready for me; but it came, and I let myself down, pausing an instant, as my eyes gained a level with the sill, to take a last look into the room. As I did so, the door gave way and the blood-thirsty

demons poured over the threshold. I knew that I had no time for deliberate movement. They would instantly discover the mode of escape, and either cut the rope or else fire down upon me. I had taken the precaution to draw on my heavy riding-gloves and my hands thus protected did not suffer as much as might have been expected. With my eyes fixed on the open window, I slid rapidly down, and struck the earth with a jar that wrenched every bone in my body.

Quick as lightning I was seized by Bose, and dragged some paces on one side, and close against the face of the cliff. Not a second too soon, for down came a volley, tearing up the earth at the foot of the rope, where a moment before I had stood.

"Thunder they will escape! After them, down the rope!" yelled a voice, almost inarticulate with rage. And I saw a dark form swing out and begin the descent.

"Now, Mars Ralph," whispered Bose, significantly, and with a quick aim I fired at the swaying figure.

Without a sound the man released his hold and came down like a lump of lead, shot through the brain. Another had started in hot haste, and was more than half-way out of the window, when suddenly the scene above was brilliantly lit up by the glare of a torch. Again, the warning voice of the watchful black called my attention to the figure now struggling desperately to regain the room, and, as before, I threw up my pistol, and covering the exposed side, drew trigger.

With a convulsive effort the wretch, springing far out into the empty void, turned once over, and came down with a rushing sound upon the jagged rocks that lay at the foot of the precipice.

A single look to see that the window was clear—we knew there could be no path leading down for a long distance either way, or they would never have attempted the rope—and we plunged headlong into the dense forest that clothed the mountain side. We got clear, it is true, but with the loss of our animals and baggage; for the next day, when we returned with a party of regulators, we found the place a heap of ashes, and no living soul to tell whither the robbers had fled.

Anecdote of Stark.

Of the famous General Stark, whose victory over the Hessians, at Bennington, Vt., during the revolution, was celebrated with much pomp last August in that town, the Manchester (N. H.) Union says that his business habits at home illustrated his energy and severe vigilance and ability to hold his own in an emergency as forcibly as did his conduct in the war.

Many instances are related of the General's shrewdness and quick wit. It is said that he very rarely came off second best at repartee, so ready was he with a sharp reply for any occasion. While on his farm, in his latter days, it is related that one day he walked out in a field where his men were haying. The work was badly done, and the General was not slow to notice this fact and comment upon it. Among the men was one named Whittaker, who was frequently the butt for the jokes of his fellow-workmen. The General passed over the field, and finding a spot particularly bad, asked sharply:

"Who mowed that swath?"

"Whittaker," said the man nearest the General, with a wink at the others. Passing on, the question came again and again:

"Who mowed that swath—and that one?"

"Whittaker," was the invariable reply.

General Stark made no comment, but went away. When evening came, the men collected for their pay, and the General, after a slight mental calculation, paid Whittaker a sum which was equal to the amount due the whole number. "Ain't you going to pay us, General?" was asked in a chorus by the others.

"Well," said Stark, in his high-keyed voice, "as near as I could find, Whittaker did all the work, and so I gave him all the pay."

The men found that the laugh had been turned against themselves, and it is presumed that Whittaker divided the funds equally.