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Select Poetry.

"MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

In the springtime of life when the fond heart is young, When its sky is unclouded, its joys yet unborn, When in ecstatic hope it looks forward to life In its brightest fruition, nor rocks of the strife That must fall to the lot of all children of men, It knows not the lesson of what "might have been."

But when tossed on the wave of love's sorrowful tide, Like a bark on the billow it drifts far and wide From the haven of rest, then the woeful refrain Has its rent from the heart ricked with anguish and pain.

In that saddest of wallings, of languor of pen That tearful regret in what "might have been."

Then how sad the condition, how fearful the plight When the hope of the heart has been lost in the night Of its sky overcast, of no joys to be sung, Its fruition how dark, all its cords how unstrung, And it weeps o'er the past, in uncomfited when It conjures up joys in the sad "might have been."

But cheer up, sad heart, there are pleasures in store For the heart that loves fondly, tho' wretched and sore, And though for the time fears your love may enshroud Don't forget the bright "lining behind each dark cloud." Give the future its chance, let the past go, and then You will cease your repining on what "might have been."

An Adventure Among Savages.

WHILE in command of the little barque Peri, said Captain Jeffreys, I met with an adventure among savages that I think worth relating; for though no lives were lost, save one which was quite worthless, and the circumstances never made any sensation among the whalers, they can never be forgotten by us who were actors in the drama.

We were making what had proved, until then, a very successful cruise among the small "school whales" in the neighborhood of the Gilbert group of islands, and had been swept out of our usual track during a succession of light winds, and current off south of the equator. After baffling for several days, we so far recovered our lost ground as to sight the island of Aroral, and were near enough in the afternoon to be visited by a goodly number of the natives.

They brought very little in the way of barter, but informed us that a ship had been cast away there some time before, and that they had various articles on shore for sale, which were of too ponderous a nature to be brought out in canoes.

We had not visited this particular island before, but having a good general knowledge of these Micronesians, I was inclined to be wary and suspicious of a scheme to decoy a part of us on shore. There was a difficulty in communicating with the earliest comers, as our conference about the shipwrecked articles was carried on in the language of signs; but I learned that there was a white man living among them, as indeed there was one or more at each island that I had visited.

It was quite late in the day before this man's canoe was seen approaching us, and we had then worked up to a convenient position under the lee of the land, where we could see, for ourselves, a number of casks lying on the shore, and an object that looked like a ship's anchor.

The white man who boarded us called himself Barney, and was unmistakably an Irishman; most likely a runaway from one of the British penal settlements, who had found his way here in some colonial whaler or trading vessel. He confirmed the statements of the natives about the wreck of the Adelaide, some six months back, and said that there were many valuable articles on shore, including anchors, chains, casks and cordage, which they were anxious to dispose of for tobacco and cloth. Indeed, as we stood in near the beach, we saw enough to satisfy us that his account was substantially true, and after consult-

ing with my mate, I resolved to venture ashore myself to examine, with a view of purchasing, if the weather should continue fine the next day for getting the things off.

Taking Barney into the boat with us, we started for the shore, the boat's crew being all armed, and cautioned particularly to be on their guard. The mate was also instructed to use the utmost vigilance, and to keep the ship as near the land as practicable. My intention was, not to be absent from her more than a couple of hours, which would be sufficient to examine the articles for sale and decide upon purchasing. I could be snug on board again by sundown, and finish the business on the morrow.

We found the landing on the coral shelf rather dubious work for a whale-boat, though the native canoes managed it very well, making sport of what might have been to us a matter of life and death.

I was compelled to trust somewhat to the Irishman's pilotage, and we got ashore without material accident, though our boat was slightly stoven in so doing. Barney led the way along the beach towards the place where we had seen the anchor and the casks, and four of us accompanied him, leaving two in charge of the boat.

The crowd of savages hovered round us, seemingly in high glee, the Irishman talking continually in the barbarous guttural dialect of the island, of which he seemed to be quite master.

Before we reached the place where the shipwrecked articles were collected, we had to round a bend in the land, so that our own boat was hidden from view; but we gave little heed to this fact, as all appeared straight-forward and friendly, and we apprehended no danger while the ship was so near at hand to support us. The anchor proved to be a very good one, and there were two serviceable fluke-chains and many other valuable articles offered for a mere trifle in the way of barter; so that I had fully determined to buy the whole, and take them on board next morning, if wind and weather should serve. I was in the act of arranging my plan to this end with Barney, when the report of a musket from the direction of the boat startled us. I immediately jumped to my feet, with a word of caution to the men to look to their arms and be on their guard. A single step satisfied me that we were not to be allowed to return whence we came, without fighting our way.

The women and children, who had until now formed a portion of the crowd, were leaving us, and drawing off inland, a sure indication that treachery was on foot.

It did not appear, however, to be the design of the savages to kill us at once, or they might have done so, by making rush in upon us, as we were only four in number. They doubtless thought it more profitable to secure us and hold us for ransom, while they knew that some lives must be lost at the first attack, and felt a little wholesome dread of our guns.

We, on the other hand, endeavored to present as bold a front as possible against such fearful odds, and to refrain from bloodshed until compelled thereto in the last extremity. Besides, if we discharged our firearms, we would be at the mercy of the enemy before we could possibly reload them.

Finding that we could not make way against the living wall that barred our return to our comrades at the boat, we came to a stand, formed in a group, back to back, so as to present a gun to each of the four points of the compass, while I opened a parley with Barney, demanding of him why we were obstructed in our movements, and what was the purpose of the natives? He assured me that no violence was intended, but that the king had determined have us remain on shore all night, and that we could not be allowed to leave the beach, though he hoped we would see the necessity of submitting to his wishes without forcing him to order an attack.

Any fool could see this, of course; that a fight must result in our being overpowered and massacred as soon as we had fired one volley. The Irishman, professed great friendliness towards us, telling me that he was overawed by the

chiefs and dared not oppose their designs.

But I had no faith in the scoundrel, and in fact, was well enough convinced that he was the master-spirit and instigator of the whole treacherous business. I assured him that I should hold him responsible, if any attack were made, and should take care that the first bullet should find its way to his heart. He quailed at this threat, and was more profuse than ever in his protestations of innocence of any complicity in the king's designs. He said that the two men left at the water-side had already been secured, without boldly injury to either of them. One native had been slightly wounded by the musket which we had heard fired.

I had reason to think his statement was true, as we had listened in vain for a second report, though both men were armed. In a moment like this, fraught with such peril, a hundred thoughts and impracticable plans forced themselves upon my mind, while I inwardly cursed my own folly for having so blindly placed myself in the power of these treacherous savages.

But where, meanwhile, was the ship? If she stood on, as I supposed she would, she must soon open us to view, though the surprise of the two men who were visible at the landing-place had been effected so quietly, as perhaps not to excite any alarm on board.

The Irishman, who kept himself well informed by the scouts who were constantly running back and forth, told me that the ship had gone on the other tack and was three or four miles off the land.

This, though improbable, might possibly be true; I had no means of settling the point, and now demanded of him what he, or the king, would have us do? as we could not stand thus at bay forever. If they did not soon make an attack, or come to some terms, I should open fire, and sell my life as dearly as I could. Besides my musket, I carried a revolver in the breast of my shirt, and Barney knew, as well as I, that his own life was doomed at the commencement of the fray.

He kept up now a continuous jabbering with the leading men of the crowd, and, so far as I could judge, was endeavoring to work their courage up to a sufficient pitch to make a simultaneous rush upon our little group, and take the risk of a single volley. Our great advantage lay in the fact that there was not a single gun among the whole population, and the general feeling of dread with which all firearms were regarded by them. The attack upon us was deferred because no one dared to be foremost in it, and throw away his own life for the benefit of the general cause.

It was now their turn to open a parley with us, promising that we should be well entertained, and that no harm should befall us, if we would lodge all night on shore in a large house which they pointed out to us. We had little faith in their promises, but as our retreat was fully cut off, we saw no way out of the dilemma, but to pretend to be satisfied with them, and we moved on towards the house, still keeping our guns at the ready, and allowing no savages to cut in ahead of us. They all followed at a respectful distance, and thus we backed into our prison, which was immediately closed upon us, and the doors secured without.

As the house was lightly built of bamboo, it would not have been difficult, at any time, to force our way through the broadside of it; but no one could get in upon us without raising an alarm, as we distributed ourselves, one near each corner of the building.

There were coconuts hung up against the posts, and other provisions in the form of a sweet paste, made in sheets and rolled up like small sides of leather; so we were in no present danger from hunger, even if our keepers failed to bring us anything. Of course we should fight, before we should starve; and if a savage caprice should seize them to set fire to the building, we must also, in that case, break out and sell our lives dearly.

It was now past sundown, and as the twilight in that part of the world is short, would very soon be dark. What had been the fate of our two comrades, or what had been done with the boat, we could not tell with a certainty,

though the Irishman declared that the boat had been carried well up inland, and that the men were secured, though, as yet, their lives were as safe as ours. He talked with me through a chink in the door, and he admitted, now, that their object was to get a large quantity of tobacco from the ship, as ransom for us, more than they could obtain by the sale of the fluke-chains and other articles, which I had promised to purchase.

After a time, as it grew dark, I told him I did not care to talk any more, but would like to be left to get some rest. He went away, and for a time all was still, and no person was to be seen moving in the neighborhood, except a few guards, who were so posted as to command a view of all sides of the building. They did not venture to approach very near, and, for the most part, managed to dodge in range of coconut trees; but they were vigilant, and any movement of ours would at once be seen and reported.

There was, of course, no rest for us inside the house; for sleep, under such circumstances, was the farthest thing from our thoughts. We kept both sight and hearing upon the strain; for notwithstanding the story of Barney about their intention to demand ransom for us, the caprice of savages was not to be depended upon from one minute to another. I had reason to fear a surprise, and believed Barney himself to be a greater scoundrel than any of the rest, while, at the same time, he lacked the courage to attack us openly while we stood with our guns aimed at him.

The events soon proved that I was not wrong in this opinion. As the night advanced, and all remained quiet in the house, we observed that the savages were collecting in numbers at various points among the coconut-trees, as if with the intention of surprising us by a simultaneous advance upon different sides of the house. This was done very quietly; not by any sudden rally, but the number of each group seemed gradually to increase, and to form a larger black mass, as if reinforcements were slowly but steadily being sent to each post, where only a guard or two had been at first stationed.

By-and-by, all was motionless again, and the dark bodies of men appeared as if they were inanimate fixtures. Then a single man came briskly toward the house, and I had no difficulty in detecting the "beach-comber," even at considerable distance. He was naked, with the exception of the *maro* about his loins, like the natives; but his walk, which he could not disguise, betrayed him. His heart and his habits might be assimilated to those of the Gilbert Islanders; but his legs were as Irish now as ever.

We preserved perfect silence, while Barney came nearer and nearer, venturing, after a while, to apply his ear to the chink in the door. But no sound could he hear, save a musical imitation of snoring, which we all made, as had been previously agreed upon. He continued for a little time listening, as if he were surprised, as well he might be, to find us all off our guard. He had expected, no doubt, to discover us uneasy and inquisitive, and to hold another lying parley with us; but, apparently satisfied at last that we were indeed completely at his mercy, he tripped silently away.

We had no doubt, now, that the attack would be ordered at once; and it was well understood that, if such were the case, the Irishman was to be the first victim of our fire. With all our senses upon the strain, we awaited the onset, which we felt must decide our fate in a few minutes. I directed the boat-steerer, who was the best marksman of the party, to make a sure thing of his aim at Barney, feeling that our salvation depended much upon killing him at the outset.—Concluded next week.

"This, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady. See how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon's." Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost!" was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The superintendent put the Chinese shoe in his pocket, and requested the school to sing "Pull for the Shore."

A Hugging Match.

AMONG the baggage coming down on a Flint and Pere Marquette train the other day was a full-grown black bear. Bruin had been in captivity for two or three years, and was on his way east for a zoological garden. His owner was allowed to ride with him in the baggage-car, and he seemed to think his bear was the greatest animal on earth. He was ready to bet that bruin could out-hug and out-bite anything human, and was rather disappointed when the railroad men refused to dispute that point with him. He was indulging in his brag when an old man came into the car to see about his trunk. He saw the bear of course, but the glance of contempt he bestowed on the animal instantly kindled the indignation of the owner, who called out:

"Mebbe you think I'm toting an old hyena around the country?"

"I guess it's a bear," slowly replied the other; "but I see nothing remarkable about him."

"You don't, hey? Well, I do! Mebbe you'd like to see him hug that trunk of yours? What he can't sliver when he gets his paws around it, has got to have roots forty feet under ground."

"I've got a son back in the car," reflectively observed the old man, and then stopped and looked at the bear.

"Your son? Egad! Will you match you son against my bear?" chuckled the owner as he danced with delight.

"I guess so."

"You do? Bring him in! Trot him out! I'll give him all the show he wants and bet five to one on the bear."

The old man slowly took a chew of tobacco, left the car, and when he returned he had his son Martin with him. Martin seemed to be about twenty-seven years of age, and a little taller than a hitching-post. He was built on the ground, with a back like a writing desk, and arms that seemed to have been sawed from railroad ties.

"Martin, this ere man wants to bet five to one that his bear can out-hug you," quietly explained his father, as the son sat down on a trunk.

"Yes, that's it—that's just it!" cackled the owner. "I'll muzzle him so he can't bite, and I'll bet five to one that he'll make you holier in two minutes!"

"Muzzle your b'ar," was all that Martin said, as he pulled out a \$5 bill and handed it to the baggageman. The bear man put \$25 with it, grinning like a boy in a cherry tree, and in a minute he had the bear ready. Martin removed his coat and paper collar and carelessly inquired:

"Is this to be a squar' hug, with no gouging?"

"Jess so—jess!" replied the bear man. "You hug the bear and he will hug you, and the one squeals first loses his cash. Now, then, all ready!"

As Martin approached, the bear rose up with a sinful glare in his eye, and the two embraced. It was a sort of back-hold, with no sell out on the crowd.

"Go for him, Hunyado!" yelled the bear man, as they closed the bear responded. One could see by the set of his eyes that he meant to make jelly of that young man in a York minute, but he failed to do it. Some little trifles stood in his way. For instance, it wasn't ten seconds before he realized that two could play at hugging. Martin's hand sank down in the bear's coat, the shoulder muscles were called on for duty, and at the first hug the bear rolled his eyes in astonishment.

"Go in, Hunyado—go in—go in!" screamed the bear man, and bruin laid himself out as if he meant to pull a railroad water-tank down.

"You might squeeze a little bit harder, my son," carelessly suggested the father, as he spit from the open door and Martin called out his reserve muscle.

Each had his best grip. There was no tumbling around to waste breath, but it was a standup, standstill hugging match. Little by little the bear's eyes began to bulge and his mouth open, and Martin's face slowly grew to the color of red paint.

"Hang to him, Hunyado! I've got my last dollar on your head!" shrieked the bear man, as he saw a further bulge in his pet's eyes.

But it was no use. All of a sudden the bear began to yell and cough and strangle. He was a goner. Martin knew it, but he wanted no dispute, and so he gave Hunyado a lift from the floor, a hug which rolled his eyes around like a pin-wheel, and then dropped him in a heap on the floor.

"Well, may I be shot!" gasped the bear man, as he stood over the half-lifeless heap of hair and claws.

"Martin," said the father, as he handed him the \$30, "you'd better go back thar and watch our satchels."

"Yes, I guess so," replied the son, as he shoved the bills in his vest pocket, and he retired without another word or a look at the bear.

That was the bear they were feeding gruel in a saloon on Randolph street two evenings ago—one man was feeding him gruel and another feeling along his spine to find the fracture.