

Two Stirring Adventures.

IT was in a railroad car that my vista, to while away the time—we were obliged to wait, owing to a broken rail—told the following story:

"Ten years ago I was a telegraph operator at a small town in New Jersey, but, my health failing, I gave up my situation, and, taking an agency, traveled westward until I finally reached San Francisco. While there I took a fancy to visit the mining regions; so, selecting suitable goods to sell among the miners, I went, satisfied my curiosity, made a little money, and was returning in a stage-coach when the incidents I am about to relate occurred, or at least began to occur.

"There were beside myself three inside passengers; an old gentleman of sixty and two roughly dressed men, apparently miners. These two men sat at opposite ends of the coach, not appearing to know each other, while the old gentleman and myself sat close together. I noticed that the old gentleman had a heavy tin or iron box between his legs, which he seemed to be anxious to keep out of sight.

"After a short conversation with him on general subjects, I allowed myself to drift gently into a doze; and while in that condition my ear, trained to the intelligent sound of the telegraphic instruments, caught a faint tic, tic, which resolved itself in the following words:

"Bill, the young one is going to sleep, and I will tend to him while you pitch the old one out over the precipice when I make the signal and secure the box."

"I was now as wide awake as if I had been called by an operator to receive a message, but I pretended to be still dozing while I listened intently. Then I heard the coach window rattle, and it read:

"All right, Bob. We will be to the Big Jump in twenty minutes, and then give the word and out he goes."

"Taking a cautious look from between my eyelids, I saw that one of the villains was telegraphing by vibrating a knife-blade between his teeth, while the other used the window for that purpose, neither of them appearing to notice the other.

"I knew the precipice to which they referred, a terrible one, where a miner had once jumped off in a fit of despair at his bad luck, from which it was known as the Big Jump. How to communicate to the old gentleman I was at a loss to determine, but finally I took out a newspaper and under-scored the words in a lengthy editorial, which, if read consecutively, would read: 'Be cautious, sir. The two villains here intend to murder and rob us in ten minutes. When I arise, you attack the one with the moustache and I will take the other. Kill if necessary.'

"Then handed the paper to the old gentleman, saying: 'Have you read this sir? It's a most excellent editorial.'

"He took the paper, put on his glasses and commenced to read. Soon the under-scored words drew his attention and he began to study them. Then I saw him grow pale and feel for his box with his foot. Handing me back the paper he said significantly:

"Do you believe that, sir?"

"I know it to be true, sir," said I.

"Horrible," said he, slipping his hand into his breast-pocket, a stern look coming into his face as he added: 'I believe that I'd feel like shooting some one.'

"I saw I had a man of courage to help me, so I cared little for the villainous smile which his remark brought to one of the ruffian's face. I saw we were near the Big Jump and were going down a steep grade at a lively rate, when one of the villains telegraphed:

"Now!"

"The next minute I was on him, knocking him senseless with my revolver. The old gentleman did equally as well, the ruffians being taken completely by surprise at our sudden attack. We had passed the precipice now, and called to the driver to stop, he and the one outside passenger helped to bind our prisoners, whom we left inside, while we climbed to the top. But when we arrived in Sacramento we found that the robbers had released each other and dropped out along the road.

"The old gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Stamford, a Sacramento banker, and insisted on my accepting the hospitality of his home, saying that I had saved his life and a large amount of money. I consented, and was driven with him to his handsome residence on the outskirts of the city, where I was introduced to his wife and two daughters, the former a kind, motherly woman, and the latter, a handsome brunette and a pretty blonde.

"Three weeks stay at Rose Hill, Mr. Stamford's home, with its lovely walks, amid a wealth of tropical flowers, and the society of Ella and Blanche Stamford, lovelier, if not more beautiful,

than the flowers which bloomed around them, only served to make me wish for a longer stay, and, when Mr. Stamford offered me a position in his banking-house, I most gladly accepted it, not failing to take courage from the evident delight of the fair Blanche—whom I thought the lovelier of the two sisters—when I told her of the offer and decision.

"About this time Mr. Stamford, at his wife's request, replaced two Irish servants with two Chinamen, much to the former's violent denunciation. Mrs. Stamford was loud in her praise of her new help, who seemed to be quiet, active, orderly fellows, always ready, always willing and always to be found at their posts.

"To these two 'spoon gobblers,' as the Irish girls called Ah Wing and Ah Lee, I somehow conceived a decided aversion. There was, I thought, a sinister look about their eyes (which seemed to be cut less on the 'bias' than usual with Mongolians) which sent a chill over me whenever I met their gaze.

"None of the family seconded my dislike of the Chinamen, except Blanche, who seemed to think exactly as I did (which I accepted as another sign of encouragement), all the rest attributing it to my dislike of the Mongolians as a race.

"One summer night I had retired to my room in the second story, and lay thinking of the happy possibility of Blanche Stamford returning the love I felt for her, when my attention was attracted by the rattling of a hall window. There was not a breath of air stirring to produce such a sound, and I was about rising to ascertain the cause, when it ceased, and a window on the next floor began to rattle. Then I caught the meaning of it. Some one was telegraphing with the sashes.

"I listened, and presently the second-story window telegraphed:

"Everything quiet up there, Bob?"

"Quiet as a still. Old one blowing his horn. How is the yunker down there?" answered the up-stairs window.

"All quiet on the Potomac. Are you ready?" asked the down-stairs window.

"Not quite yet. When I write 'Go,' then do your best. Dead men tell no tales. As soon as you finish your man come up here and help me with the women."

"It was our old stage-coach robbers at work again, no doubt. How they had gained access to the house I was at a loss to account, for it was guarded by a burglar alarm and a watch dog. Arising and partly dressing, I took my revolver, and, stepping softly out in the hall, approached the window, where I found Ah Lee standing.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"Come to look see. Think beah some mans hoppee out the window," said he, blandly.

"Well," said I, 'you go down stairs and fetch me a glass of water and a lemon to my room.'

"All right, mi will," said Ah Lee, as he glided down the stairway. As soon as he was out of hearing I took hold of the window and telegraphed:

"Yunker is awake and coming up stairs. Go hide in the hall closet till he comes back."

"All right," answered the up-stairs window.

"Then I went up stairs softly in my stocking-feet, and softly turned the key in the hall closet, after which I telegraphed with the up-stairs window:

"Keep quiet down there. Yunker is up here talking to old one. Hide in the library till he comes back and goes to bed."

"Does he suspect anything?" came back from down stairs.

"No," I answered. 'He is telling the old one he is going to Frisco early in the morning. Hide! He is coming down stairs.'

"All right" came back, and arousing Mr. Stamford, I told him how matters stood, and we descended down stairs and turned the key in the library door. The desperado heard the click of the lock, and becoming frightened, raised the window to jump out; but I leaned out of the hall window and ordered him back. For an answer he turned and fired at me, the ball grazing my cheek and slitting my ear."

Here the narrator pointed to a long scar on his left cheek and his cut ear, and continued:

"The next moment I fired, and the villain fell headlong into the garden. We then returned up stairs and secured Ah Wing, from whom we stripped the paint and other disguises, revealing one of the stage-coach robbers. Ah Lee, whom we found in the garden dead, proved to be the other one.

"The ladies now made their appearance, terribly frightened, and ere an explanation could be given Blanche rushed to me, her face pale with fear, and catching me by the arm, cried:

"Oh, Charlie! are you hurt?"

"Only a scratch, Blanche," I said in

a low tone, but she did not hear me, for she had fainted in my arms.

"The next day we notified the authorities, to whom we delivered our prisoner and gave bonds for our appearance in regard to the killing, from which the coroner's jury exonerated us by a verdict of 'justifiable homicide.'

"It was nearly noon before I again saw Blanche, and then she tried to avoid me; but, drawing her arm through mine, I led her to a pretty summer-house, and said:

"Blanche, I love you! Do you love me in return?"

"She hid her face against my breast, and whispered:

"Oh, so much!"

"Three months afterwards we were married, and I never hear a window rattle without thinking of the warning it twice gave me being the means of saving a number of lives and gaining me a lovely and loving wife.

"This, gentlemen, is a true story, and you can repeat it as such without fear, for the names I have given you are fictitious, it being not necessary to give the true names."

Such was my fellow-passenger's story. Half an hour later we parted, each going his own way. We have never met since, but being reminded of his story by a rattling window, I have endeavored to give his story just as he told it, names and all.

Some Adventures of an Enumerator.

The New York World says: Thomas J. Brosnan, a census enumerator, who was assigned to the Thirty-ninth District, which comprises Park street and City Hall place and is densely populated, related to a World reporter some of his adventures.

"I was driven out of houses a number of times," he said, "by people who did not seem to understand what I wanted. I asked a woman at No. 31 Park street the usual questions and she at once grabbed a stick which she was using in stirring up clothes in a wash tub and cleared me out of the room, while her mother gave me a tongue-lashing. She didn't want to give me any information, but afterwards some one told her that she was liable to arrest and when I saw her again I talked through the key-hole of the door with her and she told me what I wanted. When she had told me all she called me a scoundrel and a blackguard. I happened into a Park street garret where a young fellow was beating his mother, a very old woman, and when I interfered both turned on me and drove me out. In another house in Park street I found the woman who occupied the room intoxicated. I questioned her little daughter, and the child was answering me when the mother awoke and demanded my business. I tried to explain, but before I had finished she seized a carving-knife and tried to stab me. The knife cut my waistcoat, but I disarmed her before she could do me any further harm. One old Irishwoman to whom I explained that I was the enumerator of the district for the tenth census looked at me in surprise and said, 'When I went to school in the old country they taught me that there were only five sins, and now I understand yer ter say the're tin. Git out of here.' I had to explain to her that census and senses were different words before she would answer my questions. A good many women deceive me about their ages. One old woman, who I am willing to make an affidavit is sixty years old if a day, said she was thirty-two. Women, particularly unmarried ones, tried to conceal their age, especially if men were present. Some women of thirty said they were eighteen and the men standing around would laugh at them. One Irishwoman said that she did not know her age, but that she knew she was born on the night of the 'Big Wind.' In some of the hotels I visited, the servant girls were all young, so at least they said, and many of them divided their ages by two. At first the Chinamen gave me trouble, but when I threatened to bring Tom Lee, the Chinese Deputy Sheriff, down on them they helped me as much as they could. The Italians were the hardest to get information from, as many could not speak English. I adopted the plan of telling them that I was a wealthy gentleman, a philanthropist, and that I was taking their names so that I could send them tons of coal and barrels of flour when the cold weather came. They all then showed me their papers very willingly. A good many tried to make me believe that they had more children than they really had. I am afraid I will have to keep away from those Italians, for they will be looking for their flour and coal. Some people seemed to believe that I was making up a draft list of their male relatives. One old woman whom I asked if her husband was alive said: 'If it's for to draft him, he's dead; if it isn't, he's alive.' In many places I was treated kindly and some young women invited me to call again. In my rounds I met a lunatic who had escaped a number of times

from asylums. We are paid five cents for every lunatic or idiot, and this lunatic knew that. 'I'm a lunatic,' he said, 'but me down 2,000 times if it will do you any good and you'll get five cents every time.' One German referred me to his wife and she sent me to him. This was repeated seven times before I got the information."

Badly Puzzled.

A SHORT time ago one of the laborers digging a pit for a locomotive turn-table at High Bridge, New York, came upon something that he took to be one of the small roots of a tree. He struck it with his spade, thinking he could easily cut it through, but blow after blow failed to divide the tough "root." Then a pickaxe was brought, and although the supposed root was driven far into the ground by the powerful blows it received, it came up each time intact. More effective cutting instruments were then resorted to, and finally, the "root" having been divided, the workmen were surprised to find it a perfect iron wire insulated by a thick coating of rubber. The whole thing was a little more than half an inch in diameter. The diameter of the wire itself was about one-fifth of an inch. But how did it get there? was the question. In either of three ways, the people of the neighborhood thought. Some believed that the wire was laid by prehistoric Americans, and that they must have understood the electric telegraph; others, that the wire was laid surreptitiously during the war of the rebellion, with the intention of blowing up High Bridge, which carries the Croton Aqueduct over the Harlem River, and thus cutting off the supply of water from the city of New York; while not a few suspected that the wire was laid by a band of robbers who, as tradition has it, had a den in that neighborhood some half a century ago. None of these conjectures proved to be true. The fact as finally discovered is that in 1849, when the Bain telegraph line from that city to Boston was building, the authorities refused to allow the wire to be fastened to High Bridge, on the ground that it might attract the lightning, and be the cause of an accident to the bridge. In that emergency Charles T. Smith, who was building the line, and who is now connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York, laid in the Harlem River the cable a part of which has just been brought to light.

Anecdote of a Soldier.

MELROSE, a Michigan soldier was one day scouting up the valley, having on a mixed uniform, when he suddenly came upon two ferocious-looking guerrillas while crossing a thick wood. They were seated on a log back to him, but at the sound of his steps they sprang up and covered him with carbines. It would have been bold to bolt and take the chances of being hit, Melrose never slackened his pace nor changed countenance, but walked directly up to the men and quietly said:

"I've got news for the Colonel, and I want you both to go along and show me the way."

"Who said so?" asked one of the men.

"If I miss the way there'll be a row, for this is important news," he answered.

"Who be you?"

"Come along and ask the Colonel."

"Well, we ain't going to tramp clear up thar. You go down the road, foller it for a mile, and when you come to the old log stable on the right, turn into the blind road."

"Why can't one of you come along?"

"Oh, you can't miss the way. We are watching here for game."

Melrose slouched off in a lazy, tired manner. He had got about fifty feet when he heard them cock their guns. He did not turn his head or quicken his pace.

"He's a Yank—shoot him!" called one of the men; but the scout walked on. They were trying him; but he had the nerve of a Napoleon, and he kept his leisurely pace until well away from their neighborhood.

Wanted in this State.

The intelligent juryman has immortalized himself in Colorado. One of the lawyers in the case began browbeating a female witness. The juryman in question was a reckless miner, who seemed very uneasy as the sarcastic lawyer continued to make the blushing witness feel uncomfortable. At last, the juryman could stand it no longer, and stood up, with one hand on his hip pocket, and yelled: "Hi, thar, Mr. Stick-in-the-Mud, Jack McCabe won't 'low no man to talk to a woman in that shape, not while he's round." The judge told Jack to sit down and be quiet, and as he obeyed, the lawyer superciliously said, "Of what weight to me is the opinion of an ignorant juryman?" "That's what I thought," roared Jack, jumping up and going for the lawyer. It took all the tipstaves to arrest him, and the counsel for the defense had to be taken home on a shutter. Court adjourned until next week. Some such juryman would be of use in this State.

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ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that John A. Nesbit, of Madison township, Perry county, Pa., executed a deed of voluntary assignment in trust for the benefit of creditors of all his estate real and personal and mixed, to the undersigned, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1880.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said Assignor will make payment and those having accounts will present them for settlement to the undersigned, at the residence of the Assignee, on or before the 25th day of April, A. D. 1880.

March 29, 1880.

Chas. H. Smiley, Att'y.