

## A Stirring Adventure.

I HAD scarcely got out of my boyhood when I left England to become the partner of an old schoolmate, Dick Merivale, as a sheep farmer in South America. We invested our joint and rather modest capital in a league of land on the Parana, and erected on it a small house, built of sun-baked bricks, which consisted of one tolerable large room, with flat roof and parapet, accessible from the inside by means of a ladder. Around it, at a short distance, we had dug a deep dry ditch, crossed by a draw-bridge, intended as a protection against surprise by the Indians.

One day Dick remarked to me that he had been told that morning that the savages had crossed the river, and we must keep our wits about us. It was scarcely an hour after, that two Guachos put in an appearance. Their usually awarthy faces were livid with fear.—They sprang from their horses, which, covered with blood, sweat and foam, showed how sharp had been the ride, and rushed over the draw-bridge. They told us, as soon as terror would allow them, that three hundred Indians were in hot pursuit, and would soon be on the spot, and besought us, for the love of the virgin, to give them shelter.

Dick, rather to my surprise, calmly lit his pipe, and then ordered our visitors to "make themselves scarce," "unless," he said politely, "you can tell a plain tale, senores, without lies."

After cross-questioning, we learned that they had been to buy horses at the station of a rich Spaniard, Don Ramon Garcia, who lived about four leagues from us; and that when they reached the top of a gentle rise in the ground and had a view of the house they had seen, to their horror and dismay, a large body of the dreaded Indians, who were attacking—for they heard shots—Don Ramon's estancia.

"If this be true," said Dick, "the sooner we prepare to fight the better. We must be prepared for them."

The natives—both the late arrivals and our own two men, who had often boasted of what they meant to do and had already done in the way of fighting Indians—suddenly disappeared. We afterward learned that they took refuge in a corn field in the rear of the house, where they lay concealed until the fight was over.

Our preparations were very simple—a box of cartridges was opened (for we were provided with those inestimable peace and life preservers, breech-loading rifles) and placed ready to hand, together with a bottle of whisky and a jar of water; the door and window, our weakest points, were secured as strongly as possible; and then, sheltering our bodies behind the parapet, we peered cautiously over, and strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of an enemy.

"Alfred, my boy," said Dick, "keep cool, and do as I tell you. Remember to aim steadily, and don't show yourself more than you can help. Their great point will be to force the door; but we can soon stop that if you are steady with your shots."

Just then something dark appeared on the ground near the corral. "An Indian, sure enough, and the ball's going to commence." As he said this, Dick's rifle rang out in the silence of the night, and I saw a splinter fly white in the moonlight, about a foot about the dark object, which thereupon started up with a cry, and fled. Then we heard the galloping of horses, and about one hundred Indians rode into view.

"Don't shoot. This is all a feint." His warning came just in time; for a dusky crowd of men sprang out from the ditch, and rushed, lance in hand, against the door. It was well that its fastenings were secure. Bang! bang! went out our rifles. They halted, wavered one moment, and then disappeared as if by magic—our rapid firing having completely discomfited them.

The moon retired, but the night was clear enough to enable us to see a man ten paces. Suddenly a spark appeared. They had fired our haystack.—Brighter and brighter it became.

Grouped round the flame, and out of range, were our foes—their swarthy skins and snaky hair glistened in the fire-light; and they brandished lances and screamed with delight at the destruction they had caused.

I looked at my companion's face. It was very pale.

"Look!" he said. "Here comes an ambassador. Good heaven! Look!"

I turned with astonishment. A nearly naked Indian was boldly advancing toward us, and, as an immunity from our shots, he bore in his arms, helpless, a beautiful white girl. Her hands were bound behind her back, and masses of coal-black hair encircled a face showing deadly terror and horror in every feature, and drooped nearly to the ground over the savages arm. Her dress, torn from one white shoulder, showed how hard had been the first ineffectual struggles against her captors.

As the savage crossed the ditch Dick, with a deep groan recognized her.

"It is Rosita, Don Ramon's daughter!" he broke out. "I love her, Alfred, and will save her or die. Listen!" he continued, hurriedly. "This rascal has come to make some proposal to us. Keep your eye on him; the moment you get a fair chance, fire at him. If you kill her, it is the better fate. When I hear the shot I will throw open the window (which I can do more easily than the door) and try for a rescue. For heaven's sake, don't leave the roof. Our only hope is in your being able to keep off the others, who will rush from the ditch."

He rushed down the ladder, leaving his hat cunningly adjusted above the parapet.

The savage raised his voice and demanded, in broken Spanish, a surrender. He threatened us with tortures and bade us look upon his captive who, too, should suffer for us. He grasped her hair brutally and raised her head. With a sudden spring of pain and fright she threw herself out of his arms and fell to the ground. His time and mine had come. As he stooped, my bullet laid him dead by the side of his intended victim. Dick made his rush from the window, and the Indians theirs from the ditch, as he had predicted; but, as Rosita was rather nearer to the house than the ditch, he managed to reach her first and was retreating with her in his arms. And now all depended upon me. My first shot, aimed at the foremost of the assailants, missed him clean; and before I could seize the other rifle he had made a vicious thrust at Dick, who encumbered as he was, was quite helpless. The lance passed through Rosita's dress, luckily without injury to the wearer; and as the savage drew back for a cooler and surer thrust, I had the inexpressible pleasure of lodging a bullet in his body, which closed his career. Then I heard a heavy fall in the room below.

Dick had thrown his bundle clean through the open window, at the risk of breaking a limb, and turning, found himself engaged hand to hand with a dozen Indians. He set his back against the wall, and drew his revolver with his right hand, receiving as he did so a spear thrust through his left arm; but his and my revolver dropped a man at every shot; so they drew off.

Dick managed, with a great effort, to drag himself through the window, and then fainted away from loss of blood and exhaustion; and when I ran down the ladder to make fast the window again, I found him comfortably reclining with his head in Rosita's lap, the latter having been stunned by her unceremonious entry. But I could not stay to help here; my post was on the roof.

But the fight was over. They feared longer to encounter our deadly breech-loaders. They bore off with them five of the slain; six other corpses lay in front of the window, and two more were afterwards found, who had crawled into the ditch, like wild animals, to die.

Rosita had been captured while walking in the orange garden near her father's house, a short time before we were attacked.

"You noble caballeros," she said, "have preserved me from death and from what is still worse. God will reward you, for I can never."

I think Dick, however, was of a different opinion; at all events he has always seemed remarkably satisfied with the reward he had persuaded her to make him.

Years have passed since that eventful night. Dick and Rosita are living at Don Ramon's estancia, that old gentleman having departed this life shortly after their marriage. I, too, am with them as a partner in the land, flocks and herds, of which we have a goodly quantity; and whenever the increasing stock of little Dicks and Rositas ask me, as they invariably do of an evening, to tell them a story, I know that nothing less will content them than the one I have narrated.

## JOHN SMALLWEED'S WOODING.

"WHERE is Shakespeare's home, landlord?" asked Mr. Smallweed, "I don't need a guide, just tell me and I'll be all right."

Before we proceed further let us learn who Mr. John Smallweed is. A smart well-to-do-in-the-world bachelor, a partner in a small shipping house and also the heir expectant of a large property in Lancashire, owned by a spinster aunt. Mr. John Smallweed lodged at a small boarding place on the Strand. He was of a contented mind, fond of his grog and pipe, and never having had the pleasure of a family home, he did not long for them. Having a week's respite from work at the small shipping house, he started for Stratford-on-the-Avon and had arrived there safe and sound.

"Where is Shakespeare's home?"

The landlord of the Red Lion Inn gave him the needed directions, and John started forth to see the home of his favorite author.

"A rather small house for such a great

man," he thought. He raised the knocker and a pretty, demure little lass opened the door and bade him come in. Having seen everything that was to be seen, he left, but first taking the precaution to press a sovereign into her hand. As he was going home he kept thinking of her and remarked half aloud: "This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward," as the most appropriate thing to say, as the quotation was from Shakespeare.

At supper he inquired of mine host of the Red Lion if he could tell him who the girl was who showed Shakespeare's home.

"That," said the talkative landlord, "that is little Rosa. Her grandmother usually is there, but having a severe rheumatism she sent Rosa in her place. The old grandmother is a perfect dragon and will never allow Rosa out of her sight, if she can help it."

"Thanks," returned John, and he inwardly wished the rheumatism would keep pretty good hold of Rosa's grandmother.

The next morning he sauntered forth again to visit the home of the great bard. How lovely Rosa looked. He remarked to her that he had not seen all of the old place he wished, and after staying quite a while he left, saying, "I am coming again if you will be ready to see me."

"I shall be happy to," she said, and she seemed to mean it, too.

Possibly the sovereigns were a temptation. Things went on in this way till the week was nearly gone, and Mr. John Smallweed determined to know his fate. So on the last day he strolled down to the house and Rosa let him in. As an appropriate beginning he began to sigh.

"You seem unhappy," she said.

"I am! I am!" he answered tragically. An awkward pause ensued, until John, in sheer desperation, seized her little hand and said:

"Oh Rosa, I love you to distraction! Consent to be mine, for if you say no I'll drown myself in the Avon and no one will know my sad fate. But if you consent my cup will run over with bliss!"

"Oh, Mr. Smallweed, it is so unexpected!" Cunning creature, she had been expecting it from the first, and was really wondering why he was so slow.

"It matters not, Rosa. Come, and we will go to London and live happily on the Strand."

"Well, yes," she said softly.

Ah, the magic of that word! We will draw a veil over the scene that ensued. Suffice it to say that Mr. John Smallweed and little Rosa left the next morning in a post and chaise for London, Rosa so thickly veiled that not even mine host of the Red Lion could recognize her.

Of course the old grandmother stormed and scolded. Of course pretty Rosa Smallweed shed tears; of course John stood up for his wife, and the whole affair in time was amicably settled; but John Smallweed always said that Shakespeare gave more to him than he ever gave to any other man, and we quite agree with him.

## A Farmer's Offset.

A "Hired Man" who was employed on a farm in this country for several months entered suit against his employer the other day for balance of wages, amounting, as he claimed, to \$32. The suit was on trial in Justice Alley, yesterday, and it looked at first as if the plaintiff had a clear case. He gave dates and figures in a straightforward way, and seemed a very honest young man. When the farmer took the stand he said:

"I claim an offset for that \$32. No man need sue me for what I honestly owe."

"What is your offset?" asked the lawyer.

"He is an unbeliever."

"In what?"

"Why, in the bible."

"What has that got to do with your owing him \$32?"

"It has a heap to do with it. I had six hands in my employ, and we were rushing things when I hired this man. He hadn't been with us two days when they stopped the reaper in the middle of the forenoon to dispute about Daniel in the lion's den, and in three days we had a regular knock down over the whale swallowing Jonah. The man who run the mower got to arguing about Samson, and drove over a stump and damaged the machine to the tune of \$18, and the very next day my boy broke his leg by climbing a fence to hear and see the row which was started over the children of Israel going through the Red Sea. It wasn't a week before my wife said she didn't believe Elijah was fed by the ravens, and hang me if I didn't find myself growing weak on Noah and his flood. That's my offset, sir; and if he was worth anything I'd sue him for a thousand dollars besides."

The court reserved his decision for twenty-four hours.

## A Surprised Young Man.

One day during the summer of 1819 the Duc de Berry, taking a walk in Paris with his wife, was returning towards the Elysee when a heavy rain shower came on. The two promenaders took refuge under a porte cochere already tenanted by a young man with the appearance of a clerk, who had an umbrella. When the storm had abated the Duc stepped up to the young fellow and asked whether he would mind lending the umbrella. The other was suspicious, but the Duc persisted, and asked its owner whether he would mind offering the lady his arm as far as her residence. The clerk willingly agreed to do so. That individual garrulous by nature, soon opened a conversation by the query as to whether his companion lived in the quarter they were then in. "Quite close to here," replied the Duchess. "It is a splendid quarter, Madame, plenty of luxury and very *comme et faut*. In fact, it is the *grandes dames'* quarter, with nothing but duchesses and marquises in it, with their dresses all worked in gold." "Quite so." Just at this moment they arrived at the Elysee, the guard, of course, presenting arms in due form. The proprietor of the umbrella was beginning to stammer out some excuse when the duchess cut him short by thanking him very heartily and stated that she would not forget it. Before the expiration of a week he received from his acquaintance of the Elysee an umbrella richly adorned with silver.

## A Cute Dog.

A Paris poodle used to hold in his mouth the basket in which the foolishly charitable put money for his master, a blind street-corner musician. When the beggar died the dog still came to the same corner every day for alms, and those who had been giving money to him, knowing the beggar had been taken sick, gave all the more willingly to the faithful little dog, who nightly took the money home. One day the dog was found lying dead in a cellar, and under the litter on which he lay stretched were \$4000 worth of bonds of the Orleans Railway, in which the old beggar had invested his numerous alms, and the cash the dog had begged since his master's death.

## Ingenuous Sparrows.

A man in Indiana recently had a chance to observe the ingenuity of sparrows which were seeking a drink of clear water. The clear water was too far away from the swampy margin of the bank of a stream to allow them to reach it readily, but weeds grew thickly along the edge. Four sparrows settled on one of these weeds, one above the other, and their weight bent it over half-way to the water. A fifth alighted further up and bent it further down. Then a sixth settled near the end and the whole stalk came down level with the surface, and they drank their fill without any difficulty or having to wade through the muddy margin of the pond.

## A Baby Couple.

Morton Pritchett, aged 14, and Sarah Faulser, aged 13, eloped from Marion, Ind., about two weeks ago, and went to White Pigeon, Mich., where they were married. Both children are small for their age, indeed so childlike that they rode on the different railroads for half fare. During their wedding journey of two weeks their total expenses amounted to but \$10.75. The girl's parents had the father of the groom arrested for kidnapping, but at the trial he was discharged. The youthful pair footed it to Wabash, twenty miles, where they took the train. Neither took a change of raiment, nor any luggage whatever.

## Digging up a Loaded Shell.

A few days ago, while a negro man was engaged in digging a well in Atlanta, he unearthed a thirty-two pound loaded shell, ready capped, and around which he had been driving his pick quite a number of times. What would have been the result if he had happened to have struck the cap is the question that now agitates that negro's mind.

## No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle*. 41 21

## Living Witnesses.

The hundreds of strong, hearty, rugged and healthy looking men, women and children, that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parker's Ginger Tonic, are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community.—Read it in another column. 41 41

## MUSSEY &amp; ALLEN

CENTRAL STORE  
NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public

A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF  
DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season

## BLACK ALPACCAS

AND

## Mourning Goods

## A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

## MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES.

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS

We sell and do keep a good quality of

## SUGARS, COFFEES &amp; SYRUPS

And everything under the head of

## GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are

## CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.

Don't forget the

## CENTRAL STORE,

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

## NOTICE!

THE undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Perry county, that he has a large and well selected stock of

HARDWARE,

GROCERIES,

DRUGS,

WINE &amp; LIQUORS,

IRON,

NAILS,

IRON AXLES,

STEEL,

SPRINGS,

SPOKES,

HUBS,

FELLOES,

SHAFTS,

POLES &amp; BOWS,

BROOM HANDLES,

WIRE,

TWINES, &amp;c.

ALSO,

Paints, Oils, Glass, Plaster,  
and Cement.

## SOLE, CALF, KIP and UPPER LEATHER,

FISH, SALT, SUGARS, SYRUPS, TEAR, SPICES,

TOBACCO, CIGARS, and SMITH COAL.

John Lucas &amp; Co's.

## MIXED PAINTS,

(ready for use.)

The best is the CHEAPEST.

And a large variety of goods not mentioned, all of which were bought at the Lowest Cash Prices, and he offers the same to his Patrons at the Very Lowest Prices for Cash or approved trade. His motto—Low prices, and Fair dealings to all. Go and see him.

Respectfully,  
S. M. SHULER,  
Liverpool, Perry Co. Pa.FOUTZ'S  
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

Will cure or prevent Disease.

No Horse will die of Colic, Bores or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.

Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Hoop Cholera.

Foutz's Powders will prevent Gapes in Poultry.

Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent, and make the butter firm and sweet.

Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost EVERY DISEASE to which Horses and Cattle are subject.

FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.

Sold every where.  
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,  
BALTIMORE, Md.For Sale by S. B. Smith, New Bloomfield,  
Perry County, Pa. 41 19

## HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDELAKE,

DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

## THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood,

Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

## \$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take as either.

D. J. C. is an absolute and irrefragable cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

## SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., &amp; Toronto, Ont.

October 12, 1880—11

## NOTICE!

In the Court of Common Pleas of Perry County:

WILLIAM JACOBS vs. MATILDA JACOBS.

To MATILDA JACOBS, Respondent:

Madam—Please take notice that the Court of Common Pleas of said County, has granted a rule on you to show cause why a divorce a vinculo matrimonii should not be decreed in the above case.

Returnable on last MONDAY of October next.

J. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

September 7, 1880.