

## THE TIMES.

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### Select Poetry.

#### MOTHER'S WAY.

Of't within our little cottage,  
As the shadows gently fall,  
While the sunlight touches softly,  
One sweet face upon the wall,  
Do we gather close together,  
And in hushed and tender tone,  
Ask each other's full forgiveness,  
For the wrong that each has done.  
Should you wonder why this custom  
At the ending of the day,  
Eye and voice would quickly answer,  
It was once our mother's way!

If our home be bright and cheery,  
If it hold a welcome true,  
Opening wide its doors of greeting  
To the many, not the few:  
If we share our Father's bounty  
With the needy day by day,  
'Tis because our hearts remember  
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes, when our hands grew weary,  
Or our tasks seem very long,  
When our burdens look too heavy,  
And we deem the right all wrong,  
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,  
As we rise to proudly say:  
"Let us do our duty bravely,  
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,  
While we never cease to pray  
That at last, when lengthening shadows  
Mark the evening of our day,  
They may find us waiting calmly,  
To go home our mother's way.

#### MURDER WILL OUT.

THERE were fourteen of us from the schooner *Vandal*, hibernating at Hurd's Island, in Indian Ocean, which at the time I write this, had been recently opened to the enterprise of ubiquitous Yankee whalers. Lying some degrees southward and eastward from Kerguelen's Land, out of the track of merchant vessels, and in a part of the ocean little frequented, this island had remained for ages unknown, and the sea-elephants had fattened and multiplied upon its shores, so that the whalers who visited there saw what appeared to their eyes an inexhaustible mine of wealth spread out before them. But two or three seasons of indiscriminate slaughter had been sufficient to "work out" the lee side of the island; the animals had become shy and wary as well as greatly reduced in numbers, and we found it necessary to keep a patrol of one or more men on the lookout night and day to watch for single elephants, as they came up out of the sea. With infinite labor we were obliged to skin and collect the fat from these prizes at different points, distributed over many miles of rock and beach, so that our progress in making up a cargo was not as rapid and easy as would be desired.

During the summer there had been several other beach-gangs from different vessels, working on shore, and the competition was lively, but on the approach of winter the vessels all left, either for home or for the safer harbors of Kerguelen, not daring to remain at the dangerous anchorage of Hurd's Island. Only three gangs remained on shore for the winter, reducing the population of the island to forty-four souls. In addition to our own party there were twelve men from the schooner *Hydra* of Sag Harbor, and eighteen from a British brig called the *Bellona*, fitted out at Hobart Town. Each party, as might be supposed, had their own house, and we were all well supplied with provisions and other necessaries for the winter, which in that latitude is perhaps not more severe than in our New England

climate, though the weather is very boisterous, and high winds are the rule.

These forty-four men were about an average of seamen as they run, and on the whole the different gangs fraternized very well, although there was now and then a conflict of interest. The two American chiefs, or beach-headers, Preston and Comstock, had been shipmates on a former voyage, and were sworn friends, although working in different employes. The crew included men of various nationalities and varieties of character, and of course it was not easy to preserve the same exact discipline as on ship-board, yet both the young leaders carried matters with a very steady hand, and were generally obeyed and respected by their subordinates.

But matters did not run so smoothly at the English headquarters. Warwick, the officer in charge of the *Bellona's* party, was hardly a suitable man to be placed in a position to command, as he had little control either of his crew or indeed of himself. There was too much liquor among the Englishman's winter stores, and at times it was used too indiscriminately. Atkins, the lieutenant or second in command, was drunk no small portion of the time, and Warwick himself was not always sober. We need not have troubled ourselves about all this, as such a state of things would only operate against their own interest, and make them less formidable competitors in the fishery. But it soon became evident that Warwick was quite devoid of moral principle, and was not to be controlled by the laws of honor as established and understood among seamen. To make up for the lack of industry and efficiency in his own party he would not hesitate to resort to what we considered piracy.

The invariable custom among the hunters was for the man who had killed a sea-elephant to cut the mark of his party in the animal's hide with the sharp knife which every one who stirs abroad always carries in a sheath at his waist. Having thus marked his prize, the hunter passes on, feeling sure that no one will touch it until the skinning party from his own vessel comes along, though it may be for some days afterward. The mark may be a simple cross or star, or an initial letter, or otherwise; but the mark of each party is soon known and recognized by all on the beach, and so sacred is it held that, as a rule, an elephant would be suffered to rot where he lies if his proper owner does not appropriate him. To steal another's property in disregard of his knife-mark is justly regarded as the most detestable meanness, and is held as a flagrant crime, according to the hunter's code of honor. David Preston, our leader, was in the highest sense of the word an honest man, square and upright in all his dealings, though with no pretensions about it. A man so imbued with the sense of honor and right that he would as soon have cut off his own hand as steal the prize which another had earned. His indignation may hardly be imagined when the evidence of dishonesty practiced by the Englishman was brought home to him so that he could no longer doubt it. We had marked each elephant that we killed with the letter "P." as the initial of his own name, and we were satisfied that in several instances this had been altered by an additional cut, so as to represent a "B." which was the distinctive mark of the *Bellona*. Nothing can be easier than to make such an alteration. Yet Preston at first was slow to believe it, having never known such an instance in all his former experience. But the proofs accumulated until he could no longer doubt, and he rose up in his righteous ire to seek an interview with Warwick, which might have been a stormy one, especially had he found the Englishman half intoxicated, as was likely to be the case at that time on Saturday evening.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "Warwick himself may not be responsible for this piracy. We know that the marks have been altered in several instances, but we don't know who has done it."

"That's true," he replied, "You know that some of Warwick's men may have acted as pirates on their own account, without the knowledge of the skipper. That is not very likely, but it is possible, and is worth considering. Of course, if that was the case, I shall

have to settle the matter with Warwick, as it is no use talking with irresponsible fellows, and then I doubt if he has control enough over them to set matters right, if he were even so honest himself. If he's knowing to it, he is certainly the meanest pirate that I've ever met with." And he reached for his monkey-jacket preparatory to starting off for the English shanty on his errand of explanation.

As a boatsteerer, or petty officer of the *Vandal*, I was Preston's right-hand man and confidential friend, and I ventured another suggestion.

"I don't think it would be a very good time to talk this matter with Warwick to-night," I said. "Why not see him in the cool of the morning?"

"You think, I suppose, that he may be half drunk now," answered Preston. "Well, I shouldn't wonder if he is, and perhaps it isn't wise to beard the lion in his den, though I don't fear him, and all his crew of lime-juicers, if I get my blood up. Still, I would rather, on second thoughts, not have any row with a blackguard, such as I take him to be. I have another idea which will avoid a row, and also show whether he is really a thief or an honest man. We can alter our mark, seeing that the letters 'P.' and 'B.' are too near alike."

"That's a happy thought," said I, "and I wonder it had not occurred to us before."

"It has occurred to me that the letters were nearly alike, but then I never thought that there was any man mean enough to steal another one's elephant. Let me see, our Sag-Harbor friend's mark is an 'H.' for *Hydra*; but there is no fear of them, for Ben Comstock is the soul of honesty, and would be very severe on any act of theft done by one of his men. We can mark with a 'V.' for *Vandal*, and maybe that will prevent a row, or at least postpone it. Pass the word that from to-morrow morning hereafter our mark is a 'V.' and let every one understand it thoroughly before they go on the beach if I am not here to see them all myself."

So the new mark went into effect at once, though Comstock took the liberty to scold Preston for what he called deserting his colors.

"A mark," said he, in his most logical manner, "is something sacred, something to fight for, and to live and die by. I'm sorry you've allowed anybody, much less a lime-juicer, to make you back down. Now, stick to your new mark, and fight for it if need be, and I'll back you up, even as far as breaking heads."

Thus matters went on quietly for a few days, but before another Saturday came round we heard that the *Bellona's* men had been heard to give up the "B." and ornament their elephants with a broad "W." as the initial of Warwick, their beach-header. He had an undoubted right of course to order this change of mark, but there could be no reason but a rascally one for doing it at that particular time. Preston was full of the subject when he returned from his daily work, but did not say much about it in the hearing of his men. We had a small room at one corner of the house partitioned off from the rest, and in this he and I lived and lodged.

"Now," said he to me, as we retired to this little cabin, "there is no longer any doubt that the fellow is a thief. Of course two little cuts will turn a 'V.' into a 'W.', and there can be no honest reason for this dropping the 'B.' now, to take up a new mark. But if any evidence of theft comes to us now it shall be war to the knife, for I swear I won't change my mark again. Perhaps I was wrong or a fool to do so in the first place. At any rate Comstock thinks I was."

While we were at our supper the boatsteerer from the *Hydra*, who was a favorite with all of us, looked in at the door, on his way from the Point.

"How are you, Green?" sung out Preston, in his most cheery manner. "Won't you come in and take a bite with us?"

"No, I won't stay for that," was the answer, "but I will come in for a minute, because I've something to tell you that I think you ought to know at once. You heard, I suppose, that the lime-juicer has changed his mark."

Green had entered the little room with us and the rest of our men.

"Well," he said, "I want to give you a little positive evidence to work on. Warwick is not only responsible for his men's stealing your elephants, but is quite mean enough to do the dirty work with his own hands. I was at work skinning some elephants this afternoon over toward the southwest beach, and I saw you kill a fine young bull that had just been hauled out of the breakers. I saw you mark him and pass on up toward the head of the pond."

"So I did," said Preston, "but I did not notice you at all."

"Quite likely, as I was a little way up beyond the rise of the beach, and was stooping down."

He then went on to relate how a few minutes afterward he saw and recognized the English beach-header coming up the beach, and saw him stop and examine the newly slain elephant, then, as Green, like the rest of us, had his suspicions of wrong doing, he had kept out of sight behind a tussock knoll, where he could observe operations without being himself discovered; how he had seen Warwick straighten himself up, and look, as if carelessly, both down and up the beach, then draw his knife and stoop down for a moment over the elephant, then rise and walk quickly away, indeed almost at a run. He had remained crouched down until Warwick had passed quite out of view, and then going to examine the elephant found him marked with a broad W., the two parts of which had evidently been cut with different knives.

The expression of Preston's face as the story was finished was blacker than a thunder-cloud. He, however, thanked Tom Green in taking leave of him, and seemed not to care to talk much on the subject. He finished his supper, and took his smoke as usual, then, putting on his jacket, he shouldered his gun, and prepared to start for the beach.

"I reckon the evidence is strong enough and clear enough now," he said. "Tom Green is a man of truth, and, beside, he is a level-headed, intelligent man, and knows what he's talking about. This business must be settled to-morrow, once and for ever."

Darkness had now set in; and Preston went out, taking the path westward, leading round the head of the pond toward the south-west beach, but in a minute returned and came in again saying he had found only two or three bullets in his pocket, and came back for a further supply. He went to his closet, and took out a handful of bullets, saying as he passed out through the main room of the house,—

"I hope to kill at least eight or ten elephants between now and midnight." When he added with a kind of bitter laughter, "If I should meet that English pirate on the beach, I don't know but I should be tempted to put a bullet through him."

He stepped out and disappeared in the darkness, but the last words had been spoken in the hearing of all our party, together with three or four of Comstock's men who were visiting us. They were not thought much of by those who had not heard Tom Green's new piece of evidence, and even I who knew the whole, attached no special significance to them at the moment. It was just such a remark as any of us, rough seamen, that we were might have made.

It was nearly daylight before Preston came in, remarking that he had killed twelve elephants during the night, and had kept on tramping, as he expressed it, "to work the mad out of him." As he rolled into his bunk, I turned out myself, and taking only my lance, went out to try my own luck and get up an appetite for my breakfast. I did not care for the gun, as I was never much skilled in the use of one, and we had only one in the party, which was seldom used by any other than Preston himself.

The morning air was sharp and bracing, but still not intensely cold, for the real winter had hardly yet begun, and I made the whole circuit of the Point, down one beach, and up the other to a point nearly opposite the starting-place, before it was yet full day light. I had passed a goodly number of slain elephants, some with our "V." upon them, and others with a "W." or an

"H." and had encountered Comstock, and afterward the English boatsteerer, Atkins, on my travels. The latter inquired of me if I had met Warwick, saying that he went out in the evening and had not returned up to an hour before daylight. He was not uneasy about him, however, and he thought it quite likely he might have strolled away up the west side of the island toward Robinson's Harbor.

I had in walking all this round of the Point killed only two elephants, and I thought that, instead of returning home by the usual short cut, I would myself go further up on the west side, and ascend the slope of the glacier. This glacier at Hurd's Island runs through the middle of the island like a back-bone sending out spurs to the coast, east and west, while a low, sandy point runs out southeasterly from the main body of the island. The place called Robinson's Harbor was a small bay, lying beyond the spur on the west coast, and not easily accessible, either by land or with boats, as this is the weather side of the island. I had no idea of going over to the Harbor, but as the weather was inviting I kept on, up the gradual slope, walking near the verge of the sea-face, until feeling a little fatigued I paused, looking back over the low land of the Point, spread out like a panorama, and then seaward upon the great Southern Ocean, rolling in toward me, and breaking in thunder upon the shore. So absorbed was I that I had not noticed the approach of Tom Green until he was within a few feet of me, and halting.

"How far are you bound on this tack if the wind stands? Going over the iceberg to make new discoveries?"

"No, not so bad as that," I answered. "I suppose I am like yourself, tempted a little out of our regular beat for the time being. Was Preston stirring before you left the village?"

"Oh, yes," said Green, "and he and Comstock have got their heads together about the piracy. There'll be a calling up this evening in the presence of all hands, and perhaps a general row on a grand scale, but I guess twenty-six of us will be more than a match for eighteen Englishmen, if they should all be willing to back up their leader in his piracy, which I don't think they will. Ah! there's an old bull coming ashore. See his snout there in the breakers. Keep quiet now, and let him land high and dry, and mind you, he's my elephant, because I raised him first."

He had stepped between me and the edge of the cliff, standing at the very verge. All at once a change came over his features, and he uttered a sort of cry of horror, at the same moment pulling my sleeve. I took a single step to his side, and looked downward upon the body of a man lying at the base of the cliff, which we both recognized, at the same instant, as that of the Englishman, Warwick. He lay on his back, upon the stony ground, with his face upturned to the sky. We stood looking for a minute; but as the body remained motionless, we started on with a single impulse, down the slope by which we had come.

At the point where we had stood, the seawall or cliff was about thirty feet high and very nearly perpendicular. As we could not jump down, we were obliged to retrace our steps, and make a considerable detour to reach the beach, where we arrived quite out of breath with the haste we had made. Our first touch upon the body satisfied us that Warwick was quite dead, and had been so for several hours. There were no traces of blood, no signs of any struggle, nothing to indicate that the body had moved after its fall.—Concluded next week.

#### Lost His Temper.

Of all men, preachers shouldn't lose their tempers. The western variety probably does so more than others, but sometimes they are severely punished for it. That was the experience of Rev. Mr. Mulkey, of Medicine Lodge, Kansas. While trying to drive his cow out of his stable he got mad with her, and hit her a blow on the head with his fist. The cow didn't seem to mind it much, but Mr. Mulkey carries his hand in a sling now. He broke a bone of his hand.