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FARNALL

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A Mad Passenger.

IN June, 1860, the brig Polly Deems, Captain Job Payson, sailed from Boston for a port in Turkey, laden with cotton goods. She was a new, taut little vessel, with plenty of storage room, and had accommodations for two passengers.

The crew consisted of the captain, mate, four sailors, a black cook, and a cabin-boy.

Captain Payson was a conscientious, just man who treated his crew neither to jokes nor grog, but who lodged and fed them better than would five out of six of the masters sailing from New England ports.

"Old Job," the mate, who was from the West, used to say he was "a hard man, but one you could tie to, in fair weather or foul."

His crew were picked men, and, with the exception of Dan, the cabin-boy, had been with him for years. This was Dan's first voyage, and he felt that the captain and crew eyed him with suspicion. He was on probation, and he felt that not a grain of favor would be allowed him.

Dan was a farm boy, who knew nothing of the world beyond the village in which was his mother's church. Shipboard, the sea, Europe, Turkey—here were bewildering ideas to burst at once on his narrow experience, scarcely wider than that of the house-dog sleeping at the barn-door.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready to see the work of the moment and to do it before the moment is over," was his mother's last advice. "For the rest, Daniel, ask the Lord's help. You will find him just as near to you in Turkey, as in your own home here."

Dan, in the hurry and excitement of getting under way, and of his new duties, repeated this advice over and over to himself. It seemed to keep his mother near him. Several days after, while he was carrying the dinner dishes into the cabin, he overheard the mate say:

"The boy is clipper enough for a raw hand, captain?"

"Aye," grunted Capt. Payson; "turns out better than I expected. I took him for his mother's sake. Widow. Old friend of mine."

"Rather gentlemanly fellow, this passenger?" ventured the mate, finding Captain Payson in an unusually talkative mood.

"He is a gentleman, sir. One of the Farnalls of Springfield, Ill.-health. Doctor prescribed a long sea-voyage. A gentleman and a scholar, Mr. Briggs."

Dan while waiting on the table at dinner, could not help noticing the passenger. "Some of these days," thought the true born Yankee lad, "I too, shall be a gentleman and scholar."

Doctor Farnall was a tall, lean man, carefully dressed, with sandy hair and mustache, but with eye brows and lashes almost white. His eyes, too, were large and pale. They never met the eye of any other man fairly. Once, when Dan happened to look at him, he turned quickly away, and he glanced furtively and suspiciously at the boy, at times, during the rest of the meal.

"Don't like him," thought Dan.—"Looks sneaking and tricky, and not like a gentleman."

But Dan, of course, kept his opinion to himself. Even Job, the cook, snubbed the "raw hand," and tolerated no remarks from him.

Fortunately, the lad was not sea-sick. He learned his new duties quickly; was

alert, neat, and always good natured. In the course of one week, Captain Payson had twice grumbled approval.

Dan worked harder than ever, and, between times, for recreation, when the passenger was on deck he watched him.

Dr. Farnall talked fluently and brilliantly, as even Dan's uncultured mind could perceive. But his talk was leveled far above the heads of either the captain or Mr. Briggs, who listened with half comprehending admiration.

But there were days when the doctor was absolutely silent, ate nothing, and paced the deck wrapped in a profound gloom, his light eyes darting suspicious glances from side to side.

On one of these days, Dan, going down just at twilight to find something he had left in his bunk, saw a tall figure which he could not recognize, with a candle groping about among the chests of the sailors.

"Who's there?" he shouted.

The man came quickly toward him. The candle threw a yellow glare over his set face and glaring eyes. It was a passenger. He caught Dan by the sleeve.

"Here, boy—what do they call you?"

"Dan."

"You're surprised to see me here, Dan?" with a guilty laugh. "Took me for a ghost, eh?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I oughtn't to have called to you. Shouldn't have done it if I'd known it was you. But it took me aback, sir."

"Naturally, you need not be surprised at seeing me in any part of the vessel. I'm studying its construction as a scientific man. Captain Payson has been good enough to give me admittance to all parts of the vessel. You needn't shout in that disagreeable way again. It startles a nervous man;" and with a vague smile he blew out the candle and went up on deck, leaving Dan staring after him.

"It's not all right; or why should he, bein' a gentleman, make such a long-winded explanation to me, bein' the cabin-boy?" Dan said at last, shaking his head.

That night Captain Payson was alone on the quarter-deck, when Dan presented himself before him and saluted. His voice shook a little, for he was terribly scared. "Old Job" was a bigger man in his eyes than any king or potentate.

"Well! What's the matter with you?" growled the captain.

"The—the passenger, sir."

"What have you to do with the passenger?"

"I beg your pardon, sir—but are you sure he isn't a thief, or worse?" gasped Dan, forgetting, in his terror, the respectful speech he had planned, in which he meant to state the fact of Dr. Farnall's visit below deck.

The captain seized a rope's end. "Take that for your impudence!" he shouted, aiming a blow at Dan, who dodged it, and then blurted out the whole story.

"Searching among the bunks? Dr. Farnall!" muttered the captain in astonishment, dropping his weapon; and then he walked thoughtfully up and down. Suddenly he stopped before Dan.

"It is well you came to me and nobody else with the story," he said. "It is of no account. Dr. Farnall is an eccentric man. If he wishes to examine the ship in any part, he is not to be watched and spied upon. So keep your eyes to yourself, and your tongue, too. If you go babbling this story, I'll flog you."

Dan crept off to his work feeling as if he had had a sound drubbing. Tears of rage and mortification stood in his eyes.

"Mother's rules do very well on land, but they won't wear on shipboard," he muttered. "But there's something that needs watching in that man, and I'll watch him."

Nothing of moment happened, however, for a week. Then Dan observed that the passenger's days of fasting and depression grew more frequent. There were whole nights when he paced the deck until morning.

The crew joked together about him. One declared that he was a murderer; another, that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum; but the common opinion was that he had run away from a turgent wife.

"D'y'e mind," said Irish Jem, "how he eyes every ship we haul, as though she might be aboard?"

Dan, alone, never joined in the gossip below decks about the mystery.

One day a little incident occurred which suddenly strengthened his suspicions.

Just before nightfall, when passing the after hatchway, in the covering of which was a slide that could be opened and closed at will, Dan met Dr. Farnall coming up, covered with dirt and dust. There was an unsteady glare in his eyes. He seized Dan by the shoulders.

"Do you know where I have been?" he said hoarsely.

"In the lower hold, sir; among the boxes."

"What d'y'e think is down there, boy—for you and all of us? Death! Death! But tell nobody—nobody—!" He dropped his hold and staggered on.

"Mad as a March hare!" muttered Dan.

But half an hour later, Dr. Farnall was seated at the supper-table, gay, self-possessed, keeping the captain in a roar with his good stories.

About the middle of the second watch that night, Dan turned out of his bunk. The boy was really too anxious to sleep.

"Death in the hold, eh? Death in the hold?" he repeated to himself.

He did not dare go to the captain of the crew with his story. Yet he was sure that some peril was at hand. He sat shivering for awhile, then pulled on his clothes.

"If Death's in the hold, I'll find him," he said.

He groped his way to the after hatchway unquestioned; for the mate, who had charge of the deck, was reclining listlessly against the rail further aft, where the hatchway was hid from view by the cabin.

The slide was open. His heart beat quick with excitement, but noiseless as a cat, Dan crept down to the lower deck and then groped for the hatchway that opened into the lower hold.

He was so certain that danger was afoot, that he was not startled when he saw a faint reddish light, and found the lower hatchway open.

The hold was not so closely stowed but what one could move about in it quite freely, and lowered himself carefully. Dan saw that the light came from a lantern, and that it cast a glare directly on the face of the passenger, who was kneeling and working at something on the floor.

"So that's the way Death looks, hey?" thought Dan. "He couldn't well look worse," and he eyed the haggard, ghastly face.

"What grating noise is that?" he asked himself; and in the same instant he sprang forward with a cry of horror.

The passenger had an auger in his hands, and a saw lay beside him.

He had bored a hole through the side of the vessel, below the water line, and the water was already coming through.

The boy clutched Farnall, and shook him like a wild beast. "You are sinking the ship. Help! help!"

The madman turned on him quietly. "Yes, we'll all go down together. Don't make that outcry. Nobody can hear you."

He had caught the boy's wrists, and held him with the unnatural strength of the insane.

Nobody could hear him. Dan remembered that, and became suddenly silent. Horror and fear only made thought more vivid.

Death was just at hand. There was nobody to drive it back but himself, and he was in the madman's hold.

He stared into the fierce glassy eyes with an agony of hesitation. Farnall laughed back at him.

"I thought of burning, but this is quietest. I want to go calmly into the great hereafter. We shall all go together in—a few minutes," glancing at the stream of water gushing out of the opening.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the shivering boy.

"We'll all go together. Kings among the ancients went across the Styx attended by the slaves slain on their burial. I will be followed by the Yankee captain and his crew."

A sudden flash lightened Dan's eyes.

"Not by the captain," he said. His own voice startled him, it was so

calm, and in a tone so very different from any in which he had ever spoken before. "The captain and Mr. Briggs will escape," he cried.

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Farnall. "Escape! How can they escape?"

"Because they are not in the hold. They will take to the boats."

"I never thought of the boats."

Dan felt a chill run over him. He tried to speak, but his voice failed. He had but one chance, and he must try it.

"I will go and bring the captain and Mr. Briggs down, if you like. Then then can't get away."

"Ha, ha! Pretty good joke. Well, go bring them, and be quick," loosening his hold and pushing Dan away.

Dan walked slowly to the ladder, then he made one wild spring up.

"To the hold! To the hold! A leak!" he shrieked, and fell gasping to deck.

Within another hour, the madman was in irons, the leak had been stopped, and the water pumped out of the hold. The danger was past, and all snug and tant.

The crew made a hero of Dan. Even Captain Payson spoke out his hearty praise.

"The lad saw what was to be done, and did it. He had courage, and, what is better, good sense. Who taught you to use your wits, my boy?"

"My mother, sir," said Dan.

How Political Editors fix it up.

THE editor of a Nevada journal sees in a rival paper a political announcement which, after careful search, he fails to find in his own sheet. Thereupon he seats himself and writes:

"A NICE PILL.—Bill Wiggins is out with an announcement that he is a candidate for sheriff. Who is Wiggins? A hundred persons have asked us this question within the past few days, and we have taken pains to look up his record. Wiggins is a man who has bummed in this community for the past ten years, seeking office and finding none. He has bucked like an old mule, stiff-legged, at every ticket he has not been on, and tried to bust every combination that was not made in his interest. He is a political parasite, that the voters of the town should put their foot on for the last time. He needs a final quietus, and next—"

Just then Mr. Wiggins entered and laid down \$5 for his announcement, explaining that he had intended to bring it earlier, but it had slipped his mind. He was hardly around the corner before the editor had thrown his article in the waste-basket, and wrote as follows:

"A REPRESENTATIVE MAN.—We are glad to announce the fact that Colonel William Wiggins, well and favorably known in these parts, announces himself as a candidate for sheriff. Mr. Wiggins has always been a consistent man, and never identified with the bolters and soreheads who have made themselves odious in the country for the past few years. He has stood by the party in the darkest hours of its history. Mr. Wiggins' name will be a tower of strength for the ticket, and will lead us to a glorious victory. His name heading the county ticket makes it folly for the opposition to nominate a man to run against him."

A Farm Anecdote.

A farmer asked a boy what he would work for him for, one year. The farmer was close at a bargain, and the boy knew it. Says the boy, "I will work for you if you will give me one grain of corn for the first week, two grains for the second, four for the third, and doubling each week until the fifty weeks or year is out." "Good said the farmer. The boy began work, and took one grain for the first week, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, sixteen for the fifth, thirty-two for the sixth. "Hold on," said the farmer, "you are taking too many." "Not at all," said the boy. "I am but carrying out the contract." The farmer began to figure how many grains the boy would take in fifty-two weeks, and to his astonishment he found out he would be entitled to 1,456,593,257,463,808 grains. He could never pay him, and agreed to give him, fair wages if he would let him off from the contract.

The Power of One Vote.

Years ago in De Kalb county, Ind., was a man who was in doubt on election

morning whether to go to mill or to the polls. Finally he decided for the latter. He voted the Democratic ticket, and a Democratic member of the legislature was elected from his district by a majority of one vote. That legislature elected a United States Senator, and by the vote of one member, from that district, Mr. Hannegan was chosen. Mr. Hannegan took his seat in the Senate, and was President of the Senate pro tem, when the vote was taken on the annexation of Texas. On the floor the vote was a tie, and Mr. Hannegan's casting vote decided the question in favor of annexation, and brought on the Mexican war, which has so shaped the subsequent history of our country. So much to illustrate the value of one vote and the importance of every man performing his duty as a citizen and a voter when election day comes.

The Woman Wins.

MR. SEPTIMUS BRIGHTLY was an aristocrat, and a man of mark. He had held many offices of honor and he deemed himself well worthy of all honor that had ever been conferred upon him. What the Hon. Septimus did not know, he considered not worth knowing. It pleased him when men bowed low to him, and it offended him when men in the lower walks of life failed in these outward signs of respect.

This was the man who, somewhat late in life, took to himself a young wife.—The woman whom he had chosen thus to honor was several years younger than himself. She was five-and-thirty, he was five-and-fifty. However, though younger, she was a widow and possessed of considerable wealth, and she was quite handsome, also; besides being intelligent, witty and vivacious. She had but one failing—one drawback, in the Hon. Septimus' estimation. She was Scotch by birth, and retained much of her native idiom and accent, of which habit her husband tried to break her.

More than once Mrs. Brightly had begged of her husband not to borrow trouble on account of her speech; but she laid it upon him most emphatically that he should not, under any circumstances, allude to her peculiarity of pronunciation in public.

For a time after this all went well.—At length, however, the autocrat manifested himself. It was at an evening party, given by himself and wife where many notables were present. In the course of the dinner the lady called to a servant and bade him to take away the "fools" (her pronunciation of fowls).

Said her husband, very pompously and pointedly:

"You mean fowls, my dear!"

"O, yes," she returned, with a charming smile; and then, to the servant:

"John, you may remove the fowls and let the fool remain!"

It is doubtful if he ever ventured upon a like experiment again.

The story of the British frigate Hussar may be familiar to our readers. On November 25, 1780, while on her way to Norwich, Connecticut, the Hussar struck on Pot Rock, in Hell Gate. She had on board seventy American prisoners, chained to the gun-deck, and, it was believed, about £900,000 sterling, which was to be used in subjugating the Americans. In spite of the efforts of the commander to save the vessel, she went down in ninety feet of water, carrying with her all the manacled prisoners. The officers and crew escaped. Many divers have worked upon the wreck, and in June of this year operations begun anew in the hope that some of the lost treasure might be recovered. Whether anything has been found is not yet known, for the workmen are bound to secrecy, but it is expected that the search will continue until ice in the river prevents.

The longer we live, and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends.

So grasping is dishonesty, that it is no respecter of persons; it will cheat friends as well as foes; and were it possible, even God himself.

Let us learn that everything in nature—even motes and feathers, go by law not luck, and what we sow we are invariably sure to reap.