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THE TIMES.

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Select Poetry.

HIDING FROM PAPA.

Papa's lost his baby!
 Searches everywhere,
 Under chairs and tables
 With the greatest care!
 Pulls aside the curtain,
 Peeps behind the door!
 Never sees the little heap
 Curled up on the floor;
 Never hears that whisper,
 "Mamma don't you tell!"
 Nor the little laughter,
 Muffled, like a bell!
 Off he scampers wildly,
 Hunting here and there,
 Overturning everything
 With the greatest care.
 Canary had a visit,
 Sitting on his perch;
 Mamma's apron pocket
 Suffers by the search.
 "Now I am so tired—
 Elephant at play—
 That I must take a rest
 I minute by the way;
 I'll lay my weary head
 On this little rug."
 Under mamma's towel
 Lay her darling snug!
 Then the merry scrambling
 Papa laughed to see!
 "And you didn't flunk, now,
 That it could be me!"

An Exciting Ride.

IN '67 Jake Pool, was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four-horse coach in summer, and a "jerky" in winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region, and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which this trail ran—for it was little less than a trail—was totally uninhabited, but for the three stage stations, where horses were changed and which were dugouts, or log huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, although generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road-agents and out-laws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other north of the Union Pacific railroad, and the route itself ran through precipices, as though originally laid out by mountain sheep. Notwithstanding all this, Jake was a successful driver, and made better time, and lost fewer mails and express-packets, and ran his coach at a smaller expense to the company, than any other man in their employ. But when misfortune did overtake him, it was no light hand that the genius of evil laid upon him, which the following adventure proves:

One muggy morning, in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage-office, and prepared to receive "mails, express and messenger, and passengers, if any there should be for Helena, the Wells-Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins over the foot brake, Pool descended from his perch and entered the office.

"The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing near he said, in a half-whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe, to take over to-day."
 "All right!" responded Jake. "I've carried more before now, and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, drawing still nearer, "Dick's sick, and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver, meditatively; then, touching the revolver which hung

at his belt: "I'll be messenger and coachman both then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "Copper Tom and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Pool whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol-butt. "Copper Tom," was the worst road-agent in Montana—a desperado, with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rags."
 "I must!" said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed.
 "I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol I may need two."—And he took the other's revolver from the desk where it lay and thrust it into his boot-top. "As to the carrying it through—that's another matter, with those fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through, the safe safe shall!"

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open, the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward, and, amid a shower of mud, disappeared down the steep mountain road.

Although it was May, the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out of the air, and by that hour Pool was more than twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in their traces, and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten with the sun.

"After I get through the Devil's Pass," said he to himself, "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as handsome a road as ever a horse struck foot upon, and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leaders' feet. I intend to make that seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without brakes!"

And he gathered his reins with a firmer hand, as if already whirling at that mad pace down the mountain side.

Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by five o'clock and reach the pass before six.—It will then be broad daylight, so I can rattle right along, and then, after the spin down the 'causeway,' I'll strike Dickson's before seven, certain. Beyond that the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous.—By Jove! he concluded, his heart warming as he struck his heel against the safe beneath the seat, "I don't see where the agents can stop me, unless—Good heavens! what if they try it in the very Pass itself? I had not thought of that!"

The man was silent for a moment, and his face grave; then, brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in boot and belt, and, with a sigh concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well, if they should meet me in the Pass, 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss their first shot, I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canyon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs!"

It was now high noon, and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed, and where Pool dined upon jerked bear-meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.

As he mounted the box and prepared to depart, the keeper of the station slipped from his dug-out and drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road a piece, 'll want a ride. He war here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'."

And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol-butt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded.

"Thanks Tom! I'll keep my eyes open. So-long!"

The fresh steeds in harness sprang

strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.

"It's old Jim, sure!" half-whispered Pool to himself, as his trained eyes searched the winding road before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper turns up in the Pass. I see it all."

The teeth closed with a snap.
 "Good!" he continued, a moment later. "He shall ride."

Some five miles, were passed, when, in the shadow of a great pine that grew near the trail, Jake espied his prospective passenger, prone upon the ground, at the foot of the tree, apparently resting. As the rattling coach grew near, the man bestirred himself and slowly rose.

"Hullo, driver! Kin you favor an old beggar with a lift? I'm played, fer I'm too old to tramp as used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride. Kin you give me one?"

He stepped forward as he spoke.—Poor he was if tattered garments betokened poverty, for his clothing was but a single patched rag from head to foot.—Old he surely was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw like hands and sunken eyes, could not be well disguised.

Half in scorn and half in pity, yet with a brain awake to his danger, Jake drew rein and replied to his petitioner:

"Yes! be lively and climb up here.—I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"

The old man answered, as he struggled to a seat at the driver's side:

"Dickson's."

A touch of the whip and the horses were again on a quick trot. Pool eyed his companion as he rode onward, and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot-top and loosened the revolver carried there.

"Cold day for May!" said the newcomer, shivering. "This yer wind's sharp, too."

"Yes," responded the other, mentally wondering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel at his side had concealed his weapons, "it is cold. But you may find it warmer in the Pass."

"Sure!" said the old man leering in Jake's face.

"Sure!" responded that worthy, his blood chilling with the covert hint in the word; and he urged his horses to yet greater speed.

The grade was sharply descending now and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion.

Old Jim was forced to cling to the seat with both hands in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Pool desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer—a drivin'—purty—fast!" screamed the gray-haired desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "Ye'll—hev—to—hold—up—at—the—Pass—I reckon!"

Jake set his teeth.

The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them, and the roadway, descending and steep, ran into the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the grave-like opening—a narrow path, but little wider than coach itself.

The roar of the angry river far below knelled a never-ending warning as it ran, ragged and torn, among the jagged rocks, and the death-like mist that crept upward was damp and chill.

"I won't hold up!" and, with these words the driver struck his horses sharply, and, snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass.

At the same instant, half way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the roadway, a beetling wall of rock upon the one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man!

Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry! The old man at Pool's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grasp of the seat with one hand, he would have thrust it into his breast; but the other leaped suddenly toward him, and pressing a revolver muzzle against his forehead, whispered, hoarsely:

"Down with yer hands! If ye stir ag'in I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, an' ye can't catch Jake Pool nor his load this time! Down with yer hands!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen-hued, and

his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching Copper Tom.

For an instant as they drew near, that worthy stood facing them; through the fading light he saw the position of his pal, upon which he depended—he saw the stern, set face of the driver—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled!

Could he but reach the lower end of the causeway he might escape—could he but find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be.

Nearer and nearer thundered the iron-shod hoofs behind him, narrower and still narrower grew the fatal road, until there rang a sudden horrible, despairing cry, mingled with the frightened snort of the horses, a dark something bent down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding feet, and then, spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled, an undistinguishable mass into the canyon beneath, and the coach sped on!

Half an hour later, Jake Pool pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half-fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astonished hostlers he said:

"Bind that man and give him to the sheriff!" It's old Jim, the road agent! His pard's in the gulf in the Pass, this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last run from Gallatin! There's too much risk about the business for me!"

And Jake kept his word. He no longer coaches it, but now keeps a public house in Helena itself, where, he not long since, at his own snug fireside, told me this thrilling tale.

A Strange Steal.

PARTICULARS have now been received from Melbourne, Australia, by mail, about the unprecedented fraud telegraphed at the time and concocted by some conspirators who chartered the English steamer "Ferret," of 345 tons, belonging to the "Highland Railway Co."

In October last there turned up at Glasgow an individual calling himself Walker and pretending to be the attorney of a certain Smith, who, he stated wished to charter the steamer for a six months' pleasure trip for the restoration of Smith's sick wife, who was to accompany her husband. The references being acceptable, the steamer was chartered to Walker and Smith, who fitted her out in the best of style with good provisions, wines, &c., laying in a three months' bill for £1,490, which of course remained unpaid. From the Clyde the "Ferret" left for Cardiff and took a cargo of coal, again paid for in the shape of a three months' bill, and after being joined by Smith and his wife they steamed out with a clearance for Marseilles, passed the Straits of Gibraltar during the day so as to be duly reported, proceeding some distance into the Mediterranean and showing the vessel's number.

At night fall the steamer's course was reversed, and she steamed back towards the Atlantic, when a few articles bearing the name of "Ferret" were thrown overboard to create the impression that she had been lost. These strange proceedings were explained to the crew as well as could be done. On November 1st, after the vessel's name had been changed from that of "Ferret" to that of "Benton" and it had leaked out that Smith's real name was Henderson, they arrived at Cape Verd, and a couple of days later left for Santos, where she obtained a charter for Marseilles and received a cargo of coffee.—As soon as the steamer was a suitable distance from the shore the name "Benton" was changed to "India," and she steered for the Cape of Good Hope, arriving at Cape Town on January 29, where the coffee was sold for £14,000.—Walker and Henderson then took the steamer to Mauritius, where she was docked and overhauled, paying again in drafts on London, and on April 20 she finally reached Melbourne. The disappearance of the "Ferret" having called the attention of the owners and underwriters, the description of the craft was telegraphed all over the world, and on the "India" entering Phillips Bay on April 20, her appearance became suspicious to a harbor policeman at Queenscliff. He at once communicated his suspicions to the Collector at Mel-

bourne, who found no "India" of this size on the ships' registers. On April 27, it was therefore resolved to issue an attachment against the craft. After scraping off the name of "India," "Ferret" plainly showed beneath, and in various quarters similar discoveries were made on articles belonging to the ship; in the journal, between two sheets, an advance note with the name "Ferret" was also found.

Captain Walker, Henderson and wife, as well as the entire crew, were arrested, and the latter then made a clean breast of it. Everything had been prepared and a ship's journal commenced to baptize the vessel "Raven"; a telegraph key for communicating per cable with accomplices in London, blanks for ship's papers from a variety of ports, and a ship's register in which all persons on board appeared with new names. A tin box was found with 600 sovereigns in it, £90 in Brazilian paper money, and £8,000 in good bills on the Standard Bank, London, balance of the coffee proceeds for which the confederates had only received £2,800 cash at the Cape, the balance being in bills. The main point to be arrived at now is to find out whether Walker and his associates are the only scamps in this matter, or whether they are part and parcel of a band of robbers in England. The Melbourne police is of the latter opinion. Smith, alias Henderson, it is discovered, was negotiating at Melbourne for the sale of the steamer; he refused an offer of £8,500, insisting on £10,000. But for the vigilance of the Phillips Bay police officer they might have succeeded possibly in selling the steamer then and there, and decamped with the whole proceeds for parts unknown. The most remarkable thing in the whole affair is the facility with which they were able to negotiate acceptances and bills at the various halting places. It is one of the boldest frauds ever perpetrated.

Scuffle for a Bride

ALTHOUGH far advanced in civilization; Arkansas has still her adventures and romances. Just three miles southeast of Charleston, says the Vindicator, lives Maynard Gilleam, the father of a buxom 22-year-old lass. Like all other maidens, Mary—for that was her name—had a beau. His name was Charlie—Charlie Stover, a romantic name—and the twain wished to become one. Mary's mother, however, objected, and upon hearing such doleful news the poor girl was "all broke up." Her lover would not be daunted, and by dint of cunning he arranged a plot for her escape, to which she gladly consented. He secured his accomplices, and after getting near the house all approached quietly and cautiously to allay suspicion. Mary was on the qui vive. The signal was given, she left stealthily moved toward them, and as she was being securely seated behind, on the princely steed of her knight, the wicked left eye of the old lady spied something not altogether healthy. Running out heaping anathemas upon the heads of the young men, she excitedly made a grab at her daughter, who powerfully resisted. In the scuffle Mary was divested of her clothing. One of Charlie's friends, Mach Brocker, had the presence of mind to throw a riding skirt over her, and in his effort to hurry her off the mother assailed him and tore from his back a brand-new coat. In the meantime Stover and the girl's brother had a "set-to," in which the former got a severe cut in the face with a rock. The stronger eventually became victors and bore off the prize. On their way to Greenwood they stopped at the house of the girl's cousin, where she soon made up an impromptu trousseau, shortly after which she became Mrs. Stover, in the presence of a few interested friends. The next day the parents came to town and reported the case. The trial was set for 10 o'clock Wednesday. The witnesses put in no appearance, and for want of evidence the parties were dismissed and peacefully started for home, and are now awaiting the forgiveness of the old folks to complete their happiness.

Take the good with the evil, for ye are all the pensioners of God, and none may choose or refuse the cup his wisdom mixeth.