

SHE'S GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER, M.D.

She's gone from out my life, a fairy vision,
The fondest I have known;
No more her eyes will beam on me their brightness—
My little song-bird's flown!
How much I miss those smiles that oft would cheer
me,
No smiles more sweet could be;
And, oh! I never, never can forget one
Now lost to love and me.

She was the first to lead my heart from sorrow
To dwell in love and light,
The first to bring me 'neath the rays of sunshine
That fall on earth so bright;
But when my cup of bliss seemed overflowing,
Life bright as bright can be,
She took the sunshine from my path, and vanished,
Gone far from love and me.

She came to me when friends were few and faithless
And I was sad and lone;
To me she seemed an angel sent from heaven
And she was all mine own!
But when I needed most her smiles to cheer me
She vanished from my sight,
And now they tell me she is with the angels,
She dwells in worlds of light.

They say the sweetest flowers bloom but to wither,
And she was sweet and fair,
With love-lit eyes and face like blooming roses,
And sunny, silken hair,
I oft would gaze upon her laughing dimples,
The fairest that could be;
And now she sleeps beneath the lovely daisies,
Gone far from love and me.

They tell me she will wait for me in heaven
Till I am called above,
That I will find her in the vales of Eden,
And dwell with her in love;
I know that soon earth's sun will set forever,
And I be truly blest,
With one who left me in life's early summer
To find the home of rest.

Good-by, till suns shall rise and set forever,
And Time no more shall be,
Till I am called to cross the silent river,
And gain the Jasper Sea!
When I shall gain the home of the immortals,
And stand on Beulah's shore,
I then shall meet the one who left me lonely,
And love her evermore.

HOW I LOST MY FINGER.

BY JAMES COX, R.N.

Not many years ago I belonged to H. M. ship *Iris*, a smart little gun-vessel stationed on the West Coast of Africa.

We had been cruising off the mouth of the River Congo for several weeks, watching a suspicious-looking merchant barque, named the *Dahomé*, which had been anchored off Shark's Point (just inside the river) for the past two months.

Now King Peter, a native chief who lived in the vicinity of the point, had hinted to our captain that the master of the barque was only waiting for the *Iris* to leave the Congo, when a cargo of slaves would be taken on board for the slave market in Cuba.

In consequence of this information we were all determined not to let the *Dahomé* slip through our hands if we could help it, so you may be sure that a constant and vigilant look-out was kept for her both day and night.

One morning during my watch the captain came on deck and said to me,

"Mr. Clifford, I intend to take the *Iris* up the river to-day as far as Banana Creek, and to remain there till the afternoon. While in the creek I shall get on board about fifty tons of coal, and tell the people at the factories there that I am going to leave the Congo for a short time to cruise up the coast to meet the admiral. I anticipated that directly the news gets wind the master of the *Dahomé* will try to run his cargo; so I shall leave you this evening in the cutter to look after the barque. I propose," added Captain Hood, "to leave the creek just before sunset, steam close in to Shark's Point in order to let the *Dahomé's* crew see us, and then I shall stand out to sea, beat to windward for a day or two, and then return to the river to pick you up; and if you have good fortune, Mr. Clifford, I hope I shall find you in possession of the barque."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered; "I shall be quite ready, and you may depend upon me doing my best to take her if she ships the niggers."

Captain Hood then ordered me to alter the course of the *Iris* and steer for Banana Creek, which I did, and about 11 a.m., we reached Banana, and made the *Iris* fast.

When this was done the captain asked me to accompany him on shore.

I was very glad of a chance to stretch my legs on terra firma, and in a few minutes had changed my uniform coat for a white jacket, and was wending my way toward the factories.

At this time there were three factories at Banana Creek—large wooden buildings surrounded by palisades and armed with brass howitzers. Each was in charge of a European superintendent, whose duty it was to store the palm oil brought from the interior by the natives, and ship it in the trading vessels as they arrived from England.

On reaching the Dutch factory we found the superintendent engaged in conversation with no less a person than the master of the *Dahomé*. Walking straight up to them, Captain Hood, addressing himself to the superintendent, said,

"Mr. Van Bume, can you let me have sufficient coal to take the *Iris* up the coast to Ambrizette? I want it immediately, as I must endeavor to meet the admiral there before he sails for St. Thomé."

"Oh yes, captain; you shall have it at once," and, calling a negro, he ordered him to run down to the coal wharf and see to it.

While the captain was talking to the superintendent I kept my eye on the master of the *Dahomé*, and I fancied that he pricked up his ears and looked particularly happy when Capt. Hood said that he wanted to leave the Congo as soon possible to meet the admiral.

We remained at the factory for about an hour, and having settled for the coal returned to the *Iris* to see how the coaling was progressing. Shortly after we noticed the master of the barque crossing the river to Shark's Point in his gig, and I thought to myself, "It won't be long before you leave, my friend."

By 3 p.m. all the coal was in, and, steam being up, we prepared to leave. As we cast off the hawsers from the tumble-down wharf to which we had been lashed, one of the crew, while employed hoisting up a boat, missed his footing and fell overboard. The cry, "Man overboard!" was at once raised, and all hands rushed aft to render assistance.

A gallant young officer, the mate of my watch, sprang into the creek, and happily succeeded in holding the man's head above water until a boat picked them both up. The action of the officer was plucky in the extreme, as the creek was infested with crocodiles.

This accident delayed us for some time, and the sun was low on the horizon when we steamed down the river.

As we neared the mouth of the Congo the cutter was lowered, and her crew, consisting of a dozen men and a petty officer, all armed with cutlase and revolver, took their seats; and as soon as Captain Hood had given me my final instructions I jumped into the boat myself, and at once directed the coxswain to steer for the right bank of the stream, in order to get out of the strong current, and also to get under cover of the mangrove bushes.

The *Iris*, after casting us off, steered straight out to sea, and, as darkness set in almost immediately, we soon lost sight of her.

When we neared the bank I ordered my men to pull up the river until we reached a spot from whence unobserved I could see the masts of the *Dahomé*. Arrived here the cutter was made fast to the trunk of a palm, and after giving the boat's crew a dose of quinine to keep off the fever, I told them to put on their blanket suits and make themselves comfortable until they were wanted; then telling Brown, my coxswain, to keep a sharp look-out, I jumped on shore and took a short stroll into the bush.

After forcing my way through a thick growth of palmetto and mangrove I reached a clearing from whence I obtained a good view of the *Dahomé* and the grass huts of King Peter's subjects. Here I lay down, and notwithstanding the attacks of the mosquitoes, managed to make myself pretty comfortable.

As I lay in the long grass, watching the hull of the supposed slaver, a gentle breeze came sighing through the palm trees, just disturbing their feathery branches, and imparting a delicious coolness to the heated atmosphere. Overhead the beautiful stars were brightly shining, and far away, across the dark, rushing stream of the Congo, I could see the moon, red as blood, rising above the haze which hung like a pall over the distant line of bush that fringed the opposite side of the river.

Nothing disturbed the silence of the night save the lap, lap of the tide, as it swept past the tangled roots of the mangrove-trees, and the occasional cheeping of the grasshoppers.

After contemplating the beauties of the tropic sky I turned my eyes towards the *Dahomé*, and presently saw that some of the crew were going aloft; then the topsails were unfurled and sheeted home. "Oh, oh, my friend; I suppose you have made up your mind to be off at last, and I presume you will take advantage of this wind to run farther up the river and ship your black cargo."

Muttering these words to myself, I jumped up and returned to the cutter, and telling the coxswain to rouse the men I sat back in the stern-sheets, watching for the barque to round the point. I had not long to wait; round she came, her sails glistening in the bright moonlight.

As soon as she cleared the point and was in mid-stream, proceeding up the river with a fair wind, I ordered the men to get their oars out and follow her, telling the coxswain to steer as close in as possible to the bush, to prevent the look-out on board the *Dahomé* seeing us.

By this time the breeze had freshened, and the wind was blowing in strong gusts up the river, driving the *Dahomé* so quickly ahead of us that we could no longer make her out. Seeing that we should be left a long way astern I now told the men to lay in their oars and hoist the sail. This done, we bowled along merrily for a couple of hours, until, rounding a bend of the stream, we saw once more the *Dahomé* at anchor in the centre of the river.

I at once lowered the sail and steered right into the bush, making the cutter fast to the stump of a tree. Here, under the shadow of the mangroves, we were quite out of sight.

About an hour must have elapsed when the sound of paddles near us attracted my attention, and looking in the direction from whence the noise appeared to proceed, we saw about a score of canoes, apparently full of natives, paddling up the stream towards the *Dahomé*. A few of

the canoes passed within a stone's throw of us, but evidently we were not observed. Turning to the coxswain I said,

"King Peter was right this time; we shall go home with our pockets full of prize-money. I think, as soon as we have given the master of the barque sufficient time to get his passengers on board, we will shove off and surprise him with a visit before he slips his anchor."

I then stretched down in the cutter to take forty winks, and giving Brown my watch told him to call me at three o'clock, or before if the canoes were heard returning from the *Dahomé*.

After sleeping for nearly two hours I was awakened by the coxswain, who reported that the canoes had returned from the barque, and were now passing down the river. I gave orders for the men to pull out into the stream, and, taking the tiller from the coxswain, steered direct for the *Dahomé*.

Away we went, the men bending to their oars with a will. The ship was only a quarter of a mile ahead, and as we knew she could not now escape us it was no longer necessary to be cautious in our approach.

In about twenty minutes we were close under her stern. Not a glimmer of a light was visible from any part of the ship, and, although we made noise enough as we closed on her, we were not hailed by the look-out.

In another minute we were alongside, but thinking it suspicious that no notice had been taken of us, I told the coxswain and four men to follow me up the side, revolver in hand, in readiness for a strike out if necessary.

As I leaped on to the quarterdeck of the *Dahomé*, closely followed by the blue-jackets, expecting I scarcely know what, I felt surprised at the deathlike stillness pervading the decks, and, looking around to discover if there was any one in charge of the ship, I noticed in the indistinct light the form of a man lying down by the after hatchway, apparently asleep.

I went over to him, and gently kicking his legs, said,

"Wake up, my man, and tell your captain that I want to search the ship."

Receiving no reply, I stooped down, and imagine my horror at finding that I was speaking to a headless corpse.

Immediately I told Brown to fetch a lantern from the cutter, and this done, we proceeded to fore-castle, where fresh horrors awaited us. Here, lying about in all directions, and huddled almost to pieces, were the remains of the unhappy crew of the supposed slave-ship.

Leaving the fore-castle, I proceeded to the master's state-room. Here everything was turned upside down. A scene of utter confusion; the chairs were overturned, the lockers forced open and empty, and the panelling of the cabin was bespattered with blood. I was about to look into the sleeping-cabin, when a faint groan attracted my attention, and looking beneath the table of the state-room I saw the poor master of the *Dahomé*. He was bleeding from a fearful gash across his throat, and I saw at once that life was nearly extinct. I managed to raise his head, and as I did so, he gasped out, "I'm done for! the Congo pirates, Medora's people, surprised us; they have carried off my poor little Willie; save him; I'm dying."

He was gone. The strong man whom I had seen but yesterday morning in the full enjoyment of health would never again look upon the faces of his loved ones.

I now searched the ship carefully, and it became quite clear to me that she was no slaver. The hold had been cleared out of everything portable by the villainous Congo pirates, and King Peter, at the instigation of the King of Medora, had either knowingly or unintentionally misled Captain Hood, with a view of getting the *Iris* away from the scene of their horrible crime.

I then had the bodies of the master and his unfortunate crew placed abaft the main-mast and covered with a sail, and was thinking what further steps I ought to take, when one of my men touched me on the arm, and said, "I believe I see the lights of a steamer coming up."

Taking my night-glasses, I mounted the main-mast and perceived that the man was right. I took a long look at her, and as she gradually shortened the distance I fancied I recognized the well-known outline of the *Iris*.

A few minutes later I felt quite sure that I was right; and now the light of the early morning showed us the *Iris* steaming up on our port quarter.

I got into the cutter, and hastened on board the *Iris* to report myself. At the gangway I was met by Captain Hood, who, in a cheery tone, said, "Well, Clifford, you have captured the slaver?"

I at once apprised him of the real state of affairs, and he immediately accompanied me back to the *Dahomé*, greatly shocked at the account I gave him.

Captain Hood, however, was a man of action; he gave orders to the first lieutenant to arrange for the funerals of the murdered men; and as soon as that was over to man and arm all the boats, and proceed to Medora Creek, attack the natives, and burn down their town.

The boats were speedily manned, and, led by the first lieutenant, we pulled down the river towards Medora Creek.

We had some difficulty in finding the creek, but at last our search was successful, and a narrow creek it was, I can tell you. For about a quarter of a mile we were obliged to pull up in single file, as the branches of the trees on either side met overhead and interlaced.

By-and-by the passage became still worse; we

could no longer use the oars to pull with, and so the men got out and dragged the boats along. Just as we were thinking whether we would leave the boats, a sudden turn of the creek brought us in view of the town. It consisted of about 400 huts surrounded by cocoa-palms.

We commenced operations at once. A rocket fired from the first cutter went slap into the nearest hut; then another from my boat passed through a row of them, setting them on fire. All this time none of the natives were to be seen; they had, we presumed, observed the *Iris*, and decamped into the bush.

The first lieutenant then directed the blue-jackets to land and fire the huts, and at it they went like a parcel of schoolboys, ripe for any mischief.

In the meantime I commenced a careful search for poor Willie, the son of the master of the *Dahomé*.

While walking about I came across a hut the walls of which were composed of dried clay. I had just set fire to the roof, when my attention was arrested by a faint moan from within. I attempted to open the door, but found it closed from within. After looking round to see if I could find a log of wood with which to batter it in, I saw a small hole about a foot from the top of the door. Thinking there might be a catch inside, I inserted my forefinger. In an instant I felt an intense pain shoot through every nerve of my body, which caused me to draw my hand back. Too late! My poor finger was gone—it had been shorn off by somebody as close as a whistle.

Maddened with the pain, I threw myself violently against the door, which suddenly burst in. There, in a corner of the hut, I saw a fair-haired little fellow, his face as pale as marble, holding up his small arm to ward off a blow which a gigantic negro was aiming at his breast with a long knife, the same weapon which had deprived me of my unfortunate digit. In a moment I struck up the brute's knife with my sword, and, falling on him, we both rolled to the earth.

While we were rolling together my faithful coxswain rushed into the hut, and with a well-aimed blow from his heavy cutlass, sent my sable foe to his last account. Then, catching hold of the frightened child, we got outside the place just as the burning roof fell in.

As soon as the huts were fairly ablaze we returned to the boats, and had just pushed off, when the bush on each side of us became filled, as if by magic, with the black pates of the natives, and the rascals opened fire on us with such hearty good will from their rusty muskets, that in less than five minutes they had wounded the first lieutenant with a slug, which entered his chest, and they also killed three of the men in my cutter. Unfortunately, owing to the awkward position the boats were in, we could not return the fire with any effect, and so, under a storm of shot, retreated slowly out of the creek, and at last reached the *Iris* with the loss of twelve of our number.

Willie, who was in the cutter with me, was untouched; and I was very pleased to think that I had been instrumental in saving his life.

The following day I was down with fever; and as the doctors thought my chances of recovery small if I remained longer on the African coast, they invaded me, and I was sent to England, taking Willie with me.

Before reaching home I recovered from the fever; and when able to sit up I had a long talk with him about the *Dahomé*, and his narrow escape from death.

Willie told me that the reason the *Dahomé* remained so long at Shark's Point was owing to the King of Medora having told his father that if he would remain he could manage to let him have a much larger cargo of palm oil than he could get at any other place.

I asked Willie to tell me how he felt when the big negro so nearly knifed him.

"Well, Mr. Clifford," he replied, "I can scarcely tell you how I felt. I had been left in charge of that man by the native king, and I suppose when the pirates saw the boat coming, every one ran away except ourselves, and they must have forgotten us in their excitement."

"I had been praying to God to deliver me, and watching the negro, who was lying down asleep, when I heard the whiz of the rockets. The noise made by them woke up my gaffer. At first he did not seem to understand what had happened; but as soon as he heard the cheers of the sailors he appeared to comprehend, and was on the point of dragging me towards the door when you appeared—or, at least your finger. Mad with rage at seeing his escape cut off, the infuriated black slashed at it, and then—but you know the rest."

ON Tuesday the marriage was celebrated of Mlle. de Raigeourt, granddaughter of the late Duc de la Force, with Comte de la Tillière.

KANSAS, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. McCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.