New Berne Weekly Journal.

H. S. SLYE, E. HARPER, } Proprietors. INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. Terms $2.00 Per Year.

VOL. VII. NEW BERNE, CRAVEN COUNTY, N. C., APRIL 23, 1884. NO. 4.

The "GLOBE" Cotton Planter

STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

And is acknowledged the Best in the World.

The GLOBE contested with twenty-nine competitors at the Atlanta Exposition, and bore off the One Hundred Dollar Gold Medal for being the best on exhibition.

The GLOBE PLANTER was awarded the following first premium medals at the Great Southern Exposition at Louisville, Ky., last fall: Best Cotton Planter Medal. Best Cotton and Corn Planter Medal. Best Cotton Seed Drill, Medal. Best Cotton Seed Dropper, Medal. Best Fertilizer Distributor, Medal. Over twelve other Cotton Planters.

It will sow in drills, drop in hills, distribute fertilizer, sow any kind of grain. You have only to see it to be convinced that it is THE BEST Planter now offered for sale, and any one doubting this fact, or claiming any other Planter to be equal to the GLOBE, I will hereby challenge any such party to a competitive field test anywhere in the vicinity of Newbern, N. C.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and prices, and buy no Cotton Planter until you have seen the GLOBE.

J. C. WHITTY, Newbern N. C.
Agent for Eastern North Carolina.

SPECIALTIES:
"Buckeye" Riding and Walking Cultivators.
Kemp's Manure Spreader,
Cardwell's Corn Planters,
Tennessee Farm Wagons.

OETTINGER BROS.,
KINSTON, N. C.,

Announce the Arrival of Their

New Spring Goods,

CONSISTING OF A SPLENDID LINE OF

Ladies' Dress Goods,
Gents, Youths and Boys' Clothing,
Boots, Shoes, Hats,
Trunks, Valises, Etc., Etc.
A New and Full Supply of

Furniture! Furniture!

We beg a generous public to come and examine our Stock and Prices.

OETTINGER BROS.

SIGN OF "THE CELEBRATED PEARL SHIRT."

Wm. Pell Ballance & Co.,
GROCERIES,
TOBACCO, SNUFF,
CIGARS,
Fruits, Confectioneries
—AT—
WHOLESALE.

SOUTH FRONT STREET, NEWBERN, N. C.

We are not members of the Board of Trade, nor have we ever been, and we are carrying the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries ever displayed in the city, consisting of the following:

25 bbls. Best in the World Flour.
50 " South Lake Flour.
100 " Tip Top Flour,
100 " Purity Flour,
50 " Saratoga Family.
50 " Saratoga Extra Flour,
25 James River Super. Flour.
65 bbls. Pork,
5000 lbs. Fat Backs,
5000 lbs. Long Clears,
5000 lbs. Smoked Shoulders,
1250 gallons Molasses, Syrups, etc.
50 buckets Lard.
10 Tierces Lard.
25 Tin Cans Lard,
4000 lbs. choicest Cream Cheese.
1000 lbs. choicest Creamery Butter.
500 gallons Vinegar,
500 gallons Cider.
250 bags Salt,
15 bbls. Table Salt.
100 boxes Soap.
40 bags Coffee,
20 gross Essence Coffee,
100 boxes Cakes and Crackers
150 boxes French and American Brandy Peaches and Cherries.
65 boxes Soda, quarter, half and [illegible]
50 cases Pickles in glass.
100 cases Baking Powders.
450 boxes Plug and Twist Tobacco.
100,000 Medium and Fine Cigars, manufacturer's prices.
1200 lbs. Lorillard and G. K. A. Snuff, manufacturer's prices.
125 Boxes Raisins.
125 boxes French and American Candy.
10,000 Florida and Jamaica Oranges.
1000 Messina Lemons.
2000 Porto Rico Cocoa Nuts.
5000 lbs. Pecans, Filberts, Almonds, Walnuts [illegible]
200 boxes Scotch Herrings.
Canned Peaches, Sardines, Lobsters, Salmon.

And everything in the Grocery and Confectionery line, which we propose to sell at the VERY lowest living profit.

We carry a Full Line of Confectionery and Fancy Groceries, on which we charge a GROCER'S PROFIT ONLY.

We solicit only the cash trade.

Come and see us.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Not because we feel that we owe anything, for we are vain enough to think the JOURNAL gives a *quid pro quo* for all that we charge for advertisements in its columns, but because we know a little "setting up" occasionally does good and is always appreciated, we have determined to take a stroll through the establishments of our city advertisers and see what they have to offer the people. In starting we soon concluded that "The Spot" to begin at was the establishment of U. S. MAYE, on market dock, but in describing the stock we were less decided, for who could know where to begin—what newspaper man knows the salient points of such an assortment. Drugs, chemicals, paints, hardware, ship chandlery, fisherman's supplies, and it seems as if any other man's supplies may be found there. The people seem to know what he has and go there for it. Leaving U. S.—not the United States though—we wound our way through the busy throng of venders and purchasers of marketing even unto the other side of the street and put in at FERDINAND ULRICH'S place—we call it a place and so it is, and here he has each in its place, groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, ropes, twines, paints, oils, canvas, nets, seins, and Lorillard's snuff, upon which he places a low estimate and is exchanging them off for the cash in order that others may take their place, at a rate that makes one feel that it is good to be there. And, again, leaving F. U.—not a few—we eventually reached H. J. LOVICK'S where he very erroneously advertises as at Blank's old *stand*, when everybody knows Blank never had any STAND, he is all *push* and *go*; no stand for Blank or Lovick either in that bee hive of a store. Here at wholesale and retail are heavy groceries, dry goods, fine wines and liquors, besides the celebrated Buckingham whisky, and although the groceries are called heavy and the Buckingham always on hand, we saw both getting away at a lively speed. Lovick hews to the line and has a good trade. Scrouging our way out we squeezed into the bottling establishment of JAMES REDMOND; this genial gentleman didn't offer to bottle us up, but what he did do for us is between ourselves, and the public must not expect us to tell every little thing that may happen in a morning stroll, but we will venture to divulge the fact that he does bottle lots of Bergner & Engel's celebrated lager beer and sells it by the crate too, and a great deal of it too, and at a very reasonable price too, and keeps it fresh and cool too, and also other liquors at wholesale and retail in no small quantities. Well everybody knows REDMOND and we will go on up. But hold on! Here is something; look in here at T. A. GREEN'S—not so green, either; he says *he carries* the largest stock of flour, meats, sugar, coffee, molasses, syrups, snuff and tobacco. Well, maybe he does, but we saw with our own eyes *two* drays busy *carrying* goods there and three *carrying* them away to steamboats, railroad, ferry landings and so on, but Thomas does a *flowry* and *flourishing* business nevertheless, and his stock of five hundred barrels of flour and forty barrels of syrup will not last long, the way things were working when we left. That buying low for cash and selling low draws.

We must climb the HILL to HUMPHREY & HOWARD'S. Here we are! Wholesale and retail dealers in groceries, dry goods and general merchandise, solicit orders for sale of cotton and other produce. This guaranteeing satisfaction, selling at the smallest living profit, has the effect to draw the customers from a distance, over many hills and valleys to reach HILL HUMPHREY, who, no matter How-ard the times are, still insists "You will do well to examine our stock before buying." Would stay longer but must go and see a fire.

O. E. FOY & CO. keep—no they don't keep, they SELL pork, flour, sugar, coffee, syrups, molasses, long clear sides, bellies and backs, Lorrillard, Railroad Mills and Gail & Ax snuffs, and pearline at manufacturers' prices, *Quick sales* and *small profits* are telling the tale here, and everything is moving as if the dickens was to have the hindmost. We calle and got "their prices before buying elsewhere," but as we hae nothing to buy, we only did it as a matter of example to others.

Nearly eleven o'clock—well let's step in at H. W. WAHAB'S, DISTILLER'S AGENT. No, sir, not wanting to buy anything this morning, only looking around. Just dropped in to see what you have got. Well yes, sometimes—that's good. I tell you it is—just a little more—I hardly ever—thank you—take anything except it's offered. Well, you have got it. Pure rye and corn whiskies whiskey, in gr at variety ginger pale ale beer porter, Bergner & Engel, Cider juice French brandy. No, thank you I'm a reporter, not a repeater.

Here we rest today, and will try and reach the Globe and get the Ballance tomorrow.

Well, we just went down to Wahab's this morning to start where we left off—*nothing else*. Now right over on that corner yonder is where K. R. JONES, commission merchant, holds forth, and where consignments of produce are solicited and prompt attention guaranteed. He sells dry goods, notions, hats, boots and shoes, groceries of all kinds, pork, bacon, flour, sugar, coffee, salt, syrup, molasses, snuff and tobacco; hardware, such as spades, shovels, hoes, axes, nails; plow traces, hames, and farmer's supplies generally, also keeps Mott's sweet cider, the best made. JONES is a clever fellow, does business in a regular way, and has a growing trade to contend with, beside being bothered about the corner stone matter. He keeps a good supply of good humor and peanuts on hand to make you feel at home. Now we must go back to WAHAB'S to start again.

There is ROBERT'S BIG THINGS—just see what they are doing—wholesale and retail dealers in provisions, groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, all of which are offered very low. Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. These gentlemen pay particular attention to [illegible] and it never drops out of their memories. It would sound bad and make them out just the reverse of what they are. Everybody likes the Robbins Bros., and they sell pieces of goods.

With no going back to Wahab's to start again we will make a complete [illegible] BAKER'S. [illegible] of the largest stock of [illegible] in the grocery and [illegible] line which they propose to sell at the lowest living profit and carry a [illegible] stock of [illegible] goods. [illegible] Well, we [illegible] Now we must go back to Wahab's [illegible] Well, we just [illegible] W. P. BALLANCE & CO. Wholesale dealers in [illegible] Well, this is a [illegible] place, and [illegible] Well, you will be [illegible] they are selling their grain business [illegible] Water will not burn you, though, [illegible] does Burr use. Rest [illegible] people to go to Burr's they are there now.

Now we must go down to DAIL BROS., who offer groceries at wholesale, and also do a commission business. These men do a good deal of business of one kind or another, and are popular with the people. They are from Greene county, but not green in business nor afraid of shadows.

Now for a watery month we will go up to CHARLES E. SLOVER, who has just received a fresh supply of choice groceries, and what is best of all, offers them for sale. Everything from granulated sugar to red Cod, and other good things too tedious to mention and too good for anything but to eat. CHARLIE sells them right and sells them fast. For a first-class dinner, SLOVER can furnish the material.

Passing up we now come to JOHN DUNN, who has holiday goods of every description, from a tin horn to a \$20 hobby horse, elegant albums, vases and anything to please the young and old, besides an extensive line of confectioneries, candies and fruits. John has done a good deal for the comfort of the people, and says he will do as much in the future as he has done in the past. And we can say that what he has done has been well done.

From here we strolled up to see ALEXANDER MILLER, wholesale and retail grocer, who is constantly receiving a full line of choice groceries and farmers' supplies which he offers as low as any house in the city and warrants all goods as represented, and invites a call for examination of stock and prices. Stables furnished free to all country customers, and goods delivered free to any part of the city. As the offer of free stable room is offered here we will hitch up and chat with Alex about shade trees and shrubbery whenever he can get a moment from waiting on that hurrying crowd of customers.

Starting again from WAHAB'S we elbow our way up Middle street. Our attention is attracted to that ever joyful sound, a hearty laugh. Now there is much in a laugh; bad men never laugh, and we all know that good old fashioned ha, ha, generally starts from the vicinity of a good heart, and the best laugh we ever did hear came from a sweetheart. But we are not looking for laughing stocks, but other stocks.

Well, what is this new brick building? Why, that is L. H. CUTLER, who sells stoves, hardware, sash, doors and blinds, lime, cement and plaster, house furnishing goods, paints, oils and putty, guns, pistols, toilet sets, rubber and leather belting, etc., etc. CUTLER is all business, looks to the interest of those who deal with him, keeps what the people want, has a good trade and laughs occasionally.

Well, what is this? Oh! D. W. HURTT, Merchant Tailor. It won't hurt to stop in and look at the Major—here it is—fashion plate; latest styles, elegant suits, all for a sum so small that even poverty hides its head and says "I must dress better." Everything guaranteed to suit.

Well, here is ASA JONES, dealer in staple and fancy dry goods, boots and shoes, clothing etc. Agent for the Diamond Shirt, laundried \$1.25, unlaundried \$1, and the celebrated Warner's Coraline closet no corset price \$1. ASA also sells hats and will collar you and handcuff—no handkerchief—you in good style. The ladies all know that this is a good place to buy dresses good, and we will waltz out of the way of that bevy of beauties coming in.

Now we will go back to R. BERRY'S, dealer in drugs, etc., maybe the world has diminished so that we can get in. Well, we are in but the whole JOURNAL would hardly hold a description of his stock here, to say nothing of his house at 272 Washington street, New York, where he takes charge of all kinds of truck and other produce to sell for his friends, and supplies them with butter, cheese, apples, potatoes and other fruits. If you want to learn anything further about this or anything else, it would be well to ask BERRY.

At last we have found him—SAM'L K. EATON, jeweller. Samuel is not one of the "Panic" but then he does a good deal on time; sells watches, clocks, eye glasses and jewelry. Oh, such nice and will suit you if you try him—and we go before he puts a chain on us.

DUFFY & IVES have the agency of the Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine, which they say "leads at the head." We like the domestic which sits at the side better, but then there is diff-erence in taste and we don't know but it is best to have both.

"SPECIAL NOTICE—at head—your attention is called to the many attractions I offer this season—now Astor. No, sir, not wanting to buy anything this morning, only looking around. Just dropped in to see what you have got. Well yes, sometimes—that's good. I tell you it is—just a little more—I hardly ever—thank you—take anything except it's offered. Well, you have got it. Pure rye and corn whiskies whiskey, in gr at variety ginger pale ale beer porter, Bergner & Engel, Cider juice French brandy. No, thank you I'm a reporter, not a repeater.

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STATE DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

From News and Observer.

RALEIGH, April 16, 1884.

Pursuant to the call of the central executive committee, the State executive committee of the Democratic party met this day. At noon the chairman, Capt. Octavius Coke, called the committee to order. The following members were found to be present:

Messrs. R. H. Battle, George H. Snow and J. J. Litchford, of the central executive committee.

First district—Harry Skinner, of Pitt.

Second district—A. J. Galloway, of Wayne.

Third district—H. B. Short, jr., of Columbus.

Fourth district—J. S. Battle, of Nash.

Fifth district—A. E. Henderson, of Caswell; M. S. Robins, of Randolph.

Sixth district—J. D. Shaw, of Richmond; W. J. Yates, of Mecklenburg.

Seventh district—W. B. Glenn, of Forsyth.

Eighth district—Jordan Stone, proxy for R. M. Furman, of Buncombe.

Mr. R. H. Smith, of Halifax, represented as proxy S. J. Pemberton, of the sixth district. Mr. E. B. Stamps represented Mr. Chas. M. Busbee of the central committee and Mr. John D. Stanford, of the third district.

Lt. Gov. J. L. Robinson, of Macon, and Maj. S. M. Finger, of Catawba, being in the city, were invited to seats in the meeting.

The appointments made by the central committee, of Harry Skinner of the first district and John D. Stanford of the third district, to fill vacancies were ratified and confirmed by the committee.

At this stage of the proceedings the chairman, Capt. Coke, called Mr. W. J. Yates to the chair, and in an appropriate speech tendered his resignation as chairman of this committee and then retired.

Mr. W. B. Glenn offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this committee duly and highly appreciate the able, honest and efficient services of the Hon. Octavius Coke, chairman of the State executive committee, and his resignation as such chairman be not accepted; that they fully recognize the fact that he has made efforts for the party which have been successful, and that his personal sacrifices for the party have been such as to entitle him to the gratitude of the Democratic party of the State.

Messrs. Glenn and Battle were appointed to wait on Capt. Coke and inform him of the action of the committee. Capt. Coke, returning, urged the committee to accept his resignation, giving the reasons that influenced him, and stating that he was ready and willing to aid in any and all legitimate ways and objects of the committee. The committee then accepted the resignation.

Mr. H. R. Battle was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy and assumed the duties of the chair.

On motion, Wednesday, the 25th of June, was fixed for the meeting of the State convention, and Raleigh designated as the place of holding the same.

The following resolutions, offered by Mr. Galloway, of Wayne, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That individually and as a committee we heartily approve the plank in the Democratic party advocating the abolition of the internal revenue system of the general government as onerous and oppressive to the people of the State.

Resolved, That the policy of the party in this State on this question has been repeatedly declared both in platform and in numerous journals from Democratic legislatures, addressed to the Congress of the United States, and the position of the Democratic party in this regard is too well known to admit of doubt or misconstruction.

Resolved, That we heartily commend the earnest and faithful efforts of our Democratic representatives from this State to secure a speedy repeal of the taxes imposed by this oppressive system.

Resolved, That the people of North Carolina are too enlightened to be deceived by the pretended claim of the coalition and Republican parties of this State to desire a repeal of this system. They asserted in their platform and maintained upon the canvass two years ago the justice of continuing said system, and their sudden announcement of an opposite policy is a recognition of the validity and justice of the position of the Democratic party upon this great question.

The resignation of Col. L. D. Stephenson, of Wake, as a member of the central executive committee, was tendered. It was accepted, and R. G. Dunn, Esq., was chosen to fill the vacancy.

The following resolution, offered by Mr. W. B. Glenn, was adopted:

Resolved, That it be recommended to the county conventions which they meet to send delegates to State convention they select delegates to attend a second convention of the delegates now constituted to be held at the same time and place of the State convention, for the purpose of organization in the congressional districts, and also to select delegates from said districts to national convention.

Resolved, That we recommend to the congressional conventions of both the above resolutions, for the purpose of organizing and electing delegates to the National Democratic convention, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Congress.

R. H. BATTLE, Chairman.
J. J. LITCHFORD, Secretary.

[illegible] Democrats are not [illegible] to buy groceries but they compelled us to use them to [illegible] A friend and somebody else [illegible] of suspension of the press [illegible] and the police has ended [illegible] providing for them no more [illegible] the sweet music from a new and improved whistle.

A TURKISH HERO.

BY DAVID KER.

"Captain Dervisch will proceed instantly to the ferry of Grazovo with thirty men, secure the ferry boat, and await farther orders."

So spoke Omar Pasha, commander in chief of the Turkish army in the revolted province of Herzegovina. Not a line of his calm, stern face softened as he spoke, and the tall, handsome young Turkish officer whom he addressed listened with equal coolness, although both speaker and hearer knew well that such an order was little less than a sentence of death.

It was easy to say, "Secure the ferry boat." To *do* it was a very different matter. In order to secure that boat the young captain would have to cross a swollen and furious river, to cut the boat loose from a bank swarming with marksmen who could kill a mountain goat at three hundred yards, and to bring it back across the stream in spite of all that they could do to prevent him. To most men such a task would have seemed impossible; but not so to Dervisch Aga.

Coolly and carefully the young soldier chose out his thirty followers—men whose stubborn courage was equal to his own, and who would have marched into the smoke of a battery as calmly as if they were strolling through the streets of Constantinople. A short march through the woods—which were now green with all the fresh beauty of early summer, and so still that it was hard to believe that men could really be going forth to kill each other under those peaceful shadows—brought the devoted band to their appointed place, and they halted just where the low promontory of Grazovo, wooded to the very water's edge, jutted out into the rushing river.

Alongside this point the ferry-boat had formerly been moored; but it was gone, and there was no sign of it on either side of the stream. Had the enemy destroyed it? and, if so, what was to be done?

But it was Dervisch Aga's custom, instead of wasting time in thinking whether a thing could be done or not, to go and do it. Ordering his men to creep into the bushes and lie close, he started off along the bank by himself, keeping well under cover; for although the opposite shore was completely hidden by the thicket, he knew that behind that leafy wall the fierce warriors of Herzegovina were crouched, rifle in hand, ready to deal death to the first Turk who showed himself.

He had gone about a quarter of a mile up the stream, when suddenly his face brightened, and a muttered "Tayeeb!" (good) broke from his lips. Just opposite the point where he stood the matted thickets of the farther shore ended in a wide, bare, dusty flat, upon which no living thing was to be seen; and moored to a stump beside this clearing lay the long-sought ferry-boat.

This was enough, and the young captain at once hurried back to his men.

"Light a fire, quick, and pile wet leaves on it to make plenty of smoke; then scatter yourselves among the bushes, and when the enemy begin to fire at you, do you keep firing back, with as much shouting and noise as you can make, that they may think your numbers greater than they are. Don't expose yourselves needlessly, but take up their attention as much as possible, and leave the rest to me."

The men obeyed without a word, and they had not long to wait. The rising smoke, and the red Turkish caps glancing among the leaves, soon drew the attention of the unbushed Herzegovos on the other side, who, thinking that the Turks were attempting to cross the river from the point under cover of the smoke, opened fire at once.

Instantly both banks echoed with the crackle of musketry, while tongues of fire kept darting through the eddying smoke clouds that overhung the water. The Turks, though sheltered by the under-growth, began to fall fast beneath the bullets that rattled around them like hail; but still they fought doggedly on, resolute to obey their leader's orders while a single man of them was left.

Meanwhile Dervisch, having made up his mind that the only way to get the boat was to swim over and cut it loose himself, prepared to do so now that his enemies were fully occupied. He went up the stream to a point from which, as he calculated, the current would sweep him slantwise down to where the boat lay. The next moment he was over with a splash into the foaming water.

The force of the current was tremendous, but Dervisch put forth all his strength, and fought his way good by foot toward the opposite shore. At last he touched the boat, plunged—and now he was within a few yards of safety—when his hand accidentally grasped a savage oath and a bullet whizzed by his head. It was worth while to escape and be shot at by friends at such moments.

Range! A bullet whizzed by Dervisch's head, and he saw the man in the boat raise a rifle to his shoulder. He dived behind the boat. There was a shout behind him, and a bullet whizzed by his head. He rose to breathe, and dived again, yet deeper than before, and when he came up again he was close under the boat, and the rifle was pointed full at his head. The Turkish officer raised his hand in token of peace, and shouted some words in the language of the Herzegovos. The rifle was lowered, and Dervisch Aga was soon on board, and was shaking the water from his clothes and refreshing himself with a pipe and coffee, while the men who had fired at him were crowding round him, and vying with each other in the extravagance of their compliments to the brave Turk who had swum the river to cut the boat loose from the bank, so that they might take it back to their own side.

Dervisch had accomplished his task, and had swum back with the boat, and had moored it in the middle of the stream, ready for his men to cross. Not a man was lost in the attempt, though many had been wounded by the bullets of the Herzegovos. The wounded were carried on board, and the men began to cross in the boat, while Dervisch, with a few picked men, lay concealed among the bushes, ready to fire upon any of the Herzegovos who might show themselves.

The men had crossed safely, and Dervisch was just preparing to follow them himself, when he was suddenly startled by a shout from the other side of the river. He looked up, and saw that the Herzegovos had crossed the river in his absence, and were now hurrying down to the point to cut him off from his men. There was no time to be lost. Dervisch ran down to the boat, leaped on board, and shouted to his men to cast off. The men obeyed, and the boat began to move slowly across the stream. But the Herzegovos had reached the point, and were firing down upon the boat, while some of them were preparing to leap into the stream and cut off the retreat of the Turks.

The boat moved slowly, for the current was very strong, and the men had to pull with all their strength against it. Dervisch was standing by the helm, with his men crowded together in the bows, when he saw the Herzegovos on the bank raise their rifles to their shoulders. He had just time to shout to his men to lie down, when a volley rang out from the bank, and he fell forward on his face, with a bullet through his brain.

The boat glided on, and in a few minutes was out of the range of the rifles, and was drifting down the stream, while the Herzegovos ran along the bank, firing at her from time to time. But the Turks had escaped with little more than a few flesh wounds, while they had killed their leader, who was worth a hundred of them.

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Meanwhile Dervisch, having made up his mind that the only way to get the boat was to swim over and cut it loose himself, prepared to do so now that his enemies were fully occupied. He went up the stream to a point from which, as he calculated, the current would sweep him slantwise down to where the boat lay. The next moment he was over with a splash into the foaming water.

The force of the current was tremendous, but Dervisch put forth all his strength, and fought his way good by foot toward the opposite shore. At last he touched the boat, plunged—and now he was within a few yards of safety—when his hand accidentally grasped a savage oath and a bullet whizzed by his head. It was worth while to escape and be shot at by friends at such moments.

Range! A bullet whizzed by Dervisch's head, and he saw the man in the boat raise a rifle to his shoulder. He dived behind the boat. There was a shout behind him, and a bullet whizzed by his head. He rose to breathe, and dived again, yet deeper than before, and when he came up again he was close under the boat, and the rifle was pointed full at his head. The Turkish officer raised his hand in token of peace, and shouted some words in the language of the Herzegovos. The rifle was lowered, and Dervisch Aga was soon on board, and was shaking the water from his clothes and refreshing himself with a pipe and coffee, while the men who had fired at him were crowding round him, and vying with each other in the extravagance of their compliments to the brave Turk who had swum the river to cut the boat loose from the bank, so that they might take it back to their own side.

Dervisch had accomplished his task, and had swum back with the boat, and had moored it in the middle of the stream, ready for his men to cross. Not a man was lost in the attempt, though many had been wounded by the bullets of the Herzegovos. The wounded were carried on board, and the men began to cross in the boat, while Dervisch, with a few picked men, lay concealed among the bushes, ready to fire upon any of the Herzegovos who might show themselves.

The men had crossed safely, and Dervisch was just preparing to follow them himself, when he was suddenly startled by a shout from the other side of the river. He looked up, and saw that the Herzegovos had crossed the river in his absence, and were now hurrying down to the point to cut him off from his men. There was no time to be lost. Dervisch ran down to the boat, leaped on board, and shouted to his men to cast off. The men obeyed, and the boat began to move slowly across the stream. But the Herzegovos had reached the point, and were firing down upon the boat, while some of them were preparing to leap into the stream and cut off the retreat of the Turks.

The boat moved slowly, for the current was very strong, and the men had to pull with all their strength against it. Dervisch was standing by the helm, with his men crowded together in the bows, when he saw the Herzegovos on the bank raise their rifles to their shoulders. He had just time to shout to his men to lie down, when a volley rang out from the bank, and he fell forward on his face, with a bullet through his brain