

need never move again. My companion spoke roughly yet kindly to me, telling me it was sure death to remain there. I refused to move, but, being much stronger, he compelled me to get up and, half supporting me in his arms, dragged me unwillingly along. A farmer met us and almost carried me across the fields to a low two-roomed log cabin. In the smaller room, containing two beds, I was at last permitted to lie down. The long black neck bottle was inserted between my lips and I drank and drank until it was gently removed. The draught warmed me.

"I alternated between consciousness and unconsciousness, but remember much that passed about me. A large man with a tall hat, black satin vest and heavy gold chain came in and lay down on the other bed. He certainly had not been in the water and I wondered if he had been saved in a boat. A man in the next room was exclaiming mournfully:

"Mine Gott! Mine Gott! Mine monish is all gone. Mine monish is all gone. Mine wife is gone, my son is gone. Oh, mine Gott, my monish is all gone!"

"Again and again that mournful wail went up. Then I heard the tall man call out wrathfully:

"Won't some one kill that Dutchman?"

"Then I dozed off again. When I awoke more people were coming in bearing a woman and they were saying she was the only woman saved. I heard them say that eight men swam ashore and twenty were saved in a boat. Only twenty-eight saved out of over four hundred! Towards evening they put us all in a heavy lumber wagon—on beds of straw—to take us, they said, to 'Lloyd's Tavern, three miles away.' Jolting along over a rough road, the pain in my chest and limbs became unbearable and I remember nothing more.

"Days afterwards I awoke from what seemed a long sleep. I found myself lying on a bed in a strange room, alone. The sound of voices came in through the open window and from the halls, where people were constantly passing to and fro. They were talking of a great disaster, of dead bodies lying in heaps on the sand waiting to be claimed, and of others being buried in a trench. There was something about county lines, thieves in boats at night stripping the drowned bodies and tearing rings from fingers and ears. Those monotonous voices were forever talking about that one thing.

"Well, what if they were dead? The dead were at rest. What had I to do with that shipwreck? Why did not some one come to me? What was I doing here in this strange room? Why was I so stiff and sore, so full of pain, so weak I could not move? I fell asleep again, and when I awoke still the same voices were talking about poor drowned bodies, thieves, wreckers and boats; and then came a dim recollection that I had known something about that shipwreck. It all came back to me clear and distinct. Soon afterwards a man came with some broth and nourishing food, of which I ate with a relish while he answered my questions. This was Saturday, and I had left Buffalo on the Sunday preceding. Lloyd's Tavern was fifteen miles from the city of Cleveland. I must get up. How could I lie here? I must get into the air. I must go home. Home! Why, at home doubtless they mourned me as dead. I had been dead for days to them. I begged the man to bring me some clothes. He brought some old garments much too large for me, with an old black slouched hat, and helped me to dress, for I was too weak to stand alone. He then placed me comfortably in an easy chair and told me to rest awhile. At length, feeling rested and stronger, I arose and moved slowly across the room towards the open door.

"I saw a gray-headed old man coming towards me, poorly dressed, with an old hat in his hand and a stubby beard on his face. I thought that perhaps he also was one of the shipwrecked. I spoke to him kindly, but he did not reply, and still advanced. I stopped; he stopped also. We stared at each other. I spoke again. His lips moved, but not a sound left them. I drew forward a chair, and sat down. He sat down also, staring half fearfully at me. Great God! was that myself? That white hair—could it be mine? No, it was a wig. Some one was playing a joke upon me. I put up my hand. No, it would not come off.

"I went back and lay down upon my bed, very weak, utterly disheartened. Later I was driven slowly down to the beach, and I saw all that was left of the steamer—a few blackened spars and the charred hull. Many people were examining, either from curiosity or for identification, the bodies as they were brought in. There was a long trench in the sand, in which were placed those not identified.

"My friend helped me out of the wagon, and seated me on a rock close by—a most forlorn and unkempt figure I must have presented. Two men stood near where I sat, and one of them spoke of having received another telegram from Cleveland inquiring if the body of the man K— had yet been found. A cold chill ran down my back. Producing the telegram, he read the description:

"Twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, weight about 160 pounds, fair skin, blue eyes, black hair, small hands and feet. Has the body been found? Have it properly prepared for burial, and send to H—, Cleveland."

"I was 'K.' and they were hunting

for my body to prepare it for burial! My friend came back just then and I begged to be taken to the hotel at once. I must start for home, I said, as soon as possible. Arriving at the house I saw a carriage and horses standing before the door. Four gentlemen came out and agreed to take me with them.

"I learned from their conversation that my companions had been sent out from Cleveland to identify the dead and find the living. Each related incidents connected with the search. They spoke of being out in boats, sometimes all night, dragging for bodies, of seeing the thieves at their villainous work. At length one of the gentlemen said he regretted going back with no news of the young man K., whose friends were so anxious about him."

"I half believe," said he, "that he was not on the boat at all. We have seen everybody, dead or alive, who has been found and no one answering his description is discovered."

"Where is his description?" asked another.

"I have it. No, not here. I remember, I gave it to the coroners. He was, as I recollect the description, a man about twenty-eight, fair skin, blue eyes and black hair. It is hard to go back with no information. By the way, stranger, did you see anyone answering that description?"

"Would you be willing to take the body without preparation for burial?" I asked.

"Why, of course. Any way we could get it."

"Well, then," said I, "drop me at H's house."

"A shout went up from the carriage. A few days later, after having enjoyed the delightful experience of being kissed, cried over and welcomed back from the dead, I lighted a cigar, seated myself comfortably and had the novel experience of reading my own obituary, and a good orthodox obituary it was, too."—Sun.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is now stated that the Coeur d'Alene mining bubble, which has been so energetically worked up in the interest of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has burst, and so are a great many who were lured to their ruin by the will o' the wisp.

The Boston Herald remarks: Rev. Cook doesn't seem to possess a very pleasant temper. He requested that a crying child be ejected from the car in which he was traveling, as it disturbed him. We fear Joseph is not half as sweet as he looks.

An old physician observes: "A great danger in using narcotic drugs arises from the fact that their practical strength—their strength of operation—is not and can never be positively known. You may take a dose of chloral to-night and obtain a heavy sleep; the same dose to-morrow night might put an end to your existence. The real strength of a drug often depends as much upon the condition it finds you in as upon its own power."

Says the S. F. Chronicle: Talmage selected Easter Sunday morning as the occasion for a display of sensationalism which reduced a half-dozen of his auditors to a state of violent hysterics. It may be necessary to indulge in verbal and physical gymnastics in order to enforce the truths of religion, but people are growing more and more to distrust the sincerity of a man who is forced to depend upon such appeals. The old-fashioned revival has gradually lost most of its hold upon thinking people and it is only a matter of a few years before this style of sensational preaching will follow in the same way.

Lord Coleridge is credited with telling this story, among others to his English friends: He was at Mount Vernon with Mr. Evarts and, talking about Washington, said: "I have heard that he was a very strong man physically, and that standing on the lawn here, he could throw a dollar right across the river on to the other bank." Mr. Evarts paused a moment to measure the breadth of the river with his eye. It seemed rather a "tall" story, but it was not for him to belittle the father of his country in the eyes of a foreigner. "Don't you believe it?" asked Lord Coleridge. "Yes," Mr. Evarts replied, "I think it's very likely to be true. You know a dollar would go farther in those days than it does now."

Sheriff Kurtz, of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, being sick in bed, his daughter Ida, a delicate-looking young lady, undertook and safely completed the task of conveying the ex-convict Thomas Cunningham from Chambersburg to Philadelphia, a distance of 150 miles. Miss Kurtz was sworn in as deputy sheriff two weeks ago. Cunningham has served one term in the penitentiary, and was rearrested two weeks ago at Chambersburg and convicted of an aggravated assault and battery upon a woman. He was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, and the Philadelphia officials refusing to send for him it devolved upon Miss Kurtz to escort him there, which she did. Cunningham's hands were manacled and Miss Kurtz stuck close by him to the end of the journey.

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NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

TERRITORY OF UTAH,
County of Salt Lake, ss

SALT LAKE CITY, February 7th, 1884.
To James Campbell, John F. Kinney, jr., Eli B. Kelsey, Jr., James Dire, J. F. Webb, Thomas Morris, Patrick Lynch, Elizabeth L. Kinney, their and each of their Executors, Administrators, Heirs or Assigns, you are hereby notified that I have expended One Hundred and Twenty Dollars (\$120.00) in labor and improvements upon the Dial Lode, situated in Main Bingham Canon, West Mountain Mining District, Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, located on February 3rd, 1872, and commencing at the Southwesterly end of the North Star Lode (patented) and running on its course Twelve Hundred, (1200) Feet. A more particular description of said Dial Lode may be had by reference to Book F, of Claims and Locations, page 447, in the District Record Books of said Mining District, as will appear by my certificate filed for record January 27th, 1884, in the office of the Recorder of said West Mountain Mining District and recorded in Book N of Notices, pages 387-8. Records of said District, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States, and the amendments thereto, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending 1883; and if within ninety (90) days after the notice of this publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure, as a co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber, under said section 2324, and the amendments thereto.

w4 3m CHARLES F. BLANDIN

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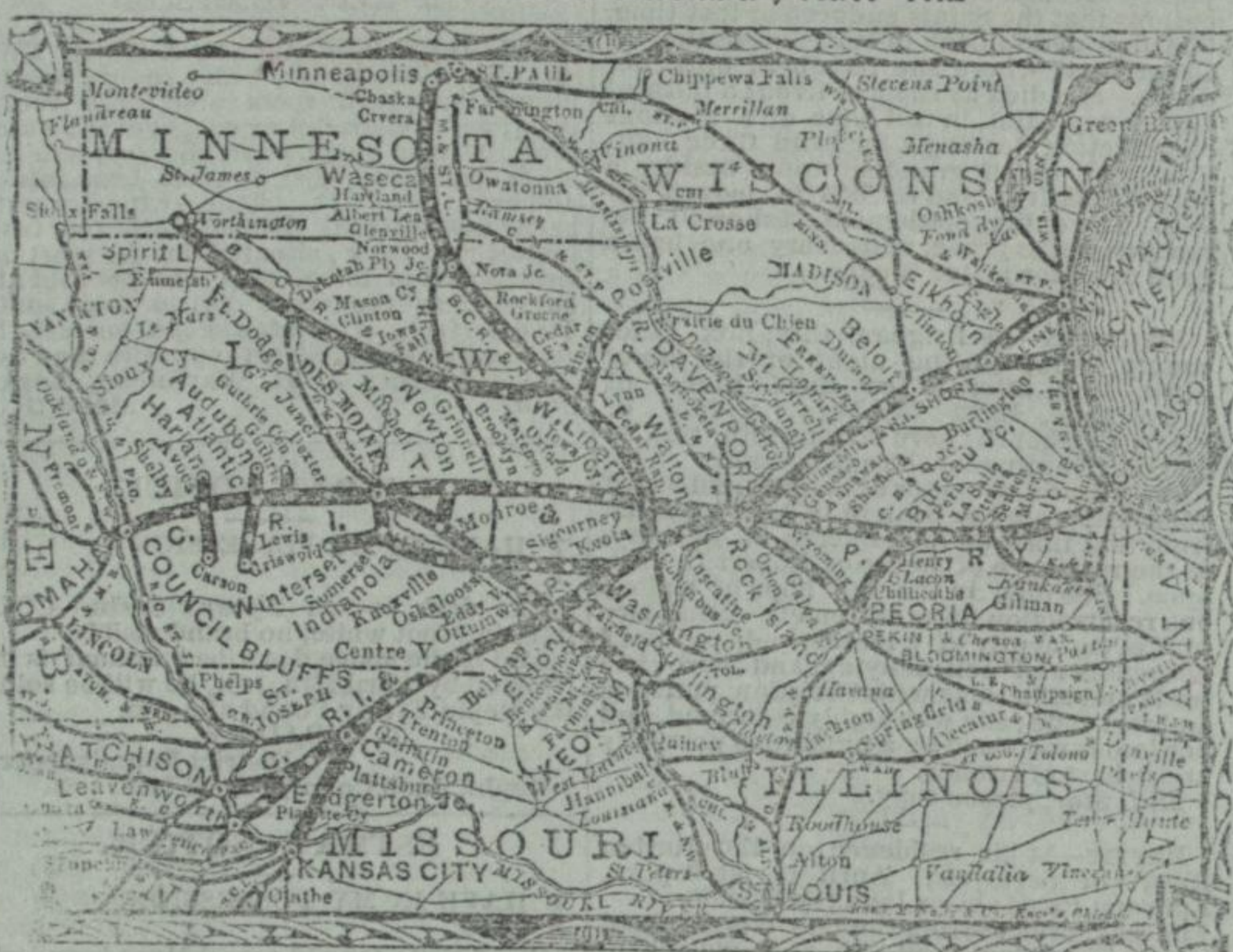
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