

# NORTHSIDE

240 Water Street 240.

## TEAS COFFEE SUGAR.

We hold the best value in Teas, in Half-chests and Boxes, to be had in Town. Our ground French Coffee, in 1/4, 1/2 and 1-lb. tins, put up in 56-lb. cases, has always been famed for its reliable quality. Granulated Sugar in barrels, per S.S. "Assyrian," at very lowest price.

## BLACKWOOD AND BLAIR

Great Bargains in Blankets & Calicoes,

WILLIAM FREW'S, 191 WATER STREET.

JUST RECEIVED, PER "ASSYRIAN," AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE OF CALICOES, which we are offering at 5, 6, 7 and 8 cents per yd, strong and wide; BEST VALUE EVER SHOWN. Also, another Bale of ENGLISH BLANKETS, at \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.00. The above goods are warranted to be from 15 to 20 per cent under regular prices. Full lines in every department at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES during the winter months. For useful and reliable goods, at lowest prices, our Establishment stands unrivalled.

NOTE—Canadian and American Silver taken in trade at former value. January 20 WILLIAM FREW.

## BUILDERS' SUPPLY STORE, Water Street.

200 M. SEASONED PINE LUMBER, 1, 1 1/2, 2 and 3-inch. January 18 WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

## Drink the Health-Giving Waters!

FOR SALE AT FORAN'S, ATLANTIC HOTEL.

Mineral Waters: from the Chalybeate Springs. A Genuine Blood Purifier. A certain and perfect cure for Dyspepsia, Nervousness and Debility. dec 21, 3m

## The Newfoundland Consolidated Foundry Co., Limited,

—Beg to acquaint the public that they have now on hand a variety of— Patterns for Grave & Garden Railings, & for Cresting of Houses, and would invite inspection of same.

Orders left with us for either of the above will have our immediate attention. June 1 J. ANGEL, Manager.

## Candles, Candles

ON SALE BY CLIFT, WOOD & CO. 50 BOXES

Morrill's Celebrated Mould Candles, 6's and 8's—25 lbs. per box. nov 7 Ex "Pioneer."

FOR SALE BY John S. Simms, TWO TABLE PIANOS.

GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE, SITUATE 1 1/2 miles from Town.

I AM INSTRUCTED TO OFFER FOR SALE BY private contract—that desirable detached Residence, standing on about 20-acres of Land, with elegantly-laid-out gardens and pleasure grounds, including flower and kitchen gardens, tennis, lawn and plantation, approached from the Fortugal Cove and Torbay Roads by a very pretty and well-planted avenue. The residence is entered through a porch and vestibule into inner hall, out of which are spacious drawing rooms, dining and breakfast rooms, shut off from the hall are excellent kitchen, scullery and servants' rooms, on the upper floor there are spacious bedrooms, dressing rooms, nursery, bath rooms and servants' bedrooms. The out-buildings include stabling for two horses, large coach house, harness rooms, and stabling for four cows, cart shed, etc. There is an excellent coachman's house distant about 30 yards from the main residence. For terms and particulars of title, apply to T. W. SPRY, Real Estate Broker. oct 27

## P.E. ISLAND PRODUCE!

On Sale by Clift, Wood & Co.'s, HEAVY BLACK OATS, CHOICE ISL'D POTATOES, Now landing, ex schr "J. Savard," from Alberton, P.E.I. dec 28

ADVERTISING RATES. Fifty Cents per inch for first insertion, every continuation, 1st page 25 cents, 2nd and 3rd pages 10 cents per inch. Special arrangements made for three, six or twelve months.

## The Evening Telegram

ST. JOHN'S, JANUARY 21, 1888.

All Letters for publication, and Letters containing any communications should be addressed to W. J. HERDER, Proprietor and Publisher, Gregory's Lane, St. John's, Newfoundland, or to A. A. PARSONS.

## WAS FROZEN TO DEATH.

At Any Rate, He Vows that He Was CAPTAIN ZEBY'S WONDERFUL TALE OF THE COLD WINTER OF '39-'40.

A Long Ride Through Frigid Air. SAVED BY SOMETHING LIKE A MIRACLE.

"WHENEVER cold weather begins to approach," said Captain R. L. Zeb, of Uniontown, within the hearing of a New York Sun man, "I can't help thinking of the remarkable winter of '39 and '40, when I was frozen to death—frozen square, plumb to death, sir! Nobody was ever frozen any deader than I was, but I had the luck to be called back to life. And that coming back over the boundary makes me ache yet to think of it! I didn't mind the dying. That was rather a pleasure. But the coming to life! If I ever freeze to death again I'll leave word some way that the man who resuscitates me does so at his peril."

"That was a great winter, the winter of '39 and '40. And the fall of '39 wasn't so common, either. Neither was the spring of '40. I'll tell you why. The first snow of the season fell on Oct. 3, 1839. The last snow came down on May 16, 1840. Between these two dates there wasn't less than six feet of snow on the level all the time, and where the wind had good chance at it twenty feet wasn't anything uncommon. We had sleighing for over eight months, and the thermometer for five months was at no time higher than twenty above zero, while the most of the time it sported between 15 and 20 degrees below. This memorable fall, winter and spring I am speaking of may not have been so memorable in this part of the country. It was in New England where I encountered them, and especially in Maine, where I then lived. If they were as memorable as that hereabout, maybe some of you will recollect them."

"In February, 1840, I had an interest in some lumber way up in the Piscataquis region, and I had to go up there and see how things were getting along. It was a long journey, but the sleighing was like glass, and I had one of the best horses that ever stood inside the hills. On my second day out the thermometer stood at 20 degrees below, and was inclined to go lower. I knew I would reach one of those queer little villages common to the Maine backwoods early in the evening. There I intended to stay all night, and drive on next morning to the house of the agent of the lumber property, twelve miles further along. I reached the village and found that there was no tavern there. Accommodations were offered me at a private house, but I was informed that I could not obtain a drop of water for my horse in the entire settlement. There had been no rain since winter set in, and there wasn't a well nor a spring anywhere in the region in which there was a drop of water. The nearest water was in the Piscataquis River, two miles away, to which the few stock in the village were driven every day to drink, and enough water was brought back in buckets to keep the wants of the villagers supplied."

"This, of course, upset my plans. My horse was badly in need of water, and I couldn't think of letting him go all night without a drink. So I ate supper in the village and started on, intending to water my horse at the river and proceed to the agent's the same night. It was a starlight night, but the air was filled with that peculiar frozen mist frequently noticeable on very cold nights. As we neared the river this haze became denser, until finally it was with difficulty I could see anything ahead of me. It was like passing through a storm of scaly ice. Suddenly, as I was thinking that we must be almost on the margin of the river, there came a crackling sound, a loud splash of water, and the next second my horse was floundering about in water, which also covered the sleigh, the robes, and myself up to the waist. In that thick bank of icy mist the horse had plunged into the river below where we had been told to cross, and had broken through the thin ice that had formed since the

ice had been cut away that evening for the purpose of allowing the village cattle to drink. The water splashed about by the horse soon drenched the rest of me, and in less time than I can tell it was coated with a rapidly thickening armor of ice. I guess my noble beast must have floundered at least a minute in that hole before he knew exactly what had happened. When the situation did come to him he became quiet, threw his fore feet up, and lodged them both in the ice with a concerted blow like a trip hammer. The ice was thick, but beneath that blow an immense cake was broken off and was carried down in under the edge of the ice below. The horse swam onward, dragging the sleigh with it through the rapidly freezing slush. Once more he pounded the ice ahead of him with his powerful fore feet, and again the ice yielded. During all this time I was shouting for help. I might, at the first break, have turned and leaped back to shore, but had not collected myself in time. It was now too late, and even if it had not been I was so stiffened by the casing of ice that I couldn't have moved to save myself from death. The horse kept on, and, strange as the story seems, broke a channel for fifty feet across that river, and drew the sleigh out safely on the other side. And he didn't tarry when he got there but started off at the top of his speed toward our destination. He soon struck the road and away we went. I knew that although our danger was escaped, a greater was before us, and I urged the horse on with my voice. My robes and clothing had frozen so solid that if I had been encased in iron I could not have been more motionless. My horse was jet black, but his icy coating made him stand out, even in that frozen mist, like a specter horse. I could not move even my hands. We were not yet half way to the agent's house when I found myself growing drowsy. I could no longer use my voice. The clatter of the horse's hoofs and the creaking of the runners on the ice sounded to me like thunder claps and weird, hideous cries. I knew that I was freezing, but I labored hard to rouse my will and fight with it against my fate. The stars looked like great coals of fire, although before they could be seen but dimly through the peculiar haze. The trees, with their branches covered with snow took on the shapes of gigantic ghosts. Still I preserved all my powers of reasoning. Finally I felt myself deliciously warm. A languor, such as DeQuincey might have described, with attending visions of loveliness, took possession of me. I heard the most delightful music. Still I made one mental effort to shake of this fatal spell, and that was all.

"I don't know how far I was from the agent's house when I froze to death, but the next thing I remembered I was suffering such tortures as a victim of the rack might feel. He never felt worse. Suddenly, at my feet, the pricking of a million needles assaulted my flesh. Torturing me at that spot a moment until I writhed in agony, it dashed quickly to my leg, stopped an instant, as if gloating in my misery, and then crawled with that awful pain slowly upward, until it seemed that tiny jets of the fiercest flame were being blown into my body, heart and brain. The intensity of this agony was not constant. If it had been I would have died again in a short time. It came in waves, so to speak. Each wave was a little less furious than its predecessor, until at last the storm was passed and I found myself a weak, speechless, limp and helpless mortal, lying on a robe before the fireplace of my friend, the agent. He had brought me back to life, but, as true as I tell you, I did not feel it in my heart to thank him.

"When I was strong enough to hear it he told me that he was awakened in the night by the peculiar and loud neighing of a horse. He looked out of the window and saw a sight that startled him—a ghostly horse and sleigh and driver in the road before his door. He recovered himself and went down. Then he discovered that the driver was dead. He quickly carried the driver into the house, laid him on the floor before the fireplace, and recognized me. Knowing that even if I was not beyond all aid nothing could be done for me until the robe and clothing were thawed, he made the fire blaze and hurried to the rescue of the faithful and intelligent horse that had reasoned with itself that it must stop at the first house it came to on that terrible night, and that life and death depended on it. By the time the horse was cared for I was in shape to be resuscitated in case any such thing could be done. I was stripped and rubbed briskly with snow and snow water for more than an hour before I gave any evidence that I might be called back. Then another hour was spent in the same treatment, when a spoonful of brandy was poured down my throat. After that the circulation was started, and my agony began. That suffering lasted for an hour, and—well, I can say this: Freeze to death if you want. You'll like it. But don't let anybody fetch you to again."

## CHOICE BALDWIN APPLES

On Sale by Clift, Wood & Co., 50 brls. WINTER-KEEPING BALDWIN Apples, packed by A. S. Harris, at his orchard in Annapolis Valley. Jan 20

## 2 PIANOS,

For Sale or Hire, J. H. MARTIN, 100 WATER STREET. Jan 6, 21w, ws

## FOR SALE.

2 Pair Curling Stones. Jan 20 Apply at this office.

## Molasses.

For Sale By J. & W. PITTS, 35 Puncheons Choice DEMARARA

## MOLASSES.

FOR SALE. By Dryer & Greene, A few barrels

## BALTIMORE OYSTERS,

Received per S.S. "Assyrian,"

1000 dozen Fresh Eggs, 2 cases Fresh Hams, 100 bags Winter-keep'g Onions, 20 kegs Grapes, 10 barrels Sugar, Lemons, Oranges, etc. At WORSLEY'S, 248 Water Street. Jan 16, 1w, 3p

## CRYSTALIZED SUGAR

10 brls Crystallized SUGAR, 10 brls Grated SUGAR. Jan 18 CLIFT, WOOD & CO.

## FOR SALE,

By Dryer & Greene 20 QTRS. VENISON, per S.S. "Curlew." Jan 18

## Freight from Boston.

Brigantine 'PLYMOUTH,' Now due at Boston, will load there for St. John's, about latter part of this month. For freight, apply to STRATTON, LITTLE & Co., 91 State Street, Boston. Jan 7 or, here to CLIFT, WOOD & Co.

## ON SALE BY

Jas. & Wm. Pitts, 85 Pairs

## PRIME FRESH GEESE,

50 prs. prime fresh Fowl, Ex "S. H. Morse," from Souris, P.E.I. Jan 6

## BOSTON KEROSENE.

On Sale by Clift, Wood & Co.'s, Boston KEROSENE OIL, in barrels and cases. Jan 10

## FOR SALE BY DRYER & GREENE,

150 barrels selected—APPLES, consisting of Spys, Seeks, Emperors, Baldwins, Russetts, &c. 50 cases Silver-peel Onions, Turkeys, Geese, and Ducks. Jan 5 Ex s.s. "Peruvian."

## Annapolis Valley Apples.

ON SALE BY CLIFT, WOOD & CO., 100 Barrels Choice Hand-picked Apples, Baldwins and Spitzbergens, from a well-known orchard in Annapolis Valley. dec 30

## FOR SALE, One Cottage Piano.

Jan 5 JOHN S. SIMMS.