

IMPRISONED IN A LOG.

How a Man Spent Some Time as a Prisoner in the Woods.

The student of natural history who indulges in solitary woodland rambles has occasional experiences which are more pleasant in remembrance than in actual occurrence, writes a friend to Youth's Companion, as an introduction to the story of an adventure which befell him in western Maine a few years ago:

I was out one afternoon, during a prolonged drought, hunting ferns in a deep wood. Toward night it suddenly grew dark, and mutterings of thunder, with a few drops of rain, told me that a heavy shower was imminent. At that moment, by great good luck, as I thought, my eye fell upon a big hollow log.

A glance within by the light of a match told me that I could crawl inside and escape a drenching. A moment later I was worming myself within the log, feet foremost and arms pressed close to my side. It was a close fit, but patience carried the day. Scarcely was I safe inside when the rain came down in torrents, and as I lay listening to the downpour and the wind among the trees and the rumblings of heavy thunder, I congratulated myself on having secured so snug a shelter.

I had had a long tramp and was very tired, and although my position was not altogether comfortable, I fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened by a sharp pain in my head and a sense of cramp in my whole body. It was intensely dark, and the rain was still falling. The pain in my head was due to the dropping of water from above on my forehead; the bodily discomfort was to my cramped position in the log. I twisted about as much as possible, drew my head back from the falling drops, and resolved to make the best of the situation, went to sleep again. I did not know the way home, and to go staggering about in the rain was not attractive.

I waked again from the same causes as before; the pain in my head was intolerable, and it seemed impossible to get it where those maddening drops would not drip on it somewhere, and wherever they fell they seemed like a sharp iron boring into the skull.

Anything is better than this, I thought, and decided to crawl out of the log. To my consternation I found it impossible to do so. The orifice through which I had been just large enough to admit my body, and the wood shrunken from long absence of moisture, had swollen by the rain to such an extent that I was caught like a rat in a trap.

Struggle and push and kick and wriggle as I did, I moved but a few inches. I could not raise my hand to tear at the wood. I was like a madman through the night; but I shrieked and struggled in vain. It is not necessary to dwell on my suffering of mind and body; suffice it to say that a search party found me the next morning with the aid of a pointer dog who tracked me to the spot.

Before I could be extricated from my prison it was necessary to cut away a part of the log with an axe. Since that day I never see a hollow log without a shudder.

besieged by the relatives and friends of the remaining prisoners who besought him to use his powerful influence to cause their liberations to be included in the next batch liberated.

The Frenchman was so nearly torn to pieces by these importunate people that he resolved to make the fact a means of approaching the viceroys. He had one of his suits of clothes literally torn into tatters, and on the next occasion when he was to see the viceroys he wore it. Mehemet was naturally astonished at such an extraordinary costume.

What has happened to you, Monsieur le Francois? the viceroys asked. Oh, your highness, answered De Lesseps, no one but yourself has put me into this plight; for in ordering that these Nazarenes should be set free at the rate of five a week, you have left me the prey of the families of those who remain in the galleys. They are tearing me to pieces; and so it will be as long as any are left. There were four hundred and twelve; your highness, by computing, can see how long I must go in rags!

With it all he looked so serious and pitiful that the viceroys, after laughing at so extraordinary a piece of diplomacy, ordered that all the prisoners from Nazareth should be liberated at once.

INFORMATION WANTED.

H. Shorey Co. of Montreal are taking prompt measures to enable the readers of this paper to get what they ask for.

We will send free of charge to any Lady or Gentleman one of the following useful and valuable articles:

A desk tablet in leatherette with lead pencil, calendar and adjustable writing block elegantly stamped in gold.

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As a compensation we only ask, if you are a resident of a town or village containing the number of inhabitants mentioned below, to send the names of merchants who deal in clothing or Dry Goods and from whom you have inquired for and are unable to obtain Shorey's make of clothing or Rigby Waterproof Cloth or Clothing.

From a village or town of 500 to 1200 inhabitants send 2 names. From a village or town of 1200 to 6000 inhabitants send 3 names. From a village or town of 6000 or over inhabitants send 4 names.

Our reason for making this offer is that as a consequence of making a superior class of clothing a demand has been created for our goods, and it has been claimed that it was so impossible for people to get our make from their dealers who probably could make more profit by selling an inferior class of goods. We wish to investigate the matter and intend arguing that everyone shall be able to obtain Shorey's Guaranteed Clothing, no matter in how obscure or out-of-the-way place they may reside.

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Barbora, Cal., Feb. 25, Samuel A. Watpale to Sarah M. Durman.

DEATHS.

DeBert, Mar. 13, John Carter 82.

NOTICE OF SALE.

THESE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY the twentieth day of April next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the first day of February, A. D. 1896, between the said Albert D. Wilson, deceased, of the one part, and Lydia A. Green and Ellen F. Green, both of the said City of Saint John, of the other part, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County of Saint John aforesaid, in Volume 57 of Records, folio 345 to 346 inclusive, by the number 5760, and assigned by the said Lydia A. Green and Ellen F. Green to the undersigned, Nellie Gertrude Wilson, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage.

BORN.

Milford, Feb. 23, to the wife of E. Wardrop, a son.

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