

# IDAHO WORLD.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

A STORY AS HE TOLD IT.

He was a tall, one-eyed man wearing a broad-brimmed hat and a red-flannel shirt. He sat on the railing of the bridge, whittling and talking to three or four others, standing near him.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I was dead once. It was the strangest thing you ever saw in your life."

"You don't believe it, ha!"

"Well, I don't wonder much. I don't suppose any man ever went through such an awful siege, and I can't expect anybody to look at it as I do." You see it happened like this. It was that winter we lumbered on Whitcomb creek, six or eight years ago. It was war times then, and wages were good. I was getting forty dollars a month and worked like a beaver till this little affair came off. We were at work about a mile from the shanty—Jim Robinson and me—and had slashed into the pine like all possessed. The boys were hauling pretty lively, for it was early in January and sleighing was good. Jim was at work on a big tree about twenty rods from where I was. Pretty soon, after he yelled to me his tree toppled over and fell. It was as handsome a piece of pine timber as you ever saw, and I watched it as it fell. Crash it went right into the branches of an old grub oak and hung fast there. I never saw a fellow madder than Jim was. He tried every possible way to loosen the pine but couldn't get it off. Finally, we made up our minds to go for the oak tree, and in about ten minutes we had it cut through so it trembled like a leaf at every stroke of the ax, he cutting on one side and I on the other. When it was almost through, as I was the biggest and best chopper, says I to Jim:

"Let me finish her, Jim. Get out of the way, and I will have her through in half a minute."

I had been chopping a minute or two when Jim let loose a scream that would have made an Injun's blood run cold. I just had time to look up and see that pine tree tumbling down when I dropped my ax and run. I couldn't have got far when something seemed to hit my eyes, and then everything was dark. I suppose I was dead.

Maybe you don't believe me, boys, but that's all I can make out of it. All at once, the light, the looks of the snow on the ground, everything, was shut out from my sight. There was a kind of uncertain, dreamy kind of a feeling, just as a fellow has when he's asleep. I knew that something awful had happened, but I couldn't stir myself hand or foot. It seemed as though it was night, and that I was covered up by something that pressed heavy on me. Still, there wasn't any particular pain, and for a long time I couldn't think where I was. How long I staid there, I can't tell. I suppose it wasn't long when I felt somebody pull my arm, and I heard Jim Robinson say,

"O Lord! Poor fellow!"

I knew he was there and I could feel him touch me, and yet I couldn't speak or open my eyes. He thought I was dead. Then I wondered if all dead folks could know and think things as I did. I tried to move my hands, I tried to breathe, I tried to scream. But I couldn't do anything. Jim left me and the next I remember of, I was pulled out from under the tree and hauled to the shanty on one of the sleds. You may bet there was considerable excitement among the boys when I was taken into camp. I could feel that I was dead. My heart didn't beat. I couldn't move. But I could hear and had a kind of a misty notion about everything that was going on about me.

Some of the boys, after feeling of my forred, wanted to send for a doctor.

"It's no use, boys, said the boss, the poor fellow's gone. His neck was broke. The most we can do for him is to take him home to his folks."

Well, they laid me out on one of the sleighs, and after fixing me up in as decent a way as a corpse could be in a lumber camp, one of the teamsters started with me for Oshkosh.

At first I didn't realize just how bad the situation was. When it begun to leak into my head that I was really dead and was going to be buried in the ground and shut out forever from the light of the sun, it frightened me. The long ride to Oshkosh passed like things that happen in a dream. We got here and I was taken to my brother's house. He felt terrible bad when I was brought home. I hadn't any idea he thought as much of me as he did, poor fellow? I could hear him cry and talk, and still I hadn't the power to move a muscle. I was put in a coffin and it finally came out that I was to be taken to Watertown to be buried. My old mother lived there, you know. O, boys, I hope

none of you will ever be made to feel the horrors that I felt, when I knew that I was boxed up in a coffin and would soon be buried. Seven years have gone by since then, but I never think of it without a chill.

I could feel them putting on the lid of the coffin, and then I knew I was fastened up.

From that time until the cover of the coffin was raised again, I haven't any recollection of what happened, only that I was continually in motion. Though I couldn't open my eyes, I sorter felt that it was dark and I was going somewhere. All of a sudden I felt that some one was turning the screws of the coffin-lid, and after a while the cover was taken off.

My poor mother screamed as though her heart was broke. I couldn't stir, and yet I could feel the warm drops from her eyes upon my face.

I would rather die a thousand times over than go through the horrible suffering of that affair again. There I was dead and going to be buried, and yet so near alive that I knew what was going on. Boys, you may talk, but there is nobody in this world that thinks as much of you as your mother. You can imagine my feelings—no you can't have the least notion of how I felt when she was taking on so over me.

After a while, I could feel that my mother had stopped crying. Then I thought she must have fainted. I never was much in the praying line, but if ever anyone made a strong try to call on God for assistance I did then. I could feel my mother's soft hand on my head.

"George," said she to my brother, "his forred don't feel very cold. How strange it is!"

Then George's hand was put on my forred, and I could feel him place his hand on my breast. They seemed to think that I might not be dead. Pretty soon a neighbor came in and there was a good deal of talking that I could not understand. Then I was lifted out of the coffin and placed in a bed. I was rubbed all over with a coarse towel. Still I couldn't stir or open my eyes. They gave up all hopes and left me. Then my mother came to give me one last look. I could feel her near me just as she used to be when I was a boy, and her hand smoothed my hair in the old way that seemed to take me back to the time when I wasn't so bad as I am now. I tried with all the force I could to speak. I made one strong effort to arouse myself, and finally broke the spell and looked up. My mother fainted, but help soon came, and after taking some medicine and doctor's stuff, I was able to think freely and breathe again. In a little while I was well again, except an ugly scar on the back of my neck. The doctors said I had a narrow escape. My spinal cord they said, had been struck by a branch of the tree, and I was as good as dead. It was more than a miracle that I was ever brought to. They had a good deal to say about paralyzing my nervous system and stopping my circulation and all that, but at any rate I got well. I didn't chop any more that Winter.

GREELEY AND OLD EBONY.—We were sitting with Horace one afternoon in that little disreputable sanctum of his adjoining the counting-room of the Tribune. The old gentleman was in one of his chronic conditions of grumble and discontent. He had that mealy appearance, so common to him, that made him resemble a blonde miller fresh from the dust of his flour mill, and was expressing his private opinion, in a public and profane way, when a colored gentleman was announced, "Let him come in," roared the philosopher, and an aged darkey, clad in broadcloth, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a cane headed with the same precious metal, stalked in.

"Mister Greeley, I believe!" he inquired.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Greeley; what do you want?" was the gruff response.

"Well, sah," said old Ebony Specs, seating himself as he deposited his hat and cane on the floor—"Well, sah, I've been thinking that our race don't pay enuff attention to scientific pursuits, sah."

We saw the cloud gather on the intellectual countenance of the journalistic Bohemian. It broke in thunder at that point. In a voice wherein was blended the shrill tones of a hysterical woman and the growl of a tiger, he exclaimed:

"Scientific pursuits! You damned old fool; you want a hoe handle and a patch of New Jersey—that's the scientific pursuit you want. Get out."—*Ex.*

"HERE, you young rascal, walk up, and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir, but mother did."

General Merchandise.

NEVER DESPAIR!

"Hope on, Hope ever,  
Hope against Hope;  
Give up never."

THE FOURTH STORE

BUILT ON THE OLD CORNER FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY

VANTINE & CO.,

IS NOW FULLY COMPLETED AND UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF

G. W. CRAFTS

Who has purchased the entire interest of the estate of

W. D. VANTINE

In Idaho City and in Centerville.

ALL ACCOUNTS AND NOTES DUE the old firm of Vantine & Co., must be paid to G. W. CRAFTS, at Idaho City, or at the Store in Centerville. All persons indebted to the old firm will please notice the change and

SHOW ME THE MONEY.

The New Business will be conducted for

CASH OR APPROVED CREDIT.

I do not propose to sell goods at Cost, as others advertise to do, but will give a

SQUARE DEAL.

.....AND AT.....

FAIR PROFITS

WE ARE RECEIVING

NEW AND FRESH GOODS

.....FROM.....

San Francisco & the Eastern States

CONSISTING OF

LAWRENCE DUCK,  
6 10 to 12 10,  
DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY,

.....ALSO.....

Lawrence Hose Twine—12 to 20 Ply.

WOONSOCKET RUBBER BOOTS  
SUPERIOR ARTICLE—DIRECT.

C. BENKERT & SONS  
FRENCH CALF SEWED BOOTS  
MEDIUM, LIGHT AND HEAVY SOLE.

BUCKINGHAM & HECHT  
LIGHT AND HEAVY CALF BOOTS,

FINE  
AND

WINTER CLOTHING

CALIFORNIA BLANKETS,  
Groceries, Cigars, Hardware,  
CROCKERY,

And Everything Needful

....FOR THE....

MINER'S USE OR WEAR,

Also, a Full and Complete Line of

CHINA GOODS!

COME AND SEE US,

....AT THE....

NEW BRICK STORE

Corner Main and Wall Streets,

BAIRD'S BLOCK.

Idaho City, Nov 30, 1871-72

General Merchandise and Yankee Notions.

SELLING OFF TO CLOSE BUSINESS!

G. S. KINGSLEY!

Corner Main and Wall Sts., Idaho City,

Has Just Received Full Additions to Every Department of his Stock

I CALL ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO MY

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

I will average all these Goods AT COST.



.....Also to my.....  
IRON, STEEL, AND HARDWARE DEPARTMENT.

I WILL AVERAGE ALL THIS AT COST.

MY NOTION DEPARTMENT!

Is the most varied in the Territory. All this I will close out

At an Immense Sacrifice!

My CLOTHING DEPARTMENT!

IS COMPLETE. IN THIS I OFFER SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS.

MY DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT!

IS NOW one of the best in Idaho. I have an IMMENSE FRESH STOCK on hand. In this Department I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

In MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

I have a HEAVY LINE OF HATS AND CAPS. Will close THE LINE AT COST.

AT COST: A SMALL LINE OF SADDLERY GOODS and HARDWARE.

A large line of TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, at Cost.

A Full Line of

MINERS' TOOLS, PICK AND AX HANDLES, AT COST.

My WAREHOUSE on Montgomery Street, and STORE on Wall Street; and STORE, WITH GOODS, or Goods without Store, for sale and delivery at once.

Bring Your GREENBACKS and Try Me.

I Desire to wind up all Old Accounts, Without Delay.

Stages and Expresses.

BOISE AND IDAHO STAGE LINE!



THEO. V. MATHEWS, Proprietor.

Leave Boise City daily at 6 o'clock A. M.  
Idaho City daily at 6 o'clock A. M.  
FARE, .....\$6 00.

CONNECTIONS:  
AT BOISE CITY, with the N. W. Stage Co.'s Line of coaches for all points East, West and South.

AT IDAHO CITY, with Pinkham's Stage Line for Centerville, Placerville, Quartzburg, and all points in Boise Basin.

OFFICE IN IDAHO CITY  
At the Luna House.

Je 1, 71tf L. C. CORY, Agent.

PINKHAM BROTHERS STAGE LINE.

THE U. S. MAIL STAGES OF the Pinkham Brothers will, until further notice, leave as follows:

Boise Basin Lines:  
Leave Stage Office in Idaho City, for Centerville, Placerville and Granite Creek, every morning at Seven O'clock.

Leave Placerville every evening, for Idaho City, at Two O'clock.

Leave Pioneer City for Idaho City, at 2 o'clock every afternoon.

Each way the stages will stop a short time in Centerville.

For Passage fare or charges on Fast Freight apply at the Stage Office in the Luna House, Idaho City, to JO. PINKHAM, General Agent, or, in Boise City, to E. B. PINKHAM, Prop'r. Idaho city, March 17, 1871-72.

Idaho World

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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POSTERS, CIRCULARS

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RECEIPTS, LICENSES,

FLYERS, DEEDS,

County and Justices' Blanks, Etc.,

On hand, or printed to order.

OLD TYPE METAL FOR SALE AT this office. Good for all the purposes for which Babbitt Metal is used and in some cases better.

Hotels and Restaurants.

LUNA HOUSE,

Corner Montgomery and Commercial Streets.

M. G. LUNEY, Proprietor.

HAVING AGAIN ASSUMED CONTROL of the above named house, I have refurnished the same with new beds and bedding, single or double rooms for guests.

THE TABLE

Will be supplied with the best the market affords. THE GENERAL STAGE OFFICE

For all lines leading out of Idaho City will be found at this house. June 22-71

San Francisco Restaurant.

Next door to the OLD CODY CORNER, IDAHO CITY.

Chris. Vucassovich, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that this establishment has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted generally, and the proprietor is ready to accommodate patrons with

Board, by the Day or Week,

Or meals at any hour of the day or night. Every delicacy the market affords will be kept constantly on hand. April 11, 71.

CAPITAL RESTAURANT.

Center of GRANITE BLOCK, BOISE CITY, I. T.

HARRY GORDON, Proprietor.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT, UNDER the new management, is again prepared for the accommodation of

Regular Boarders and Transient Guests. Every delicacy the market affords will be found at this place, served up in a superior manner, at any hour of the day or night. Jan. 19, '71-72.

BAKERY.

BREAD PIES, CAKES, AND CONFECTIONERY.

Of all kinds, kept constantly on hand, and orders for Balls or Parties

Of anything in my line promptly filled, at my new establishment next door to Heckman & Dickinson's, Main street, Idaho city. HENRY FREIDINGER. November 18, 1869-m3.

Notice.

ALL OF THE ACCOUNTS AND notes due the late firm of Fleischman & Heyman having been placed in my hands for collection, by A. Schlusell, Trustee for said firm in bankruptcy, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said firm must come forward immediately and settle the same with me, at my office next to the Postoffice in Idaho City, or suit will be commenced at once. A. O. BOWEN. Idaho city, May 11, 1871-72.