

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

One evening, late in the fall of 18—, I was seated in my rude quarters at the R. post, in Farquhar, reviewing the events of the past few years of my life, as presented in a memorandum book before me, when a knock at the door caused me to close up my book and invite the person seeking entrance to come in.

For two years I had been surgeon-general of that portion of the army of Buenos Ayres which was stationed at R., under the command of Gen. Juan Fernandez, in connection with which office I was private physician of the commander himself, who, at the time I speak of, was suffering from a severe attack of fever.

The insurgent army, headed by a lawless desperado calling himself Sandefino, had taken advantage of the sickness of Fernandez, and annoyed our army by frequently shooting the scouts and making attacks upon the weaker portion of the camp.

The encampment of the rebels was supposed to be about five miles north of us, and divided into small parties.

I was rather surprised when, as the door opened, a figure closely muffled in a long cloak, entered the room. His whole bearing and dress showed that he had come on some mysterious business, and, as I caught a glimpse of his face, eyes which indicated uneasy restlessness, I looked sharply at him, vainly attempting to pierce his disguise.

Removing his hat, and exposing to my view a well-featured and apparently honest face, he returned to the door, looked quickly, and, returning to the place where I sat, seated himself directly opposite me, placing, as he did so, a small leather bag upon the table, and with it a small, mystified air, not altogether devoid of suspicion.

"You need not be alarmed," he said, smilingly, as if he read my thoughts. "I simply closed the door and locked it to prevent interruption."

"You have something of importance to communicate to me?" I asked, looking curiously at the little bag.

"No, a small matter. That bag contains a few ounces of gold—your fee, if you will favor me with your advice and assistance for a few hours. I had the misfortune to let a small globe of lead drop into a friend's body, and with it a mortal wound. Accidents are unavoidable, you know, and a man must not resent an insult."

"A duel?" I inquired.

"He smiled affirmatively."

"And where does this friend of yours live, senior?"

"Four miles to the north," he replied. "So near the rebel camp?"

"You need have no fear on that score, doctor. The wounded man has been removed to a house near by, and you are safe in your professional capacity. Will you accompany me?"

I replied by going to my little surgery in the next room, and returning with my case of surgical instruments.

"A guide and two mules await us outside the camp," he said, as we left the room and passed the sentinels.

We jogged on at a rapid pace, my companion managing to fall behind me, while the guide led the way. Little or no conversation was carried on, the stranger seeming to have lost his vivacity of manner. Suddenly, as he turned a sharp rock, beyond which point the broad-spreading *llano* stretched, my eyes were

dazzled by an unexpected burst of light.

Not ten feet before me lay the rebel encampment. So sudden was the discovery, that I sat on my mule dumb-founded.

The stranger placed his hand on my shoulder, and said:

"You understand the affair now, senior?"

"Yes," I rejoined, stung by the tone in which he spoke, and conscious from my

stupidity by the anger I felt at being thus easily led into the lion's den. "You have brought me here under false pretenses. I regarded you as a man of honor."

All means are fair in love and war, you know, doctor," and, with a light laugh, he dismounted and led my mule nearer the camp.

Around the camp fire were stretched perhaps fifty or seventy-five men, who withdrew to a short distance at a sign from a man who wore the officer's garb of the insurgents, and who came forward as I dismounted, and extended his hand.

"Welcome, doctor," he said, and he led the motive which leads us to cause you the trouble of a journey over yonder rugged hills, but I wished to see you on government business," and he led the way to the fire, where we seated ourselves.

"Do you not recognize me?" he asked, after he had lighted a cigarette.

"No—no. I think I have seen your face before, but I cannot recall the time and place."

"I am Sandefino!"

I looked at him curiously for a moment. And this was the man who had murdered a hundred innocent children, and pillaged and sacked every available village on the Rosiero. Involuntarily my eyes wandered over his face and body.

"You are looking for claws and the forked tail, I suppose, Senior Doctor?" he said, laughing lightly.

"No," I said, boldly. "I have not the superstition of the ignorant. I thought to see the mark of Cain!"

He started forward angrily, but the fire in his eye cooled as he said:

"That is true. I have been brought here to-night on a matter which affects materially the future interests of the Argentine Confederation. On my word of honor, you shall leave here to-night safely if you accede to our wishes; if not—"

He gave a significant glance. I knew his meaning too well.

"Your word of honor? I have had a practical illustration of its value in the conduct of my guide hither."

"We will not speak of that, Senior Doctor. You are aware that we are a brave band of persecuted."

"Ruffians and assassins," I added calmly.

"Diablo! I am almost inclined to end this thing," he exclaimed, maddening instantly as he spoke. "But to proceed: our object is to free ourselves from the servitude imposed upon us by Juan Fernandez and his followers. To do this, it is necessary that he should be put out of the way. You understand?"

"Perfectly, my worthy captain; but how does that affect me?"

"I am coming to that presently. We require you to give to Juan Fernandez, who is under your care at present, a little drug, which will put him beyond the power of seeking us again."

"That is killing him."

The bandit took his cigarette from his mouth and nodded.

"Secondly, you are to give us the exact position, strength, and weak points of the camp. And, thirdly, you are requested to take an oath never to divulge what transpired to-night."

"And what do you propose to give me to do this humane and loyal thing for you?"

I spoke in a sarcastic tone but he mistook my meaning, and eagerly replied:

"Fifty ounces of gold, and the promise of a lieutenant-commander, if we succeed."

"And if I decline your offer, a little drug, which will put him beyond the power of seeking us again."

flows through a rocky mountain gorge. Death, terrible, inevitable death, is certain."

"What?"

He leaped to the ground as he spoke with a fierce oath of doubt and anger. I calmly repeated that I scorned his offer, and was willing to meet my fate.

He placed his hand on his hip, and a half dozen of his followers came up. They were ordered to take me to the bank of the river, which flowed a few rods below the *llano*, and, after a short course, flowed through the rocks near the edge of the hills.

They obeyed by leading me to the place where I was securely bound to a log, my right arm alone being free.

"Once more, will you accede to my request?" demanded the ruffian.

"I have decided," I replied, calmly. "Then launch him, and Dios te defienda!"

I was lifted and placed within the cold waters of the Rosiero. A moment later the swift current was bearing me onward toward the rocky gorge.

For about half an hour, perhaps, I experienced no painful sensation, save a cold, dull feeling of numbness and helplessness to move. I seemed to be dreaming, and was being borne through the air, moved smooth by the current, though swift, and was being borne through the air, moved smooth by the current, though swift,

At last I was aroused from my stupor by a keen, cold feeling of pain near my heart. It was that of death; for suddenly my whole frame became racked with shuddering, which caused my limbs to become almost convulsed, and strain the strong withes with which I was bound.

But what was the sound which now greeted my agitated hearing—that dull, half-subdued falling of water? A moment later I was borne round a sharp curve in the stream into a still fiercer current, and the consequences of my fearful position suddenly broke upon me—I had entered the mountain gorge, and was fast nearing the falls.

I closed my lips firmly in mute resignation and despair. Death, a fearful, inevitable death, stared me in the face.

Suddenly a sharp pain shot through my left limb, as if a sword's point had entered it. That member became free, and, swinging with the motion of the log now to the right and now to the left, striking against the rocky bottom of the river, and mangling it badly.

Apparently, some sharp-pointed rock had severed the rope, and now I felt the blood once more circulate through my veins.

Unbinding the rope by a severe effort, by means of my left hand I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was free, and I will clean of hope shot through my soul; but I still retained my hold on the log, which was rapidly nearing the entrance where deafening roar was now to be distinctly heard.

Every moment brought me nearer the falls, so near indeed that I could see, even in the darkness, the surface of the water flecked with frothy foam. The course became more irregular and rocky, and the sides of the gorge more sheltering.

Suddenly the log shot ahead with fearful velocity, and struck on a huge boulder that projected above the water with a stunning shock; then shot from its course upwards. Host my hold, seemed carried upward with great force, and unconscious on the hard rocks at the side of the stream, while the log shot over the precipice, down, down, sheer fifty feet.

It was broad daylight when I recovered my senses. I opened my eyes and stared vacantly above me, at the same time attempting to rise. My every bone and muscle seemed bruised and broken; yet I succeeded in gaining a straight position. Four feet below was the still roaring river, hastening to the falls beneath.

I had landed on a level shelf on the shore of the stream, and found but little difficulty, severe as were my injuries, in scaling the slight elevation and reaching the more level *llano* beyond. Here I rested for a few moments, binding my wounds and ascertaining my whereabouts. Then I started in a westerly direction for post of B.

Four hours afterward, ragged, and so lame that I could scarcely walk, I entered the encampment. The sentinel stared at me mutely, assisting me to my quarters, whence, after a death-like sleep of a few hours, I repaired to headquarters.

General Fernandez greeted me warmly expressing no little astonishment at my pale face and swollen hands. He had missed me, and, fearing that I had probably wandered from the camp and been captured by the insurgents, had sent scouts, who had just returned with no tidings of me.

Astonishment gave way to gratefulness when I related my strange experience, which, one year afterward, when I left for New York, the rebel leader, having been crushed, assumed a substantial evidence of sincerity in the shape of a splendid medal and seventy ounces of gold.

How a Newsboy Saved a Bank.

From the Philadelphia Record.

And now let me tell you how "Didley," the newsboy, stopped a panic. It was soon after the failure of the Bank of Pennsylvania, and public confidence in all moneyed institutions was badly shaken. Wall's rumor had gone abroad about the Savings fund, then located in the building at the southeast corner of Third and Chestnut streets, where Western Union telegraph office is now situated. The depositors were mostly Germans, in small amounts. Didley had told me he had \$800 deposited there, and so when a rush was made on the bank called on the President as a newspaper man to make inquiries. Didley hadn't got down town yet, but some of the newsboys started for his house to notify him, while others gathered about the bank. All were as much interested as himself in his finances. A failure of the bank meant a stoppage of theatre tickets. I soon learned that the savings fund was in a condition to go through if the rush was checked. "But we can't stand this panic. I'll see that Didley doesn't lose a cent, if I have to pay it out of my own pocket," said the President. This touched me, and I resolved to help him. "I'll send Didley over here when he arrives," I suggested to the President. "And when he comes you give him full liberty to look at the books, etc., you have given me. Then trust to his tact."

I found Didley waiting for me at the office, and told him the facts. Over he walked, with the careless air of a capitalist, through the crowd into the bank, followed by a yelling mass of newsboys, demanding Didley.

"I am here; what can I do for you, Mr. —" (calling him by his proper name.)

"Well, Mr. President, I want to know the exact state of affairs. I have \$800 deposited here, and I can't afford to lose it. But I don't want to trouble you with it. I want to know if it is safe. I ask you, on your word of honor, is it safe?"

"I assure you that it is, on my word of honor. But as you have acted so gentlemanly, walk in and examine the books."

With one of his little hands thrust under his short coat tails and the other placed on his breast, Didley walked into the directors' room with all the style of Rothschild. The rush for money was temporarily stopped by the crowd gazing on this little man.

Soon Didley appeared, his face showing evident satisfaction. "Did you get your money?" was the salutation of the crowd of boys, and the steps of the newsboys.

"Why should I get my money?" he answered. "This bank's all safe—I don't scare like these Dutchmen."

"Three cheers for Didley!" went up from the throng of newsboys. The older folks stood awe-stricken. The confidence of the newsboys asserted itself among them, and by noon the panic was stopped and the crowd of newsboys, led by Didley, stood in front of the bank, as a continuation of the rush would have embarrassed them beyond redemption before they had time to dispose of their assets at a proper price.

Hard Times.

The Popular Science Monthly says: Production and consumption do not have that intimate relation to each other which we have in old times the traveler, or, for instance, was in contact with his customers; he wove the cloth as he discovered the need; he cautiously set up the second loom when it became evident that it could be kept employed; and thus supply and demand went, as it were, hand in hand. But now gigantic mills filled with many spindles have little accurate relation to consumption. The power of production by means of improved machinery is something immense, and it is exercised with means of labor, and the end will soon be reached.

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over with it, then letting them dry thoroughly in the warm air and then packing them away in wooden buckets for use. The oil does not prevent the escape of moisture and it keeps the eggs in the air sufficiently to prevent decay. In packing the eggs be sure to put the small end down so as to keep the yolk in the center of the egg.

A Card to the Public.

For many years we have made two medicines suited to the ailments of a vast class of sufferers. Thousands of cures have been made by them, and, in fact, the world failure could not be coupled with them. But within the last two years counterfeits of our medicines have sprung up, dangerous in their close imitation of our True Mark. To secure the people we have placed upon each genuine box of Holloway's Ointment the fac simile of the signature of our agent, Mr. Jos. Haydock. To counteract this felony, we should carefully examine any one who imitates this with the utmost vigor of the law. We most earnestly beg that the great mass of American people will aid us in our efforts to protect their health, and help us in our task of bringing these most unprincipled men to the bar of justice. Uniformly refuse to purchase medicines purporting to be ours unless each box of Pills or Ointment, and the end will soon be reached.

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