

## A Raftman's Experience

Continued from last page

him and in the course of a few minutes they both found that the fleet was drifting along at such a rapid rate that the cables would have been snapped if they had been hitched to trees on the bank. Seeing that it was useless to try to land the rafts there, one of the men sprang into the stream and was pulled on board. The other fellow let his cable drop and had to walk along the bank all night to pay for his timidity. Then we cut the rafts apart and let each crew find its own landing place. Minard and I then steered our raft to the left bank and tried to find a safe landing place.

It was no go, on account of the swiftness of the stream. Darkness came on and oh! how dark it got. The poor people we had on board and their scanty belongings were soaked through and through. They did not utter a murmur but we knew they were suffering from the wet and cold. We could stand it because we were used to that kind of life. We had no more food on board, as we and divided with the fatherless family that noon, and I was afraid that one of the grown sons, who had eaten scarcely anything all day would faint from hunger and cold before we could reach a place where food could be obtained. Minard and I were in a most uncomfortable situation there in the dark and swollen river, with four human lives in our keeping. If the worst came to the worst we should let the raft go and swim for the shore but such a thing could not be thought of with those people on board. They had no idea that they were in the least danger and we did not dare to tell them the true situation for fear they would become panic-stricken and rush into the water. So on we went until it was nearly 11 o'clock. Minard, who was still at his post on the forward end of the raft, then yelled back to me and said that Queen's Run dam was not far ahead. The dam was twenty-one feet high, and if we went over that we would all be drowned.

The rain had let up a little by that time but it was as dark as ever. I stuck a "growler" down into the water between two sections of the raft and found that we were in shallow water. I then yelled to Minard that I was going to jump from the raft and see if I could not find something on the bank to hitch the cable to. I immediately leaped into the water that was breast deep, and then I felt along and crawled up the steep bank, keeping opposite the raft as near as I could judge. Before long I found that I was on a railroad track at the top of the bank, and I tucked the rope under a rail and took a hitch in it. The raft was soon stopped and then Minard waded ashore with another cable and a stick of timber, the latter we placed on the ties. Then we dug a hole under the rail and fastened a cable to this stick of timber, so that the rope would not be cut in two if a train should happen to come along. I was just about tucked over by this time and my friend Minard was in the same fix. But we had saved the lives of the four unfortunates, and after having rested a little we got them off the raft. It was then about midnight and as dark as tar. We were all chilled to the bone and the next thing for us to do was to find a house, if possible, where we could get warm. Minard and I groped around in the dark for a while leaving the widow and her sons huddled together near the railroad. We found a wagon road finally and then we sent the woman and one of her sons ahead in search of a house, while we looked after the boy and the other son.

We lost track of the latter for a while and then found that he had fainted in the road. Nearly a mile down the highway the woman found a farm house and soon aroused all the people in it. We saw the light and went down there at once. One of the good people got us a lantern and some food and water and we went back, revived the young man and took him to the house. By this time the hospitable Irish people in the farm house had a roaring fire and were getting us a hearty meal.

Every member of the family, father, mother, sons and daughters buckled in and did all in their power to relieve our sufferings and right welcome did they make us in their comfortable homestead. We wanted to pay them for their kindness but not a cent would they take. A clear sky greeted us the next morning and wishing that most hospitable family everything that was good, we took the widow and her sons back to the raft preparatory to resuming our journey, after that night of peril and terror. We safely went through the chute at Queen's Run dam and the trip to Marietta was made without incident. The little family left the raft as we landed and never saw them again.

The above letter was written twenty two years ago and published in the Elmira Telegram at that time.

During the past month I visited Emporium after an absence of more than half a century and was agreeably surprised to see the beautiful town with its well kept houses, its fine business blocks and expensive churches and on every side the evidence of thrift, happiness and prosperity. While in Emporium I was the guest of my brother, David C. Hayes and his wife at their home. I also visited my old friend and schoolmate of the long ago, M. T. Hogan.

It was also a pleasure to meet N. P. Minard, in whose saw mill I worked during the years of 1857-58 and '59. It was a genuine pleasure to meet Mr. Minard and his esteemed wife. Time has certainly dealt very kindly with them.

MATHEW HAYS.  
Binghamton, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1909.

## FOLLOWING THE BAND.

Paganry Appeals to the Negro's Tropical Imagination.

Once upon a time a Philadelphia lawyer came south. He had a pair of big spectacles, an inquisitive mind, and he wanted to know, says Harris Dickson in Success Magazine. With his southern friend he was hurrying to the courthouse. A negro parade blocked the street—negroes in carriages, on horseback, on foot; negroes with swords and axes, stumpy negroes with Masonic banners, lean negroes with Pythian devices, fat negroes with Odd Fellows' insignia, miscellaneous negroes with miscellaneous emblems.

The Philadelphian pushed through the crowd and ran back in great excitement. "What's it all about? What are they doing?"

The southerner couldn't explain, but beckoned to a very intelligent young negro—who, by the way, was a prominent politician—and asked, "Tom, what's the occasion for all this parade?"

The young negro laughed. "Now, judge, you ought to know that a nigger don't need no 'casion for a parade."

Tom had spoken a mouthful. Paganry appeals to the negro's tropical imagination. Churches and lodges furnish most of the social life that he knows. He does not ask why the brass band is playing. He keeps step with the fellow that beats the drum and is happy.

## DANCING ROLAND.

A Scotch Shepherd's Remedy For All Kinds of Maladies.

A highland shepherd, one Donald McAlpin, a famous dancer, was reputed to have cured his mistress of a mysterious malady by means of dancing a reel with her, and this story being noised abroad gained him the reputation of being a successful physician. His humble cottage in Slockmuck, overlooking Strathspey, was besieged with crowds of patients who hoped to get rid of their ailments by a dance with Donald. The shepherd did not hesitate to take advantage of this stroke of good luck and soon had a large and thriving practice.

The treatment adopted was very simple, the main features being as follows: In cases of indigestion moderate doses of medicated "aqua" were taken, followed by the cum shull, or promenade step. For catarrh Donald prescribed in order to produce perspiration a large dose of gruel mixed with honey and butter, followed by cum crask, or highland fling. All the different processes terminated in the patient being well wrapped up in warm blankets, and the doses of medicine and dancing were repeated, according to the patient's constitution and the nature of his disease.—British Medical Journal.

## The Telephone and Julius Caesar.

Julius Caesar missed a great deal in not knowing the telephone or at least in not using it if he knew it. One can see the telephone engineer attached to the Roman postoffice endeavoring, but without avail, to get an instrument installed at the capitol and at the palace. "I am instructed by the emperor to say that he does not desire these barbarian novelties, and so Thomas Alva Edison need not call again with his magician's apparatus." A signal blunder! We can imagine what would have happened. "Hello, 2187 Tiber! Is it thou, Artemidorus? I understand thou rangst me up this morning. What? Details of a plot? Go not to the senate today? Beware of Brutus? Go not near Casca? Right, and I thank thee, Artemidorus. I will have an extra guard put on instantly and the conspirators arrested." And so, though Artemidorus was unable to give his warning in the street, he gave it over the telephone, and Caesar's valuable life and with it the fortune of Rome were saved.—St. James' Gazette.

## A Gloomy African Pool.

There is a large, deep and mysterious pool in the valley of the upper Kafue river, northwestern Rhodesia. This wonderful pool lies in flat country, and one comes to it quite suddenly, its banks being concealed by dense forest. There is a small native village near the pool, and the inhabitants have a superstitious dread of it. They refuse to drink the water or use it for any purpose whatever. To sit beside this still, pellucid pool of unknown depth, surrounded by precipitous walls in the heart of the tropical forest, would induce a feeling of awe in the breast of even the most civilized man.—London Mail.

## Sport and Athletics in America.

Sport and athletics in America are vastly different terms. Sport should be play, not work. Athletics as practiced in general are too strenuous, too spectacular and too exclusive. We are not an athletic nation. Far from it. We talk athletics, but there is too much grand stand and too little actual participation in games.—Malcolm Kenneth Gordon in Century.

## Poetic Justice.

"Pa, did you ever hear of a real case of poetic justice?"  
"Yes. A man who once swindled me out of \$600 in an irrigation scheme died of water on the brain."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Not a Bit Conceited.

Husband—How conceited you are, Effie! You're always looking at yourself in the glass. Wife—I'm sure I am not. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I really am.—Illustrated Bits.

The kingdom of Prussia gets out of its cultivated forests over \$24,000,000 a year.

## PLENTY OF ROOM.

No Trouble to Find a Place For Him to Rest In Sleep.

His blanket the soldier takes along on the march, but usually not his tent. Usage soon makes the ground as soft a bed as he wants. The case is pretty nearly the same with the prospector and the frontiersman. In writing of the "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" Mr. Clifton Johnson tells of the practice on the ranches of the west. He was the guest of an early settler.

While we were chatting a laborer passed, shouldering a roll of blanket. The butcher had come to the door, and he pointed to the passer and said "You see that fellow, don't you? Well when I first reached here from the east I thought a man with a bed on his back was the funniest thing I'd ever come across.

"A rancher in this country won't take his hired man into his house. They've got to furnish their own blankets and usually sleep on the hay in the barn.

"I know a fellow who, when he'd just arrived and didn't understand the way they manage, got a job harvesting on a big wheat ranch. The help usually sleep in the straw stacks then, and it's precious little time they get to sleep anywhere. But he didn't know anything about that, and he was sitting around in the evening and finally said to the rancher, 'Where am I to sleep tonight?'  
"Why, I don't care where you sleep," said the rancher. 'I've got 960 acres of land around here, and if you can't find a place to sleep on that I'll get my next neighbor to lend me a piece of his.'

## TOWER OF BABEL.

Traditions as to the Height of the Famous Structure.

The actual height at which the last stone of that famous structure, the tower of Babel, rested cannot, on account of the remoteness of the times at which it is said to have existed, ever become more than a matter of mere conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,700 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers raised one above another, each seventy-five feet in height, but whether this ruin was the remains of the tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these seventy-five foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition, a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about twelve miles. In Ceylonese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St. Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant.—London Saturday Review.

## Happy Events.

A teacher in one of the public schools of Vienna in order to test the ability of her junior class—girls eight to nine years old—in composition writing gave each little miss a subject to be discussed "at once without consultation and without help of any kind." The articles were found to be so interesting and amusing that they have been collected for publication. One article on "My Three Happiest Days" is notable in the unique collection. In well chosen words and clearly rounded sentences the little girl says that, being lost in the woods, having to run away from a fire which broke out in their house and watching a little boat as the wind tossed it on the waves and finally smashed it, were the most "happy events" that she could think of. Another in describing "fairland" said that it must be a place where "everything is as it is here except that the lakes should be frozen half across at all times of the year so that we could take a swim and jump out and skate."

## James I. and Billiards.

James I. appears to have inherited his mother's love of billiards. Among the payments from his privy purse noted in the exchequer records is one to "Henry Waller, our joyner, for a billiards board. Twelve foote long and fower foote broad, the frame being wallnuttree, well wrought and carved, with eight great skrewes and eighteen small skrewes." A salutary billiard rule in force in the days of the Stuarts was one to the effect that no bystander, even though he was betting on the game, should be allowed to offer advice unless asked. If he did so it was provided that "he shall for every fault instantly forfeit twopence for the good of the company or not be suffered to stay in the room."—London Chronicle.

## His Early Home Coming.

"Does your husband carry a latchkey, Mrs. Homebody?"  
"No, I never knew him to."  
"Oh, then he comes in early! That must be due to your training?"  
"Not in the least. There is always some one up when he gets home in the morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Answering Little Eddie.

Little Eddie—Say, pa, do political enemies belong to different parties?  
Pa—No, my son; they belong to different factions in the same party.—Exchange.

## Honor Roll.

Patrons of the PRESS who have either called or sent and paid up subscriptions since the last publication of the list: Emporium.

G. J. Smutz, R. K. Mickey, H. A. Cox, J. D. Logan, Wm Benty, A. A. McDonald, A. W. Nebilus, Henry Jaeger, C. H. Felt, Joseph Kinsler, Geo. Barker, Sr., Mrs. F. F. Day, Mrs. Charles Maloy, John Robinson, H. W. Graham, County Com's'ners, W. L. Dixon, John L. Johnson, Edward Binzler, Richard Kelley, John Trebawether, Mrs. Poorman, James B. Hayes, Hon. J. C. Johnson, C. H. Edwards, John Gauntz, Stephen H. P. Co., W. H. Howard, Bennett Leutze, Mrs. Wm Robinson, Joe Stricht, Mrs. A. Kenopher, J. F. Parsons, Mrs. J. M. Olson, M. McGrath, Dan Shugart, W. D. Moore, Burton Housler, H. C. Taylor, W. H. Flint, Edward Hughes, Morgan Evans, E. H. Gregory, Jay P. Felt.

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## Driftwood,

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## Beechwood,

J. G. Nyheart, C. R. Kline.

## Sterling, Run,

Gordan Howlett, John May, John E. Smith, W. H. Bagley, Theo. Marshall, John Anderson.

## Sizerville,

Miss Dora Sizer, Cameron,

F. B. Hoag, Mathew Phoenix, Westboro, Wis.,

G. T. Dixon, J. W. Kaye, Jos. Lingle,

Ridgway, Pa.

Mrs. F. T. Ryan, Mrs. Jacob Zerflub, Austin, Pa.,

Mrs. W. J. Allen, John Anderson, New York City.—Mrs. E. M. Newton.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Mrs. Lill Dinningy.

Hicks Run, Pa.—Isaac Wykoff.

Pine River, Minn.—A. M. Berfield.

Emporia, Florida.—J. P. Felt.

Renovo, Pa.—B. W. Marsh.

Filmore, N. Y.—W. H. Lapman.

New London, Conn.—Mrs. S. S. Kinefelter.

Farmington, W. Va.—Harry Smith.

First Fork, Pa.—Malvin J. Logue.

Warren, Pa.—Burt Burrows.

Downsville, Wis.—Michael Smith.

Elkland, Pa.—J. R. Libby.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—John R. Heilman.

Manitowaning, Canada.—Mrs. T. W. McGregor.

We will esteem it a favor if any patron who discover an error in our report, will drop us a card. We aim to be accurate but we are only human.

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## The Churches.

### FIRST BAPTIST.

J. L. BOGUE, Pastor.  
10:30 a. m.—Sermon.  
11:30 a. m.—Sunday School.  
6:30 p. m.—C. E.  
7:30 p. m.—Sermon, "What do People do in Hell?"  
143 attendance at the C. E., last week.

The adult class in the Sunday School is making a special study of the different Religions. Last week it was Hinduism and Indian Reform Work. Next week we study Buddha and his work.

### EMMANUEL EPISCOPAL,

J. M. ROBERTSON, Rector.  
Sunday, Jan. 23, Septuagesima:—3:00 a. m.—Holy Communion.  
10:30 a. m., Morning Prayer. Sermon: The Church's Work in the Philippine Islands.  
12:00 m.—Sunday School. Lesson: "Our Lord's Farewell Discourse."  
7:30 p. m.—Evening Prayer and Sermon.  
Friday, Jan. 21, 7:30 p. m.—Evening Prayer. Address on Sunday school lesson.

### FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL,

REV. J. F. ANDERSON, Pastor.  
Revival meetings continue. Good congregations and considerable interest. Visiting ministers are assisting the pastor. Come in, sing, hear, help and be helped. Meeting will continue over Sunday and next week.



Scene in "The Wizard of Wiseland," at Opera House, Thursday, Jan. 20.

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The Mail Order Service of this department store is exactly the service you would expect from a skillful shopper among your Buffalo friends to whom you would write to get one or a dozen things. Every detail of the orders received by mail is carried out by an experienced shopper and selections are made with the same care that would be used were the person personally selecting the merchandise ordered.

Every article advertised is guaranteed and if upon receipt of the merchandise ordered, it is found unsatisfactory, the purchase price will be gladly refunded, with the service of this store is their free delivery offer which makes it possible, for non-residents of Buffalo to share the money saving advantages, that result from an unlimited purchasing power, without any additional charge for delivery. An excellent advantage is afforded to local residents to become part of the many hundreds of satisfied shoppers to the fast growing Mail Order Department of this store.