

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME VII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1873.

Advertisements.

NEW CLASS MALE OR FEMALE, 100 pages, 50 cents, by Dore and Co., 121 Broadway, N. Y.

WINGSTONE'S 25 YEARS IN AFRICA! A full and complete account of his travels, with 100 illustrations, sent by mail for \$10.00. Sent by mail for \$10.00. Sent by mail for \$10.00.

\$50,000 FOR \$2!

GRAND GIFT CONCERT
Of the Mercantile Library Association
of the City of Ebensburg, Pa.

In accordance with an act of the Legislature and their Articles of Incorporation, the Board of Directors of the Mercantile Library Association announce that they have for lot, among the ticket-holders, of \$25,000 in cash, \$10,000 in bonds, and the 25th day of June, 1873, for the benefit of the Library, 51,333 CASH GIFTS, AMOUNTING TO \$25,000.

This enterprise is entered into by the Mercer Memorandum of Cash Gifts to be distributed June 25th, 1873:

GRAND CASH GIFT	\$50,000
GRAND CASH GIFT	35,000
GRAND CASH GIFT	25,000
GRAND CASH GIFT	20,000
GRAND CASH GIFT	15,000
GRAND CASH GIFT	10,000
GRAND CASH GIFT	7,500
GRAND CASH GIFT	5,000
GRAND CASH GIFT	2,500
GRAND CASH GIFT	1,250
GRAND CASH GIFT	625
GRAND CASH GIFT	312.50
GRAND CASH GIFT	156.25
GRAND CASH GIFT	78.125
GRAND CASH GIFT	39.0625
GRAND CASH GIFT	19.53125
GRAND CASH GIFT	9.765625
GRAND CASH GIFT	4.8828125
GRAND CASH GIFT	2.44140625
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GRAND CASH GIFT	610.3515625
GRAND CASH GIFT	305.17578125
GRAND CASH GIFT	152.587890625
GRAND CASH GIFT	76.2939453125
GRAND CASH GIFT	38.14697265625
GRAND CASH GIFT	19.073486328125
GRAND CASH GIFT	9.5367431640625
GRAND CASH GIFT	4.76837158203125
GRAND CASH GIFT	2.384185791015625
GRAND CASH GIFT	1.1920928955078125
GRAND CASH GIFT	596.04644775390625

For balance of prizes send for circular.

This concert is under the supervision and direction of the following:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: C. H. Burfee, Merch; H. C. Burfee, Merch; H. B. Burfee, Merch; W. W. Gillet, Merch; G. F. Prescott, Com; Commercial; Jas. B. Kitchen, Farmer; W. C. Gould, Book; J. P. Jones, Cap; J. A. Jones, Cap; J. H. Jones, Cap; J. L. Weaver, M. D.; J. W. English, Lawyer; J. Moller, Cash; G. S. B.; E. T. T. O'NEILL - E. H. DUREE, President; H. L. NEWMAN, Vice-Pre; G. F. PRESCOTT, Sec.; C. A. MOYER, Treas.

The well known character of the Directors of the Mercantile Library Association and the endorsement presented, is a sufficient guarantee to all absent ticket-holders that their interests will be fully guarded and protected. All correspondence strictly confidential and any person drawing a prize need not be known unless they desire it. Tickets drawing prizes will be delivered on sight.

The grand, grand, grand and best enterprise ever presented to the public. Official lists of winning numbers will be sent to purchasers of the tickets.

For information and tickets address:

HAMBURG & CO., General Agents,
25 N. Second Street, New York.

Tickets sent C. O. D. at our expense.
Agents wanted. Liberal Commissions paid.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

In accordance with an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania, approved the 8th day of April, A. D. 1872, relating to the collection of taxes in the County of Cambria, notice is hereby given to the tax-payers in the districts named below, that the County Treasurer, in accordance with the second section of said Act, will attend at the offices of holding the Borough and Township elections, on the following named days, for the purpose of receiving the returns of the State and County Tax Assessors for the year 1873:

For Croyle Township, Monday, June 10th.
Bellevue Township, Tuesday, June 11th.
Wilmersburg Township, Wednesday, June 12th.
Washington Township, Thursday and Friday, June 13th and 14th.
Summitville Borough, Saturday, June 15th.
East Ward, Ebensburg, Tuesday, June 25th.
West Ward, Ebensburg, Wednesday, June 26th.
Cambria Township, Wednesday and Thursday, June 27th and 28th.
Mt. Pleasant Township, Friday, June 27th.
Jackson Township, Monday, July 21st.
Lockport Township, Tuesday, July 22nd.
Gallitzin Township, Wednesday and Thursday, July 23rd and 24th.
Loree Borough, Friday, July 25th.
Allegheny Township, Saturday and Monday, July 26th and 28th.
Chest Springs Borough, Tuesday, July 29th.
Clearfield Township, Wednesday and Thursday, July 30th and August 1st.
Carroll Township, Friday, August 1st.
Carroll Township, Saturday and Monday, August 2nd and 4th.
Barr Township, Tuesday, August 5th.
Succasunna Township, Wednesday and Thursday, August 6th and 7th.
Chest Township, Friday and Saturday, August 7th and 8th.
White Township, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 12th and 13th.

And, in compliance with the second section of said Act, upon all taxes paid to the Treasurer before the 1st day of September there will be a discount of five per cent, which preference will be added to all unpaid taxes, and placed in the hands of a constable.

JOHN C. OAK, County Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office, Ebensburg, April 11, 1873.

STORE GOODS AT PRIVATE SALE

The subscribers offer at private sale their entire stock of merchandise and will lease the Store House for a term of years. Said property is at St. Lawrence Church, Cambria, Co., Pa. and has been a good investment for wishing to sell. No better location in the county. There is a large lot of other property by the first day of April next, who will want a good man to sell goods for us - or who will want a good man to manage a store for us. None other need apply. Good wages will be given to a good man. Apply to the publishers of this paper. W. S. DICKLEY & SON, at St. Lawrence, Pa., or to authorized agent doing business for us in Cambria county or elsewhere.

W. S. DICKLEY & SON, Publishers.
Ebensburg, Pa., April 2, 1873.

DISSOLUTION.

The partnership existing between the undersigned in the mercantile business, under the firm name of R. B. DAVIS & W. M. BAXTER, has been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts have been left in the hands of W. M. BAXTER, who is empowered to receive the same.

R. B. DAVIS,
W. M. BAXTER.
Ebensburg, April 2, 1873.

STILL UP AND AT IT!

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High Street, near the Public School house. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest prices. Coffins of any material being cleared, under good fence and well cultivated, and having thereon a Log House and Log Cabin. For building a small orchard or choice fruit on the premises. The balance of the land is covered with hemlock, cherry and apple, and made into a garden, the same are at convenient points. Title, etc. For further particulars, terms, etc., call on

MISS MARY GREG,
March 14, 1873.

GALLITZIN HOTEL.

GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.
Having just purchased, refitted and re-furnished this well known and comfortable place, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and other counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with us.

M. FITZPATRICK, Proprietor.
Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?" - James II., 15-16.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair, With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair, And linger-worn features;

For days and for weeks her only fare, As she sat there in her old arm-chair, Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of had or good Not one was left for the old lady's food, No prayer.

Of those potatoes. And she sighed and said, "What shall I do? Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go, For more potatoes?"

And she thought on the deacon over the way, The deacon so ready to worship and pray, Whose cellar was full of potatoes.

And she said: "I will send for the deacon To come; He'll not mind much to give me some Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could, Thinking to do the lady some good, But never, for once, of potatoes;

He asked her at once what was her chief want, And she, poor soul, expecting a grant, Immediately answered, "potatoes?"

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way; He was more accustomed to preach and to pray.

Than to give of his hoarded potatoes; So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,

He rose to pray, with uncovered head, But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace, But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace," She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes."

And the end of each prayer which he said, He heard, or thought he heard in his stead, The same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled - knew not what to do - 'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so About those darned potatoes.

So ending his prayer, he started for home; But, as the door closed, he heard a deep groan.

"Oh give to the hungry potatoes!" And then a groan followed him all the way home.

In the midst of the night it haunted his mind, "Oh give to the hungry potatoes!"

From his bed he rose, and dressed; He with his well filled cellar taking in haste A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut; Her sleepless eye she had not yet shut, But there she sat, in that old arm-chair,

With the same vain features, the same sad air, And, entering in, he poured on the floor A bushel or more from his goodly store

Of choice potatoes. The widow's heart leaped up for joy, Her face was haggard and wan no more;

"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?" "Yes," said the widow, "now you may;"

And he knelt him down on the sanded floor On they never would a got that stern boat down so neatly.

If she'd been rigged with any of them detachin' apparatuses, which never was no good in no ship I've been in, 'tis ten to one she'd been swamped afore she got clear of the tackles, 'cause them things always operated too soon or else not soon enough, but with these whips all you had to do was to let go and they unrove and your boat was all clear from the ship and all right.

"Twas a lucky thing for me that I had the life-buoy, for although I could swim like a fish I couldn't have kept up long in that cold water, and with all my clothes on, and anyhow I was mighty glad when the clap in the boat heard me holler and pulled for me. They had a hard job a pullin' me into the boat, all soaked as I was, and I was so numbed that I could not help myself much, but they got me in at last, and I laid down in the stern-sheets completely beat out. How we missed the ship I don't know, but I know that we did miss her, and arter it shut in dark Scotty and the other chap give it up and resolved to lay by till morning. So them two laid down alongside of me, and we all went to sleep. In the morning the fog was as thick as ever, so there was nothing for it but to just lie in hopes some vessel would come along and pick us up. We was right in the track of vessels, fishermen, and others, so that we had no great fear but that we should soon be aboard of some craft, and the greatest trouble was that we were getting precious hungry. The fog had wet the clothes of the other two chaps and we was able to squeeze enough water out of them to quench our thirst a bit. As for my clothes they was wet enough, but too salt to be good for anything. That was had some of old Wiggins' beans, and more'n once that morning Scotty said to me:

"Tom, if the Lord spares my life out of this scrape I'll never turn up nose at anything in the way of grub."

mands at home, and of course has to preserve discipline among me and the children, and I don't mind a tellin' you she does it.

"I suppose, sir, one of the loneliest feelings that a man can have is to find himself in the water away out on the ocean and see his ship a sailin' away from him. Leastwise I know I never felt so deserted before as I did on that afternoon when I tumbled off the old Albeore's fore-castle and seen her a sailin' off from me. Of course the main yard was aback, but that ain't no way to stop a slip, nor if you want to stop her dead, which was particularly desirable to me about that time, but as I told you afore, it was all along of the confusion which always pervails, and always did pervail, and always will pervail on board a ship whenever a man tumbles overboard or a fire breaks out sudden, or when she fetches up a sudden on a rock or an iceberg. It's the suddenness of the thing that does it, you see, and not the danger. I've been on the Jersey coast in a steamer when the machinery broke down and a hard gale blowing from the eastward and she a driftin' in shore at the rate of a couple of knots, and all hands ready to let go both anchors and cut away the masts. Well if the anchors didn't hold, that ship would be likely to lose the number of their mess, the discipline of that ship would be preserved to the last, and all orders would be obeyed, 'cause there would be time to get ready for the event, and it would be expected; but if that same steamer, through an error in the chronometer, or from overrunning her reckoning, was to have run onto that same shore sudden, why every man would be for himself and the Lord for the whole of 'em, and there would be all sorts of confusion. If all hands had a know'd I was a goin' overboard that afternoon, why when the helm was put down, she would a shot up in stays well to windward of me, the after yards would have been braced about, the head yards would have been left aback, the ship would a stopped dead in the water and would a drifted down atop of me, and I might a been picked up as little Billy Tooley was off the Cape of Good Hope without ever lowerin' a boat. But you see it weren't to be so, and arter the main-yard run in of course she wouldn't go round, and when she fell off she got way on her and away she went a couple of knots an hour. I suppose if it hadn't a been them single whips I was a tellin' you on they never would a got that stern boat down so neatly.

As ever before his lips essayed? No longer embarrassed, but free and full, He poured out the voice of a liberal soul, And the widow responded, aloud, "Amen!" But said no more of potatoes.

And would you, who hear this simple tale, Pray for the poor, and praying, "pervail," Then preface your prayers with aims and good desires;

Search out the poor, their wants, and their needs, Pray for peace and grace, and spiritual food, For wisdom, and guidance, for all these are good; But don't forget the potatoes.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

THREE WEEKS ON AN ICEBERG IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN.

"I don't think I can do better, sir, this afternoon than just go on right where I left off the other day, when I had to go home to the old woman, and tell you all that me and Scotty and Ned Jones, the other chap what was with Scotty in the boat when they picked me up, went through with, onto that iceberg."

"I assured my friend that it was a matter of indifference to me what the subject matter of the yarn might be, since I knew it would be a good one if he spun it, and he then proceeded:

"You see, sir, when I'm a spinnin' a yarn, I'm just like I am when I'm a doin' a job of work, I don't like to leave it half done, as I was obliged to the other day; but you see my old woman, though she's as good a woman as ever drew'd a mug of ale, has her ways, and as Bill Fisher used to say of Bill Bursley in the Hottinguer, 'damn her ways.' So long as I gets home to tea at five o'clock, why I finds my tea all ready and everything bright and clear all round the horizon as well as overhead, with prospects of continuance. I eats my supper, and finds my pipe all filled for a smoke arterwards; and at six o'clock I finds my lantern all ready, and my nail with a snack in it for twelve o'clock, and I just kisses Polly and away I goes down to my dock regular; but if I don't get home in time, or if I have taken a little more'n is good for me, then the weather is very cloudy round our house, and I has to look out for squalls. Polly's as sweet a tempered woman as ever stood in a tap when everything's all right; but when you and me, I found a many a year ago, that it aint best to put her out. As a sailor for many years, of course I believes in discipline; always obey your officers, no matter 'whatsomever your officers are, and get out of that ship as soon as convenient if things aint agreeable, that's my motto. I believe in everybody being captain of their own craft, and so Polly naturally con-

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and as soon as Scotty claps his eyes on that, he says:

"My lads, there's plenty of good drinkin' water on that 'berg and like-wise birds. I don't like the look of the weather to the southward, and I think we'll be safer on that there island than in the boat, if it comes on to blow."

"Well, Ned and me hadn't neither of us been much among ice, and so we said we'd go anywhere that Scotty thought best, and so I says to him, 'Scotty, you shall have charge of this expedition, and Ned and me will do whatever you think best.'

"So Ned and me pulled the boat and Scotty steered. I suppose we was well nigh an hour afore we reached the berg, 'cause we had to pull round till we found a good place to land. We come to a place at last where the sea had worn away a place about twenty foot across and made a little bay like, and we pulled the boat in here and landed. It was a pretty good tug to haul the boat up, but she weren't a very large boat, and we managed at last to get her up on a little ledge where we thought she would be safe. Then we started for water, and sure enough, as Scotty had said, we come to a little pond of as good water as ever was drank.

"Scotty had gone off himself to see what he could find, and by and by he came back and said he'd found a place over on the south side of the island, where the sun or the waves or something or other had made a kind of a cave that would be a good place for us to sleep. So we takes everything out of the boat that we could unship, the rudder, thwart, stern-sheets, bottom-board, oars, etc., and carries them over to where Scotty had found this cave. Sure enough when we got there we found the most complete place you can imagine; if we had made it ourselves, we couldn't have made it any better; it wasn't very large, that's a fact, but it was big enough for us three, and it was a good protection from the rain, which was a comin' down pretty lively, and from the wind, which had been a-breezin' on steady all day, and was now blowin' half a gale. We laid all the boards we had brought over onto the oars and made a kind of a platform, and laid down on the boards, and was more comfortable than we'd been any time since we left the old ship. Scotty said as how the berg was aground he thought, else there'd a been more motion to it, for the sea had got up by this time, and was a breakin' in with great force on the weather side of the berg, sending the spray sometimes nearly up to where we was, and we was pretty high up too. Scotty said as how he was sure we'd get out of this scrape, 'cause, says he, it stands to reason if this berg hadn't a been here we'd a had to stay in the boat, and in the gale that's a comin' on, we'd a most likely got swamped; but here is this berg all ready for us to land on, and now we are landed, here is this little house for us to live in, and as soon as ever it is dark we'll catch some birds for our supper; we've got no end of water, and tobacker enough for some days, and if we hadn't a-been a-goin' to be took off by and by, all these here things wouldn't a been provided for us."

"Well, Ned and me, was glad to hear him talk that way, 'cause we knew he'd been up to the Arctic a-whalin', and know'd more'n we did; but we wished it would come dark, 'cause we was blessed hungry. I'd put a whole plug of terbacker in my pocket that afternoon when I went overboard, and though 'twas pretty salt it was a great comfort to me just then. I didn't like to ask either of the other chaps for any, 'cause, you see, I didn't know how long this voyage was a-goin' to last, and I know'd they'd want all their supplies. At last it come dark, and then we went for the birds. We had to climb away up to the top of the berg, and it was hard work, 'cause the rain made it very slippery. Only me and Scotty went up, 'cause Scotty said Ned must stay to answer our hail so we could find the way back, 'cause, you know, there wan't no street-lights there, and one part looked pretty much like another in the dark. We'd seen where the birds had lighted, and we scrambled up to them afore it got pitch dark, and had no difficulty in catchin' 'em. We each got a couple, and then we started down again, shoutin' out to Ned once in a while so that we might not lose our way.

"I don't think, sir, you'd make a very hearty meal of them raw sea-gulls, if you had 'em here-to-night, but if you'd a been four-and-twenty hours without food, and knocked about as we'd been, you'd be glad of anything. They was pretty strong and fishy, there's no denyin' it, but we felt better sight hither arter we'd done supper than we did afore.

"If I only had a pull at a pipe now, I said Ned, 'I wouldn't change places with the Emperor of Rushey.' As he couldn't by no means get a smoke he was safe in sayin' so. Howsoever we cuddled down close together and thanked God 'twas no worse, and went off to sleep. I was woke up some

time in the night by the old berg beginning to thump on the bottom, and the other chaps was woke up about the same time. I don't know how long we had slept, but the wind had piped in and it was blowin' a hard gale, and the sea had got up to that extent that each wave would lift the berg, and when it settled it would strike the bottom with a shock that would make everything tremble.

"Blowed if I ain't afeard this here craft will go to pieces," says Ned.

"Never you be afeard of that, shippmate," said Scotty; 'this old berg has travelled many a hundred mile, has stood many a gale of wind afore now, and she aint goin' to pieces yet, not if I knows anything about ice."

"Just then there come the most tremendous shock we'd had yet, and it seemed as if one of the highest peaks had toppled over and come crashing down; and then all of a sudden the wind seemed to moderate, although the sea kept up and the thumps on the bottom still continued.

"My lads, says Scotty, 'I think that there squall was the last flurry of the sou'wester, and the winds gone in to nor'-west, so we'll have fine weather to-morrow."

"Yes, fine, but mighty cold," said Ned.

"We're in luck agin, boys," said Scotty, 'cause our house here's under the lee; we'd freeze if it was on the other side of the island."

"Says I, 'Did either of you hear anything singler when that big crash came? Seemed to me I heard above all the crashin' something like a shout; but of course it couldn't be."

"Well, now you mention it," says Scotty, 'I heard that, too, but of course it was only the wind, 'cause there's no one here to shout except us three, and we was still enough."

"Well, we got used to the thumps, and as we did not feel the wind and was pretty comfortable we soon dropped off to sleep agin, and slept I don't know how long. I was waked by a shout from Scotty: 'Turn out there, lads, for I'm blowed if we aint shut in.'"

"The cave was still dark, but Scotty's voice seemed to come from the entrance. I groped my way along, and presently I got to where he was and could see a small chink of light thro' the icy wall which had formed through the night across the entrance of the cave."

"It's all clear now," said Scotty. "That crash we heard in the night was this bonker tumbling down, and when we thought the wind had shifted it was only that we couldn't hear it on account of bein' shut up. I'm more'n ever of a mind now," said he, 'that we shall be took off from here, 'cause if we hadn't a been a goin' to be we'd a been crushed last night. Now, see here how complete this here is. Last night we had a house all complete except that the doors wasn't hung, and the wind comes in in large numbers; down comes this chunk of ice and our house is complete and ship-shape.'

"How are you goin' to get out?" says Ned.

"Cut ourselves out," says Scotty. "So we took out our sheath-knives and went to work. It was a long job, for we had to cut through about ten feet of ice; but the ice wasn't so hard, and at last, after some hours' hard work, we got out. The first thing we did was to look for our boat. We went over to the other side of the berg, where we had left her, but no trace of her was to be seen. In fact, the whole formation of the berg was changed, and it appeared as if on this side also one of the peaks had toppled down and fallen on the ledge where we had left our boat. Whether that was so, or whether she had been washed away by the sea, we never knew; she was gone and we never saw her afterwards."

"We're in for it now," said Ned, 'and may make up our minds to spend the rest of our lives on this blasted iceberg.'

"That be blowed for a yarn," says Scotty; 'we'll be took off; we're right in the track of ships, and some of 'em will see us; don't you give up yet, my hearty,' says he to Ned.

"I ain't agivin' up," says Ned, 'but what the blazes is that down on the edge of the ice there? It looks like a barrel.'

"We all three scrambled down and down, wedged into a cleft in the ice, was a barrel and on its head was marked—and I won't forget it in a hurry—Davidson & Young; best pilot bread." About three or four feet from this there was a piece of a settee, such as ships usually carried on their poop deck for passengers to sit on. And this was all.

"Boys," said Scotty, 'this is a mighty poor shore; this here barrel of pilot bread and that settee is all that's left of a ship. She struck on this here berg last night and toppled down thro' ice spires, and that about ice heard above the crashin' ice and roarin' wind was the last veil of all that ice aboard of her. Her comin' has given us a decent house to live in, and this here barrel of pilot bread will keep us from starvin' for some time. There's no great loss,