

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

I WAS standing about thirty or forty yards in advance of the Clifton, that is, thirty or forty yards nearer the horse-shoe along the brink of the rocks, and opposite the American fall. The ground must have been about the same height as the opposite fall, but, owing to the immense hill down which the rapids rush, it was possible to distinguish any object of the size of a boat a considerable distance above the fall, so that, now as it was pointed out to me, I saw in the middle of the rapids, a huge log of wood, the trunk of a tree, which had lodged there some years before, and upon it a black speck. This, after some observation, I perceived to move. It was a man. Yes, he and his two companions had, on the previous night been rowing about some distance above the fall. By some means or other they had ventured too near the rapids, had lost all command of their boat, and had been hurried away to destruction. It was supposed that about half a mile above the fall the boat had been upset, and, with two wretched men still clinging to it, went over the fall at about ten o'clock at night, while the third man was driven against this log of wood, climbed upon it, and sat astride of it through the darkness of the night, amid the roar and turmoil, and dashing spray of the rapids.

I crossed the river, ascended the rock by the railway, and hurried to the spot, where I found him so near that I could almost distinguish his countenance. He was then lying along the log, grasping it with both arms, and appeared exhausted to the last degree. He was evidently as wet from the spray, as though he had been standing under water. By this time people were assembling, and different plans for his rescue were proposed and discussed on all sides; already, indeed, one effort had been made. A small boat had been firmly lashed to a strong cable, and dropped down to him from the bridge which crossed the rapids between the mainland and Goat Island, about sixty yards above the log.

This boat had proceeded a few yards in safety, was then upset, spun round like a piece of cork at the end of a thread by the force of the water, which finally snapped the cable in two, and the boat disappeared over the fall. But now a dispatch had been sent to Buffalo, a distance of a little more than twenty miles—by electric telegraph, desiring that a life boat should be sent by the first train, 9.30 A. M., and this in time arrived, borne on the shoulders of about twenty men, and a splendid boat she was, large, built entirely of sheet iron, with air-tight chambers; a boat that could not sink. She was girt round with strong ropes, and two new two-inch cables brought with her. All this arrangement naturally took up much time, and the poor wretch's impatience seemed extreme, so that it was thought advisable to let him know what was going on. This was done by means of a sheet upon which was written in large letters in Dutch (his native language) "the life-boat is coming." He stood up, looked intently for a minute, and then nodded his head. When the boat was launched, the excitement was intense. Two cables, each held by many men, were let down from either end of the bridge, so that they might have some command in directing the course of the boat down the river. She seemed literally to dance on the surface of the water like a cork. The rapid consists of a number of small falls distributed unevenly over all parts of the river, so that there are thousands of currents, eddies, and whirlpools, which it would be utterly impossible to avoid, and in which lies the danger of transit for any boat between the bridge and log. The life-boat's course was steady at first; she arrived at the first fall, she tripped up and swung round, with a rush, but continued her course safely, only half filled with water. Again she descended with safety, but at length, approaching the log, she became unmanageable, swinging either way with immense force, spinning completely over, and finally dashed against the log with such violence that I fully expected the whole thing, man and all, to have been dislodged and hurried down the rapid. But no, it stood firm—the boat had reached its destination. Yet, alas! how useless was its position. It lay completely on its side above the log, and with its hollow inside directed toward the bridge, played upon by the whole force of the current, which fixed its keel firmly against the log. It seemed immovable. The man himself climbed toward it, and in vain tried to pull, lift, or shake the boat; nor was it moved until both cables being brought to one side of the river, by the united force of fifty or sixty men she was dislodged and swung down the rapid upside down, finally pitching headlong beneath an eddy, entangling one of her cables on the rocks, and there lying beneath a heavy fall of water, until, in the course of the day, one of the cables being broken by the efforts of the men to dislodge her, and the other by the sheer force of the current, she went over the falls—the second sacrifice to the poor fellow, who still clung to the log awayed between hope and fear. The loss of this boat seemed a great blow to him, and he appeared, as far as we could judge at a

distance, at times to give way to the utmost despair. A third boat was now brought—wooden, very long and flat bottomed. Its passage was most fortunate, and as she floated down, even alongside of the log without accident, hope beamed in every countenance, and we all felt the man might be saved. Hope also had revived in him. He stood for some time upon the log, making signals to those who directed the boat.

He now eagerly seized her, drew her toward him, jumped into her, and made signs to them to draw him up. This was commenced, but some of the tackle had caught, and it was deemed necessary to let it loose for an instant. This was done; the boat floated a few feet down the rapid swung round the lower end of the log, entangling the cable beneath it, and then remained immovably fixed.—Once more the poor fellow's work began. He drew off one of his boots and bailed the boat, he pushed at the log, climbed upon it, and used every possible exertion to move the boat, but in vain! An hour was spent in fruitless efforts—an hour of terrible suspense to all who beheld him. He worked well, for his life. Three months after, this boat retained its position, nor will it move until the rocks grind its cable in two, or the waters tear it piecemeal into shreds.

Another plan must be devised, and this, with American promptitude, was soon done. A raft of from twenty to thirty feet long and five feet broad was knocked together with amazing rapidity. It consisted of two stout poles, made fast, five feet asunder, by nailing four or five pieces of two inch board at each extremity; thus the machine consisted of a sort of skeleton raft with a small stage at either end. On one of these stages, that to which the cables (of which there were two) were lashed, was tightly fixed a large empty cask, for the sake of its buoyancy, on the other a complete network of cords to which the man was to lash himself; also a tin can of refreshments, he having taken nothing since the evening before; three or four similar cans, by the way, had been let down to him already, attached to strong pieces of new line, but the cords had in every instance been snapped, and the food lost.

The raft was finished, launched, and safely let down to the log. The poor fellow committed himself to its care, he lashed his legs firmly, and then signalled to draw him up; thus for the second time the ropes had begun to be drawn up, the raft advanced under the first pull, but its head owing to the great light cask, dipped beneath it, and as the raft still advanced, the water broke over it to such a depth that the man was obliged to raise himself upon all fours, keeping his chin well elevated, to avoid being drowned. We expected at every pull to see his head go under, but alas! they pulled in vain, for the front of the raft, pressed down by the weight of falling water, had come in contact with a rock, and would not advance. The ropes were slackened, she fell back, but again hitched in her return. It was then determined to let her swing to another part of the rapid, where the stream did not appear impassable. This was done, and a second attempt to draw it up was made, half way between the log and the opposite shore—a small island. This also failed from the same cause, therefore it was proposed to endeavor to let the raft float down and swing round upon the island. This was commenced but with the old result, the cable was caught in the rocks, and the raft remained stationary. However, she was floating easily, and the poor fellow could rest.

Early in the day, for the afternoon was now far advanced, one of the large ferry boats—built expressly for crossing beneath the falls—had been brought up, but had lain idle. This was now put into requisition, and nobly she rode down toward the raft, whilst in breathless silence we all watched her as she dipped at the various falls, and each time recovered herself. I shuddered as she was launched, for I began to see that the man could not be saved by a boat; a boat never could return against a rapid, however well able to float down it. No sooner would her bow come into contact with a fall than it would dip, fill, and spin round, as did the first skiff that was lost.

The poor fellow himself was getting impatient—visibly so. He untied his lashing, stood upright upon the raft, eagerly waiting to seize the boat, and jump into her. She had but one more fall to pass, and that fall was situated just above where he stood; she paused at the brink of it, swung down it like lightning, and as he leaned forward to seize her, she rose on the returning wave, struck him in the chest, and he struggled hopelessly in the overwhelming torrent.

The exclamation of horror, for it was not a cry, which burst from the thousands, who by this time were assembled, I shall never forget, nor the breathless silence with which we watched him, fighting in the waters as they hurried him along upright, waiving both arms above his head. We lost sight of him at intervals, yet again and again he reappeared, and I thought hours must have passed in lieu of one brief half minute. But the end came at last; once more I saw his arms wildly waved above his head, and, in an instant, the crowd turned from the spot in dead silence. The man was lost.

Sleep-Walkers' Freaks.

ABOUT ten years ago several young men boarded together and kept a bachelor's hall. One of their number was a young artist of extraordinary genius. One day he had on his easel the outlines and first touches of a large picture of a dear friend (his mother, I believe), and it occupied his whole time and attention.

On returning on the evening of this day spoken of, his thoughts were full of this painting, but he soon fell asleep.—About midnight his fellow-boarders were disturbed by a noise on his part. The light burning dimly, they observed that he was arising in his sleep, and they cautiously watched his movements. Getting up, he proceeded immediately to his easel, sat down, mixed his colors, and began to paint.

Here his friends got around him and noticed his eyes were open, though he neither saw them nor other objects in the room. But the most remarkable thing was that he painted as well or even better than he did when awake. Not one touch was out of place, and the shading and mixing of his paint was unexceptional. He finished his picture and retired, and, of course, on his awaking in the morning, he was astounded. In this circumstance, as you will see, neither a part of his hearing or sight was used.

Another remarkable incident is as follows: Several young men were boarding together, and every other morning it was the duty of one to rise early and prepare breakfast. One of the party was a notorious sleep walker, and several mornings arose about three or four o'clock, built the fire, cooked breakfast, and did several necessary things—and all this time was asleep!

He would then go back to bed again, and would again arise at the proper time to prepare the breakfast, as he thought, and lo and behold he would find it already cooked and cold. Of course this soon caused a good deal of trouble, but the only way it was stopped was by one of the others arising about that time every morning, with the help of an alarm clock, to send him back to bed again.

Another circumstance that I am acquainted with is more remarkable and wonderful than the two preceding: A farmer had a boy under his care who was a great night walker, and performed the most incredible deeds. Near the farmer's house was a large stream, and on this day in question, it had risen to a terrible height, overflowing its banks and carrying away every bridge or anything in its grasp.

Toward night it began to rain, the wind was high, and altogether, the night had a most dreary aspect; but in the middle of this dark and stormy night this boy arose—in his sleep—put his clothes on, and found his way out of the house, went to the barn, unhitched the horse, got on his back, and amid the rain and wind drove down to the stream; this he forded, and the water reached up to both the horse's and boy's neck but he did not awake.

Arriving on the other side, he pursued his way for a long distance in the woods, turned around, came back again, crossed the stream, put his horse in the barn and went up stairs, woke up just as he was pulling off his wet and muddy clothes; and the way it was found out was on account of the dirtiness of the horse, and the tracks discovered, and, of course, as the boy had been up to those "night walkings" before, it was finally decided it was him. A somnambulist is generally a very sensitive person, and one who is particularly nervous.

Liquor Drinking.

The people of the United States, according to Commissioner Wells, swallowed by retail in a single year, \$1,574,491,865 worth of liquor poison. Of this vast sum, New York guzzled \$246,917,528; Pennsylvania \$152,653,495, and Illinois \$119,993,946. This is the direct cost of a single year, in which poverty has been general throughout the country; in which thousands of families have suffered for the necessities of life; in which large numbers have died of starvation and exposure. Indirectly, the cost has been immeasurably greater. It is summed up in blighted hopes, saddened homes, ruined fortunes, broken hearts, crime, debauchery, degradation, dishonor and death. Every prison in the land cries aloud against this frightful social evil; every poor-house is filled with its victims; every insane asylum has its raving maniacs; every brothel and gambling hell bears witness to its depravity; every penitentiary is a monument to its effects; every gallop "its tale of ruin tells." And yet the great, busy, unthinking world drives madly along, guzzling, rioting, impoverishing, ruining, drinking up their substance, filling the land with crime, and sorrow, and wretchedness. Yet so it is; and now we are officially informed that our own country, boasting its intelligence and civilization, drinks \$1,574,491,865 worth of retail liquors in a single year.

A compound harder than steel is said to be produced by a process of amalgamating iron and copper just discovered by a San Francisco mineralogist. Its value is to be tested by a stock company now forming.

SUNDAY READING.

The Festival of the Juggernaut.

The Calcutta correspondence of the London Times, writing on the 3d of June, says: "We are in the midst of the festival of the bathing of the Juggernaut; his great day—Roh Jutra, or the journey car—will be on the 20th.—Fancy a line of road about two miles in length, lined from end to end with sellers of fruit sweetmeats, baskets, fans, and all manner of native productions; the fans made from the ordinary palm leaf and selling at little less than a half penny each. From 10,000 to 15,000 people—the vast majority women—were on the road trying to get as near as possible to where the god was bathing. It is in such a scene as this that one is brought face to face with the masses of the people. And how docile they are. They had come from great distances. Some were unmistakably foot sore and weary; very many were old, nearly worn out, and possibly anxious for the last time to see the god bathed. The faces of the young girls were less wearied looking, still faces, not pretty in any case that I saw, and very ugly in some, but with an expression that it was impossible to look upon without pity."

Canot these heathens teach us a lesson? See how they exert themselves to honor the requirements of their religion, and how careless we are in the performance of duties required by our God. If we are to be judged according to our knowledge, will not our condemnation be greater than theirs?

A Beautiful Parable.

A rich young man in Rome had been suffering from a severe illness, but at length he was cured, and recovered his health. Then he went for the first time into the garden, and felt as if he were newly born. Full of joy, he praised God aloud. He turned his face up to the heavens and said: "O, Thou Almighty Giver of all blessings, if a human being could in any way repay Thee, how willingly would I give up all my wealth!" Hermas, the shepherd, listened to these words, and as he said to the rich young man, "All good gifts come from above; thou canst not send anything thither.—Come follow me." The youth followed the pious old man, and they came to a dark hovel, where there was nothing but misery and lamentation; for the father lay sick, and the mother wept, whilst the children stood round crying for bread.—Then the young man was shocked at the scene of distress. But Hermas said, "Behold here an altar for thy sacrifice! Behold here the brethren and representatives of the Lord!" The rich young man then opened his hands, and gave freely and richly to them of his wealth, and tended the sick man, and the poor people, relieved and comforted, blessed him, and called him an angel of God.—Herms smiled and said, "Ever thus turn thy grateful looks first to heaven and then to earth."

Only Loaned.

A certain rabbi had two sons, whom he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the rabbi to take a journey to a distant country. During his absence, his two promising boys sickened and died.—The grief-stricken mother laid them out on the bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband. He came.—"It was night.

"How are my boys?" was the first question. "Let me see them."
"Stay awhile," said his wife; "I am in great trouble, and I want your advice. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels. I took great care of them, and at last began to prize them as my own.—Since your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?"
"Wife, what a strange request is this! Give them up at once."
"Come with me and see them," and taking the rabbi to the bedside, she said, "there are the jewels."
He bowed his head and wept.

Prompted by Love.

One morning I found little Dora busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings.
"Isn't it hard work for those little arms?" I asked.
A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.
"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.
How true it is that love makes labor sweet! So if we love the blessed Saviour, we shall not find it hard work to labor for Him. It is love that makes His yoke easy and His burden light.

Infidelity Answered.

A late London lecturer said: "Let them look at the wing of a bird. They would find that the tube whence the feathers sprang was cylindrical, exhibiting a combination of the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight. For any man to ascribe these intelligent results to an untraceable series of 'chances' was to prove that he was bereft of common sense, and was, indeed, in Scriptural language, a 'fool.'"

REAL ESTATE NOTICES.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE!

THE subscriber will offer at public sale on the premises, in Centre township, one mile south East of the borough of New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.,
ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 1871,
The following described Real Estate, to wit:
About
250 ACRES OF VALUABLE LAND,
One hundred and fifty acres of which are cleared, and in a high state of cultivation. The balance is well timbered. The improvements are a good
STONE DWELING HOUSE,
A Large
BANK BARN,
Smoke-house, and other out buildings.
This property was for many years the residence of Samuel Comp. The whole will be sold together, or lots to suit purchasers.
S. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock a. m., of said day. Liberal terms will be given. If this property is not sold on day of sale it will be for rent.
ANDREW B. COMP,
Centre township, Sept. 5, 1871.

Valuable Real Estate At Private Sale.

A HOUSE AND LOT
Situated in the village of Roseburg, one-and-a-half miles from Leaksburg, Perry county, Pa.
The house is two stories high, also a Cellar and Cellar Kitchen, with a Well of water at the door. The lot comprises
SIXTEEN ACRES
of land in a good state of cultivation, on which is erected A GOOD LOG BARN, twenty feet in width, by fifty feet in length.
S. This property will be sold low, as the owner has removed from the neighborhood.
S. For terms apply to
DAVID M. HARRISON,
OR
ROGER HARRISON,
Duncannon Woolen Factory,
5 30 ft

VALUABLE Farm at Private Sale.

THE undersigned offers at private sale, a farm in Rye township, Perry county, Pa., containing
57 ACRES.
The land is the best in the neighborhood, with running water in every field, is under good fence, and has thereon erected a new
Frame Dwelling House.
There is also a thrifty young ORCHARD on the place. This land lies along two public roads—the Fishing Creek road and the Lamb's Gap road; the last named divides the land in two parts—300 on the one side and 275 on the other; on the 26 1/2 acre piece is a new Frame Dwelling House, and on the other a

FRAME 22 x 28,
erected for a house, with a never failing Spring of water. This land will be sold as a whole, or in two tracts, to suit purchasers.
S. Persons desiring to purchase a farm will do well to examine this one before investing elsewhere, as it lies within four miles of Marysville, and the Pennsylvania Railroad—one of the best markets in the country.
S. Further information can be had by addressing
DR. JOHN URSAW,
Jenner X Roads,
Somerset county, Pa.

Merchant & Grist Mill, ALSO, SAW-MILL, AND LUMBER-YARD AT PRIVATE SALE OR TO RENT.

I WISH TO SELL MY MILLS, AT DUNCANNON, PERRY COUNTY, PA.. Or, if not SOLD, TO RENT them.
Possession given at any time on thirty day notice.
The Mills are in thorough repair.
The Merchant Mill makes forty barrels of flour per day.
The tolls of grists are one thousand dollars per year.
The Saw Mill has cut Eight Thousand feet in a day.
Excellent home market for Flour and Feed.
Railroad facilities unsurpassed.
A first-class Tanbery can be erected. There are one thousand cords of Rock-Oak bark shipped from here per year, and two thousand can be had.
I will sell my

Dwelling and Lot,
with or without the Mills. Also, a number of
LOTS, 50 by 125 Feet,
on Carver's Hill. Title indisputable.
S. Write or apply to
GRIFFITH JONES,
Duncannon, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Esther Kell, deceased, late of Sayle township, Perry county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present their duly authenticated settlements to
HENRY KELL,
Administrator.

Delapierre's Electric Soap
THE GREAT ECONOMIZER.
Saves Labor, Saves Time, Saves Money, Saves Clothing!
SAVES WOMEN.
Whites White Clothes, Brightens Colors, WHITE, FIRM, PURE, AND POPULAR!
Lashes THREE TIMES AS LONG as Brown Soap! Harmless to Clothing and Pleasant to the Hands CHEAPER AND BETTER THAN ANY OTHER!
IT MAY BE USED AS TOILET SOAP, Being very Fine and Fragrant. WHOLESALE DEPOT: No. 25, PEARL STREET, NEW YORK. S. Agents Wanted!

J. M. GIVVIN, J. H. GIVVIN,
J. M. GIVVIN & SON,
Commission Merchants,
No. 5, SPEAR'S WHARF,
Baltimore, Md.
S. We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amounts promptly.
5 34 ft